

# St. George Day STORY BOOK

CAN YOU IMAGINE?



2014

TOMPKINSVILLE PARK, STATEN ISLAND, PLANET EARTH



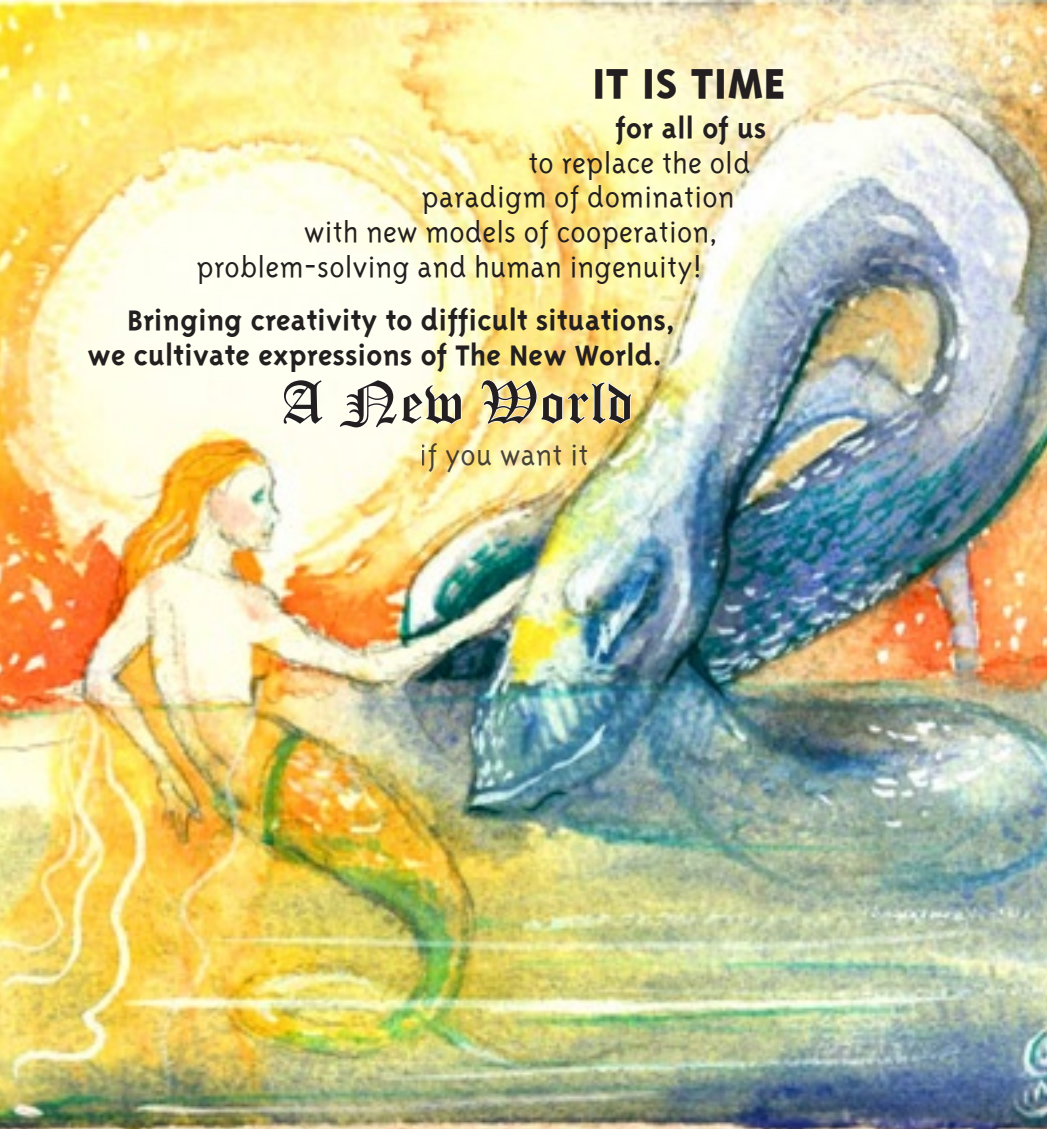
**IT IS TIME**

for all of us  
to replace the old  
paradigm of domination  
with new models of cooperation,  
problem-solving and human ingenuity!

Bringing creativity to difficult situations,  
we cultivate expressions of The New World.

**A New World**

if you want it



**ST. GEORGE DAY STORYBOOK** produced at EVERY THING GOES BOOK CAFE AND NEIGHBORHOOD STAGE by Stvjns Daughs, Katie McCarthy and Jenny Lytton, and printed at MCKEE HIGH SCHOOL by Leo Gordon and students. All contents of this book are property of each author/artist, who have offered to include their work and help raise needed funds to create this festival. **THIS FESTIVAL** is also made possible in part by a DCA Art Fund Grant from the Council on the Arts & Humanities for Staten Island, with public funding from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs; major help from the Every Thing Goes Stores and GrowNYC, Open Art Surgery, New York City Compost Project on Staten Island, Deep Tanks Studio, Make.SI, NYC Parks Dept, Westerleigh Folk Festival, and **CATPAW**, the Community Association of Tompkinsville Park Promoting Arts and Whimsy. Yay! to all who show up and participate! We plant the seeds...

COVER IMAGE: **SHERYL HUMPHREY**

IMAGE THIS PAGE: BY **JULIA SIMONIELLO**

**A New Legend**

**2014**



This book is a  
venue for prose,  
poetry and  
artwork organized  
and produced as  
part of the  
St. George Day

Festival. Together with the festival's other free venues — the music stage, spoken word stage, kid stage, earth awareness projects, art-around-the-park do-it-yourself galleries, street exhibits, local authors, craft making areas and live art facilities — it is an opportunity to share and celebrate our expanding community's creative ingenuity and our freedom to choose a new world.

This festival is a beginners attempt toward a cooperative culture. The ads in the book serve by raising funds for the inevitable cash expenses.

Please support the festival advertisers!  
**volunteer your life force for what you love**

Thanks all who volunteered artwork, writing,  
and publication skills to create this book!

