



January 2007

Kentucky Storytelling Association

Support and Appreciation for the Art of Storytelling In Kentucky Volume 3 Issue 1

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Useful Links:

KSA Website

www.kystory.org

National Storytelling Network Website

www.storynet.org

Contact your Board

President, Don Creacy
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859-396-3736

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Quadrant 1, Ann Roseberry

From our President Don "Buck" Creacy

New Day, New Year, New Opportunities for your KSA

I am writing this article on December 6, and outside the weather is turning bitter cold. My primal desires for a crackling wood fire are very strong today. Thoughts of warm, wood stoves and fireplaces and comfortable chairs are filling my mind, along with that feeling that everything is going to be great this season. The end of the year is for my family a traditional time to reflect and plan. I find myself sitting and smiling to myself, casting ideas out into space to see which ones will fly and which ones will walk back to me.

Committees; There is an old joke of a ill fated plane load of people puzzling about what to do after all four of their engines had died. Panic was rampant and everyone was afraid of what would happen next. When one wise little lady suggested that the pilot should appoint a Committee. "Yes, a committee!" Cried the exasperated passengers in unison, including the entire manifest list of folks, the Baritones in the back and Sopranos up front wondered aloud at her logic. "Yes, a committee, everyone knows nothing happens once you form a committee."

Your Kentucky Storytelling Association thrives and grows through the work of its membership serving on committees. That old joke does not apply to us. In fact, your help is needed, wanted, and valued, so please volunteer. Here is a list of all our standing Committees, some of those committees have sub-committees. For example, the third and fourth Annual Kentucky Storytelling Conference was and will be planned, organized and delivered by a sub-group of the Programs Committee.

Here is a list of all the standing committees and the contact information of each of the Committee Chairs. It is my hope this year that the work of our organization will be done in Committee and that the Board will serve to simply be a governing and guiding body. I feel certain that you will receive phone calls asking for your help. Please volunteer, as many hands make light work. All committees have several goals; there is something for everyone to lean a shoulder against and your coworkers are the best in the world. Stay warm this year. Keep your heart set on the springtime and the beauty of today. If you have questions, call or write to me.

Programs Committee: contact Betsy Fleischer, 305 Cole Lane, Harrodsburg, KY 40330 ph.859-734-3194 betsycat2@yahoo.com

Membership Committee: contact Cynthia Changaris, 2109 Wrocklage Avenue, Louisville, KY 40205 502-451-7144 cchangaris@aol.com

Finance Committee: contact Donna Slaton, 3014 Pond River Colliers Road,

aroseberry@charter.net
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Trenna Cornett may serve

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Quadrant 4, Cynthia
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Contact Us

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Announcements

The Owen County
Storytellers by Bill Watson

The Owen County
Storytellers celebrated its
one year anniversary in
June, 2006. We aren't
many; there are five
regulars and 2 or more who
come once in a while. But
we five have come a long
way. Each of us has worked
a storytelling job in this past
year, and we are always
improving our storytelling
techniques. We meet the
first Thursday of each
month in the Owen County
Library at 7 p.m. Our
agenda is mixed. We report
on what has happened to
the members during the
month, what is scheduled in
the coming month, and
lastly...we tell stories!
We are listed in the local
News Herald Newspaper

