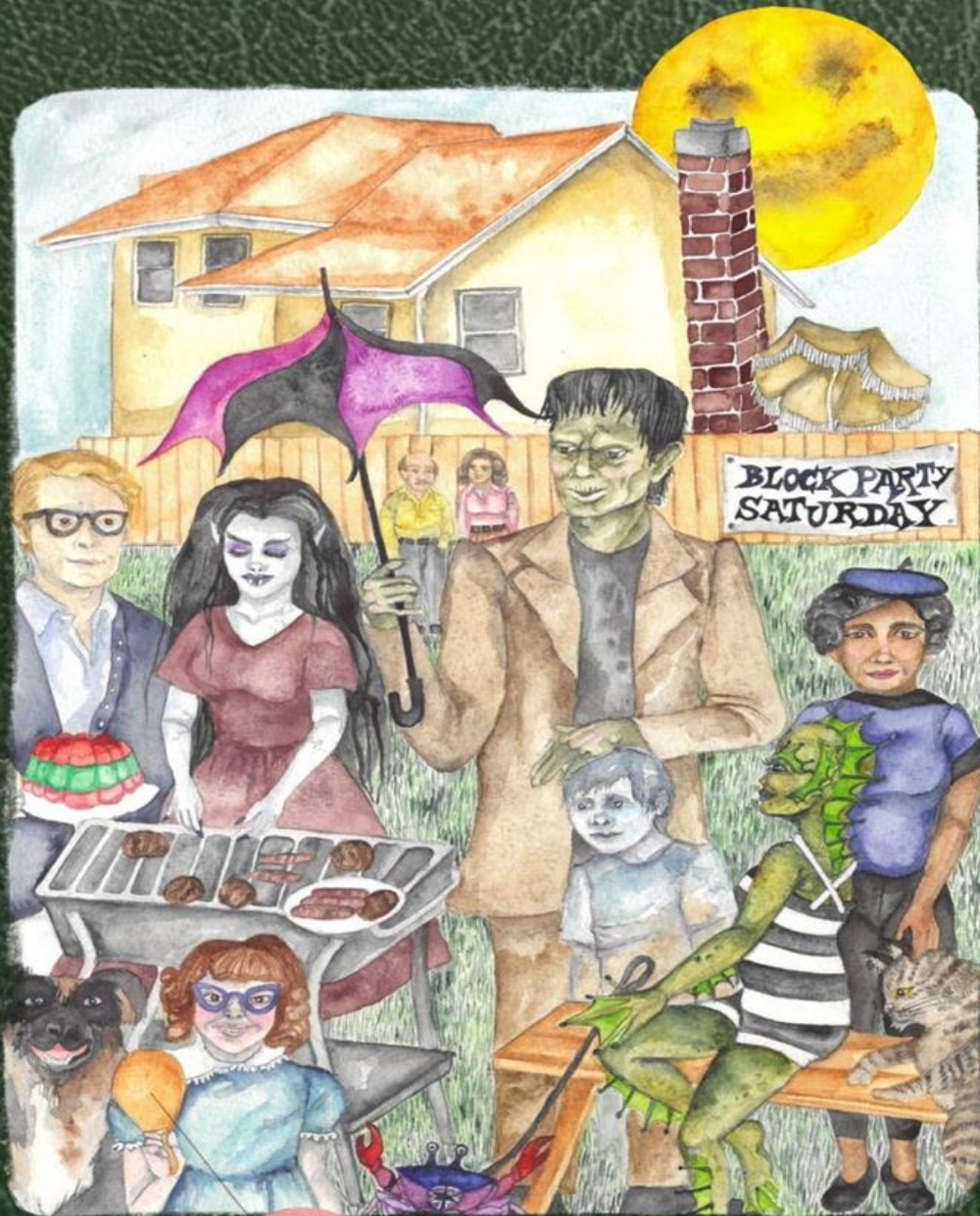


THE STORY BEAST

For Story Artists, Listeners, and Dreamers

Monsters in Your Backyard



Fang Edition



About the Cover Artist

Angela Juhl is a watercolorist, writer, and multi-medium creative. Her writing has appeared in the Irish Journal of Gothic and Horror Studies and in the journal of the International Society for Contemporary Legend Research (ISCLR). She has an MA in English Literature, focused on the Gothic, and is studying Library Science and Children's Book Illustration. She and her art haunt Instagram under the username [the_autumn_gloaming](https://www.instagram.com/the_autumn_gloaming). For more from Angela follow her at [instagram.com/the_autumn_gloaming](https://www.instagram.com/the_autumn_gloaming)

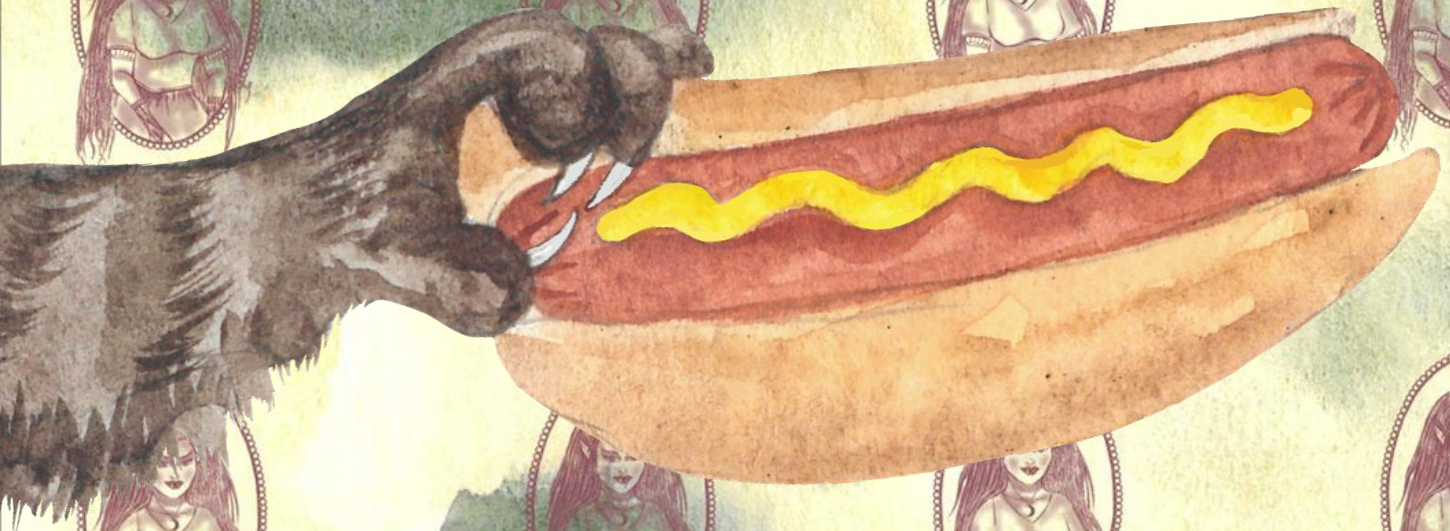




"What would an ocean be without a monster
lurking in the dark? It would be like sleep
without dreams."

– **Werner Herzog**





THE STORY BEAST

Monsters in Your Backyard

Vol. 1 ♦ Issue 3

September 2022

A Fang Edition



"I tied myself to the claw..." Louis Rhead, 1916
From *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*

The Story Beast
Vol. 1 ♦ Issue 3 ♦ Monsters in Your Backyard
September 2022

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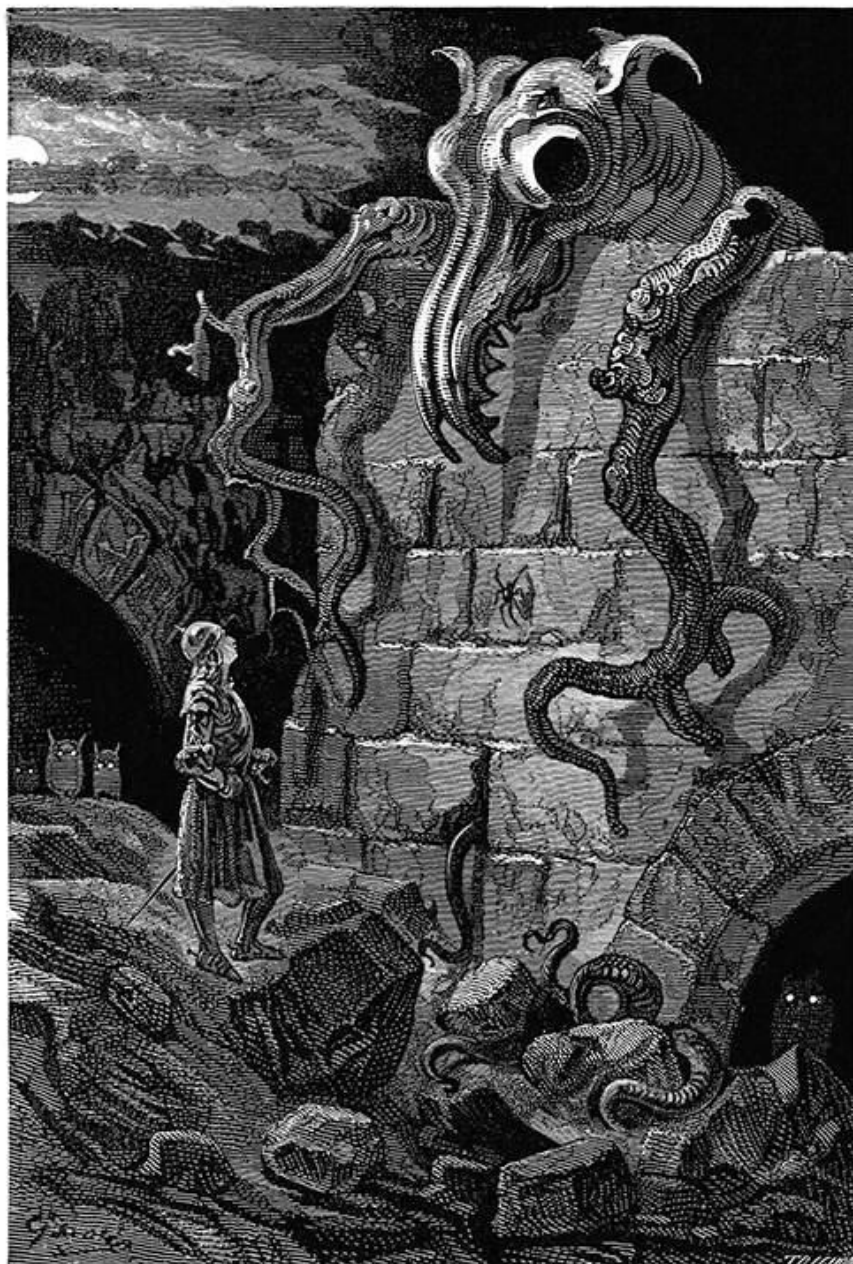
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The Gnarled Monster, Auguste Trichon, 1866
The Days of Chivalry, or the Legend of Croquemitaine

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LETTERE

Welcome to The Story Beast,

September Fang Edition! It takes a lot of time and effort to put out this monthly e-Publication on schedule. We are experimenting with different solutions so that we can continue to put out a high-quality e-Pub and keep our sanity. We are publishing a thicker (Fenrir) and two thinner (Fang) issues each quarter. September is the second Fang edition for the quarter and October will be a Fenrir edition where we will have contributed articles and all columns. Fang editions are mostly public domain stories with some columns from the editors and leads. In all editions we will continue to have our Beasts of the Month for stories, poems, and artwork.

We are also adding and experimenting with new sections like the Puzzles and Riddles. Please tell us what you think. We are actively seeking poems, stories, and artwork for the Monthly Challenge as well as articles. We love the creative submissions we have received so far and encourage all of you to keep them coming. We strive to surprise and delight you with each new issue. We hope that you find *The Story Beast* entertaining, enlightening, and inspiring. This e-Pub is our gift to all of you.

Thank you for entrusting your creative work to us to share with others. This is your e-Publication, so please send in your articles, stories, poems, and artwork. Also, please let us know how we are doing.

Thank you very much.

The Spirits of the Beast
storybeasteditor@gmail.com





Dearest Crone,

I'm feeling unmotivated. I love creating stories yet not feeling as passionate about it as I used to feel. What gets that motivation back?

Bummed on Buttocks

Dear Bummed on Buttocks,

Flies sometimes swarm around me. Am I motivated to swat at them? Sometimes yes. Sometimes no. I do feel for your absolute pathetic state. Yes, you are pathetic. Don't worry. We all can be pathetic. Take it from someone who sits by the side of the road. It can be demoralizing, dirty, and disgusting. You seem to be in a lower place than me. Would that be a leech or perhaps a toad? Not sure. That could be insulting the toad.

Still, I will show you some pity.

You probably have called yourself a bunch of names. Maybe even names that are not to be shared out loud in public. I don't let manners stop me from cursing, swearing, or any manner of language that I find necessary when dealing with those pesky flies.

You have flies of your own. How to rid yourself of those negative flies that are pulling you down and hindering the help from a muse?

Oh, and let's talk about muses. Yes, yes, you already know about them. Fine. But I will tell you anyway. Zeus, that imbecile god of gods who ran off with anyone...well, he had a "time" with Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory. From there, nine daughters were born: Calliope (epic poetry), Clio (history), Erato (lyric and love poetry), Euterpe (music), Melpomene (tragedy), Polyhymnia (sacred poetry), Terpsichore (dance), Thalia (comedy), and Urania (astronomy). Isn't that a mouthful. And before you ask, you can find more on Greek Mythology at the Dewey Decimal 292.

Do you need one of those muses? No! Be your own muse. What inspires you? If you love to stare at the stars, perhaps you still need Urania. I notice that mortals love being in nature and often that brings back the solace needed to create art.

Back to those flies. What is buzzing around and keeping you away from creating art? Have you ever written down a list of these excuses? Because they are excuses. I find that mortals who don't give me a piece of bread or some water always come up with excuses. "Oh, I need this for myself." Or, "There is not enough!" Or, "You're too ugly to help." Excuses! Yet, the ones who do help me never offer an excuse. They simply take action. They list out what they can offer me and hand it over.

Do you know how to get rid of excuses? Or flies? Or flies of excuses?

I may not know exactly what you are going through. Instead, I can help you know how to get rid of flies. It's up to you to gain wisdom.

Some of my favorite ways to get rid of flies (see Dewey Decimals 595.7 for Insects, 630 for Agriculture/Pesticide):

- Set out a bowl of regular vinegar and dish soap.
- Get a tall glass and fill it with apple cider vinegar, cover the top with something see-through (mortals call it plastic wrap). Poke holes in this see-through item.
- Get a bird, bat, or frog to live with you.

You tell me, Bummed on Buttocks, how will you trap those excuses? You better create art. Don't you dare think otherwise.

What? What did you just say? Oh, bother!

Yours on the Road -

The Crone of All Crones



THE STORY BEAST CHALLENGE



SUBMIT YOUR ORIGINAL

-Story

-Poetry

-Art

that follow the monthly issues theme
for a chance to be the featured

BEAST OF THE MONTH

2022 CHALLENGES

November:

Eternally Grateful

December:

Guiding Lights

Submissions due by the first of the month before.

