THE STORY BEAST

For Story Artists, Listeners, and Dreamers

FROSTED GLASS



Cover Art

Crius Chrysomallus, The Golden Ram by Asia Starr. Multimedia



About the Cover Artist

Asia Starr is a Storyteller in the Johnson County Kansas Area, the Head of Design & Layout for The Story Beast and recipient of the 2023 J.J. Reneaux Mentor Award. You can usually find her telling her stories to an audience of children ranging from preschool to high school. She hopes to bring that childlike wonder and magic to all that have a chance to stay awhile and listen.

mamastarrstorytelling.com/

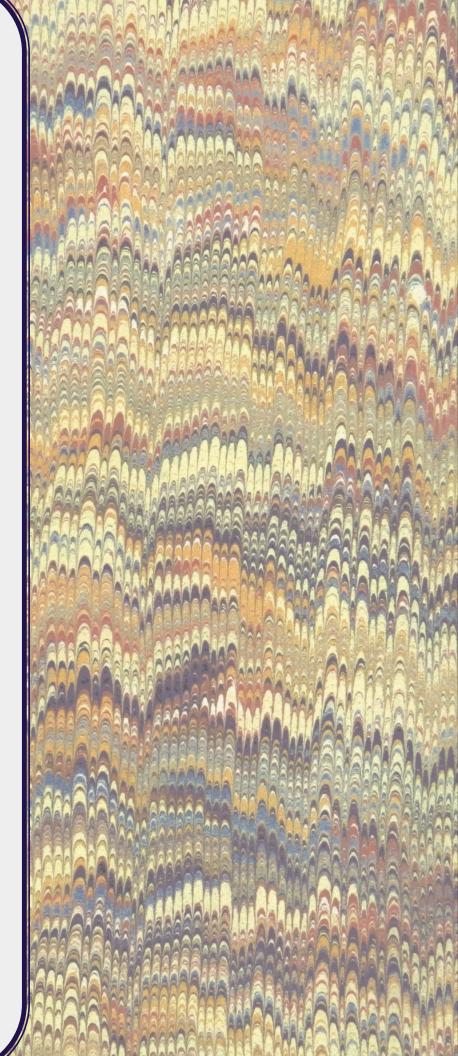
Submit your art to storybeasteditor@gmail.com to be featured in the next issue.

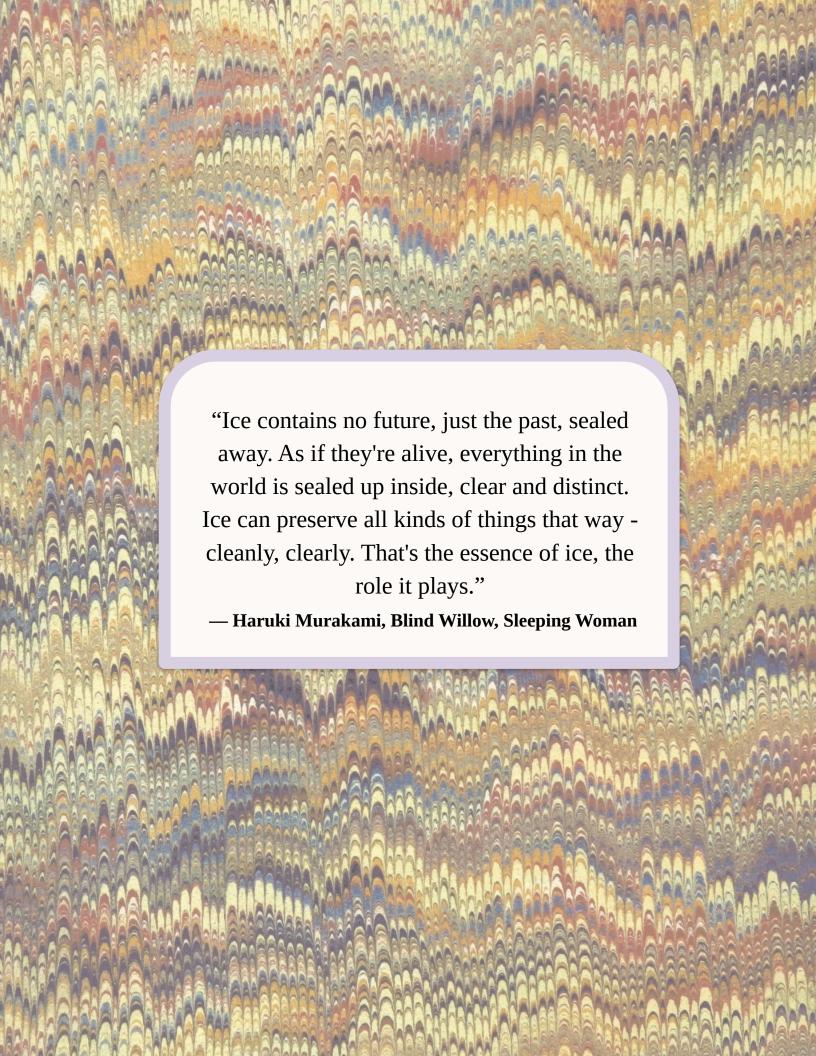
The Story Beast 2025-26 Themes

Spring - Boisterous Blooms - Due Feb 15 **Summer - Cerulean Sighs -** Due May 15

Fall - Cascading Colors - August 15

Winter - Merry Musings - Due Nov 15







THE STORY BEAST

Frosted Glass Vol. 4 ♦ Issue 4 Winter 2025



The Story Beast Vol. 4 ♦ Issue 4 ♦ Frosted Glass Winter 2025

Publisher

The Story Beast storybeast.org

Editor-in-Chief

Alton Takiyama-Chung

Managing Editors

Sara Armstrong, Rachel Hedman, Brandon Spars, Asia Starr, Bowen Lee, Jen & Nat Whitman

Art Department

Head Design & Layout - Asia Starr Design Assistant - Alex Randall Cover Art - Asia Starr

Staff Writers

Karen Chace, Jo Radner

Proofreaders

Sara Armstrong, Ashton C. Clarke, Via Goode

Contact Information

The Story Beast

Website: storybeast.org

Email: storybeasteditor@gmail.com

The opinions expressed in articles, columns, and editorial cartoons are those of the authors, and do not reflect the views or policies of The Story Beast.

No portion of this e-Publication may be reproduced in whole or in part without written consent.

Send all queries related to publication and advertising to: storybeasteditor@gmail.com



Herons in the Snow, Nakabayashi Chikutō ca. 1840

The Story Beast is produced with the support of Artists Standing Strong Together (ASST).

♦ Table of Contents ♦

*	Letters	
	➤ Welcome Letter	10
	➤ Dearest Crone	11
*	Book Notes with Jo Radner	0
	> Book Notes by Jo Radner	15
*	Taming the Beast	7
	➤ Thoughts to Help You Succeed as a Professional Storyteller by Carol McCormick	22
	➤ Keep it Short by Joan Leotta	24
*	Storycology with Bowen Lee	
Y	➤ Wish Upon A Star by Bowen Lee	27
*	Teacher Tales & Tentacles	
	Frosty's Hat: Harnessing the Magic of Story Props by Jen & Nat Whitman	29
*	Story Feast with Karen Chace	
Y	➤ Story Feast by Karen Chace	34
*	Journeys	
	➤ Video Games as 21st Century Ghosts by Adam Matthews	38
*	Fusions	2
	➤ Just Right: Reimagining Fairy Tales for the Cyber Age by Deshawn Edwards4	1

*	Hall	of the Bard	
	>	The Willow Man by Juliana Horatia Ewing	45
	>	Waimea Canyon Revelation by John Shockley	46
*	Heal	ling Springs	
	>	Sheltering Wings by Harriet Louise Jerome	53
*	That	t's Amazing!	
o.i	>	The Angela Lloyd Sunbrella Award by Karen Golden	56
*	Puzz	zles and Games	30,6
1	>	Answers for Riddle from September 2025	61
Y	>	Lost Word Society with Carmen Agra Deedy	62
*	Stor	y Sightings	
10	>	Stories Everywhere	64
*	Cred	dits	
	>	Bibliography	68



grad grad



December 2025 WELCOME

Looking back, it has been a heck of year with many unpredictable changes, soaring joys, and crushing sorrows. As we approach the Holidays, what can we do for those around us, who may be experiencing a time of tears, fear, and despair?

There is the old Norse legend of Baldur. Baldur was the first-born and most beloved son of Odin and Frigg. He was the personification of light itself, well-liked by the gods, and who brought joy and well-being to all he encountered. One day, he began dreaming of his own death. Unlike other gods, Norse gods could die. His mother, Frigg, got all the fish, trees, animals, metals, and stones to swear not to harm Baldur. They all agreed, and the gods took great sport in hurling objects at Baldur with none being able to harm him. Loki, the trickster, grew jealous of Baldur and discovered from Frigg that she had not asked Mistletoe to swear not to harm Baldur, as it was so young and inoffensive. Loki then used his magic to fashion an arrow from Mistletoe and got Hodur, Baldur's blind twin brother, to shoot the Mistletoe arrow at Baldur. The arrow struck Baldur and killed him.

The gods were dismayed and horrified. In some versions, Frigg wept over Baldur and her tears turned into the white berries of Mistletoe. She vowed that Mistletoe would never be neglected again and would henceforth become a symbol of love and peace. Moreover, whoever stood beneath this plant would be offered a kiss.

In this way, a poisonous plant. an instrument of death, became a symbol of goodness, love, and affection. Throughout the year, in times of despair, may we all become beacons of light and joy, love and affection to those around us.

The Story Beast is your quarterly e-Publication forum and is your place of community. Please share your creative works -- poems, stories, artwork, or articles -- with us and let your friends know about *The Story Beast*. Let us know what you think and send your contributed works to storybeasteditor@gmail.com .

The deadline for contributions for the next issue of *The Story Beast* is February 15 for the Spring 2025 issue. The Spring issue's theme is Boisterous Blooms. Thanks for reading. May you all have a happy, healthy, and prosperous New Year!

Happy Holidays,
The Spirits of the Beast
storybeasteditor@gmail.com



Dear Shivering Storyteller & Frostbit Feelings:

Ah, yes. The dreaded frost. Every storyteller eventually faces an audience so chilled you'd think they were carved out of winter itself. Their eyes glaze. Their shoulders stiffen. Their spirits hide behind that invisible pane of glass — thin, but so very cold. And you, dear one, feel like you're tapping on that frozen surface with bare fingers. But take heart. Frost rarely means rejection. More often, it means caution, distraction, or simply that the warmth hasn't reached them yet.

Listen to me carefully: a cold audience is not a dead audience. It is simply an audience with a slower thaw. Imagine them like a winter window at dawn. You don't blast a torch at it — no, that would crack the glass. Instead, you breathe softly upon it. You let your warmth bloom in small, steady circles until the world beyond is visible again. A story works the same way. You do not shout into the ice; you lean in with intention.

Here's the secret: warmth is not a performance. It's a transfer. A kind of alchemy. If you stride in too loudly, you only make them flinch. If you shrink back in fear, the frost thickens. But when you offer a moment of genuine humanity — a laugh at your own expense, a relatable detail, a soft question that invites their breath into the room — you create the first crack in the frost. Even the iciest audiences warm at the sight of authenticity. Not the polished routine. But that true spark behind your eyes saying, "I see you. Join me."

And when that doesn't work? Then you change your temperature.

If your story is fire, start with embers. If your tale is a storm, begin with a whisper. Sometimes the cold means they need a gentler rise. Other times, they crave bold contrast — a sudden, surprising shift that knocks the frost right off their eyelashes. Trust your instincts. You are a storyteller, after all, not a snowplow. You melt with presence, not force.

Let me give you some rituals, for every Crone has her rituals:

- Share a sensory detail: a smell, a sound, a taste. (Frost hates the warmth of memory.)
- Slow your pace by a breath. (Cold air needs time to circulate.)
- Let silence hang for a heartbeat longer. (Stillness can soften the surface.)
- Smile not the stage smile, but the "I'm glad you're here" smile. (That one melts glaciers.)

And remember: some audiences warm slowly because life has iced them over. You are not responsible for their entire thaw. You are merely the sunbeam that reminds them it is possible.

The Dewey Decimal for the art of connecting when things feel distant? Technically, you'll find your treasures under **808.51**, where storytelling lives and breathes in all its forms. But if you want something to deepen your practice, I have a few book recommendations for you. First, *The Art of Gathering* by Priya Parker, a guide to creating warm, intentional connection even among strangers. Next, *Storyworthy* by Matthew Dicks, which shows how to reveal the truth of yourself in ways that break through even the thickest emotional ice. Finally, *The Introvert's Way* by Sophia Dembling—a reminder that not all coldness is coldness; sometimes it's simply quiet people needing a different kind of invitation.

So go on, dear storyteller. Face the frosted glass with courage. Bring your breath, your warmth, your human spark. Soon enough, you'll see a clearing in the frost — and a pair of eyes looking back, ready at last to listen.

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!

