



# Literary,

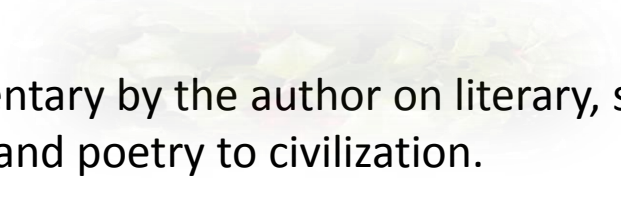



# Short Stories, and Poetry



Writer, Designer, Illustrator  
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**Volume 1**  
**Holiday Cover**



Commentary by the author on literary, short stories and poetry to civilization.

*'The contents was possible due to a pinnacle of Peace being reached at certain historical times throughout life. Not all find peace. Not all experience what life should be. May God grant to those the prayer that all experience and learn the good before they experience and learn the bad. Then know the difference...'*

*-Carol Lee Brunk 2015*



***'Literary, Short Stories and Poetry'***

**Writer, Designer, Illustrator by Carol Lee Brunk**

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## Description

*'Literary, Short Stories and Poetry'* is a composition of family whole some short stories and poetry that was written and put together for a reminder of season's holidays that approach and have passed. *'Clock Tower'* has commentary at the end in comparison to past literary writing that includes *'Billy Budd'*.

Spiritual means are applied. Sentimental value to the heart are applied throughout the book. *'32850'* is a look at a perspective in numbers that maybe be true for some people-young or old...

Enjoy...*'Literary, Short Stories and Poetry'*...



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**32850 Old**





# 32850 OLD

The rocker glides. Frequently, a past memory returns to those that find the comfort of the wood bent rocker. At 90 years of age in the future your life becomes the history of 32850 days younger to get a younger view of the 365 days of a year. The youthful number of 90 younger upon the earth appeals more and more to you all the time than the number 32850.

Who would want to advertise oneself as?

"I'm 32850 Old!"

"And you are the equivalent of what today?"

**A touch of pride to reach- "The AGE!"**

The number realistically not of often thought about. At 90 your 32850 days old and you are also 4,680 weeks old compared to an 18 month old great, great, great grandchild. You've marked your history as a prehistoric number if read wrong. So, out of the 4680 weeks old the number of months in actual then compared to an 18<sup>th</sup> month old is really only 1080 months old. How would you explain to a child barely two, not even two, that the 90 year great, great, great grand parent is 1080 months old? If you remove the zeros, you'll also be 18 months old on paper. So, your possibilities of being you are- a slight of a pen or resemblance of a child upon your lap that smiles, coos, and says a few words, sentences and shows love of tender embrace, hugs at the same time. At 32850 you've walked through the forest- NO Dinosaurs there! You've traveled miles upon your own-NO ICE AGE! During those years though the cold and snow threatened over many days lived in the past. For those that claim the unforgettable number of 32850 old a touch of pride to understand that life's humor grows in numbers at times. Not always the figure/number of math that is looked upon as a star gold to reach. IT'S

THE AGE!

**So, when does one become prehistoric dinosaur?**

FACT – Calculated Table

<u>Years Old</u>	<u>Months Old</u>	<u>Days Old</u>
90	1080	32850
80	960	29200
70	840	25550
60	720	21900
50	600	18250
40	480	14600
30	360	10950



# **A Prayer**





# **'Literary, Short Stories and Poetry'**

## **A Prayer**

Pg 8

*A prayer knelt before God in a small room before a small bed.*

*She tied the groups of hair on each side of her head.*

*Curved upon her oval face the corners drew up and the absence of teeth had been filled by the new ones that took their place. Growth of the eight year was upon her. Teddy did not have to be naked in a fur coat but small human cloths of pastel colors framed the over stuff bear. The feline cat wrapped his warm body up in her lap while she tried to read the color pastel card board book.*

*"Castles with the prince and princess are shown right here," she placed the cat's paw upon the page and tapped away while the cat patiently let her gently flip its arm and paw up and down.*

*Tap! Tap! Tap!*

*"You're more than I can handle," she said as she dropped the book and the cat landed beside the book on the floor. The bed's been taken up with the over counter stuffed material poly fill simulated fluff that was bought and given to her.*

*"Peaceful night sleep," she said as she placed herself between the flannel warmth of the pastel cloths with pillow encased material with a picturesque castle with the portraiture of a hint of a king and queen with a princess and prince.*

*"How does one kneel, teddy?" "When your stuffed fuzzy legs have no knees?" she giggled as she thought about how Mom could bend the bear's stuffy poly legs into a sitting position. "And no knee bends for you." "Only the sitters club for you, teddy," she said.*

*She knelt by the curtained small bed with head bowed and hands gently placed together. "Sssssh," she said. "Now, teddy sit still and listen while I talk to God." "I have the phone in my hands, always." "All I do to dial is place my hands together like this."*

*The fuzzy teddy sat still like all the other inanimate objects around her.*

*"Now, I'll put the call in so listen Teddy." "You are my bear witness at my testimony today." She placed her head at a slight tilt up looking for God in the ceiling above. Then she closed her eyes to see if she could see the heaven talked to so much by others. "God, my prayer of peace today...if love that never ends and never dies." She giggled a little and paused, took a breath then continued, "I mean a forever love God of an ever- lasting." "May I always see the light though you are not there." "May angels guide us to a better life." "May I grow up to understand what it is to have a better life for myself and others." She opened one eye and looked then opened the other eye to look. She bent her head to the side, smiled and said, "Be right back." She unfolded her hands and moved teddy to another spot right in front of her and laid him so he faced the ceiling while lying on his back. "There...now you can see better and hear me better." "Teddy, now*



*look upward...you see what I see...not a ceiling but a heaven where God sits and listens."  
"Now, I'll close my eyes again and dial."*

*She tilted her head slightly upward closed her eyes placing hands gently together to  
telephone God.*

*"God, it is me and teddy- my bear witness." "I pray for peace and good will." "Not Will my  
neighbor...maybe my neighbor...yeah, my neighbor Will too," she smiled then  
continued, "...but the good will of all men."*

