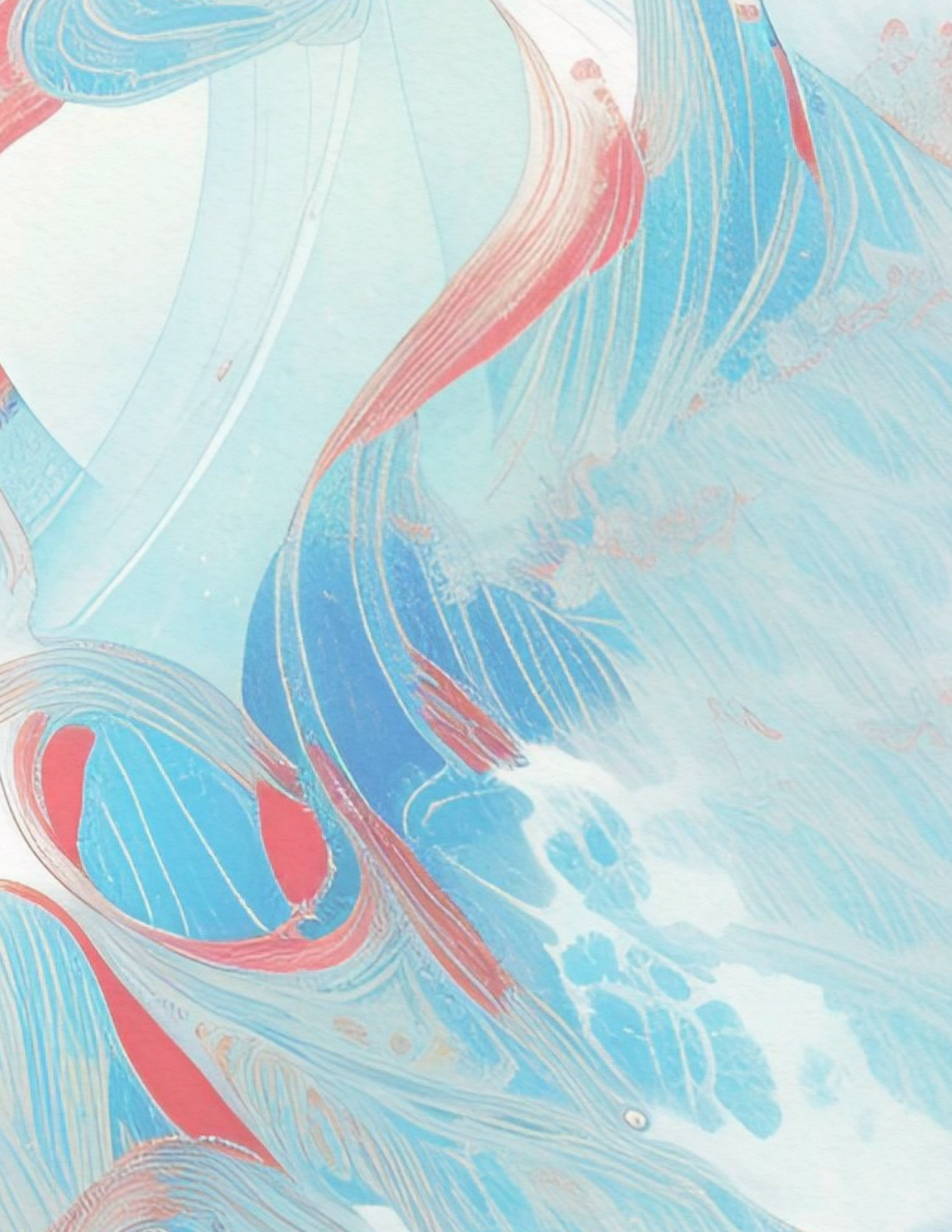



THE STORY BEAST

For Story Artists, Listeners, and Dreamers

GUIDING LIGHTS

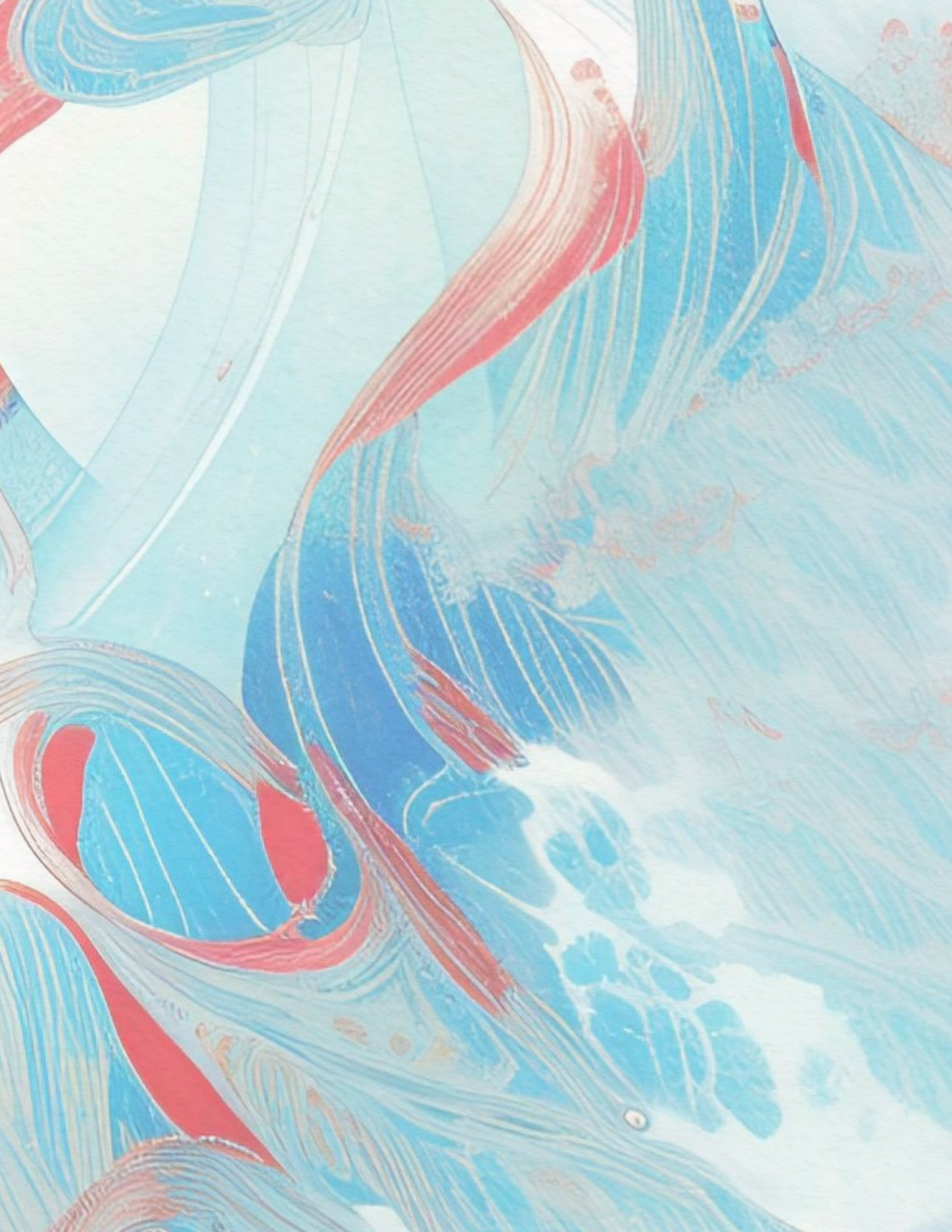






“Once upon a time there was what there was, and if nothing had happened there would be nothing to tell.”

- Charles de Lint



THE STORY BEAST

Guiding Lights

Vol. 1 ♦ Issue 6

December 2022



Away to the Mountains, Warwick Globe

The Story Beast
Vol. 1 ♦ Issue 6 ♦ Guiding Lights
December 2022

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*She Lighted a New Match, by Hans Tenger 1900
Fairy Tales and Stories by Hans Christian Andersen*

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Welcome,

Winter has come and the Holidays and the Solstice are around the corner. It is a time of transition and change, as we reflect on the year which has past and the New Year, which beckons us onward. We took on publishing this e-publication because we love storytelling in all of its forms. This has been our way to build connections and community across the storytelling world.

For the past six months, we at *The Story Beast* have been dancing as fast as we can to create this e-pub and deliver to all of you something of quality and value at no cost. We have made the exciting decision to use a multimedia approach to transform the production of our flagship e-pub from monthly to quarterly. We will be publishing *The Story Beast* in the months of the solstices and equinoxes, December, March, June, and September.

To help maintain and build this community we have created among storytellers and artists, we have established the Beastly Blog (storybeast.org/blog). We will be posting snippets of new articles, stories, and even videos there, with references to the full pieces to be maintained in the Beast Bites Archive (storybeast.org/bites). January 2023 will be the beginning of a blog blitz. Please subscribe to the Beastly Blog to stay connected.

We created a YouTube Channel (youtube.com/@storybeastepub) where we will house videos from our contributing artists. February 2023 will feature videos and vlogs with behind-the-scene and reflections. Let us know what you would like to see in this e-pub and what you find helpful through the blog. This aligns with our vision of having a "Big Tent" where storytellers, artists, poets, and all art forms that use story are welcomed.

As your e-pub, we need your poems, stories, artwork, as well as articles. Things which you find interesting, others might find interesting, too. We love the creative submissions we have received so far. We encourage you to keep them coming and to tell your friends about us. Let us know what you think through the Blog or at storybeasteditor@gmail.com.

To all of you who have submitted your words and art to *The Story Beast*, and to those who will do so in the future, thank you for entrusting us with your work and allowing us to share your creative spark with others.

Thank you for reading, and we will see you all in the Blog, YouTube, or again in March. Stay awhile and feast with the Beast!

Thank you very much.

The Spirits of the Beast
storybeasteditor@gmail.com





Dearest Crone:

A couple times I have seen you lie
down in the middle of the road.
Why do you do that? What do you
hope to accomplish?

*--Confused Yet Can't
Help but Be Intrigued*

Dear Confused Yet Can't Help but Be Intrigued:

That's a personal question. Whatever do you want the answer for? I could ask you the same thing, bah! If I am to admit something, I did cackle a little at your questions. You asked it much nicer than some of the people in carriages and wagons who yell "Oi!" followed by some words I will not repeat here.

Everything is a test with me. Every. Single. Thing. The way I do NOT comb my hair and allow the lice to linger and mice to scurry about. The way I do NOT wear fine-twined linen or some fashionable nonsense. The way I do NOT give a lovely smile with my mouth closed but instead show my gaps in my mouth due to too much sugar-eating in my early days. (Another story for another day.)

If your questions stem from a concern for my well-being, then I certainly owe you a blessing. If you are simply wanting to know the next time I will do so and make sure of running me over, obviously a curse would be required.

My body is fused with magic so I am never in danger. I do—between my cursings and wretched gestures—deep down worry for anyone who does choose to ignore me. Or would this fall under “ignoring”? Perhaps this is really a willful rebellion rather than doing what is decent.

Do you know what I do find decent? People who listen to each other. People who look out for each other. People who are willing to help people despite not knowing the stranger that sits across from them. Those kinds of people NEVER run me over.

While I am filled with magic, I know you already dabble or dribble or drool when it comes to storytelling. Never have I witnessed so much power as when there is the perfect story for the perfect listener told by—no, not a perfect person—but a connected storyteller. All my blessings and cursings would look weak compared to that kind of moment.

Now, do you pass THAT test?

What does it take to be connected, a listener of both body and spirit? Ah, if I gave you the answer, how would you learn? You may not see it as a kindness, but the journey of receiving that knowledge will do more for you than if I gave you seven-league boots or a mushroom that could cause you to grow taller than trees. Though, to help with that journey, you could look through this Dewey Decimal of 153.6 for Communication. What is fascinating is that 153 is Cognition and Memory. Then, 153.1 is Learning, Memory, and Motivation, followed by 153.2 with Formation and Association of Ideas. What else? The 153.3 is Creativity and Visualization, 153.4 is Thought, Thinking, and Reasoning, and 153.5 is, well, never you mind. Stick with 153.6, but explore if you wish. You can figure out 153.5.

