

So much could be said
on the virtues of you
I could write a book
and it all would all be true
But to write would take energy
to read would take time
so we must be content
with short little rhyme
A sister like you
is one in a million
In fact, it would take
a billion trillion
to find another
so loving and kind
As you are, Dear Betty
Sweet sister of mine

Happy Birthday to Betty
Love, Lyhn

As a child I depended on you
to do the things only you could do
you made my decisions and helped
me through
all the times I was sad, unhappy
and blue

I knew you always loved and cared
when I needed to talk you were
always there

One day I grew older, but I realized
too
I'll always need some love from
you
I know I didn't show I cared
about all the things you wanted to
share

I ended up hurting more than twice
when I ignored your warnings and
good advice

I want to say I'm proud of you
for all you've done and you can do

I must admit I hope it's true
that someday I'll be just like you.

by Julie L. Chuchl

Soldier

The flag flies high
for the single soldier
as he travels to his home
on the coast of Maine.
His family waits at the port.
His girls waits at the altar.

When he finally arrives,
he is twenty years too early,
and ten years too late.
No one waits for him.
There are no crowds,
no banners,
no cheering,
no bands.
Just a dark, cold day,
as he is taken from the ship
and placed into the ground.
Someday, there will be tears for him,
for all of them.
Perhaps.

by Me-Lissa Cartales



An Ambush for Sherlock Holmes

By Alan Scally

The man walked quickly down the suburban street just as the church bells rang midnight. He wished the mist would clear away so that he could see the person walking slowly behind him. On the other hand, he was grateful for the anonymity granted by the mist.

The click of his boot heels and the breathing of his dog were the only sounds, aside from the dull thump of the footsteps behind him. The lab-springer neutered male tugged eagerly at the leash and sniffed the night air for whatever secrets might be there.

The man walked his dog every night at the same time, near midnight. At that hour of night he was certain that his ten year old son was both ensconced in bed and sound asleep. He was also relatively certain of not meeting any of his neighbors.

The house he rented for himself and his son was halfway down a woody, semi-rural street that had no sidewalks. There was one street light situated in front of his house in the one spot where it would shine in his bedroom window so that the blinds had to be tightly closed.

The house had been painted

an institutional green some years in the past. The roof featured a fine growth of moss, and the gutters delivered water nowhere but to the unpruned shrubbery directly below.

Two large, old apple trees in the backyard had fallen down, presumably due to an infestation of insects. None of the neighbors' trees had fallen down, but one oak tree at the church up the street had, so even God was not immune. The man had never felt curious enough to determine the exact cause of the tree rot.

The man enjoyed walking through the mist. He even enjoyed the disquieting footsteps in the mist behind him. He fantasized he was walking in a suburb of London, circa 1890. He was outwitting Sherlock Holmes. The man always fantasized about being the villain, never about being Sherlock Holmes.

In fact, it was Holmes himself who walked behind him on the mist shrouded street. The game was afoot, or whatever the hell it was old Sherlock used to say.

"Walter" he whispered to the dog, whom he imagined looked

up expectantly, "Sherlock Holmes is walking behind us. When I give the signal we'll whirl and attack him. He'll never take Dr. Moriarty alive!"

The tennis courts ahead would be the obvious place to stage an ambush. With the dagger he carried in his cloak, he could dispatch Holmes once and for all. The tip of the dagger was dipped in curare, to be doubly sure.

If only his boring suburban neighbors knew that he indeed was the infamous Dr. Moriarty. Behind the simple facade of an aging, tacky, rundown ranch house tagged with an eviction there was an opium den, opulent and sinister.

The neighbors didn't realize that the eviction notice was part of the grand deception, as were the shut off notices from the electric company, city water and the telephone company. The two month assemblage of uncollected garbage completed the ruse.

The shack he lived in was but the entry to an underground workshop where devilish deeds were concocted, and cunning weaponry fashioned by his skilled, well hidden group of henchmen. Soon they would all know, the fools, the fools!

He stumbled slightly. The heel on his left boot needed repair, but he had not had the money...no, Dr. Moriarty had simply not had the time, yes that was it! But with Holmes disposed of, all that would change.

He was proud of the ingenious ways he had maintained the illusion of being an impoverished freelance writer on the verge of financial ruin. Taking the electronic typewriter to the pawnshop had been a master stroke. In three more days he had to redeem it or lose it forever. He would play the game to the very edge.

He knew the way they all whispered behind his back. Soon they would whisper out of the other side of their mouths, yes they would, when Dr. Moriarty made his presence felt. He wrapped his cloak tighter about his wiry frame and tilted his top hat at the proper angle for an ambush.

Holmes--it was Holmes who had driven him to this, to living in this squalid style. And now Holmes would have to pay. Another few feet to the tennis courts and he would have the great detective just where he wanted him.

"Quiet, Walter" he whispered although the dog had made no sound. Dr. Moriarty pulled the cloak of mist tightly around him

and waited anxiously for Sherlock Holmes to arrive. The deliberate footsteps drew ever closer.

The figure of the master detective loomed in front of him. "Now, Walter!" But the person screaming was one of Holmes' assistants--the detective must have slipped way in the mist. It was clever of him to use the woman tow housed down as his accomplice. And how well she played the role.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? Are you nuts? What kind of crackpot are you? Oh my god you scared me half to death!"

Lights were turned on in the houses all about. A police siren could be heard. It was time for Dr. Moriarty to depart. He could take a chance that the woman was indeed a civilian, but knew Holmes. Best to be wary.

Dr. Moriarty slipped away through the mist, headed back to his lair.

"Curse you, Sherlock Holmes! Next time, you won't be so lucky." He thought he heard Holmes' thin, disdainful laugh somewhere off in the mist. "He who laughs last, laughs best, Holmes!" and Moriarty dissolved into the darkness and the mist.

centimeters

16 (M)	17	18 (B)	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
49.25	38.62	28.86	16.19	8.29	3.44	31.41	72.46	72.95	29.37	54.91	43.96	82.74	52.79	50.87
-0.16	-0.18	0.54	-0.05	-0.81	-0.23	20.98	-24.45	16.83	13.06	-38.91	52.00	3.45	50.88	-27.17
0.01	-0.04	0.60	0.73	0.19	0.49	-19.43	55.93	68.80	-49.49	30.77	30.01	81.29	-12.72	-29.46
0.75	0.98	1.24	1.67	2.04	2.42									

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Don Williams