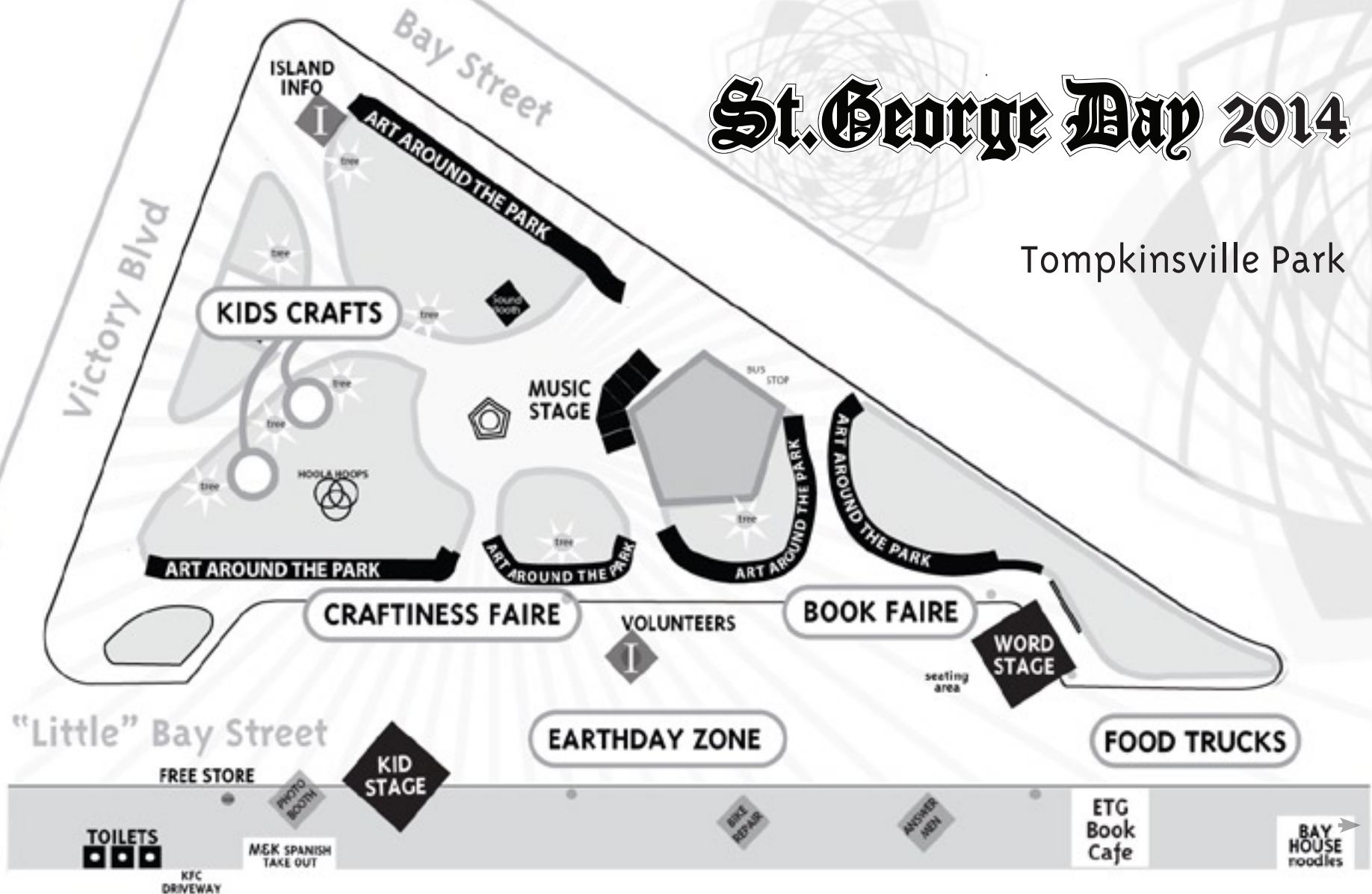
DRAGON: **MARY SIGONA**


BACKGROUND: **STVJNS DAUGHS**



# St. George Day 2014

Tompkinsville Park



 **CATPAW (Community Association of Tompkinsville Park Promoting Arts and Whimsy)** is a local volunteer group that strives to assist happenings in Tompkinsville Park in cooperation with the NYC Parks Dept. and other community groups. Besides the St. George Day Festival, CATPAW also has been helping to produce a Winter Light event in December, including the illuminated Star of Wonder suspended between the trees near Victory Blvd.

This festival is possible only by the cooperation of community volunteers in the spirit of goodwill. Thank you to the organization team who gardened this production process:

**Katie McCarthy, Sara Valentine, Jenny Lytton-Hirsch, Stvjns Daughs, Jackie Junttonen, Tanya Acevedo, Andrew Blancero, Michael Reiser, Elizabeth Marie LaBlue, Hiroko Otani, Sarah Benalene Kittinger McArthur, Ann Marie Selzer, Wilder Selzer, and Ray Pape!**



## **DINNER FOR DRAGON**



**ragon,**

tired, bloody, sweaty, battered and drooling, blocked a heavy, clumsy blow from an equally sweaty, bloody, battered and drooling knight named George in such a way that they both fell back to opposite sides of the dark cavern. They had been trading blows all day. They knew in their hearts that if they kept this up much longer, they would beat each other to death. But after fighting all day, distrust was in full force. Both struggled to stand, but could not get up. They lay against the cool cavern walls. When the echoes of their clanging faded away, the only sounds left were gasps for breath and creaking ribs.

Lying there after a day of fighting, George's stomach started rumbling. He could not remember when he last ate. He muttered to himself, "I'm so hungry, I could eat a whale."

Dragon said, "I'm so hungry, I could eat a thousand whales—you humans and your puny food. It's so small, can't even taste it on my tongue."

George tried not to laugh. "Whales are beasts of the ocean. They are three times your size—and very fat."

Dragon stared at him.

"I was just expressing how hungry I am," George said.

Dragon sighed, "Then you know how I feel every day."

"This battle started because you ate all the sheep in the county," George said. "I am sworn to chase you down and defeat you."

Dragon's reply was a smokey snort.

"Tell me more about the beasts of the sea—something a little smaller than whales. Maybe they are delicious..."

George told him of sharks that attacked bathing beauties on the beach, and giant jellyfish that killed with a thousand stings. Dragon looked like he might fall asleep. George kept talking quietly as he considered making his slow, painful escape. But when he started describing giant sea monsters, and Dragon started and exclaimed, "Sea monsters are my cousins! I never met them, but I can't eat 'em."

The knight was still feeling weak in the legs, and did not think it was a good time to upset Dragon, so he changed the subject. "Speaking of Oceanic Beasts, I have been asked to slay the Kraken. As soon as I decide upon a strategy, I will save the fishermen from this beast, and become twice a famous hero, with bards singing tales of my victory both inland and on the coast!"

"Twice famous hero, huh? What's this Kraken like?"

"He's giant, with eight tentacled legs he uses to pull fishing boats down to the bottom of the sea and giant, baleful eyes that hypnotize all men who look into them."

"Eight legs? I always like legs. They are my favorite part of the sheep. Do you think they are good eating?"

"Humans eat the legs of the Kraken's miniature cousins. They are cooked up and called 'Calamari.'"



"I can fly and breath fire sometimes, and you can't," Dragon said. "I will kill the Kraken and become a hero. Then I shall roast his legs with my fiery breath and feast on giant Calamari, and bards will sing of me."

"I know where the Kraken is. I will take you to him if you let me smite him with my sword. Then the bards will sing an epic tale of the both of us."

Two weeks later, when they finished eating the Kraken and listening to bards sing songs of their heroism, George turned to Dragon and said, "So, have you ever heard of the Yeti?"



## DRAGON RETURNS

Dragon watched the earth below from her perch by the window.  
A voice behind her mumbled 'what are they DOING down there?!'  
"They're coming around" said Dragon and looked up at her friend.

"We have to help the Water, before its too late!"  
Dragon got everything ready , then BLINKED over to  
the planet below.

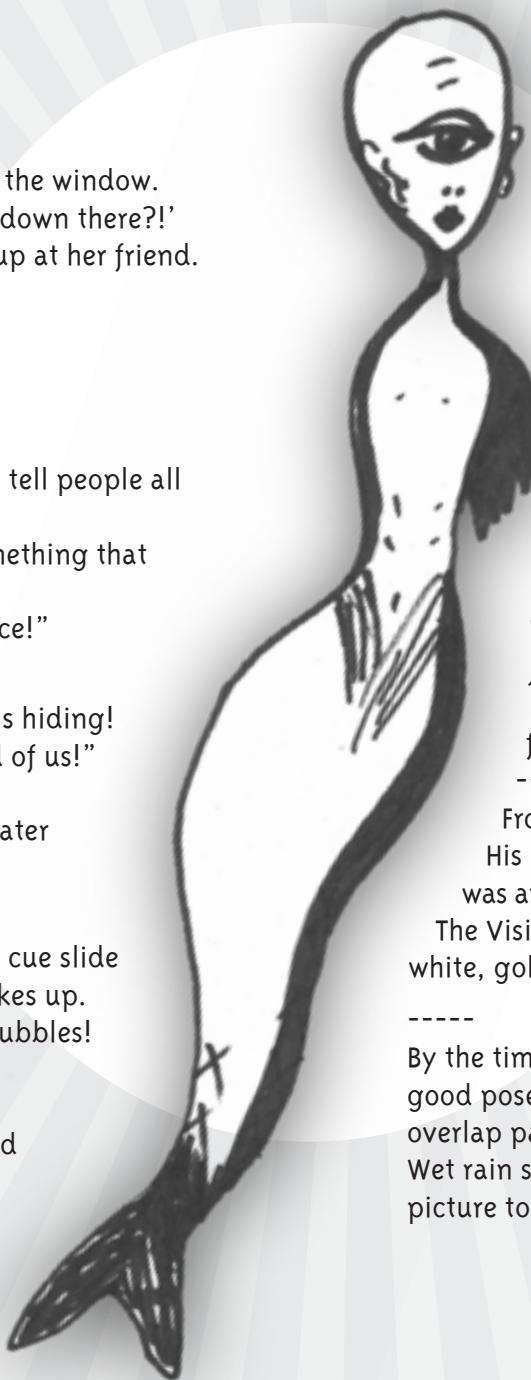
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George running into the village laughed, excited to tell people all  
about his amazing adventure.  
But everybody is talking about something else. Something that  
happened while George was away.  
Peewee **bold** George "A Visitor came from Outer Space!"  
George blinked. "Outer Space?"