Oh, aren't you greedy? You want specifics!
Here are some books beyond exploring that Dewey
Decimal (yes, these can be applied to storytelling):

- The Lost Art of Listening: How Learning to Listen Can Improve Relationships, by Michael P. Nichols and Martha B. Straus
- You're Not Listening: What You're Missing and Why It Matters, by Kate Murphy
- How to Listen with Intention: The Foundation of True Connection, Communication, and Relationships (How to be More Likable and Charismatic), by Patrick King

Plenty more can be found, but why must I make it
easy for you? I will go and find myself a road to lie across.
Why? Didn't I already answer that question?
Oh, bother!

**--Yours on the Road --
The Crone of All Crones**



WANTED



Content for THE STORY BEAST

Looking for Story in all its exciting forms: traditional, modern or melded!

- Short Stories
- Articles on Storytelling
- Art
- Story Based Activities
- Poems

Themes for 2023:

Spring - March - *Winged Words*

Summer - June - *Bright Babblings*

Fall - September - *Under the Tome & Tombs*

Winter - December - *Peaceful Ponderings*

For Submission Guidelines go to storybeast.org/submissions

Submit to storybeasteditor@gmail.com

DECEMBER'S BEAST OF STORY

Guiding Lights



Rev'en' Mack Tells "The Prodigal Son"

Mary Grace Ketner



A number of years ago I had an experience that transformed my understanding of Bible stories and illustrates a likely truth about the sacred stories of other faith traditions as well.

Such stories were told orally for many years before they were written down, of course, and, as every storyteller knows, the narrative would have evolved and changed over time. The things that distract from the story would get dropped, and the things that matter would be amplified as the teller noticed listeners' responses. Perhaps new pieces entered the story in answer to a question or when the story was told at a particular time such as after a tragic event. Or different tellers would pick it up and put their own spin on it.

However, once a story was written down and voted by a council to be sacred, it could no longer evolve. It could no longer respond to times or circumstances. Things that didn't make sense to a later generation remained intact, like rules about food. Legends became facts. Freak occurrences became miracles.

For a number of years, I was on the staff of the Research and Education Department at UT-San Antonio's Institute of Texan Cultures, a museum focusing on the cultural groups which immigrated to Texas or were native to our region. How each lived their daily lives, how they influenced and affected one another: how Spaniards brought horses to indigenous peoples; how Germans brought the accordion to Tejano music.

In 1994, we were interviewing Black cowboys for a video we were creating, "Workin' from Can't to Can't: African-American Cowboys in Texas." I was given the task of hosting the men in a side room, and our videographer called them out one at a time for interviews.

The youngest, Willie, was in his 60's and the oldest two were in their 90's. Those wiry old guys still worked on the ranch! They lived in a tiny settlement labeled "Tivoli" on the map, but they corrected me. "Tie-VO-la," they said, so that's what it is. I doubt any of them had high school diplomas. (Well, maybe Willie did.)

All day I got to listen to them talk. I was charmed by their reminiscences of incidents with horses and cattle and each other. Intermittently, they sang hymns, some familiar to me but sung very slowly.

At one point, someone asked Rev'en' Mack Williams, 91, to tell a story. He was a cowboy, too, but he preached on Sundays.

He picked the prodigal son story. In his tale there was an aging nag named "Old Grace." He told about the son asking for his inheritance and father giving him his money -- and a horse, Old Grace. The boy spent his inheritance wildly on women and drink until one day he found himself in the gutter, sick, broke, bemoaning his fate. Old Grace found him and nudged him, and with great effort he pulled himself onto her back. His body sank into hers, and she gently walked him home.

Then Rev'en' Mack said, "The father met him at the gate. He gave his son a big ole hug, tears in his eyes, and he said, 'Old Grace! She will take you there, and she will lead you home.'"

"Old Grace," Mack repeated softly. "She will take you there, and she will lead you home."

Then Tony began singing "Amazing Grace," the slowest I've ever heard it, and everyone joined in by the second note. I joined in, too, but I had to take a breath during "-zi-i-i-i-i-ng-," it was that slow!

Ho-o-o-o-o-o-o-w swe-e-e-e-e-e-e-t th-u-u-u s-o-o-ou-u-u-nd....

Hearing that story? Singing with them? I would not trade it for the world!

In Rev'en' Mack's story -- recalled from who knows where, reflected upon since who knows when -- that jealous brother whose response confuses believers wasn't even mentioned. For him, or perhaps for "Rev'en' Somebody-before-Mack," it didn't matter, so it fell out of the story, allowing the love and the welcoming reunion -- and the grace -- to emerge more powerfully.

That was not a story Mack had read; it was a story he had heard and then told others -- over and over again.

What if all sacred stories had been transmitted orally for centuries? Or, if published, were printed in many different versions like other folktales and legends? Would they be any less sacred? Would the evolved oral version be any less filled with truth?

In *The Djinn in the Nightingale's Eye*, A. S. Byatt says,

"She had sat in Sunday School, hearing a fly buzzing against a smeared high window in a vestry, and hated the stories of St. Paul and the other apostles because they were true, they were told to her as true stories, and this somehow stopped off some essential imaginative involvement with them, probably because she didn't believe them, if required to believe they were true."

Perhaps those versions that failed the "truth test" are just as sacred as the consecrated ones. Or perhaps the told narrative, the one that changed every generation or so, might evoke the true sacredness of the story even more readily. What do you think?

Here is the link to ["Workin' from Can't to Can't."](#) in case it gets lost in transition.



About the Author

As scriptwriter of a daily 90-second radio story for UTSA's Institute of Texan Cultures, Mary Grace told more stories than Scheherazade, then retired, but kept loving stories and telling them. Founder of San Antonio Storytellers, creator of a children's book and two story CDs, and social justice activist, she's still talking.

Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work

DECEMBER'S BEAST OF HONOR

Guiding Lights

The Peanut Harvest

By Charles (Charlie) Coltrain

When I was very young, Father would tell us, “We are not poor -- we just don’t have very much money.” To prove that we were not poor, most summers we would load the family into the car and drive to North Carolina, Martin County, Williamston, Beargrass Township, to visit Papa and Mama Coltrain, and the uncles, aunts, and cousins. We took most of the family: father, mother, my two brothers, Grandfather and Grandmother Fowler, Aunt Ivy, and her twins, along with everything needed for the three weeks away from home.

We drove 2400 miles in three days on mostly two-lane roads. After we arrived on the third night, we were allowed to sleep till after sunrise and were then called down for breakfast: flat cornbread, sausage with an amazing flavor of sage, cayenne, another herb I could not decipher, and eggs cooked in the sausage drippings. After breakfast, everyone learned Uncle Gilbert was to start the peanut harvest as soon as the harvester was serviced and placed in the field. I was granted permission to go out for the harvest.

The next day, as the smallest person allowed into the field, I gathered with everyone else. Uncle Gilbert told how peanut plants grew and blossomed. The flowers bow to the ground and the peanuts grow under the loose sandy soil. When they mature, the nuts and plants are dug up with a digger and put onto a short open conveyor to shake off most of the sandy dirt on the plants. Plants with their peanuts attached were stacked on wood stakes to air dry for a month. After they dried, the harvest would start.

In the center of the field sat a flatbed truck; then a tractor pulled an incredibly large machine into the field. The harvester with its 8” wide belt was aligned to a pulley on the tractor. The harvester came to life when the throttle on the tractor sped up to harvesting speed. Piles of dry plants with peanuts were dropped at one end of the harvester. Two men used pitchforks to feed the plants into the open hopper of the harvester where peanuts were separated from the plants.

I grabbed a pitchfork but could not lift it up high enough to put it into the hopper. About in the middle of the harvester, the loose dirt shaken from the plants, dropped out the bottom, and was shoveled on to a trailer. I wanted to shovel the dirt into the trailer, but the man working there said, “Absolutely not! You would be too close to the drive belt from the tractor to the harvester and could get injured or worse!”

I tried another area to work, but I was too slow forking the stems and leaves into the bailer for hog food and was sent away. The fan inside the harvester would blow the last of the dirt off the peanuts, sending a plume of dust into the air. The peanuts, now cleaned and separated, came out at the other end of the large machine onto a conveyor belt into a hopper. There they were placed into burlap bags, each weighing about 100 pounds. The bags were stitched closed and tossed onto the bed of the parked truck.

With nowhere else to go, I climbed up and worked on the truck, moving the bags of peanuts to be stacked neatly for transport to the peanut market. With all my might, I pulled the bags towards the center of the bed, and a large black man picked the bag up with one hand and placed his other hand under the bag. He then stacked them four bags high on the bed of the truck, smiling at me. It was all I could do to drag my bags close to him to be stacked.

We worked together till the truck was loaded. I sat on top of the pile as he stacked the last of the bags on the truck bed. He then picked me off the load and lowered me to the ground. As I stood there and looked up (I was only an inch or so taller than the bed of the truck), he stood next to me, looked at me, and laughed.

It was time for lunch. I was led to a table, washed my hands and wiped my face with the clean washcloth. I sat on a chair at a table to eat my sandwich of homemade white bread, mayonnaise, a thin slice of ham, a leaf of lettuce, and a slice of tomato, and was given a cool lemon drink. I was certain in my abilities and accomplishment of my work.

Time passed. I came back to my job to help load the truck. There was a breeze earlier in the morning, but for this afternoon, the air was still. Dust that came out of the harvester hung over the area like a dense fog, being moved only by the fan in the harvester. Everything was covered in a cloud of dust, and we could not see the edge of the field.

The last short bag of nuts was passed onto the truck, light enough I could pick it up. The man I was working with then picked me up, holding the bag. I finished setting the last bag, signifying a successful end of the harvest in that field.

We stood there on the bed of the truck, looking around in the hot evening air and dimming light. The trees west of the field made vague almost imperceptible shadows through the dust. I grabbed hold of the worker's hand and was lowered to the ground. We walked out of the field. He grinned and said to me, "Good job, little man."

I walked to the house feeling wonderful.

I was immediately taken to the bathtub. I was later fed and put to bed, thinking, "I'm a good farmhand working the peanut harvest." I fell asleep the moment my head hit the pillow. Happy.



About the Author

Charles (Charlie) Coltrain discovered storytelling while attending regular workshops by Story Crossroads. He specializes in personal stories as well as folktales from Vietnam. He transformed from a contractor to a story enthusiast. He has a goal to attend a retreat hosted by Donald Davis. Charles is a member of the Utah Storytelling Guild.

Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work





-BOOK NOTES-

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

So many books, so little shelf space!

I will give any book marked with an asterisk (*) below, **FREE**, to the first person who requests it by email. I ask only \$5 for postage and handling. (I note each book's list price in parentheses.)

And yet I want MORE books for review! My shelf is 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! and I will request a review copy. Thank you.

Wishing you many glorious stories,

Jo



jradner@american.edu

BOOK NOTES

***Charlotte Artese, *Shakespeare and the Folktale: An Anthology of Stories*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2019. (\$19.95)**

Although it is not news that Shakespeare alluded frequently to folktales in his plays and even built several of his plots on folktale models, Charlotte Artese's anthology gives valuable perspectives on that fact -- and in the process, provides storytellers with first-rate material. She focuses on eight plays, and for each, provides the texts of several interesting and distinctive modern versions of the folktale on which Shakespeare modeled his drama. Excellent introductory discussions of each play examine how the folktales illuminate new assessments.

This is not an academic source study: the tales presented date from centuries later than Shakespeare's work and from cultures often far distant from Elizabethan England (though generally from the Indo-European diaspora). Instead, Artese offers insights into the possible meanings of diverse tale versions, and invites us to imagine a largely oral, tale-telling culture such as that of Shakespeare's audience -- listeners whose narrative experience equipped them to draw on the allusions in the plays.

By themselves, the collected tales would be a rich resource for performing storytellers. Connected to Shakespeare's plays, they gain a depth and breadth of relevance that is magical.

