

Your

Country Neighbor

FREE!



September 2008



Northeast Kansas, Pony Express Highway (US 36)



September means the school terms have begun. Above, students are between classes at Peru State College.



This interception was a great play and something to cheer for, but the PSC Bobcats were defeated by the Hastings Broncos in PSC's season opener, 26 to 0.



It's Monarch Migration Time

Voices from your Valley

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Your

COUNTRY NEIGHBOR

Voices from the Valley of the Nemaha

Publisher & Photographer, Stephen Hassler

Writers this month

Devon Adams
Vicki Harger
Merri Johnson

Karen Ott
Joe Smith
Josh Whisler

Thank You

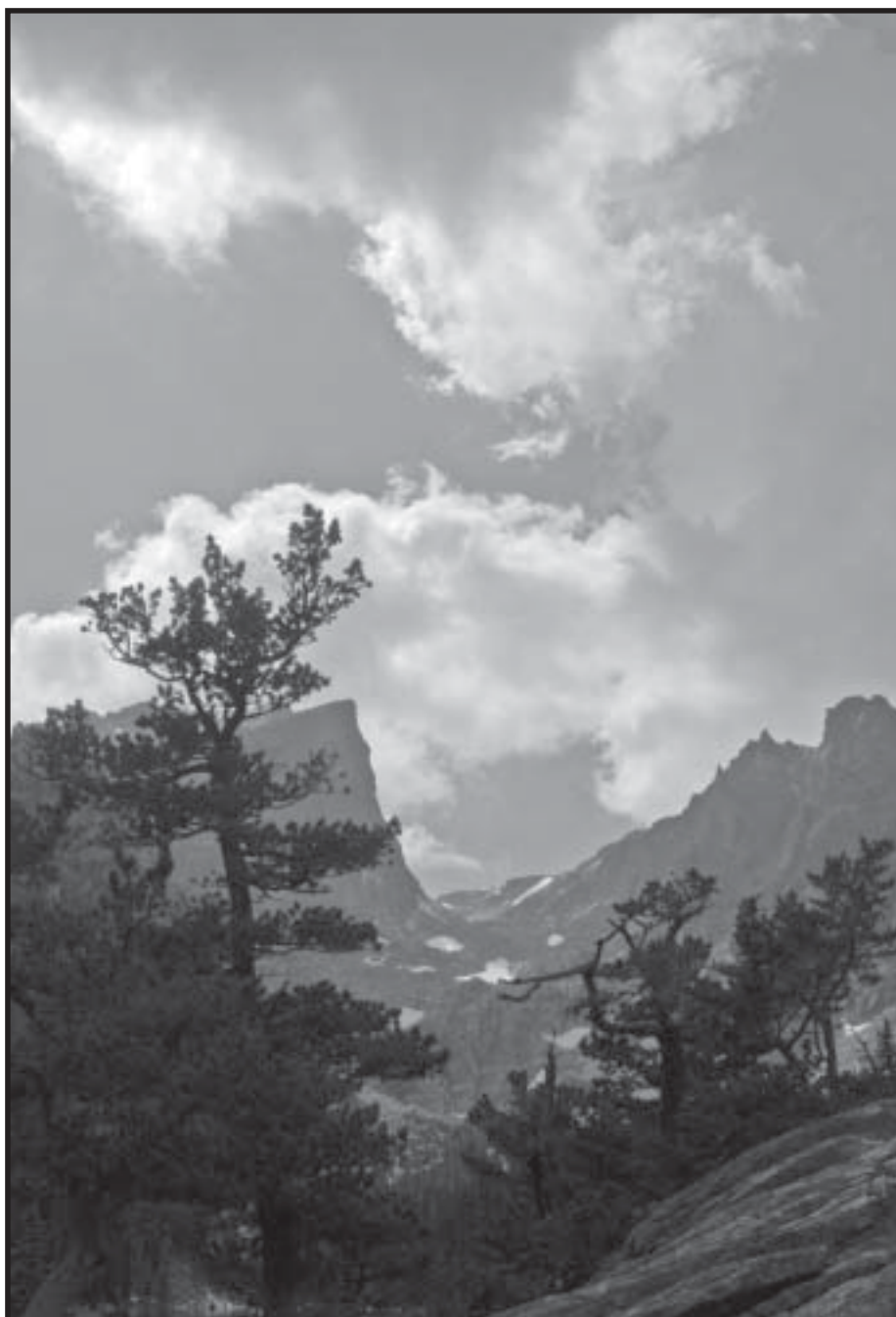
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A Note From Your Publisher