KSA Annual Conference

Betsy Fleischer, Conference Committee

It's all over now. It was wonderful!!! I'm talking about the KSA 3rd Annual Conference in Owensboro. We even added a Friday night reception. Our partner this year, in our Arts Build Communities Grant from the Kentucky Arts Council, was the Owensboro Area Museum of Science and History. They hosted the Friday night reception with food, story swapping space, and a scavenger hunt. The reception was led by Ron Mayhew and Jeff Jones of Museum of Science and History. For the scavenger hunt, everyone was invited to go into the museum to find an object and create a story about that thing. There were two mystery items, which when picked, earned the teller a prize. It was a funny and touching evening. Again, we had deaf interpreters. Saturday's conference activities this year started with the enjoyable Silent Story Game. There were workshops for beginning storytellers, for educators using historical characters, for telling at a museum, for bible stories, for family story collecting, for using Origami with storytelling, a panel discussion on various locations for storytelling. Unfortunately, the Jack Tales workshop was cancelled, but it was replaced with a workshop on the Mechanics of Humor. All sessions were interpreted. Our working relationship with the Knowledge Center on Deafness is becoming ever more involved. Of course, there were story swaps throughout the day and the story store where tapes, CDs, bumper stickers, and books were available for sale. Also there were many wonderful door prizes given out, but you had to be back in time for the sessions in order to win. For the evening story swap, always open to the public, we had some hotel guests who joined us for the fun. With all of the sharing, laughter, learning, contact exchange, hard work from many volunteers, and mucho barbecue the 2006 conference was a success. We'll see you next year in Quadrant 2!!!! The program committee is going on a field trip to find a conference site in the very near future. Results will be announced as soon...Stay tuned!

each week. We also have a link on the Owenton Chamber of Commerce Web site, www.owenton.net. Two big events for our group happened this year. We applied for and we were granted a venue on the main stage of the Owen County Sweet Owen Days. This is a local county festival that is growing larger each year. Also, (thus far), we are the only storytelling guild in Kentucky that is listed on the NSN web page. We used the Owen County Library on Saturday, November 18, 2006, to host and participate in *Tellebration!*

Opportunity

Hey everybody! KSA and Natasha's Café in Lexington have been in discussion and have come up with a grrreat idea. On the last Monday of each month in the year 2007 KSA has a time slot for "Wandering Storyteller". Beginning at 9:00pm until 10:00 or so storytellers will be telling tales. Monday night is when "Old Time Radio Hour" is taped at the Kentucky Theater across the street from Natasha's. The cafe has been getting a crowd after the taping and storytelling seems like a good tie-in. Natasha's Café will handle all of the publicity which includes, radio, flyers, posters, and announcement at the taping.

Here's how it will work. This will be a fundraising project for KSA. A cover charge of

Meeting KSA Goals through www.kystory.org

Mary Hamilton.

"To connect listeners, tellers, and event planners by serving as a clearinghouse for storytelling information" is one KSA Goal. Through our website, we've begun to meet this goal.

Currently, a visitor to the KSA website can select "Find a Storyteller" and be led to a page that includes two ways to find a storyteller. An event planner can submit a Request a Storyteller Form. The information provided goes to all KSA members who have opted to receive Teller Wanted Requests as one of their membership benefits. An event planner can also visit the KSA Directory of Storytellers. Here they can read about specific KSA members who have chosen to pay an additional \$20 yearly fee to advertise their storytelling services on our KSA website.

Both of the above ways of connecting tellers and event planners are going well. What can you do to add to this success? If you are talking with someone in need of a storyteller, refer them to the KSA website www.kystory.org and urge them to use our "Find a Storyteller" feature. If you are a storyteller, please consider adding your information to the KSA Directory of Storytellers.

While we are succeeding in helping event planners and tellers connect with one another, we must increase our efforts to help potential listeners learn about storytelling events. Our website does include an Event Calendar for storytelling events; however, this calendar is empty. We need event submissions! Please, if you know of any storytelling events open to the public and taking place in Kentucky or surrounding states, tell KSA. You can use the online submission form at <http://www.kystory.org/events/submit-event-form.shtml> or send the event press release to calendar@kystory.org or to KSA Calendar, P O Box 4148, Frankfort, KY 40604-4148. Please pass the word to folks you know who are planning public storytelling events. KSA membership is NOT a requirement for posting an event. The Event Calendar will be a KSA service to the general public. It will help people learn where they can listen to stories. As soon as several events have been submitted, an Event Calendar will be published on the KSA website, and press releases will go out announcing this new source of storytelling information.

Member Spotlight

This issue spotlights Carolyn Franzini, of Morehead, KY.

Why did you join KSA?

I joined KSA because I feel stories and their telling needs to be enjoyed by more folks. The mission statement of KSA to encourage the art of storytelling and story listening really speaks to me and I wanted to be a part of these efforts. I also wanted to meet more people in the area that were involved in storytelling.