Caren Schnur Neile, *Peninnah's World: A Jewish Life in Stories*. Lanham, MD: Hamilton Books, 2021. (\$24.99)

Caren Neile has created an extraordinary, vivid, and surprisingly intimate biography of Peninnah Schram, preeminent teller and scholar of Jewish tales. Drawing on an intense year of life-history interviews, Neile has chosen to dramatize Schram's life in a series of engaging, dialogue-filled scenes that, although they read like a novel, are not precisely fiction; they have all been reviewed, adjusted, and accepted by Peninnah Schram herself.

Peninnah's World is a Jewish world, and Neile's stories are brilliantly suffused with Yiddishkayt, enlivened with so many snatches of Yiddish conversation and sayings and songs that a helpful glossary is provided in the back. The biography begins with Schram's early life, growing up as the daughter of a cantor in New London, Connecticut, and continues through her marriage, motherhood, movement into academic teaching, and blossoming as a storyteller. Neile's approach to biography is unusual and absorbing. I have met Peninnah Schram only occasionally, but by the end of the book I felt that she was a familiar friend -- and I wanted to hear all of her stories!

Joseph Sobol, Liars, Damn Liars, and Storytellers: Essays on Traditional and Contemporary Storytelling. Knoxville, TN: University of Tennessee Press, 2020. (\$40.00)

Joseph Sobol is one of the keenest scholars of storytelling. *Liars, Damn Liars, and Storytellers* brings together some forty years of his thinking, including original, previously published, and revised essays on Appalachian Jack tales and tellers, other legendary virtuosi of storytelling in North America, and the contemporary storytelling scene. Sobol is a master of intricate insights, a questioner of accepted ideas about storytelling, a thinker who provokes much thought. This is a book to read slowly, to ponder, to talk about.

No short note could do justice to the myriad topics and suggestions of this book. Instead of trying, I will offer from his Epilogue one paragraph about the National Storytelling Festival in Jonesborough, Tennessee (which has just celebrated its 50th year):

To be sure, the story of the National Storytelling Festival has worked to heal us, and it has also helped us to sleep: to sleep through our child-bearing years and our aging, through our struggles for survival and status, through the disappearance from the world of our grandparents and parents and eventually of our mentors and friends. To sleep through the hollowing out of middle-class institutions, through the noisy clatter of fossil fuels being burned into atmospheric gases and of social capital being pumped into tax-free accounts, through the creeping dismantling of the common good. It also helped us to dream the best dreams we had during those decades: the crumbling of the edifice of racial segregation, the realizing of basic civil rights for people of color and LGBT Americans, the receding shadows of nuclear annihilation, the rising awareness of ecological fragility and the efforts to create a sustainable future. All the while the antinomies, the dragons, stirred in their sleep and began to roar. This is the double-edged sword that is storytelling: its power to bring us dreams, and our own unwillingness to awaken -- our seemingly endless capacity to stay entranced by the stuff inside our story-world frames, while refusing to see either the storyteller's hand manipulating the frames nor the world of forces manipulating the storyteller's hand.

See what I mean? Read it slowly, ponder, and talk.



About the Author

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.

DON'T OVERLOOK THIS BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOK!!

***Jack Zipes, Tales of Wonder: Retelling Fairy Tales through Picture Postcards.** Forward by Marina Warner. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minneapolis Press, 2017. (hardcover, \$34.95)

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 have to be \$7.00 on this one.)

AND MORE . . .

***Mark Binder, *The Misadventures of Rabbi Kibbitz and Mrs. Chaipaul*. Providence, RI: Light Publications, 2019. (\$29.95)**

Mark Binder's new Chelm stories are a delight! His Chelm-folk are not the traditional noodleheads, but they go to hilarious extremes that define the human condition.

***Christine A. Jones, *Mother Goose Refigured: A Critical Translation of Charles Perrault's Fairy Tales*. Detroit, MI: Wayne State University Press, 2016. (\$31.99)**

Perrault's 17th-century presentation of elegantly-written tales to French nobility includes some of the earliest written versions of well-known tales: Bluebeard, Sleeping Beauty, Puss-in-Boots, Little Red Riding Hood. Jones studies the history of these tales and provides new, vivid, and surprisingly modern-sounding translations.

***Pete Griffin, *Stories of a Forest Ranger: Tales of Life in the U.S. Forest Service*. Marion, MI: Parkhurst Brothers Publishers, 2020. (\$14.95)**

A memoir by an accomplished storyteller. Griffin narrates his life as an outdoorsman: childhood in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, Forest Service career largely in Alaska. Forest fire, pregnant garter snake, invasive beavers, a perilously friendly wolf. Utterly engaging.

***Brandon Spars, *Setting a Plot: The Impact of Geography on Culture, Myth, and Storytelling*. Wayzgoose Press, 2019. (\$19.99)**

Brandon Spars takes a well-trodden scholarly track, examining the cultural effects of geography, but he takes it in a direction particularly interesting to storytellers: he asserts that over time, different types of geography have conditioned the plots of creation stories and epics. Drawing on years of teaching at an innovative high school, he examines cultures that have evolved in river valleys, islands, deserts, and mountains, showing that similar motifs have remarkably different outcomes in those different settings. An intricate and fascinating argument.

***Eli Yassif, *The Legend of Safed: Life and Fantasy in the City of Kabbalah*. Detroit, MI: Wayne State University Press, 2019. (\$32.99)**

A fascinating study of the legends that supported the reputation of the Galilean city of Safed (Tzfat) as a center of Jewish mysticism -- legends that again and again test the boundaries between everyday life and mystical experience.

***Jack Zipes, ed. *Charles Godfrey Leland and His Magical Tales*. Detroit, MI: Wayne State University Press, 2020. (\$32.99)**

This excellent selection of tales of magic from five collections by Leland, an enterprising 19th-century folklorist, presents unusual stories from Algonquin Natives, Florentine Italians, Virgil, and Romani people.

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 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.

A still life composition featuring various natural elements. In the center, numerous blueberries are scattered across a dark background. Interspersed among them are a few red berries on thin stems. Pine needles, some green and some brown, are scattered throughout the scene. In the bottom left corner, a bundle of cinnamon sticks is tied together with a thick, light-colored rope. The overall aesthetic is rustic and natural.

-TAMING THE BEAST-

Story Crafting



King Frost and King Winter

Margaret T. Canby

King Winter lives in a very strong palace near the cold North Pole; it is built of great blocks of thick ice, and all around it stand high, pointed icebergs, and cross, white bears keep guard at the gate. He has many little fairy servants to do his bidding and they are like their master, cross and spiteful, and seldom do any kind actions, so that few are found who love them. King Winter is rich and powerful, but he keeps all his wealth so tightly locked up that it does no one any good; and what is worse, he often tries to get the treasures of other persons, to add to the store in his money chests.

One day when this selfish old king was walking through the woods he saw the leaves thickly covered with gold and precious stones, which had been spread upon them by King Frost, to make the trees more beautiful and give pleasure to all who saw them. But looking at them did not satisfy King Winter; he wanted to have the gold for his own, and he made up his mind to get it, somehow. Back he went to his palace to call his servants home to do this new work. As soon as he reached the gate, he blew a loud, shrill note on his horn and in a few minutes his odd little fairies came flying in at the windows and doors and stood before him quietly waiting their commands. The king ordered some to go out into the forest, at nightfall, armed with canes and clubs, and beat off all the gold and ruby leaves; and he told others to take strong bags, and gather up all the treasure, and bring it to him.

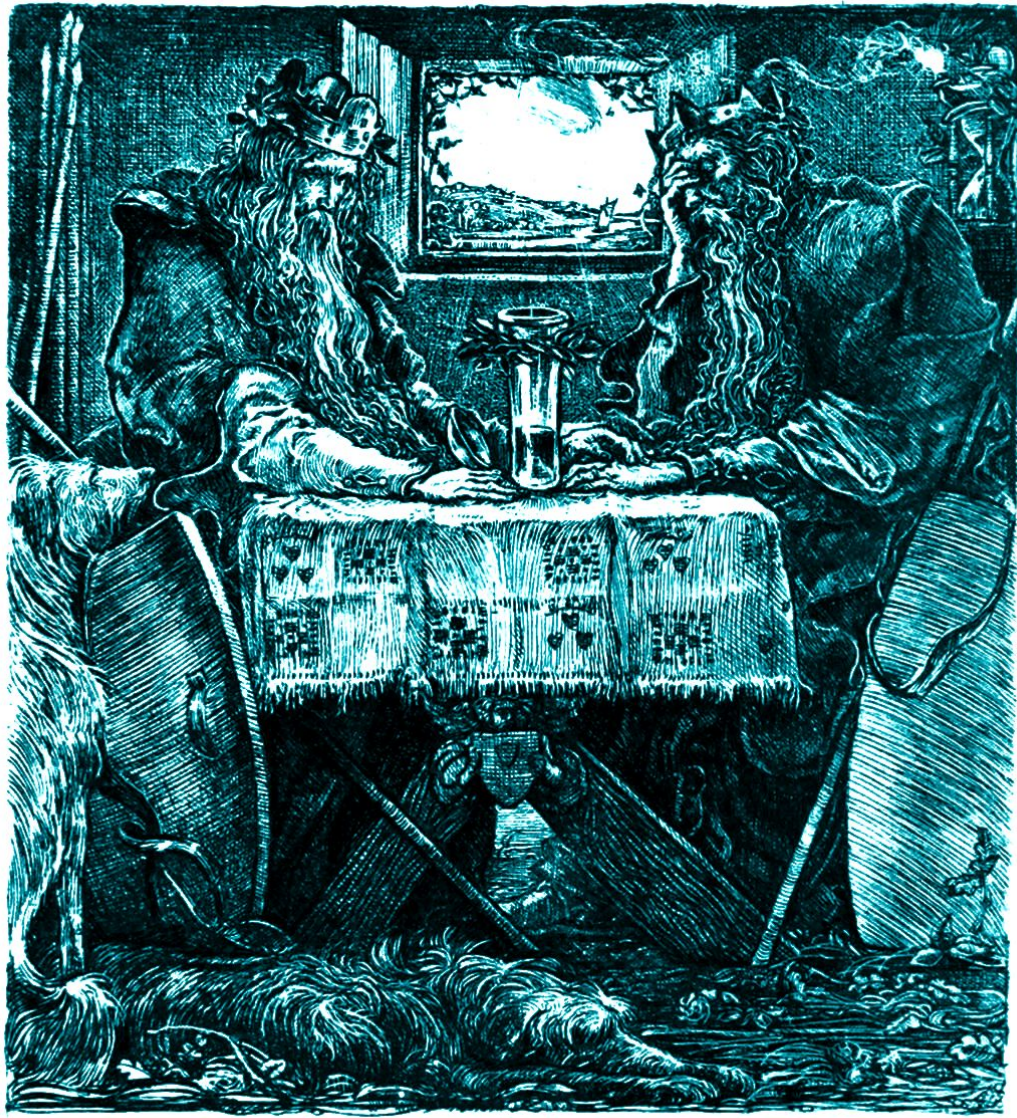
“If that silly King Frost does not think any more of gold and precious stones than to waste them on trees I shall teach him better,” said the old king.

The fairies promised to obey him, and as soon as night came, off they rushed to the forest, and a terrible noise they made, flying from one beautiful tree to another, banging and beating the leaves off. Branches were cracking and falling on all sides, and leaves were flying about, while the sound of shouting and laughing and screaming told all who heard it that the spiteful winter fairies were at some mischief. The other fairies followed, and gathered up the poor shattered leaves, cramming them into the great bags they had brought, and taking them to King Winter’s palace as fast as they were filled.

This work was kept up nearly all night and when morning came, the magic forest of many-colored leaves was changed into a dreary place. Bare trees stretched their long brown branches around and seemed to shiver in the cold wind and to sigh for the beautiful dress of shining leaves so rudely torn from them.

King Winter was very much pleased, as one great sack after another was tugged in by the fairies and when morning came he called his servants together and said, “You have all worked well, my fairies, and have saved much treasure from being wasted; I will now open these bags and show you the gold. Each of you shall have a share.”

The king took up the sack nearest to him, [imagine] their surprise, when out rushed a great heap of brown leaves, which flew all over the floor and half choked them with dust! When the king saw this he growled with rage and looked at the fairies with a dark frown on his face. They begged him to look at the next sack, but when he did so, it, too, was full of brown leaves, instead of gold and precious stones. This was too much for King Winter’s patience. He tossed the bags one by one out of the palace window, and would have tossed the unlucky fairies after them, had not some of the bravest ones knelt down and asked for mercy, telling him they had obeyed his orders, and, if King Frost had taken back his treasure, they were not to blame.