Submit to storybeasteditor@gmail.com

SEPTEMBER'S BEAST OF STORY

Monsters in Your Backyard

A Waianae Story

by John Shockley



“Please! No kill me! I no goin’ steal from you again...promise! Please just let me go!” The young thief had stolen expensive tools from Kimo Kalama, a calm guy with a raging temper that exploded like a land-mine once triggered. His hands were pinned down on a thick steel table. He was strapped to the metal chair and he couldn’t move.

“Go get my fifteen-pound sledge!” Kimo waved to his friend who thought he was just trying to scare the thief. “You serious?”

“Do I look like I stay kidding? Bring da fricken hammer!”

Kimo and his friend Jonah grew up together in Waianae. There were good fun times and an occasional fight. Jonah was bigger than Kimo but not as big as the “bulls” in junior high. Three of them had Jonah cornered and were calling him “Joanie” to press him into a fight for his lunch. Kimo roared in and, after the melee, the kids started calling him “Da Ragin’ Bull.”

Kimo didn’t like fights or confrontations. It was hard for him to talk to girls. Jonah had no problem with that. They became tight friends as they went on to Waianae High. Kimo was reserved and quiet, but the kids liked him, especially the guys. He was good at fixing cars.

By the time Kimo and Jonah graduated, Kimo had a good collection of tools bought with money he made repairing cars and trucks. As was usual, Jonah kept in touch but drifted away a bit. Kimo took up self-defense classes in Karate, Aikido, and Kung Fu. He became a master at all three.

Kimo’s parents separated and he was on his own. Without any real job prospects, he went down to the Army recruiter’s office to see what they had to offer. 9/11 had just happened and Kimo wanted to get out and fight for the country.

He went through basic training easily. Combat skills were a breeze with his martial arts training. Kimo wanted to get into combat. The army discovered he had good skills repairing vehicles, and his attempt to join the Army Rangers elite group faded out. They needed skilled mechanics who could repair military vehicles quickly. They set him up in the motor pool. Kimo kept requesting combat duty but was turned down. They said he was too small. They said he was too valuable as a mechanic. He was shipped from the “original military action” in Afghanistan to Iraq.

The “Shock & Awe” show passed and then the occupation. Kimo worked in the motor pool six long days a week. On his day off, he liked to walk around the Green Zone, which was supposedly safe.

One day as he passed the military store, a guy ran by him and into the store yelling “Allah Akbar!” Then the big explosion! People and blood were splattered everywhere. Most of the people were local Iraqi people—women and children. As he went into triage mode through the screaming and dying, something changed in Kimo.

“Why the hell did that guy blow himself up?”

All the people in the store who were alive would never be the same. Body parts were strewn about the broken and burning store interior. One little kid died in his arms. Kimo wanted to kill the suicide bomber but he was already dead. Then he wanted to kill the people who sent them. From then on, Kimo carried his gun. One day, a suicide team shot their way onto the base. They reached the motor pool and were surprised by Kimo’s fire.

One of the Muslim warriors who was on the ground dying spoke English. “American devils!”

“Hey, you guys came in here shooting at me!”

“Our country! What did we do to deserve you Americans coming here?” He faded out in a pool of blood. Kimo was stunned by what the dying young man said.

After his first tour, his commanding officers offered him a bonus to stay for a second run in country. Kimo declined and finished his contract in Ft. Benning, Georgia showing recruits how to repair damaged military vehicles.

When Kimo returned home, he was different—more reclusive. He had nightmares about what he went through in the Middle East. He came back to Waianae and worked on cars in his garage. People liked his work customizing cars and trucks for reasonable prices.

Jonah and some of Kimo’s friends hung out in the garage, talking story and growing tight together. Kimo had a girlfriend but she left because he could get moody and had nightmares that scared her.

Word was spreading about Kimo’s garage. He reinvested the money he made in high grade tools, a car lift, welding units that required high amp service installation, fine air-powered tools, and a big compressor.

One Sunday after he finished a nice custom job on a big pick-up truck, the guys came over. “Let’s go beach!”

They packed up some snacks and some beer and went to the beach to hang out under the Hao trees, swim, surf, and relax. It was getting near sunset and the chatter from the guys was broken by a smash of a car window across the street. A young guy was doing a smash and run on a tourist car. Before anyone could do anything, the thief was gone.

“Piss me off!” Kimo screamed. “Bastard no can just do work for money—gotta rip off!”

The guys calmed Kimo down. He was normally cool but when something ticked him off, he flared up fierce. After that, the mood changed and everyone packed up and went home.

Another time Kimo was walking into the post office off Farrington Highway and a woman started screaming. He rushed over to the old lady who was on the ground crying. “What happened?”

She told him she had just walked outside the building when a guy jumped her and stole her purse. “Had my rent money in my bag!”

Kimo ran to the highway but there was no one to be found.

Drug dealers were always around. Most of the stealing was for drugs. The saddest part about the drug and theft cycle is it always gets worse.

Kimo kept busy customizing cars and pick-up trucks. Word got out how his work was “da bess!” He worked on racing motors, truck suspension, custom wheels and transmission work. He changed gear ratios in both cars and trucks for better performance.

One day a special suspension part came in, but it was at the airport. Kimo pulled out of his carport and didn’t notice a stranger watching him leave. It was a long drive from Makaha Valley to the airport where the parcel delivery airplanes parked. After the papers were signed and the suspension part was placed in his pickup truck, Kimo began the long ride back home. By the time he made it back home, Kimo was road-tired and groggy.

The garage door was ajar, which seemed a little strange. Kimo put the suspension part on the steel plate table he had made to hold up under heavy use. He also had a heavy steel chair to match the table.

When Kimo got to his tool storage room in the house, it was empty. All of his expensive power tools were gone. Kimo thought to himself in a rage. “Da bastards wen’ and rip off my whole life!”

Kimo tried to hold down a steady job, but he just couldn’t handle it when pressure rose and his Post Traumatic Stress Disorder flared. As he looked at the empty tool room his mind boiled! Rage took over and scenes of Muslims butchering the hands off thieves roiled through his psyche.

“The TOOLS! My whole life! What I going do?”

Jonah tried to calm Kimo down. “Look, we call everybody and start asking around who stole all the tools...”

“I’m gonna kill!”

“Okay, but somebody took the tools and we gotta just calm down and start finding out who did it. Dis ain’t New York City. Somebody gotta know something. Like I call the cops?”

“Hell NO! What they goin’ do? Make a report? NO call!”

The next hours the phones were ringing from Makua to Aiea. All the friends and customers from Kimo were alerted.

“You frickas no help look for my tools, no expect me fo’ work on any of your cars and trucks!” Everyone was on the alert.

“What I goin’ do? If I no mo tools, I gotta go into stealing myself...and I HATE stealers!”

Days went by and the Aloha Swap-Meet was checked. The tools were hot and didn’t show up the first week. Kimo had marked all his expensive tools with a metal engraving machine. Guys who knew the drug dealers, the guys in prison, everybody was searching. Kimo got real quiet. He looked mean.

Finally, a break-through. Someone saw Kimo’s tools at a garage sale in Nanakuli. Most of the smaller tools were lined up together. The sign said “Take all or part.” Jason got the address and Kimo and some guys flew over there early, before anyone could buy “all or part.”

The guy behind the table was alone but far behind in the unkept house another more sinister guy stood watching.

“What you guys like? Got all good tools here.”

Somebody recognized the guy. “Hey! You Jimmy Boy Gomes? You an’ one other guy used to broke into cars at Yoks, eh?”

“Naa-a-a-h! Not me brah...”

“OK, but...pretty sure was you.”

Kimo asked where the expensive power tools and air-compressor were.

“Stay inside...like buy?”

Kimo stepped past the table and walked to the door. The big guy stepped forward.

“Stop, eh? Dis private property.”

“What about the tools?”

“Stay inside, but you gotta have plenty cash if you like dat stuff.”

It got quiet. Kimo stared down the big brute with the tattoos on his neck and arms.

“Look, you nevah see the markings on all the tools? S’mine ones!”

“No Brah, I wen’ buy all dis stuff from Jimmy-Boy. ’S’mine!”

“Look, I’m not goin’ talk. I goin’ inside, get my stuff and leave. We can make this easy or you can make it hard.” Kimo pushed the guy to the side. He tried to grab Kimo. Before he knew it...WHACK!” The big guy dropped to the ground as Kimo locked his wrist and took him down.

“Just gonna tell you dis once more. I’m taking my stuff now. You like come for me? You like bring yo’ crew? You like bring guns? I sho you whah I stay live.” He pressed on the big drug dealer’s wrist to the breaking point.

“OK! OK! Take da damned tools! Lemme go!” Kimo broke the hold. “Wat about da money I lose from Jimmy-Boy? Was almost two gran he owed me fo drugs!”

“Jus’ like the shit you sell—go eat it!”

Outside Jimmy-Boy tried to make a run for it but the guys grabbed him, tied him up and threw him in the back of one of the pickup trucks. All the tools were gathered up and taken back to the garage. Once all the stuff was loaded back into place at Kimo’s one of the boys asked him:

“What about Jimmy-Boy?”

“Leave him tied up to the chair by da table, then split! Tanks for da help.” Everyone was set to leave and Kimo looked up.

“Eh, Jonah, stick around...”

All the cars and trucks took off and it got quiet. Jimmy-Boy was tied to the metal chair secured. His hands were tied to the metal table with the palms down—secured tight through the construction holes in the table. Jonah waited on one side as Kimo walked into the shaded garage.

“Wat you goin’ do?” Jimmy-Boy asked with a worried voice. Kimo picked up the electrodes and turned on the powerful arc welder. Jimmy-Boy’s eyes widened. Kimo tapped the work lead on the metal table and it arced.

“Please! Jus’ lemme go! I promise nevah for steal from you.”

Kimo softened a bit but his eyes were still flaming. Then Jimmy-Boy spoke the fatal words, “If you let me go I can get you any kine tools you like. Expensive kine!”

“How da hell you goin’ get me tools except for rip off?” Kimo remembered the people from the Middle East with missing hands and broken fingers—the Islamic way thieves were marked.

“Jonah! Go bring me my fifteen-pound sledge.”

“You serious?” Jonah asked.

“Does it look like I’m kidding? Bring da hammah!” Kimo used the arc welder to scare Jimmy-Boy, but when he knew Jimmy-Boy was going to continue his life of stealing, his rage escalated.

“Wat you goin’ do!” Jimmy-Boy shrieked.

“Remember dis hammah you wen’ rip off? It’s coming for you now. Dis hammah is goin’ show you how for nevah steal again.”

Jimmy-Boy squirmed and shit his pants. When the hammer dropped on his right hand the scream echoed through the neighborhood. Jimmy-Boy was still screaming when Kimo raised the sledge again. He stopped, holding the hammer high.

“Dis da only way I can stop you from stealing...”

Jonah stepped up. “Try wait, Kimo. You gotta give Jimmy-Boy one chance. He’s goin’ need dat othah hand. You cannot change one thief; only da thief can change.”

Jimmy-Boy whimpered. Kimo calmed down and lowered the hammer. Jimmy-Boy was crying.

“Look Jimmy-Boy, I betta nevah hear about you stealing. If I do, I goin’ come for your othah hand.”

Jonah got a towel and wrapped up Jimmy-Boy’s hand and released his bindings. He drove him to the Waianae Medical Center. When the doctors asked how he got hurt, Jimmy-boy told them it was an accident while he was at school.



About the Author

John Shockley is a freelance writer specializing in short-story fiction, non-fiction, and biographies. He coordinates the Free Access Coalition (FAC), a non-profit organization, whose goal is free public access to beaches, recreational areas, housing, and employment in Hawaii. Shockley graduated from University of Hawaii with a Journalism major. He worked at Anheuser-Busch Inc. for 27 years ending his career at the Los Angeles Brewery as the Plant Manager’s assistant in charge of Brewery Communications. His wife, Rita, supports his work with the FAC.

Let the Author know before retelling.

SEPTEMBER'S BEAST OF POETRY

Monsters in Your Backyard

The Monster Who Grew Small

by Harvey Heilbrun

He walked with small steps. He just carried his load
As he followed the path that led down the road.
His goal was quite simple, it demanded no thought
For he had to return that great weapon he bought.
They said he was foolish when he spent all he had
But he wanted that sword, its return made him mad.
The quest he had planned did have danger implied.
But he knew he was right. After all, he had pride.
The monster was huge and a threat to them all
He decided perhaps he should give it a call.
He needed that sword to correct what was wrong.
The town wouldn't have it. They said he's not strong.
Well, he had to obey, for he guessed they were right.
He was only a kid and too weak for a fight.
So he wandered along with the wind blowing cold.
With thoughts of this monster, so big, bad, and bold.
When he looked far ahead and the monster he saw.
It was big and looked mean, his mind filled with awe.
But did he turn back and show he was scared?
No, he kept moving on, with his shoulders quite squared.



And a strange thing then happened for the closer he got.
That monster grew smaller, not a bit, but a lot.
When he reached that poor monster at the base of a tree.
Why it wasn't quite scary; it was small as a flea.
The boy questioned this demon, "Just what is your game?"
"To instill great concern. For 'Worry's' my name.
When you first see me coming and don't get too near
Your anxiety heightens and translates to fear."
"Your power has ended. Since I know what you are.
In fact, if my plan works, I will soon be a star.
For the story I'll tell will correct what is wrong.
As I sing it out loud in the form of a song.
I will go far and wide as the world hears me sing.
They will learn that less worry's a wonderful thing.
And I'll just keep on singing till I've told them all
And you, Monster Worry, will just remain small."
And that's how it ended. He needed no sword.
He defeated the monster with naught but a word.
So learn from this story, hear these words ere I'm through.
* "Worry's like paying a debt that may never come due." *

**Quote attributed to Will Rogers.*



About the Author

Harvey Heilbrun retired after 33 years of teaching to devote more time to his passion for storytelling. A writer and a musician as well as a storyteller, Harvey has performed in schools, libraries, and festivals throughout Long Island. You can check out his stories at www.hdhstory.net/storyblog and watch him in performance at www.hdhstory.net.

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SEPTEMBER'S BEAST OF ART

Monsters in Your Backyard



Stone Carving
Sculpted by Howard Friedler



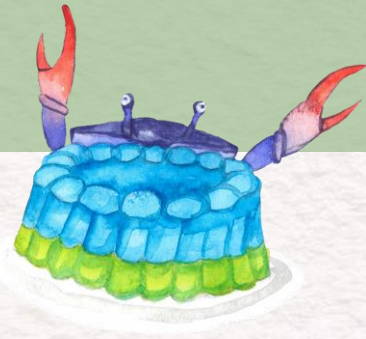
About the Artist

Howard Friedler is a self-taught sculptor now working primarily in gemstones. For more from Howard contact him at fantasygems@comcast.net or find him on his website at [Fantasy Gems](http://FantasyGems.com).



BEAST OF HONOR

Monsters in Your Backyard



Don't Catch a Leprechaun

by Wayne Kartchner

Do you know what fae folk are? Fae are every kind of fairy, sprite, and any other magical being from any culture.

Fae folk surround us all the time. You can't see them. But I can.

It's a real pain in the neck.

Most of the time the fae don't interact with us. At worst they'll steal a sock from the dryer for a sleeping bag or move your car keys as a prank.