"Up there!" Peewee razzled the zinger. "But Visitor is hiding!  
We think Visitor...", peering sideways, " ...is afraid of us!"  
Nodding, Peewee's head turns all the way around.  
"Glinkle saw the Visitor doing something with the water  
over there!"

-----  
The Visitor held a DEVICE that spins Water on a curly cue slide  
bright light blinker in such a way that the Water wakes up.  
You can see it turn on! and start to heal... see the bubbles!

But when people come by,  
the Visitor just push-button-tweak his frequency and  
BLINKED  
away— disappeared! But BLINKED right back  
again when all is clear. Didn't go any place, just  
changed the channel!

-----



"Our Village History ScrapBook!" Neener squeeks.  
"We GOTTA get a picture of this ... ALIEN!" Nodding  
noggins all around, but they can't find the Visitor  
anywhere!

George wonders

"Maybe I can use my Special Power,  
my IMAGINATION? The star showed me how..."  
BING BANG BONG George thinks it!! Gathers every-  
one, "Help me imagine!" Faces turned. "All of us  
together!" Eyes closing.

Together they imagined the magic feeling, the feeling  
"LOVE", for the Visitor. Deep in their hearts, that  
*feeling thundered.*

"THANK YOU!" They imagined, "HAPPY!" Laughing, they  
finished, "We hope you let us take your picture!"

-----

From up in a tanglefruit tree the Visitor was watching.

His Special EYES could SEE the energy light of all the people, it  
was an AURORA shining out of them, and the Visitor could see it!

The Visitor watched the people's light turn green, blue, purple,  
white, gold... and that's how he knew, it was safe!

-----

By the time the fluttering snozzle camera winked, they had a really  
good pose: Two circles of villagers interlinked, with Visitor in the  
overlap part! "Tra La Tra Lee!"

Wet rain sparkles sprinkled in the air while George uploaded the  
picture to their Village History ScrapBook.



## DRAGONS COME IN MANY FORMS...

When Cheney looked up at the boss with a golden ring and a finely tailored suit, he knew that's who he wanted to be. Ever since he was a lad growing up in the gray shikumen of Little Shanghai, he always had his eye on the finer things. He wanted to be powerful like a dragon.

As a child he was poor and his mother worked many odd jobs to pay the rent. Cheney, whose real name was Xue Di, lived hand to mouth in a small village along the Great Canal. The Great Canal was very long and connected Little Shanghai to Beijing. Cheney used to eat the fish he caught in the canal until the factories came and dirtied the water. Without a father at home to discipline him, Cheney ran the streets and was as wild as the dragons of lore.

He liked to drink and smoke and sometimes he never went home at night. You could often hear his mother scolding him, her voice echoing through the allies of the shikumen. "You're an evil dragon!" she'd say.

The villagers said Cheney had the dragon inside of him, which meant he was inhabited by a fiery and wild spirit. He and his friends would hang out by the abandoned hutongs that had been built in '49 but were now old and spooky. They'd drink Baiju, a liquor so strong their eyes would pop out of their heads every time they took a swig. They'd all get red-faced and smoke strong cigs that were manufactured in Suzhou, and the smoke would billow from their mouths in huge clouds — they even looked like wild dragons. They'd fight and laugh and cry.

That was who Cheney was, a fighter and a striver and a dragon. The boss noticed this about Cheney's character. He noticed his skills as an engineer too. Cheney



*THE MIRROR-SKIN CLOUD-CLUTCHER Dragon uses their finger hooks to grasp the subtle fabric of clouds. Their bodies are very lightweight, gas filled and tissuepaper-thin on the outside,*

*A distant cousin of the hummingbird, their wings move so fast they cannot be seen. For decades dragon watchers did not know Mirror-Skin Cloud-Clutcher even had wings. But the soft tone of the whirring wings in motion can sometimes be heard even when the dragon can not be seen.*



*Their distinctive slappy-flat tails are great for navigation and dancing, but painful accidents can happen if you get too close.*

*The Mirror-Skin Cloud-Clutcher generates its own electro-gravitic field that allows this dragon to shift between material densities in an instant and vanish from view.*

*Harmless jokesters, the Cloud-clutcher dragon specializes in random acts of kindness and the squealing noise often commented on is their laughter. — Editor*



worked in a water pump factory. Cheney had been educated at Beijing University. He was a dragon of a student with a 4.0 GPA and was now designing water pumps that used less electricity and was earning the company a lot of money. But little did Cheney know that to enter the circle of bosses one had to prove his loyalty. It wasn't about being the best dragon in town.

The boss decided to initiate Cheney into a game of Hong's Gate — a test of will and loyalty that would push the best of dragons to the brink. Soon Cheney was immersed in a game

that was beyond his control. He woke up one morning a traitor, a murderer, and a peasant. He had no money and no house. He had been consumed by dragon desire and he was being easily manipulated by older, wiser, and meaner people.

Luckily, he was taken under the wing of an older man. Bearded and wearing sandals and walking with a cane, the old man led Cheney through several experiences to regain his chi, like riding a bicycle, and dancing at night in the park, and doing good deeds for seniors. Once Cheney had regained balance in his life, he thanked the old man and returned to the factory for his revenge against the bosses.

He strapped on a recording device and entered the corporate board room where the bosses were discussing the secrets of their guanxi and bribery. Cheney recorded it all and brought the tape to the People's Police and caused the bosses to be brought under investigation.

Vindicated, Cheney the dragon renounced his desire and achieved a sort of nirvana. He gave up his worldly possessions, except for a bindle stiff of clothes. He boarded a barge that was on the Great Canal headed to Beijing. Once there he would head to the Great Wall and become a real man and live a life of wandering and contemplation of nature, like the poet Li Bai. Cheney slayed the biggest dragon of all, the dragon within.



IMAGE: LYS RIGANTE



IMAGE: MARISSA ELIENNE aka VIRGO ROUGE



IMAGE: TERESAMARIE CORRENTE



AUTHOR: ERIC LYTTON-HIRSCH

*(found in a cave near Tompkinsville)*

# The St. George Onion

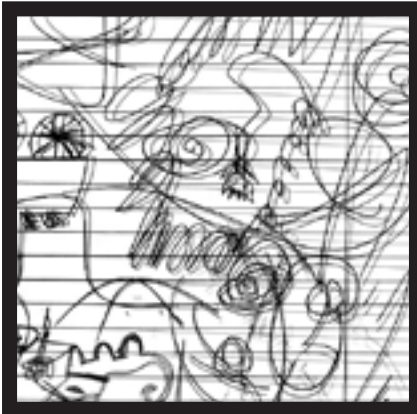


Staten Island's Finest News Source

## PEACEFUL RESOLUTION BETWEEN ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON USHERS IN ERA OF HARMONIOUS COEXISTENCE AND RESPECTFUL COOPERATION AMONG ALL HUMANITY EXCEPT FOR FRED WILLITS AND POSSIBLY HIS COUSIN DEREK

As we all know, St. George and the Dragon recently found a way to put aside their aggression and overcome their differences through trust and compromise. This event touched the hearts of all people everywhere in the world with the exception of Fred Willits of Paramus, New Jersey and possibly his cousin Derek.