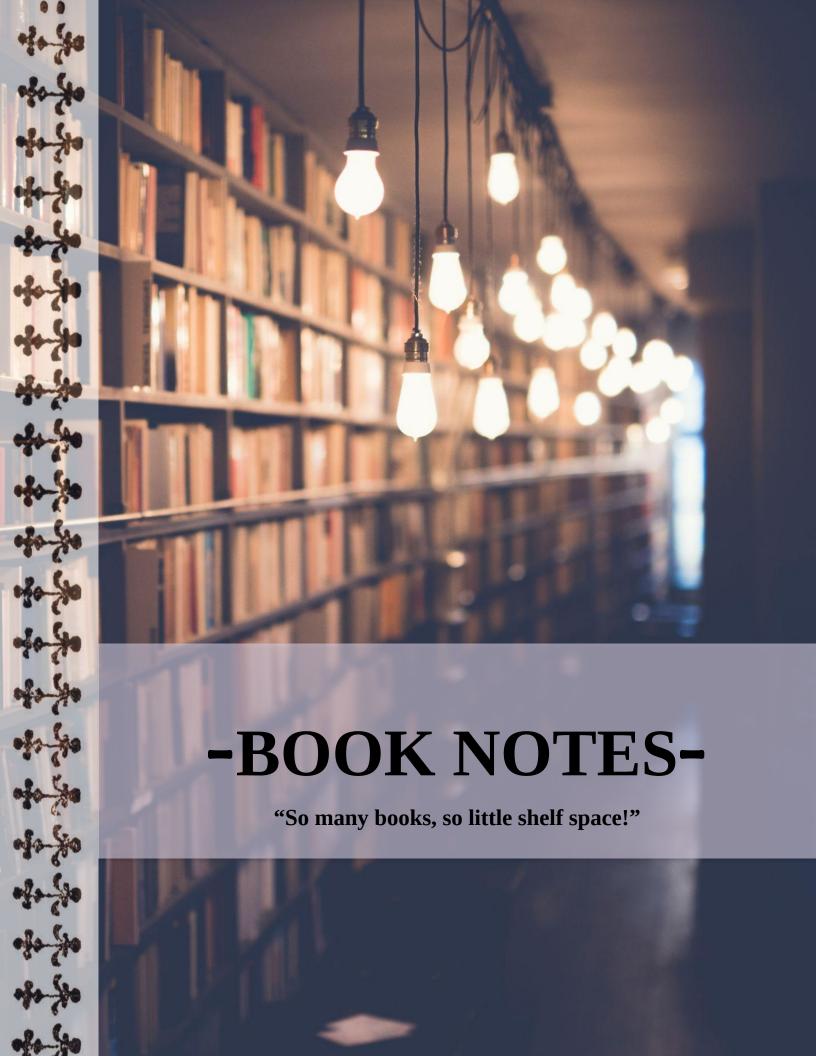
-Short Stories -Articles on Storytelling

- Art -Story Based Activities -Poems

Themes for Upcoming Issues:

Spring - March 2026 - Boisterous Blooms - Due February 15
Summer - June 2026 - Cerulean Sighs - Due May 15
Fall - September 2026 - Cascading Colors - Due August 15
Winter - December 2026 - Merry Musings- Due November 15

For Submission Guidelines go to <u>storybeast.org/submissions</u>
Submit to <u>storybeasteditor@gmail.com</u>



BOOK NOTES

Which books about storytelling are your favorites? Which special works have sustained you?

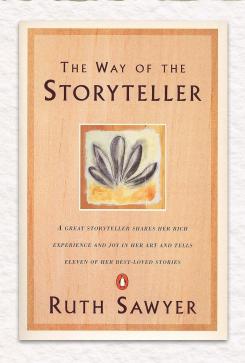
When I planned this column, I put out those questions to our colleagues and was delighted at the variety of answers, which foreground both classic and unusual sources. Maybe you'll find some new ideas – or maybe these recommendations will confirm your own preferences!

First, a classic cited by several tellers:

Ruth Sawyer, The Way of the Storyteller (1942, Penguin, 1977)

Barbara Aliprantis: A unique blend of literary history, criticism, analysis, personal anecdotes, with "how to instructions." I was given a copy of Ruth Sawyer's book on my first day on the job - in 1985 - as the Resident Storyteller at St. Joseph's School for the Deaf. It is an OUTSTANDING resource for beginners as well as seasoned storytellers. Wonderful ideas and activities that I adapted as I learned to tell stories in Sign Language. "Thrice blessed is that child who comes under the spell of a traditional storyteller..."

Andy Davis: This is the one I always go back to; I love Sawyer's emphasis on going deep and building background. She connected to the oral storytelling tradition from childhood through her Irish nurse, but is also omnivorously literate and deeply spiritual, and there are treasures on every page.



Bob Kanegis: ... especially the chapter "A Technique to Abolish Technique." "I think stories must be acquired by long contemplation, by bringing the imagination to work constantly and intelligently upon them." She beseeches tellers to work by an instinctive method, seeing the story first, "making it live for us so we can make it live for others." She can sometimes sound like a hard and demanding master, but it's because she so deeply loves and respects the art and implores and guides tellers to do their best out of respect for the stories and the art of telling them.

Mary Grace Ketner adds: My favorites are the classics, *The Art of the Storyteller* (1915) by Marie Shedlock and *The Way of the Storyteller* by Ruth Sawyer (1942). They hold true to this day. They helped me understand the difference between performing or "acting out" a story with exaggerated intonation and eye-catching gestures (like I first thought one had to do) and understanding a story deeply and sharing it because it is important and you feel it must be shared.

Further recommendations:

Barbara Aliprantis recommends...

Marni Gillard, Storyteller, Story Teacher: Discovering the Power of Storytelling for Teaching and Living (Routledge, 1995)

A great book full of outstanding ideas, suggestions I have used over the years.

Our Stories Connect: A Children at the Well Guidebook

(https://childrenatthewell.org/our-stories-connect/)

"*Our Stories Connect* is a complete 'soup to nuts' guide for anyone interested in working with youth and story. You'll learn how to unleash young people's talents and self-confidence, as you support them in creating a more peaceful world." - Sue O'Halloran

Donald Davis, Writing as a Second Language: From Experience to Story to Prose (August House Publishers, 2005)

"When we talk about language arts in our schools, we focus on reading and writing instead of nourishing the whole oral and kinesthetic package which is our spoken language.... Talking and writing need not be mutually exclusive in language development." Davis presents "Five Dimensions of the Oral and Kinesthetic Language Package: Movement, Sound, Attitude and Emotion, Listener Modeling, and Orally spoken Words."

Milbre Burch recommends. . .

Laura Simms, *Our Secret Territory: The Essence of Storytelling* (Sentient, 2011) Compared to any other book I've read, this comes the closest to describing what it's like to tell and hear stories and why it's important.

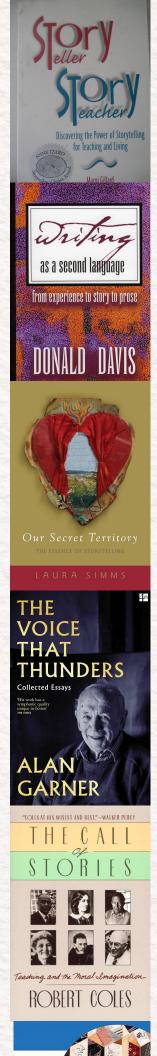
Chris Cavanagh recommends...

Alan Garner, The Voice that Thunders (Harvill Press, 1997)

This collection of essays and lectures is one that I return to several times a year. Garner's collections of stories are amongst my favorite and his novels are my favorite! He is a remarkable thinker about stories, narrative, and the life of the writer. His wisdom about story is profound and, at times, feels chthonic (which I probably get from his remarkable *The Stone Book Quartet*). His essay, "The Voice in the Shadow," begins: "Believe the fairy tales. What were the fairy tales, they will come true."

Robert Coles, The Call of Stories: Teaching and the Moral Imagination (Harper, 1990)

Reading several of Coles' books in the 80s was, I suppose, a big part of shaping my moral imagination. It was in *The Moral Life of Children* that I first learned the story of Ruby Bridges. Simply remarkable. He begins *The Call of Stories* by attributing his origin in listening to his mother and father reading to each other George Eliot, Dickens, Tolstoy. Imagine! -- because it is kind of unimaginable in today's world. His book shares many students' accounts of the influence of stories on them. While Coles mostly focuses on literature, this book had (and still has) a profound influence on my practice of storytelling.



Andy Davis recommends...

Tony Montanaro, with Karen Hurll Montanaro, *Mime Spoken Here* (Tilbury House: 1995)

I love this book because it connects me with the teacher of some of the storytellers I most admire, whom I never had the good fortune to meet. It teaches us as storytellers a wealth of practical, transferable techniques for developing physicality. Ultimately, however, Tony and Karen's art is centered on empathy, and that is what makes this book especially important to me.

John Vorhaus, The Comic Toolbox (Silman-James, 1995)

The best book I've come across on writing comedy, on finding the universal in the absurd. Vorhaus is a good teacher. He's approachable, good-spirited, relentlessly encouraging, and very entertaining.

Mindy Donner recommends...

Joel Ben Izzy, The Beggar King and the Secret of Happiness: A True Story (Algonquin Books, 2003)

His incandescent account of his journey to storytelling with a hermit mentor. And subsequently losing his speaking voice to a rare cancer and reclaiming that same voice through an experimental surgery keyed to his storytelling recording for verity.

Vicky Dworkin recommends...

Two of my touchstone books. Not "how-to," but "why do we do it?"

Kay Stone, Burning Brightly: New Light on Old Tales Told Today (Broadview Press, 1998)

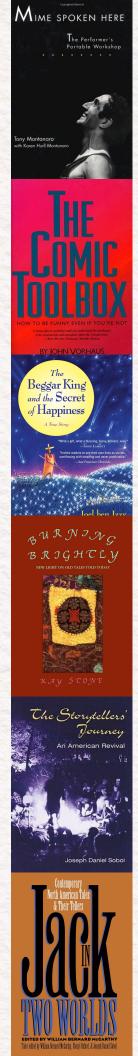
Combining a folklorist's and a storyteller's perspective, Kay Stone's essay "Burning Brightly" was a major influence on my becoming a storyteller. She tells of working through her reaction to a Grimms tale in which a disobedient girl is punished harshly for her transgressing behavior. Over a period of years, Stone transforms the story into an affirmation of the girl's courage and curiosity. Following an analysis of the 20th century North American storytelling revival, this collection of essays explores other tellers who work deeply to retell European wonder tales for modern audiences.

Joseph Daniel Sobol, *The Storytellers' Journey: An American Revival* (U. of Illinois Press, 1999)

Sobol explores the North American storytelling revival as a mythic journey, tracing the transition of storytelling from a folk art to a platform art within a festival setting. As storytellers, we tend to refer to ourselves as part of a long folk tradition. Sobol helps us understand how much the tradition has changed in the last half-century.

William B. McCarthy, ed. *Jack in Two Worlds: Contemporary North American Tales and their Tellers* (U. of North Carolina Press, 1994)

A collection of essays on how stories about a boy named Jack changed as they migrated from the Old World to the New World also reveals much about how the study of folklore has moved from text-based to performance-based analysis. One of my favorite sources of folklorists looking at storytellers.



Lyn Ford recommends...

Zora Neale Hurston, *Mules and Men* (J.B. Lippincott, 1935. HarperCollins Publishers, 2008)

This is a favorite to simply read, as well as a resource for Southern Black American folktales, songs, hoodoo information and other folklore. It's also a great example of using personal narrative as a framework for folktales.

Chris Van Allsburg, *The Mysteries of Harris Burdick* (Houghton Mifflin, 1984) This is a beautifully, imaginatively illustrated resource for creative writing prompts and narrative mood setting.

Daniel Wallace, Big Fish: A Novel of Mythic Proportions (Algonquin Books, repr. 2012)

My favorite quote from the book's preface says it all: "My father became a myth."

Mary Hamilton recommends...

Lewis Hyde, *The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property* (Vintage, 1983) This book prompted me to think differently about the business of storytelling and the place of this art form in our world.

Karla Huntsman recommends...

Patricia Ryan Madson, Improv Wisdom (Bell Tower, 2005)

Madson's book is a masterpiece of clarity about what it takes to be authentic on stage--and in life. Nina Wise said of the book, "Reading even just a few pages of Patricia Madson's book might change your life forever." It certainly has mine. This is a book I will read again and again to fully integrate the "Thirteen Maxims" which are the core of Madson's book.

Bob Kanegis recommends...

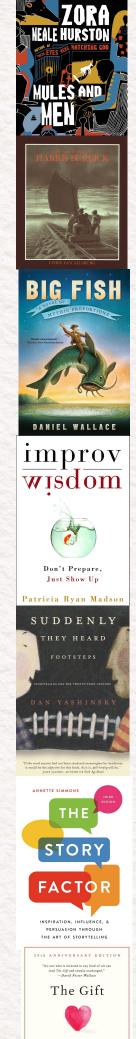
Dan Yashinsky, Suddenly They Heard Footsteps: Storytelling for the Twenty-first Century (U. of Mississippi Press, 2006)

I recommend this for many reasons. It offers beautifully braided strands of personal story, storytelling musings and wonderful stories themselves. What comes through is guidance and inspiration from someone who sees and lives life through a storytelling lens. It's not so much a book about how to tell stories, though there is plenty of sage counsel, as a heartfelt and wise volume on how one can live a storied life.

Annette Simmons, The Story Factor (Basic Books, 2019)

This is a superb book that delves into organizational and business-oriented storytelling from a deeply ethical place in contrast to innumerable books, podcasts, etc. that essentially say, plug into the power of storytelling and make fistfuls of dollars.

Lewis Hyde's *The Gift* also provides grist for the mill when thinking about the commodification of storytelling. Bones of the bones of the bones, was summed up in the cover story in article Co-Evolution Quarterly, "The Gift Must Always Move." When it's held back it ceases to be alive... it becomes property and dies.



Claire Nolan recommends...

Lewis Hyde, Trickster Makes This World: Mischief, Myth and Art (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2010)

For anyone who loves stories -- readers, listeners, and tellers -- this book explores why stories are so important. It is imperative for us to make stories out of chaos, just as Coyote (and the other tricksters) made nets, slipped traps, stole peaches and cheated death. Trickster, Hyde tells us, is the agent of change; without the trickster there would be no stories.

Bowen Lee, Stories for Climate Change: Sparking Dialogues about Taking Climate Action (2024)

This wonderful book gives us the words and spirit we need to tell about the climate emergency. Bowen weaves myth, folktales and science together in a unique and powerful message.

Robin Nott recommends. . .

Bruno Bettelheim, The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales (Vintage, 2010)

This book will expand your perception of the purpose and importance of story in our lives. Stories and storytelling speak to our collective unconscious, our race memory, teaching, nurturing, healing, warning, guiding and inviting future generations to continue to be hopeful. Bettelheim does a wonderful job of opening those doors for you, helping folks gain a depth of understanding around speaking the world's oldest language -- storytelling!