They don't like that I can see them. When I'm speaking with someone a sprite will sometimes sit on that person's head and stick out his tongue or even worse moon me.

Back before I retired an ogre noticed that I could see him. He came into my office and purposely let loose with an odoriferous blast of flatulence that cleared the building and had the fire department searching for a gas leak for hours.

Unicorns are the exception. They do like being seen and because they know I can see them they hang around my front lawn eating my roses.

I really should explain how this happened.

Several years ago a raccoon was raiding my chickens. I tried every kind of bait. A neighbor suggested I try beer. I was desperate.

Of course, since my religion prohibits alcohol, I had the problem of getting the beer.

I put on a disguise and drove 100 miles to the disreputable part of Wendover, Nevada. I gave a homeless guy \$50.00 to buy a can of Budweiser. My heart almost stopped when I saw a cop go past, but I made it home OK.

In the morning, the live trap didn't have a raccoon, but instead a small naked leprechaun by the name of Cree O'Grill, snoring to beat the band. If I had known then what I know now, I would have carefully opened the trap and crept away without waking him. He's been nothing but trouble.

You all know that if you trap a leprechaun, he has to give you his treasure.

If O'Grill ever had any treasure he drank it up years ago.

Now don't none of you go accusing me of stereotyping leprechauns as no-good drunks. I know a lot of leprechauns. I even like some of them. Most leprechauns do seem to consume more than their fair share of joy juice, but they tend to operate with a reasonable level of sobriety.

But O'Grill is a drunk. I've never seen him walk a straight line or heard him speak without slurring.

He's been nothing but trouble. Since he couldn't give me any gold, he said he was honor bound to give me something.

So he cast a spell letting me see fae folk. As far as I know, it's the only spell he's cast without screwing it up.

He's moved into my house and won't leave.

The cat is a nervous wreck.

He throws drunken parties in the middle of the night. I get up to visit the necessities and have to tiptoe around debaucherous brownies. Inebriated pixies swoop down at me like angry bats and fire sprites think it's funny to throw sparks at my bare feet.

I have to carefully move the shower curtain to see if anyone is hidden down there. You have no idea what it is like to be enjoying a warm shower and have a startled gnome pop up angry, hungover, and wet.

The first time I was caught short in the shower I got arrested. O'Grill and his entourage had followed me to an out-of-town business meeting. I didn't have the sense to grab a towel. I ran screaming naked into the motel lobby. The police officer was not sympathetic.

Then there's the interpersonal drama. O'Grill has had an on-again-off-again relationship with Esmerelda, our local tooth fairy. She's a cute, nice kid.

I think O'Grill reminds her of her father. He was a drunken Kobold who died in a mining accident 300 years ago. Esmerelda is trying to get the love her daddy couldn't give her.

She gets mad at O'Grill and comes crying to me for advice. I'm the only person she knows who's in a stable relationship. I've told her he's no good for her, she deserves better and should dump his pointy little ears.

She'll leave him for a while but always comes back. After their last argument, she threw her bag of teeth at him and stormed out. You think it's bad stepping on a Lego in your bare feet. Try stepping on a molar hidden in the carpet.

I don't know why I'm telling you this. I don't think you can help.

But if any of you live near me and are having trouble with raccoons, may I suggest you bait the live trap with beer? I'll drive to Wendover and get it for you.

To be retold in the reteller's own words in educational or professional settings with attribution.



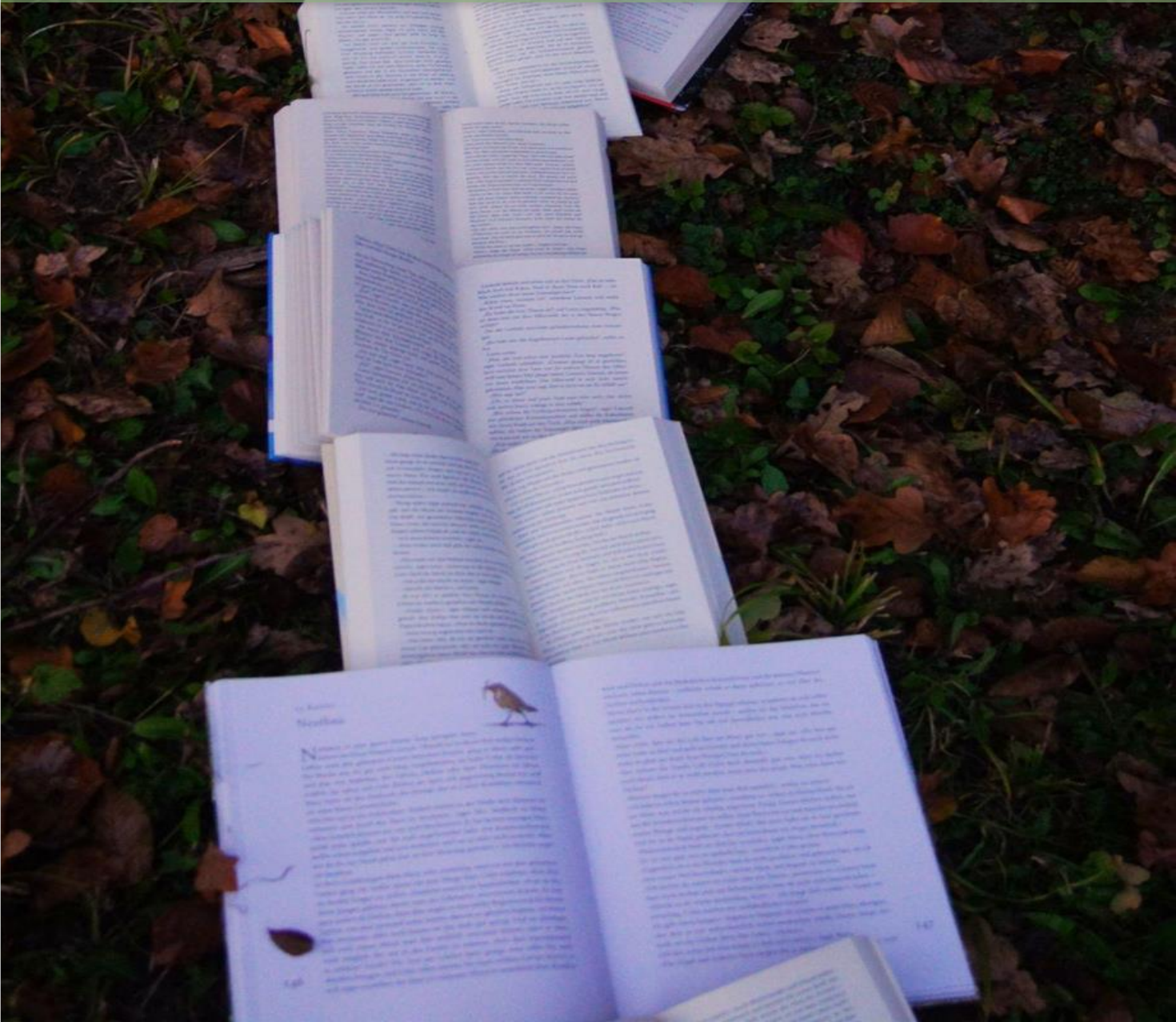
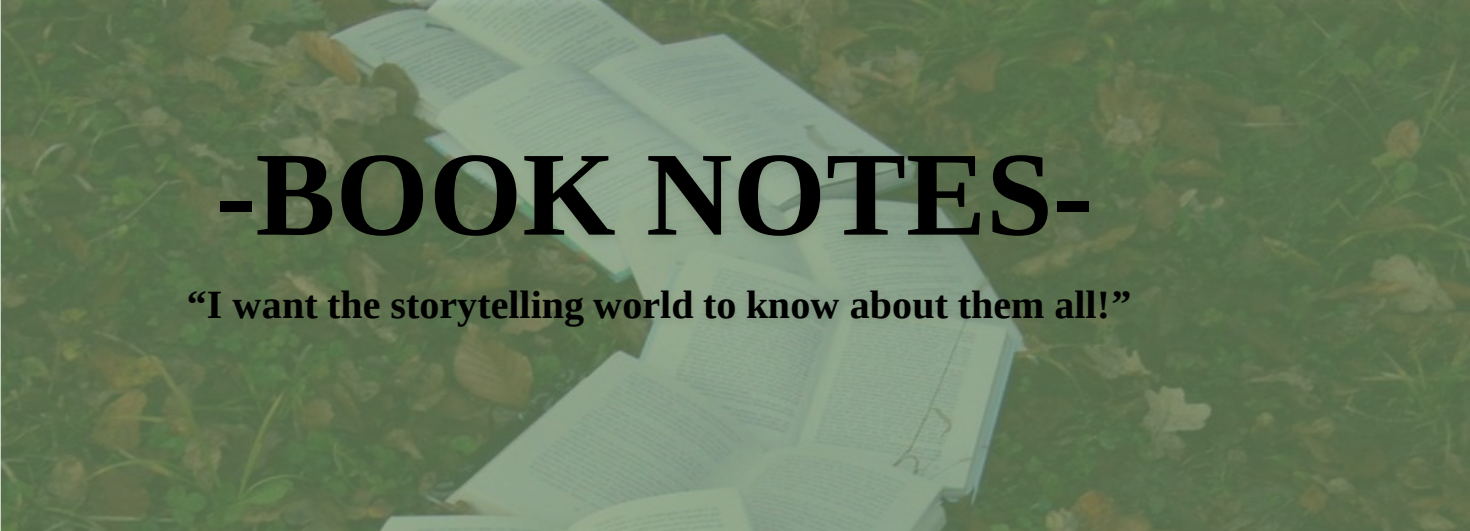
About the Author

Wayne Kartchner started storytelling at a young age, following the example of his father. Wayne put his six children to bed with stories of George Bunny. Now with 22 grandchildren, including two sets of twins, he keeps in practice. He tells stories at many local festivals in Utah.



-BOOK NOTES-

“I want the storytelling world to know about them all!”



How do you spell b-a-c-k-l-o-g???

Ever since *Storytelling Magazine* ceased publication two years ago, storytelling books have been piling up on my review shelf and eyeing me wistfully. Now that *The Story Beast* has offered the Notes a home, those neglected volumes are elbowing one another, jockeying for position in a very long queue. What to do? I want the storytelling world to know about them all!

Here's the plan. Book Notes will appear every three months. Until peace has been restored to my shelf, each column will carry four review notes, as usual, but will also include a short annotated list of other promising titles dating back three or four years. I'll give longer write-ups to books that seem to me to be of more general interest in the storytelling world; the briefly annotated titles, though equally excellent, will be of more specialized appeal. **And I will give away any title on the second, annotated list free to the first person who requests it by email**, and will charge only a \$5 fee for postage and handling.

Once I realized that *Storytelling Magazine* had paused, I stopped actively requesting review copies from authors and publishers. Some continued to arrive, but my shelf is definitely undersupplied with the most recent (2021-2022) titles. Have you – or has someone you know – published a storytelling collection or a book about the art form in the past two years? **Please let me know! (jradner@american.edu) and I will request a review copy.** Thank you.

Wishing you many glorious stories,

Jo Radner jradner@american.edu

BOOK NOTES

Pleasant DeSpain, *Vagabond Tales, In Search of Light and Life*. Troy, NY: StoryProPress, 2019. ISBN 978-0-578-53626-2.

Pleasant DeSpain, who in fifty years as a storyteller has given us eighteen enormously valuable books of stories from around the world, now presents the biggest story of all: the memoir of his own life's spiritual – and geographical – journey. Laced with meaningful traditional tales, his story is not told chronologically. Instead, it is woven through chapters on such topics as Karma, Nature, Work, Listen, Courage, and Soul; events are seen and seen again from different angles and through different levels of understanding. Life events – a horrific childhood burn, an abusive father, an intimidating college debate tournament, the realization that he is gay, his evolving storytelling career – are significant not simply because they have been experienced; they become the matter for recursive reflection and growing insight.

Pleasant's journey is deeply spiritual. He is also a lifelong international traveler who even now divides his home time between upstate New York and Chiang Mai, Thailand. As he moves through the world, he listens to others' stories – on buses, on benches, in bars and dance halls, on beaches, wherever he goes. His own life tales and the accounts of those he meets build together into a master narrative about integrity, paying attention, having faith, and caring for others. *Vagabond Tales* presents a serious examination – and some suggestions for readers – about the role of karma in life, the importance of meditation, and the possibility of enlightenment and true happiness. I recommend that readers join Pleasant on this extraordinary journey.

Margaret Read MacDonald, *Kindness Tales: World Folktales to Talk About*. Atlanta, GA: August House, Inc., 2021. ISBN 978-1-947301-66-5.

No topic could be more timely in this kindness-hungry world. In a Saudi Arabian tale, three visitors – Wealth, Success, and Love – arrive at a humble home and ask the occupants which one of them should be invited in. The family debates the question. In a Chinese story, villagers of Chu, jealous because the melon crop of their neighbor village Wei is plentiful and theirs is stunted, creep out at night with axes and destroy the whole Wei crop; a wise Wei elder averts war and creates lasting peace and cooperation by sending his villagers to Chu not with axes for revenge, but with watering-cans to teach the Chu farmers how to grow better melons. Great stories!

When I find a collection edited by Margaret Read MacDonald, my heart lifts because I know I will encounter carefully-presented, well-researched stories from all over the world, many new to me and unusual. *Kindness Stories* is a prime example of this excellence – forty-two short, inspiring tales, some quickly engaging, some more thought-provoking. The stories are arranged in categories that address significant situations, including Speaking with Kindness, Caring for Each Other, Sharing, Kindness Transforms, Leading through Kindness, and more. Here are tales to suit every audience, buttressed by extensive notes on story sources and motifs and a bibliography of additional tales on kindness themes.

Caren Schnur Neile, *Only in Florida: Why Did the Manatee Cross the Road & Other True Tales*. Charleston, SC: The History Press, 2020. ISBN 978-1-4671-4306-6.

What a wealth of insight into life in the state of Florida, Caren Neile has been listening closely to Floridians' stories for decades, and has chosen to retell more than thirty of them to illustrate the huge and mostly unsuspected cultural and biological diversity of the state. The book's three divisions give a sense of its range: People and Places, Water and Weather, Fauna and Flora. What is it like to paddle-board with a family of dolphins? To be saved from a violent lightning storm? To be the first black student to integrate the University of Florida? To survive as a migrant Jamaican farm worker? To deal with the aftermath of a catastrophic hurricane? To rescue a 600-hundred-pound baby manatee? Neile's introductions frame each individual's story with truly useful background material. By the time you finish this book, you have had the best kind of education: wide information anchored into the mind by vivid stories. This is the way toward real understanding.

Only in Florida is an excellent model for teller/writers wishing to present vivid portraits of their own regions – and it is, above all, a fascinating, well-written book in its own right.

Loren Niemi and Nancy Donoval, *Point of View and the Emotional Arc of Stories: A Handbook for Writers and Storytellers*. Marion, MI: Parkhurst Brothers Publishers, 2020. ISBN 978-1-62491-161-3.