What so far have you liked about being a member of KSA?

I have liked being a member of KSA and the KSA Board. I have been impressed with the board members commitment to the organization and its goals. I feel more a part of the Kentucky storytelling movement because I am a part of KSA.

\$5/person, seating for 75 people, tellers may sell their products and lay out contact literature. There being 12 months, there are slots for 12 tellers. If you want to share the time and go longer, then that is okay too; just let the committee know who wants to pair or triple or etc up. In order to participate and keep everything above board, it is necessary to send in a short tape or a cut from a CD, along with bio information and a picture for publicity to the "café committee" c/o Betsy Fleischer, 305 Cole Lane, Harrodsburg, KY 40330-7715 by December 31, 2006. Decisions and time slots will be sent out by January 10, 2007, in order to have the information for the publicity. Please contact Betsy Fleischer...if interested at betsycat2@yahoo.com.

Paschal Baute announces the Spiritual Growth Network of Kentucky. Themes include healing and personal stories—stories that empower a paradigm shift. The schedule includes: Jan 20, Saturday, Light and Shadow—contemporary challenges in storytelling. On Feb 17, Saturday—Persuading and Influencing via story—how it works? At the March retreat—Old Testament as Story—**And God Said what?**—Finkelstein and Silberman, the **Bible**

The annual conference is a wonderful time to learn more about what is happening in the storytelling world in the state and connect with other story lovers. It is also a good time to tell and hear others' stories.

What kind of stories do you enjoy?

I like all kinds of stories, but I think personal stories are probably my favorite. Everyone has a story to tell and when I hear a person's story, I appreciate their sharing it with me because then I know them a little bit better. I feel too many folks in our culture spend so much time in front of screens-computer screens and television screens. Certainly this can be fun and a means of getting information but there is no real exchange between people. Could sharing emotions between people become a rare experience? Not if we encourage storytelling between two people and on stage. When a storyteller is telling in front of 1,000 folks there is an exchange between the individual telling and those who are listening. Emotions are shared and when that happens we all feel less alone.

How has your life been affected by stories from family or friends?

My life has changed as a result of my appreciation of storytelling. I started going to the National Storytelling Festival about 20 yr ago. It was an event that everyone in my family enjoyed very much. I know of no other type of event that can be appreciated by all ages. Hearing many stories had a powerful effect on my three children's growing up. As a result of hearing lots of stories, I feel they paid more attention to language- oral and written. I know they were better writers as a result of "knowing" stories. I also found a new purpose for my life. I became the coordinator of the Cave Run Storytelling Festival and a host for the radio program, A Time for Tales. Storytelling is an old art form that has been revived and just being discovered by many.

Editor's note:

Please check out the website for Cave Run Storytelling Festival: <http://caverunstoryfest.org/>

Important Message from Donna Slaton, KSA Treasurer

The Finance Committee encourages members to renew if you have not already done so. Remember our membership year is Nov. 1- Oct 31 of each year. Many of you renewed along with your Conference registration and we thank you. If perhaps you were unable to attend this fall's outstanding conference, then you may still renew by mail or through the KSA website. Please share the website with friends who may be interested in storytelling. In addition to the fellowship with storytellers and the newsletter, members received over 50 storytelling community announcements last year and 17 teller wanted opportunities by email. Membership also enables you to receive a discount on Conference registration.

The best way for our membership to grow is by word of mouth - storyteller to storyteller!!!

Unearthed. On April 21, Saturday—Personal stories—Recovering memories through places. May 19.

Saturday, theme—teaching stories, healing stories. For the June Retreat. New Testament as Story—Jesus before Christianity. For more information, call Paschal Baute. 859-293-5302, or Ann Siudmak 606-723-7375, or email pbbaute@paschalbaute.com Most meetings are held at Paschal's conference room, Winchester road at the Clark County line, about 15-20 minutes from downtown Lexington, about 8 minutes from Hamburg Pavilion, and about 6 minutes from Winchester. Pre-registration is required.

