

In This Issue:

Full-fledged summer is upon us! Lest we forget, no matter how hot it gets, remember just how cold winter can be. This month we feature two fabulous writers who have been published through MANA - Joshua Forte and Elisha Eubanks. Both Mr. Forte and Ms. Eubanks, whom I've just mentioned, are current students at Mott Community College, Flint, MI. In 2011 Mott Community College was one of the top ten community colleges in the US designated by the Aspen Institute. And Ms. Eubanks is a contributor to Community College Students' Literary Collage, a collection of works by Mott Community College students of the Winter semester Creative Writing Course. 70% of the profits from this collection will go to the Writing Awards event held yearly in the Humanities Division of the college. To learn more or to purchase the book, visit marketingnewauthors.com. Also, in this issue we will feature a little something from me, the person who brings you The MANA Sunset. As always, enjoy!

MANA's Short Story Series

In the spirit of old periodicals that would feature a series of short monthly installments of stories, MANA is now revealing stories bit-by-bit. Three segments of a story have been written by Carol Brown. Also, a first installment of a different story by Kira Tompkins has begun. Both Ms. Brown and Ms. Tompkins have been recently published in *Community College Students' Literary Collage*. If you would like to have your work considered for this venture, submit three installments of your story to MANA to be reviewed by the end of August. It's always fun to hail back to older literary traditions, and this is a great avenue for creativity for any writer. Send your installments for review to info@marketingnewauthors.com.

MANA's Passion for Poetry Contest

Think your poetry needs an opportunity to shine? MANA is now accepting manuscripts of 50-150 poems for MANA's Passion for Poetry Poets' Contest: one winner, one free E-book publication of your work, free digital marketing, seventy percent of all sales in your pocket, a webpage on the MANA website, E-commerce services, and free shipping/handling/storage for your published collection of poetry. The deadline for submissions is October 26th, 2015. Please submit your poetry collections as Microsoft Word files to info@marketingnewauthors. com. To see past winners and for more info visit marketingnewauthors.com.

Dr. C-MANA's Writing Coach

Dr. C is a composition professor who offers her services to writers and teachers of writing who would like writing advice. Below learn a bit more about her through an excerpt from her blog. Specific details about writing coach packages are available at marketingnewauthors.com. For more information contact us at info@marketingnewauthors.com.

"...for so many years, I have LIVED my passions—being an academic captain, being a publisher, being an editor, being a writer, being a motivational speaker, and being a guide to those who want to become teachers. And in every capacity, the ability to listen, show compassion, and provide tough love, when advice needs to be precise, are called for in these passions."

MANA's Private Writing Seminar

If you have questions and want to learn more about the publishing process, MANA is now offering private, personalized seminars. Such a seminar could include but is not limited to:

- 1)Traditional publishing vs. self-publishing
- 2) The issue of copyright ownership
- 3) Determining royalties
- 4) Factors involved in publishing a book

...and whatever else you might be wondering about! This is a no-strings-attached seminar. You are not required or expected to utilize MANA's publishing services by attending the seminar. Depending on the plan you choose, seminars are \$99.95 or \$124.95. For more details contact info@marketingnewauthors.com.

Quote of the Month



"Open your eyes and see what you can with them before they close forever."

Anthony Doerr

E-book Special Offers!

One of the latest phenomena in publishing is the E-book. By choosing to publish your manuscript electronically, the accessibility of your readership widens to include those individuals who prefer to read on an electronic device. This is a great way for new authors to put themselves out there and gain exposure. Also, E-book publishing allows an author to test the waters of the publishing world without getting his/her feet too wet. Bronze, silver, and platinum packages are available for purchase. More information is available at marketingnewauthors.com under the E-book Specials! heading.

MANA Gives Back

As a small-scale publishing house, MANA has the opportunity to give back in the form of allocating a percentage of sales to a new charity each year. For the year 2015, MANA has selected the Alzheimer's Foundation of America. In this way, MANA shows a commitment to helping others and giving back to the communities that support it.

"Old Man Xiang" Elisha Eubanks

Once, there was a man who lived in a yellow house with his three sons and a daughter. He also had a brother who lived with them, but his brother was wicked and malicious and was always jealous of his brother's fortunes.