Jo Radner recommends. . .

Stephen Nachmanovitch, *Free Play: Improvisation in Life and Art* (Putnam, 1991) Nachmanovitch's book works to free us from restraints to imagination, to artistic fulfillment, to those tricky acts of prudence that keep us from trusting the crucial primacy of art in our lives and deeds. Chapters on "The Power of Limits" and "The Power of Mistakes" inspire me to go beyond the places I might stop and reconsider; an entire third of the book, "Obstacles and Openings," dramatizes ways to return to childlike intuition, to play our way past self-judgment into true freedom of imagination. To be read and revisited often.

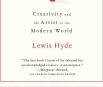
Jessica Piscitelli Robinson recommends. . .

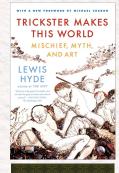
Lyn Ford and Sherry Norfolk, *Boo Tickle Tales: Not-So-Scary Stories for Ages 4-9* (Parkhurst, 2017)

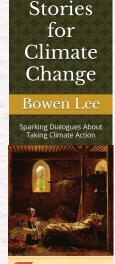
I bring this book out every September / October as I prepare to tell stories to kids during the Halloween season. I find inspiration and sources for not too scary stories each time I read it.

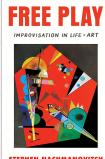
Laura Packer, From Audience to Zeal: The ABCs of Finding, Crafting, and Telling a Great Story (Small Tooth Dog, 2019)

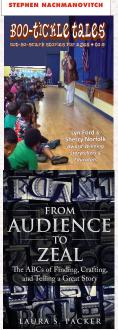
I love books on the craft of storytelling and writing. This one, to me, is easily one of the most accessible. I recommend several books on craft in my workshops, but this is the one I recommend first, to engage those new to crafting and telling stories.











Karianna Rosenberg recommends...

Elisa Pearmain, Once Upon a Time... Storytelling to Teach Character and Prevent Bullying: Lessons from 99 Multicultural Folk Tales for Grades K-8 (Character Development Group, 2006)

Elisa's book has been so helpful working with a group of children or teens, where a social situation comes up or certain individuals are struggling with something. I use her cross-reference section of character traits to find the stories I need, and I have great success!

Shavon Chock Smith recommends...

Len Cabral, Len Cabral's Storytelling Book (ALA Neal-Schuman, 2010)

This book is an absolute must and great teaching guide to introduce individuals to the art of storytelling. The way it's broken down is so helpful for one to gain the necessary knowledge and skills needed to perform stories. For someone like me who did not come from the storytelling community and now works with nothing but tellers (I am the Managing Director at RIBS), it was helpful for me to gain the knowledge needed to connect and see life as a storyteller. At the end of each story, he includes a one-page guide of questions which gives you a tool to prompt questions from the listener.

Fran Yardley recommends...

Doug Lipman, The Storytelling Coach (August House, Inc., 1995)

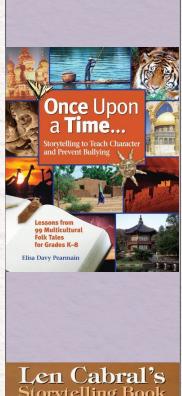
The subtitle says it all.... "How to Listen, Praise and Bring out People's Best. Principles for giving and receiving good help - on the stage, in the classroom, in the boardroom - wherever communication occurs." The principles espoused in this book have been life changing for me, both in storytelling and in the rest of my life.

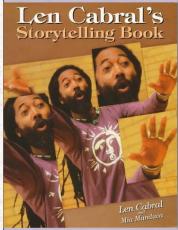
Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work

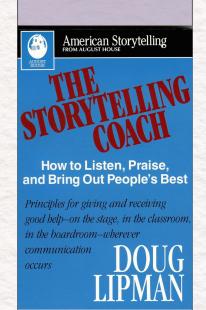


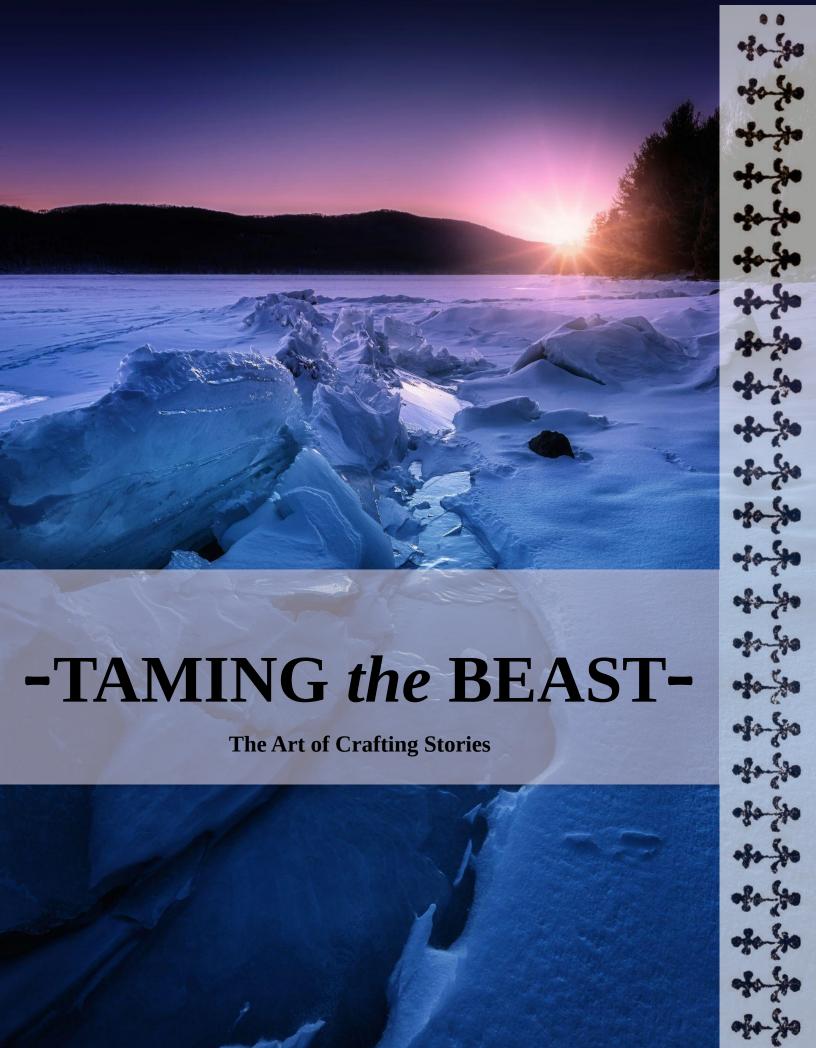
About the Author

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. **Website:** joradner.com









Thoughts to Help You Succeed as a Professional Storyteller

by Carol McCormick

Clarify Your Purpose

- Craft a Mission Statement. For example: "I will make a difference in the world through telling stories. I will nurture hope, empathy, creativity, community, and joy."
- Follow your unique path. Diverse thinking leads to fresh ideas. Differences can be your superpower. Author Lynda Gratton: "Simply following the herd will not work. In a way that past generations simply didn't have to do, each one of us needs to think about how we construct our life so it reflects our identity and values."

Develop Your Craft

- Continually build your repertoire and skill. Have stories for different holidays, seasons, topics, and audiences. Think how you can re-purpose a story for different occasions. Hunt for stories in libraries, bookstores, online, and from other storytellers. Have a Story Idea Journal for recording program topics and story plots.
- Beware of perfectionism. In Tina Fey's first year at Saturday Night Live as she was rushing to finish a skit, Lorne Michaels told her to wrap it up. She protested, "But it's not ready!" Lorne laughed and said, "Tina, the show doesn't go on because it's ready. It goes on because it's 11:30." Set a birth time for your projects. Once you've birthed it, you can continue perfecting it.

Attend to Business

- Telling stories is just a small part of the business. You will wear many hats -- secretary, researcher, bookkeeper, marketeer, networker, public relations specialist.
- Keep detailed records. What, where, when, for whom you worked and what you were paid. This makes filing taxes and looking for references or repeat business much easier.
- Invest in your business. Maintain a library of craft and story books. Buy a file cabinet, desk, portable sound system, brand clothing -- hats, vests, scarves, jewelry -- props to grab attention. Have a website, Facebook page, business cards, Zoom subscription. Improve skills by attending other tellers' workshops and performances.
- Have flexible pricing. Avoid publishing fees on the web. When a job doesn't appeal to
 you, price it exorbitantly high. If you land that gig, you'll feel good about the money you
 are making, and the high fee will balance out the low pay you accept from nonprofits or
 volunteer jobs.
- Diplomatically handle requests for volunteer storytelling. Say something like "I love being able to help. However, my professional services are how I earn my living. I'm happy to give you a nonprofit discount or recommend someone who can help you." If you do volunteer, make sure the client generates an audience and provides a reference.

• Get timely payment. Normally you're paid after delivering the work. If a large corporation or organization uses your services as an interest-free loan, send an overdue invoice, call, send emails. You might have to send an invoice with a late payment fee added to get them to pay their original invoice.

Grow Your Creativity

- Develop new programs and workshops. Respond to market changes, contemporary issues, and customer requests.
- Admit and learn from your mistakes, both in your craft and your business. Rather than
 ignoring mistakes in both your craft or business, focus on Next Time. Dig deeper to find
 root causes or systemic issues. Mistakes can spark innovation. When you mess up,
 respond with humor and curiosity.
- Practice self-compassion. This increases resilience, reduces anxiety, and improves
 performance. Being human, you'll have fluctuating energy and imperfect days. Respond
 to those with understanding rather than shaming. That shift can change not just how you
 feel, but the work you make. Give yourself little rewards for the things you've done well.
- Speak to yourself kindly. Is your self-talk harsh? Most of us would never speak to a friend the way we speak to ourselves when something goes wrong. When you stop criticizing yourself, you have more room to experiment, fail forward, and grow.
- Go with the flow. Tune into your energy levels. Creativity doesn't have to happen on a strict schedule. Rest is part of the creative process. Some of your best ideas will surface when you stop pushing.
- Reframe what success means. Resist bemoaning what hasn't happened or what you
 haven't accomplished. In messy, slow, pressured, uncertain times, remember that
 creativity is sustained long-term by kindness, not pressure.

Open to being retold in the reteller's own words in educational or professional settings with attribution



About the Author- Carol McCormick has been a professional storyteller for over 35 years. Through her engaging programs, keynotes, and workshops she stretches peoples' minds, offers new perspectives, encourages laughter, and sparks imagination. For Carol, storytelling is more than performance. She uses it to build community, grow empathy, provoke creativity, encourage change, and guide transformation. Carol believes that storytelling can help grow a more peaceful and compassionate world. www.carolmccormick.net

Keep it Short

by Joan Leotta

You've been asked to tell a short tale! Two minutes, three minutes, up to five. Barely an anecdote you say, oh ye who are like me, a teller of the ten-minute tale on average. What story to choose and how to tell for greatest impact in that smaller sliver of time? Those are the two questions that leap to my mind when I am asked to "go short."

Margaret Read Mac Donald has populated the library with wonderful books of short tales, open to retelling. (She is a very generous copyright holder). Aesop is wonderful if you don't over elaborate. Many folktales have short forms you can find online. Stripped to its basics, any tale can be shortened, but the trick is to keep a story arc intact, and audiences interested as you tell.

How you tell will also be important. I was in the zoom company of one of my favorite tellers, Liz Weir recently, and posed the question to her, "What tips can you give to someone who has been asked to tell a short tale."

I expected her to say things like, "keep your intro short, get right to the story." Or "start the tale with a power packed sentence that will grab the attention of the listeners," or "a shake of a tambourine" or some such thing.

Instead, Liz replied simply, "First be sure you are telling a good story." And to that I add, be sure it is a tale that you like. Even the best story in the world will not penetrate the heart of your listeners if you, the teller, do not send it from your own heart. The story is everything.

Basic advice: read widely, listen carefully to tales you hear, and take the ones you like (with permission) into your own heart. Roll them around a few times in that space before adding the service of your tongue.

Yes, avoiding a lengthy intro or any intro at all helps. (Actually, good advice for all taletelling.)

Yes, a power packed starting sentence or shake of a tambourine can jostle the listeners out of funk, turn their eyes and ears to you.

Yes, when telling a very short version of a story you need to keep description to a minimum and work to use the most specific verbs and nouns your pen and mouth can conjure — think of these short tales as springboards for your audiences to use their own imagination instead of relying on the details you provide. A strong tale will work well like that.

But if you want to tell that short story well, and have it remembered, make sure it comes from the depths of "story stardom, that it is a good story, and that you love it, so it will project out with power form the depth of your own heart.

Liz said it best, and I will end with that. Any time we tell, short or long, it's all about the story itself — what we do as tellers when we do it best is not embellish. We elucidate, make the story more accessible to our audience within the framework of the limits that have been set for our telling (time, distance, Zoom, live, stage, classroom, outdoors, indoors). A good story, short or long, will enjoy success.

Here are my favorite resources for short bits of folklore. And keep alert for new collections.

Three Minute Tales by Margaret Read MacDonald

Look Back and See by Margaret Read MacDonald (some longer ones here, but you can adapt them)

Aesop—many of his tales are actually very short. We have drawn them longer in picture books and onstage, but the basic story is solid even when short.

The books by Pleasant DeSpain, **Volumes I and II of Twenty-Two Splendid Tales to Tell**. May be out of print now, but they still serve well.

I also sometimes look at classic, public domain poems, and ballads. I don't tell in rhyme, but the stories are often wonderful and can be enjoyed retold as prose performances.

Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work





About the Author- Joan Leotta an award-winning teller and writer, encourages with words through pen and performance. Her folk tale performances have delighted many over the years and recently she has begun to do one-woman shows. Her latest show features Louisa May Alcott, writer and Civil War Nurse. Joan's performance has been deemed a success by both civil war history buffs and literary folk. She has versions for children, for nurses, for seamstresses, and for lovers of literature, for nurses, and for civil war historians.

Contact her at joanletota@gmail.com



-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."



Wish Upon A Star

by Bowen Lee

When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are.
When you wish upon a star, your dreams come true.
•by Leigh Harline and Ned Washington

On another planet, in another galaxy, our Sun is simply another star in the night sky. It is just a glittering object in the universe, something to wish upon.

But our Sun is the source of energy for our planet. Sunlight is what plants synthesize into food that becomes the energy for living things to function. Fossilized plants and animals are the coal and oil that machines run on. Solar radiation creates the weather that creates the environment for living things to exist in. The Sun makes possible what fuels our planet and makes our lives on Earth possible.

No wonder all civilizations throughout history have worshipped the Sun.

Except perhaps, our civilization, the one which uses the environment for its resources without regard for future consequences. As if our resources were limitless, or as if future consequences were meaningless.

No wonder our civilization is headed for catastrophe.

People looking into our future and finding the picture dreadful understand we must change our reliance on fossil fuels. Many are thinking we must tap into our primary source of energy on this planet, the Sun. So solar energy is trying to create a better future for Earth and its living inhabitants.

I live in the Pacific Northwest, which is not known for clear, sunny skies. I bought a solar powered generator for those inevitable days when the power goes out and there's no electricity. I was not very happy to see the numbers on the generator on a typical cloudy day in my region telling me the amount of charge being made was never going past 30%.

I do not have money to spread solar panels across my roof to generate clean energy. Fortunately, my power company has an option for me to buy shares, at low cost and in some cases, free for low-income folks, in solar panel projects around the state. So I have the option for at least some of my electricity being solar generated, even though I don't have panels on my roof.

Recently I discovered a company called Renewables. It sets up solar projects in countries that get lots of sunlight all year to help economically depressed communities generate electricity. I have shares in Pondicherry, India for a rooftop solar array installed at a car dealership, and at a high school in Botswana. After only a month, my shares are paying back dividends. More importantly, my carbon footprint is being offset by tapping into the Sun to power our electrical needs on this planet.

I might not be able to change how power is generated in the area where I live, but there are many places on this planet where I can help make it possible for clean energy to be made. That means a better future for Earth, our home, where we all live.

If you would like to find out more about investing in solar projects, look into Renewables.org.



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.

Website: storyrex.com

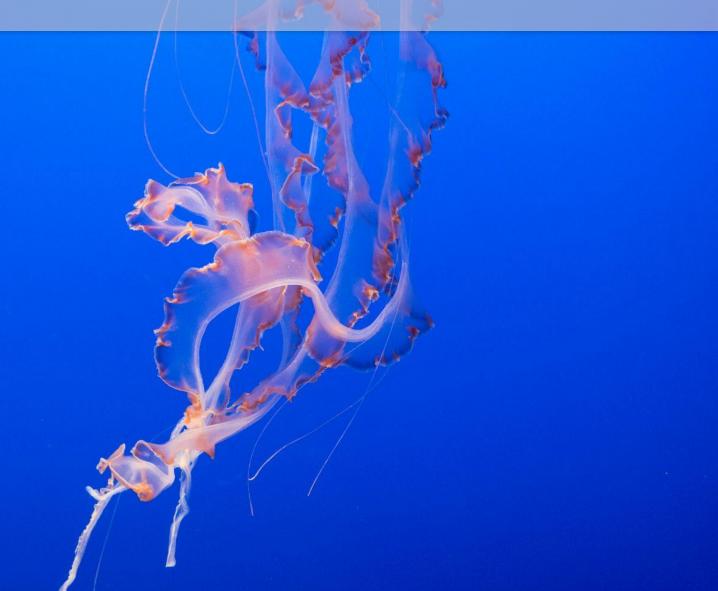
Renewables.org is the online solar investing non-profit that allows anyone to help build solar in the Global South. My investment is already creating an impact and earning monthly repayments. Dollar for dollar, Renewables.org creates more carbon impact than any other investment. Join me in investing in Global South solar for as little as \$25. - Lassor Feasley, CEO and Cofounder, Renewables.org

When we wish upon a star, our star, our dreams for a better planet come true.

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.



-TEACHER TALES & TENTACLES-



Frosty's Hat: Harnessing the Magic of Story Props

by Jen and Nat Whitman

As Jack Frost paints our windows and winter chills arrive, let's take a moment to appreciate a magical holiday personality -- Frosty the Snowman!

Frosty came to life one day in a song written by Walter "Jack" Rollins and Steve Nelson and he was later made famous by Jimmy Durante in the Rankin/Bass Productions animated film. Fun fact: Armonk, New York claims to be the Home of Frosty and holds an annual "Frosty Day" when you can march around his "original" town square.

But what has endeared Frosty to us over all these years? His HAT!

The possibility that one magic object could transform a pile of snow into a character filled with life and kindness is irresistible. So, this month, in honor of Frosty, let's explore how to bring creativity and joy into the classroom with the magic of story props!

As teachers, we've played with many different story props over the years. Some were a hit (string figures!), and some were a frustration (flannel boards!). Props are personal and everyone has different preferences. We like to keep things simple in the props department because we have a hard time keeping track of them. (We are in awe of teachers and tellers who can keep hundreds of different story kits organized!) Still, we love the possibility of props and we've been inspired by many storytellers in our community who deftly incorporate them into their tales.

One of our favorite story prop memories was watching Angela Lloyd transfix an audience with a simple paper napkin from lunch.

One of our favorite story prop memories was watching Angela Lloyd transfix an audience with a simple paper napkin from lunch.

She pinched the napkin in the middle to make a "moustache" and put it above her lip, saying in a sinister voice: "You MUST pay the rent!"

Then she put it on her head. All of a sudden it was a hair bow, and she brought out a high-pitched voice, "I CAN'T pay the rent!"

These two characters volleyed back and forth for a bit...

"You MUST pay the rent!"

"I CAN'T pay the rent!"

Then, the napkin became a bow tie below her chin and a heroic voice said:

"I'll pay the rent!"

"My Hero!" cheered the Hair Bow.

"Curses! Foiled Again!" grumbled the Mustache.

Then, the magic continued. Angela, in her own inimitable way, switched up the traditional roles and played with the characters while the paper napkin bow darted around her head. Hair Bow shouted, "You MUST pay the rent!" to Bow Tie and Moustache came to save the day. Then Hair Bow saved Moustache from Bow Tie. Then Hair Bow had a deep voice, and Mustache had a high voice, and on and on.

These five melodramatic lines are sometimes referred to as "The Shortest Play in the World." That basic structure plus a simple paper napkin created five minutes of delightful story play in the hands of a gifted storyteller.

This kind of story play is accessible and aspirational at the same time. We can all find a paper napkin, but can we transform it into something new? This takes practice and requires **flexible thinking**. We talk a lot about flexible thinking in education these days. Our fast-paced, high-tech world requires all of us to be adaptable and open to new possibilities. What better way to prepare our students for this world of divergent thinking than a little bit of improvisation and story play?

One easy way to incorporate the magic of props into the classroom is to play with one object and see how many ways you can transform it. Here are two suggestions for improv games that develop these skills:

What Do You See? (A Pass-the-Object Game for Younger Students)

We love the rhythmic nature of **Brown Bear**, **Brown Bear** by Eric Carle and we like to harness that rhythm as we pass an object in this group game.

Each child gets a turn to transform the same object into something new.

For example, you could take something as simple as a pen and pass it around the circle.

Before we begin, we give students a minute to turn and talk in pairs to brainstorm what the pen could become. A walking stick? A conductor's baton? A baseball bat? After the students have a minute to process together, we start the chant...

Group: Nat, Nat, What do you see?

Nat: I see a tooth brush (mimes brushing teeth) *Group: Wow! YIPPEE! (Nat passes the pen to Jen)*

Group: Jen, Jen, What do you see?

Jen: I see a recorder (Mimes playing the recorder)

Group: Wow! YIPPEE! (Jen passes the pen to the next student)

Play continues until everyone has had a turn. Students are always welcome to pass the pen along to the next student if they are not ready to share. We find that if students have had a chance to think about possibilities before we start, most are ready to jump in and play when it's their turn. When students opt out, we'll always come back to them at the end and see if they'd like a turn before we wrap up. This kind of circle game is a great way to fill a few minutes of transition time or to warm up the group during a morning meeting.

Fortunately/Unfortunately (A Pass-the-Object Game for Older Students)

For older students, you can extend this improv game by using the Fortunately/Unfortunately story structure. Using that same pen as our object to pass around the circle, it might look something like this:

Student 1: **Fortunately**, I went paddle boarding on a lake last weekend. (Mimes paddling -- the pen becomes the paddle – then passes the pen.)

Student 2: **Unfortunately**, I fell off the board and landed in the water. (The pen becomes the board – student mimes falling of – then passes the pen.)

Student 3: **Fortunately**, I saw a log and grabbed onto it to stay afloat. (Pen becomes a log – student mimes flailing in the water – then passes the pen.)

Student 4: **Unfortunately**, The log was the tail of a crocodile....

Here again, we make sure students have a minute to turn and talk before starting the story so they can explore the possibilities. This game requires quick thinking and staying engaged with the narrative. One way to adjust the game to relieve some of the pressure of coming up with an idea is to keep the object in the center of the circle. When ready, students can shout out "Fortunately!" or "Unfortunately!" and grab the object from the middle to continue the story. They return the object after their turn.

We wrap up the story by saying, "Unfortunately, We're out of Time! But Fortunately, that was an amazing story! Way to go!"

Another improvisational activity we like to use with story props is a kind of a "YES, AND..." storytelling game we call

The Story Bag

If you work in schools, you probably discover little toys and minifigures left forlornly in corners or on the playground. When we can't connect these with their owners, we collect them in a little story bag, and they are perfect for playing story games! In a small circle of students, we pass the bag around and have each child pull out an object and add it to the story. How will their object change the story? This is a collaborative story adventure, and the toys lead the way.

Story props are a great way to get creativity flowing and encourage inventive story creation, and they can also provide a supportive structure for students as they retell familiar stories. Students often need a scaffold to remember parts of a story as they retell. There are many kinds of props you might consider for this purpose: puppets, felt boards, story aprons, etc. Our favorite way to support students in their retelling is with







Story Baskets

We create story baskets for the tales we explore in-depth during the school year. Each basket contains a few items that help students retell the story on their own. There are simple costume pieces, like a crown or glasses. The baskets also have a few objects that are important to the story, like a cup or an apple. Finally, the baskets all have name tags! You know those name tags that you wear home from conferences? We like to repurpose them into character name tags. It's easy to change them up with new character names for each story. When we play with a story together in class, students wear the name tags to make it clear which character they are playing. Then, we put the name tags into the story basket and students can independently retell during their choice time with friends.

These story baskets change throughout the year, but the props continue to be a treasure trove of possibility. We keep them in the dramatic play area and students can mix them up to retell favorite stories or create new stories throughout the year.

Of course there are many other story props to explore. What are YOUR favorite ways to use props in the classroom? Let us know! We'd love to share your ideas in a future issue.

So now, with a pocketful of ideas, let's all follow Frosty's lead, put on our magical thinking hats, and head off down to the village square to run and have some fun with story props. Enjoy!

To be told in educational and professional settings with attribution.



About the Authors

Jen and Nat Whitman recently moved back to the United States after 23 years teaching and telling in international schools in Thailand, Germany, and Hong Kong. Jen is an Early Childhood teacher and Nat is an Elementary Librarian. They teamed with Margaret Read MacDonald to write a "How-To" guide for using stories in the classroom called, Teaching with Story: Classroom Connections to Storytelling. Jen and Nat perform in tandem together as The Whitman Tellers. They are currently sharing stories of political cooperation across the 50 States with a series of social media shorts called "Purple Minutes" for the Purple Points Project. You can learn more about the Whitmans at

www.whitmantellers.com.





STORY FEAST



by Karen Chace

This issue's theme is Frosted Glass and winter is certainly upon us here in the Northeast of the United States. Time for ice skating, sledding, sipping hot soup! I begin by offering you stories of the wintertime and snow.

<u>Davy Crockett and the Frozen Dawn – United</u> States

<u>The Ice King and His Wonderful Grandchild – Dutch</u>

The Little Daughter of the Snow - Russia

Morozko and Father Frost - Russia

Princess Miranda and Prince Hero - Poland

The Snow, the Crow, and the Blood - Ireland

The Snow Maiden - Russia

The Snow Tomb - Japan

Snow Woman - Japan

The Abode of the Gods: Twelve Months - Slavic





Snow Maiden (1899) by Viktor M. Vasnetsov

January is National Soup Month and who doesn't love soup!
"Let Omar sing of wine and bread,
But I prefer fine soup instead." - Arab poet,

replying to Omar Khayyam

<u>All-Kinds-Of-Fur – Germany</u>

Chicken Soup - Russia

Crossing the Bridge Noodles - China

The Legend of Issun-boshi - Japan

The Old Man and His Grandson - Germany

<u>Sliced Sickle Soup – Mongolia</u>

<u>The Smell of Soup and the Sound of Money – Turkey</u>

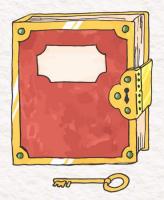
<u>Soup from a Sausage Peg – Hans Christian</u> <u>Andersen</u>

Soup of the Soup – Sufi

The Stolen Soup Aroma – West Africa

Stone Soup – European (There are many variants from Russia, Sweden, Belgium, England, and France.)

The Story of Salt - China



Valentine's Day is right around the corner. Keep the romance blooming with these tales of love.

Stories from the Pentamerone - Italy

Ancient Love Stories - Greek Mythology, seven beautiful, yet tragic love stories.