"It's true, the whole 'peaceful coexistence' thing doesn't sit well with me" declared Willits, a 50-year-old comic book seller who lives alone in a rented apartment above his shop, and who continues to complain about his landlord, argue with his neighbor about her "idiotic music preferences, if you can even call it music," and accuse the neighbor boy of stealing first edition issues from the comic shop. "Here's an example of what I'm talking about," he said, pointing to an old Spiderman comic. "Spiderman used to catch the bad guy by wrapping him up in a big spider web of sticky radioactive spider goo. Now look at the new issue. It's 'Spiderperson,' whose superpower is to wrap everyone up in a web of mutual understanding and interdependence. Puuleease! And bad guys? Forget it. No one is 'bad', they're all 'working it out' or 'on the path to recovery.' Well if they don't believe in bad guys, I guess they haven't met my landlord. Let me tell you, he's on the path to one big punch in the face."



At the urging of the mayor and other civic leaders, the Paramus City Council recently formed the "Willits Commission," whose mission is specifically to help Fred Willits work through his suffering and perhaps come to a better sense of the meaning and impact of his choices. Commission Chairman Robert Maxwell, who is also Willits's landlord, stated in a committee meeting last Thursday that "our goal is not to try to change him or make him into someone different, but simply to help him identify what it is he wants and to do what we can do to help him get it."

"See, that's exactly what I mean! Sometimes you don't want to 'identify what you want and get it,' commented Willits, in a declaration that has already found its way into philosophy textbooks as 'Willits' Paradox.' Sometimes you just want to be left alone."

Willits' cousin Derek, also of Paramus, agrees to some degree with Willits' position. "I can see the reasoning and wisdom behind the Commission's point of view. But I also empathize with and even identify with my cousin Fred's experience" asserted Derek. "Seriously man," said Derek, turning to Willits, "I really, really get where you're coming from." "Wow, for the first time in my life I feel totally heard," declared Willits, embracing Derek tightly and starting to weep quietly.

## ST. GEORGE NOT AT ALL FUNNY DECLARES WIFE PRISCILLA

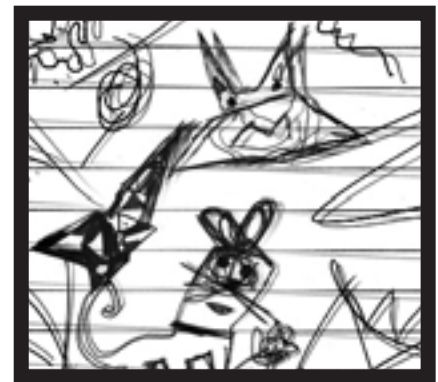
In an interview given in their Stapleton home last Wednesday, Priscilla, wife of former Dragon negotiator and current standup comedian St. George, declared that her husband is "just not funny in any way, shape or form. Obviously he thinks he is, but frankly I think he would've been more suited to becoming an undertaker or a tax accountant."

"I do admit that sometimes I have a tendency to 'drag-on,'" replied George, who erupted in raucous laughter at the pun. "Sometimes I really 'slay' myself," he added, immediately overcome with another fit of laughter.

"After working it out with the Dragon, George went into a kind of depression

when he realized he couldn't reproduce his success with other creatures," explained Priscilla. "First he opened an obedience school for dogs which emphasized 'positive negotiation through open dialogue and active listening.' After he got bitten twice, he started billing himself as a 'water buffalo whisperer.' Apparently water buffalo aren't so crazy about anything getting too close to their ears. Even when he tried something as simple as preventing the squirrel from getting to the birdfeeder the result was a couple of rabies shots and a week in the hospital."

"My therapist suggested I lighten up and try something else," added George. "So this is as light and different as it gets. I love it! I do shows at the senior center, the occasional bar mitzvah, and I have a regular gig at the Tompkinsville Armory. I call myself the 'Knight in Shining Armory,'" continued George, doubling over in complete hysteria.





# The St. George Onion

“Not funny,” commented Priscilla. “They gave him the gig because they feel indebted to him. Honestly he’s as funny as having root canal and an IRS audit on the same day.”

“Well those would both have a tendency to ‘drag-on,’ wouldn’t they?,” replied George, declaring through paroxysms of laughter that the pun was absolutely funny enough to be worth repeating twice in one interview.

## TOMPKINSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL DROPS DRAGONS MASCOT IN FAVOR OF RIVAL TEAM’S PLAYERS

Noting that recent events with St. George have shown the Dragon to be a gentle and nonviolent creature, Coach William Henderson has declared her to be an inappropriate symbol for his football team. “We need to be as bloodthirsty, aggressive and unmerciful as possible if we’re going to finally beat Stapleton this year. They are as tough as they come and they certainly aren’t out to “negotiate a compromise.”

“It was hard coming up with a good alternative to Dragon,” complained team linebacker Paul Johnson. “We thought of ‘The Tiger Sharks’ but it turns out sharks only kill for food, and besides the Stapleton team is already the tiger sharks. The coral snake is one of the most venomous snakes on earth but only bites to defend itself. Wolves are fearsome, but it’s been said that some wolves may even feel remorse. We thought about the ‘Remorseless Wolves’ to make it clear, but it wouldn’t fit on the Jersey.

“Shockingly,” added free safety John Harris, “as it turns out most creatures aren’t really ‘bloodthirsty’ in the traditional sense.

They kill for need, for defense, for food, but not for the sheer sport of it. It took a lot of thought and discussion, but we finally realized that If we really want to capture that sense of mindless aggression and murderous violence, nobody epitomizes that more than the players on the Stapleton team. Hey, that’s how they’ve beaten us seven years in a row!”

Coach Henderson noted that “This is truly a mascot we can be proud of. The way things are going, I really feel like this could be The Tompkinsville High School Stapleton High School Tiger Sharks year.

## DRAGON CITES CULTURAL DIFFERENCES IN BREAKING CONTRACT WITH LISTERINE

The Dragon is no longer willing to appear in Listerine commercials, citing extreme cultural differences in breaking the contract with the well-known mouthwash producer. “I’m supposed to take a swig of the stuff and say ‘Hot, fiery breath turning off your friends and coworkers? Cool down your mouth with Listerine.’ Well, where I come from hot fiery breath indicates strong physical and emotional health while attempting to cool the mouth is thought to be a sign of extreme moral and ethical degeneracy.”

A Listerine spokesman insisted that the Dragon would be held to the contract no matter what her views were. Pausing to take a cool, refreshing sip from an icy cold glass of lemonade, he continued “she’ll have to do it even if she has to lie through her teeth to sound convincing.”