This turned their master's anger against King Frost, and very angry and fierce he was. He gnashed his great teeth with rage and rushed up and down in his palace, until it shook again. At last he made up his mind to go out that night, break down King Frost's beautiful palace, and take away all his riches.

When night came, he started out with all his fairies. Some were armed with the clubs they had beaten off the leaves with, and others had lumps of ice to throw at their enemy; but the king had been so angry all day that he had not told them what to do; also, he had left their sharp spears locked up. He wrapped himself in his great white cloak of swan's down in order that he might look very grand, and so they went on their way.

King Frost lived on the other side of the wood, and he had heard all the noise made by the winter fairies in spoiling the trees and had seen the next morning the mischief they had done. It made him very sorry to find the beautiful leaves all knocked off and taken away, and he determined to punish King Winter by going to attack his palace that night. He spent the day making ready and dressing himself and his servants in shining coats of ice-armour and giving each one several spears and darts of ice tipped with sharp diamond points. They looked like brave little soldiers.



The two groups of fairies met in the midst of the great wood. After some words between the kings, their servants fell to blows and a great battle they had. The winter fairies fought with their clubs and threw lumps of ice at the frost fairies; but their clubs were weak from being used so roughly the night before and soon broke; and when their ice-balls were all thrown away they could find no more. But King Frost had armed his servants well, and they threw their icy darts among the winter fairies. The trees, too, seemed to fight on the Frost King's side. The bare twigs pulled their hair and the branches ripped their ice clothes wherever they could. So the winter fairies had the worst of it and at last started off at full speed and rushed through the woods, never stopping till they reached the palace, and shut themselves in—leaving their king, who was too proud to run, all alone with King Frost and his fairies. You may be sure they were not very merciful to him. They began to pull his cloak, calling out, "Give us your cloak to keep our trees warm. You stole their pretty leaves; you must give us your cloak."

Now this was a magic cloak and had been given to King Winter by the Queen of the fairies, so when he felt them pulling at it, he wrapped it tightly about him, and began to run. After him flew the frost fairies, pulling and plucking at his great white cloak, snatching out a bit here and a bit there and laughing and shouting while King Winter howled and roared and rushed along, not knowing where he went. On they flew up and down the wood in and out among the trees, their way marked by the scattered bits of white down from King Winter's cloak. When day began King Winter found himself near his own palace. He dashed his tattered cloak to the ground and rushed through the gate, shaking his fist at King Frost.

He and his fairies took the cloak. As they went home through the woods they hung beautiful wreaths of white down on all the trees and also trimmed the branches with their broken spears and darts, which shone like silver in the sunlight, and made the woods look as bright --almost-- as before it had been robbed of its golden and ruby leaves. Even the ground was covered with shining darts and white feathers. Everyone thought it very beautiful, and no one could tell how it happened. (Adapted.)

*This work is available to all
in the public domain.*

COMING AND GOING

By Henry Ward Beecher

There came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. How beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by and pitied them because they were not birds.

In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another and another, till five little birds were hatched! Now the father-bird sang louder and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew.

The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open wide, so that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father-bird to the mother-bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! The two old birds talking and chatting to make the young ones go alone! In a little time they had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food, and built their own nests, and sang their own songs of joy.

Then the old birds sat silent and looked at each other, until the mother-bird said, "Why don't you sing?" And he answered, "I can't sing--I can only think and think." "What are you thinking of?" "I am thinking how everything changes: the leaves are falling off from this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away. Something calls me, and I feel as if I would like to fly far away."

"Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north: far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south: there they saw flowers and green leaves! All day they flew; and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter--where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.





–STORYCOLOGY–

Storytelling for Environmental Awareness and Action

“We believe that the future of humankind depends on our stewardship of the Earth and that storytelling plays a major role in educating, informing, sparking conversations, and moving people towards taking actions for a more sustainable world.”

Stories That Rocks Tell Us

By Bowen Lee for Storycology



Happiness Runs

Little pebble upon the sand
Now you're lying here in my hand.
How many years have you been here?
Little human upon the sand
From where I'm lying here in your hand
You to me are but a passing breeze.

The sun will always shine where you stand
Depending in which land
You may find yourself.
Now you have my blessing,
Go your way.

Happiness runs in a circular motion.
Thought is like a little boat upon the sea.
Everybody is a part of everything anyway.
You can have everything if you let yourself be.
Happiness runs, happiness runs.

Donovan

The Story Rock

A Seneca Tale

Long ago, life was hard for people, especially on long, dark winter nights. A boy was hunting one day, and being tired at the end of the hunt, rested near a great stone. He heard a deep voice.

“Now I will tell you a story, but you must give me something first.”

It was the great stone that was talking. The boy did not know what a story was, but he gave the stone one of the birds he had caught. The stone told him a story about how the world was created, and while he listened to the story, the boy was no longer tired, and the wind did not blow harshly and the weather was not cold. The boy thanked the stone and went home, where he told his family the story. It made them happy to hear it, and they slept peacefully.

In the next days, the boy returned to the stone after the hunt, and laid a piece of game for the stone. The stone would tell the boy a story, which the boy would tell his family, and all the people of the village.

One day, the stone told the boy that it had told the last story. Now, it was up to people to tell the stories to each other, and to their children, and so the stories will pass on. Where there are stories, there will be more stories.

That is how stories came to the people, and why, when the storyteller finishes a tale, the people always give thanks. We appreciate the original teller of stories, the great stone. So when you hear a story, thank a rock.

The fourth-grade class I teach now needs calming down after the release of pent-up energy at lunch recess. So, to focus them enough for them to be imprisoned behind a desk for the rest of the afternoon, we do mindfulness. Last week I gathered rocks from my yard and brought them to school, and as each child entered the classroom from recess, they took a rock.

I held one in my palm and led the kids through breathing and observing. We examined the colors in the rock, the patterns. We noticed the shape and the weight of the rock, then turned it over and did the same to the other side. Then I said, “Now thank your rock,” and as I thanked mine, it grew light as a feather in my hand. “Did your rock thank you back?” I asked my students. Several of them nodded their heads. They had felt their rocks do something.

Rocks are sentient beings. If you hadn’t known this before, just try being mindful with a rock. So many cultures acknowledge the sacred nature of rocks as living entities. Native American stories tell us that stories came from, and were given to us, by a rock.

Storyteller Linda Yemoto, a former park ranger, says the best way for people to do something about climate change is to have them connect with nature. There are rocks everywhere. You don’t have to go far to find a rock; my neighbors have torn out their lawns and spread gravel and river rocks all over their yards. Connect with a rock. In other words, appreciate the rock for what it is, formed in the earth and a component of the earth itself, and you connect with nature. It isn’t “just a rock.” It is an enduring part of the earth that makes it possible for human beings to live on this planet, and rocks will endure long past our time here.

Connect with a rock, have a relationship with one. I don’t mean make one a pet rock. Just appreciate it for what it is, and you won’t perceive nature in the same way any longer. Your sense of time alters, the fleeting nature of life becomes apparent, and appreciation for your life and the natural world that makes it possible unfolds.

So, talk to a rock. Have people who aren’t convinced of climate change and their responsibility to the planet talk to a rock. The conversation can change your life.

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.



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>

-TEACHER TALES & TENTACLES-





Teacher Tales & Tentacles



Science is the story of the universe. Every waking moment can be a moment to wonder and ask questions. Sometimes people have trouble transforming the awe of what they see around them or of their curiosities, so that discoveries are unable to be made. Or, the discoveries could still be made but then some people stumble on the words -- or stories -- to express to others.

Science storytelling is needed. Are you the kind of storyteller or story-teacher who feels drawn to this type of instruction? What have you done in the past to merge Science with art?

Branches of Science and sub-groups:

- Natural Sciences
 - Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- Social Sciences
 - Psychology, Sociology, Anthropology, Economics, Archaeology, History, Geography, Law, Politics
- Formal Sciences
 - Mathematics, Logic, Computer Science, Data Science, Statistics, Systems Science, Artificial Intelligence, Information Technology.

Are your synapses firing now with stories? Ponder one of the branches or sub-groups. Any favorite teachers? Successful or failed experiments? Geniuses or lesser-knowns that need to be recognized? You can have Science storytelling easily if you so choose.

Standard of the Month:

The United States is unique among TIMSS countries (Trends in International Mathematics and Science Study) as there is not an official, nationally-defined curriculum. Many states have similar standards, phrases, or words, so it feels like it is national when it is not. Thus, we will introduce words you will find common. Please check the state standards where you will be teaching or performing. Search by the featured phrase or word.

Engaging intelligently in public discourse and debate about matters of scientific and technological concern is considered a skill that combines communication, creativity, and problem-solving. When reaching secondary school levels, giving a presentation (or a story) can mean the difference between your discoveries being acknowledged and celebrated or ignored and forgotten. Know how to structure your presentation in an engaging manner to blend those facts with emotions.

National Site to Also Find State Standards: <https://www.ed.gov>



Under the Same Sky ***- Guiding Lights to Education and Training -*** ***By Cassandra Wye***

At the start of pandemic, I had zero interest in storytelling online. I work around the globe with children, young people, and adults who are marginalized from accessing arts and education (socially, politically, or economically excluded) because they are disabled, living in poverty, refugees, or living in remote rural areas.

I specialize in Science storytelling using Sky-lore and Earth-lore stories to introduce Science in a way that actively engages children -- including children with additional needs -- and sparks their curiosity to learn. I spend my time traveling thousands of miles a year, bringing education to communities who otherwise wouldn't be able to participate, would not be able to learn.

I am passionate about inclusion. Yet, I have never stopped to think there might be other ways to offer guiding lights to encourage participation.

At first with the lockdown, I was furious that my year's worth of work had disappeared overnight. Then, I became furious on behalf of all the children in care, refugee children, and children with profound disabilities who had seen their desperately needed care, support, and education disappear overnight.

How could this be right? Was what I did for a living no longer needed? No, the children and families trapped at home needed all the support they could get. But where was that support? I saw lots of storytelling online, most of it fabulous. But where was the storytelling that was geared to meet the needs of the communities I work with?

I had to find a way of translating what I do face-to-face into a remote process of entertainment and education.

But how? Hope Lewis of World Virtual Storytelling Guild taught me how to run storytelling sessions via Zoom. Hands Up Project taught me to run Facebook Live sessions, based on their years of experience in remote teaching with children in Palestine. Many National Storytelling Network members de-mystified the concepts of "webcam," "ethernet cables," and so on.

I secured funding from Arts Council England, allowing me to offer storytelling for free to those most in need.

I developed an inclusive Science storytelling curriculum online. I ran storytelling Science sessions with UK's Royal Astronomical Society and audiences worldwide; experimented with storytelling Science for English language learning; and held inclusive sessions for children with profound and multiple disabilities with multi-sensory props created by Textile Artists Extraordinaire Moraig Hewitt.

But I still couldn't figure out how to train others to do what I do online. Training is a crucial strand of my work, but my training is hands-on, practical, and multi-sensory. We dance, sing, and work in groups. How could that possibly work online?

Enter John Mukeni Namai.



He came to join me telling an Earth-lore tale for a Hands Up Facebook session.

John told me about the Somalian refugee community of about 800,000 people who, due to lack of citizenship, are excluded from many forms of training and work. He ran a training program with the Somali community as part of the Zamaleo Arts Collective at the Awjama Cultural Centre in Kenya. He explained to me the effectiveness of the apprenticeship model developed by Zamaleo Acts that guides students through the process of devising their own stories. The students receive a grounding in the East African approach to storytelling that interweaves dance, story, music and song together. Later, they gain practical experience of performing to a live audience. But, due to the pandemic, this program stopped overnight.