No fees. Simply call or email to register. Days of recollection are potluck, from 10 till 3. Retreats are held near Springfield, from Monday evening until Wednesday noon, and cost \$70.00 for two nights lodging and 6 meals.

FYI's: You are invited to participate in an online internet newsletter on Healing Stories and Personal Stories by joining one of Paschal's blogs, Amazement. Contact him below. Paschal will lead three workshops for Ohio psychologists at a retreat which is open to non-psychologists. Retreat will be held on Friday/Saturday,

A Story to share...

Queen Invisible
By Eva Robinson

I am that middle class, white woman that people used to see walking her children down the aisles of Wal-Mart, saying things like: "Look with your eyes and not your hands," and "Not this time, sweetie, maybe next time," and "Don't touch the meat case, honey, you could catch something."

Of course, middle class now means that I tell my children, "Please don't ask me for anything extra in the store, because I will have to tell you no. I'm telling you no now, okay?" And then I grab my list separated into categories with lines under them. I always go to the meat case last because, well, I hate to touch the stuff, and because if there's something I can leave off, it's meat. It's easier to eat vegetables than to go without toilet paper.

So, I am her. But the next time I go to Wal-Mart no one will see me. I sit in my rocking chair with a pencil in my hand in front of the fireplace that I just stoked up, and I hope it will help the two hundred and fifty dollar gas bill my husband has to pay, and I wonder how I got to be Queen Invisible.

I really didn't see it coming, this amazing disappearing act. I think I'd like to wave at my subjects from time to time, but I don't think they'd see if me if I did. So, my rocking chair is my throne and when my children come home from school, they will see the chair rocking and feel a bit of warmth left in the seat, but they'll not see me. And it won't matter that they can't see me because everything will still get done. And when they fall into bed, and feel a tucking around their shoulders and knees and toes, they won't worry about clothes to wear for school in the morning because the clean ones will hang in their closets and lay in their drawers. Their books and their shoes and their jackets are now, by some wonderful miracle, straightened and organized and hanging.

So I sit on my rocking throne and I write because if I write fast enough or press my pencil to the page hard enough, it might leave a mark that's dark enough for someone to see and they might think that someone was once there. A glare catches my eye from the front window. I look up and see a burgundy colored car through the wavy glass. The woman inside has blond hair and the smoke from her cigarette curls up the waves and does a snaky, smoky dance right in front of her nose.

I think that maybe she has come to see me, but she puts the car in park and walks across the edge of my front yard, and across my driveway, to visit the young man who is not invisible who lives next to me. Then I am angry. I wonder where someone is supposed to park if they come looking through my windows to see me.

I think I know when I started to disappear. It really wasn't the countless trips up and down the basement steps carrying my plastic blue basket – heaped first with dirty, wrinkled clothes, then piled with folded clothes that reek of Gain fabric softener. No, I don't think it was then.

And it wasn't when I checked the website three times a day to see if I had won the contest with my writing, or my email inbox to see that it was still empty. No, I don't think it was then.

And it wasn't when I laid down and felt his sweat on my belly and his tongue in my mouth and I wondered why I didn't feel what others say they feel, and I wondered if I was the only one, and I wondered where else he had been. No, I don't think it was then, either.

I stoke up the fire because my throne room is cold, or maybe I am cold, and I open the door charred with soot and I see that I have failed to make a roaring fire there in that small dark place. I blow on the red parts until I am dizzy and

February 23-24, 2007 at Camp Akita, near Columbus, OH. Mary Kane and Paschal Baute have a storytelling ministry to inmates in a spiritual growth program at the Fayette County Detention Center. If interested in learning about this or participating, please contact Mary or Paschal. The Bluegrass Guild for Healing Stories will next meet Sunday afternoon, 2 pm. March 10 in Lexington.

A few Conference photos...



Charlie Hardy



Signing with their hands

can no longer stand, and a tiny blue orange flame peeks out and laughs at me, then goes back into the hard, splintery piece of wood that will not burn. No, I think it was really yesterday.