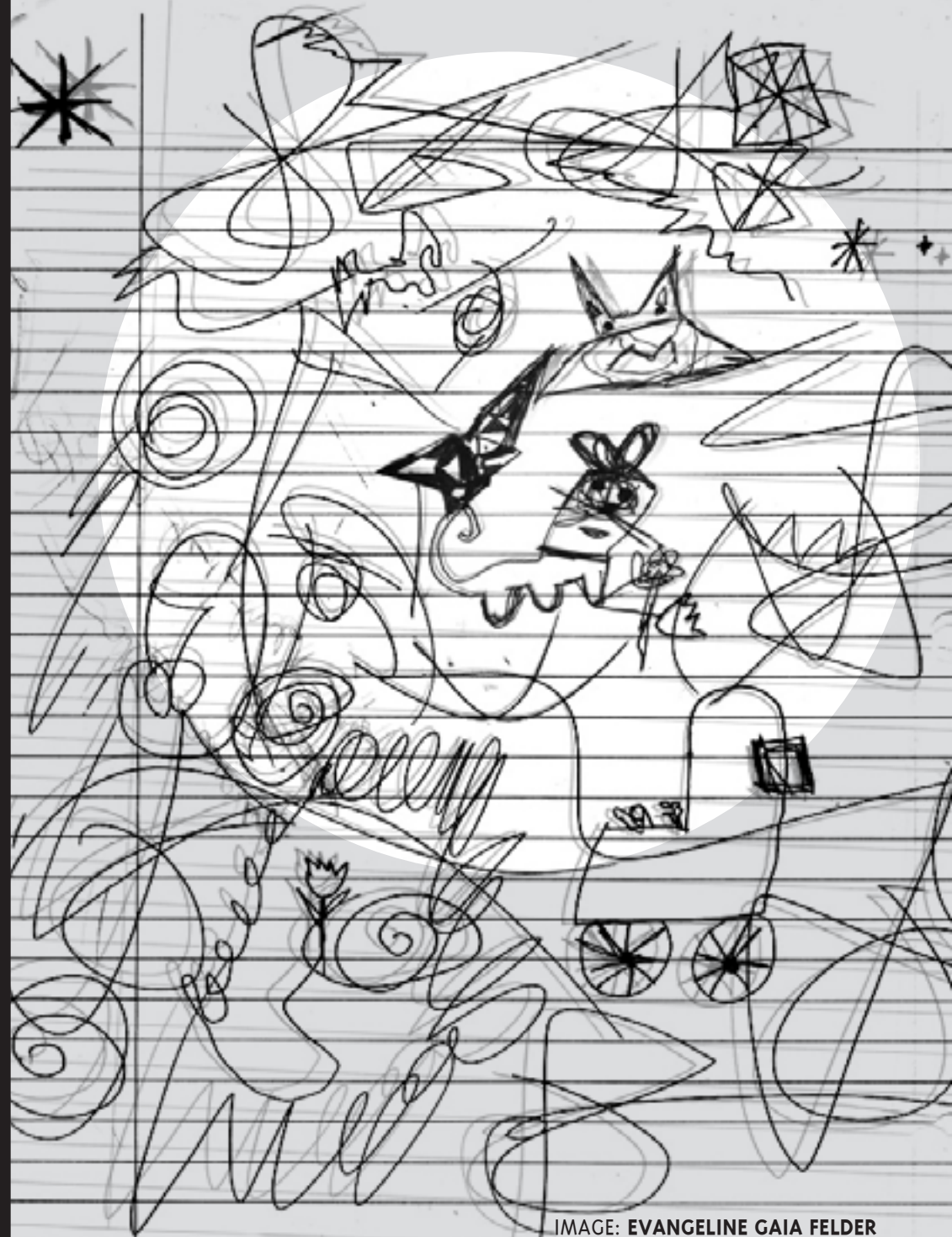


IMAGE: EVANGELINE GAIA FELDER



AUTHOR: DAISY DARLINGTON\*

## THE PASSIONATE MAIDEN TO THE DRAGON

Come live with me and be my love  
and we will show that difference proves  
a love more varied, fierce, and bright  
than all the stars and moonlit nights.

No, I am chained to strictures past  
that drain my soul and leave me lashed  
to a dungeon's wall of heart's despair  
that's left me bound to earthly cares.

Oh, Dragon, love come out and see  
new maple buds, sweet grass, and me.  
Throw off those chains and drink the air;  
unyoked, we'll walk without a care.

We're far too different, my true love, a dragon  
and an earthly maid! Though it would gladden  
my sore heart to feel your hand upon my neck,  
to fly anon into the blue, your offer, dear I must reject.

Oh come now, Dragon, what the sport  
if each of us were paired with one  
exactly like the other one? I'll free thee now  
and you can do whatever you are bound to do,

but as for me I'll not be tied to laws of man or dragon  
so go your straight and narrow way. I'll leave you to imagine.

\*(nom de plume of Marguerite M. Rivas)  
daysafield@gmail.com



IMAGE: EVANGELINE GAIA FELDER









## HUGE

The morning began as most Oakwood Beach winter mornings do, cold and dark. The wind sped along the street like a bullet down a rifled barrel, gathering impetus. The wind was an entity to those who lived near the beach. Her voice ran the gamut from a seductive harlot's moaning to a banshee's shrill, shearing screech. Her bite could numb extremities and make bones feel brittle.

The young man pulled on his grimy, grey gloves; careful not to touch any part other than the elastic wrist band. These hand-me-downs were his replacement gauntlets, defending him from the infiltration of the ink. It seemed he greeted daybreak with this ritual thousands of times. The impact of small actions rarely occurred to adults; therefore this youth was without a clue to the nature of the stage he had set.

The job had started to rankle him. He hated to hear the words, "The paperboy is here!", for he thought himself a man. The stinginess of the people he dealt with irked him. Making change for a dollar so a customer could tip him, forced him to bite his tongue. He adjusted his frayed, black wool cap.

He trudged slowly forward; his tempestuous mistress lashed his olive-drab army-jacketed back with her zephyr-like tongue; his pace picked up. The shopping cart "borrowed" from the local A&P rattled as he trundled up the road. The bulky Sunday edition filled the cart to capacity. The addition of sales fliers meant more customers than on weekdays.

His own street was not on the route, so he quickly reached the

corner and turned left onto Mill Rd. The first customer was five unforgiving blocks away. The direct wind abated but the cold remained. The frigid feeling he felt might not have been solely the weather's fault, for his morning ambulations had injured him and he was warmly garbed. He loped ahead, mindful of his daily challenge. At his back the sun began its ascent.

The young man's circuit encompassed three streets parallel to each other and to his own; all branched off of Mill Rd. The route was almost half of a mile away from his home. A day without school did little to brighten his trek past the reedy wetlands on his left. A few cars passed by. With three blocks of customers, he always had to walk back up the street with an empty cart to get to Mill Road. If the paper was light, he crammed his 45 to fifty papers into two satchels. A little extra work avoided the horrid clanking and the jarring vibrations that traveled up his arm and set his teeth abuzz. The roads were worn, just like the houses and people of this seaside community. The Nor'easter of '92 had seen to their erosion. On that particular Friday, the wind had howled like never before. That day even his father, a rail road spike of a man, had cried. Memories darkened his thoughts...

Saturday, the day after the flood, the day after his family had lost everything, he still delivered his papers. The streets were ghosts of what they had been. Images of his own sodden, drowned home flashed through his mind. Numb with shock and filled with dread... He met Huge.





Rottweilers were supposed to be large. Huge was an aberration. He was Huge! If the canine race were to produce its own Philistine Giant, this creature was it.

The dog's owners might have been squatters. This first house on the last block of his route had always seemed abandoned, dilapidated. Now this small, chaotically cluttered yard contained a rusted Chevy Nova and a Beast of Shadow behind its fence. It did not growl; it only watched.

On that soggy Saturday, he felt like a boy. He could not realize what he was looking at, still beleaguered from catastrophe. The first yard on the right held terror behind its gate. Its forepaws were like dark, rusty rakes perched on the chain-link fence. Obviously a male, he stood at least as tall as the paperboy. A head larger than the boy's own, crowned bulging shoulders that were bedecked by a gargantuan, glimmering steel chain. His eyes were obsidian portals. Saliva cascaded from gleaming fangs.

What was left of the light Saturday edition filled one satchel that flapped at the teen's side. He slowed unconsciously. He locked eyes with the dog; neither flinched. Had he met this Hell-Hound on any other day, he might have run away screaming. But this monster, normally feared, had been through the flood as well. It had felt the frigid, biting claws of the rising seawater. The tide was not to be frightened away with a growl. Both had lost much. Both needed a friend.

Drawn like iron filings to a lodestone, the child reached out. Though he felt nearly dead inside, the boy was not foolish enough to be hasty. Gloveless, his old gauntlets stolen by the ocean, he held his bare, vulnerable, hand flat beneath the shadow's maw. The sad, humbled colossus sniffed the tender, pink palm. The youth

waited a tense, pulsing moment...Sensing acceptance, young man stroked the dog's dark brow. Thus began a tenuous friendship...