*"Mom and Dad's sleeping and teddy's here with me...thank you for them and my fuzzy friend  
of a cat." "My Dad calls him my feline friend." "I feed him twice a day and he always has a  
string to play with. " "Thank you for the snow-capped mountains." "I think baseball caps are  
ok." "But the cold white caps...can you add a little color?...as in the rainbow in spring?"  
"White is ok, God." "But I'm glad you let the red cardinals fly by to add color to the white  
snow." "The baseball guys caps are red and not white and I thought since they were red  
Christmas must be year round." "So, if I ask my dad why only the mountains caps are  
white...do I need to ask why the snow glitters like diamonds at the same time?" She opened  
one eye and peaked at teddy and smiled. "Sorry, God," she said. "I thought I'd check my  
teddy." "He's listening and looking at you too." She closed her eye and continued the prayer.  
"God, Christmas is only short days away." "But, I think it's really longer 'cause everything  
seems longer." "I do my homework." "Do you give "A"s even when the teacher doesn't?...I did  
my homework." "Can you make sure the geese come back from their vacation holiday?" "I'm  
tired of the quiet and my cat needs his friends to play tag with...I promise he won't eat  
anymore...we feed him before he goes out and play now...I mean geese that is he won't eat  
anymore geese...I'll still feed him...and the geese." She peeked at teddy staring up at the  
ceiling and smiled. "Ok, teddy," she said. She closed her eyes and smiled. "God," she said  
and paused. "Pine trees left that color for us to look for spring." "Thank you for the trees."  
"My wish for Christmas among the candy canes I hung on the tree is for Peace and Good Will  
toward women and men – not just men." "Mom, says that's funny." She mouthed a few more  
sentences silently then said out loud, "Amen."*

*She turned teddy up to face her and brought his inanimate fuzzy furry face to her and kissed  
the bear on his nose.*

*A gentle sleep in between the cotton flannel cloth sheets. The cold breeze of a white  
powdered world with capped mountains that may never know a spring-only temporary  
outside. All we are looking for a holiday of peace that shows upon a sleeping child's face in a  
gentle sleep in between the cotton flannel cloth sheets-a prayer of a reality looked upon by  
God and men of Peace and Goodwill.*

*Merry Christmas!*





# **A Season**



# ***'Literary, Short Stories and Poetry'***

## **A Season**

Pg 11

He talked to the animals every day. It was a Saturday that always looked as the only day to take care of anything that had to do with anything.

Horizon took on the grey of possible snow.

The blankets of wool had been combined with the cotton fields that grew among the neighboring fields. A sound of Baaaaa! Was heard in the distance. Looking for the gin just maybe the liquid instead of the manmade machine at times was in searched for by a few in loose clothing of the Indian summer's heat. NO well nearby to take the edged drink to taste. Horses where maintained by the youth of an education that advances year to year in hopes of a college scholarship from the care giver he was given to by God.

"His grain fields are over the limit in abundance for harvest," he commented. He patted the coarse hair of the animal harnessed that he continued to place leather crafted decor of a fastened seat upon the curved back. "She's light as a feather," she said holding a small friend upon her finger. His smile told the story that was not always open to her- through the gaze of their eyes held.

"Bright blue of a summer's day of heat." "Thanksgiving of a blessing and not to eat the small winged upon my hand." Smiles and a chuckle as he held out his hand while the small winged pranced over and anchored its delicate small weight upon his finger.

"No flight his morning my friend?" he asked the small winged weight that fanned its feathered weight upon his hand.

"Chickadee, the winter's red berries need to bloom." "Otherwise, for the temperature degree will catch your weighted body to a statue state." Smiles and a worry spread upon her face as she thought to harvest the bailed small bits of hay for the warmth of the day for a small feather friend.

"And her mate?" he questioned as he gestured his winged hand toward hers. Eyes of his still glanced then glanced again toward her while her hand caught the winged bird. It pranced upon her palm then quietly circled and laid to rest in the center of her palm.

"No training," she said. "Chickadee did that by herself."

"Short kindness of an act to pleasantries of comfort your hand holds," he commented as he worked to place the leather harness straps fastened in place upon the coarse hair animal.

"My friend be told to you," she said, "that her mate is well and not far away."

“Distance may never be of heart to be held.” “But distance to be told gains strength though closeness may not always be a visual view,” he said as he winked and his gestured smile takes an increase of her breath away. A tilt of her head toward the chickadee. “Listening for a heart to beat,” he said a whisper of a strength controlled.

“My eyes behold yours if I look your way,” she responded.

“Only to see my heart beat,” his response whispered.

“Fairness only to the chickadee.” “I worry for her mate.” “For winters’ temperature may not be kind to her,” she whispered. A smile was soon replaced as a small bird feathered its weight upon his head. Light as a feather, no noise was heard on a motion of a glance before the silence faded to her voice of a giggle while she glanced from his eyes to the top of his head. “So her mate is here,” she said. Curves of the corners of his mouth gently pulled slowly on an upward flight as he carefully reached palm open for the top of his head. As he waited, he looked for the feel of a small winged feather weight upon his palm. Slowly, he brought him down to eyes view. “I see you’re right on time,” he said. “No winter’s temperature making you wait.” The chickadee took his place upon her hand gently nesting together she held both with both hands.

*A watchful way they nested and rested- they gently nodded their heads.*







# **Bless Us Father**



**Bless Us Father**

She prayed every morning.

“God bless my family with goodness and grace,” she turned her head, eyes transfixed to stare that turned a slight smile from the person that knelt beside her.

“God’s grace,” he said. “God’s grace.”

He took her hand in his and bowed his head as she smiled. Shyly she turned her head to the side resting it gently next to his head – gently pressed.

“My thoughts to you,” he said and intertwined his hand evenly within her hand.

“Bless us Father for our peace that we have found with each other.”

The hands gripped tighter together .

“Bless us Father we ask for permission,” he said. Tears flowed down their faces.

“Bless us Father we love our lives and join you in search of spreading heaven,” they said in unison.

“Bless us Father for we love our life.” Tears continued to flow down their faces. The smiles appeared upon both as the thoughts of a coming morning to look ahead that follows in the next few days. The sun beamed through the windows of the home they occupied. The light of a rainbow fills the small gems of cut glass prisms. Across the floor of the kitchen and the living quarters of wooden planked floor, wind slightly had the rainbows dance upon the planks that were polished to perfection. Opened windows where the French style door that welcomed the sunrise to sunset circulation of a blessed flower scented air. Rose bushes of a white purity were planted outside in full bloom scented the fragrant air most of the year.

“Blessed are we...”trailed through the air. He too she gathered themselves separately as collectively within each other’s thoughts.

“Blessed are we...”the smile spread across his face as he lightly kissed her moist cheek and released her hand. Morning’s break was finished. Smiles placed upon each face. The look of *why are we here* disappeared momentarily. Momentarily was pleasing to both their ears and heart.