I am disabled, and even if borders had been open, I wouldn't be able to tour Kenya. Due to sheltering in place, my mobility had decreased markedly. We needed equipment so we secured funding from British Council Africa for "Under the Same Sky," a pilot hybrid training program in Science storytelling. We bought a microphone, projector and stand, loudspeakers, and connectors. We spent a whole day trying out the equipment to work out how it worked, figuring out where everyone needed to sit (so they could be seen and heard), and finding the quietest spaces so sound didn't bleed from outside from either location. We received extra funding for interpreters in Somali and Swahili.

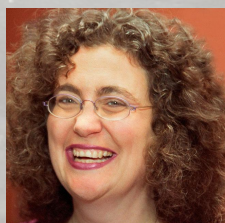
We had help from the media staff at the Cultural Center who advised on what to buy and helped set up each session. We created an eight-week course that meant meeting two afternoons each week with me at home in the UK as well as John and the trainees in the Center. Our "Under the Same Sky" showcase was the first multi-lingual storytelling performance to be delivered in Somali, Swahili, and English to Kenyan audiences. Agan Agero, Patron of Zamaleo Acts, came to watch our performance.

He said:

When I came into this place today, I saw a special place . . . Do not stop. Do not give up. It took me years to gain the confidence to tell stories as you have today. Sometimes I lose confidence still. Sometimes I don't know what I am going to do next. Sometimes none of us do. Storytelling . . . is a journey, sometimes uphill, sometimes downhill. All our children need to hear these stories. And they will remember them. Because they participated in them, through song, through dance, through gesture. They will remember the stories because their bodies will remember, in Swahili, in Somali, and in English. Take this performance to all the corners of Kenya, so that every village within Kenya, whatever language they speak—Somali, Swahili, or English—can enjoy these stories together, under the same sky.

We will. Our trainees continue to perform with Zamaleo Acts. Some use their new skills as part of their training in therapy or education. One is developing his own approach to Science storytelling, bringing back to life Somali stories that have been lost for generations.

Guiding lights can shine forth. Even in the darkest of times.



Cassandra Wye

wesharethesamemoon.org

[To see our trainees in action](#)



John Mukeni Namai

zamaleoact.org

[Short documentary about the project](#)



-JOURNEYS-

*“What marks do you leave in the places you go?
Who sees them?
Don’t you ever wonder?”*



Connecting with Students in Argentina

by Karen Golden

About the Author

Karen Golden is an international storyteller/musician/ teacher, and award-winning recording artist. Her written stories have been published in eight anthology collections. She is also the Founder/ Director of [Creative Learning Place](https://www.karengolden.com/) a homeschool learning center founded in 2009 and she is passionate about creating a paradigm shift in education.

<https://www.karengolden.com/>
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My family at the Pink House – The office of the president of Argentina



Puerto Madryn, Patagonia

In August 2022 I had the amazing fortune to be invited to tell stories in Argentina. My first in-person assemblies for students since March 2020. Boy, was I excited to be able to wear my gold-sequined high-top sneakers again!

My schedule was busy: Traveling to five K – 12 schools in and around Buenos Aires, with 16 shows and a teacher's workshop in six days. I am an ambassador for the English language, so no translator. I arrived a week early and toured with my husband and our adult daughters before hitting the pavement running into my storytelling performances.

In week one we had an amazing adventure visiting the tourist sites in Buenos Aires and open-air markets, and eating our way through the national foods, alfajores: cookies with a dulce de leche filling dipped in chocolate, empanadas, and churipan -- Argentine sausage with flavored mayonnaise toppings.



The Maru in Patagonia

We also travelled to Puerto Madryn, Patagonia, to see the migration of the Southern right whales and other animals I never knew existed like the rhea, (the Argentine ostrich), the guanaco (the Argentine llama), and the maru (think really large, long-legged rabbit).

After all this adventure, it was time for me to concentrate on my school performances. How can I make a connection with students whose first language is not English? I started by doing my homework prior to landing in Argentina. I looked on the websites of the schools, spoke with the teachers, and tried to put together a picture of the students.

I asked the teachers about the English language level of their students. Responses included a range from “Our students understand more than they can speak,” to “Our students have never heard a native English speaker.” I made a list of possible stories, based on these conversations and my research.

On the day of the performance, I arrived at each school early enough to take a tour of the campus. I noticed everything with hawk eyes. The art on the walls, the school culture, even lunch. These are all clues that help me to decide what stories to tell and places for making connection.

I always make my first story participatory for the younger students, and for older students, I start with a story that is short, has a unique plot twist, and includes one of my musical instruments. I keenly observe the audience as I tell that first story and, based on their expressions, I can usually tell how well they are comprehending, and I choose my next story with this feedback in mind.

If I see that they are not understanding, for younger students, I tell a story with more body movement, singing, and call and response; for older students, I tell stories with simple plot lines and I slow down. Sometimes I teach new vocabulary or slang in English.



Signing autographs and receiving fan drawings



The school with neck ties

I insert into my stories the name of their school, and things I have observed. At one school, all of the students wore neck ties, including the girls, so when a character got dressed, they put on a tie. I talk about local foods and customs and instead of saying, “They had a party,” I might say, “They had an asado,” which is an Argentinian barbeque and a big part of the culture. The students loved this.

For younger audiences, I told at least one animal story and was able to connect it to my recent visit with animals in Patagonia. There are no squirrels in Argentina, so I always made sure to tell at least one story about a squirrel. The students squealed with delight when I told them that squirrels live in my back yard.

On my first day of performing to a second-grade class, I told “The Apple Tree’s Discovery.” about an apple and oak tree that are neighbors. The apple tree sees the stars twinkling in the sky and thinks the stars are in the branches of the oak tree. The apple tree longs to have stars inside like the oak. At the end of the story, a wind blows an apple from the tree, and it falls to the ground and splits in two.

As I was standing in front of the students, I cut the apple in two across the middle. I looked inside and expected to see the star, but the apple was rotten! This has never happened to me during the many times I have told this story. This is the point in the story where I say, “The little apple tree looked down and said, I do have a star inside, and the oak tree says, ‘That is what I was trying to tell you all along, we all have stars inside;’ you students all have stars inside.” But the apple was rotten, and I couldn’t exactly say, “We are all rotten inside.”



A story with squirrels



Teaching teachers about storytelling



My last audience – making connection through my Egypt story

The students knew something was not right because I was not going on with the story. As I held the apple, my face had an expression of shock. Thank goodness I had brought two apples that day, and I took out the second apple and was able to finish the story. Yes, there was a star inside and the students clapped and cheered. Then I also showed them the first apple.

At the end of my show, the students gave me hugs and notebook papers with my name written in many colors. My tour manager came up to me and said, “What a great save of your apple story, but I must say, here in Argentina the rotten apple would speak more about our people. Our country has so many problems and so many of us suffer. We all have a bit of rotten inside and that is why every Argentinian has a therapist. Without knowing it, you gave these students a wonderful gift of seeing that some apples have stars, but others are rotten. The same is true of people. We are all a work in progress striving toward perfection.”

I now have the story of telling this story in my repertoire, about how a possible disaster became a powerful teaching moment.

My next 14 shows went smoothly. No big surprises, only great connection. I was worried about my last two performances for high school audiences, because they can be really hard to reach. I noticed a poster of King Tut’s tomb on the wall, and I decided to tell a true story about my crazy adventure to his tomb. The students had been studying about Egypt and this story really worked.

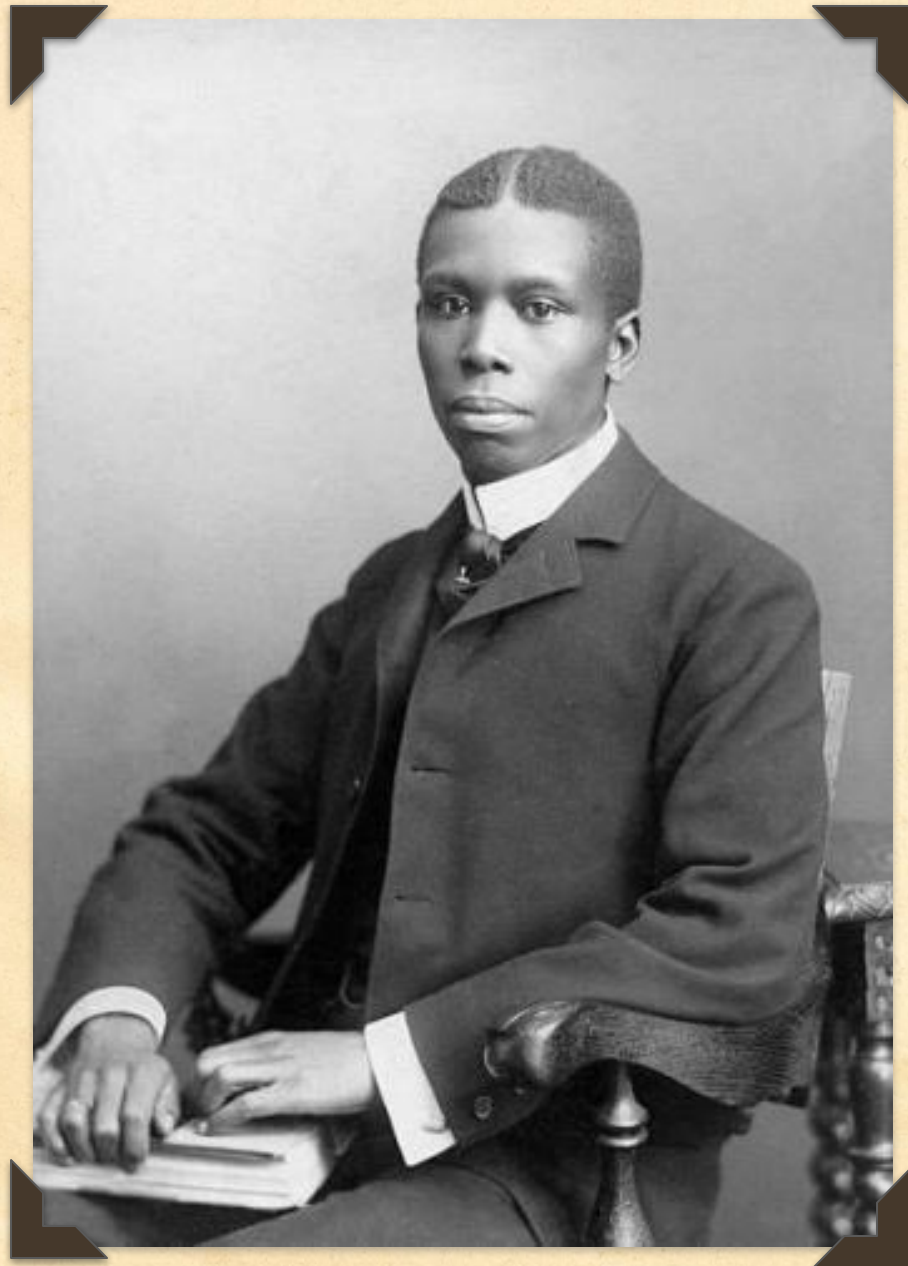
Sometimes making a connection can also mean being vulnerable and willing to take risks.

Because I arrived early to one particular school and was able to take a tour, I learned that they have a tree named “The Tree of Life” in memory of a teacher and nine students who died in a bus accident while on a school trip. I decided to tell a few stories about love and loss, and they resonated with the students, and we made a deep and profound connection. I will never forget these students.

Each time I travel, I learn so much about how similar people really are. Stories truly are the glue that joins our hearts together if we are willing to be flexible and open to what the moment gives us.

-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.



It is not my personal intention to Scrooge on “the season to be jolly.” But I find Dunbar’s poetic voice in “A Little Christmas Basket” speaks loud and clear to the spiritually commercialism of this western holiday. The giving and receiving during famine and poverty is food for thought in all cultures, especially with those who celebrate Jesus’s birthday or Santa’s universal generosity.

Back in the day, while studying and performing for our annual theater production of Lyrics of Love and Laughter with Bob Jones Dance Troupe of the Coatesville Cultural Society, “Christmas Basket” was one of our favorite duet monologues.

Imagine, the local pastor arrives to collect tithes as a special someone makes it plain, in both a Southern and in a Northern attitude of yesterday and today.



Love of Dunbar!

A Literary Discussion & Performance Meetup!