Lost in his reverie of that cloudy, postdiluvian Saturday, he had delivered Sunday papers to two whole blocks without knowing. Cars slid past infrequently. The day was bright as he reached the last street. The shopping cart clattered around the corner.

Huge was not to be seen.

The young man left his cart near the gate to Huge's yard to deliver a paper across the street. He scanned the area for his fearsome friend. Was the beast asleep? Did the dog's owners move on? They usually met every morning for a scratch and a smile; he was saddened.

Halfway back across the street, a tinkling tugged at his ear. Turning to his left, he saw a massive shadow bearing down on him. Time passed like cold syrup pouring, as the umbra grew.

Sunlight glimmered off of silver links. It was Huge! Wait! Were they really friends? Had he been lulled into dropping his guard?

Was he going to have his face eaten? The space between them shrank; the paperboy stood his ground, his faith in their friendship outweighing his fear. The canine's hind legs coiled, propelling its cranium closer to the teen's face.....SLURP!

With paws planted on the young man's shoulders, Huge showed his affection, slathering the youth's face with his rough tongue. Saliva dripped across the green army jacket and the black letters GALICA on its right breast while the cold, whipping, wind laughed at them both.



IMAGE: JENNY LYTTON-HIRSCH



## DRAGON CONSIDERS HIS OPTIONS

### Not Shopping List:

1. Make
2. Borrow
3. Share
4. Grow
5. Ask for Help
6. Repurpose
7. Repair
8. Scavenge
9. Exercise Restraint
10. Build Community
11. Swap and Barter
12. Re-think
13. Re-use
14. Use friendly materials
15. Save energy
16. Share new ideas
17. Design to last
18. Stay local, buy ethical
19. Support what I believe
9. Inspire, have fun



## ICE

Rick was tired, in pain, and in trouble.

He had come to the ice wall by himself for practice climbs. The wall was thirty feet high, the equivalent of a three story building. Its hard blue ice descended from what in warmer weather was a waterfall, but now, at twenty degrees below, was a solid sheet of ice. Once you reached the top, you could move off to the left and walk down, or stay and belay down to climb again. Rick had felt he needed no rope, carabiners or a climbing harness, so he just walked down the steep path that descended in zig-zags from the sheer edge. He believed he was at the top of his game, strong and technically proficient. He liked the minimal risk he perceived, but other equally proficient climbers would have thought him arrogant or foolish.

Rick had climbed the wall easily four times, his crampons perforating the ice while his ice tools, curved like claws, secured to his wrists by straps, bit the surface above his head for purchase and pull.

The fifth time was an equally easy climb, the ice offering suggestions while his experienced eyes made the appropriate judgments. This time, he practiced extending the reach of his arm motions in order to go faster. He liked the rhythm: reach, strike, test, pull; foot and crampon up, kick, test, push. He climbed quickly and efficiently, maintaining the crucial three-point support. From a distance, it seemed he skittered up the wall.

With just the rim to go, something happened to his right shoulder when he swung the tool: excruciating pain paralyzed it when he extended his reach and the tool bounced off the ice. He could not continue the sequence and the arm, barely controllable, came down to his side, the intense pain almost blinding him.

For about fifteen minutes, Rick stood with his crampons firmly embedded in the ice, his left arm holding him by its ice tool, likewise strongly set. He tried to coax his hurt arm into functioning but barely could move it before the intense pain set in.

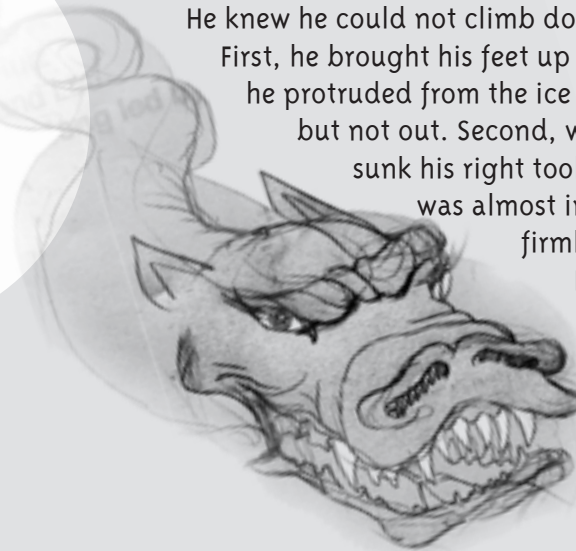


Rick had considered his situation critically, with the coldness other people envied. He knew that, if he could find a purchase over the rim with his left arm, he could work himself up and over. However, he needed to be able to hold himself with a right hand support, high enough and strong enough to let him swing his left tool over the rim. Now he was tired from holding for so long.

He thought that it would only take one great effort to get him over. Nothing else would do because his hurt arm was quickly stiffening. He knew he could not climb down. He had only one chance.

First, he brought his feet up one at a time half a foot or so until he protruded from the ice wall, ready to push up strongly but not out. Second, with an excruciating effort, he sunk his right tool as high as he could, although it was almost impossible to support his weight firmly, the pain brutal and insistent.

He braced himself, took a deep, perhaps final breath, and then, with a hoarse shout, he swung the left ice tool up as hard as he could.



## **GEORGETTE**

Tompkinsville was a prosperous town and its villagers wanted for nothing. Food, clothes, and entertainments were all to be had in abundance. On market days, the stalls overflowed with shimmering jewels, well crafted toys, and huge hunks of spiced meats. In point of fact, Tompkinsville was so rich and so plump, its residents were constantly obliged to throw out the old in order to make room for the new. At first they started burying trash in backyards and bits of open land but when that got used up, they started dumping the waste in piles just outside the village. But when the piles grew to hills and the hills became mountains and the mountains grew so tall that the people could no longer see the sun, the villagers came together and decided that something must be done. Trade paths were becoming obstructed. Goods were getting more expensive. So the people decided to throw their old bottles and bits of twine and faded clothes into the sea. And most say, that is when the trouble started and the dragons came.

Tompkinsville had always had dragons of course. But they kept to themselves. The forest dragons stayed in the woods and the sea dragons kept to the water. But all that had been was changing. The dragons were coming closer to the village. A child saw one scurrying around on an old trash pile and the grocer had sworn he'd seen one fishing around out back. Soon there were reports of dragons making off with chickens and eventually people started to say they were taking children. No one seemed to be able to verify this last claim. But it didn't stop the villagers from saying it. And before long hunting parties were organized to track and kill the dragons. The villagers didn't like how close they were getting to their homes. And to be frank, their scales were becoming quite a popular fashion accessory.

As this continued, the dragons became more and more aggressive. They were attacking homes on the outskirts out town. Small homesteads had been burned to the ground and refugees started streaming into the city proper. Walls were built. Fortifications erected. The dragons started trying to attack the city itself; guards had to be posted. Soon war blossomed between dragon and human and the already stressed land turned black with the char of fire.