One day, the uncle said to the eldest son, "Nephew, go out into an unsown field. There you will find an old wooden plough. Begin to plow the field, and tell the first person who passes by that you are planting barley." He said this because it was not the season for barley.

The eldest son went out to the field and did as he was told. As he ploughed, down the road there came an old man with a sack on his back. The eldest son could see the old man was very tired from carrying his sack, so he said, "Here, good neighbor, sit here with me and rest a while."

So the old man sat down, and the eldest son got him some water. When he had drunk, the eldest son asked, "What is in your sack that is so heavy?"

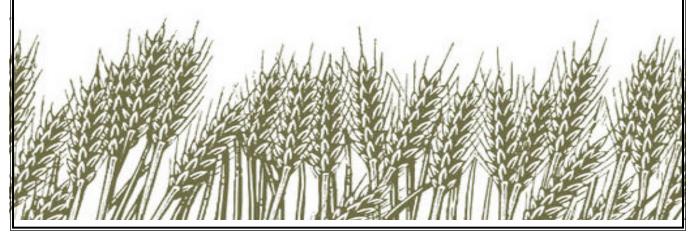
"My sack is full of barley," the man told him. "What are you doing, my neighbor?"

"I am planting barley," the eldest son said. "May I use some, so your sack will be lighter?"

The old man shook his head. "Planting barley at this time of year? What non-sense. But if you would like some, I will give it to you." So, the eldest son took the seed and sowed it in the field.

Now, the eldest son did not know that this man was Old Man Xiang. Old Man Xiang knew of the uncle's wickedness; and so, he gave a magic barley seed to the eldest son, who then sowed it in the field. Within two weeks time, the barley had sprouted up thickly, and by harvest time there had grown an enormous crop, and they grew more prosperous than ever before. But the uncle was infuriated by their success, and grew ever more jealous.

The next year, the uncle said to the second son, "Nephew, go out into an unsown field. There you will find an old wooden plough. Begin to plow the field and tell the first person who passes by that you are planting wheat." Once again, it was not the right season for wheat.



So the second son went out to the field and did as he was told. As he ploughed, down the road there came an old man with a sack on his back. Again, the old man looked weary, so the second son said, "Here, good neighbor, sit here with me and rest a while." So, the old man sat down, and the second son got him some water, then asked him, "What is in your sack that is so heavy?"

"My sack is full of wheat," the man told him. "What are you doing, my neighbor?"

"I am planting wheat," the second son said. "May I use some, so your sack will be lighter?"

"Is there no end to this foolishness?" said the old man, shaking his head. "But if you would like some, you may have it." So the second son took the seed and sowed it in the field.

Now, the second son did not know that Old Man Xiang had come again and given him a magic wheat seed to sow in the field. Within two weeks, the wheat had sprouted as high as the low tree branches and was as thick as grass. By harvest time, they had gained twice as much as the barley had given. But the wicked uncle was furious and constantly plotted his revenge.

The next year, the uncle said to the youngest son, "Nephew, go out into an unsown field. There you will find an old wooden plough. Begin to plow the field and tell the first person who passes by that you are planting rice."

The youngest son knew his uncle was not to be trusted, but he went out and did as he was told. As he ploughed, down the road there came an old man with a sack on his back, looking more tired and hot and dusty than ever. So the youngest son said to him, "Here, good neighbor, sit here with me and rest a while."

So, the old man sat down, and the youngest son got him some water. When he was finished, the youngest son asked, "What is in your sack that is so heavy?"

"My sack is full of rice," the man told him. "What are you doing, my neighbor?" "My uncle told me to plant rice in this field," the youngest son told him.

This made the old man angry, and he shook his fist. "Planting rice in a field! Such silliness is disgraceful." Then, he opened his sack, full of rice grains. "Take these and plant them in your field; then we will see what happens."

So the youngest son took the rice and planted it in the field, not knowing that it was Old Man Xiang, again. All through the season, there were heavy rains, and soon the field had become as good as a proper rice paddy. The rice was enchanted, as the barley and wheat had been before, and soon a rich crop a hundred times over had grown. It



provided food for the whole community, and everyone had something to eat.

The uncle, however, was outraged that he should be so outwitted and began to form a plan to bring shame to his brother. So, one day, he said to the daughter, "Niece, take this pick and go plow up a field. If you do not finish by sunset, you shall not eat today, and, if you tell anyone I sent you, I shall beat you." And he pushed her out and locked her out of the house.