I pulled into the parking lot and helped the girls out of the van that most other middle class invisible people drive and I grabbed my guitar case. It was warm inside, but my hands didn't feel it yet, so when I put my fingers on the strings, the strings were razor blades against the calluses. I pressed down anyway because I know that's what makes the sound good. I put my guitar on the little skeleton stand and wished that I could stay and play. (Not because I like razor blades on my fingers, but because I like the sound. It reminds me of a boy I once knew.)

I walked down the hallway with all those closed doors and he walked toward me.

"For your penance for being late to Sunday school," he said as he looked over his glasses. I saw the veins in the white parts of his eyes and I wondered if one day they'd burst. "I want you to fill out this prospect card for the Grow team and just put it in the offering plate." The paper was a funny yellow color, like a banana before the spots get on it, and it was thin in my hands. I wanted to laugh out loud because I knew that I didn't want to invite someone else to be manufactured like me, but I knew that he would hand me five more and then watch while I filled them out—My penance—I thought.

I put on my plastic church smile and told him I would try. The hallway got longer and I almost started to run because I knew that he would be there behind me, asking, didn't I have any friends who would just love to come join us. I was afraid to tell him the only friends I had were in that building with me because when I said it, I knew it would be real...True and real. I felt the brown spots begin to grow on the paper that I held against the back of my Bible. Some were squishy, some were just hard. All of them were cold.

The door was open and I went in. I took my place beside my husband and I sat with my Bible in my lap, my hands on top of that, and my purse on the floor. I hoped that my husband remembered to turn his phone to vibrate. A ringing phone there draws stares like rotting meat draws flies.

And class started and He asked a question and I opened my mouth to answer because that is what is required when a question is asked, and sound came out. And the others spoke, but I disagreed, so I opened my mouth again and more sound came out. And then she spoke. She is blond and her pretty hair is pulled back in a pony tail and she has a high forehead that makes her eyes stand out.

"I was reading this passage earlier this week and I wondered who Enoch was and I got online to see if I could order a book about him and so I went to the bookstore and the woman at the bookstore looked at me like I was crazy and she told me it was listed under occult and supernatural," she said.

"I wouldn't read that if I were you," He said.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with learning more," my mouth said.

"But I'm telling you that you need to be very careful about what you read," He said. "I started reading the Ann Rice books about vampires and I got to the last one and I realized I had to stop because it was sucking me in and making me think. I threw the books away."

I was sad because that was a waste of books. I thought of Hitler, burning books in huge pyres, watching the words drift away into smoke. I don't think He would want to read what I write.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with wanting to read and learn about Enoch, I mean, he's in the Bible, right?" she asked. He rolled his eyes a little bit and pulled up his pants at the belt. I saw his brown socks and thought that maybe he should have worn navy blue ones to match his pants even though his shoes were a dark brown color.

"Yes, Enoch is mentioned in the Bible, but God put everything in there that is supposed to be there and we shouldn't read anything outside of it," He said.



Mary Hamilton

His hands were on His hips. I couldn't see His socks and that made me feel better.

"Our Bible was decided by King James," she said. He shook His head and looked at the floor.

"The contents of our Bible were decided on by a council a long time ago," my mouth said.

"That's right, a group of men got together and decided, being led by God, of course, what should be included in the Bible and what should be excluded," He said.

"... but I don't think there's anything wrong with reading about other religions or ways of thought, or about other people, even if it is not included in our Bible," my mouth said. I think it was then that I looked around me. I noticed all those happy plastic people sitting inside their hermetically sealed glass boxes. I didn't have one.

"I didn't say there was anything wrong with it, I'm just saying to be careful of what you read," He said. I could tell he was getting angry because he licked his lips and squinted his eyes. I wondered if a tiny blood vessel in them had burst. It must have been painful.

"For example, did anyone watch that show on television that talked about the gospel of Judas?" my mouth asked.

"I did," His wife replied.

"I think it's important to know what's out there so we can defend our faith," my mouth said. "And what is the difference between watching a show designed to teach us something new, and reading the gospel of Judas itself?"

"Well no crap, Eva," He said. "It is important to know what we are up against, but the Bible gives us everything we need." He nodded, as if to put a large period behind his words like those stop signs at the end of kindergarten sentences to help the children know that a period means 'stop!'.