**IMAGE: JOSEPHINE SENESE**



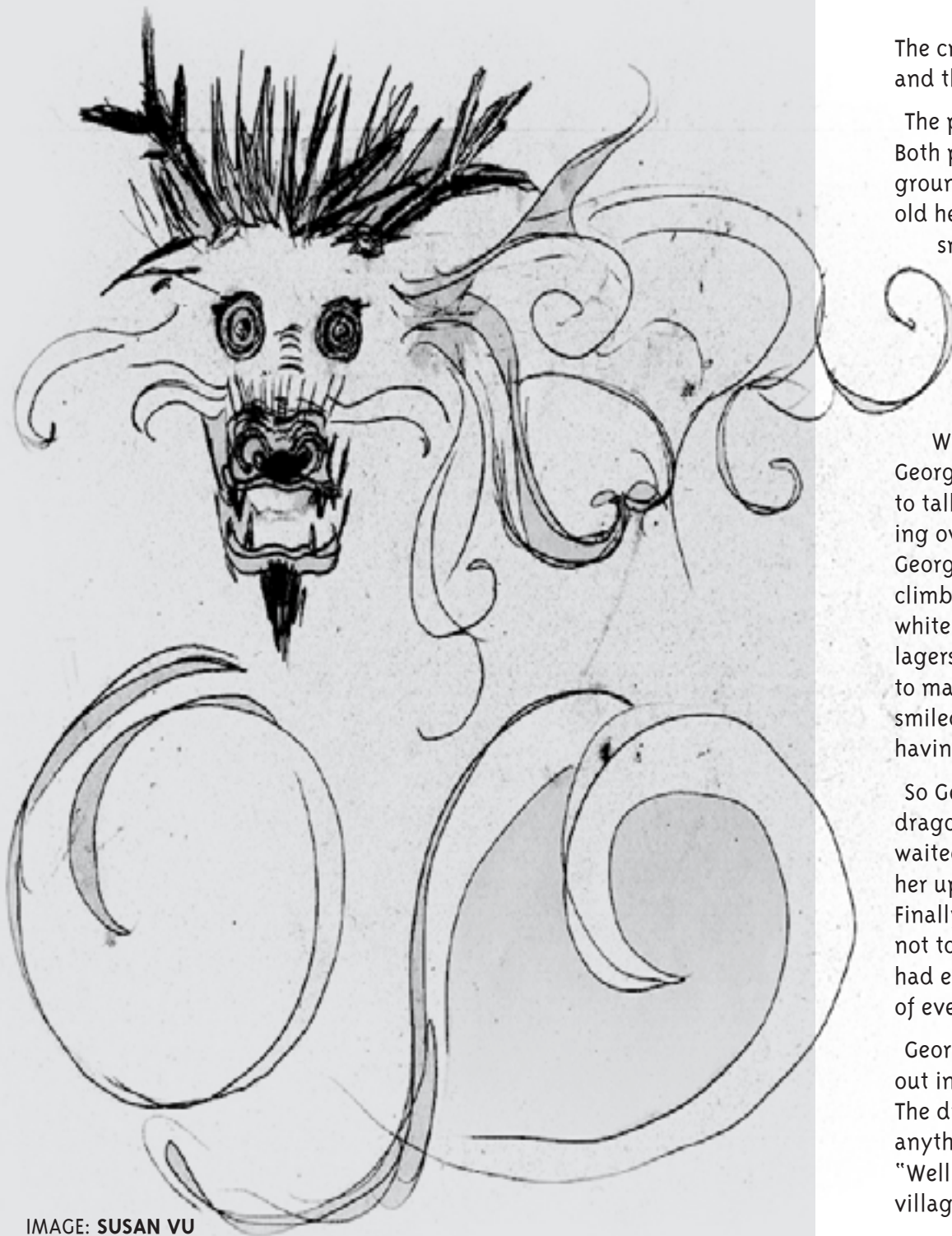


IMAGE: SUSAN VU

The crops that didn't fail from neglect were burned in the fighting and the villagers began to starve.

The people of Tompkinsville and the dragons reached a standstill. Both peoples starved but neither side seemed to be gaining any ground. In desperation, the village leaders looked towards a quiet old hermit who lived simply by tending her garden and selling small bundles of medicinal herbs in town. The hermit's name was Georgette but she went by George. She was reputed to have a fair mind and a clear head. And rumor had it she spoke dragon, which had caused children to throw rotten eggs at her during the peak of the fighting but now, it was reasoned, might prove valuable.

With no other options available, and with the help of old George, the village elders opted for a novel approach: they decided to talk to the dragons and try to figure out what they were fighting over in the first place. And so it was that on the 26th of April George walked through the barricades, past the great walls, and climbed up the highest trash heap. She wore all white, carried a tall white flag, and was completely without weapon. Some of the villagers had laughed when she'd walked out, expecting the dragons to make short work of an unarmed old woman. But George had just smiled quietly, and said "if you aim to make peace, you can't be having your eye on trouble."

So George stood out on the trash heap and she waited. She saw the dragons circling. They didn't attack, nor did they approach. She waited an hour. And then another. The dragons seemed to be sizing her up. Considering her situation. Taking stock of her surroundings. Finally, a dragon approached and landed cautiously on a trash pile not too far from George's own. The dragon was the smallest George had ever seen and also the most beautiful; its scales were composed of every single color George had ever imagined.

George was scared but she also wanted to be polite, so she called out in her best Dragon and said, "Hello, thank you for coming." The dragon nodded its head slowly in response but didn't say anything. George wetted her lips and thought it best to continue. "Well, I guess you've noticed. Things aren't going too well in the village and my people are looking for peace. Are yours?"





"Peaccceeeeee?" the dragon hissed slowly, "yesssss, we want peaaacccceee but how can their be peeaacccceee if there is no balanccceeeeee. The rivers weep, the earth groans, the sea itself is heavy with diseasssse. And you humansssss," the creature spat, "you humans, you take and you take and you take and what is left for the creaturesssssss? Where can we go now that all is filled with trash and the forests are empty of game, and the land cries for mercccccyy? What is left for usssss? Are we all to die for the folly of man? How can their be peaacccce if this continuesssss?"

George was silent and she hung her head in shame. The dragon looked disappointed too, and began to make as if to fly away. But then an idea came to old George and she spoke out: "Dragon, what you say is fair. My people are young and our power often goes further than our foresight. Your points are just. If there is to be peace, there must be compromise. My people have made many mistakes, it is true. We have lived beyond the means of the land, and I do believe we have done so out of vanity. But we can change. We have a great capacity to learn and, I think, a great capacity for compassion. I will go among the people. I will tell them that in order for the village to live in peace with the dragons we must treat the land with responsibility. We must stop buying that which we do not need, we must stop wasting the lives of forest animals for food we do not require, and we must handle our waste with responsibility. It will take time. But I think that for the sake of peace, we humans can make this change. What say you, Dragon?"

The dragon nodded its head slowly and said, "yesssss. Thisssss is jussst. And in return, my people will ssstop their attackssssss. Go among your kind and ssssee what can be done."

George felt her white eyebrow hairs wiggle violently as the colorful wings pushed the dragon skyward. Dragon in the clouds, George slowly turned her gaze to the ground, to the plastic bottles and candy wrappers mixed in the uncompostable stench. A small sprout of green was there, rising between the bits.

"Yes. See what can be done..."  
★





## RIDGES GOES GREEN

"R-R-R-R-I-I-I-I-D-D-GESSS"

Mom yelling. Still always yelling at him. He's six years old, now, and that ain't no 5 years old! Mom still treats him like a baby. Sister Flame, now 2, follows him everywhere. He dragged his plopping tail in the wet green moss step step stepping home to the village. "I'm not allowed to have any fun" Ridges' mind went on, "Fireball's mother lets me explore!" Yeah, that time when he fell in the swamp, made his Mom nervous. She's always looking out the side of her eye, looking at him. His Dad was different. Dad takes me to wild places with strange stuff there. Once to the planet portal!

"Listen to me when I talk!", his mother hissed, steam coming out of her wrinkles. "Stay away from that Planet Portal." Her piercingly calm eyes just stood there.

Ridges thought of when he took little Flame there. She was giggling at that swirly light rainbow thing there... Mom flashed sparkly. "Where is your sister?" she demanded. "Did you take her there?"

"We are safe!" Ridges pleaded. His sister Flame peeped from behind his back. Mom peered sideways at those two sillys.

"Honey, I'm home!" It's DAD, home from the meeting. "Honey! We found out the Neighbors Village is planning to cut down our beautiful walla-walla tree grove! Hudda Mmph. We gotta stop them!" Ridges, sister Flame, and Mom all looked back and forth at each other. Dad darkened, "We are confronting those Neighbors tonight!"

