

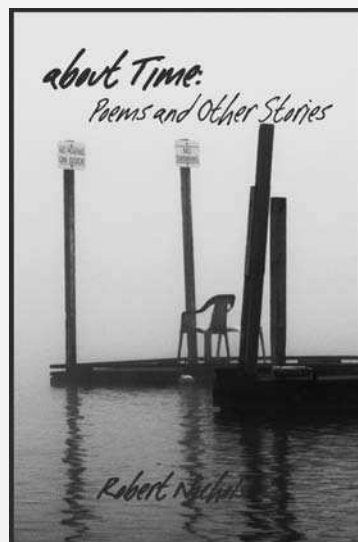
ROBERT NICHOLS



Robert Nichols is a writer, woodcarver, creator of music and lyrics, player of the guitar, banjo and piano, and lover of life. He lives with his wife and daughter, and their strange little dog, Molly, in Lincoln City, Oregon. When he was fifteen he determined he would be a writer. His life has been directed toward that end with a variety of wage-earning efforts paying the way. He's been a writer/factory worker, a writer/oil field truck driver, a writer/Maytag Man, a writer/packing house laborer, a writer/banjo player, a writer/carpenter, and a writer/junior high and high school English teacher. In the 1990s he lived alone high in the Rocky Mountains sixty miles west of Denver. Five of those years he lived in a tipi. Isolated in the mountains he was free to write, meditate, howl with the winds, and sing with the Gods.

For his 70th birthday, his wife presented him with the results of many months of searching for poems, stories, essays, and songs he had written over 50 years. Most of the pieces were found in an old footlocker which was in the garage. She found poems and stories written in old notebooks, on the back of place mats, on scraps of paper, and on bar napkins. They decided to compile this collected work along with his current writing into a series of books called *The Footlocker Series*. Three books have been completed and three more are in the works.

Available as e-Books through
Amazon Kindle, Barnes and Noble Nook, Apple Books and other distributors (\$3.99).
Spiral-bound print editions are available for \$10 plus \$3 S&H
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**about Time: Poems
and Other Stories**

Time Is

Time is just rhythm,
you know.
It's hours, sun, and seasons.
The pulse of a song,
a heart,
lifetimes.

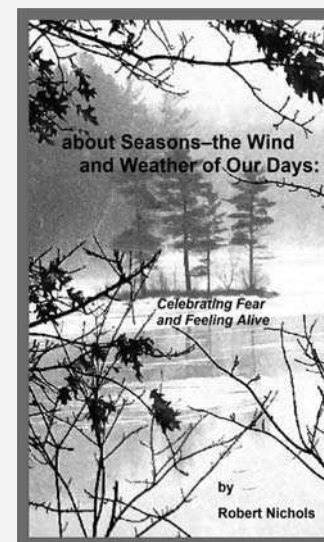
Tap your toes,
maybe dance to it.
Enjoy!



**about Mountain Living: Finding
a Way**

Stories, poems, and photographs
about living high up in the Rocky
Mountains. An extreme odys-
sey of personal discovery with
relevance to the life-journeys of
us all.

Howling with coyote
and wild with a prayer,
filling soul with silence
in the mystic mountain air.



**about Seasons—the Wind
and Weather of Our Days**

Poems and photographs tell-
ing of the subtle, fierce, and
beautiful power of nature in the
turning of our seasons.
The Way It Was That Day
Like leaf children we were
that day—
scuffle-tossing,
jostling about,
scatter-playing—
gusting our way
home from school.