Chien Nang - China

For the Love of a Dove - Albania

The Lady of Stavoren - Denmark

Love Legends of the Punjab - India

Love Like Salt - Fourteen variants of the story from around the world.

Maid Maleen - Grimm/Germany

The Selkie Bride - Scotland

<u>The Tale of Tam Lin, the Elf Knight – Ireland</u>

SOMETHING EXTRA

History of the Stone Soup Folktales from 1720 to Now

The Six Greatest Love Stories of Irish Myths

<u>Time Magazine: Esther Howland</u> – Mother of the American Valentine: "The story of one visionary, whose talent, imagination, dedication, and perseverance created a fascinating industry...."

February 27 is Polar Bear Day and folktales from Iceland to Norway, Russia and Germany of polar bears and their cousins abound. Below are fourteen tales of these beautiful, majestic animals.

The Gift - Iceland

The Bear – From the Grey Fairy Book by Andrew Lang

Bearskin - Germany

The Bear Trainer and His Cat - Eight variants from D.L. Ashliman with the following titles:

Peer Gynt and the Trolls (Norway).

The Cat on the Dovrefjell (Norway).

The Cat of Norrhult (Sweden).

The Troll and the Bear (Denmark).

The Kobold and the Polar Bear (Germany).

The Cat Mill (Germany).

The Water Nix in the Oil Mill near Frauendorf (Germany).

The Water-Man (Moravia).

East of the Sun and West of the Moon - Norway

The Fisherman and the Bear - Maine, USA

Why the Bear is Stumpy-Tailed - Norway

The King of the Polar Bears by L. Frank Baum

Wonder and Valemon the White Bear - Norway

The Magic Bear – Native American/Inuit

The Story of the Three Bears - England

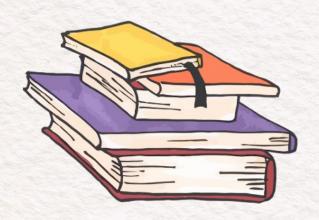
The Willow-Wren and the Bear - Germany

<u>The Woman Who Had a Bear as a Foster-Son -</u> <u>Inuit</u>



Resources Provided By Karen Chace

Karen Chace is an award-winning storyteller, teaching artist, workshop leader, and author. Since 2002, she has taught the art of storytelling to over six hundred students. She is the recipient of the LANES Brother Blue-Ruth Hill Storytelling Award and the National Storytelling Network ORACLE Service and Leadership Award. storybug.net





Video Games as 21st Century Ghosts

by Adam Mathews

An evolution from stain of place to stain of page, from auditory hauntings to optical facsimile, there is a cold calculation at work that springs life from a black dimension. All of it appears behind a sheet of frosted glass – a membrane thin enough to transmit light, thick enough to distort the creatures labouring behind it. Through this barrier between two worlds, vague silhouettes flicker into being, their gestures softened, their souls refracted. A spark glows faintly through the haze, calling from Stygian depths, trying to catch the attention of a pair of uncaring eyes that hold all the cards and the Fate of another world.

Video games, glimpsed always through this frost glass, become our twenty-first-century ghosts: presences felt but never fully touched, spectral proxies wandering their clockwork realms in search of recognition. Even when no will is imposed upon the Avatar, its origins and master remain the machinist – the quiet architect of providence and the nemesis to autonomy. These figures are shaped by our impulses yet sealed away from us, their breath fogging the pane that imprisons them in perpetual undeath.

Nothing is more haunting than the illusion of player choice – how the lives of these imitations twist under the weight of our input, a slice of psyche digitally converted and projected from the black mirror. Choosing your adventure means choosing the manner in which you manipulate this phantasm, this machine-scripture given breath. The avatar becomes a Modern Prometheus, animated and compelled through lines of code. It did not ask for this life: zero agency, zero latitude in how its story unfolds, zero hope of deviating from the prophecy inscribed into its executable form.

Every game world is a frozen diorama, a phantasmagoria of what was and what always will be. A revenant burning onto the screen, doomed to reenact the same gestures for every new witness. Jet-electric blue eyes follow predetermined narrative trajectories – fatalistic, cyclical, frost-rimmed. These characters exist in a looped ritual, a digital haunting preserved in silicon and reanimated with each press of the power button. Even when paused, they linger in suspension like insects caught beneath a thin sheet of ice.

Each breath the avatar takes leaves another tint of frost on the glass that separates its unliving state from ours. It is a glasshouse and a prison: visible but untouchable, illuminated yet numbed. And even if its body were set alight – reduced like parchment to ash by the delete key – there is never truly a terminus in our haunted millennium. Pandora can never go back into her box; deletion is only erasure, leaving faint residues of life. Ghost data hides in caches, backups, servers, clipped memories of a player who once looked through the same cold pane.

This is a one-way ticket on the Osaka Loop with no stops, starts, or ends; a snake devouring its own tail in a permanent frost-etched limbo, stuck in its past and future but never present. These avatars are revenants without past lives yet burdened by memories, ghosts without death yet condemned to afterlives. They haunt not because they once lived, but because they are kept from living fully.

And what of us? When you put a part of yourself out into the world – procreate, generate, ideate – something forms from the ether. Something crystallises when flesh pulses and from blood, sweat, and memories. A phantom pain echoes in every decision you imprint upon a digital being. Each choice becomes a frost pattern spreading across the glass, a record of the moment you intervened in a life that was never real and yet still feels true.

In the twenty-first century, your ghosts continue to haunt you long after you're dead, making their presence known through little electromagnetic pulses, notifications, save files resurrected years later. There is always a ghost on the other side of your screen, breathing onto the glass that separates the two of you. And when flesh bridges the world beyond video – hands warming the controller, eyes meeting the flicker of the undead image – thousands of little ghosts stir behind the frost, whispering code-scripture, demanding form.

They remind you that in this era of frost glass and phantom circuits, we are never merely the players.

We are the haunted and the haunting both.

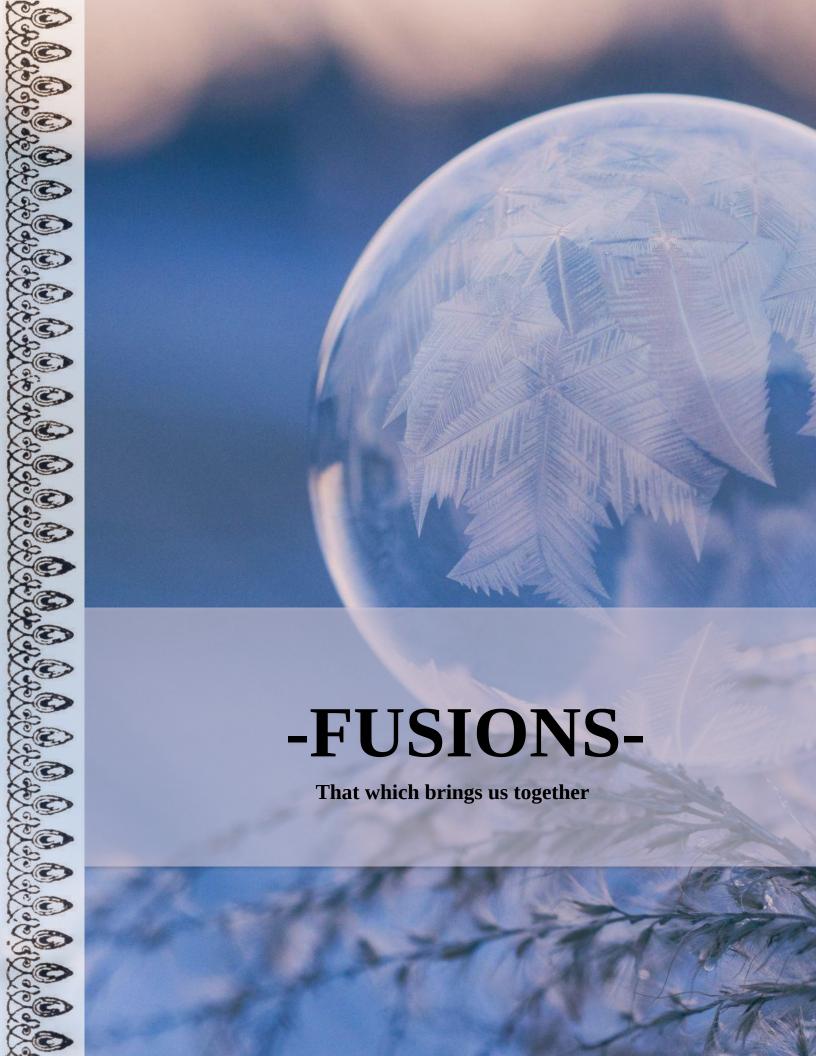
Open to being retold in the reteller's own words in educational or professional settings with attribution





Adam Matthews is a multimedia writer - equal parts gun-for-hire and ghostwriter. Obsessed with film, games and genre fiction, he's a PhD researcher writing a book on ghosts, trauma and hauntology. He vaguely aspires to be an old-timey noir detective, but might already be becoming one of the living dead. Contact:

nightwavesbroadcast@protonmail.com
Website: https://nightwavesradio.com/



Just Right: Reimagining Fairy Tales for the Cyber Age

by Deshawn Edwards

In a world where children can swipe before they can spell, stories have never been more vital. But in this digital age, the monsters have evolved. They aren't hiding in caves waiting for explorers to pass by, instead they lurk behind phishing emails, weak passwords, and unsecured Wi-Fi networks.

That is where Genfinity CyberTales comes in. This is a storytelling movement that reimagines classic tales to prepare young readers for a digital future.

When I created Genfinity CyberTales, I wanted to give students more than a message about online safety. I wanted to open a doorway into the world of cybersecurity itself. These stories do not simply warn kids about danger online. They invite them to step into the role of protector, investigator, and innovator.

Take "RedLocks and the Three Firewalls," for instance, inspired by the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears, RedLocks is a young ethical hacker who must test three different firewalls guarding her digital village. The first is too strict and blocks even friendly data. The second is too loose and is easily breached.





The third is balanced, secure but accessible, strong yet flexible. Through her journey, RedLocks learns the value of precision, patience, and ethical testing. By the end, readers understand that cybersecurity is not just about building walls to keep everything out, it is about creating a balance that is "just right."

That balance between creativity and caution, curiosity and care, is at the heart of every Genfinity CyberTales story. "Snow Byte and the Poisoned App" explores malware and safe downloads. "The Three Little Protectors" teaches the importance of strong passwords and layered defense. Each book blends imagination with awareness, helping children see cybersecurity not as fear, but as empowerment.

The stories also form the foundation of Genfinity Cyber Academy, an interactive learning curriculum where storytelling becomes a gateway to skill building. Students' progress through lessons that teach cybersecurity foundations, online safety, and hands-on practices such as digital forensics and network defense. What makes the learning experience powerful is the way it mirrors the stories. Students take on roles within cybersecurity, sometimes as analysts investigating digital evidence, other times as phishers testing their classmates' awareness. These role-play activities transform abstract concepts into real understanding.









Our mission is to teach digital safety while opening doors to digital careers. Many children have never heard of roles like penetration tester, threat analyst, or forensic investigator. But through storytelling, they can imagine themselves there. That spark of imagination is often the start of a lifelong interest.

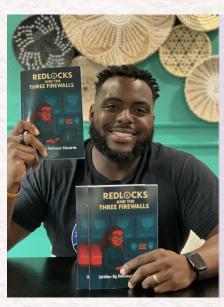
When I visit classrooms, I see how naturally students connect to this blend of story and technology. They cheer for the heroes, analyze the challenges, and quickly begin thinking like problem solvers. It is in those moments that storytelling transforms into something more, a tool for empowerment and exploration.

The Genfinity CyberTales Collection lives at the intersection of education and imagination. It proves that storytelling still has the power to engage, teach, and inspire, even in the digital age. These modernized tales will help prepare students for a future where technology and humanity must work together. Because in this new age of storytelling, the heroes do more than just live happily ever after. They live safely, think critically, and protect what matters most.

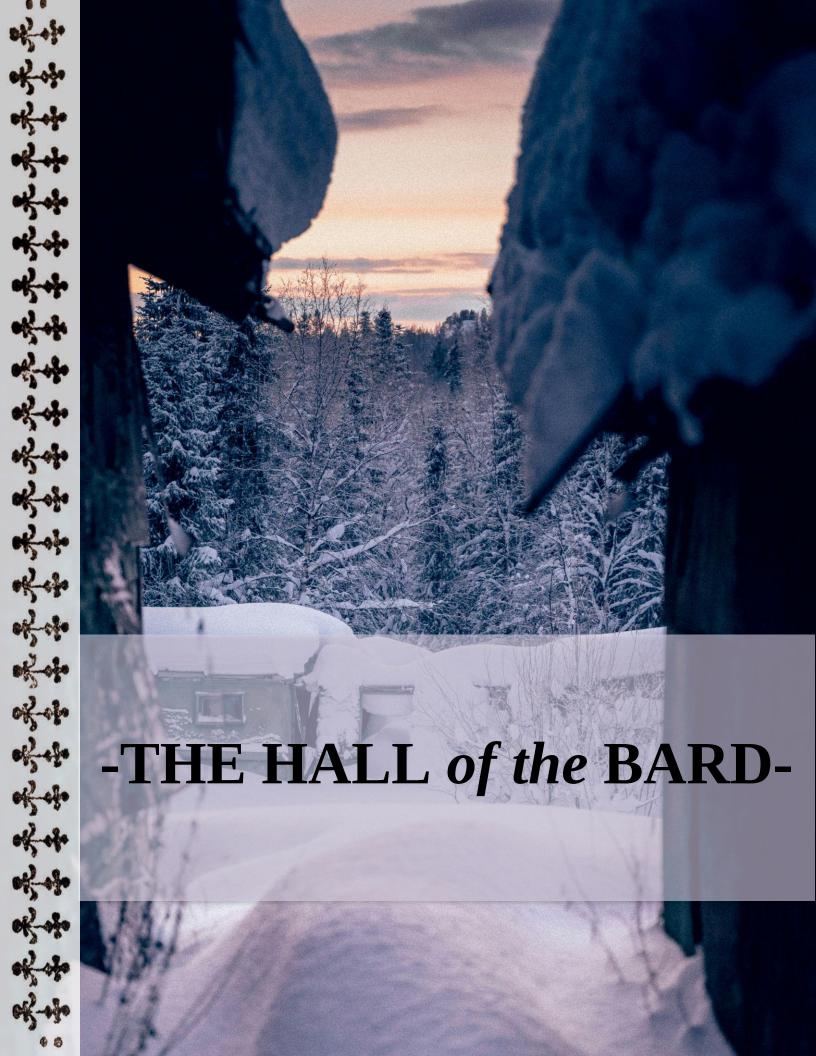




Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work



About the Author- Deshawn Edwards is a cybersecurity educator, children's book author, and Senior Cybersecurity Manager. Through his Genfinity CyberTales series, he blends storytelling and digital safety to inspire young learners. Deshawn also teaches and mentors emerging professionals, championing accessible cybersecurity education for communities everywhere.