There are color photos online at www.yourcountryneighbor.com And two framed enlargements are displayed in Sue's "Flower Country & Gifts" in Auburn.

Country

Scenes



Bethel Community Church, always a good photo subject.



Brownville Visitors' Center at the *Lyceum*



Angus in pasture along H-67



Another roadside scene along H-67,
North of Scenic Byway 136.



Good morning in the country, H-67



Rural Kansas

Color versions of some of these photos will be posted to:

www.yourcountryneighbor.com

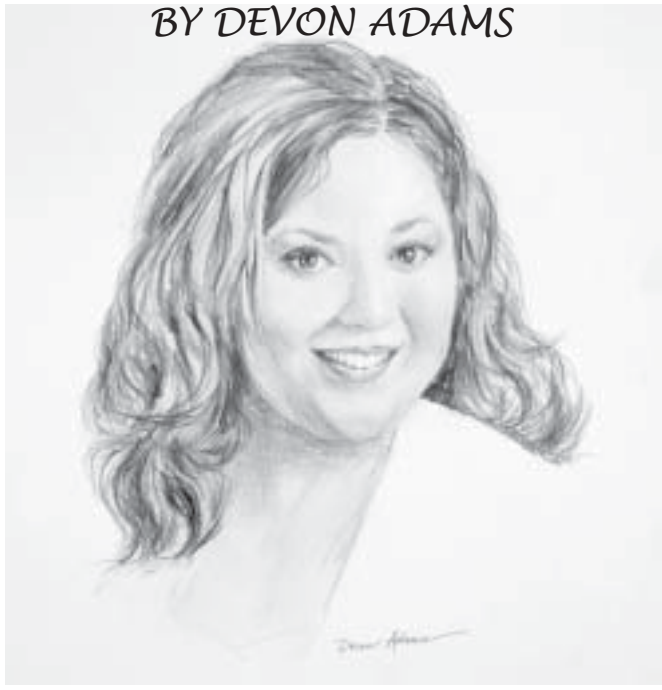
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September 2008

Your Country Neighbor

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BY DEVON ADAMS



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BE STILL

by Devon Adams

It's time for things to change.
A chill is creeping into evening,
and the sun is leaving early.
Certain weeds are throwing pollen
in the wind to mix
with dust from thirsty soil.
Leaves are dry, and they rattle
with the sound of death.
There is a sense of hurry,
causing birds to finish
all their business and prepare
to move away from winter.
Woolly worms pull their coats
around them as they seek shelter
from the frosts of autumn.
Monarch butterflies flutter
in flocks on migration routes
that lead to the easy life
south of Mexico.
But, before you run in panic from
the arctic dragon breathing ice,
be still and watch the golden halos
framing edges in the setting sun.
Horses glow like angels walking
in the light of heaven,
and milkweed puffs radiate
white cold fire.
Breathe the moment and
suspend your racing thoughts.
Peace comes in small doses.

TWISTED

by Devon Adams

My thoughts are running wild
until they collide, exploding
into fragments of emotion.
Then they recombine,
forming twisted strands
spun from the wool
inside my brain
that weaves my life.

PIECES OF DREAMS

by Devon Adams

The hush of the fog
held back the day.
Time was suspended
and directions were gone.
Nothing real existed.
Thoughts were dreams,
and dreams were prayers
waiting to be true.
There were no boundaries
between memories and time,
and anything was possible.
Then sunlight burning off the gray
destroyed the illusion,
and the day moved on,
leaving pieces of dreams
caught between the trees.