The girl knew she could not plow a field with a pick, so she sat under a tree and wept bitterly. Presently, Old Man Xiang came to her and asked, "What is the matter, my daughter?"

The girl wanted to tell him what had happened, but she knew that her uncle had said he would beat her. So she said, "I must plow this field with a pick, or I shall get no supper!"

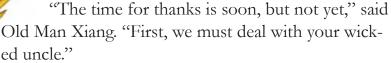
Now, Old Man Xiang knew what the uncle had done, and it made him very angry. So he said to the girl, "Show me back to your father's house, and we shall soon see about this." So the girl led him back to the yellow house.

Inside, the father was wondering what had happened, for his daughter had not come in to supper. "Brother, when was the last time you saw her?" he asked his brother.

"I saw her out in the field," said the uncle. "She was with a young man from town."

"Then, she has run away!" cried the father, tearing at his hair. "She has run off with a man and brought shame to us!"

But the youngest son knew his uncle was not to be trusted, so he went outside to see what had befallen his sister. He found her with Old Man Xiang beside the well, and he recognized the old man at once. "I must thank you, neighbor," he said, bowing, "for showing us such kindness. You helped us come to great fortunes, and, now, you have rescued my sister."

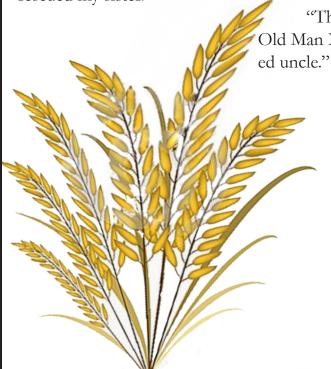


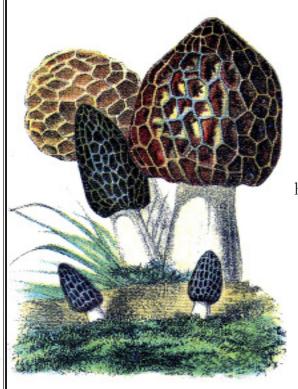
So, Old Man Xiang gave careful instructions, then sent the youngest son and his sister into the house, then hid himself with his magic and crept in behind them.

Both the prosperous man and his

brother were very surprised to see them.

"My son, what has happened?" asked the father.





"Our sister had lost herself in the wide fields," the youngest son told their father.

"What were you doing out in the fields after dark?" asked the father.

"I was looking for Old Man Xiang, so he would bring us good fortunes," said the daughter.

"How foolish you are!" cried the uncle.

"You were wasting your time, and now you are telling stories. You shall get no supper."

"But see; I found him after all," said the daughter and pointed to the corner.

Then, who should appear before them but Old Man Xiang himself!

The man and his brother were very surprised. "This is certainly good fortune," the man said. "Please, neighbor, come and have some supper with us."

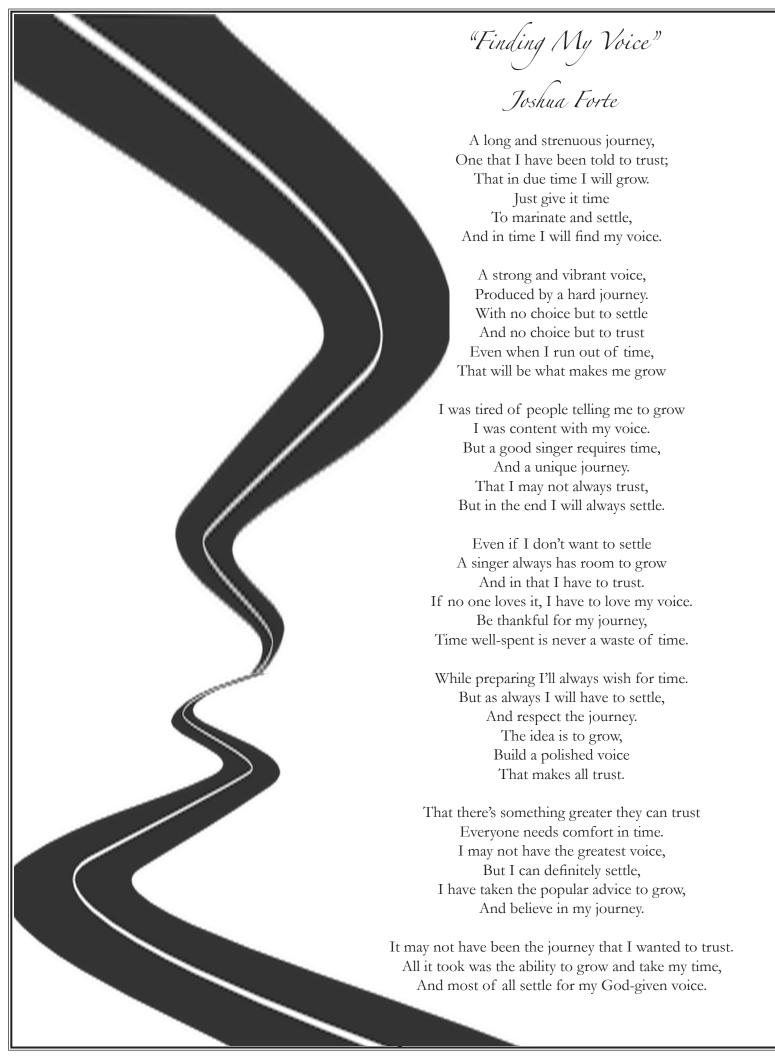
But the uncle said, "Perhaps, it is only a trick. He is a common robber who means to steal."