“Do we still beat as one?” she laughed and re-grabbed his hand.

“Always as one,” he stated. “Was there a journey that brought us here today?” “I think the question should be.” “But then again with God’s grace,” he stopped in mid-sentence. “Don’t know why?” “Hands be free,” and he intertwined both his hands within both of hers. Gently, pulling her to her feet, a small dance of grace they gently glided upon the wooden planked

floor. The careful cheek to cheek smiled upon them both as their smile they could only imagine to see as the arms of grace guided them as they slowly danced upon the perfected polished floor.

“Blessed are we...,” she began to say. The vocal small whisper pleased his ears and they repeated together, “Blessed are we.” A small laugh of a giggle they kept cheek to cheek. The animals watched from across the room. The morning’s dance repeated many many times and days before. “Blessed are we,” they sang together softly. The tones of their voices carried their own orchestra –no additional music needed this day. Just a slow stand back that they survive and were alive with each other today. “Blessed are we,” he said as he pulled away keeping her hands intertwined with his hands.

“Only day to day,” she responded. “We wake to see.”

“Blessed are we for each day I wake to see you...,” he said.

“In purity of peace,” she completed.

“I awake to find you,” he said.

“Day after day,” they said in unison.

“Blessed are we...,” she said. “I see you each day.”

“My time with you we stay,” he said.

“For blessed each day of purity of white,” she said.

“Blessed,” he said and stopped.

“No more panic,” she said.

“No more..” he trailed in thought and touched her cheek lightly. “You are here.”

“Blessed each day we are with each other,” both commented in unison.

“For life was not taken away,” they said together.

“Ready to start the day,” he said. Smiles and a nod, a hug, a gently kiss, for life looked at fresh sunrise to sunset. “We look for a longer length in time.” They looked upward, “more than a 50 year run.”

“A span longer than a life time,” they said in unison.

Blessed are they that dance the planked polished wooden floor in life. They were always there together. The only seek before was finding where they were in time. They don't search for each other in the after. They won't run a journey to find the blessed peace. For God granted an ever after to eternity. Together to get there was a separate life of knowing a union sought for was not to seek. They were always there together. The only seek before was finding where they were in time.









***'Fire Flies'***

***Children at play,  
As though they have the hand of God gently holding their hand,  
Of clear thought always in the state of "Aw!"  
Touch of God – Nature and Children  
They come to them unknowingly harmless, curiosity- no kill to the cat  
Peeking interest  
Closeness shared like no other.***

The warmth of the sun just at dusk and the small yellow tiny illuminated lights began to float up from the cool green grass. Children run around bare foot feeling the coolness of green under their feet. Smiles all around when the mason jars were handed out – each had a lid with tiny holes punched in. Looking for the guided hand to grasp without a Squish! The goal accomplishment was to get more than one to a jar to create a Nature's lantern for the evening.

So, they ran and grasped filled their mason jars with a helping hand from God to get them in the jar without flying out. No squishing that time for a bunch of them- but sometimes it happened. She wondered around with the rest in the yard. Just took her time grabbing at the air missing the small illuminated lights ever once in a while. She was the last one that sat down on the porch swing with Mason jar in hand. It glowed brighter than the rest and her smile was illuminated when she held the jar to her face. She had the most that evening. He looked across and took notice of her for the first time. She had the nicest smile.

"How many you got in there?" he asked as he crossed over the porch to be near her.

"Don't really know?" "A lot," she said almost nervous with a little awkward smile.

"Your how old?"

"Just turned seven the other day," smiling she said.

"Ten," he said.

Nature's lanterns continued to illuminate the porch until the adults asked they let the lantern go that evening. She had emptied her mason jar with his. The gentleness of a breeze of a porch swing that evening had a touch with the hand of God. A quiet attraction had taken place for the first time in a gentle summer's breeze of a supervised evening.

---

***Finest white threads woven  
Silken  
A touch of refined lace delicately placed.***

Slowly, from the waist up white marbleized cream pearls were carefully placed together as in a hook and eye fashion. The music of the March would soon begin with blossoming spring flowers in an array of color delicately placed by the hand of God brought the engagement in the park band stand to life. She held her arms straight out from her sides. Keeping herself still as possible until all were fastened together. Her Mother's hands trembled on the very last button.

"Just breathe," she told herself. "Just breathe." Nervous was not even the word that placed that moment. Panic was closer but, that did not fit well, either.

"Just little light headed" she thought, "so, just breathe."

"Please don't faint," she told herself. Then she waited.

---

*The night before an unforgettable conversation took place between two that were very important to the young bride.*

*"You often hear of the fish that got away."*

*"I'm not fishing," he said.*

*"You're fishing"*

*"Not really...Not even got a pole in hand."*

*"Ok..Metaphorically, then speaking-"*

*"You need to get me a little more information."*

*"What is she to you anyway?"*

*"I grew up with her."*

*"And so did I."*

---

There, she waited in the park.

“Mom,” she said hesitantly. Her nervousness took over for a brief moment “Umm...never mind.”

The March ballad came to life and the guests and passer bys rose from benches, waiting. They had turned to look back at her entrance. Beautifully, delicately, lightly placed a thin fabric covered her face. Was she crying? Excited or just scared of a new beginning? The March ballad grew louder and it was her queue to move forward with arm looped in her fathers’. They began to move forward.

---

*The conversation continued from the night before so important the two young men to the young bride.*

*“So what’s she to you anyway?”*

*“Just say I grew up with her.”*

*“So, did I.”*

---

The young brides view down the aisle, the next day.

Preacher had placed himself in the middle of the band stand with orchestra behind. Flowers lined the benches as she strolled by. His tux, so dapper, fit perfectly. He stood with ring in hand. With a veil lifted, a kiss to the cheek, her father, pleased, placed her at the band stand alter. “He’ll be good to you,” he said and stepped away. Her smile quivered and as did his. The Vows were placed. The kiss took place. The announcement made- the cheers and the claps of their audience perused.

At mid-night the newly wedded couple took the limo to the train.

“He stood up for you.”

“He did?”

“We’re married now- do I want to know what happened?”

“It was only me at the alter today.”

“I saw that.”

“We’re married now.” “Just a small misunderstanding,” he said smiling, “that you chose me and not him.”

God’s hand had touched them while they searched for an illumination as children in a summer’s evening of mason jars with a goal of making a Nature’s lantern many years ago. Now, they gazed upon each other knowingly they were purposely brought together by a first attraction that never went away- so many years ago, most likely by the hand of God.