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

Register: www.TinyUrl.com/PDunbar

A Little Christmas Basket

by Paul Laurence Dunbar

SOUTHERN VERSION

De win' is hollahin' "Daih you" to de shuttahs an'
de fiah,
De snow's a-sayin' "Got you" to de groun',
Fu' de wintah weathah's come widout a-askin'
ouah desiah,
An' he's laughin' in his sleeve at whut he foun';
Fu' dey ain't nobody ready wid dey fuel er dey
food,
An' de money bag look timid lak, fu' sho',
So we want ouah Chrismus sermon, but we'd lak it
ef you could
Leave a little Chrismus basket at de do'.

Wha's de use o' tellin' chillen 'bout a Santy er a
Nick,
An' de sto'ies dat a body allus tol'?
When de harf is gray wid ashes an' you hasn't got
a stick
Fu' to warm dem when dey little toes is col'?
Wha's de use o' preachin' 'ligion to a man dat's
sta'ved to def,
An' a-tellin' him de Mastah will pu'vide?
Ef you want to tech his feelin's, save yo' sermons
an' yo' bref,
Tek a little Chrismus basket by yo' side.

'Tain't de time to open Bibles an' to lock yo' cellah
do',
'Tain't de time to talk o' bein' good to men;
Ef you want to preach a sermon ez you nevah
preached befo',
Preach dat sermon wid a shoat er wid er hen;
Bein' good is heap sight bettah den a-dallyin' wid
sin,
An' dey ain't nobody roun' dat knows it mo',
But I t'ink dat 'ligion's sweeter w'en it kind o'
mixes in
Wid a little Chrismus basket at de do'.

NORTHERN VERSION

The wind is hollering "Dare you" to the shutters
and the fire,

The snow's a sayin' "Got you" to the ground.
For the winters weather's come without asking our
desire,
And he's laughing in his sleeve at what he found;
For they ain't nobody ready with they fuel or they
food.
An the money bag look timid like for sure.
So we want our Christmas sermon, but we'd like it
if you could
Leave a little Christmas basket at the door.

What's the use of telling children about a Santy or
a Nick,
And the stories that a body's always told?
When the hearth is grey with ashes and you hasn't
got a stick
For to warm them when they little toes is cold?
What's the use of preaching religion to a man's
who's starved to death.
And telling him the Master will provide?
If you want to touch his feelings, save your
sermons and your breath.
Take a little Christmas basket by your side.

It's not the time to open bibles and to lock your
cellar door.
It's not the time to talk of being good to men;
If you want to preach a sermon as you never
preached before.
Preach that sermon with a shoat or with a hen;
Being good is a heap sight better then dallying
with sin,
And there ain't nobody around that knows it more,
But I think that religion's sweeter when it kind of
mixes in
With a little Christmas basket at the door.



-FUSIONS-



The Calon Arang: A Balinese Legend

Retold by Brandon Spars Art by Clara Sasmita Spars



It was 11:30 PM, and I was pedaling home on my bicycle. I lived in a modest house of unplastered bricks on Jalan Nangka outside of Denpasar, Bali, Indonesia. It was about five kilometers outside the city of Denpasar. The house is still there, but whereas the house used to be in the middle of rice fields, now it is surrounded by enormous warehouses.

Every day around four in the afternoon, I would descend into the city with a bicycle that the landlord lent me. Classes at the college were from five in the evening to ten-thirty at night. I taught English.

Coming down on the busy street in daylight was fine, but going home in the darkness was a different matter. Before making the bike ride home, I would cross the street to the night market and eat fried rice with my students. Then they would help me as I gathered ammunition. Most teachers kept papers in their briefcase, but I kept rocks! The street was quiet and all but abandoned for most of the journey, but at least a dozen neighborhood dogs would be waiting for me as I arrived at the Tonja Intersection.

As I neared the intersection, I would build up momentum, then throw my legs up on the handlebars. Coasting through, I would unload the rocks into the snouts of the dogs. There were snarls, and there were yelps of pain. Twice my pants were ripped; once, I needed stitches.



One night on a full moon, I expected a terrible fight with the dogs. But, as I neared the intersection, to my surprise, there were none. I coasted through. I even did a victory lap in the middle of the intersection. Why weren't there any dogs?

On the other side of the intersection, I began the slog up the hill toward Gang Dewi Sita. Then I stopped. In the pale, blue moonlight I saw something large in the middle of the road. It was moving fast from side to side -- a large dog, I thought. Then it stopped, and reared up on its hind legs. It was enormous, much bigger than a dog.

I remained frozen as whatever it was seemed to study me from a hundred feet away. Then it rushed toward me with surprising speed. I turned my bike around to head back downtown, but it had already arrived within a yard of me. It stopped. I held my breath. It raised an enormous claw against the luminescence of the night sky. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. Then, whatever it was let out a blood curdling howl. All of my hair stood on end; I felt faint.

Lights bobbed around me, and I thought I was losing consciousness. There were people in brightly colored clothing holding my arms and gently leading me to the side of the road. A ritual, The Calon Arang, was being moved from its place in the Pura Dalem, to this crossroads. The thing with claws was the Goddess, Rangda. A man wearing the horrifying, white fanged mask was believed to be possessed by the Goddess herself. In this appearance she had been displeased with her congregation and stormed out of the temple. She had sprinted down the street, and now the people were just catching up to her. Traffic was stopped in all directions. Priests laid offerings right in the middle of the intersection. The gamelan struck up. Then the Barong, a mythical dragon-like creature played by two people, arrived, and the ritual continued.

Exhausted and still trembling, I headed home.





The next day, I asked some of my students about the ritual, and about Rangda. They told me the legend behind this goddess that was acted out regularly in temples by members of the congregation wearing masks.

In the beginning of the eleventh century in East Java, there arose a perfect kingdom. Their king, Erlangga, fostered the arts and learning, and writing was brought to Indonesia taking the form of the lontar poetry and chronicles. One of the greatest of these chronicles is written about this very king and his kingdom. It is known as The Calon Arang.

From the fields, fat cattle, sleek buffaloes, and rice bending under the weight of the ripening grain were regular sights, and from every hut came the sounds of laughter and the warm chatter of families. There was no poverty nor disease, and everyone in the kingdom was happy -- all except for one person in the outlying village of Girah. It was a widow, known as Walu Nateng Dirah, whose main concern was finding an adequate match for her beautiful daughter, Ratna Manggali.

All the young men in the village, while they found Ratna Manggali to be quite beautiful, feared the widow, for they suspected, rightly, she was a powerful practitioner of black magic.

Indignant, Walu Nateng Dirah demanded that the king himself, Erlangga, marry her daughter, but the king refused. This rejection started off a series of terrible events that nearly brought ruin to the great kingdom. At midnight, the widow summoned her helpers, known as sisya, who gathered around her to receive their instructions.

In high-pitched, eerie chanting, Walu Nateng Dirah ordered them to “take what was happy, healthy, and prosperous, and replace it with misery, disease, and poverty.”

They shrieked, “We will take what is happy, healthy, and prosperous, and replace it with misery, disease, and poverty.”

“Now go,” Walu Nateng Dirah growled. “And spread death to all corners of the kingdom!”

The effects were immediate. The rice began to wither in the fields. The skin began to hang off the gaunt frames of the cattle and buffalo. People became mysteriously ill. The laughter and warm chatter gave way to tears.

King Erlangga met with his advisors to see what could be done. They recommended that he summon a great sage from the forest, whose name was Mpu Baradah. He lived in the woods, practicing meditation and yoga. Mpu Baradah could sit so still that ants would build their nests over his body. He could meditate with such focus that he might cause trees to burst into blossom, rivers and creeks to boil and bubble.

Meanwhile Walu Nateng Dirah continued to send her siswa out, and things only became worse in Erlangga's realm.

At the king's request, Mpu Baradah made the journey out to Girah to face the witch. As he walked further away from the realm toward Girah, the scenery became more and more depressing, then hopeless, and finally horrific. He passed rotting rice fields like black, fetid cesspools, then a dead buffalo that was so swollen with the gasses of decomposition that it looked like an elephant carcass, and then, to his horror, in the middle of the road, Mpu Baradah found the tiny corpse of a baby, half eaten by dogs.

The ground became black and oily, and the sickeningly sweet stench of death filled his nostrils. Flies buzzed everywhere. Mpu Baradah knew he was close.

A small hut stood surrounded by scorched ground. Mpu Baradah sensed that the witch was inside.

"Come out, Walu Nateng Dirah" he challenged, but the hut remained eerily silent.

"I know you have taken the prosperity of these people, and replaced it with poverty." But the hut remained silent.

"I know you have taken the health of these people and replaced it with disease." But still the hut remained silent.

"I know you have taken the happiness of this entire kingdom and replaced it with despair and hopelessness." Still silence.





What Mpu Baradah didn't know was that inside the hut, a transformation was taking place. Walu Nateng Dirah was summoning all of her powers.

The door to the hut opened, and a clawed hand held the door frame. Behind the claw, glowing eyes were visible. Her swollen tongue was bursting through her lips and hung down to her waist. Flames of enchantment flickered from her eyes, her nose, and the corners of her mouth. In one hand she held a white piece of cloth on which she had written powerful mantras of black magic. She lurched forward toward the sage.

Mpu Baradah unsheathed his keris and flew at her. He drilled the sacred weapon into her bristling body.

The Calon Arang didn't resist his assault in the slightest. Remaining completely limp in his grasp, she effortlessly repelled the blade.

Weakened by his contact, the sage withdrew. The Calon Arang seemed to be invulnerable. She gave a piercing shriek of triumph.



Mpu Baradah quickly slipped into a deep meditation to summon all of his powers, and then he, too, began to transform. He took the form of a never before seen dragon, with a red face, enormous, bulging, bright eyes, and a long, square, black beard.

The two began to fight. Fire flew in every direction. They chased each other, grappled, and threw one another.

Their fighting took them out of the kingdom to the coast of East Java. They fought in the water through the strait and arrived on the beaches of Bali. They fought around the north coast and down the east coast. The Calon Arang dropped her cloth on the beach of what is now Sanur. Today, the most powerful practitioner of black magic in all of Southeast Asia is rumored to live somewhere in Sanur and own that scarf, but nobody knows who it is. The two continued their raging battle on Sanur Beach into the surf and under the water facing Nusa Penida, where it is said they continue their eternal battle to this very day.