"It is only you who plays a trick," said Old Man Xiang. "You wanted to cheat your friends and neighbors and even your own brother. But, now, you have been exposed, and you will be punished."

The uncle saw he had been found out, but he quickly thought of one last scheme. "Good neighbor, if you punish me, should you not punish everyone else, too? For when one man acts shamefully, many suffer shame because of him."

"Perhaps, that is so," said Old Man Xiang. "Very well; I will not let everyone be shamed." Then, he used his magic and turned the uncle into a mushroom. "For a mushroom cannot bring shame to anyone," he said.

So the man in the yellow house and his three sons and daughter lived in peace, and everyone was happy and prosperous for a long time. As for Old Man Xiang, he went on his way, and no one from that place has seen him to this day.



"Loons" Holly Taylor 为外外外外外外外外

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" $\mathcal{N}_{\mathrm{hat}}$ a freak, man."

The first time I saw Kelly Nobody, she was the center attraction at the main band-stand of the Millsberg County Fair. Clutching an old wire broomstick, Kelly stomped and thrust her left fist at the air, the right fist clinging obsessively to the broom's handle. The motley group of local musicians behind her—a stoned high-school bass player, mullet-sporting lead guitarist with a Rebel Flag tattoo on his scrawny bicep, chubby drummer wearing a Got Milk? t-shirt—was confused by Kelly's guest appearance. Their show wasn't meant to feature Kelly's crazy dance. Yet no one made a move to stop her. The musty redwhite-and-blue drapings under the bandstand quivered with fear at Kelly's stomping and gyrating. A teen mother in the front row of the grandstand had the good God-given sense to clamp a hand over the eyes of the snotty-nosed toddler bouncing on her knee. The sweet toddler's little mouth was stoppered shut with a baby bottle full of Mountain Dew.

"Someone should frickin' do somethin'."

Black combat boots threatening to bust through the flimsy particleboard under foot, Kelly's scrawny body twisted to the music. A sheen of sweat dampened her upper lip and beads of perspiration flew off her graying hair as she flung her head from side to side. Black pit stains under each arm, a navy United States flag t-shirt drooped from Kelly's frame. The song she danced to was a twangy, steel-guitar number I've forgotten the name of—either the title was "Camp Fires and Cheap Whiskey" or "Flat Tires and Feelin' Frisky." On their way past the grandstand, onlookers gawked at Kelly in half-pity, half-awe.

"Call the frickin' fire department."

We all pulled our eyes away from the spectacle and followed the thoroughfare under the grandstand, away from Kelly's dance.

The next time I saw Kelly, she glared down at me from the Henderson's front porch. Tammy Henderson had asked my mother to lend her daughter to the task of spending the night with Kelly while the Henderson family went on a day trip to the Michigan International Speedway. I was to be paid 10 dollars for my services.

