

Writer's Notes:

There were two of him and only one of her. That was the problem.

Once there was a story which, as told, ended when the lady fell off the street car and landed in a fruit stall, but that was not really the end. Of course.

Once there was, or maybe a few times, has there been a person with cheek bones quite as prominent as his, and it was more than he could do, to locate his identity in anything else, including his outstanding success in the famed Truffel market.

The moment I walked into the place, seeing that it had a dirt floor and only three walls, I expected less elegance than I actually encountered



The Parrot, named Polly because it was the only one ever known in the county, was found beside the rail road track when she was a little girl in Ohio and there is no telling how old it was at the time, being probably a performing circus parrot,

but Bernice had the parrot with her until it died eighty years later, where upon Polly was taxidermed and kept on in her cage until when Bernice died while well into her nineties. They had an open casket funeral with Polly, and the two were buried together.

Her third ear was not always obvious, because of the swath of hair she pinned over her left temple, where the ear resided, but of you ever noticed it, you felt deeply observed.

and Pompe Tympanum, would change his name for a year and try out another life, as much as possible avoiding legal fraud, and so on. The so on was the problem.

Four months after she moved in with her cats, he moved into a trailer in the yard and that was working out pretty well

When she first moved onto the property, there was no shed out back, and then one day there it was.

When I first met her, she had not yet unfurled her wings

*At first she didn't notice the large,
ape-like creature in the tub.*

for a week when she had gone to collect eggs in the chicken house, she had found not regular eggs, but plastic easter eggs: those two-part things you get with jelly beans in them, except that each of these chicken house eggs had a fortune cookie advisory on it, like, as in the first one, : nredstr pg upit nrdy wis,oyord/



ejrm jr eplr i om yjr ptmomh . jr trvlpmrf jr
epi,fkidy hp nsvl yp c,rr ./

zoy dsd s fsu ,olr smu pyjrt fsu. rcvr y yjr dlu esd gs,,,omh.

When they sold the farm to the other side of the family, they were able to move into town and live a life where you didn't have to worry about being slammed against the side of the stall by a bossy cow, damn her hide

*She did not notice that she had stepped on a star fish,
until it had been with her for a while.*

When she woke, she thought she smelled pancakes. but she lived alone in a doublewide trailer on four acres. Another morning it was bacon and, maybe potatoes.

My adopted brother William was handy on roofs where, because of his lower body dwxarfism, he could wxork all day without kneeling or bending. He occasionally worked on some of our Natural Bone construction projects over the

years, most often sleeping nights on the work site, sleeping among the tools. No one ever complained, mostly no one noticed. . He did some garden work on his own and often then, lived in the garden, and sometimes with the encouragements of the ladies.

One lady in Cayuga Heights believed that gnomes are real physical beings, that William was one, and she was willing to pay him, whatever that might be worth, to be a resident gnome.

He was not so sure he liked the notion that he was a gnome, or just exactly what a gnome was, or what was to be expected of him, but he took the job.

He didn't have to be there all the time, and she paid him to build a funky little cottage for his garden stays. She wanted there to be a steep roof but with the appearance of snow on it all the time. The artificial snow was a huge pain in the ass for William. Mrs Truebody was thinking paper mache ... but William knew what the weather would do to that. He ended up using inflated empty plastic milk gallon and quart containers strung up by ropes through the handles and covered all over with agricultural row cloth. You got the idea, but it didn't look all that much like snow to William except when it snowed on it, and that was long after the garden tours came through. Mrs Truebody had him extend the fairy garden aspect of her property, making lanterns and fairy houses until William just got sick of it all and went out West for a while

He felt safe and secure sleeping with his tools. Like the sons of Cornell Professors at the time, he was a carpenter, house painter, ., At the time of this story , he usually slept in his van or on the work site, in a bag, among his bags of tools.

They collided like ships in the night.

He was the kind of guy who, when he walked into a room, no one noticed unless he coughed or cleared his throat or laughed at nothing, as he often did at odd times any way. No one liked him and he didn't like anybody. He would be beneath your notice, except for his particular talent.

He had been away so long that his dog didn't recognize him. bit him on the knee cap .

He had not been to an actual movie in an actual movie theatre for years now and when he sat down at all seemed familiar again except for one thing .. there were no other people in the theatre. And then the film started.

For many years, she says she had never been to Boston.

It was not long before Mason realized that the object he had pcked up was a subject. someting alive.

She attributed her long life and good health to a diet of worms, and because she was so old, many people thought she was serious, and some axked for fecipeis

She didn t even go back to work after Charlie the mechanic told her that her transmission had only about five more hundred miles on it, she could not pay for that, . could not pay for much more than the gas to go that distance. That was aout the distance to the ocean. She had neer seen te ocean, even though she had been to Boston and New York always on business and you just did not see the ocean from the city canyons. From where she was the closest ocean on the map, was the other side of new York, Atlantic City Maybe, or Maryland. Maybe she could manage to arrive at the Trump Casino with ten bucks, and luck into something. After all, she was already committed to big risk. When she stopped to gas up at the twelve pump mega station, She went into the convenence shop and bought three of those cream filled chocolate donuts they call headlights took them out of the bag and lined them up on her dashboard. She didn t eat the first one s she had just passed the diner in Roscoe New York.