CULTURAL NOTE

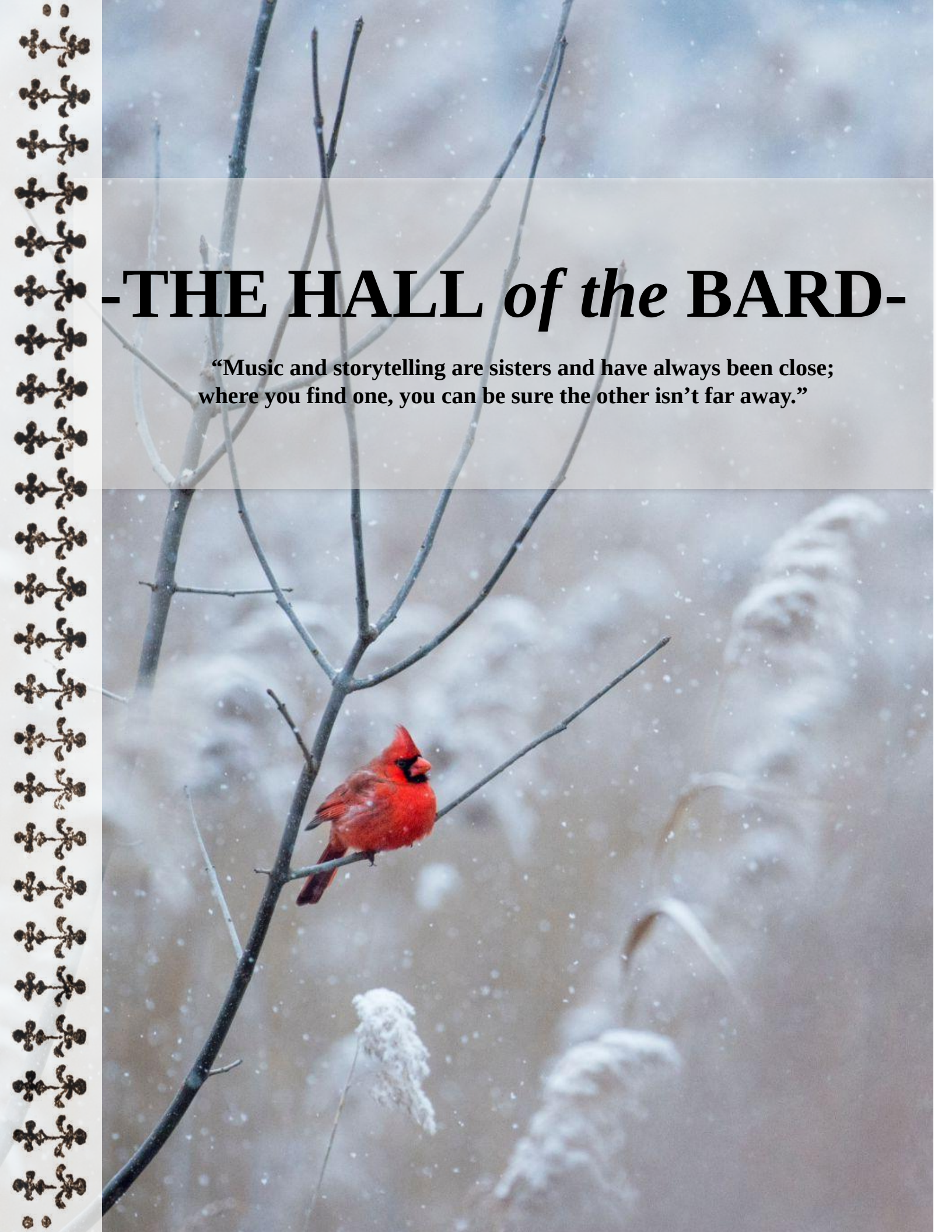
The Calon Arang is a legend that has been retold with masked actors in Balinese villages for centuries, right up to the present day. The drama is performed as part of a cleansing ritual for the village in the Pura Dalem -- one of the three kinds of temples in Bali. The actors playing the parts of the Ranga and the Barong wearing masks are in trances, believed to be possessed by the powerful spirits of these respective deities whose presences are required for effective cleansing. This ritual is performed approximately twice each year as well as for special circumstances such as illness in the community or a blight on the rice. While the mask is associated with the "evil" character Ranga, she plays a useful, positive role for the village. She is deliberately sought by villagers who consider her to be a guardian because her powerful presence drives away other negative and harmful elements such as disease and black magic.



Fusion Head Editor About the Author

As a teacher of both high school humanities and college writing, Brandon has always brought storytelling into his lessons. He has contributed to countless workshops and conferences on the intersection between storytelling, ancient history, and pedagogy. He is the author of four books on storytelling. You can find out more about him at www.brandonspars.com

Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work

A red cardinal is perched on a bare, dark branch in a snowy landscape. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white and grey, suggesting a winter scene with falling snow. The cardinal is facing right, with its bright red feathers contrasting sharply with the muted background. The branch it sits on is thin and dark, with a few small, snow-covered buds visible. The overall mood is quiet and serene.

-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.”

JACK FROST

By Gabriel Setoun

The door was shut as doors should be
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your windows silver white.

He must have waited till you slept,
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away before you woke.

And now you cannot see the trees
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields,
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze,
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
And islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake, you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.



*This work is available to all
in the public domain.*

THE FROST KING

By Mary Mapes Dodge

Oho! have you seen the Frost King,
A-marching up the hill? His hoary face is
stern and pale, His touch is icy chill. He
sends the birdlings to the South, He bids
the brooks be still; Yet not in wrath or
cruelty He marches up the hill.

He will often rest at noontime, To see the
sunbeams play; And flash his spears of
icicles, Or let them melt away. He'll toss
the snowflakes in the air, Nor let them go
nor stay; Then hold his breath while
swift they fall, That coasting boys may
play.

He'll touch the brooks and rivers wide,
That skating crowds may shout; He'll
make the people far and near Remember
he's about. He'll send his nimble, frosty
Jack— Without a shade of doubt— To
do all kinds of merry pranks, And call
the children out;

He'll sit upon the whitened fields, And
reach his icy hand O'er houses where the
sudden cold Folks cannot understand. The
very moon, that ventures forth From
clouds so soft and grand, Will stare to see
the stiffened look That settles o'er the
land.

And so the Frost King o'er the hills, And
o'er the startled plain, Will come and go
from year to year Till Earth grows young
again— Till Time himself shall cease to
be, Till gone are hill and plain: Whenever
Winter comes to stay, The hoary King
shall reign.



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in the public domain.*

-HEALING SPRINGS-



The Pine and The Willow

A Japanese Tale

Retold by Mine Morishima

In a beautiful large garden, among many kinds of trees and shrubs, there stood a tall fine Pine tree, and near to him, and almost as tall, a graceful Willow.

One dark winter morning the wind blew hard and the clouds showed that a storm was coming soon.

The Pine felt lonesome, as little children often do and thought he would talk to the Willow. So he said, "Friend Willow, your branches are trembling. I am sorry for you, for I know you are afraid of the storm that is coming. I wish you were like me. I am so strong nothing can hurt me. The frost cannot change the colour of my leaves nor the wind blow them off; occasionally, some old ones may fall on the ground, but there are always new ones to take their places—and I am the only tree in this large garden that is always fresh and bright. As for you, dear Willow, your branches all hang down, you have no leaves now and, as you are neither strong nor pretty and shake in such a little wind, of what good are you to yourself, or to anyone else?"

"Dear Pine," the Willow answered, "I do not tremble with fear, for I am not afraid, but God made me so that the wind would move my branches very easily, and that I should not have leaves in the wintertime. By and by I shall have delicate green leaves and blossoms, and I thank Him for giving me a beautiful summer dress, even though I go bare in cold weather. It must be very beautiful to be strong and handsome, as you are, and I am happy in having so good a friend."

While they were talking the wind had grown much stronger, and now the rain came pouring down. The Pine stood up angrily against the wind, scolding with a hin, hin, hin, while the Willow bent and swayed to and fro and all the other trees bowed their heads.

Then the Pine said, "Willow, why do you not push this rude wind away instead of yielding to him; you are cowardly to let him abuse you so, when you might resist him, as I do."

Then the Willow answered, "There are many ways to keep oneself from harm, and I do not like to resist any one with force."

The Pine was vexed at the Willow and would say no more but battled with the wind he could no longer hold back. Then his branches were torn and his top broken off; they fell to the ground and the proud tree was a sad sight.

But the Willow bent her branches and yielded to the wind, and so was unhurt.

The next morning, when the rain had ceased and the sun shone brightly, the owner of the garden came out to see how his trees had stood the storm. When he saw the broken Pine he thought it was too bad to have a broken tree in his fine garden, so he ordered the gardener to move the Pine into the back yard.

After a time, spring came, and the Willow put forth her lovely green leaves and everyone who passed looked at the graceful tree and said, "How beautiful she is, how gentle she seems!"

The little birds built their nests in her branches, and soon baby birds came, which made the tree very happy. The butterflies danced around in the sunshine and all summer little children loved to play in the shade of the drooping Willow.

And when the Pine peeped in from the back yard, and saw how happy and beautiful the Willow was, and how the children, the birds, and the butterflies loved to play about her, he thought, "If only I had been less proud of my own strength, then might I, too, be standing in that beautiful garden with my crown of leaves, and with young life all about me."

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in the public domain.*

-PUZZLES and GAMES-

"Curiouser and curiouser!"

Riddle

There is a word of seven letters;
the first two refer to man, the first
three refer to woman, the first four
signify a great man, the seven a
great woman.

-SB

Last Month's Answer: Time.

Riddle

's Answer;



LOST WORD SOCIETY

by Carmen Agra Deedy

Once again it's time to play along with Carmen Agra Deedy's LOST WORD SOCIETY.

The Holidays and Winter are here and this word seemed right for the season! We have stepped into the Way Back Machine and have journeyed far into the past to find yet another rarely used word in modern English.

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. This time we have an odd one for you, so put on your thinking caps and away we go!

DEOCH AN DORIS (n.) (däḱ-ən- 'dôr-əs)

1) Ignoring the quacking, she did all she could, blocking up the chimney, closing and locking the windows and doors, even closing down the vent, else it would be the deoch an doris.

2) "Get the doech an doris! Tell his Grace, the Duke, that the storm grows worse and convince the others too that we must get to the Inn to take shelter."

3) He racked his brains on how to get Doris, his wife, to eat the fowl, as his inheritance of the estate was based upon whether he could get the deoch an doris.

Last Month's Lost Word:

SAGINATE (v.) Rare.- to fatten up, as with livestock.



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

Minute Mysteries

by Harold Austin Ripley

Upstairs and Down

“Let’s hear your story,” said Inspector Kelley to Policeman Kirk, as Fordney dropped into a comfortable chair at Headquarters.

“The neighbors were worried because they hadn’t seen old lady Brill about for a couple of days and asked me to investigate.

“Getting no answer to my ring, I broke open the front door, ran upstairs, and, not seeing her, ran down and through the hall, unlocked the kitchen door, and found her on the floor, a bullet through her heart and a gun beside her. The windows and the doors to the porch and cellar were locked on the inside and nothing seemed to be disturbed.

“Looked like suicide to me. However, I learned her nephew was at the house yesterday about the time the doctor said she died, so I brought him in,” concluded Kirk.

“Why did you run upstairs before examining the lower floor?” asked Kelley.

“Thought I heard a noise up there, sir,” replied the policeman.

“Any finger-prints on the gun?” inquired Fordney.

“Just those of the old lady,” answered Kelley.

“I have a key to the house,” interrupted the nephew. “I went in yesterday, called to her, but she didn’t answer, so I thought she’d gone out.”

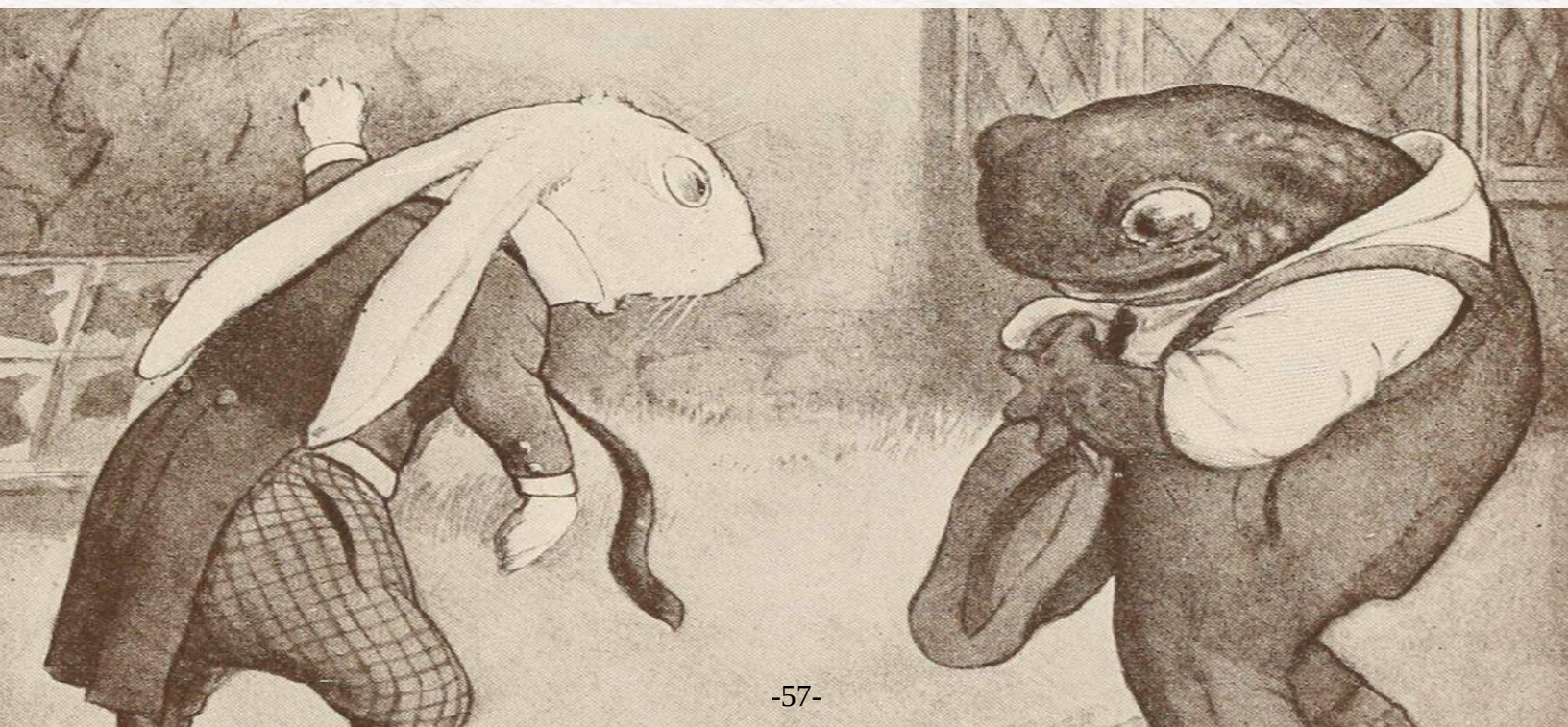
“Did you go upstairs?” asked the Professor.