Kelly materialized from nowhere. Tammy Henderson found her stabbing a shanked piece of broom haphazardly at old Bud light and Faygo cans on the side of the road. Probably a ward of the state or product of the system, Kelly belonged nowhere. Tammy suspected—so she informed my mom in a conversations I eavesdropped in on—Kelly had been homeless for most of her adult life. Upon offering Kelly a ride to wherever-sheneeded-to-go, Tammy took pity on the shifty woman and allowed her to sleep in the hen house for a few nights. Kelly loved animals and proved very helpful with chores—particularly the less savory ones, like mucking out the hen house and clipping the roosters' talons. She'd been living with the Hendersons for close to a year when I was recruited to spend the night with her.

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Kelly scared the ever-living shit out of me. I grew up on the other side of the woods and had overheard bits and pieces about Kelly exchanged between Tammy and my mother. Tammy and Kelly's chance relationship needed no explanation. Chalk it up to good Christian feeling. Who knows how long Kelly'd been wandering the back roads collecting cans and cashing them in at Bud's Country Market. Eventually earning a bedroom in Tammy's house, Kelly joined the Henderson family. No one knew where she'd come from or where she was going.

The Hendersons raised chickens, guinea fowl, a few sheep, broiler rabbits, and broiler turkeys. Their herd of territorial guinea fowl would raise z royal ruckus whenever my dad and I stopped by the house. Their tiny hooded heads bobbed in rhythm when our car passed on the windy dirt driveway. The hens' curved beaks reminded me of an upside down question mark, their twitchy little bodies tirelessly on guard for centuries.

Giving my mom the hand-cutting-the-neck motion, my eyes bugged out with fear at sleeping overnight with Crazy Kelly. The speaker in our house phone echoed loudly, allowing me to eavesdrop on a conversation with ease. Mo n silently waved her hands at me and mouthed, "oh stop," while rolling her eyes. She told Tammy that her dear daughter would be happy to do them such a kind favor, considering she hadn't had any luck securing a summer job and had plenty of spare time to help out a neighbor and dear friend.

Mom dropped me off at the Hendersons the following evening without so much as a goodbye, I love you, and I hope she doesn't murder you in your sleep sweetie. Squawking and shaking their feathers, the Hendersons' guinea fowl raised hell when my mom's red pickup crept up the driveway.

"Hiiii, Ava, thank you soooo muuuch." Tammy's tone of voice suggested she'd just popped a palmful of Quaaludes. She'd crammed half of her wiry black hair into a butter-fly-shaped barrette. Black hairs poked out from the tip of her beaky nose in a not-unpleasant way.

"Avvva, I need you to do the exaccct same thing with Kelly every night: collect the egggs, watch a movvvie, have five Girl Scout cookkkies—you choose the flavor— and let Kelly do her dance. Ok? It's veryyy important to keep to the schedule."

"Yeah, ok, sure, no problem, have fun," I mumbled. Sick feeling forming in my stomach, I hoped my friends never found out about this odd job.

Piece of binder twine knotted around her narrow hips. Kelly blinked down at me from the Hendersons' front porch. Her steel gray hair was cut into a chin-length bob, clearly a budget haircut done in front of a bathroom mirror with some household scissors. Kelly jangled with odds and ends—wire broom sawed off at the handle, Walkman and headphones, ring of keys, stack of cassettes shoved in her back pocket. Neatly stacked, a line of silver chewing gum sticks—Big Red—jutted from her hip pocket. I remembered Kelly from the broom-dance spectacle she'd put on at the Millsberg County Fair the previous fall.

"Kelllly, say 'hi' to Ava. She'll be spending the night with you while we're gone."

With her jaw clenched into a knot, Kelly nodded once at me and blinked furiously. away. Kelly may have mistaken my stare for the usual stares of gawkers. She stepped down

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off the porch and headed for the barn. Her cut-off Red Wings t-shirt—three sizes too big—draped down nearly obscuring Levi shorts.

The Henderson family—Tammy, Don, and Monica—hopped into their loaded-up blue Astro van and coursed up the windy dirt driveway without so much as a goodbye, see ya! to Kelly. Their cluster of guinea fowl moved their heads as one unit to watch the Hendersons pass,

Dusk was falling, and my fear was rising. The chickens in the hen yard waddled into the henhouse to roost for the night. Unsure of what to do with myself, I wandered into the barn where Kelly'd vanished.