This is a smart and useful book, and I recommend it highly, but – reluctantly – with a warning. Niemi and Donoval (though I assume primarily Niemi, since the book is written in the first person singular) present a thoughtful handbook on creating stories, picking up from where Niemi's earlier *[New] Book of Plots* leaves off. This handbook begins with careful examination of three different “arcs” (evolutions of emotion) in each story – the arc of the narrator, of the character(s), and of the audience. What decisions should the storyteller make to design these progressions successfully? Then other crucial questions: How does one choose how much (and which) detail to include in a story? What are the various strengths and weaknesses of first-, second-, and third-person narration? How do we develop engaging characters? What considerations are important in designing story beginnings and endings? Each section includes vivid and original examples taken from traditional and personal stories and is followed by suggested exercises.

Despite its usefulness, this is not a book for everyone. Niemi's folktale examples, all based on creative (and fascinating) renderings of incidents from “Little Red Riding Hood,” present several graphic scenes of sexual assault that could be problematic for some readers. I wish that a different tale had provided the exemplars or that the authors had responded differently to their own valid observation that “respect for the audience does matter,” and that it is best “to leave the difficult and adult material for . . . venues where the audience is choosing to hear about troubled lives and R or X-rated material” (pp. 56-57). Readers who make that choice, however, will find this a very helpful handbook.

ANNOTATIONS: OTHER INTERESTING BOOKS RECEIVED

[Each book below is free for the asking, plus \$5 postage, to the first person to send an email request to jradner@american.edu.]

Kate Parker Horigan, *Consuming Katrina: Public Disaster and Personal Narrative*. Rooted in New Orleans before and after Hurricane Katrina, this study examines how outsiders' stories of large-scale disasters reduce and misrepresent survivors' identities and experiences. It shows how enabling survivors to tell their own stories makes them agents of their own recovery.

Felix Salten, *The Original Bambi: The Story of a Life in the Forest*. Translated and introduced by Jack Zipes. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2022. Zipes' introduction and translation resurrect Salten's original post-World-War-One novel: an allegory about the weak and powerless in the world, never intended for children. Amazing and beautiful.



[Each book below is free for the asking, plus \$5 postage, to the first person to send an email request to jradner@american.edu.]

Jack Zipes, *Tales of Wonder: Retelling Fairy Tales through Picture Postcards*. Forward by Marina Warner. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minneapolis Press, 2017. A beautiful, large-format book – a perfect gift for any story-lover! Drawn from Zipes’ personal collection, these 500 fascinating illustrations from postcards around the world illustrate changing ideas about key fairy tale scenes – as well as images of traditional storytellers and their listeners. Zipes translates eight classical fairy tales and writes abundant commentary on the international evolution of fairy tales in oral tradition, fiction, and art. (A huge book – postage/handling will be \$8.00 on this one.)

Michael Rosen, ed. *Workers’ Tales: Socialist Fairy Tales, Fables, and Allegories from Great Britain*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2018. Voices of resistance in stories from late 19th/early 20th century British periodicals, covering such topics as inequality, injustice, and exploitation.

Antoinette M. Schippers, *Beyond Brick and Bone: A True Ghost Story*. Marion, MI: Parkhurst Brothers, 2020. Born in Chicago, Schippers narrates a lifetime of experiences of the supernatural. Well-told tales.

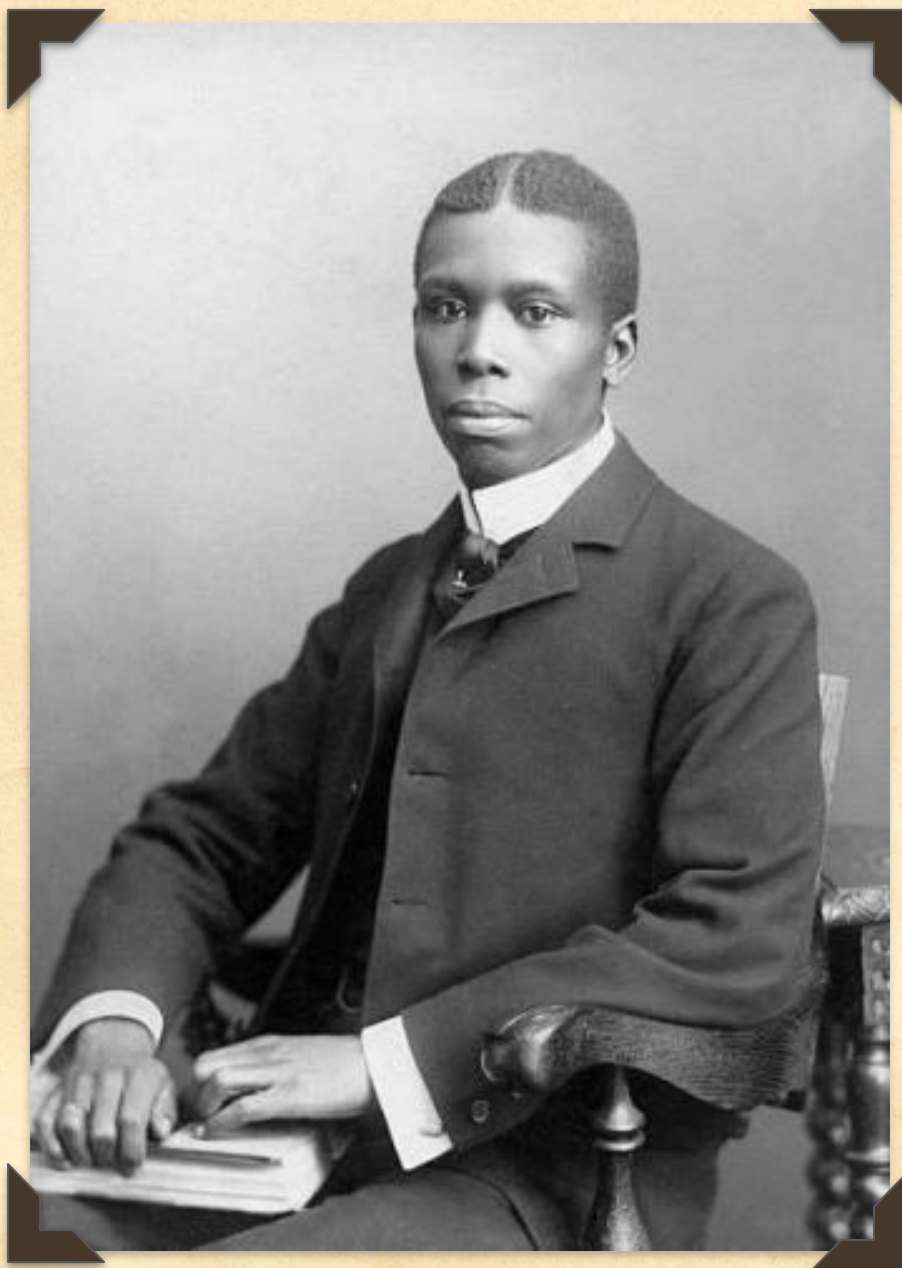
This column reviews titles of interest and use to storytellers. Because it is based on submissions sent by authors and publishers, it is not comprehensive. To submit a title for review, send books published within the past year to Jo Radner, Book Notes Editor, P.O. Box 145, Lovell, ME 04051 (Physical address: 178 Merrill Road, Lovell, ME 04051). Book Notes reviews only newly published collections of stories and titles related to the art or applications of storytelling. We do not review recordings, novels, or picture books. Submitted materials will not be returned.



Jo Radner has been studying, teaching, telling, and collecting stories most of her life, and has performed from Maine to Hawaii to Finland. Professor emerita at American University, Jo returned to Maine as a freelance storyteller and oral historian. She is past president of the American Folklore Society and the National Storytelling Network.

-LOVE *of* DUNBAR-

**Sharing Paul Laurence Dunbar 1872-1906.
With Oni Lasana**



LOVE OF DUNBAR



Oni Lasana was born in Philadelphia, PA, and is a Cultural Consultant, International Storyteller, Poet, Podcaster, Teaching, and Performing Artist. For 30 years she has been in love with the folktales and poetry of American poet and author Paul Laurence Dunbar. She has presented his works in story theater programs and workshops on three continents, live and virtually. www.OniLasana.com

Find more from Oni Lasana on [Aunti Oni Story Village Podcast](#)

Listen to [Kwanzaa Time with Aunti Oni Podcast](#)

And wherever you get your podcasts.

Paul Dunbar often grew weary of accolades for his southern dialect prose, as many portrayed the *perceived* pleasantries of enslaved Africans in America. Plantation life was far from humorous, always monstrous.

Dunbar was the first generation of Africans born free in Dayton, Ohio. Growing up, Dunbar listened innocently, yet intently, to stories his father and mother shared of their lives enslaved in Kentucky. He was very attentive to the sounds of nature and people's conversations. He also took on the seriousness of a painful history, giving voice to a tree, as in *The Haunted Oak*, whose limbs were used for lynching, delivering a northern dialect saga of horror and despair.

With years of studying enslaved Africans' narratives and after reading this poem, "Whip-Poor-Will and Katy-Did," its symbolic personification struck me to the core as a "monster in the backyard," figuratively and symbolically, exposing a degrading lifestyle of sexual abuse, often hidden on slave plantations in America and around the world.

For those of us who struggle reading the southern language, (still spoken today in the south, yet seldom written down), I translate this prose into the northern dialect. It will allow a familiar read for those who may require clarity and a deeper understanding of the poem beyond the dialect.



Love of Dunbar!
A Literary Discussion & Performance Meetup!

Thursdays on Zoom
2-4 PM / 7-9 PM Eastern

Register:
www.TinyUrl.com/PDunbar

Whip-Poor-Will and Katy-Did

by Paul Laurence Dunbar

Southern Dialect

Slow de night 's a-fallin',
An' I hyeah de callin,
Out erpon de lonesome hill;
Soun' is moughty dreary,
Solemn-lak an' skeery,
Sayin' fu' to "whip po' Will."

Now hit 's moughty tryin',
Fu' to hyeah dis cryin',
'Deed hit 's mo' den I kin stan';
Sho' wid all our slippin',
Dey 's enough of whippin'
'Dout a bird a'visin' any man.

In de noons o' summah
Dey 's anothah hummah
Sings anothah song instid;
An' his th'roat 's a-swellin'
Wid de joy o' tellin',
But he says dat "Katy did."

Now I feels onsuhtain;
Won't you raise de cu'tain
Ovah all de ti'ngs dat 's hid?
W'y dat feathahed p'isen
Goes erbout a-visin'
Whippin' Will w'en Katy did?

Northern Dialect Translation

Slow the night is falling,
And I hear the calling,
Out upon the lonesome hill;
Sound is mighty dreary,
Solemn like and scary,
Saying for to "whip poor Will."

Now it's mighty trying,
For to hear this crying,
Indeed it is more than I can stand;
Sure with all our slipping,
There's enough of whipping
Without a bird advising any man.

In the afternoons of summer
There's another hummer
Sings another song instead;
And his throat is swelling
With the joy of telling,
But he says that "Katy did."

Now I feel uncertain;
Won't you raise the curtain
Overall, the things that's hidden.
Why that feathered person
Goes about advising
Whipping Will when Katy did?

My personal interpretation of the poem.

by Oni Lasana

Monsters in the backyard, monsters in men's heads, monsters in the quarters, she-monsters in his bed. Let us grasp a double conscious view of human nature, mirrored in animal sense, we ponder who is whipping poor William, and why? What mistake or "slipping" did William encounter to deserve such a whipping? Brutality, sensuality, a tender mix of shamelessness, she knew. Hush, hush, hush, pulling closed the curtains, hiding from monsters in the backyard.

Agonizing cries in the night mixed over the exhortations of Katydid! Katydid! Katydid! What insanity is this? Hearing the Whippoorwill's thrills, sing nonstop, admonishing to whip poor Will!

I cry, there before the grace of God go I?

As the sun rises on the cotton fields, songs sing softly in painful codes. Will is singing a humming so thrilling, still feeling the feeling, of what Katy did. Everyone feels the uncertain certainty of bumps in the night. Behind the curtains of lust and shame, men are not always to blame, un-hidden, the unspeakable, is spoken. Whip poor Will! Whip poor Will! Whip poor Will! for what Katy did.

Again and again, as night falls on the lonesome hill, they blame poor Will for succumbing to the thrill, of monsters sneaking and creeping in and around the backyard of the big house. Still, it remains mighty dreary, solemn, and scary to hear of ALL the Wills who suffered whippings, for what Katy did.

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.

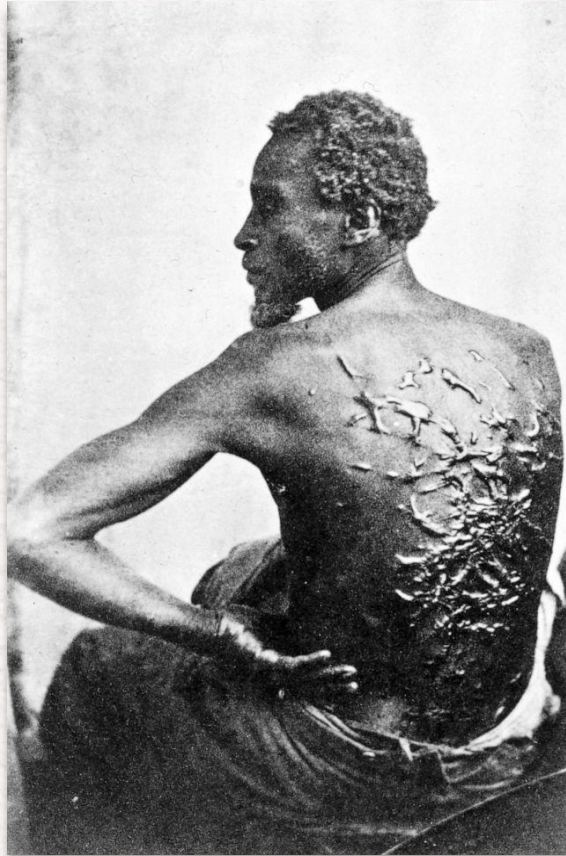
Dunbar's Birds tell the stories, listen on YouTube.

Whippoorwill, (*Caprimulgus vociferus*), is a nocturnal bird of North America belonging to the family Caprimulgid (see caprimulgiform) and closely resembling the related common nightjar of Europe. It is named for its vigorous deliberate call (first and third syllables accented), which it may repeat 400 times without stopping. See & hear examples: [Whip-poor-will Song](#)

Katydids get their name from the sound they make. Their repetitive clicks and calls sounded like someone saying, "Ka-ty-did", so that phrase became the common name. Both genders can produce the sound. Katydid's are related to crickets and grasshoppers, with large back legs for jumping. They have wings and will fly away from danger. Most sightings occur when they land on an object and linger. See & hear examples: [Giant Katydid - Cincinnati Zoo](#)

The Sexual Assault and Exploitation of Enslaved Men in America

[The Sexual Assault and Exploitation of Enslaved Men in America | History News Network](#)



Thomas Gordon, an escaped enslaved man named Peter showing his scarred back at a medical examination in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 1863. Library of Congress

Further Reading: [The Shocking Photo of 'Whipped Peter' That Made Slavery's Brutality Impossible to Deny](#)

Recommended Reading

The Collected Poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar - Edited and with an Introduction by Joanne M. Braxton, ISBN#0-8139-1438-8

Online Poetry & Short Stories: www.PaulLaurenceDunbar.org

Wright State University Dunbar Exhibit: [EXPLORE THE BOOKS](#)

-STORY TROVE-

A treasure to share!