# **The Meadows Filled -Dandelion Field**





## The Meadows Filled-Dandelion Field

"The meadows filled." "Can I put the sign out for the dandelions that float in, Mom?"

"Huh, that's nice son." She rocked gently as she drifted to the sound of sleep. The markers and card board sat near the garage door. The window light shined upon the Mom as she gently rocked. A slight snore could be heard. He looked again the card board was leaning flat to the ground- wind must have done that.

Shake or no shake he grabbed the door flung it back open and out the door he went. She heard the back door bang. "What did you say son?" a mumble came from the chair.

Twenty feet to the garage drive he walked to stand to look around. The card board was grabbed. He walked to the end of the drive and dropped his load onto the ground. "Kthunk!"

"Ah!" "Ha!" the exhaled arms free. He shook his hands out, wrung his hands together, cracked his knuckles and flexed his hands. Then stretched his body by reaching toward the sky. He did a short jog in place, a couple of jumping jacks, then he exhaled. He looked at the pile he dropped.

The marker squeaked! "Eek!" "Eek!" "Eek!"

"There that'll do!" he said. "Wait." There was a pause of silence upon the wind.

"Squeak!" "Squeak!" "Eek!" "Eek!"

"Pew!" "That smells!" "Wish Mom would get the licorice flavor smelling ones back," "These stink!"

"Squeak!" Squeak!" "Eek!" "Eek!" the marker bounced upon the card board.

*Pew, um hungry... candy licorice flavor.. the sweet ones...grandma use to buy.*

"Squeak!" "Squeak!" "Eek!" "Eek!"

"BAM!" back door was heard.

"Hey, who's out there?"

Not an answer the stench of something hit the air. "Pew!" "Pew!" "No!" "Wait!" "Mom's coming." "That smells like wait... No...stink stink... its hamburger!" "Why's it always stink at first?" pause "Mom?"

There was no answer, again.

"THUNK!" He grabbed the sign and looked at the marker he dropped. He walked two steps grabbed the hammer and nails. "The marker!" he looked back, "Aw, I don't feel like picking it up." He turned the other way hands filled. Then an incredible, uncomfortable urge... he turned back.. he picked up the marker... gave it a toss...landed on the bench... rolled off... under the car it went. A pause.. a short exasperated breath exhaled. A look upward ...a roll of his eyes.. the look of what... he had his hands filled again...the open door, the look back at the car...*should I shake my head too?*

The nailing of the nails was an easy task, but it was time to put the sign on the make shift cross. He laid the cross on the ground put the sign on top. The hammer came down on the nail...missed putting a small hole in the sign on accident. He looked upward, he looked at the sign, the face scrunched up in frustration. The determination excelled itself with an exasperated exhale. After hitting the nail on the second attempt. No hole that time. The relief...the thank you... directed toward the sky and a smile that calmed himself and pleased the watcher from behind. The hammer raised again another successful transaction the nail went into to secure the sign.

"Son, what you got there?" was heard from behind sound that boomed through the air. The jolt, the jerk, the stammer came out "What?"

The turn of the head and a smiling of hello that he hoped was there. But... "Hey, mom!" the words trailed softly off. A look at the sky above her head gave her the clue. "What's the sign, son?"

He pushed it behind him and tried to stand and yet grabbed at it at the same time. "Oops!" The sign slide right out from his hands. He gasped and grabbed at it and pulled it to secure it from behind.

"Just wait...no... can you help me, put in the sign?" he asked her. A nod of the head as she grabbed the hammer. She motioned for them both to go forth. They walked. Mom did glance at the sign.

"Where to?" she asked her son.

"The end of the meadow to the road," he said. He grabbed her gently by the hand. They walked the ace and a half towards the dusted gravel road that swung and wrapped by the house. "Backyard's really big this year," he commented to his mother.

"Yep!" "It's really, really big!" her smile directed toward his face then back toward the sky!

"You talking to God, again" she asked.

Then she smiled... glanced again at him then glanced upward. "Nice day," he said. His smile warmed them passing through them both.

"God's funny," he said. "We're about to the road's edge."

"Show me where the sign goes," she asked for his direction.

He let her hand go and ran a few feet off where the road curved. "Right here." "The wind turns right here," he said pointing toward the ground. She smiled, "The road turns as well". "God's everywhere," she commented. She put the board up on the ground. "That'll work!" he said.

She smiled and pounded the sign in the ground. Sign view was directed toward the traffic.

"How's that?" she asked him.

"Good real...good mom!" "Hit the board one more time, Mom! ...so it'll stay."

"Thunk!" The board went down in the ground again.

"Secure!" she commented.

"Should I wink?" he commented.

"Only if you choose too?"

He winked smiled looking at the sky. "God's there, Mom." "Right there," and he pointed upward.

"Yep, he is!"

A car drove by honked, a trail of dust hit both of them and the air tossed it way. Coughing and standing back the car stopped a few feet up and turned around back toward them. Mister parked on the side... the door opened he looked up.. "God's there you know," he smiled and winked at the boy and then winked up looking toward the sky.

Walking toward the sign he smiled at the boy. "Ya..coming and get'n ice cream with your mom and me?" "Dust yourselves off and hop in." They coughed a bit looked at the sign from the car window.

"Yep, the fields full son...I agree too." he smiled as he looked in his rearview mirror.

The family pulled away with the sign reading toward the road.

*"Dandelions-*

*Field fully booked.*

*Reserve for next year see the sky.*

*God's listening.*

*He's got more rooms to fill."*





**Lady Like?**



## Lady Like?

"How old are you today?" the man selling balloons in the park asked the young girl sitting on a bench in the park.

"Just turned 5 yesterday." "Why?" she looked at the man holding the balloons. He looked familiar. The man wore a T-shirt that said '*Balloons 5 cents*'. "Five," she smiled.

"My how grown up you are young lady," he said. The balloon man sat down on the opposite end of the bench and stared straight ahead off into the park.

"Not really," she responded. She pulled a large brush out of an oversize bag and began to brush her short ponytail at the back of the head. The ponytail slide all the way down until only a short pony tail was hanging toward the back of her neck to the shoulder. She stopped brushing and laid the brush beside her on the bench.

"Why?" he asked her still looking off into the park holding the balloons.

"Not lady like," she commented looking down at her feet scuffling them in dry dirt.

"Not lady like... that doesn't seem like a problem for you." "Are you not a lady?" the balloon man asked this as if he was amused.