Editor's note:

*You can read more poetry by Devon Adams online.
Just click on "publications" at:*

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SKY LAND

by Devon Adams

The high valley stretched away through infinite distance. White cliffs were tinted amber from the low red sun. Shapes repeated themselves again and again in wedge formations, and the lay of the land was ephemeral in the mists falling off the clouds. It was a landscape of summer which lasted for an evening until fire bolts erupted into quaking thunder that triggered rain and hail. The finale was done by dark, and stars turned their dial to autumn, as the cold moon rolled across the sky.

SET IN STONE

by Devon Adams

In the daze of living dawn to dusk, and day to day to day, we forget to think that life will stop, eventually, and then we'll walk in different shoes. With that thought in mind, a forward-thinking man chose to leave a message on his cemetery stone that was engraved, "Watch for me, I'll be back."



There are several areas of wildflowers on H-67 North of Scenic Byway, Highway 136

Diary of a Part-time Housewife

Merri Johnson

*Sign, sign, everywhere a sign.
Blockin' out the scenery, breakin' my mind.
Do this, don't do that.
Can't you read the signs?*

Signs, by Five Man Electrical Band, was a hit in 1971, the year I graduated from high school. It is a social protest song, decrying the limitations set by all those signs. Help-wanted signs with the message that "long-haired freaky people need not apply." Private property signs with the message that "anybody caught trespassin' would be shot on sight."

I sang along with the radio because the song was catchy, not because I was really into the social protest movement at age 18. My small-town upbringing was too sheltered for me to truly relate to broad social issues. But if Five Man Electrical Band is still out there somewhere recording songs, I'd like to suggest a remake of *Signs* with a twist.

What we need today is a song decrying superfluous signs stating the obvious and posted on seemingly every bit of public property.

Signs like "Tobacco Free Campus" posted at hospitals. Is there anyone alive in America today who would actually smoke a cigarette in a hospital? I know, I know, the prohibition applies to the entire campus, inside and out. But really. Do we need a sign in every hallway?

And how about "Gun Free, Alcohol Free Campus" posted at our schools? Haven't alcohol and guns *always* been prohibited at school? (Except maybe in rural areas where hunting guns kept in vehicles are considered standard equipment, like a spare tire.) Do we really think that the disgruntled kid who's thinking of going out in a blaze of glory will change his mind because of a sign? *Gee, if it weren't against the rules, I'd just blast everybody in this school that I don't like. But since there's a sign prohibiting guns, I guess I'll have to deal with my problems in a more reasonable way.* Right.

Or maybe what we need is a song decrying the mentality that results in these annoying, ubiquitous signs.

Have we really reached the point where if a prohibition isn't in print, we can't enforce punishment for bad behavior? That if there's no sign saying you can't carry a gun to school that it logically follows that you can? That if there's no sign requiring a shirt and shoes for admittance to a restaurant, it's fine and dandy to expose everyone else to your dirty feet and flabby/hairy/sweaty midriff while they're trying to enjoy their meal?

The song ends with a nod to one redeeming sign: a sign posted on a church inviting everyone to "come in, kneel down and pray."

I wish I could think of a sign whose worthwhile message balanced out all the ridiculous messages that bombard me daily. If I ponder it long enough I might come up with an example. But I'm afraid the nuisance signs have become so numerous that I wouldn't even notice a worthwhile sign if there was one.

It seems that the only upside to this present state of affairs is that it's a darn good time to be in the sign-making business.

Editor's note: You can read previous articles by Merri online in Your Country Neighbor archives; just click on "publications" at: www.yourcountryneighbor.com



More color photos of PSC's season opener will be uploaded to www.yourcountryneighbor.com by mid month.



This carrier didn't get away.



Where I spent my Summer 'vacation'



Above, the waterfall (man made) at *Whiskey Run Creek Vineyard & Winery* is a serene, picturesque spot in Brownville. Below, is a close-up of one of the waterlilies.



Whiskey Run Creek Vineyard & Winery's Fall grape harvest is underway! The Gardens are at their peak of bloom, and the weather is wonderful in Brownville, Nebraska.

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Another "variation" of this month's cover. A Turkey Vulture soared into the scene to complete the composition.