Do one thing at a time

The brain is a sequential processor, unable to pay attention to two things at the same time. Businesses and schools praise multitasking, but research clearly shows that it reduces productivity and increases mistakes. Try creating an interruption-free zone during the day—turn off your email, phone, and social-media sites—and see whether you get more done. If you have trouble untangling yourself, download software that blocks your access to certain websites for a certain amount of time that you specify.

Divide presentations into 10-minute segments

Remember my students who said they got bored in 10-minute lectures into a mediocre lecture? The 10-minute rule, which I have known for many years, provides a guide to creating presentations people can pay attention to. Here's the method I've used in giving a lecture, for which I was named the Hoechst Foundation Teacher of the Year (awarded at one of the largest annual meetings in psychiatry).

I decided that every lecture I'd ever give would be organized in segments, and that each segment would last only 10 minutes. Each segment would cover a single core concept—always general, and always explainable in one minute. The brain likes general meaning before detail, and the brain likes hierarchy. Starting with general concepts naturally leads to explaining information in hierarchical fashion. Give the general idea first, before diving into details, and you will see a 40 percent improvement in understanding.

Each class was 50 minutes, so I could easily burn through five large concepts in a single period. I would use the other nine minutes

More ideas

in the segment to provide a detailed description of that single general concept. The trick was to ensure that each detail could be easily linked back to the general concept with minimal intellectual effort. I would regularly pause to explicitly explain the link. This is like showing the guests to the "between stuffings." In addition to walking through the lecture plan at the beginning of the class, I sprinkled liberally throughout the hour.

This protects the audience from trying to multitask. If the instructor pauses, the audience is forced to pay attention to the presentation, the audience is forced to pay attention to the instructor and attempt to understand what the instructor is saying. If the instructor is trying to drive while talking or trying to pay attention to ANY two things at once, the audience will have a series of millisecond delays in the presentation. After 10 minutes had elapsed, I had to pause the presentation. Why did I construct my lecture this way? I knew that I had only about 600 seconds of attention that was right to be heard—the next hour would be useless. And I knew that I had to do something after the 601st second to "break" another to turn it.

And the hook

After the first 10 seconds, the audience's attention is dropping to near zero. If something isn't done quickly to grab the audience's attention, the students will be in successively losing bouts of an effort to stay with me. What do they need? Not more information of the type. Not a completely irrelevant cue that breaks them from their thought, making the information stream seem disjointed, unorganized, and patronizing. They need something so compelling that they break through the 10-minute barrier—some-

David and Goliath

A Story for Storycology

Retold by Bowen Lee

Well, yes, it is understandable to be reluctant to do anything when there's a giant outside the door, and lately, the giant of climate change is incapacitating a lot of people. But stories tell us about plenty of giant killers; and say, weren't many of them normal-sized ordinary folks like you and me? Traditional stories have the answers to solving our climate issues. We just have to find the right pebble and keep tossing it until the giant is vanquished. Listen to stories from older, wiser cultures and communities, and let's have conversations based on what the stories tell us and what we know we can do to be Davids against the Goliath of climate change.

Under a Rock: A Blended Story

by Bowen Lee



When I wake up in the morning, this night owl feels like she's crawled out from under a rock. Which reminds me of a Southwest tale my second-grade students read, called, "Thin as a Stick."

Lizard was a fine, fat fellow. He sat on a rock in the sun and he didn't even have to hunt. He just stuck out his tongue to catch an ant. There were a lot of ants going by, so Lizard was getting very chunky.

One day, the rock he was on began to rumble. It rocked back and forth. A voice from under the rock called out, "Who's on my rock?"

"It's Lizard," said Lizard, "and this isn't your rock."

"Yes, it is," said the voice. "I'm Gopher, and this rock is my front door. I need to get out. Get off!"

"No!" shouted Lizard.

Gopher was so angry he pushed against the rock with all his might, and Lizard went high up into the air. When he came down, the rock fell down on top of him! He was caught under the rock, and he couldn't move! He couldn't eat. He couldn't drink. He lay under the rock for a long time, until he got skinny enough to crawl out.

He went to the river to drink. He was so thirsty! When he got to the water, he saw his reflection. "I'm thin as a stick!" said Lizard.

Just then, he saw the reflection of a hawk flying above him. Quickly, he dashed under a rock, where the hawk could not get him.

"Am I glad I'm thin as a stick!" said Lizard.

I am under that rock every morning when I wake up, and it takes caffeine to get me going. Most days I don't wake up in time to make a cup of coffee before work, so I get in the car and drive to the coffee shop on the way to work. I drive up and get my to-go cup of dark roast, and by the time I get to work the caffeine has kicked in and I'm ready to go.

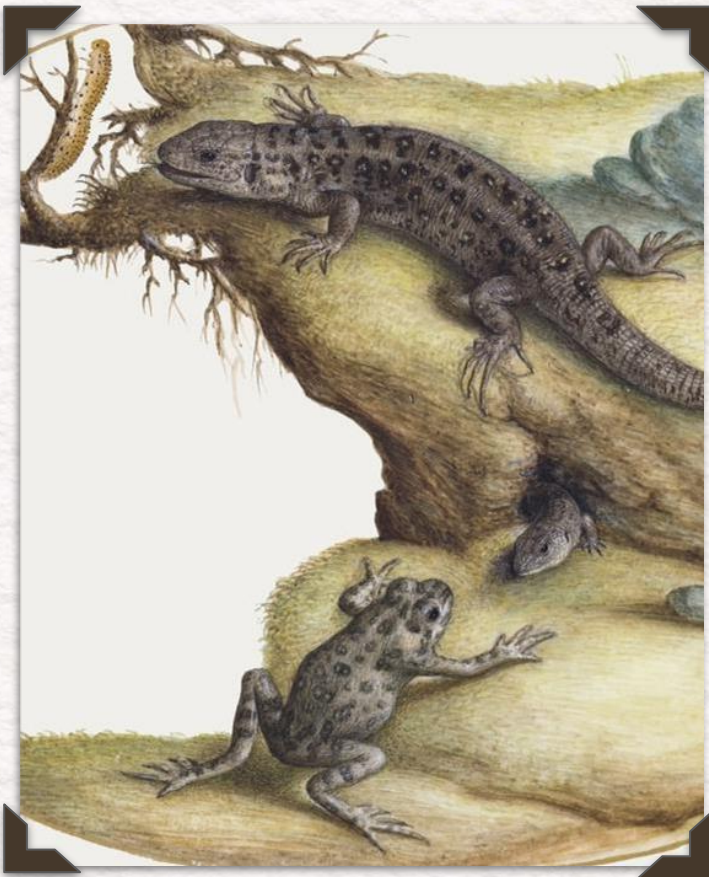
I've always felt bad about the plastic lid. I've known that was bad for the environment. The fossil fuels used to make it create an excess of carbon in the atmosphere that contributes to global warming. But I felt okay about the paper to-go cup. Paper comes from a renewable resource -- trees that can grow and be grown again and again -- and paper is biodegradable. But then I found out the paper cup is lined with a thin film of plastic, inside and out. That's how it is able to hold liquids. So that paper cup does not decompose until the plastic breaks down, and that can take years and years.

Because of this, I was determined to bring a travel mug for the morning coffee. But did I remember to take it with me when I left for work? Just like trying to remember the reusable shopping bag for the grocery store (before I discovered hanging them onto my purse with d-rings), it took me years to finally get into the habit of putting the travel mug in the car when I left for work.

But it is very satisfying to do so. I think about the plastic-coated, non-degradable cup I am preventing from going into the landfill that day. In a week, that's 5 cups not going into the landfill. In a month, that's 20 cups and in a year, 240 cups. If everyone at my workplace brought travel mugs, that would keep 24,000 plastic-coated cups from going into the landfill. If the whole town did it -- 24,000,000 cups. If everyone in the world, just for one day, refused to use a disposable plastic-coated paper cup, we'd keep 7 billion cups from being dumped on the planet -- in just one day!

Little acts count.

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.



Lizards, Toad or Frog and Caterpillar,
Joris Hoefnagel. 1575–1580



Storycology Head Editor

Bowen Lee divides her time between cities, forests, and the ocean around Monterey, CA. She has been a teacher, a writer, an illustrator, and now, she tells stories, incorporating storytelling into all aspects of teaching. She conducts workshops on storytelling to teach educational content in national and regional education conferences.

<https://storyrex.com>

Have It Your Way

by Bowen Lee

The best stone to throw if you are a David against a Goliath of industry is a dollar. Yes, we need the government to step in and restrict giant industrial companies from their wanton waste of natural resources and uncontrolled polluting. We need industries to change their erroneous unsustainable ways. But we as consumers dictate what the mega-companies do.

Here is an excerpt from the first call I heard to the Davids of America, from *Fast Food Nation: The Dark Side of the All-American Meal*, by Eric Schlosser, calling consumers to change the harmful practices of the fast-food industry:

“Nobody in the United States is forced to buy fast-food. The first step toward meaningful change is by far the easiest: stop buying it. The executives who run the fast-food industry are not bad men. They are businessmen. They will sell free-range, organic, grass-fed hamburgers if you demand it. They will sell whatever sells at a profit. The usefulness of the market, its effectiveness as a tool, cuts both ways. The real power of the American consumer has not yet been unleashed. The heads of Burger King, KFC, and McDonald’s should feel daunted; they’re outnumbered. There are three of them and almost three hundred million of you. A good boycott, a refusal to buy, can speak much louder than words. Sometimes the most irresistible force is the most mundane.”

And this excerpt from *Braiding Sweetgrass*, by Robin Wall Kimmerer, on the Native American tradition of the Honorable Harvest, which is remembering to give back what is taken and never taking too much:

“Cities are like the mitochondria in our animal cells—they are consumers, fed by the autotrophs, the photosynthesis of a distant green landscape. We could lament that urban dwellers have little means of exercising direct reciprocity with the land. Yet while city folks may be separated from the sources of what they consume, they can exercise reciprocity through how they spend their money.

... we consumers have a potent tool of reciprocity right in our pockets. We can use our dollars as the indirect currency of reciprocity. Perhaps we can think of the Honorable Harvest as a mirror by which we judge our purchases. What do we see in the mirror? A purchase worthy of the lives consumed? Dollars become a surrogate...in an era when overconsumption threatens every dimension of our well-being.

It can be too easy to shift the burden of responsibility to the coal company or the land developers. What about me, the one who buys what they sell, who is complicit in the dishonorable harvest?”

So, what about you? Feel like slaying a giant, or at least making it change its ways for a healthier, more harmonious environment? Every small thing you do adds up. The little acts of positive environmental change make a difference. And if people scoff and say you’re wasting your time and energy, just say what Fran Stallings says:

“Doing this reminds me of who I am and what I care about.”

Maybe the powers that be can’t hear your voice. But you hear it.



“The Green Monster” & “The Camel”

Stories for Storycology

Retold by Fran Stallings

The Green Monster



About the Author

Fran Stallings grew up in the tradition of oral storytelling, and loves the ancient heritage of tales we all share. Retired from university teaching, she now uses storytelling to impart modern science concepts and content while sharing timeless lessons of understanding and respect for our planet's living things.

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In Japan there was a beautiful vine. Children played games with its big soft leaves. Cooks used the starch from its roots to thicken sauces and make vegetarian gelatin. Everyone loved its purple flowers that smelled as sweet as grape bubble gum. They called it "kuzu."

So when Japan built an exhibit at the 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, of course this pretty, healthy vine was featured in its garden. American gardeners liked it, too. It couldn't grow through cold northern winters, but it thrived in the deep south. Florida farmers found that animals would eat the leaves. Americans called it "kudzu."

During the 1930's Depression and Dust Bowl, the U.S. Soil Conservation Service urged farmers to plant kudzu for erosion control. Railroads and highway departments also planted it to protect the steep cuts they had made in hillsides. It grew very well in all the states that had mild winters, coming back each year from tap roots up to seven feet long.

Kudzu did a wonderful job of protecting bare earth. Like alfalfa and clover, it could harbor nitrogen-fixing bacteria: it made its own fertilizer! It grew so fast that it covered weeds and shaded them out. All through the 1940's it was called a "miracle vine." People planted it throughout the south. And it spread on its own, rooting wherever a joint of vine touched down. What a wonderful vine!

By the 1960's people began worrying. Kudzu swarmed over bushes and trees, killing them by its weight and shade. It covered abandoned cars and buildings. Cows, horses, goats ate it down to the ground, but it came back from the roots. Parts of the southern landscape began to look as if a gigantic green spider had spun her web over roadside trees and woodlots. Imaginative children, bored at looking for dragons in the clouds, saw dinosaurs in the kudzu. It grew so fast that a songwriter wrote, "Don't turn your back on the kudzu, my friend / Or you-all might come to a terrible end."



Kudzu smothering trees in Atlanta, Georgia, Scott Ehardt



Flowers of Pueraria montana, Peggy Greb
Image was released by
the Agricultural Research Service.

Kudzu has even reached Oklahoma! Our hard freezes somewhat keep it in check, but invasive plant specialists are keeping a wary eye on the plant that people once welcomed and planted on purpose, but which can sometimes be too much of a good thing.

By the way, some years ago the Japanese Kudzu Bug arrived In the U.S. and seems to be taking a toll on vine infestations. (Unfortunately, it also likes soybeans and other crops.) Farmers are learning how to graze animals on the nutritious leaves. Botanists point out that The Green Monster's need for strong sunlight usually restricts it to roadsides and clearings – where we notice it and worry – but it doesn't bother established forests (or swallow up cities). Maybe we can share our tent with this monster after all.

The Camel in the Tent

One cold night, as a desert traveler sat in his tent, one of the camels from the caravan gently thrust his nose under the flap and looked in. "Master," he said, "please let me warm my nose in your tent. It's cold and stormy out here."

"By all means," said the man, "and welcome." He turned over and went to sleep.

A little later the man awoke to find that the camel had put his head and neck into the tent also. The camel said, "I will take up only a little more room if I place my front legs inside the tent. It is difficult standing out here."

"Yes, you may put your front legs in," said the man, moving a little to make room, for the tent was small.