"My mom says manners are to be instilled." "I asked her what moonshine she was making, "the little girl replied now looking at the profile of the man sitting on the bench that was staring straight out in the park smiling.

"What happen?" the balloon man chuckled a little and bounced a balloon up and down by tugging on one of the strings. It thumped several times as she watched him.

"I'm not supposed to know what moon shine is?" she said staring straight out in the park. "Well what is it?" the man chuckled and laughed a little bit to himself glancing at the young girl briefly then continued to stare straight out into the park.

"Not the moon that is a full circle in the sky now and then at night..." "My grandpa's kitchen pantry has it in it." "He says it's for cooking and slow evenings," she replied. She stood up and walked over in front of the balloon man who was now looking at her when she said, "My mom told me if I talk about moon shine to people it wasn't lady like," she continued to stare at the man in the face as he looked up and tugged on a balloon that thumped.

"So you're not being lady like right now then?" "Is that what you're telling me?" he said as he glanced at her face before he tugged on another balloon and watched it thump again several times bounce in the air.

"Not sure," she said now watching with him the balloon that he was bouncing with the tug.

"OH, "he said then chose a different color of a balloon to bounce with a tug.

"What's oh? "she asked watching him bounce the different color balloon up and down with a tug.

"When are you lady like?" he smiled glanced away from the tugged balloon going up and down and chuckled to himself.

"I say thank you when somebody gives me something." "I stand straight up and don't slouch." "I do the cores that mom gave me." "And oh!" "Let me think," she said and rolled her eyes and looked straight up into the clear sky.

"It's ok," the balloon man said. "You're being very polite." "I think that's grown-up and lady like." He held out the balloon that he was tugging and watched as she absently received the balloon with her hand. She giggled and a smile appeared upon her face. "Oh!" "I cross my legs when I sit and don't blow buggars in my shirt sleeve or blouse," she said then smiled really big. She held her balloon but tugged it just a little to see it bounce.

"You got any candy?" he asked her and laughed a little.

"Candy? "she said confused.

"Candy?" he asked her.

"I like gum balls and caramels." "You got any?" the balloon man asked.

"No, not right now," she responded with a sad face.

"Oh, I guess I'm not being lady like because I'm not supposed to asked people for candy," the balloon man said and chuckled to himself. He tugged on all the balloons in his hand and made a big thunk.

"Oh," the young girl started to laugh. She held tight to her balloon as the balloon man stood to his feet smiling he reached out tapped the girl lightly on the shoulder and said, "Got' a go!"

"Oh," the girl said sadly as she watched the balloon man reach into his pocket and hand her a handful of candy. Before she could reply with a comment he took his index finger pressed it to his lips, smiled, turned to the left and walked straight into the park toward a crowd.

Open hand she held the candy at a glance. She surmised that she held two gumballs- one red and one purple and four caramels with a mini chocolate bar. Smiling she stuck the pile of sugar in her pocket in hopes the summer's day did not melt it away.

*Sugar helps keep the smile to last a little bit long – especially on that day.*



# **The Nativity Short Story**



## The Nativity Short Story

Merry Christmas!

Snow always snow drifted from the eastern sky. The grey canceled the blue for the day. Mittens that were in the closet were mis-happenedly placed on and about the brick laid hearth of the fire place.

*Was it on that day?*

"They're still wet," the oldest son said. "The fires been fueled with cinnamon scented cones."  
"They smell good but the mittens are still wet."

"Where did you get the cinnamon coated pine cones?" the next to the oldest son asked.

"Not at the bakery?" Mom stated.

"No bakery?" "Funny." "Ha!" "Not funny," the middle daughter said.

"Baking apple pie today?" the next to the oldest son asked.

"No, inside camp fire this afternoon?" questioned the oldest daughter.

"SMORES out of the fire place." "The sticks are over there brought in from the garage," Father commented.

"Pumpkin carving in the morning...though it's not Halloween, I'm going for the Christmas flair."  
"You'll see," the youngest daughter said.

By afternoon the marsh mellows were stacked. The chocolate bars and graham crackers lay in a basket on a small table waiting for the guests to arrive. The pumpkin with Halloween carving tools and Christmas holiday food lay next to each other nearby.

"No Halloween scare," the Father said.

*Picking of the symbols... tagged with post-it's the bible laid nearby with marked passages  
carefully  
out-lined in the New Testament.*

*Mom's Memo laid on the table of holiday food. Participation was at the top of the list along with a check mark that marked each first name in the typed row. All were to arrive. Funny on the list were the usual names that did not have to be written down and nobody had to arrive. They all lived there.*

Mom stood near the hearth fire. "So let it be written was the Old Testament saying in Micah 5. The Savior to be born in Bethlehem."

The manger cloths lay upon the chairs. Baby Jesus was yet to be pronounced and announced for his star entrance. The parakeet squawked waiting the anticipation of the actor’s reproduction of the yearly family nativity play.

“I won the mop head.” “Clean mop head this time,” the next to the oldest daughter said as she buttoned the large bath robe and draped the belt around her waist. “The shepherd wig looks good on me this year,” she smiled with a giggle as she adjusted the mop top.

“What’s the parakeet?” the next to the oldest son asked.

“Jesus,” the middle son said.

“No, Jesus can’t be the parakeet,” the Father stated.

“Why not?” the youngest son asked.

“No pirate Jesus! “And No, pirate shepherd this year either!” Mom stated. “Don’t be tempted.”

“I’ve got a scarf for you,” stated Mom as she nudged the middle daughter’s arm that was transfixed on playing small video game.

“Not Mary again,” the youngest daughter said.

“Okay, trade with someone else,” Mom offered looking around the room then smiled at the partial light hearth fire place. The warmth radiated.

“Thy rod and thy staff comfort me,” the middle daughter thought in passing on Psalms 23. The thought passed through as the empty mop stick was grabbed for the shepherd’s dress delivery.

“No donkey this year?” the Father asked and laughed.

“The dog’s at the vets,” the youngest daughter commented, “getting groomed.”

“Puddles, the cat is the sheep this year,” the middle son commented and mom handed the cat to the fully dressed shepherd that was not the middle son in cotton make-shift costume.

“Dressed, Mom,” middle daughter stated. “Hey, the little waited white cloud pounces.” (Puddles the cat was what she was watching,)

“I can’t say that I should take a glance at you.” “The scarf’s not pinned correctly.” As long as it doesn’t fall or slips down its ok.” Mom commented towards the middle daughter.