He realized one evenig after the second glass of wine after dinner, that the old fishing tackle box he was staring had been with him just about forever, was his grandfather's before him, but he had not opened it in so long that he had absolutely no idea what might be inside. He would have to look into it sometime.

He and Marsha always had a pot of coffee on the stove in case someone dropped by to sit for a spell, even though nobody ever did.

But the pot of coffee would always be kept fresh and hot through the day, then he would walk the coffee pot out to the compost pile, pouring the coffe and dumping the ground there for the Raspberry bushes that would get most of it.

Some year, when there was finally got a decent crop of raspberries and the chickens didn t pick off most of them again, Marsha could make a pie. They already had a pie-safe bread-box thing used mostly to keep food away from the cats, but they could keep pies there handy, incase somebody came by for coffee and could be convinced to stay a while.



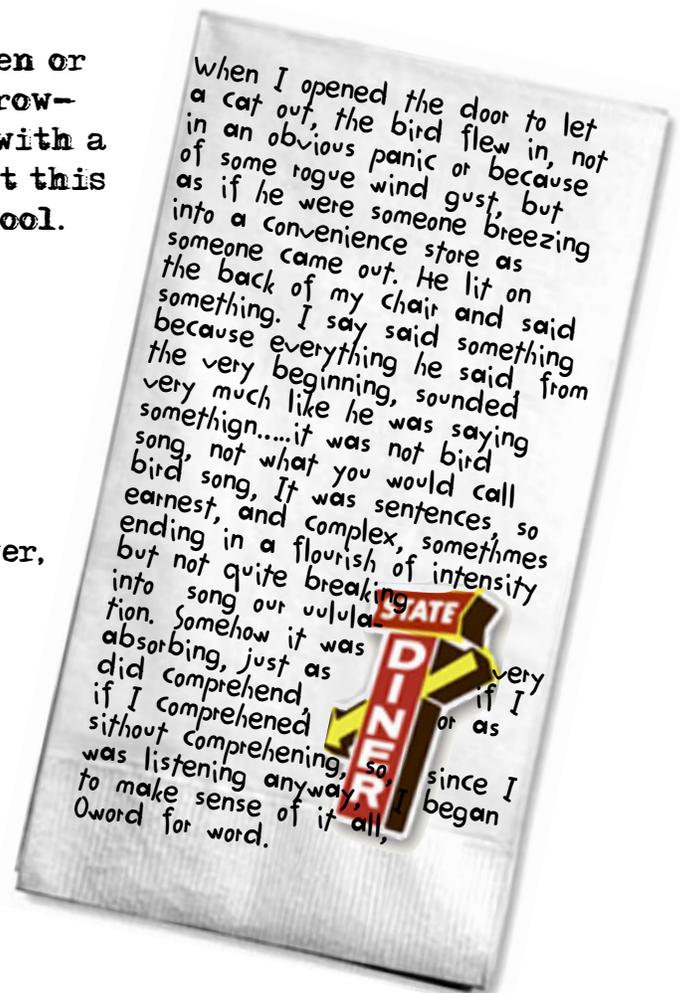
That was just a fantasy until the day they heard the crash on the highway. It did not turn out to be a terrible accident: a woman in a beat up Ford Focus had tried to pull over just a little and slow down so that the car bearing tail gating her could pass, but she had destroyed their mail box and disabled her car. She had been traveling the parrallel route for the very reason that at the speed she could travel, the traffic piled up behind her whatever lane she traveled in.

When he stepped into the examination down the hall he was startled to see that there was already someone there, his shirt off, sitting on the examination table, but he was startled again when he realized that the man on the examination was himself, and only half relieved that the man, that is he or him or his whatever, did not appear to notice HIM at all. He had once fallen off a bridge, not to his death, but not on purpose, and a good distance, but his life had not flashed before his eyes that time. Now it did, and he wondered, for the first time, just whose life it was, is, or had been. Who are you?



I am sure you have seen or heard of mushrooms growing up in bathrooms with a plumbing problem, but this one was big as a barstool.

She had always walked in the city, if she had nothing to carry, she liked to observe the street scene and the seperate little dramas she passed through on her way to wherever, but this morning, heading out for the local Starbucks equivalent, she did not notice unril she was being swept along by the crowd that the sidewalks and then the street itself were becoming more and more crowded, and the people were all going in the same direction.