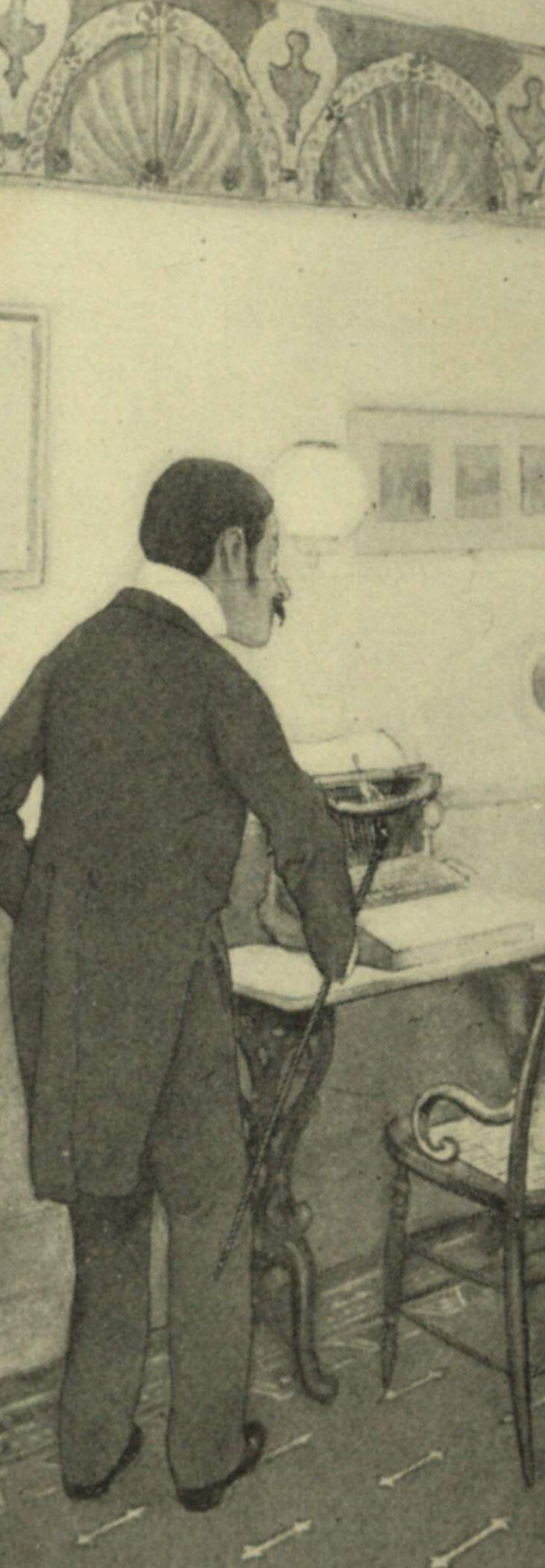
“Yes, I ran up there, calling her name, but came right down again and left immediately.”

“Well, Kelley, of course it’s murder—as you probably know. I suppose you’ll hold this fellow?”

“I certainly intend to,” replied the Inspector.

How did Fordney know the old lady had been murdered?





The Christmas Eve Tragedy

“Professor Fordney,” said Sheriff Brown, of Lake Dalton, “I came to New York to ask your help in clearing up the murder of Horace Perkins at Luckley Lodge.”

“Sit down and tell me about it,” invited Fordney.

“The family chauffeur, returning from the station at ten o’clock on Christmas Eve, found Perkins lying in a field, five yards off the Lodge drive, with his skull bashed in.

“He telephoned me immediately and I instructed him to see that nothing was disturbed. Arriving fifteen minutes later, I personally examined the ground so no clues would be destroyed.

“The only footprints to be found were six of Perkins’s leading from the drive to the spot where he lay. Around the body were a number of deep impressions about two inches square. It had been snowing all day until half an hour before the discovery of Perkins.

“Leading away from the body and ending at the main road, two hundred yards distant, were four lines of these same impressions, about three and a half feet apart in length and about fourteen inches in width. In some places, however, they were badly run together.

“A stranger in our parts is quickly noted and investigation failed to reveal a recent one. There were absolutely no other clues, and I could find no motive for the crime. It has me stumped, Professor,” concluded Brown.

“Give me a little time,” said Fordney. “Perhaps I can help. I’ll call you at your hotel.”

An hour later, he said over the telephone, “Sheriff, look for a man who.... Such a person only could possibly have committed the murder.”

What did Fordney say to Brown?

SOLUTIONS FOR NOVEMBER PUZZLES

THE TWO TRAVELERS

Two travelers trudged along the road together,
Talking, as Yankees do, about the weather;
When, lo! beside their path the foremost spies
Three casks, and loud exclaims, "A prize, a prize!"
One large, two small, but all of various size.
This way and that they gazed, and all around,
Each wondering if an owner might be found.
But not a soul was there—the coast was clear—
So to the barrels they at once drew near;
And both agree, whatever may be there,
In friendly partnership they'll fairly share.
Two they found empty, but the other full,
And straightway from his pocket one doth pull
A large clasp-knife; a heavy stone lay handy,
And thus in time they found their prize was brandy.
'Tis tasted and approved; their lips they smack,
And each pronounces 'tis the famous Cognac.
"Wont we have many a jolly night, my boy?
May no ill luck our present hopes destroy!"
'Twas fortunate one knew the mathematics,
And had a smattering of hydrostatics;
Then measured he the casks, and said, "I see
This is eight gallons—those are five, and three."
The question then was how they might divide
The brandy, so that each should be supplied
With just four gallons, neither less nor more,
With eight, and five and three, they puzzle sore;
Filled up the five, filled up the three, in vain.
At length a happy thought came o'er the brain
Of one; 'twas done, and each went home content,
And their good dames declared 'twas excellent.
With those three casks they made division true;
I found the puzzle out; say, friend, can you?

SOLUTION: The five-gallon barrel was filled first, and from that the three-gallon barrel, thus leaving two gallons in the five-gallon barrel; the three-gallon barrel was then emptied into the eight-gallon barrel, and the two gallons poured from the five-gallon barrel into the empty three-gallon barrel; the five-gallon barrel was then filled, and one gallon poured into the three-gallon barrel, therefore leaving four gallons in the five-gallon barrel, one gallon in the eight-gallon barrel, and three gallons in the three-gallon barrel, which was then emptied into the eight-gallon barrel. Thus each person had four gallons of brandy in the eight and five-gallon barrels respectively.

A Suave Gunman

"Can you describe this fellow?" asked Professor Fordney of Henry Taylor, manager of the National Theater.

"Yes. He was a tall, well-dressed, good-looking chap. Wore a Panama hat, turned-down brim, blue coat, smart blue tie, natty white flannels with silver belt-buckle, black-and-white sport shoes, and had a general air of culture and refinement."

"Just what did he do?"

"As I was counting the receipts, he came into the office, gun in hand, and commanded me to get up from the desk and move over by that table.

"After putting the money in a briefcase he carried, he took out a cigarette and asked me to light it for him, still covering me, of course.

"Then he gagged me and tied me to the chair, after which he opened the door, looked cautiously about, came back and, with a quiet "sorry" and a warning, turned and left. As he passed through the door, he unbuttoned his coat and slipped the revolver into his back pocket. The show was just letting out, so I suppose he mingled with the crowd and escaped," Taylor concluded.

"Are you insured against this loss of eight thousand dollars?" inquired Fordney.

"Yes."

"Could you see the color of the bandit's hair?"

"It was blond."

"Anything unusual about him?"

"No. Except that he was constantly clearing his throat in a peculiar manner," replied Taylor.

"Left- or right-handed?"

"Why—I'm not sure. Right-handed, though, I think."

"This has gone far enough, Taylor," said Fordney sharply. "The robbery was obviously framed by you."

How did Fordney know Taylor had faked the hold-up?

SOLUTION: Taylor said the bandit wore a silver belt-buckle. This he could not have seen, for he stated: 'As the robber passed through the door, he unbuttoned his coat and slipped the revolver in his back pocket.' It would have been impossible for Taylor to have seen the man's belt-buckle when his coat was buttoned. As this statement was false, the rest of his account was disregarded by the Professor.

The image features a decorative border on the left side with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern. The background is a marbled paper with a complex, swirling pattern in shades of blue, teal, and brown. A semi-transparent horizontal band is positioned across the middle of the image, containing the main title and subtitle.

-STORY SIGHTINGS-

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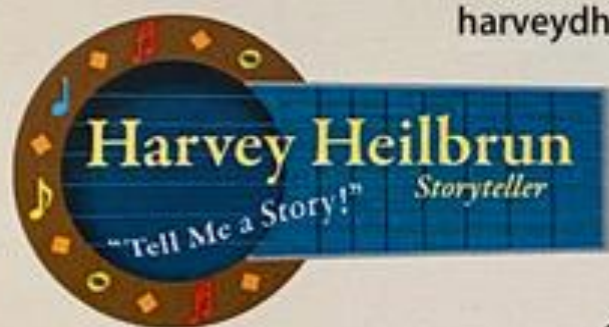
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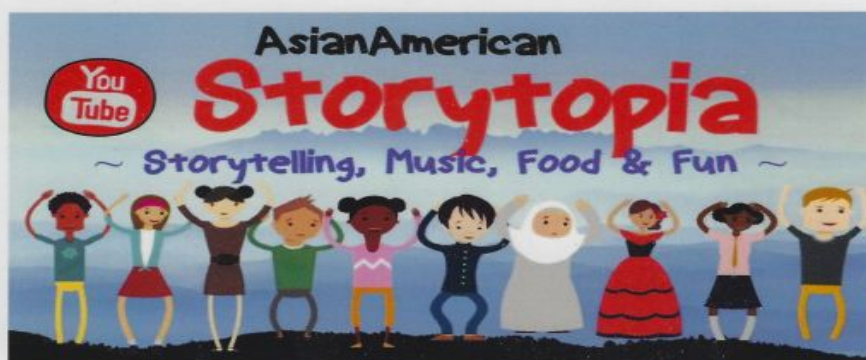
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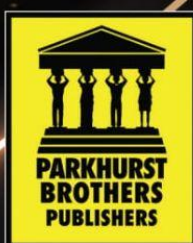
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Tinos was designed by Steve Matteson as an innovative, refreshing serif design that is metrically compatible with Times New Roman™. Tinos offers improved on-screen readability characteristics and the pan-European WGL character set and solves the needs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

Updated in May 2013 with improved hinting and released under the Apache 2.0 license.

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Twenty-four years ago, my parents took me to a Kwanzaa festival. There was a storyteller, who at the end of their stories, gave my sister and I two wooden animals. I have kept them all these years. I don't remember the stories, as I was only six, but I remember feeling the magic the storyteller created. My New Year's goal is to continue to create that same magic for others. Thank you to that unknown storyteller. Your magic has lasted through the years.

Happy New Year! Happy Kwanzaa!

-Asia Starr
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