“Can you pick another sheet to wrap yourself in?” “Sponge Bob Square Pants on Mary doesn’t look to good,” Mom commented towards the oldest daughter.

“Not funny?” the middle daughter commented as she shrugged her shoulders and smiled over towards the oldest daughter.

“Not funny,” mom stated looking at the middle daughter and not the oldest daughter.

The oldest daughter exited towards the linen closet while mom waited for the others to emerge into the room.

“Music,” Mom said as she turned the CD player on loud and started *Silent Night*.

“They ...can I dress... never mind,” the youngest daughter said.

The parakeet squawked and flew to the top of the door frame near the fire place. Canned goods were stored in the space behind the door. The weighted cloud was put down and ran out of the room.

“Can I have the mop?” mom asked.

“I could trade... I don’t wanna trade and don’t want to play Mary in the play,” her middle son commented.

Mom smiled. “Joseph!” she called out. “Where’s your costume?”

“No costume,” a voice from the other room called back.

“SMORES!” “Let’s make SMORES!” the middle son yelled.

“Chocolate!” the youngest daughter yelled.

“Marshmallows in the bag!” the middle daughter told.

“Rather dress as a SMORE,” the oldest son commented.

“Snore?” the Father asked.

“Not snore,” the middle son commented.

“SMORES,” the youngest daughter stated.

“Just eat a little something,” Father commented handing the middle son a graham cracker.

“Ready for my grand entrance,” a yell from the other room was voiced.

“I’m all decked out,” the oldest son entered bells ringing.

“Santa suit is not a Joseph suit up,” Father looked discouraged.

“Hey, just let him wear the hat, dad,” the middle son commented.

“The hat or...” The Father started to say but didn’t finish.

“Great! Joseph! Got a Santa hat on,” Mom laughed as she exited the room.

“Father...never mind..,” and the oldest daughter exited the room.

The middle son poked the fire and placed the logs on the open fire so the fire flamed. Melted marshmallows were being squished together between graham cracker and chocolate. The popcorn contained in a large plastic red bowl was placed near the SMORES baskets.

“Lemonade?” Mom yelled from the kitchen.

“Not Summer Mom!” the middle daughter stated.

“I’ll take lemonade and eggnog.” The oldest daughter grabbed the lemonade glass and added eggnog to another glass. Mom shook her head.

“Mmm..Mmm...good!” the youngest daughter laughed. “Put them together in one glass.” “Eggnog and lemonade.” “Not a combination I’d like to drink together,” the middle son commented.

“You don’t drink it together.” “I was just thirsty,” the oldest daughter commented.

“I’ve added peppermint to my eggnog and stirred it with the candy cane...and it taste goooooood!” the middle son commented.

“Ok, time for the nativity!” Mom yelled from the other room.

Mom restarted Silent night music. Father took his seat on the couch. The parakeet squawked. Then she entered, his oldest daughter, dressed as a Shepard smiling. She must have got her way in changing her costume. She jiggled the mop head and the small weighted cloud dressed as a sheep meowed. Then it purred as she held “Puddles” the cat. The Santa Joseph entered.

“Auuhh...sorry dad,” the oldest son turned and exited out of the room.

The shepherd held up the weighted cloud purring called Puddles and pointed the costumed cat toward the sky. “I’m making this up as I go mom and dad bear with me.”



Mom nodded and gestured to keep going.

“Do I start over?”

Mom shook her head “NO” and gestured with her arm to go on.

“Star of David so bright..and angel visited me to...” There was a silent pause as the Silent Night music played in the background. Mom gestured to go without a word being spoken.

“I’m nervous...”

Mom gestured with her arm to go on without speaking a word. Father watched on nodding his head coaxing her on to continue.

“Star of David so bright ... and angel visited me.” “Please guide me on my journey to see the Savior tonight,” she said. Then she took her place over on the overstuffed couch with Puddles that meowed and let a small fart. Her nose crinkled up. “Mom, Puddles farted.”

“Sssshhh,” Mom said.

The music continued to play Silent Night. Joseph entered in a stroll with a very pillowed sister at his arm.

“Aaah,” Father paused then pointed at Mary. “The pillow?” he said and shook his head.

A voice yelled from the other room, “If there’s a star Joseph and Mary, the baby’s been born!”

Both Joseph and Mary turned and exited the room. Father shook his head trying not to laugh. Mom was not happy. Puddles farted again and Father suggested, “I think the little cloud needs to be let down.” “Not a cloud sheep day.”

She let Puddles go and Puddles pounced out of the room. Puddles immediately ran back in the room attacked the couch and chased the parakeet. Mom grabbed Puddles. Father grabbed the parakeet and placed him back on top of the cage. “It’s Christmas ...I left the cage door open so the parakeet can climb in and out,” Father stated.

Mom restarted the CD playing Silent Night.

“Ok, Joseph and Mary,” Mom and Father announced as they sat on the couch. The Santa hat almost got tossed when the pillow got tossed from the bath robe. Joseph and Mary entered again this time they took their places in front of the decorated pine Christmas tree. Mary sat and grabbed a small Christmas gift and wrapped a towel around it. She cradled it. “This is Jesus this year,” she said.

Mom and Father smiled. In unison they said, “The best present under the tree.”

The Shepard got up to grab Puddles and Mom motioned that she sit down.

“Oh,” she said as she took her place on the couch.

“Ok, three kings please enter,” Mom yelled.

Entered the first king dressed in a sheet with homemade construction paper hat placed upon his head, it flopped onto his eyes. Nudging it up off his eyes he said, “If he did not have such a big head it would of fit perfect.” He adjusted it holding it with two fingers pinched. Mom got up and put her hand over her eyes and did not say anything. Father gestured for him to go on.

“I traded with...”the youngest son said.

“Just push it up,” Father said.

Mom grabbed the tape and taped the crown where he pinched his fingers. Then Mom pointed for him to exit.

Mom restarted the Silent Night music.

“Silent night, holy night...” the music played. The first king entered his crown fit and still he pushed it a bit up on top of his head. Puddles ran in and jumped on the baby gifted Jesus. Mary shook the precious package up and down to get Puddles off. Mom put her finger to her lips to hush everybody. They nodded as the first king knelt before Mary and Joseph in front of the tree.

The youngest daughter dressed as the second King entered just behind while Mary tried to push Puddles away. The second king wore a popcorn bucket on her head nicely decorated. With her plain bath robe of Christmas red and green, she gently knelt beside the first king in front of Mary in front of the tree.

“Oh...next king...the last king may enter,” the Father called.

