

Let Us Grow!

Five friends grew strong and tall together: Coral, Butter, Curly, Rom, and Little Gem.

With round good nature they met the breezy adventures of youth; then one day Curly sought her ancestry.

With excited abandon the five searched and shared.

Little Gem shrieked, "Romaine and I must be kissing cousins! Even fully grown, I'll look like her as a young'un."

Romaine good naturedly shrugged, but kept quiet.

Coral stoically said, "Well I'm no Lollo in *my eyes*, but," with a complacent shake she finished, "I do like my tight, frilly curls."

Butter smiled and just said she liked the distinction of being an Oak Leaf.

But Curly, she shook with frustration. Everybody else got to know where they belonged but her? A Cress? An Endive?

She was still aquiver when that afternoon: *snip, snip*, and all five found their way into the salad bowl.

In the name of Decency.

"Robert," Tyler said, "I'm really worried about this woman. She is doing uneven reps on her legs."

"Maybe she has a muscle imbalance that she's correcting?"

"Well I think it is odd. She refuses to speak to me, but if you talk to her, as the gym owner... I mean, what if something happens and you are held liable?"

"Tyler," Robert sighed. "She is using the equipment correctly, yes?"

"Yes?" Robert firmly questioned again.

With a grunt Tyler assented.

"Has she asked anyone at the gym for any guidance on workout routines?"

"No," Tyler began, but Robert cut in, "Then leave her be."

"Well, excuse me for caring," Tyler muttered heading for the door.

"About who?" Robert asked.

"I care about people, okay!" Tyler stormed. "And so should you. It's only decent."

"The question is," Robert stated calmly, "who do you care about? This woman who's refused your nosiness? You? Who? Who is this about?"

Diary of an August Invasion

August 6

Erin agrees these 3 are the roommates from hell. Hello! rent is due on the 1st and mid-week parties until 2am?!

August 10

Started a blackberry ferment today. Step one of: *Invasion of the Eek*.

August 15

Fruit flies now here. First eek comment. Next blackberry ferment begun.

August 21

Third blackberry ferment started. Roommates mad at growing fruit fly cloud. "Eek! Eek! Eek!" they shriek, shriek, shriek.

September 10

T moved in with some dude. L's with them. S is hanging tough but Erin and I just talk of new ferments we want to do and make the blackberry.

September 24

S is gone. Bottled all the blackberry drink.

September 28

Toasted the dying fruit flies and our freedom with the blackberry all day. Mandy & Carmen will move in Oct 1st.

Thank you mighty cloud!

Blackberry Ferment Recipe

Pick about 1 gallon of blackberries, this should be the amount left *after* you've eaten your fill; if you need to buy them, a half-flat or a bit more. If you have the luxury of biking them around - in a closed, sealed container - in the hot sun, do it. Put berries straight into a full-size crockpot.

Add honey/sugar to taste. Until you know your taste: for soda, add nothing; otherwise, start by eyeballing an amount that looks like about a cup. In either case, you can add more later, if needed. For taste and it's also additional food for the yeast.

Fill crockpot with water until about 1 inch from top. Cover only with cheesecloth or a fine sieve (keeps flies out). Stir vigorously at least each morning and night; several times per day is best.

Once bubbling, it is a ferment. Let go a few hours to a day or so for soda. Several days, etc. for a mild alcoholic drink.

Strain. To be drunk immediately; considerations such as explosions, if you bottle it.

Bookmark Stories

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Stories

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by

CrisisComic.wordpress.com
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bookmark story collections -
printable PDFs are available online.
This site is NOT for kids.)

Stories Written
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The Visit

Maggie wandered round the town
Saw the sights both up and down,
Wondered at some things she found
Lying 'round upon the ground;
Knotted bags upon the ground
Like presents waiting to be found.
Neat and tidy, nothing amiss,
She pondered: what ritual is this?
As she pondered more on this
She suddenly gave a squealing hisssssss;
She'd stepped on a bag unseen,
One colored vegetation green.
With a spin away from the green -
And hoping she'd remained unseen! -
She saw her steps were smeared with IT,
Smelly, goopy dog shiti!

A Mix

A taste delight
is a pleasant sight
and a reason to take a seat.
Sam called, "Scoot on in,
you are much too thin,
no need to beat a retreat!"
"So where have you been?"
I was asked by Phinn. To
which I replied, "In Crete."
With a deepish sigh
and a rub to my thigh, I
relaxed in the pleasant heat.
We chattered away
the rest of the day with ale
and plenty of meat.
'Til I heard called, "Don't
get mauled! It's gone from a
rain to a sleet."
"We'll have a wintry mix,
that'll give some kicks,"
murmured Sam as rose to his
feet.
In anticipation, of gustatory
elation, I asked, "Wintry
mix, is this to drink or
eat?"
With a guffaw from a gaping
maw, Phinn gasped, "It's
snow and rain and sleet."
"Why," I cried, "a wintry
mix sounds like salty sticks
and nuts in a jar to eat!"

To Taste

"Carol Anne Swindon."
Starting, Carol Anne
turned and smiled, "Why, hi,
Lynn."
With weather chit and
teaching chat the two were
nearly to self-checkout when
Lynn said, "How about
coming over for dinner
Saturday?" which prompted a
rueful shake of Carol Anne's
head.
With a thoughtful look,
Lynn said, "You had dinner
with me twice last year, but
now you always say, 'No,
since you seem to enjoy our
conversations was the food so
terrible?"
Put on the spot, Carol
Anne confessed with a blush,
"It's just that meat doesn't
belong in lasagna or quiche,
I'm mean, not for me; they're
comfort food in my family."
With grave reserve, Lynn
asked, "And Green Indian
Curry with shrimp on rice?"
Carol Anne's smile was of
delight when Lynn finished
with, "And you must try my
carrot, pea jello dessert."
At her friend's gulp, Lynn
busted out laughing - as did
Carol Anne after a careful,
then rueful look at her
friend. And Saturday was on.