Some unusual plants grow along the Steamboat Trace.





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Chicory was still blooming at the end of August. This was another photo taken on H-67.



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Whisler's Hunting

& Fishing Report



by Josh Whisler
(Photos provided by Author)

Fishing:

The Missouri River has warmed up and the fish are hitting pretty regular. The thunder storms blowing through now don't drop a lot of rain as was the case earlier this summer, so the most you have to watch for is getting off the water to avoid the lightening.

This last month it's been hot, hot, hot. As August should be, but when you can't get any relief at The River there is something wrong. Usually you can catch a breeze and the water is cooler than the muggy air so you receive a little break from the sweltering heat – not the case last month. Shade has been a must, and move often when the fishing action lets up seemed to be the best strategy. Some of the locals have landed some dandies as of late - 20 and 30 pounders have been common place. Haven't got the picture yet but I have a report of a 96 pound Blue Cat landed and released recently.

What are they biting on? I'm telling you it's time to pull out the big stuff. I'm talking big chubs, big gold fish, and frogs. And break out the big tackle – not "The Bluegill Poles". The time is now, as the fish sense the end of the summer and they are going to feed up for winter – the spawn is over and it's eat, eat, eat until Winter hits when they can't eat anymore.

Hunting:

Mourning Dove Season is upon us and it looks like a lot of birds in the area right now. If the weather holds there will be a lot of birds to choose from. As always sharpening, up you shotgun skills with some blue rock is a good idea.

Don't forget your HIP Number. All hunters planning to hunt migratory birds (ducks, geese, doves, woodcocks, snipes, coots, rails) in Nebraska during the current season are required to obtain a HIP number.

HIP Numbers are valid from 8/1/2008 to 4/30/2009.

Residents under age 16 are not required to have a HIP number.


Even if you have a HIP number from another state you still have to get a Nebraska HIP number.

Fishing is good now but the hunting seasons are coming back around also. That opens up some different options like hunt in the morning and fish the rest of the day - "Sounds good to me!" Remember, I'm not an expert but I have my share of luck. I wonder if the experts are having any luck today? So until next time, "Happy Hunting & Fishing."



This month's fishing picture is of Joe Whisler with a nice Blue Cat taken near Peru on the Missouri River.



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Of Grannys and Groceries and the Ol' Summertime

by Vicki Harger

There we were—my ninety-year old Granny and I, sitting in front of Hinky Dinky, waiting for my mom and my daughter to finish shopping. Grandma was chattering away in the back seat, but I knew she wasn't talking to me.

"Are you cold?" she said. "I don't want you to cry." Granny peered at her doll for a moment, then reached down to scrub the spaghetti sauce from his face—leftovers from dinner. The doll grinned back at Grandma with a goofy, buck-toothed smile. His name is Mortimer Snerd and he's really a ventriloquist's dummy....But Granny doesn't know the difference. He's just a little baby to her, and he needs lovin'.

She held him up to the car window to let him see the red truck driving by. Grandma smiled. "Look at that big red cow." Her gaze wandered on, taking in the scene about her. "You'd be so much happier climbing out there in that green grass, wouldn't you?" she said.

I followed her tired gaze. There was no green grass in sight. No red cows. Just signs and windows and cracked sidewalks. Granny sees things I don't see. She hears things I don't hear. She does odd things, too—like taking out her dentures and combing her hair with her teeth. But she's still my Granny and I love her.

"Look here!" Grandma told Mortimer Snerd. Opening her mouth, she grimaced at him, jutting out her lower gums. "See?" she said. "No teeth." The thought seemed to please her. She'd managed to lose her lower set of dentures...Likely buried them in the garden somewhere with the help of Mortimer Snerd.

The two of them shared a conspiratorial grin. Granny hugged him closely. "Are you cold?" she asked again. The sun was blazing through the window, but Grandma still had her doubts. She covered the dummy with her coat and sat there hugging him tightly while the rest of the world bustled past her car window.

Granny watched the bib-overalled farmers and the plump farm wives. Everyone was carrying bags of groceries. Everyone was busy. That used to be Granny out there—mingling with the farm folks...Stopping to chat about the high price of food and canning jars.