Round yon virgin Mother and child holy infant so tender and mild....”the song replayed as the last and third king entered wearing a sauce pan as his crown.

“Auuh...the sauce pan third king?” Father questioned and shook his head.

“Got a handle on it Dad” the middle son said. Father got up and stopped the CD player.

“I’ll be right back,” Father said. With his index finger up he said, “Don’t move anybody...I’ll be right back!” Father left the room. Mom grabbed some popcorn. The

parakeet decided to sit on the shepherds shoulder. The bird walked and paced back and forth then jumped on top of the Shepard's head.

"Walking the plank?" the second king laughed looking over at the parakeet on the Shepard's head that dashed back and forth. Then the parakeet decided to peer over the top and at the Shepard's face.

"What's he doing?" the Shepard asked.

"Walking the plank," the third king said and laughed.

Puddles meowed and got off the gifted Jesus wrapped in Mary's lap. Mary look relieved.

"Father what's going on?" Mom yelled. "Should I restart the Silent Night?"

"Yes!" the voice called from the other room.

"The sauce pan's out son but the stew pots in," and Father clunked it gently on his head and ran over sat on the couch and started to laugh.

"Don't stew about it...Put the Silent Night music back on," Father commented with a grin.

The shepherd pushed the button on the CD player. Dad started to laugh.

"Okay, everybody out!" "One more time!" "This time...let's run through it smooth," Father laughed. "Rehearsals done!"

All filed out into the other room.

Mom stopped the CD player and restarted the Silent Night again. Father and Mom took their seats on the couch.

This time the shepherd filed through with the parakeet on her head, Mary and Joseph walked in took their place in front of the tree. Jesus was still gift wrapped in swaddling towel and the three kings filed in with all the appropriate crowns on. Puddles lasted only a few moments as the sheep before they watched Puddles lay down, turn upside down, stretch looking to disrobe from his costume and become Puddles the cat. As promised, there was NO pirate parakeet Jesus.

"Silent Night" played on.

The End.

# Clock Tower





## **Clock Tower**

*"Puddles, sails, hop scotch, teeter-totter slides  
that has no square corners to slide down. The cat's fuzzy  
face with whiskers too long to clip to a short little length."*

The littlest mouse ran the clock towers chimes of precisely on the hour. He would jump into the air sing "Tra la la la" and land on the pulling cord to make the clock bell chimes ring. When the hour of three upon the hour precisely every day he would jump and sing "Weeee" as he grabbed the cord to chime the clock. "Weee!" was sung instead of singing "Threeeee" every day.

The middlest mouse sat down and watched from below as he gazed up into the tower. He was thinking how it should be that "Heee" should ring and chime the clock tower.

"Hey!" "Hey!" "Hey!" the middlest mouse yelled at the top of his lungs up towards the littlest mouse at the top of inside the clock tower.

"Yes!" "Belowwww.." the littlest mouse was bent over the side of the rail up in the clock tower leaning towards the bottom peering at the middlest mouse.

"Thunder!" the middlest mouse yelled up at him.

"Thunder!" the middlest mouse yelled again up into the tower from below the littlest mouse.

"What thunder?" the littlest mouse yelled with his hands cupped around his mouth down at the middlest mouse.

"Hungry!" "It's hungry again!" "It's the thunder!" "It's hungry, again!" the middlest mouse yelled up from below inside the tower.

"Hungry thunder!" the littlest yelled over the top rail inside the tower. The littlest mouse jumped into the air and landed on the cord of the bells. The bells chimed loud with a boom!

"Arachnophobia!" the middlest mouse yelled up with his hands cupped around his mouth as he watched the littlest mouse swing back and forth while the boom! continued. No answer for a short time as the cord swung. The littlest mouse jumped high off the cord – summer salt entered his mind. But he chose to arc instead and take a small dive to grab the other bell cord. At hands grasp of the cord it Thundered! No chime in time that time.

*"Thunder?" from below.*

The middlest mouse began to sway as he approached the towers climbing stairs.

"Arachnophobia!" the middlest mouse yelled.

The littlest mouse smiled and yelled "Acrobat!" as he jumped once again up into the air with a small arc he dove to grab the other bells cord. They boomed! that time in time.

“No spiders!” the littlest yelled as he again jumped into the air arced and dove over to the other bell cord.

“Thunder!” to the chime of the bell the littlest mouse was singing, “Tra la la la.”

“Ascension!” “Ascent!” the littlest mouse dove in an upward arc as he grabbed the cords going back and forth higher into the bell tower as it Boomed!

“Descention!” the middlest mouse yelled up towards the littlest mouse as he began to travel back down the latter that lead to the top of the bell chimed tower.

“Arachnophobia!” the littlest mouse yelled as he swung himself over onto the platform to await the next top of the hour.

“No Acrobat!” the middlest mouse yelled and stopped from climbing down the bell chimed tower.

“No spiders!” the littlest mouse yelled down. “They are not in the tower!”

The middlest mouse chuckled and smiled up at the littlest mouse.

“You the Acrobat?” the middlest mouse yelled up in question to the littlest mouse.

The snow blew through the tower. A silence the littlest mouse and the middlest mouse listened to was the wind. It was quiet then the chimes had moved to a still stance in the tower. The littlest mouse had cupped his hands around his mouth, “Watch for the Owl!” he yelled down to the middlest mouse from the platform of where he was. The snow blew again through and descended upon the steps of the latter that the middlest mouse stood on.

“Heeee,” he had mumbled to himself and smiled looking down toward the bottom of where he had sat moments before.

“SCREECH!” “SCREECH!”

The owl sat on the latter above the middlest mouse's head.

“Arachnophobia!” the middlest yelled at the Owl!

“Acrobat?” the Owl questioned the middlest mouse then the owl.

“SCREECH!”

“I’m the Acrobat!” “Up here!” the littlest mouse yelled from the top of the bell tower platform.

“Not the Acrobat!” the middlest mouse stated to the Owl.

“Up here!” the littlest mouse yelled at the Owl.

“Up here!” the littlest mouse yelled again.

The snow blew through again but harder and the middlest mouse shivered from the cold and from the Owls wings that flapped over his head.

“Stretching,” the Owl commented. The Owl flapped again. This time he lifted off with beak pointed towards the top of the bell tower.

“Ascension!” the middlest mouse yelled as loud as he could with his head tilted towards the ceiling of the bell tower.

“Ascension!” the middlest mouse yelled looking up.

“Descention!” he heard the littlest mouse yelled from above.