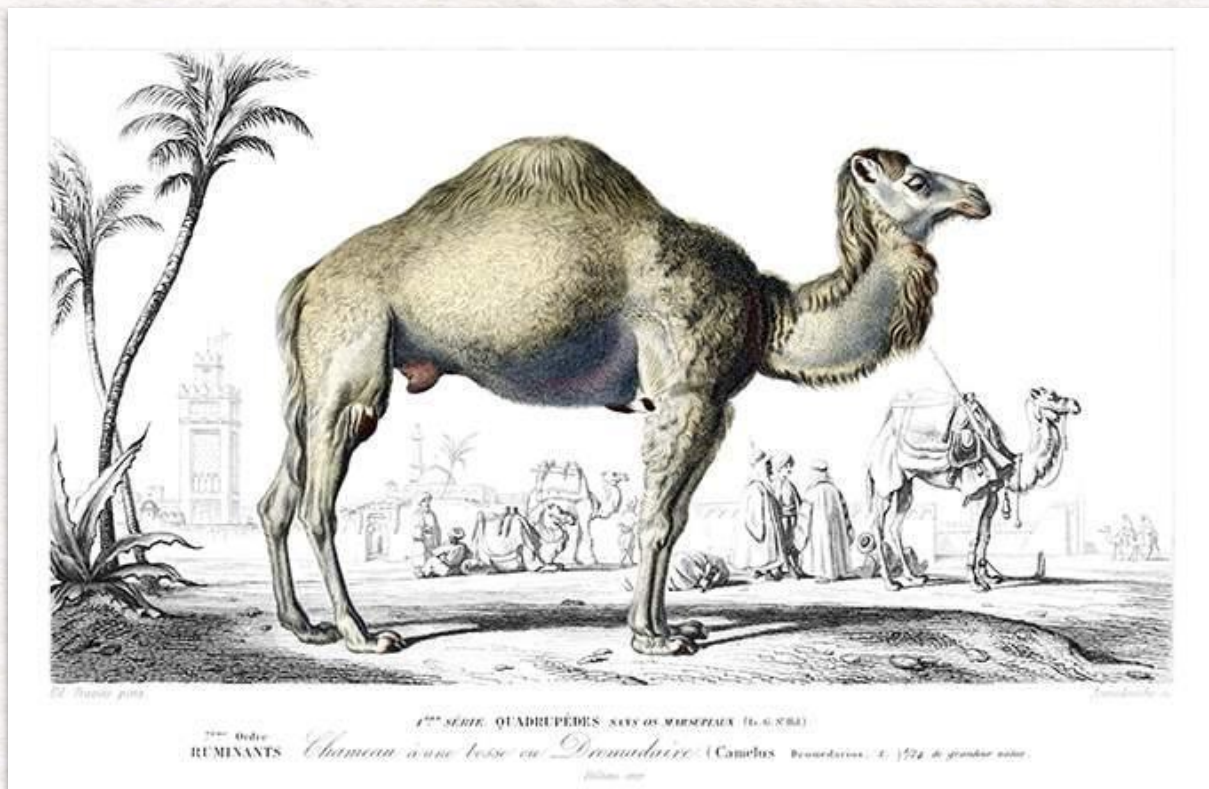
Finally, the camel said, "Why not let me stand entirely inside? I can hold the tent up with my back."

"Yes, yes," said the man. "Come wholly inside. Perhaps it will be better for both of us." So the camel crowded in.

The man, very crowded, had trouble getting back to sleep.

When he woke up the next time, he was outside in the cold and the camel had the tent to himself.

There is a proverb: Be careful of the camel's nose.



*Dromedary (Camelus dromedarius), Édouard Traviès, 1849
Dictionnaire universel d'histoire naturelle, atlas, vol. 1*

Chasing the Tales: “The Green Monster” and “The Camel”

Shared by Fran Stallings

Folktale: based on "The Camel's Nose In The Tent"

http://camelphotos.com/tales_nose.html

"The camel's nose" is a metaphor for a situation where permitting a small, seemingly innocuous act will open the door for larger, clearly undesirable actions.

Fact tale: Kudzu *Pueraria montana* var. *lobata*, [Oklahoma Invasive Plant Council](#)
[Kudzu bugs - Mr. Bugg's Pest Patrol](#)

"The Legend of the Green Monster" by Bill Finch, (Smithsonian Magazine Sept 2015, pp 19ff.)

Song: ~~"Where the Emerald Kudzu Twines" ©1985 Suzette Haden Elgin & Randy Faran.~~

To be retold in the reteller's own words in educational or professional settings with attribution.

Of Salmon, Orca and Dams

A Story for Storycology

by Sharon Abreu & Michael Hurwicz

Once upon a time, there was a rich and happy clan of orca whales, known as the Southern Residents – nearly 150 of them, leaping and frolicking through pristine Pacific waters, starting by Vancouver Island in the Salish Sea in the north and going all the way down the coastline to Monterey Bay nearly half a moon's swim to the south. For thousands of years the orca lived in harmony with their human relatives.

Yes, the orca were rich: rich in the clean, quiet waters of a beautiful ocean; rich in Chinook salmon, which the whale clan found using “echolocation,” sending out high-pitched squeals which would bounce back to the orcas and allow them to locate the fish that formed almost their whole diet; and rich in mighty rivers flowing into the ocean, rivers that provided the upstream spawning grounds for millions and millions of salmon, ensuring that the whale clan would never go hungry.

The mightiest of those rivers was the Columbia, and it was fed by others, including the Snake River. There were numerous salmon clans that would swim up the Columbia and the Snake each year to spawn, producing many, many young who would then swim down the upper Snake to the lower Snake and on to the Columbia to the ocean.

These riches, the orca elders assured them, would endure as long as the rivers and tides ran free. That, they thought, would be forever.

They were wrong.

Bad times came to the whale clan, especially in the Salish Sea. Loud machines roared on the surface of the waters, making echolocation difficult or impossible. Strange chemicals leached into the water from the land, making it harder for the mother whales to conceive, or causing their babies to die soon after birth.

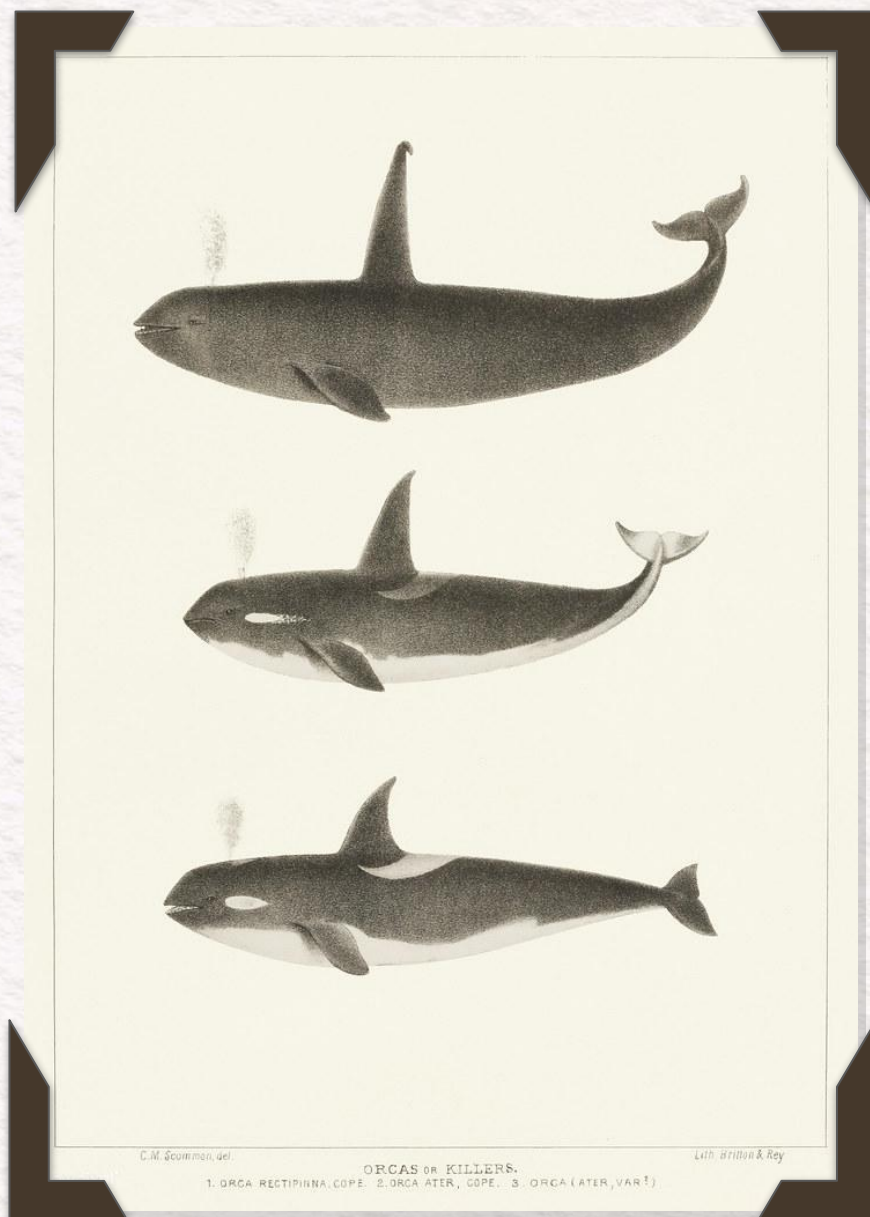
And the rivers and tides, in many places, no longer ran free. Huge, hard barriers were built along shorelines, making them no longer fit for little fish to breed. Those little fish fed the salmon, so the number of salmon diminished.

Just as bad, or worse, huge concrete barriers appeared across rivers, including the lower Snake River, making it impossible for the salmon to reach their spawning grounds. Now the starving clan diminished to nearly half of their previous number. It became even more difficult for mothers to conceive, or for babies to survive. These dams created warm standing water that stressed the fish. The heated water also released methane gas into the atmosphere, disrupting the climate all around the world. It was clear that, with time, unless something changed dramatically, the salmon and the clan would disappear entirely.

A cry went up on the dry land to breach the dams, which would allow the salmon to swim upstream. But those who could do so closed their ears and their hearts. Despite the clear and present danger, they said, “Let’s just wait.”

In the end ...

It is up to you to write the ending. The struggle continues to breach the dams on the lower Snake River. Time is short. Do what you can. Raise your voice. Tell those with the power what you want. Make the ending, “And the orca clan lived happily ever after.”



*Orca or Killer Whale (Orca rectipinna, Orca Ater), Charles Melville Scammon, 1872
Natural History of the Cetaceans and Other Marine Mammals of the Western Coast of North America*



About the Authors

Sharon and Michael met at the People's Voice coffeehouse in Greenwich Village and had the privilege of doing several concerts with legendary folk singer Pete Seeger. They started **Irthlingz Arts-Based Environmental Education** in 2002 to engage, inspire and empower people of all ages to become stewards of the Earth and are celebrating its 20th anniversary! You can learn more about their environmental work at <https://irthlingz.org>.

Listen to some of Sharon and Michael's songs: [Calling the Salmon Home](#), [Wild, Wild River](#), [Breach the Four Lower Snake River Dams](#), [Songs to Save the Salish Sea - YouTube](#)
To purchase the CD online, go to <https://salishseacd.com>

The Cunning Old Man and the Demi

A Story for Journeys

Recorded by A. A. Tsagereli, *Mingrel'skīe étīud̃y*, 1880

Translated by Marjory Wardrop, *Georgian Folk Tales*, 1894



Wolf, *Canis lupus*, Anselmus Boëtius de Boodt, 1596–1610

There was once an old man. He might have worked but he was lazy. His children went out to the fields, but this old man sat by the fire, and if they did not show him great respect, he kept them out of the house. His daughters-in-law quarreled with him and ended by turning him out of the house. He begged of his eldest daughter-in-law, saying: ‘Give me a jar of flour, an egg, and an awl, then I shall go away.’ She gave him these things

The old man went on day and night and came to the bank of a stream; he looked over, and saw on the other side a demi, to whom he cried: ‘Carry me across this river.’ The demi answered: ‘I shall not carry thee, but thou shalt carry me across, or I shall turn thee into dust.’ The demi seized a stone, struck it on the rocky bank, and turned the great stone into powder. The old man also took his jar of flour, struck it on the rock, and dust arose. The demi was astonished, and said: ‘How has he turned this stone into powder?’ The demi took another stone, squeezed it in his hand, and said: ‘I shall crush thee like this stone.’ Then the old man took out the egg, squeezed it, and when the moisture began to ooze out, the demi was alarmed: he came over the stream, took the old man on his shoulder, and carried him across.

In the middle of the stream, the demi said to the old man: ‘How light thou art!’ The old man answered: ‘I am holding on to the sky with one hand, if I let go, thou wouldst fall under my weight.’ The demi said: ‘Just leave go for a moment.’ The old man took out the awl and stuck it in the demi’s neck. The demi cried: ‘Lay hold of the sky again!’ The old man put the awl in his pocket.

When they had reached the other side, the demi said to the old man: 'I shall drive in game, and thou canst meet it here.' So the demi went and drove in the game. The old man was afraid of wild beasts, and hid himself in the forest, where he found a dead red-breast. When the demi returned, he asked: 'What hast thou done with the game?' The old man replied: 'Thou didst not drive the game properly, or how could any beast that walks on earth escape from me, that could catch this bird on the wing?'

The demi went and killed two deer, two wild goats, two boars, two hares; some he boiled, some he roasted, he made ready two measures (kilas of 36 to 40 pounds) of millet, two cocas (a coca=25 bottles) of wine and said: 'Let us sit down and eat.' The old man said: 'Make me a bridge over this river, there will I sup.' The demi built him a little bridge, on which he seated himself. The demi gave him one deer, one wild goat, one boar, one hare, one kila of millet, one coca of wine, and then sat down near him in the field.

The demi ate, but the old man threw the food into the river. The demi thought the old man was eating everything, and was afraid, thinking: 'It would seem that he can eat more than I can.' Lower down the stream, wolves caught and ate the meat the old man threw away. The old man asked for another deer. The demi brought it, and the old man threw it in the water. The demi did not know this. The old man said: 'I have had a snack this evening.'

Next day, the demi invited the old man to his house. They went there. The demi went out alone to hunt. He met a wolf and a jackal and said to them: 'Come and hunt with me. To my house there has come a guest who can eat ten deer and wild goats; yesterday evening we had two deer, but they were a mere snack to him.' The wolf and the jackal said to the demi: 'Thy guest did not eat one of them, he threw everything into the river, we caught it and ate it, the old man ate nothing.' The demi said to the wolf and the jackal: 'Then let us go and expose this old man's fraud.'

There went with the demi nine wolves and jackals, to give evidence against the old man. The old man looked out, and saw the demi coming along in front, with the wolves and jackals behind him. The old man cried to the demi: 'Dost thou not owe me more than ten wolves and jackals?' The wolves and jackals exchanged glances and said: 'It would seem that this demi has betrayed us.' They threw themselves on the demi and turned him into dust.

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.



Chasing the Tale: “The Cunning Old Man and the Demi”

By Spirits of the Beast

The old man in this story doesn't journey far, reaching a river near his family home, before meeting an exceptionally strong being who could easily kill him, a demi. Is the demi a monster? The old man, used to giving orders, makes demands of the demi. The demi has no interest in being ordered about, and he threatens to turn the old man into dust.

Now the old man combats the demi's strength with cunning. He convinces the demi his strength is superior. And so, the demi meets a monster in the old man: a creature who seems frail, but who – the demi now believes – possesses greater strength than his own.

There are two monsters in this story, and they meet in each other's backyards. The demi, who the old man knows could easily kill him, and the old man, who the demi soon believes is eerily powerful, and who the demi ultimately loses his life to – not through strength, but cunning.

Even on a short journey we can meet a monster or become one in someone else's story...or both.

This story is found in Part II of [Georgian Folk Tales, translated by Marjory Wardrop, 1894](#). Please Note: This 19th century book includes terminology and phrasing carrying bigotries of 19th century English language. Bigotry persists in English phrasing and terms today. Storytellers are encouraged to do what they do best and weigh words carefully.