But now Grandma sat silently, shrunken into herself. I longed to draw her out of her shell. "Remember, Granny?" I wanted to say. "Remember when we went shopping together in town—"

But Granny can't follow my conversation any more. It's gibberish to her. Her

mind has retreated into a dark cavern...a twilight world of confusion.

Granny's eyes were cloudy as she stared out the window. A laughing couple walked past. A young couple full of happy chatter and lofty dreams. "There goes somebody," she murmured in Mortimer's ear. "It's somebody's cousin," she said. "They're so young...Aren't they pretty?"

Granny watched the couple 'til they were out of sight, then turned to look at her daughter and great-granddaughter coming out of the store with bags of groceries. There was no recognition on Granny's face—just vague interest at the sight of a child bouncing down the sidewalk beside her grandmother... A young child, pink-cheeked and full of fizz.

I sighed. That used to be me and my Granny. And before that, it was my mom and her Granny. And even before that, it was Granny and her grandmother. I had to quit thinking about it then. It was too strange.

Dropping her gaze, Granny looked down at Mortimer Snerd cradled there in her arms. Gently she kissed his cheek then leaned her gray head against his. "You sure you're not cold?" she whispered.

My poor Granny. I felt sorry for her, but I knew she's a lot better off than many of the elderly folks nowadays. Most of them end up in the nursing home...forgotten by their kids and kinfolk. I've worked in a convalescent home, and I've seen it first hand. The plight of the elderly is heartrending.

I remember, in particular, one evening at the nursing home. It stands out in my mind.

I sat at the nurse's station gazing at all the faces around me. Tired faces of people waiting to die. A faint voice drifted down the hallway.

"In the good ol' summertime..." It was Ray singing his favorite song...a haunting sound that carried me back to barefoot days and warm, full-moon nights. The sound of crickets and the rustle of weeds in the summer breeze. "In the good ol' summertime..."

The words faded away and I was left staring at a sterile corridor lined with sad faces. Many of them have gotten lost in the fog of Sundowner's Syndrome. About sunset, they wander to the nurse's desk, thinking it's the train station. They want a ticket on the next train out of here.

Home. They want to go home—back to the world they once knew. But they're locked in a time warp...locked in the prisons of their own minds. They spend the

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last of their days trying to pick the lock on their memories. Wondering... Wishing... Wanting. So many unfulfilled dreams. So many regrets and broken promises.

I sighed. A call light blinked on at the far end of the hall. It was Beulah—the loneliest of the Lonely. I went to her bedside. The old lady's eyes were brimming with tears.

"Beulah!" I said. "You need a hug, don't you?"

She nodded and the tears spilled over. She clutched me tightly. "You don't know how bad it hurts," she said. "The days are so long. They go on and on and on. People come and visit me once or twice. They promise me they'll come back. They promise! I wait and wait—but they never come back. How come they do that to me?"

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe they forget." I adjusted her pillow and picked up a stuffed animal, placing it in her arms. It made her look more forlorn than ever. "Beulah," I said. "Do you want me to tell people how lonely you are? I'll write about you in my newspaper column. Maybe then people will remember to come and see you."

A small flame of hope kindled in Beulah's eyes. "You'll tell them for me? You promise?"

"I promise, Beulah," I said, grasping her hand. "I promise."

I left her then. Left her clutching her stuffed animal and staring out the window at the deepening twilight...listening to the words drifting down the hallway.

"In the good ol' summertime...In the good ol' summertime." The song wandered the lonely hallways and drifted out the half-open window. A haunting sound that tugged at the heartstrings.

Maybe the song could be heard by those on the outside. Maybe they'll remember the plight of the elderly within these walls.

And maybe....just maybe they will come.

Remember Grandparents' Day,
September 7th.