The Willow Man

by Juliana Horatia Ewing THE PEARL STORY BOOK

Stories and Legends of Winter, Christmas, and New Year's Day COMPILED BY ADA M. SKINNER AND ELEANOR L. SKINNER, NEW YORK, DUFFIELD & COMPANY 1910

There once was a Willow, and he was very old,
And all his leaves fell off from him, and left him in the cold;
But ere the rude winter could buffet him with snow,
There grew upon his hoary head a crop of Mistletoe.

All wrinkled and furrowed was this old Willow's skin
His taper fingers trembled, and his arms were very thin;
Two round eyes and hollow, that stared but did not see,
And sprawling feet that never walked, had this most ancient tree.

A Dame who dwelt a-near was the only one who knew That every year upon his head the Christmas berries grew; And when the Dame cut them, she said--it was her whim-"A merry Christmas to you, Sir," _and left a bit for him_.

"Oh, Granny dear, tell us," the children cried, "where we May find the shining mistletoe that grows upon the tree?" At length the Dame told them, but cautioned them to mind To greet the willow civilly, _and leave a bit behind_.

"Who cares," said the children, "for this old Willow-man? We'll take the Mistletoe, and he may catch us if he can." With rage the ancient Willow shakes in every limb, For they have taken all, and _have not left a bit for him_.

Then bright gleamed the holly, the Christmas berries shone
But in the wintry wind, without the Willow-man did moan:
"Ungrateful, and wasteful! the mystic Mistletoe
A hundred years hath grown on me, but never more shall grow."

A year soon passed by, and the children came once more, But not a sprig of Mistletoe the aged Willow bore. Each slender spray pointed; he mocked them in his glee, And chuckled in his wooden heart, that ancient Willow-tree.

O children, who gather the spoils of wood and wold, From selfish greed and wilful waste your little hands withhold. Though fair things be common, this moral bear in mind, "Pick thankfully and modestly, and leave a bit behind."

Waimea Canyon Revelation: The Richard "Buffalo" Keaulana Story

by John Shockley



Everyone was quiet as the tour car drove back from Kauai's Waimea Canyon. Even the tour driver, Mr. Kilicoma, who was usually chatty, kept quiet. He stopped to make a phone call on the way back to Kapa'a. The van pulled up to the plantation-style home of John Gilruth, Vice President of Grayline Tours. A crowd of people were waiting.

They were waiting for Richard "Buffalo" Keaulana, his wife, Momi, their 2-year-old son, Brian, 1-year-old daughter, JoAnne Malia (Jody), and Buffalo's sister, Maryann Freudenburg. Nobody knew what to expect when they stepped from the van.

Richard Kalolo'okalani Keaulana was born on September 2, 1934. His father died before he was born, saving someone else from a construction injury.

In Hawaiian, Richard's middle name meant "Brain of Heaven," and his last name "Swift Moving Current." Keaulana's mother remarried to a Filipino man, who did not like Richard and was violent with both Richard and his mother.

To avoid conflict, young Keaulana left the house when he was eight years old and never returned. His mother looked for her young son, and for the most part, found him at the beach. She called him "the Water Buffalo." The name stuck. It did not refer to the American Bison, but rather the tropical water buffalo of Asia and the South Pacific.

While other children diligently attended school, Buff was got his education in the ocean. The ABCs of tides, winds, currents, and seasons were his teachers. Finding fish and limu (seaweed), catching octopus and eel, he learned how to coexist with the sea in the Hawaiian way, rather than to conquer it, as in the Western way.

Very early, Buff, as folks around the West O'ahu beaches called him, learned to share, coexist, and command presence on shore. It was special education.

World War II came and left. Buff was 21 years old and living on the beach in 1955. Someone accused him of stealing. He was no thief and didn't know how to defend himself against the false accusation. There was a way out: Military service.

The recruiting officer told Buff that the Army could teach him discipline. Buff didn't know big words. When the Board asked what he wanted, Buff said, "I think I want discipline. But I don't know what the hell that is." The Recruitment Board officers laughed and took him in.

At the time his enlistment was ending, he was assigned to be the lifeguard out at the military airfield and beach area at Haleiwa on the North Shore. It was his talent in the water that got him that assignment.

With the Army behind him, it was back to the only kind of job he knew -- beach-boy. He was living in Waikiki. It was a wide-open kind of life. Teaching people to surf. Riding canoes. Showing the tourist girls how to swim. All the activities which were booming during the 1950s and '60s.

Buff had a reputation as "The Hawaiian," the silent type, mainly because of his Pidgin English accent. He learned to play music. His friends on the beach were a list of Who's Who of the Beach Boys of Waikiki from Duke Kahanamoku (Hawaii's legendary waterman and Ambassador of Aloha) to Lord "Tally-ho" Blears (local professional wresting personality), Nappy Napoleon (Hawaii's revered champion canoe paddler), and George Downing (big wave surfing pioneer and innovative surf board designer).

One day, Buff took his surfboard out to the surf and was taken by the young beauty who worked at the surfboard rental shack. He didn't know much about approaching women, so he did what he could. He paddled up to Leimomi Whaley, bumped into her board, and said, "Hey!"

"Hey, what?" Leimomi sneered back. She knew Buff and didn't want to deal with him. "You nevah hear of Emily Post?

"No...."

"She is a writer who teaches manners," Leimomi said. She then told him that the correct way to introduce yourself is to state your name and your intentions.



"For instance: Are you busy this evening? Would you like to go to dinner with me? Would you like to go to a show?"

Buff was embarrassed, but went through the introduction regimen, asking Leimomi if she would like to go out with him.

"No way, Hawaiian!" Leimomi smiled.

"So, what the hell did I go through all this for?"

"To learn manners, Hawaiian...."

It took over a year of Buff's effort to finally win over Leimomi's heart. When they finally knew they wanted a life together, a real struggle began.

"That Hawaiian guy...he's a beach bum!" Leimomi's father railed. "What kind of future are you going to have with him?"

Joseph Kahalelelio Whaley was against signing papers for his young, 19-year-old daughter to marry "that Hawaiian beach boy."

Leimomi's mother, Adeline Souza Whaley, had passed away when Leimomi was only 12 years old. Leimomi lived with her four siblings, who all agreed that Leimomi could do a lot better marrying someone else. There was a nice Chinese-Hawaiian boy who was trying to win Leimomi's hand. He graduated from Kaimuki High School in Honolulu and was headed to college.

It was a social battle on two fronts. Buff had to try to win over Leimomi's family as well as compete with a well-educated town guy, whose family had money and Buff was losing. To turn the tide, he got a job at a cement factory to show the Whaley family he could be a stable provider for a family.

Leimomi's heart was with Buff, but the other guy was tenacious.

In a way, Leimomi was a lot like Buff. At Kaimuki High, she was the first girl to enroll in the auto maintenance course. The wolf-whistles and hoots by the guys were shut down, when Leimomi stared down the crowd and said, "Eh! If you guys think you gettin' in my pants — think again! We're here to learn how to fix cars!"

At the surfboard rental stand in Waikiki, Leimomi knew how to shut down the beach boys with rough talk and the men tourists with a smile and soft talk. She knew she was attractive. "Nobody was going to get me. I knew what I wanted, and it wasn't any beach promoters."

Buff was kind of clumsy at trying to promote. He would get his ukulele and try singing to her. Eventually, the song and style broke through Leimomi's wall.

Buff was also doing well with Leimomi's family, but the beach called. When he quit his cement factory job, the family took notice.

One day, Buff came to Leimomi's house, went to her bedroom, and started throwing all her things into a bed sheet. One way or another, he was going to be with Leimomi and she with him.

Leimomi became pregnant. When her Chinese-Hawaiian suitor heard that, he disappeared. Buff didn't. And on November 5, 1960, Leimomi "Momi" and Buffalo "Buff" Keaulana were married at the St. Augustine Catholic Church in Waikiki.

Life was going to be uncertain for Buff and Momi, but they were willing to give it a try. Buff had gotten a job as the "beach park keeper" at Makaha Beach. There were no lifeguard positions yet, so he took care of the facilities and grounds. Not much money, but he supplemented that with his skill at catching fish to support his family.

In 1960, Buff and Momi took up residence in the Park Keeper's Residence above the old showers on the ocean side (makai) of Farrington Highway. This was long before the new bathhouse facility was built. The quarters were cramped and primitive, but that place became the hub of the beach.

The community knew that even though Buff was only a beach caretaker, they could count on him to be watching for anyone in trouble in the surf. The winter ocean could become dangerous, but Buff was always there.

Although Buff was tough and could handle any fight situation, he mainly wanted to keep the peace, and people respected that. Often, people would come down to the beach to ask if the Keaulanas had any leftover fish.

"I told Buff that he could give away anything and could have anybody sleeping by the house, but he better make sure our family had our food and shelter first!" Momi had her way.

As the Keaulana reputation grew, so did his family. Brian Lopaka came along in 1961, followed by JoAnne Malia in 1962, with Rennette Lehua in 1965, and by 1966, Russ Keli'i had arrived. Buff needed a better job.

By 1968, Buff's reputation had spread to downtown Honolulu. Mayor Neal Blaisdell had heard about the happenings at West O'ahu and called Buff into his office to offer him a job.

Blaisdell wanted Buff to be the first bona fide lifeguard at Makaha Beach. At the interview, Blaisdell's aide, reminded the mayor that Buff didn't have an education and mentioned that he had deserted the caretaker job to surf in a contest on the mainland.

"In 1965, he was gone for a month to compete in the World Championship Surfing Contest in Lima, Peru, and the city paid him as if he were working at Makaha!"

Momi boiled over. "Hey! When Buff went to the mainland, I took over all the duties, and our friends pitched in to keep the beach in perfect condition. Why the hell are you trying to tell the mayor stink stuff?"



On January 1st, 1969, Richard (Buff) Kalolo'okalani Keaulana became Makaha Beach's first lifeguard. Mayor Blaisdell created the position for Buff without requiring any Civil Service test.

Blaisdell waived the Civil Service tests because Buff had already rescued many people from the ocean. He also proclaimed that Buff would be the lifeguard for as long as he wanted. Buff held the position from 1969 to 1994 -- 35 years!

Buff's reputation grew to the point that the vice-president of Grayline Tours, John Gilruth, became one of Buff's many friends. In 1963, he invited the Keaulanas to visit him at his place in Kapa'a, Kauai.

Buff's family arrived and were greeted by the tour guide for Grayline in Kauai, Mr. Kilicoma. He was outgoing and full of information, as any good guide would be. He knew Hawaiian history and was proud of it.

"OK, where do you folks want to go?"

"I've never seen Waimea Canyon," Momi said. "It's supposed to be the Grand Canyon of the Pacific. Can we see it?"

Everyone piled into the van after the luggage and lodging were set. It took over an hour of driving to reach the canyon. Along the way, Kilicoma recounted stories and history, and he pointed out highlights of Kauai.

When they reached the parking area, they all got out of the van and walked to the viewing area. There was a railing that Buff went under to get a closer look at the canyon. Foggy clouds had blocked the view.

Kilicoma mentioned that in the old days, Hawaiian royalty would oli or chant to express respect and reverence for the mana, the spiritual power of the canyon and the elements. They would then ask for a favorable outcome and clap their hands. Shortly after that, the clouds would divide like the Biblical Red Sea.

Buff was already at the edge and began to oli, to chant in Hawaiian. When he clapped his hands, the echo went down the canyon and -- the clouds parted! The canyon opened with all its glory.

Something special had happened. Kilicoma was stunned — everyone was stunned, including Buff!

Back at Kapa'a, a crowd gathered. From the side of the Gilruth plantation-style home came an old lady with silver hair, a Kumu, a teacher, a source of wisdom using a crooked hardwood staff. She came up to Buff and immediately dropped down to the ground and bowed. The crowd did the same. Buff pleaded with the kumu to rise.

"Why are you folks bowing down to me? I'm just a visitor from O'ahu. I'm nobody special."

The Kumu explained that what had happened at Waimea Canyon that day was proof that Keaulana was of royal blood. She said that the Keaulana name wasn't his Hawaiian ancestral name, but it was Kalawaia.

The Kauai celebration was over, but the quiet mystery remained. Who was Richard Keaulana? A family friend did some genealogical research and learned that the Kalawaia royal name was traced to the Kamehameha lineage.

Buff's great-great-grandfather, Kalawai Nui O Kamameha, was famous for his fishing and his ocean prowess. His name meant "The First Fisherman" and he was one of the many son of Kamehameha, the Great, the founder of the Hawaiian Dynasty.

Over Buff's 35-year career as a lifeguard, he had saved many people from drowning in the ocean. Many people wanted to repay him, but he would just say, "Look up, thank Akua (God), and that is all that is needed."