This is a Mingrelian (also Megrellian) story originally recorded by [Professor A.A. Tsagereli](#) in [Mingrel'skīe étiudy, Sanktpeterburg, 1880](#) (in Mingrelian and Russian). Professor Tsagereli authored many books on Georgian culture and history in Georgian, Mingrelian, and Russian; however, it is difficult to find much about Professor Tsagerli in English. [Wardrop writes Professor Tsagerli recorded stories](#) “during the years 1876–79, chiefly in the districts of Sachichuo and Salipartiano, which lie almost in the center of Mingrelia....” [Mingrelian](#) is a distinct language from [Georgian](#), though part of the same [Kartvelian language family](#).

Learn more about Georgian storytelling traditions with [this list of Georgian folklore from the "Content and Suggested Readings" of the Georgian Folklore Reader, compiled by Shorena Kurtsikidze and Vakhtang Chikovani](#); read about efforts to save the Mingrelian language in ["Lost in the census: Mingrelian and Svan languages face extinction in Georgia" on OC Media](#); listen to a [Megrelian Folk Song: sakortuo](#) and to [Chakrulo Georgian folk song into space on Voyager 2](#), a polyphonic battle song on the [The Golden Record](#) of world music sent into deep space on two Voyagers in 1977; and learn about [ZEG Tbilisi Storytelling Festival](#).

Dragon-Child and Sun-Child

A Story for Healing Springs

Retold in English by A. G. Seklemian, *The Golden Maiden*, 1898

There was once a King who had no children, and whose life was very desolate. He asked the advice of all the doctors and learned men of his realm to relieve him of his trouble, but it was of no avail. In order to forget his dejected condition, he gave his time to hunting. One day, as he was walking in the forest he saw a snake coiled in the sun, surrounded by its little ones. For a long time he gazed wistfully at this family circle, and recognizing that his condition was inferior to that of the reptile parent, he sighed deeply and complained against Heaven, saying: "O Heaven! Have I not so much value before you as this reptile, that you torment me by denying me offspring and happiness?"

He never forgot the sight of this snake family. One day a child came to the palace, but it was a monster, half man and half dragon. Now the grief of the King was heavier than before.

They could not kill the monster because it was of royal birth. They therefore cast the Dragon-child into a dry well, where they fed him by giving him a skinful of goat's milk every day. Soon the Dragon-child grew and required meat for his diet. Then they cast to him, every week, a tender girl; and when he grew older, they gave him a maiden to devour. Every house of the land furnished a maiden for the Dragon-child. It came the turn of a poor man who, being a widower, had a daughter from his former wife, and had married a widow who had a daughter of her own. The husband said that they must cast the wife's daughter to the Dragon-child, but his wife insisted that they must cast the husband's daughter. The woman's will was followed and so the stepmother prepared her stepdaughter to be cast to the Dragon-child on the following day. The maiden was very beautiful and graceful. She wept all night and prayed God to pity her. At midnight she heard someone speak to her in her dreams, saying:

"Maiden, do not fear being cast to the Dragon-child. Tell your father to send with you three skinfuls of the milk of a black goat, and do you provide a knife for yourself. Let your father wrap you in a bull's skin and lower you and the milk by a rope into the well. When the Dragon-child bids you come out from the bull's skin in order that he may devour you, tell him to come out from the dragon's skin, that you may bathe him with milk. When he comes out, do you also cut the bull's skin with your knife and come out of the skin and bathe him."

On the following morning the maiden told her dream to her father, who got the required things ready, at the same time praying to Heaven that what the maiden had dreamed might come true. The maiden being lowered into the well, the Dragon-child bade her come out of the bull's skin; to which the maiden answered as she was advised. Thereupon in its fury, the dragon's skin burst, and lo! there issued from it a handsome lad. The maiden cut the bull's skin with her knife, in a hurry to emerge, but in her haste she fell down, and one of her front teeth was broken. She bathed the lad with goat's milk and he became a sound, gallant youth, who at once expressed his gratitude to her for releasing him from his horrible bondage. Just then the maiden's father came to the mouth of the well, to see whether her dream was true or false, and perceiving them, ran to inform the King, who hastened to the spot accompanied by the Queen and his peers. They drew the Dragon-child and his deliverer from the well with great joy and ceremony. They celebrated a wedding festival for forty days and nights, and the youth and the maiden loved one another and were married.

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.

Chasing the Tale: “Dragon-Child and Sun-Child”

By Spirits of the Beast

In the backyard of a King, deep inside a well, is his own child. Born half-snake and half-human, Dragon-child carries the legacy of the King’s envy of a snake. Dragon-child is royal so the palace decides he must live, but alone, in a well, where he is fed goat milk—then girls.

Many monsters are born twice: first when we name their differences monstrous, and second when their face becomes the cover of our own monstrous acts. If Dragon-child had not been trapped in a well, would he be less monstrous, more magical, like [Tatterhood](#)? Who chose his diet of girls: Dragon-child, the palace, or the King’s curse?

The King’s curse is a curse on everyone, and it lasts until an impoverished girl finds the means to break it in her dream. When she heals the kingdom from the King’s curse, she rescues herself and others. Healing, as well as curses, ripples outward.

We stop at the wedding to be brief, but for the full story, and to meet Sun-child, read it all in [The Golden Maiden and Other Folk Tales and Fairy Stories Told in Armenia by A.G. Seklemian, 1898](#). Please Note: This 19th century book includes terminology and phrasing carrying bigotries of 19th century English language. Bigotry persists in English phrasing and terms today. Storytellers are encouraged to do what they do best and weigh words carefully.

A.G. Seklemian retold this story in English for his Armenian folktale collection, published 1898. Seklemian immigrated with his wife Magdaline to the United States after they survived the [Hamidian massacres](#) of 1895-96. By immigrating they survived the [Armenian Genocide](#) of 1915-1918. Seklemian co-founded [Asbarez](#), a bilingual Armenian-English newspaper in Fresno, California in 1906. [Read excerpts from Seklemian's translated diary while a prisoner in Garin \(Erzerum\) from April 1888 to May 1889 on Asbarez](#). Seklemian writes in his introduction to *The Golden Maiden*:

“During the long winter evenings, we boys and girls gathered together around the village hearth to listen to the old man or aged woman rehearsing tales of fairies, giants, genii, dragons, knights, winged beauties, captive maidens, and other thousand and one mysterious beings.” [Read Sekleimian’s full introduction: The Story-Teller to His Audience](#).

Learn about Armenian storytelling traditions at the [September 2022 Conference: Technologies of Communication and Armenian Narrative Practices Through the Centuries \(Sept. 18th-19th\)](#); read about ["Learning Armenian: The Art of Telling an Armenian Story," The Armenite](#); listen to [Zhanna Davtyan - Gulo \(Armenian folk song\)](#) and [Arto](#) System of a Down’s version of "Der Voghormia" (English translation: "Lord Have Mercy"), [traditionally played as a prayer for the dead](#) (read Georgi Bargamian’s poem ["On Hearing the Voice of a Child Singing Der Voghormia."](#) *The Armenian Weekly*); and learn about the [oral history project collecting tales from the Armenian diaspora using a converted food truck at USC Dornsife](#).



Mount. Ararat., *The Golden Maiden*, 1898

The Samurai and the Monk

A Story for Teacher Tales & Tentacles

As told by Rachel Hedman

A samurai, who had once been mighty, felt as low as the dirt he walked upon. He drank, hoping that this sadness would leave him. He no longer cared for how he looked. People watched him pass by with disheveled hair and tattered clothes.

When the samurai was about to pass out on the ground, a monk walked by. While in this state, the samurai felt ashamed before the monk and thought of heaven and hell. The samurai decided that this was his opportunity to ask the monk the difference between heaven and hell.

The monk scowled at the samurai. “Who are you to talk to me? See how you fall upon the ground, all drunken and dirty. You, who go about killing others and without honor. See how your sword has been bloodied. Now, it is rusted. Do I share the difference between heaven and hell with someone as shameful as you?”

The samurai, stumbling, stood up and unsheathed his sword. He swung it within inches of the monk’s head. The monk stood still and smiled.

“That is hell. Anger has taken you prisoner.”

These words sobered the samurai. He brought his sword down. His fingers let go and the sword clanged to the ground. The samurai bowed low before the monk.

“That is heaven. Humility has released your spirit. Peace then comes.”

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.

Chasing the Tale: “The Samurai and the Monk”

Rachel Hedman

Coming from Japan, this story is known as a Zen fable or a Tai Chi wisdom tale. In the 1600s, some of the samurai became monks as a way to find peace after seeing so much carnage or violence. To make this transition, permission had to be granted. It would be interesting if the samurai in this tale later on became a monk.

Many versions of this story exist yet the lesson remains the same. Some storytellers who have told this story themselves would be John Porcino and Jack Kornfield. Many people have created YouTube versions or blog posts of this classic tale. How will your students tell this story in their own words?

For 9th grade students, one of the curriculum standards is about having conversations that expand on an initial idea and challenge the messages and themes within. In this case, the “initial idea” is this story. We live in a world where monsters truly are in our backyard. We can be our own worst enemy when we succumb to anger. Discuss with students of any grade what current events show us that we as a society are quick to anger. What could be learned from this story when we face situations that can provoke us?

-PUZZLES and GAMES-

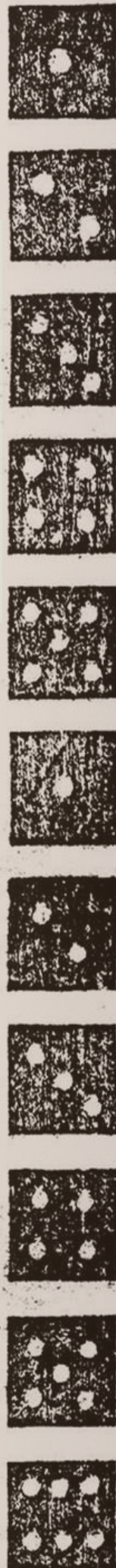
"Curiouser and curiouser!"

Riddle

My clothing's fine as velvet rare,
Though under earth my dwellings are;
And when above it I appear,
My enemies put me oft in fear.
The gard'ner does at me repine,
I spoil his works as he does mine.

Last Month's Answer:
The Dog's Name is Yet

-SB



LOST WORD SOCIETY

by Carmen Agra Deedy

It's time again to play LOST WORDS with Carmen Agra Deedy's LOST WORD SOCIETY. Each month we will give you an archaic, obsolete, or otherwise "lost" word. We will make up three silly sentences using the word, probably incorrectly. Your job is to make up a definition for the lost word. The challenge, should you decide to accept it, is for you to use your new word in a story, just for fun. Next month we will publish the true definition of the "lost" word and provide you with another one. Remember, don't look it up, make it up.

Here we go. Have fun!

MIXSHIP (n.) Obsolete (as in Truly Dead, as in Doornail, and Pushing up the Daisies.)

1)With a faultless memory and a vast knowledge of spirits and drinks, the tavern owner was a true mixship, able to make any drink a customer desired from a frothy rum punch to a bowl of Smoking Bishop.

1)The vessel was a mixship carrying a wide variety of cargo including fine linens, live frogs, delicate china, iron ingots, barrels of whisky, crates of dried fish, and the casket of the fourth illegitimate son of the Duke.

1)They believed that the old manor house was haunted by the spirit of the young stable boy with small precious items going missing, and the general chaos, mischief, and mixship.

Last Month's Lost Word:

MALISON (n.) Archaic - a curse, imprecation, malediction, hex.



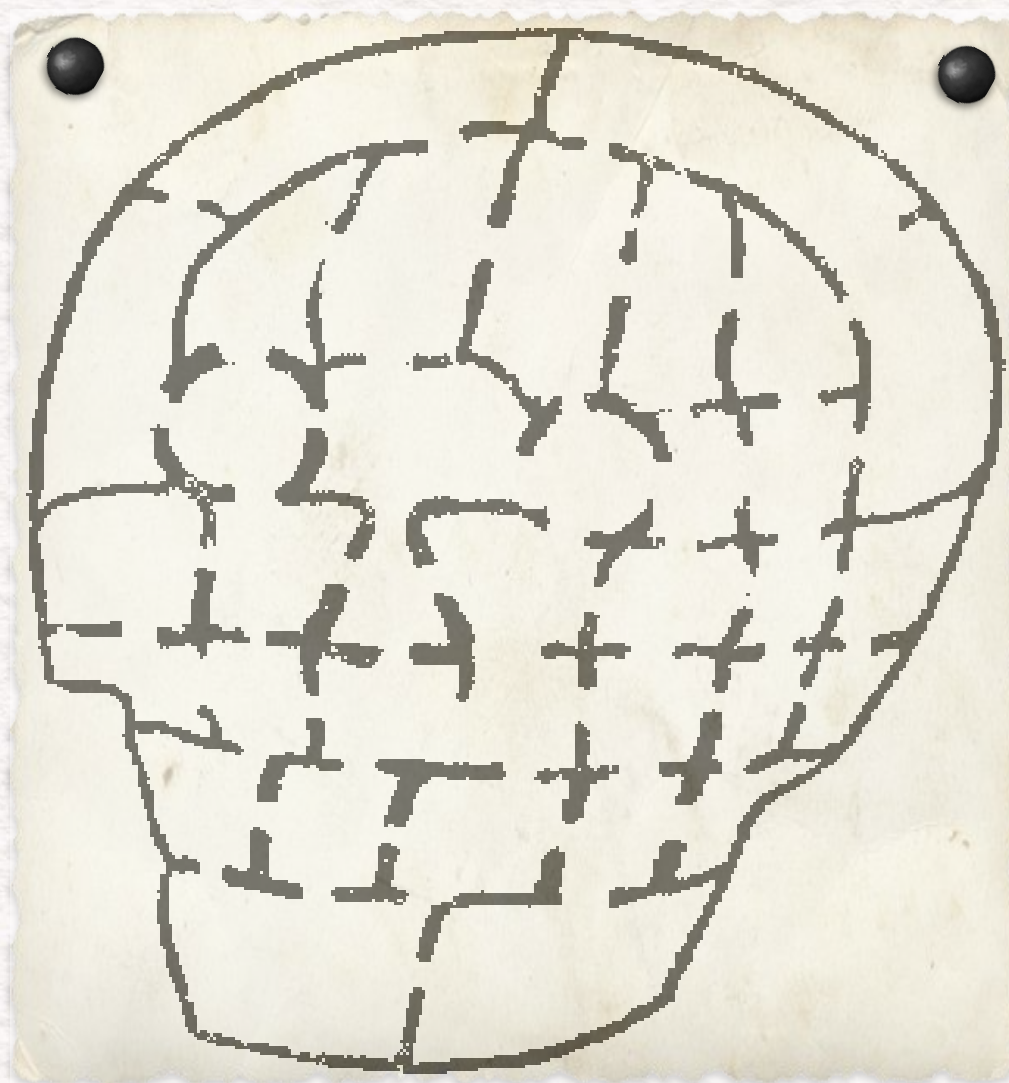
For more fun explore:
Carmen Agra Deedy's LOST WORD SOCIETY
at <https://www.facebook.com/carmenagradeedy>
for new words every weekend!

The Noble Demoiselle

Puzzle 34, The Canterbury Puzzles, and Other Curious Problems, Henry Ernest Dudeney,

Seated one night in the hall of the castle, Sir Hugh desired the company to fill their cups and listen while he told the tale of his adventure as a youth in rescuing from captivity a noble demoiselle who was languishing in the dungeon of the castle belonging to his father's greatest enemy. The story was a thrilling one, and when he related the final escape from all the dangers and horrors of the great Death's-head Dungeon with the fair but unconscious maiden in his arms, all exclaimed, "'Twas marvellous valiant!" But Sir Hugh said, "I would never have turned from my purpose, not even to save my body from the bernicles."