Vicki Harger
www.VickiHarger.com

The

Face of Drought



by Karen Ott

President Dwight D. Eisenhower sent the first American advisors to South Vietnam the year I entered kindergarten. The year I graduated almost 17,000 Americans would die in its far away jungles. Until passing birthdays brought the boys closer to selective service age the escalation of the Vietnam War went largely unnoticed by my classmates and me; we were safely cocooned by family and community in rural America, unaware of, or perhaps just indifferent to, the various intrigues playing out on the world stage. We grew up before the sexual revolution, women's liberation, computers and cell phones. Our fathers worked, our mothers stayed home, and we were allowed the luxury of just being kids.

I don't remember much about that long-ago and far-away fall of 1955; having celebrated my birthday the last week of July I was barely five that first day of school. Years later I would discover there'd been a disagreement that summer whether 'south of the river' kindergartners could attend Morrill Elementary, as our families resided in the K-8 Kiowa School District, but as a child I was oblivious to my parent's struggle to place me in the 'town' school. All I knew was one fine September morning I was yanked from the security of the only world I'd ever known and coldly thrust into a room full of equally bewildered strangers.

Our teacher's name was Mrs. Covington, a woman who seemed as old-as-the-hills to the eyes of a five-year-old, but was in truth probably no more than 50 or so. A picture I drew that winter portrayed her as a balloon-shaped figure with unusually large arms and masses of wild purple hair, an obvious inaccuracy as a glossy black and white class photo shows an average sized woman standing behind her apple-cheeked and smiling students, hair neatly pulled back, head tilted slightly to the left.

We were like unwritten books, and she would pen the first chapters.

Other elementary teachers, some good, some bad, would follow: Pious Mrs. Kaubista, who led us in prayer before we marched off to our noon meal at the cafeteria; Thin-as-a-whip Mrs. Osthoff who wrote the title of every book I read in second grade on a large manila paper bunny; Volatile Mrs. Barger, a woman with a personality reminiscent of OZ's wicked witch of the west; Comfortable Mrs. Brown, who had a gift for bringing the printed word to life; No-nonsense Mrs. Borden, whose mother had once taken in borders to make a living, and finally Miss Runge, a middle-aged spinster who misguidedly believed writing 'backhand' was only a little less sinful than being born left-handed, and who stole my sixth grade recesses for lessons in penmanship as punishment. I still haven't forgiven her even though she's been dead for years.

Unlike today's colorful, OSHA approved, state of the art playground equipment, our K-4 recesses were spent playing on and around a stomach churning Merry-Go-Round, head cracking steel monkey-bars, splintery wooden teeter-totters, and swings devoid of safety harnesses. Girls, dressed in the full skirts and stiff pom-pom slips fashionable in the mid to late fifties, were at a definite disadvantage. In winter we wore 'snow pants' under our dresses, but during the warm fall and spring months the childish chant "I see London, I see France I see underpants", and the choir of boyish laughter which followed was a playground tradition.

A boy who dared say such a thing nowadays would be hauled off to the principal's office and suspended for sexual harassment, a suggestive term which even

an adult wouldn't have uttered aloud in the 50's, let alone a child.

As a little girl I had a vague feeling that 'town' kids were better than 'country' kids because they lived on paved streets and their father's occupations didn't have anything to do with cows, mud and crops. I envied the easy camaraderie which came from after-school play-dates and shared summers at the pool; I had no one to play with but my brother, and summers were spent at home on the farm. Morrill might as well have been a thousand miles away.

Despite those subtle feelings of inadequacy, we were, for the most part, an egalitarian group. Families came and went and each fall when school began we were certain to see a strange face or two in place of a familiar one. Cindy N., the girl with the reddest hair I'd ever seen left Morrill after her farmer-father died of chemical poisoning, Kerry B. moved and then returned to finish high school with the girls she'd played jacks and hopscotch with, and Karen B., whose youngest brother was struck and killed on the road in front of their farmhouse, moved away when her parents found they couldn't bear to live there any longer.

Last October I met Karen's mother by chance at the local car dealership, a tortured woman so deeply wounded by that long ago tragedy that she could speak of nothing else, the details of her child's short life, and premature death, as razor-sharp as if he had died yesterday...not forty odd years ago.