Princess Abigale Kawananakoa, the highest ranking member of the Royal Family of Hawaii; Rev. Abraham Akaka, the pastor of Kawaiaha'o Church and one of Hawai'i's most well known clergyman; and his son, Daniel Akaka, Hawaii's US Representative and US Senator, were just a few of the many friends of Buff. Once, a Waianae tough guy asked why Buff had such influence and power.

"What? You gotta use your fists to be that strong, eh?"



"No," Buff replied. "I only demand people be pono . Give what they can and accept what is given. Everybody just be fair."

To be pono is to live in balance and harmony, and to be in integrity with what is good and true for oneself, others, and the 'āina, the land.

Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work





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



Sheltering Wings

by Harriet Louise Jerome THE PEARL STORY BOOK

Stories and Legends of Winter, Christmas, and New Year's Day COMPILED BY ADA M. SKINNER AND ELEANOR L. SKINNER, NEW YORK, DUFFIELD & COMPANY 1910

It was intensely cold. Heavy sleds creaked as they scraped over the jeweled sounding board of dry, unyielding snow; the signs above shop doors shrieked and groaned as they swung helplessly to and fro; and the clear, keen air seemed frozen into sharp little crystalline needles that stabbed every living thing that must be out in it. The streets were almost forsaken in mid-afternoon. Business men hurried from shelter to shelter; every dog remained at home; not a bird was to be seen or heard. The sparrows had been forced to hide themselves in crevices and holes; the doves found protected corners and huddled together as best they could; many birds were frozen to death.

A dozen or more doves were gathered close under the cornice of the piazza of a certain [38]house, trying with little success to keep warm. Some small sparrows, disturbed and driven from the cozy place they had chosen, saw the doves and came flying across the piazza.

"Dear doves," chirped the sparrows, "won't you let us nestle near you? Your bodies look so large and warm."

"But your coats are frosted with cold. We cannot let you come near us, for we are almost frozen now," murmured the doves sadly.

"But we are perishing."

"So are we."

"It looks so warm near your broad wings, gentle doves. Oh, let us come! We are so little, and so very, very cold!"

"Come," cooed a dove at last, and a trembling little sparrow fluttered close and nestled under the broad white wing.

"Come," cooed another dove, and another little sparrow found comfort.

"Come! Come!" echoed another warm-hearted bird, and another, until at last more than half the doves were sheltering small, shivering sparrows beneath their own half-frozen wings.

[39]"My sisters, you are very foolish," said the other doves. "You mean well, but why do you risk your own beautiful lives to give life to worthless sparrows?"

"Ah! they were so small, and so very, very cold," murmured the doves. "Many of us will perish this cruel night; while we have life let us share its meager warmth with those in bitter need."

Colder and colder grew the day. The sun went down behind the clouds suffused with soft and radiant beauty, but more fiercely and relentlessly swept the wind around the house where the doves and sparrows waited for death.

An hour after sunset a man came up to the house and strode across the piazza. As the door of the house closed heavily behind him, a little child watching from the window saw something jarred from the cornice fall heavily to the piazza floor.

"Oh, papa," she cried in surprise, "a poor frozen dove has fallen on our porch!"

When he stepped out to pick up the fallen dove the father saw the others under the [40]cornice. They were no longer able to move or to utter a cry, so he brought them in and placed them in a room where they might slowly revive. Soon more than half of the doves could coo gratefully, and raise their stiffened wings. Then out from beneath the wing of each revived dove fluttered a living sparrow.

"Look, papa!" cried the child. "Each dove that has come to life was holding a poor little sparrow close to her heart."

They gently raised the wings of the doves that could not be revived. Not one had a sparrow beneath it.

Colder and fiercer swept the wind without, cutting and more piercing grew the frozen, crystalline needles of air, but each dove that had sheltered a frost-coated sparrow beneath her own shivering wings lived to rejoice in the glowing gladsome sunshine of the days to come.







The Angela Lloyd Sunbrella Award— A Fundraising Concert For YES (Youth Educators Storytellers)

by Karen Golden



"One Woman-Band-Washboard. Subject to Bursts of Enthusiasm. Building Community through Storytelling, Poetry and Music."

That's the quote that greets visitors to Angela L. Lloyd's Facebook page, words that perfectly capture her whimsical energy and her lifelong mission to build community through creativity. Angela was more than a teller of tales; she was a weaver of stories, songs, poetry, and joy. Her life's work transformed storytelling into a lived, multi-sensory experience, leaving behind a legacy of laughter, community, and caring artistry. I met Angela thirty-five years ago, and we became friends and colleagues, performing together in an adult storytelling troupe for fourteen years.

When she left us on January 4, 2025, she left a huge void. To honor her memory, the National Storytelling Network's special interest group YES (Youth, Educators, Storytellers), which Angela also chaired, established The Angela Lloyd Sunbrella Award, a grant to be given annually to a creative storyteller who has a history of engagement with youth using story.

To raise funds for this new award, a group of storytellers deeply influenced by Angela presented a virtual concert on September 27, 2025. You can view this remarkable tribute concert at storynet.org/the-angela-lloyd-sunbrella-award/ and click on the Sunbrella Concert SEP 27 2025 button.

I met Angela thirty-five years ago, and we became friends and colleagues, performing together in an adult storytelling troupe for fourteen years. Along with Kevin Cordi, I co-emceed the concert, and Karin Armano, Kevin and I invited each storyteller to share how Angela influenced their work and to tell a story, either about Angela or one that reflected how she lived and what she gave to the world.

During this time, we sang, told stories in honor of her memory and this award. We heard personal narrative, folktales, and memories that kept us close to the spirit of Angela and her work.









"Angela taught me the value of the pause and the joy of unfiltered laughter. She would stop to listen close to you so she took what you were saying to her heart. She would laugh without asking and her laughter was a joy to hear."

Kevin Cordi

Along with **Kevin Cordi**, I co-emceed the concert, and we invited each storyteller to share how Angela influenced their work and to tell a story, either about Angela or one that reflected how she lived and what she gave to the world.

Our first storyteller, **Laura Simms**, a longtime friend of Angela's, said:

"Angela's love of working with her 'school' was a constant inspiration to me. I was amazed at how she took sophisticated activities we had done at the Storytelling Residency about presence, pausing, embodying characters and landscapes, and turned them into playful activities that the students from first grade up never forgot. I am sure that my commitment to children was completely built from her brilliance and spontaneity. She embodied wild listening to what was taking place, and a great precision of mindfulness and musical composition."

Laura then took us on a wild ride with a personal story about visiting Angela's school many years ago, capturing the spontaneity with which Angela lived. The tale was filled with moments of levity, including Laura telling "The King of Toga Toga" at a swim party while wearing a bathing suit, and it deepened when she shared their mutual loss of their concert pianist mothers, a bond that helped them both sense that the world was made of music and love.

Laura was followed by poet **Zoot**, who wrote an original poem in Angela's honor, saying,

"One cannot meet Angela without feeling the joy of being in touch with our child inside."

The poem begins:

"A pixie appears to me often,

With a fairytale wrapped in a multicolored shawl.

Is she five or a hundred and five?"

His words perfectly captured Angela's spirit and her care for others.

Next, Noa Baum shared,

"Angela's telling moved me in profound and unexpected ways. It was always entertaining but never just that. I have learned about real joy, about respect and appreciation for the depth and power of our art form. I strive to live up to her artistic standards."

Noa told "*If Not Higher*" by I.L. Peretz, a story in which a man discovers that his Rabbi ascends "higher than the heavens" through good deeds. Angela, too, resides in that place higher than the heavens, looking down at us.

Heather Forest not only performed but also helped produce the concert through the Healing Story Alliance. She designed the beautiful flier and reflected that Angela taught her:

"nuanced layering is more than a fashion statement. It is art. She inspired optimism with her profound faith that folks would sing along."

Heather chose an original musical version of the Eastern European Yiddish folktale "*Too Much Noise*" because of Angela's deep love of music. She dedicated the story to Angela and her optimism and profound ability to playfully shift people's perspectives.

I shared a brief memory from the first Passover Seder I led. Angela wore a blue dress that she said made her look like a matzo. At the end of the evening, she took it off and gave it to me, saying, "Now you can be the matzo." I have worn that dress every Passover since.

Michael McCarty offered words of wisdom he learned from Angela: "Life is short. BE HAPPY!!!"

He told a story about his mother sharing her best China with a stranger out of pure, unadulterated love, connecting that generosity to Angela's own spirit. In Michael's words, "Angela represented love big time."

Nancy Wong of Eth-Noh-Tech shared that

"Angela was the queen of fairies."

Nancy said she learned from Angela "to be more spontaneous and more fanciful. She always tickled me with her whimsey and her thinking process as she engaged the world and all of us in it. Her commitment to her belief that anything and everything was possible inspired me as well.

As a Midwesterner and a Chinese American in a majority western culture, my persona has been more stifled with the need to be acceptable. Angela, I don't believe ever cared about that. At least not as much as me! So, I don't care anymore either!!"

Nancy and her partner/husband, **Robert Kikuchi-Yngojo**, told "*The Long-Haired Girl*", a folktale from the Dong minority of China. Like the heroine in that story, Angela's love for people and her courage to use that love for goodness, no matter what stood in her way, made the story a fitting tribute.

Wordsmith Carol Birch said:

"Angela was achingly sweet and serious, her whimsical flair encouraged curiosity, playfulness, and dialogues. That's how she taught. As her beloved Carl Sandburg said: 'Not even the Kings of Egypt with all their climbing camels and speedy, spotted luck lizards ever had rides like she offered us!'"

Carol also quoted **Barbara McBride Smith**, who once said, "Angela was diagonally parked in a parallel world."

John St. Clair, a longtime friend and member of Angela's local guild, Inland Valley Storytellers, said,

"Angela had a unique way of making every story she told seem like the story lived inside of her. What I learned was to carefully choose stories to tell that resonated inside of me and to practice telling those stories silently inside my head until I felt the story was a part of me."

His heartfelt words revealed Angela's dedication to friendship and to the authenticity of the storytelling art.





-58-





Ed Stivender, another longtime colleague, called Angela a "holy fool," explaining that she could "join the opposites."

"There was not a big difference between work and play; she was always ready for both, especially when we played together on the fringe of the National Storytelling Festival. She was the most giving performer I've ever worked/played with. She gave me good example. She was the embodiment of 'The Readiness is all!' as Shakespeare said."

Ed showed two ties Angela had given him, then offered another gift from her, a story once told by her uncle about a Shakespearean fellow named *Hamlet*.

Arts advocate **Donna Washington** reflected, "Angela was a warm and wild spirit. Her focus on advocating for arts educators and the need for spreading stories to anyone, everywhere will always inspire my work." For the first time in her career, Donna told a Sufi story accompanied by music, inspired by Angela's example.

Adam Mellema and **Sam Payne** of *The Apple Seed Podcast* were unable to attend live but contributed video tributes. Adam said,

"Angela so masterfully married whimsy and vulnerability. She wasn't afraid to show her soft underbelly, a quality I hope to be ever-expanding in my own stories."

Filming in front of a quilt made from Angela's T-shirts, Adam told the story of how Angela went from being "famous" to him to becoming his friend. Sam Payne's video was equally moving.

"I sometimes called Angela 'a fearless kindness activist.' She has helped me to be more courageous as a storyteller, and her work has encouraged me to craft pieces that are, at their core, kind."

Sam shared memories of performing with Angela and ended his video with a clip of her singing *Thorn Rosa*. His final words echoed in all our hearts:

"Angela, may your memory continue to draw people together as it has drawn us together today." At the end of the concert, we all lingered in the Zoom room, reluctant to say goodbye. As Sam so beautifully stated, Angela drew us together, and it is our hope that the **Angela Lloyd Sunbrella Award** will continue to do the same, keeping her spirit alive and shining for generations of storytellers to come.

Open to being retold in the reteller's own words in educational or professional settings with attribution



About the Authot- Karen Golden is a storyteller, musician, author, and award-winning recording artist. She began sharing stories at her family dinner table at the age of three and playing the saxophone at nine. Today, her "table" spans the globe, embracing listeners of all ages. Karen has performed in person on four continents and virtually in more than 15 countries. Through her stories and music, she weaves together tradition, personal experience, and cultural wisdom, always seeking to build bridges of understanding and hope. Her performances are engaging, interactive, and filled with warmth, inviting audiences to listen deeply and connect through story. karengolden.com