I wondered why I wrote. I wondered why I learned so much in my religion classes and my philosophy classes. I wondered why I tried so hard. My mouth ran the stop sign.

"Okay, so do you think that we shouldn't learn about other religions so we can talk to others?" my mouth asked. "I think there is nothing wrong with reading the Koran or reading the Catholic Bible or even reading fiction." A college girl with no makeup and long, dark curls and a shirt that showed enough of her cleavage to promise perkiness underneath, spoke up.

"I have a Mormon friend who, instead of reading about her religion, I just sat down and talked with her. I learned a lot that way," she said.

"That's great," my mouth said. "But I can guarantee you that if you put twenty southern Baptists in a room, they would disagree on at least one point each. That's why I think we have to learn."

"Like I said, the bible has everything in it that we need to learn, we don't have to go to outside sources because it's all in there," He said. He pulled up His pants at the belt again. I started to feel sick when I saw His socks. Then the pretty blond with a high forehead that makes her eyes stand out said something, but I missed it because His wife said, "I'm sick of this."

I think that I became rather opaque at that moment. I didn't know that my safe little glass box prohibited me from speaking. I didn't know that my expression meant that I could no longer be privy to remain in that glass box. What really came out of my mouth came out of my heart. I believed what I said.

"So, did you order the book anyway?" my mouth asked the woman with the high forehead.

She looked at me and said, "Yes. Yes, I did." I smiled a real smile and then I was more than opaque.

I sweep the floor and I see each board. There is a groove between each one, a line that makes each one distinct and I see that my hardwood floor, that is painted the color of brown cat puke, is more than just a floor, it is many



Ron Mayhew



Jeff Jones



Bill Watson

Photos courtesy of Rowena
Holloway

One More Announcement...

Set your star date
calendars for April 20
and 21, 2007, to attend
the Northern Kentucky
Storytelling Festival at
the Kenton
County Public Library,
Erlanger, KY.
Storytellers include Willy
Clafin, Lyn
Ford, Donna
Washington, KSA
Member Bill Watson,
Sister Esther O'Hara,
Rick Carson, Joel
Caithamer, Daryl Harris,
Animal Crackers. For
more information, visit
<http://www.kentonlibrary.org/storytelling/> or
call (859) 962-4000.

Tickets
may be purchased
online or at the door,
and library card holders
(from any library)
receive discounts.

And...

Monday, January 22,
2007, 6:30 p.m. Owen
County Public Library,
118 N. Main
Street, Owenton, KY.
Mary Hamilton telling
stories for Family Fun
Night.

boards put side by side. Before it is a floor, it is a single piece of wood with potential. I want to paint one single board a different color – sky blue, or perhaps periwinkle – just to make a point, but I think no one would really notice. I think a certain person would come along one day and place a lovely throw rug on it.

I watch my children come through the door. The floor that I paid attention to – all those single boards painted brown like cat puke – is littered with jackets and hats and gloves and backpacks. A single painted board with a lovely throw rug on it would not be noticed. It is just a part of the rest of the floor – it holds things up, and keeps out the basement cold, and catches the trash that falls from fingers smaller than my own.

I sit on my throne and I will my arms to move. I know I dare not touch my children for I fear that they, too, might one day grow invisible. I want to weep, but the tears would make so little noise and wet nothing on the way to my chest. The pencil moves and writes things I wish I could say out loud. The lead scratches along on the pale blue lines between two long, red fences...it is a corral for my words that leaves them nice and straight. If I could see my feet, I would walk to the gate. If I could see my hands, I would open the latch. If I could hear my voice, I would tell them to run.

I sit in my chair and I barely warm the seat now. It is the throne for Queen Invisible and I reign supreme. I look at the fireplace and see that the dark gold knobs turn. Air swishes through the holes on its way up to the chimney. It feeds the fire and the flames dance, muted, behind creosote-crusted windows.

I didn't have to blow on it. I didn't have to get dizzy after all. Being invisible is smaller than I think.

To contact the author, you may send email messages to ekcwriteone@yahoo.com.