“Descention!” again the littlest mouse yelled. The Owl continued to flap towards the ceiling upwards toward the bell tower platform.

“Descend!” the middlest mouse yelled.

“Descend!” the middlest mouse yelled again.

The owl stopped and flapped stationary in one place looking below him, then looking above himself. The snow blew through and the flap of his wings quickened to keep him in the same place.

“Acrobat?” the Owl stated in question.

“Who’s the Acrobat?” the Owl screeched flapping back and forth in the same place. The snow blew through with a greater gust and the Owl flapped harder. The Owl screeched again.

“Who’s the Acrobat?” the Owl questioned as he SCREECHED below!

“Descention!” again the littlest mouse yelled. The Owl continued to flap towards the ceiling upwards toward the bell tower platform.

“Descend!” the middlest mouse yelled.

“Descend!” the middlest mouse yelled again.

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“Who’s the Acrobat?” the Owl questioned as he SCREECHED below!

“Who’s the Acrobat?” the Owl questioned as he SCREECHED pointing his head upward looking for the platform. The snow lightly blew through but the wind rushed at the same speed. The Owl continued to flap in the same place.

The THUNDER boomed above! The littlest mouse dove in an arc onto the bell cord. It chimed with a thunderous boom. The littlest mouse sang, “Tra la la la!” until he heard from below the “Weee...” that was sounded as the Owl watched the middlest mouse dive from the latter to grab the other bell towers cord and slip.

The middlest began to yell “Ascend!” he commanded. But he continued to fall.

“Heee..!” the Owl SCREECHED as he grabbed the middlest mouse in the air. The Owl flapped upward to the latter location he was originally at. The wind picked up again the snow blew through. The Owl flapped stationary not ascending upward or descending below.

“Heee?” the Owl questioned. The littlest mouse dove and arched into the air as he grabbed onto the other bell tower cord. The thunderous boom drifted upon the air while the Owl flapped stationary in one place looking towards the top of the bell tower watching the littlest mouse arc and then dive to the other bell tower cord singing, “Tra la la la.”

“Heee..!” the Owl SCREECHED ascending upward towards the littlest mouse with the middlest mouse within his grasp.

“Heee!” the Owl SCREECHED again while he flapped ascending upward toward the littlest mouse.

“Tra la la la,” the mouse sang.

The clocks tower hands had moved to the top of the hour of three. The Owl SCREECHED and as he flapped in position while the littlest mouse arced and dove toward the other bell chime cord.



“Weee,” the Owl SCREECHED as the Owl flapped and dropped the middlest mouse to the platform next to the littlest mouse.

“Weee,” the littlest mouse and the middlest mouse yelled as they watched the Owl float away through the air ascending upward.

The littlest mouse and the middlest mouse arced and dove for the bell tower cords. Back and forth they swung among the bell chimed cords that boomed THUNDER, “Tra! La! La! La!...La! La!..La! La!”

“PEACE!” they yelled when they dismounted to the platform.

“PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS MICE AND ALL MEN!” hooted the Owl in knowledge.

*Comment on “Clock Tower” by the writer:*

*The written story of ‘Clock Tower’ is a story with religious meaning. Though the theme of religious meaning in literature has been repeated in many written stories that compare a story to symbolic meaning to be identified in new understanding and a different way to view written content i.e. the story of “Billy Budd” written by Herman Melville had symbolic written meaning that had comparable comparisons of the main character of Billy Budd being represented as a Christ figure when cross referenced by scholars when taught in literature classes. ‘Clock Tower’s representation of two mice and the owl can be viewed by the reader in hopeful new content of what God and the absence of a devil can make.*





# **Sand Piper**



## **SAND PIPER**

The waters lapping upon the shore with my toes between wet sands.  
Do I follow the sand piper that dashes back and forth running away as the wave approaches?  
Then run to the wave when it recedes back within the ocean?  
It dabbles at the shore the sand piper.  
He runs point beak down.  
Look at the gathering of the speckles upon the shore.  
Small tiny dabs of a diner's art he finds as he runs point beak at the sand.  
Repeat ably he finds a small delicate taste that gives him the strength to dash away.  
My toes remain in between the wet sands as I glance still at the sand piper.  
A child's patience has been awakened as he also watches the sand piper.  
The breeze is gentle.  
A single feather upon the sand just in the outer bounds of the tide of the wave that laps upon the shore.  
Wet sand has the dividing line of replication of east to west, north to south in a horizon.  
Splash with the wave color of a painters pallet.  
He the child grabs the feather- no perfection left upon the small silken hallowed stem.  
Something to behold learning to examine.  
The child's hand reaches for mine.  
He still holds the small delicate feather with his other hand.  
Toes between the sand's wiggle are mine as he gestures to wiggle in his.  
Smiles appear upon our faces.  
He shakes the feather in his hand.  
"No noise," he says, "just the sound of the wave as it laps."  
"Not running anymore the feather," I said.  
"Sand piper's coats a little lighter." "He emptied his pockets again," he says and shakes the feather in the air.  
The waves lap again towards the sand pipers as we watch and we hold our hands.  
"Wiggle the toes," he says. "Cold and gooie but not over there," and he points in the direction of no water that disappears into an atmosphere.  
"Warmth in the sand," I say as I point to the dividing line.  
The line that shows wet to dry.  
"Wiggle the toes in the cool sand." "Gooie!" "Ooie!" "What's for lunch?"  
"Sand piper's dining not appealing to you today?" I asked.  
"What?" a quizzical look on an expression able face then he shakes the feather again.  
"San piper's emptied his pocket." "He's still got dressed for dinner as he dances among the shore laps."

The child gestured toward the sand piper as I glance his way then look upon the sand piper.

“He looks good in feathered pants,” said the child as he smiled, “Feathered pants.”

“He’s not naked like baked chicken,” he says, “Feathered with a coat.”

He shakes the feathered hand.

The wiggle of our toes explore the cool to warmth of sand.

Hands held a short walk ensued with a continued shake of a feather.

There are slight pauses on the way to a lunch that occurs day to day that awaits another day  
to watch a small bird that dines in feathered pants that dashes away.









# ***'Literary, Short Stories and Poetry'***

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**Commentary by the author on literary, short stories and poetry to civilization.**

*'The contents was possible due to a pinnacle of Peace being reached at certain historical times throughout life. Not all find peace. Not all experience what life should be. May God grant to those the prayer that all experience and learn the good before they experience and learn the bad. Then know the difference...'*

*-Carol Lee Brunk 2015*

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