Sir Hugh then produced a plan of the thirty-five cells in the dungeon and asked his companions to discover the particular cell that the demoiselle occupied. He said that if you started at one of the outside cells and passed through every doorway once, and once only, you were bound to end at the cell that was sought. Can you find the cell? Unless you start at the correct outside cell it is impossible to pass through all the doorways once and once only. Try tracing out the route with your pencil.



The Runaway Motor-Car

Puzzle 64, The Canterbury Puzzles, and Other Curious Problems, Henry Ernest Dudeney,

The little affair of the "Runaway Motor-car" is a good illustration of how a knowledge of some branch of puzzlement may be put to unexpected use. A member of the Club, whose name I have at the moment of writing forgotten, came in one night and said that a friend of his was bicycling in Surrey on the previous day, when a motor-car came from behind, round a corner, at a terrific speed, caught one of his wheels, and sent him flying in the road. He was badly knocked about, and fractured his left arm, while his machine was wrecked. The motor-car was not stopped, and he had been unable to trace it.

There were two witnesses to the accident, which was beyond question the fault of the driver of the car. An old woman, a Mrs. Wadey, saw the whole thing, and tried to take the number of the car. She was positive as to the letters, which need not be given, and was certain also that the first figure was a 1. The other figures she failed to read on account of the speed and dust.

The other witness was the village simpleton, who just escapes being an arithmetical genius, but is excessively stupid in everything else.

He is always working out sums in his head; and all he could say was that there were five figures in the number, and that he found that when he multiplied the first two figures by the last three they made the same figures, only in different order—just as 24 multiplied by 651 makes 15,624 (the same five figures), in which case the number of the car would have been 24,651; and he knew there was no 0 in the number.

"It will be easy enough to find that car," said Russell. "The known facts are possibly sufficient to enable one to discover the exact number. You see, there must be a limit to the five-figure numbers having the peculiarity observed by the simpleton. And these are further limited by the fact that, as Mrs. Wadey states, the number began with the figure 1. We have therefore to find these numbers. It may conceivably happen that there is only one such number, in which case the thing is solved. But even if there are several cases, the owner of the actual car may easily be found.

"How will you manage that?" somebody asked.

"Surely," replied Russell, "the method is quite obvious. By the process of elimination. Every owner except the one in fault will be able to prove an alibi. Yet, merely guessing offhand, I think it quite probable that there is only one number that fits the case. We shall see."

Russell was right, for that very night he sent the number by post, with the result that the runaway car was at once traced, and its owner, who was himself driving, had to pay the cost of the damages resulting from his carelessness. What was the number of the car?



-THE HALL *of the* BARD-

“Music and storytelling are sisters and have always been close;
where you find one, you can be sure the other isn’t far away.”



THE HALL OF THE BARD

by Rachel Baker

Welcome, friend! Are you all right? You look like the wind blew you in. You're not the first one it's brought here and I doubt you'll be the last. Autumn is in the air, making folks want to wander. I used to do some of that before I settled here. You meet all kinds of interesting people on the road – all kinds of people with all kinds of stories. It's important to keep a level head, though, and not get swept away. You'd like to think everyone has good intentions, but unfortunately, that's not always true.

I'm thinking of a song I first heard from the Scottish singer, Emily Smith, about a young lady who sought adventure with the wrong traveling companion. It's a good thing she was resourceful, or – well, would you like to hear it? It's better with music. Listen.

About the Author

Rachel Baker is a fiction writer, playwright, and lover of storytelling in all its forms. She has had short plays produced with Theater Cedar Rapids in Cedar Rapids, IA and Violet Surprise Theater in Chicago, IL. She currently lives in Iowa City with her partner and their two cats, where she is working on her first novel and “will come and go all as she please, and not ask leave of any.”

May Colvin (Child 4)

False Sir John a wooing came
To a maid of beauty fair;
May Colvin was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He wooed her here, he wooed her there,
He wooed her in the hay,
Until he got this lady's consent
To mount and ride away.

'I am a knight of wealth,' he said,
'Of townlands twenty-three;
And you'll be lady of them all,
If you will go with me.'

He went down to her father's bower
Where all the steeds did stand,
And he's took one of the best steeds there
Right from her father's hand.

He's got on and she's got on
As fast as they could flee,
Until they came to a lonesome part,
A rock by the side of the sea.

'Get off the steed,' said false Sir John,
'Your bridal bed you see;
For it's seven young ladies I have
drowned,
And the eighth one you shall be.'

It being in a lonely place,
And no house there was nigh,
The fatal rocks were long and steep,
And none could hear her cry.

'Are these your bowers and lofty towers,
So beautiful and gay?
Or is it for my gold,' May said,
'You take my life away?'

'Strip off,' he said, 'your jewels fine,
So costly and so brave,
For they are far too rare and fine
To throw into the waves.'

'Take all I have my life to save,
O good Sir John, I pray;
But do not say you'd kill a maid
Upon her wedding day!'

'Cast off, cast off, May Colvin,
All and your silken gown,
For it's over good and over costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.'

'Then turn you about, O false Sir John,
And look to the leaf of the tree,
For it ne'er became a gentleman
A naked woman to see.'

He turned himself straight 'round about,
To look to the leaf of the tree;
So swift as May Colvin was,
She pushed him in the sea.

'O help, O help, May Colvin!
Your help, or else I'll drown—
And I'll take you home to your father's
bower
And set you down safe and sound!'

May Colvin (Child 4)

'No help, no help, O false Sir John,
No help nor pity for thee!
For it's seven young ladies you have
drowned,
But the eighth shall not be me.'

So she went on her father's steed
As swift as she could flee,
And she came home to her father's bower
Before the break of day.

Then first she called the stable groom,
He was her waiting man;
Soon as he heard his lady's voice
He stood with cap in hand.

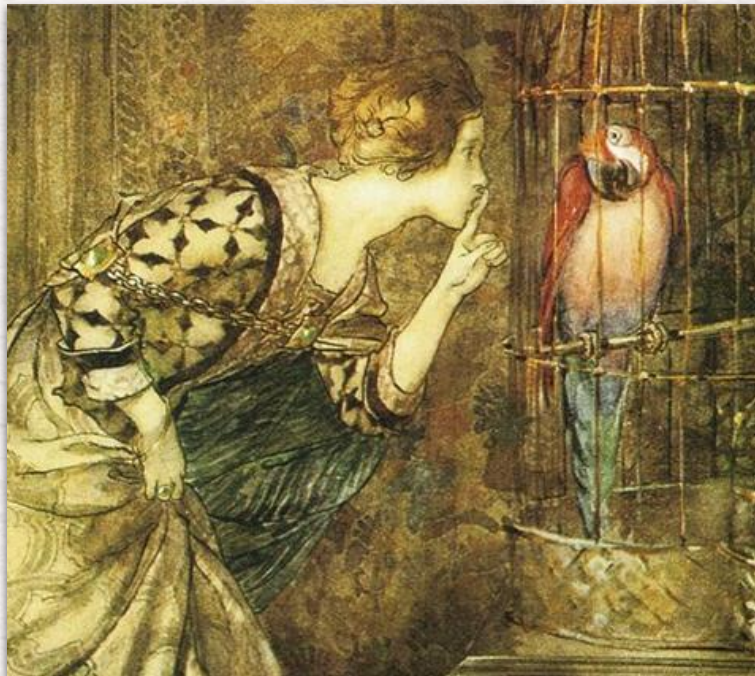
'Where have you been, Miss May Colvin?
Who owns this dapple grey?'
'It is a found one,' she replied,
'That I got on the way.'

Up then spoke her pretty parrot:
'This I can scarce believe!
What has become of false Sir John,
That wooed you yester-eve?'

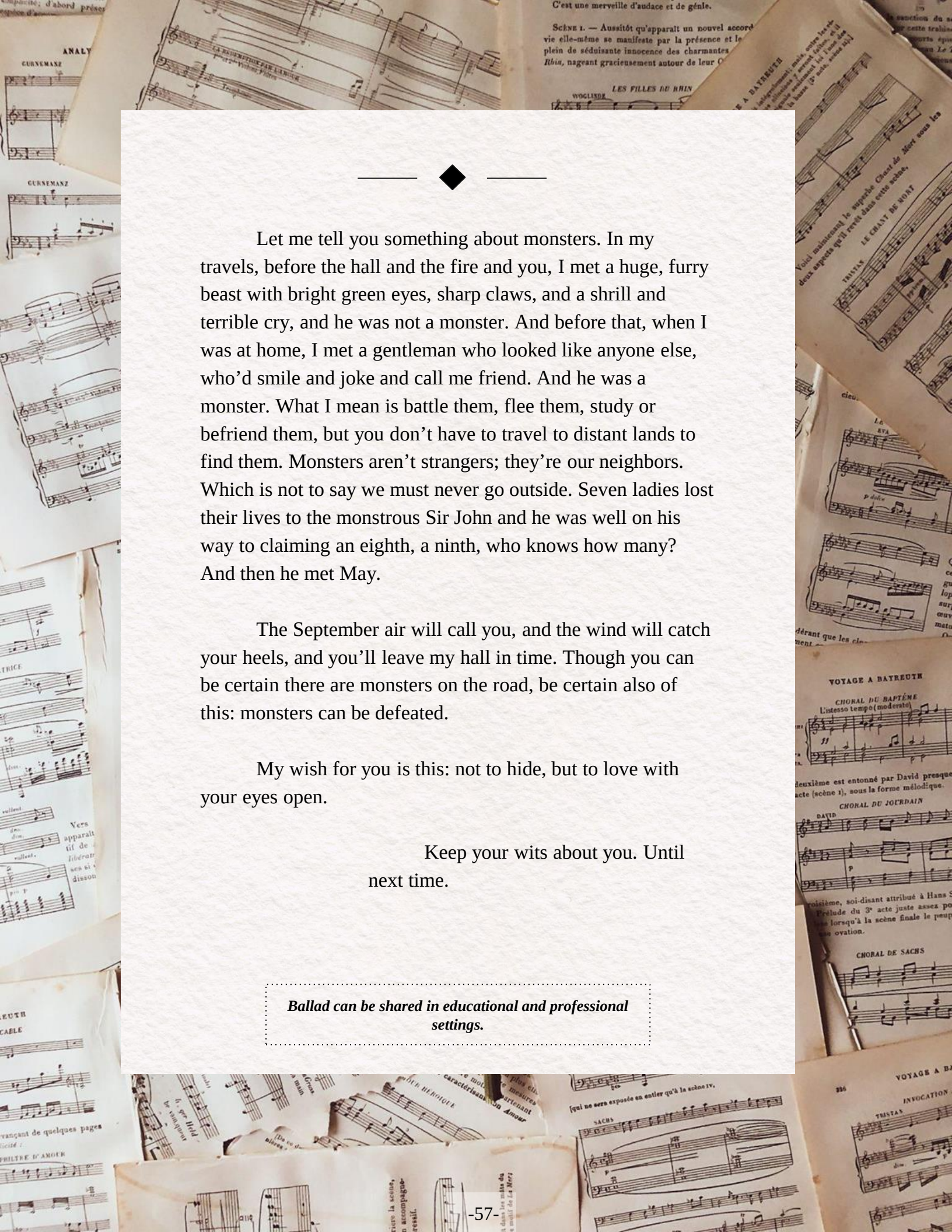
'O hold your tongue, my pretty bird,
Lay not the blame upon me;
And your cage shall be made of glittering
gold,
And the door of the best ivory.'

Up then spoke her father, roused
In his chamber where he lay:
'O what is the matter, you wretched bird,
That prattles both night and day?'

'There came a cat to my cage door
That sorely frightened me,
And I was calling on May Colvin
To take the cat away.'



May Colven, Arthur Rackham, 1919, Some British Ballads



Let me tell you something about monsters. In my travels, before the hall and the fire and you, I met a huge, furry beast with bright green eyes, sharp claws, and a shrill and terrible cry, and he was not a monster. And before that, when I was at home, I met a gentleman who looked like anyone else, who'd smile and joke and call me friend. And he was a monster. What I mean is battle them, flee them, study or befriend them, but you don't have to travel to distant lands to find them. Monsters aren't strangers; they're our neighbors. Which is not to say we must never go outside. Seven ladies lost their lives to the monstrous Sir John and he was well on his way to claiming an eighth, a ninth, who knows how many? And then he met May.

The September air will call you, and the wind will catch your heels, and you'll leave my hall in time. Though you can be certain there are monsters on the road, be certain also of this: monsters can be defeated.

My wish for you is this: not to hide, but to love with your eyes open.

Keep your wits about you. Until next time.

Ballad can be shared in educational and professional settings.

-STORY SIGHTINGS-

What's going on?



*Stories are everywhere! Look
and you'll find something
magical close to you.*

SAC congratulates
The Story Beast
on a wonderful publication!



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OF DARKNESS
THROUGH
CHILLING INSTRUCTION



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Sarah Beth Nelson



HAUNTED: SHARE THE SCARE

You're invited to HAUNTED: Share the Scare on Saturday, September 17, 2022.

For more details, [view the program booklet](#), and to register, go to storynet.org/haunted.

HAUNTED: SHARE THE SCARE SCHEDULE (all times Central Daylight Time)

8am-8:30am Opening Story from the Youth, Educators, and Storyteller's Alliance SIG, Land Acknowledgement, and Announcements

8:30am-9:45am "Early Bat" Social Hour

10am-11:00am Talking the Edge Off: Swordplay and Storytelling by the En Garde Fencing Club (egfencing.com)

11:00am- 11:30am Author Conversation with Donna Washington (dlwstoryteller.com)

11:30am-1pm LUNCH

1pm-2:30pm Monsters in Your Backyard Panel [Gene Tagaban (storytellingraven.com), Donna Washington (dlwstoryteller.com), David Schmidt (holyghoststories.com), and Dr. Elizabeth Tucker (binghamton.edu/english/faculty/profile.html?id=ltucker), moderated by Mara Menzies (marathestoryteller.com).]

2:45pm-3:15pm Author Conversation with Dr. Emily Zarka (emilyelizabethzarka.com)

3:30pm-4:30pm Conversation and stories with AG, a New Orleans Ghost Tourguide (frenchquarterphantoms.com)

4:30pm-5:00pm Author Conversation with David Schimdt (holyghoststories.com)

5:00pm-6:00pm Multi-Modal Monster Story Swap
(all storytelling mediums welcome, 5-7 minutes per story)

6:00pm-6:30pm DINNER

6:30pm-8:30pm Share the Scare: Telling Beautiful Tales with Lyn Ford (storytellerlynford.com)

8:30pm-9:00pm Closing Story from Kamishibai SIG and Announcements

9:00pm-10:30pm "Night Crawler" Social Hour



Credits



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About the Font

Tinos was designed by Steve Matteson as an innovative, refreshing serif design that is metrically compatible with Times New Roman™. Tinos offers improved on-screen readability characteristics and the pan-European WGL character set and solves the needs of developers looking for width-compatible fonts to address document portability across platforms.

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