I ducked inside to the familiar wet scent of ammonia-soaked chicken poop and feeder corn. Kelly stood next to the hen roost, stroking and petting the hens as though she were tucking children into bed. I wouldn't have been surprised to see her kiss them each tenderly on the beak. Unaware of my presence, Kelly cooed and clucked to her hens. The laying hens, in turn, ducked their heads under wing and slept. The dim lighting of the hen house obscured my presence from Kelly.

"Booky booky boo."

Kelly's lips puckered into the playful face of a mother. Not wanting to startle her, I lurked in the shadow of the hen house door. I admit, part of me wanted to witness the antics of a loony talking to her chickens. Draped with cobwebs and dust, the glow of a lonely light bulb pushed through the falling shadows of the hen house. The light cast a glow on the left side of Kelly's face revealing a dark purple scar slashed from temple to cheekbone. Kelly turned and walked my way. She stalked past me without noticing, or perhaps just not caring, that I stood right inside the door.

I felt a bit awkward, but I followed her. Careful not to track a mess into the Henderson house, Kelly kicked off her black combat boots next to the front door—the boots didn't have laces, so she wasted no time getting them off. In an attempt to keep up with her, I stumbled up the deck steps. The door slammed. Fumbling with the laces of my tennis shoes, I got them off and lined them neatly beside Kelly's.

Upon entering the mudroom leading into the kitchen, my nose came into contact with Kelly's pungent body odor. The strength of Kelly's stench rivaled my own father's eye-watering musk. She stood in the kitchen, fridge door open, skinny butt poking out from the yellow glow.

"K—Kelly?"

She turned around. A raw carrot hung from her lower lip. In the artificial lighting of the house, the purple scar on her cheek glared prominently.

"Carrot?" She pulled the carrot from her lip and pointed with it toward the open fridge. Her voice didn't sound at all like I'd thought it would. It was soft and not entirely unlike the voice she used when clucking to her chickens.

"Oh. No, no thanks. Well, actually, sure. Yes please. Thanks."

Kelly grabbed a carrot from the top rack. She took care not to brush her hand against mine by holding the carrot away from her body. Twisting off the bushy greens

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1 44 on the end, I noticed some dirt rubbed into the fibers. I ignored the impulse to scrub the carrot. Kelly and I stood in the kitchen crunching and chomping on dirty carrots. Several times, the bits of dirt crunched horribly between my molars and sent involuntary shivers coursing up my neck.

Kelly rooted through one of the kitchen cupboards and produced two plastic cups—one of them a Space Jam collectible from McDonald's, the other a faded Subway cup. She filled them both at the sink and handed me the cooler of the two—the Space Jam cup. After passing it over, again taking care to avoid hand contact, Kelly walked into the living room.

"Should we, uh, collect the eggs?" I asked.

Crouched in front of the VHS collection in the living room, Kelly pointed to the kitchen sink without turning around. A bowl of brown eggs soaked in a shallow pan of water, bits of dirt and chicken poop floating on the surface in an oily film.

She either did her chores before I arrived or carried the eggs inside her pockets. I hadn't even noticed. Kelly's clothes were so baggy. They were quite baggy enough to conceal eggs in. Perhaps her evening ritual with the chickens included a covert hand groping under their plump bodies to grab eggs.

"Oh, nice. Good work. Well then, how about we watch a movie?"

Glancing back at me from the cabinet under the TV, Kelly held up two movie selections: Little Rascals and Space Jam.

Hoping I'd make the right choice, I pointed to the Space Jam VHS. Noticing a slight smile in Kelly's pale eyes, I knew I'd made the correct choice. She popped in the tape, and we took our places on either end of the couch.

I ignored the impulse to cover my nose with my hand. Our spaced-out proximity didn't diminish the funk oozing from Kelly's Red Wings t-shirt. Must be Tammy didn't bother to teach Kelly about personal hygiene. I made a mental note to keep track of this detail and to tell my mom about it later.

About half way through the movie, which I'd seen about a dozen times, Kelly grabbed a box of Samoas and a box of Thin Mints from the pantry. She took a row from each box and slid them to me across the flowered upholstery. We both had more than five each. I decided Tammy didn't need to know that detail. Five cookies per person was a ridiculous expectation to have. Instead of getting up to grab a napkin, Kelly wiped her chocolaty fingers on the couch. I did the same.