By the late fifties the post WWII baby-boom had Morrill's single school building bursting at the seams and a decision was made to move an elementary grade into the cafeteria's 'big' room. After a quick summer remodeling turned the large room into two smaller ones, the teachers moved second grade lock stock and barrel into its new home, where and my classmates and I spent the next nine months bathed in the mingled aroma of sour milk and plate lunches.

Seasons came and went; a modern junior high/high school was built, and I grew into a lanky teenager with a fondness for miniskirts and ironed hair. Unfortunately the administration wasn't as enamored

of short skirts as I was, and I remember well the indignity of standing in the hall while the principal measured the distance between the hem of my skirt and the middle of my knee. Years later, as a member of the Morrill Board of Education, I understood more clearly the challenge of drafting a dress code flexible enough to withstand the shifting winds of fashion; just when we thought we had every base and piece of teenage skin covered, a new fad would emerge, and our policy would be as obsolete as leg warmers and polyester leisure suits.

Then, in a blink of an eye, it happened..... Graduation. Between one handshake and the next I went from student to young adult; it was time to move on.

I made promises I expected to keep: "I'll meet you at next homecoming," "See you at Christmas," I'll write," but my commitment was tenuous and shallow, made with a momentary passion. Eventually we drifted apart like leaves riding different currents in a slow-moving stream; the names and faces I thought I'd never forget, fading from memory, replaced by that marvelous confusion we call life.

Suddenly I'm fifty eight years old, slowly making my way back to who I was before I began chasing the years of my life, drifting back to my childhood friends who can look at the woman I am and still see a bashful blue-eyed blond headed girl in a homemade dress.

I've been a farmer's daughter, a farmer's wife, a farmer's mother..... and their friend. I couldn't ask for more.

Tuesday morning my blond-haired, blue-eyed five-year-old grandson walked through the doors of the Morrill Elementary. Nervously clutching his father's hand, and the new backpack I purchased at Target, he made his way to the Kindergarten room.

His teacher's name is Mrs. Banta and he's already made two friends.

The circle turns. Karen

Melinda D. Clarke, CPA

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Dowsing

by Joe Smith

My wife and I went to the national ASD convention in Vermont this year. For those of you that wonder what the heck ASD stands for; The American Society of Dowsters. We had around 500 people there. It lasted five days for the conference and several more for post and before all day classes. It was held in a fancy Ski resort in Killington Vermont, and it was a good convention. If you are a speaker you can set up a table and sell your stuff. We sold clear out of pendulums and sold 30 of our new version of Harve Bodine. We had 600 printed, we only took part of them, one box.

Our trip out by plane was just short of a disaster. But we made it, and made it home OK. Boy it felt good to see our pup, Sugar and our home. She was really on a tear when we got home. We have four sweet Kittens that are under feet all the time. Their mommy just left them here for us to feed. So if you want one or all of them they are real cute.

This Sunday the 17th we are having another meeting of the Mid River Dowsters club at the Pony Express Park east of Fairbury. If you are interested in dowsing give me a call. Sunday we went to the Rock Creek Pony Express Park and had the Mid River Dowsing Club meeting. We had some new people show up and we had plenty to eat and drink. We did a lot of dowsing on site. We think we found out several unknown sites, at least unknown to us, as to where several people were killed by the infamous Wild Bill Hickok and his friends. We did have a good time anyway. Joe Smith

Window on Fifth Street

by Stephen Hassler

The world that I see through my window on Fifth Street is different now, not new, but different. The past two months have been surreal. I can't believe I'm in a world without Darla, but here I am. I am functioning well, but there is an emptiness in my life where Darla used to be.

A young man dreams of meeting a special someone with whom to share his life and grow old. He may attach qualities of beauty, intelligence, and lovingness to the image. I had such longings as a young man, but I never imagined that those desires would ever amount to all the qualities that my Darla would bring to me. She gave me a woman beyond my dreams and encouraged me to become more than I imagined of myself.

A door between us slowly closed, leaving no key, no window, no cell phone nor e-mail to reach the "other side". Still, I hope for a connection, an awareness, a spiritual feeling that, albeit briefly, would let me touch her, since my physical embrace no longer can.