When he took his daily walk, he hated to go back the way he had come. What a waste. Loops and circles were the way to go. But even that could get boring, with a beaten path and tightening circles. One day, in order to insure that every day was a new walk, he pulled out the old board games and appropriated one of those spinners things with an arrow you snap with your finger, so that when it stops, you are supposed to make the move indicated in the wedge where the arrow head stops. Sometimes it said two or four steps backward, but he decided right away that, for real world purposes, he would take no steps backwards. After all, the whole thing was about keeping it fresh, and NOT going back the way one has come. Other commands, such as :You have been caught in a live animal trap. Miss two turns: " had to be translated. As a matter of fact, just about every command needed to be reinterpreted.

He was not what anyone would call gifted, partly because he did not display it, but also because it was a minor, though extraordinary, gift: he could see through paper envelopes to the writing on letters and even inside cards inside them, just as long as it was something written in blue ink. He did not know why this was, but he did take advantage of it when he became a rural delivery mail man, a very popular one who took longer than most when he stopped at mailboxes to deliver and remaining long enough to "sort" the mail for the next stretch of road, so that he was often there when the homeowner came out to get the mail. Mrs Garder came out almost every time, often in her bathrobe, carrying a basket for the mail, with a cup of coffee for Murray. He knew very well that she had more magazine subscriptions than friends who wrote to her, but he knew from his reading, that she sent blank letters to herself. Then, Murray took it into his head to open one of those letters and write some kind of message there.)



It's about me: I came here from a better place to save this planet, and I don't think I can; but I will leave as few notes when I go.

The sun never made it much beyond the window sill on his side of the building, so for hours around midday when she had the flu she spent on the sunny sill like a cat or a foetus and all that time noone seemed to notice that here was a person, not a cat sleeping there, and when she woke, or maybe when she started dreaming, it is hard to tell, she was a cat.

This in a dream not is a dubious transformation so she wanted to determine whether it WAS a dream or not. She had learned that she could determine wheter it was dream or reality (granted that it is all a dream....sort of...) all she had to do was pick up any odd book, providig it was not one she had read before.

She had never read anything by Franz Kafka, though she had read a lot of references to his story about Gregor Samsa, who wakes up one morning, transformed into a beetle, maybe it was a Cockroach.

The library was not far away, and she was really feeling quite well, and refreshed frm her window ledge sun cat nap experience, so went down to the street, and up the street to the library, to ask for the book, but two male lions that lurked there by the doors attacked, critically injured, and drove her away



That sawed-off little shit, my imaginary brother William, is living in our chicken house again. Not that he wasn't invited. I found him lying there in the straw bedding, covered with hens when I opened up the chicken house this morning. He didn't wake, or he pretended not to.

Months ago I put out a call for him on Facebook where he has a poorly attended account, asking him to maybe come and hang out here like he did before, because we were having problems with weasels and coons, but he has only responded a few months on, as weather got harsh. Chickens have a body temperature of a hundredsix degrees.

William gets by most of the time, most seasons pretty much outside, then sometimes the ladies take him in, or he finds some other fairerly comfortable situatioun. He is welcome enough, and it isn't that I feel fesponsible for him he is independent enough, but as long as he is around, i can expect to get up in the morning to maybe find that the refrigerator door had not been closed all the way by the person who last used it, and who, by the way, must have eaten the last of the Mossarella cheese out of hand, because there was enough there for four pizzas the last I knew.

He was living here in the arc, then the trailer until shortly before Georgia and I got married, He was trying to sell farmstays at the chicken house, on Line,
Link<http://dogs-plot.blogspot.com/2009/03/you-want-to-be-agrotourist.html>

I don't know if he ever got it up on Craig's list Anyway, nobody evercame around for a Farm Stay, except Williamand G. NOW I suppose i can expect to se G around here soon.

She will not settle for living in the Chicken house. She is pretty much a nomad herself, but still, she is a civilizing influence on William and only with the two of them here, neither being sufficient in her or himself, can Georgia and I ever feel free to leave the place and, maybe someday, go off to see the ocean, as Georgia has never done. On the other hand ... Georgia says she doesn't REALLY care if she ever does see the ocean. The problem may be getting rid of G and William after a while ... which is not usually a problem. So, no problem. I guess.



This pair of wool gloves was knitted at least sixty or seventy years ago by Ernie Thomas, famous in my family, but dead before I was born: a lumber jack, camp carpenter, and trapper, who (with his son Harlan, a Harrisville area school teacher whom I actually did meet at my father's funeral had, along with my Grandfather) built a camp in the late nineteen twenties on the island people used to call Failing's Island but we call Loon Island, close to the North Shore of Lake Bonaparte. The camp has a big central fireplace to which they connected a big box stove for heating during the hunting and trapping seasons.



One winter in the thirties or forties, Ernie Thomas fell through the ice as he was returning from running a trap line in the Bonaparte outlet to Mud Lake. His body was never recovered.

But we have the gloves and, for some reason, the moths have spared them completely. Georgia says it is because we have not put them away. I never use them. Don't want to wear them out. If we ever find Ernie Thomas, he will need them.

You Want to be an Agrotourist Here is the ad I expect to put up on Craig's List, as soon as I can scrape some of the caked-on crap off the horizontal surfaces o...

dogs-plot.blogspot.com