I felt my lids growing heavy after the cookies. Not wanting to miss anything, I kept pinching the skin of my thighs; alternating with super sharp, nail-driven five-second pinches and less intense ten-second pinches. This saw me through till the end of the movie. After it ended, Kelly stood up and took the tape out, placing it in the tape rewinder to the left of the TV. She waited patiently until the machine whirred off, and then replaced the VHS in the box, sliding it into its empty slot in the cabinet.

I wasn't sure if I should go to bed. The stove's digital clock read 10:01. Kelly exited the living room and returned with her sawed-off broom. Unwinding the headphones

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from her Walkman, she slipped the set over her ears. Even though the house was cool from the air conditioning, Kelly's bangs were matted against her forehead with sweat. She nodded her head, twisted her hips, and started moving.

I hadn't a clue what to do, so I watched. Bopping her head, Kelly flung the broom handle up and air-guitared. She pelvic thrusted, power strummed, and hair flipped to a silent eruption of music. Her holey wool socks squeaked against the linoleum in the kitchen as she panted and gasped for air. But inside her head, she rocked out to an explosion of sound waves. If I'd heard the music myself, I probably would have danced along. But I just couldn't dance to silent music, and I certainly couldn't disturb Kelly's wild concert.

She danced till the tape in the cassette clicked to an end. By then it was nearly eleven o'clock. Kelly's cheeks flushed red, and the scar on her cheek stood out even more. Without uttering a word, she went into the bathroom. I'd been to the Henderson home before, so I knew where the guest bedroom was. I knew that it had a lock from afternoons spent playing dolls with Tammy's daughter, Monica, in the guest room. Not bothering to brush my teeth and disturb Kelly, I walked down the hall from the living room.

Making sure not to twist the deadbolt too quickly and betray my distrust, I locked the bedroom door behind me. After shutting off the lights, I jumped into bed as quickly as I could. This was an old habit. Standing beside a bed in the dark made me feel like a hand would reach out at any moment and grab my ankles.

Fully-clothed, I crawled under the felt coverlet. Tammy's creepy collection of porcelain dolls smiled down at me from a display shelf above the bedroom door. A shadow from a tree limb outside the window made the dolls appear blindfolded, with dark black bands over their eyes and foreheads. Summoning up images of my own bed and squeezing my eyes, I managed to drift off.

I briefly dreamed of fat gyrating chickens and Michael Jordan air-guitaring before waking at three in the morning with a bladder full to bursting. Willing myself to sleep but failing, I realized I had to venture out. The shadows had shifted off the dolls' faces, leaving creepy blank stares. Easing the twisted lock open, I carefully pulled the door open. I stepped into the hallway and nearly peed right there on the emerald carpet.

Kelly's sleeping form lay in the hallway outside her bedroom. A strange rectangular object concealed her head from view. Tiptoeing closer, the object appeared to be a pressure cooker. My mom had several sizes and models, none of which looked appealing enough to use as a pillow. Something else stuck out from under Kelly's arm, I could just barely make it out. Whatever it was, it had a blade on it—a very thick, round saw. Kelly'd tucked the saw under her face in the pressure cooker. One swift movement and the blade could easily retrace the line of the cut on her cheek.

The sight scared me less than it should have. I crept to the left, away from Kelly, toward the bathroom. A shiver of relief worked through my knees and up to my shoulders as I peed. I snuck back to my room, quietly locked the door, and fell asleep.

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Mom picked me up promptly at nine a.m. Kelly had already disappeared to do chores when I climbed into Mom's red pickup. As usual, the guinea fowl fussed and chattered as we pulled up the driveway. Loping from the wood next to the driveway, Kelly broke through the herd of guinea fowl. She playfully chased a few away from the pack, gawky limbs akimbo and knees stepping high like a tom. Her elbows jutted from her hips in mock turkey.

I turned on the cab seat to glance through the dust funneling and swirling behind us. Kelly cavorted and twirled amidst the guinea fowl. Not a single sound issued from the birds' noisy throats.

Due to my narcissistic choice to include a piece of my own fiction, I won't take up any more of your time with any bits of wisdom about writing. I really hope you've enjoyed reading some of my writing and this issue on the whole. If you have any questions about my story or feedback (which I always welcome) contact me at hollyta@umich.edu.

Bask in August's glory and enjoy a purple sunset. See you in October.

Happy Writing!