I'm okay for the time being, sometimes sad, but not depressed, alone, but not lonely. And lately, my heart has been on my sleeve. (You probably won't hear me apologize for that.) I am embracing the traditional time of mourning with tears, and longing, trusting that the memories of someone who was so beautiful in my life will turn grief and sadness into gratitude and fondness. I can only hope that time will fill in the emptiness with "life from now on", and gradually replace the sadness until it is almost gone...someday.

Love at life's end can reach a crescendo that peaks above any other experience, yet it will not hold back the hand of God. Caring for a dying person may be one of the greatest gifts anyone can give, with no return expected, except a grateful good-bye. The only greater gift would be that which the loved one has given us.

My Life & Times as Harve Bodine, by Joe Smith

Reviewed by Ralph Squire, August 17, 2008

Joe Smith is a Master Dowster and teacher at many conferences (with his wife Marta), Joe was born and raised in New Mexico, where he had been a cowboy. He is recently retired, after a career in farming in South Eastern Nebraska.

Joe had a 'Past Life Regression' in Dallas by noted dowster Sandy Mac, and found that in a previous life he had been Harve Bodine, who had ridden with Quantrill's Raiders during the Civil War, and later was a U.S. Marshall in Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.

Joe has had no formal training nor experience in writing, and although this shows through in spots, the book held my attention and was hard to "put down". I believe Zane Grey would be envious. I have read many of Grey's legendary western novels, and find this book equally appealing. "Truth is stranger than fiction."

The book itself is not about subtle energy, but how it happened to be written is.

"Something started me writing these stories and they seemed to have a life of their own. I sit down and start a chapter after working all day and at eleven, I'm still writing – it is kinda habit forming. You know – where are they going today? What are they up to? Things happen in the story that I had no idea that was the way it was going. It wrote itself. I try to show real emotion that people have in a certain situation. Sometimes while writing, I get tears in my eyes. I put a lot of feeling in the stories. I hope you all enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them." Joe Smith 2008

The book may be ordered from:
Star Guardian Creations, 62638 Road 730,
Johnson, NE 68378.

The cost is \$15 plus \$2 for postage.

"My Life & Times as Harve Bodine"

by Joe Smith

If you like the stories I write, you would love this story. Harve Bodine was in the Confederate Army, riding for the Quantrell Raiders. He didn't like anything that guy was doing so he and another fellow left before the end of the war and went out West. It seems he turned lawman.

The story has a lot of human feeling in it, honest emotions, true love (sorry, no hot sex scenes). The story takes place in an area I am somewhat familiar with. Other parts came from Harve himself. I had no idea where it was going. I just wrote it down like Harve told me to. Whether it actually happened or not is for you to decide. Joe Smith.



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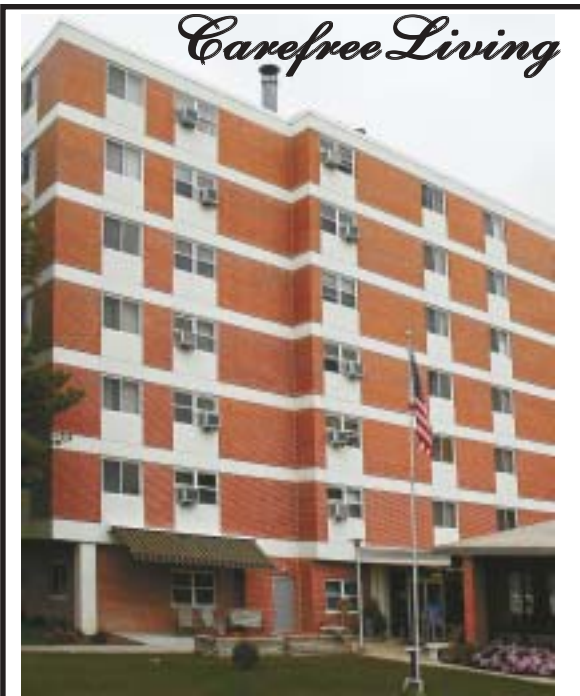
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