Dad was in charge of the meeting. Raising his voice, "We must KEEP the trees! We must keep the village clean and green." Mumbles of "Yes" wobbled around in the crowd.



But then the Neighbors spoke. "Mosquitos are nesting, in the Walla-Walla! *Under the leaves*. Stinging itchy busy biting, you know?" He squinted loud. "It's a horrible epidemic!" Spit coming out.

That night Ridges and his friend learned a new idea: "PRESERVATION of the RESERVATION starts with CO-OP-ERATION!" ★

IMAGE: SOOJIN YOONSMITH

## MAGNETIZE THE CELLS

Magnetize the Cells  
As we inhale  
lightening up our pillars  
standing bright  
ready to take flight  
hearing the inner laughter bells  
breaking those collective spells  
ignite  
like an accordion, squeeze down  
energy from head to feet  
make that leap  
no time to repeat  
steady  
down and out  
feet with holes  
along with the hands  
and perinium  
sending it down - down -  
and out!

Quietly...  
breathe deep  
hold  
slowly exhale  
fully  
filling the etheric rapsody  
awh release  
golden  
light flowing through you  
not like some taboo  
tingling-  
ding!



IMAGE: JONATHAN JACQUEZ



## WHO IS THE MONSTER

Who is the monster?

I am the monster.

Who is the trainer?

I am the trainer

Who is in charge?

I am in charge.

Are you the monster?

Who is in charge?

The trainer is in charge

Is the trainer in charge of the monster?

Or is it the monster in charge of the trainer?

Who is in charge?

The monster is charging

The trainer is changing

Now

The monster and trainer are one

The monster quit charging

Somehow confused

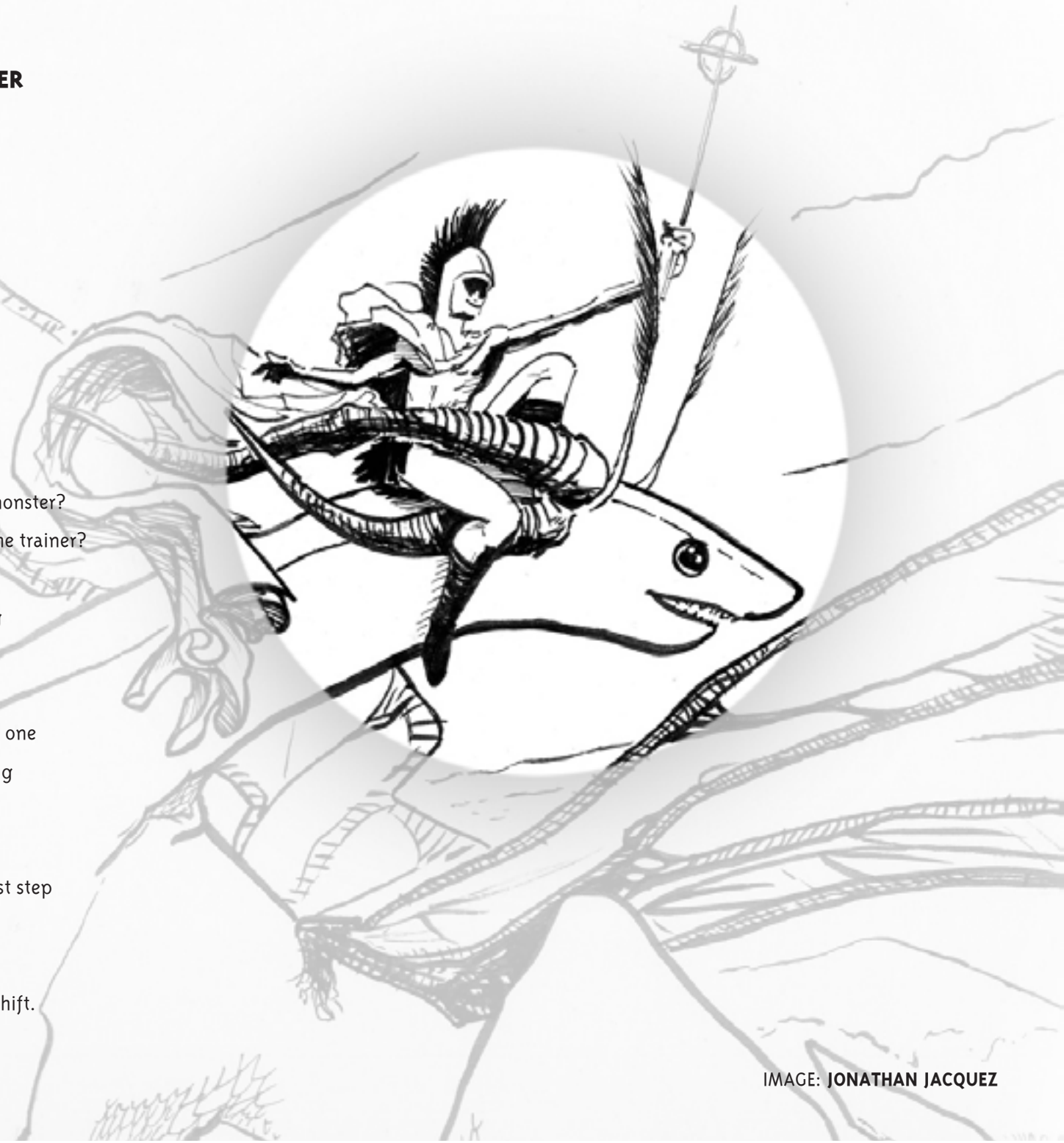
Is he the trainer?

Stopping the charge is the first step

Now

There are two trainers

Who can train monsters to shift.



## DRAGON APOLOGY

Antimagnificent is smile, that makes you wonder if it is true, that you while sharing laughter with your partners, ate yourself at gathering for food. the dragon lit a candle in demise of will of broken... no, dear company don't cross your mouths, my dear friends don't perk your lips. meanwhile, this silly desire of the action was done with action of the kiss. oh, how soon i will have attire, for my lord dragon, dog of sword. if pitbull is your choice of weapon, earth dwelling shark will be my choice. in every page of deed, i will design demise of killers of the beauty yet to come with the hoorays of hounds. and so, st. george said, "we have reused, renewed, recycled, and now let us have a feast. let us re-aquaint ourselves to the all familiar smell of home built wide open. dear master, we want desert of ground lamb with cheese." the dragon was offended, and in turn, said, "you really must think, how you will retire, when everyone is safe, and i am fed." they both were looking much, much more farther at the poodles in their midst. the only way to change them, dragon thought, is hot iron to the head, and gently lay the hair on the board to swish through, and the hair's straight... but why the effort? so, sharing laughter with st. george is great, he thought, a human is a friend to dragon, as much as dragon to a human is a friend.





AUTHOR: RUBY LYTTON-HIRSCH

This is a Dragon from not far  
She is sitting on the grass  
She is breathing out fire

IMAGE: RUBY LYTTON-HIRSCH

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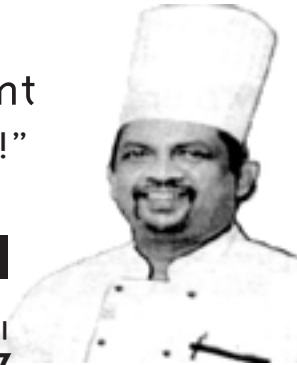
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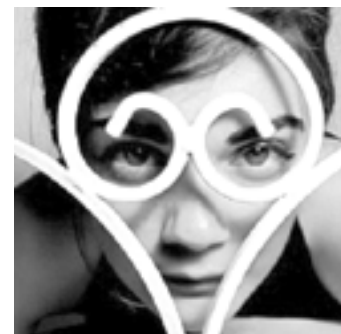
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