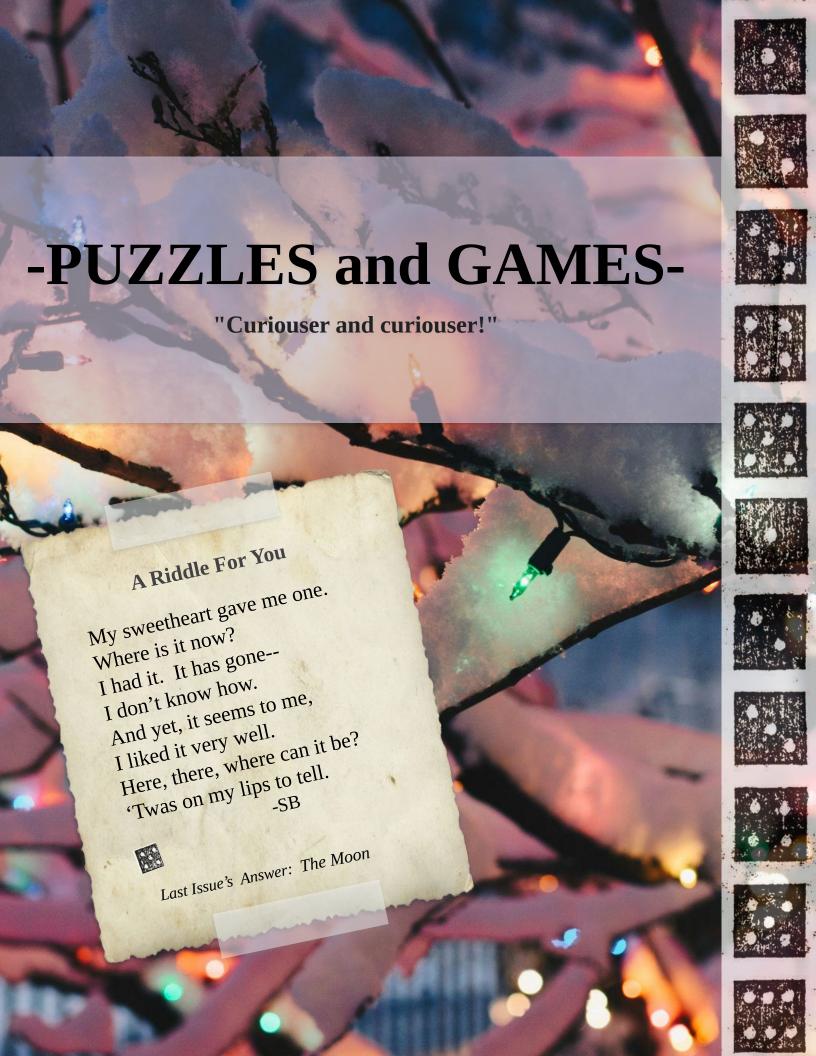
REMEMBERING ANGELA L. LLOYD



"I was thinking about Angela again this morning. I miss her terribly. We maintained a strong underbelly of connection that was indestructible for more than thirty years. Outwardly we were different. But we shared many complex inner stories of childhood trauma, wild adventures, deep love of the details of storytelling engagement, shopping fiascos, and meditation practice. There are things that perhaps not everyone knows: her struggle with addiction and spending, and a dedicated precision. These may sound abstract, but they are the intimate qualities that gave agency to our friendship, and set her apart in performance and teaching. She was spontaneous. Sometimes whacky, even risky. But other times her actions were based on a long practice of precision, awareness, and sensitivity. She was concerned that she offer the best that was needed at any moment. It was fearless. She filed, sorted and attended to her work, and others' work. She was constantly on a marathon of organization but would get distracted by a poem she had to rewrite and share. s She kept everything as if at one moment a thread, a song, a certain hat, a bicycle wheel or a crayon color might be needed. Moving out of the Red House was devastating, and then liberating. Boxes and burgeoning closets removed, she savored her time with her husband, and their dog Maddy. She sewed and bicycled daily. "I am not doing anything," she would complain and then tell me all she was doing for the storytelling and meditation world she considered her families. She and Larry fed a donkey daily, and went on long walks. She was an artist of seeing, being and feeling. Her photographs, and her drawings became the foundation of arts activities with children that would become parts of stories and post story events with songs and spicy delight. She was not afraid to share her awareness practice with young children. "Remember to pause before you speak," she would suggest to young children, and they did suddenly becoming wonderful storytellers and orators. Angela was an ongoing part of a creativity and meditation project in Los Angeles where she is remembered with incredible regard. And she kept track of everyone who had been or was part of her life. I think she must have been thrilled, seeing all her "stuff" at the National Conference. I keep a hat in my bedroom. It is a small ninety forties red circular hat, tiny black rim and a long feather. If ever I get bogged down taking myself too seriously I have only to see it, and in dire moments, put it on and go out.

Laura Simms (laurasimms.com)

Contributor to be contacted regarding permission to tell this work



LOST WORD SOCIETY

by Carmen Agra Deedy

The Holidays are upon us once again! A time when children attempt to convince Santa how good they have been all year. I have always been partial to, "Dear Santa, I can explain...."

The world is full of interesting phrases. *Not my circus, not my monkeys* (Polish) = Not my problem. *Swallowing camels while straining at gnats* (Swedish) = Not seeing the forest for the trees. To *have tomatoes on your eyes* (German) = Being oblivious to what is in front of you. *To give someone pumpkins* (Spanish) = To reject someone romantically. *To have a face like a dropped pie* (Australian) = Someone not conventionally attractive. *There is no cow on the ice* (Swedish) = There is nothing to worry about. Therefore, it is not your circus, if someone makes you swallow camels, throws tomatoes at your eyes, and gives you a pumpkin because you dropped a pie. There is nothing to fear as there are no cows on the ice in your drink.

In each issue we will give you an archaic, obsolete, or otherwise "lost" word. We will make up three silly definitions for the word to amuse ourselves and hopefully you, dear reader. Your job is to make up your own definition, sonnet, a myth, or even a musical about the lost word, just for fun. Next month, we will publish the true definition of the "lost" word and provide you with another one. Enjoy!

For more fun, got to Carmen Agra Deedy's LOST WORD SOCIETY at https://www.facebook.com/carmenagradeedy for new words every weekend.

CARRIWITCHET (n.) Archaic.

- 1) She loaded her carriwitchet with baubles, bangles, needles, beads, yarn, thread, thimbles, and everything else she thought she would need on her journey to keep her from boredom and to keep them safe.
- 2) He sought out the carriwitchet of the village as she alone might know how to cure his cow and break the curse which was affecting his farm.
- 3) "It is either the whatchamacallit, the whosawhatsit, or the carriwitchet over there that is causing the problem with the thingamabob."

Last Month's Lost Word:

PINGLE (v.) 18th - 19th century. Obsolete. - to work in a useless, unhelpful, manner that not only interferes with others, but makes things worse.



For more fun explore:

Carmen Agra Deedy's LOST WORD SOCIETY

at facebook.com/carmenagradeedy

for new words every weekend!

-STORY SIGHTINGS-

What's going on?
Organizations, Events, People and Much More



Bring Louisa May Alcott to your school, festival, book club! Through the magic of performance, the author of Little Woman will come, share how she developed as a writer and more! Did you know she was a nurse in the Civil War? Contact her at joanleotta@gmail.com



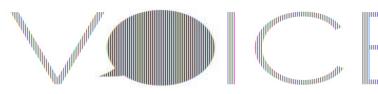


#1 PANDEMIC PERFORMANCE PLATFORM



* STORYSLAMS * PRODUCTION SERVICES

SFAPSHOWS.COM



teaching the art of storytel

Karem Chace karenchace.stories@gmail.com www.storybug.net 774-271-0177



Ameline: L.... Love2tell2@ac andrealovett.bl 781-267-9979 Patricia Coffie 203 Emery Drive Waverly, IA 50677 USA 319-230-0659



Storytelling filled with love and laughter and sometimes tears from one whose heart belongs to the Midwest.

The Story of

INDUSTRIAL AMERICA

1850's - 1950's

Jimkissane.com

EXPERIENCE THE STORIES OF AMERICA'S INDUSTRIAL HISTORY LIKE NEVER BEFORE

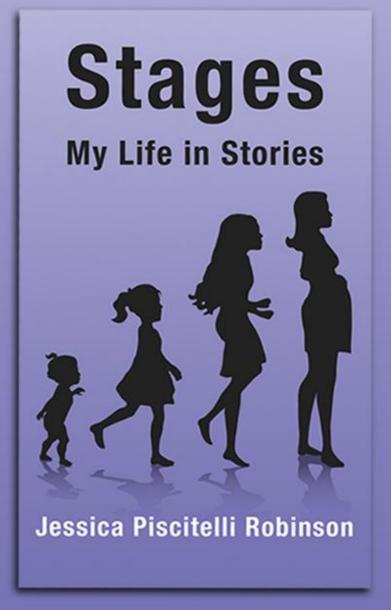
www.JimKissane.com CONTACT: (813) 765-4225 StoryTeller@JimKissane.com

Selina Eisenberg Professional Storyteller

T: 514.794.7832 storytelling18@gmail.com www.facebook.com/storytelling18 storiesbyselina.ca



Stages: My Life in Stories by Jessica Piscitelli Robinson



At first glance, Stages is a memoir, a collection of amusing, moving stories that follow the author through her life.

As you reach the end of the book, of course, you see the larger picture, like an image arising out of mosaics.

It's also a masterclass on storytelling, and Jessica Piscitelli Robinson a master storyteller.

-author, Anne Janzer

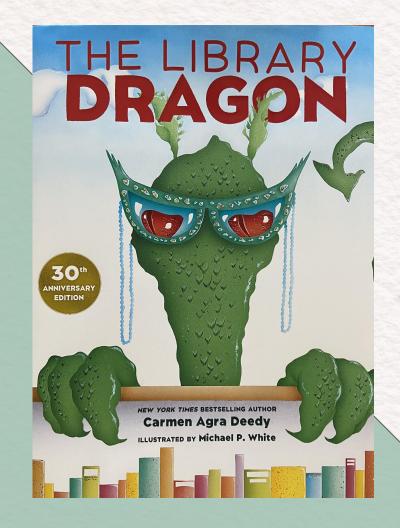
TUCKER
DS
PRESS

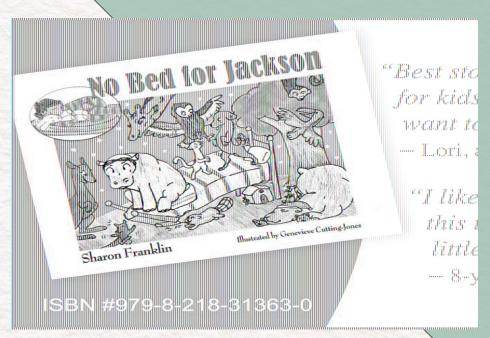
jessicapiscitellirobinson.com

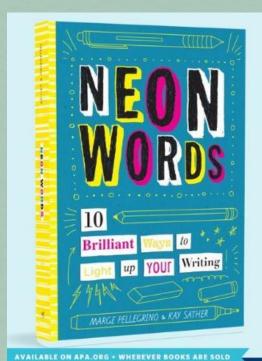
The rane ODCAST

Featuring the Odyssey, the exploits of Fionn MacCumhail, the Mahabharata, the Epic of Gilgamesh, interviews with amazing storytellers and much more

www.JayLeeming.com







"An engaging collection of ideas for group assignments, and fun for individuals, too." -BOOKLIST

Storytelling

"Brimming with heart, grace, and grit ...

... These stories from the Texas Storytelling Festival shimmer and sparkle like a radiant Texas sunset. Celebrate four decades of captivating storytelling, from true, heartfelt personal narratives resonating with raw honesty, to the rhythmic cadence of cowboy poetry echoing across the vast landscape, to tales taller than the towering Texas Sky and stretching wider than the expansive horizon. Each of these diverse stories reflects the gentle humor and generous spirit which define the Texan soul. Forty Years of Texas Storytelling is a celebration of tradition and the enduring legacy that is the Texas Storytelling Festival."

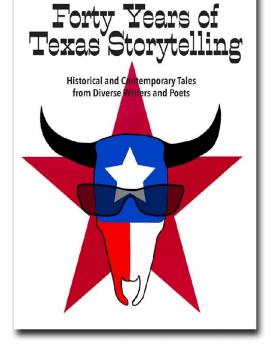
-Alton Takiyama-Chung, Storyteller (altonchung.com) and Editor-In-Chief of *The Story Beast,* a quarterly e-Publication dedicated to the art of storytelling (storybeast.org)

"A gleaning of engaging tales from the Texas Storytelling Festival that will leave you chuckling and, in some cases, weeping. I loved the chance to peek into the Texan lifestyle via tales of living in ... or moving to ... Texas."

-Margaret Read MacDonald, Folklorist, author, storyteller, and former librarian

"A love of oral storytelling imbues this celebratory book with the flavors of many cultural traditions that call Texas home. Share these stories with your family, your classroom, and faith community."

-Kiran Singh Sirah, past president, International Storytelling Center



Paperback • \$21.95 • 978-1-62491-202-3 328 Pages @ 6" x 9" E-book • \$14.95 • 978-1-62491-203-0



"This book is a tour de force—a wonderful snapshot of storytelling in Texas. I didn't want it to end. The history of the Texas Storytelling Festival is fascinating and beautifully written. And the stories that follow, from a broad range of tellers, styles, and experiences, are each gems in their own right. "The stories range from educational to stirring, from humorous to mysterious. They are personal tales, folk tales, and historical stories, from a variety of different cultures, recognizing the fascinating guilt that is Texas.

"Many of the tellers have won a John Henry Faulk award. I smiled when I saw that, as I knew John Henry and his British-born wife Elizabeth when I first lived in Texas in my early twenties. I know that he would have loved these stories—many written for the ear and not the eyes, so you can almost hear them being told. He would have reveled in their charm, their variety, and poignancy. And so did I. I thoroughly recommend this marvelous book."

-Geraldine Buckley, storyteller and author



The TSA Fortieth Anniversary Book Committee of Jaye McLaughlin, Hank Roubicek, Peggy Helmick-Richardson, and Chester Weems would like to make a special tribute to Parkhurst Brothers Publishers, for its part in development of Forty Years of Texas Storytelling. To them, this was more than a business project.

Ted Parkhurst has been a longtime supporter of the Tejas Storytelling Association. He has provided exhibits, moderated sessions, and given overall support for many years, and not just to Tejas, but storytelling across the nation. Ted and his wife, Linda, the lead graphic designer on this project, have gone an extra mile to see this book through to completion. We appreciate them.



Credits





BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bridgman, Lewis Jesse. (1929) The Guess Book of Riddles. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Library of Congress, Public Domain (2019).

Dickinson, Don and Skinner, Ada M., Editors. (1913) The Children's Book of Christmas Stories. Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. Published by arrangement with Little, Brown, & Co.

Skinner, Ada M. and Skinner, Eleanor L. Editors. (1910) The Pearl Story Book: Stories and Legends of Winter, Christmas, and New Year's Day. New York: Duffield & Company.

With thanks to <u>Calaméo</u> for the ability to offer this e-publication.

About the Font

Tinos was designed by Steve Matteson as an innovative, refreshing serif design that is metrically compatible with Times New RomanTM. 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.

Images

Images provided with permission by the artists and <u>Unsplash</u>, <u>Old Book Illustrations</u>, <u>Project Gutenberg</u>, <u>Rawpixel Ltd</u>, <u>The Metropolitan</u>, Wikipedia, and Wikimedia Commons.

