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HISTORICAL NOTE

The Fioretti de S. Francesco d'Assisi, Little Flowers of Saint Francis, is the name of a classic collection of popular legends about St. Francis and his early companions, as they appeared to the Italian people at the beginning of the 14th century. These historic tales recreate the early Franciscan spirit, instinct with poetry. The Canticle of the Sun by Saint Francis voices that spirit eloquently. The earliest known Italian version of the Fioretti ranks with the finest specimens of literary Tuscan.



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AWARDS

Poetry: Roger Newman

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Art Work: Ichiro Inaki



As children, breaking
open birthday packages...
Fruit blossoms appear.

Mary Jo Mauck

Awakened land breathes
and smiles calming wetness of
emerald sparkled grass.

Pam Bertolasi

Leaves are hanging low.
They droop from the weight of tears...
The air smells of rain.

Casey Canull

The caterpillar
and I spoke, and he showed me
my mortality ~

Christopher Method

Yellow butterfly
and I spoke, and she showed me
immortality ~

S.M.S.



GOING TO SCHOOL

by Costard

(A one act play inspired by Edwin Newman's treatment of jargon in his books, Strictly Speaking and A Civil Tongue.)

The setting: A school several years hence (or perhaps right now). The principal is sitting at his desk working his pocket calculator. A man and woman (obviously hesitant young parents) enter.

Man: Mr. Richard?

Principal: Call me Ken.

Man: We would like to see about enrolling our little boy in the first grade.

Principal: (Puts his calculator aside) Fine. I think this calls for the enabling presence of the primary resource broker.¹

Parents: Thanks.

Principal: (Picks up phone) Debbie, ask Kim if she would interface² some parents in my productivity module.³ (To parents) So you want to establish ingress for your child in a teaching-learning situation.⁴

Woman: Yes. He's almost six and we thought it was time to come in.

¹ teacher

³ office

² meet

⁴ school

Principal: I think I hear you saying that he is almost six. At that state of hominization⁵ one needs to own an identity⁶ with a development peer group.⁷

Woman: That's what we thought.

Principal: Oh! Here's Kim now. She will be your boy's resource broker.

Kim: Hi! Sorry I took so long. I was in the post-instructional decompression component.⁸

Principal: Kim, this is Mr. and Mrs. I don't think you shared your identity with me.⁹

Man: Smith. Bob and Helen Smith.

Principal: Kim, encounter¹⁰ Bob and Helen.

Kim: It's personally fulfilling to encounter you.¹¹

Principal: Kim, perhaps you could involve Bob and Helen in an overview of our programming.¹²

⁵ age

⁹ told me your name

⁶ hang out

¹⁰ meet

⁷ kids his own age

¹¹ good to meet you

⁸ teachers' lounge

¹² tell them about the school

- Kim: Well, first of all, our supportive encounters¹³ will be initiated¹⁴ in two weeks. The first couple of days will be devoted to prioritizing our areas of concern¹⁵ establishing quasi-permanent locational factors,¹⁶ containing communication strategies,¹⁷ and harmonizing dysfunctional relief patterns.¹⁸ At mid-morning and again at mid-afternoon all developmental vectors¹⁹ form a restoration coalition.²⁰ Cloture is effected by an audio-attention system.²¹
- Man: I see. That sounds like a pretty full schedule for the little tykes.
- Principal: We try to work on the principle that motor detensification is the activity locus of the supernal negation strategist.²²
- Woman: What time is . . . cloture effected on school days?
- Principal: Total egress is achieved²³ by three o'clock.
- Man: Does each . . . developmental vector have . . . an immobile location factor?
- Kim: On no. We follow a vilitional strategy.²⁴
- Woman: Didn't you say the locational factors were quasi-permanent?
- Kim: Yes, but very quasi, time-wise.

¹³ classes

¹⁹ pupils

¹⁴ begin

²⁰ have recess

¹⁵ deciding what to do

²¹ it ends with the bell

¹⁶ finding seats

²² Idleness is the devil's workshop

¹⁷ learning to keep quiet

²³ all the kids are gone

¹⁸ learning when to go to the bathroom

²⁴ pupils sit wherever they want to.

Principal: You see, we opt for a maximizing of task-oriented mobility.²⁵

Man: I think I am beginning to affirm the thrust of your ideational outlay.²⁶

Woman: (to man) I think I hear you saying that you affirm the thrust of Ken's ideational outlay.

Kim: It's mind-stretching to experience such an open and honest exchange of discussion, listening, or just rapping. And my reaction is mawzing in houth prild.

Principal: Your right on target, Kim. I feel beglin fum cremit.

Woman: This is just the kind of input that urges us to positive mindsets . . . or whatever, isn't it, dear?

Man: I'll affirm that. And I'd like to share this with you, too: The kind of stance we are perceiving here really solidifies the mek wanlok id jumrt.

Principal: Awk!

Woman: I think I hear you awking!

Man: Brik hum lootle . . .

Kim: Barteldt frimastrand.

Principal: Ir wojp drig hemmer.

Woman: Hrik braddle hikmaroog.

Curtain.

²⁵ let the kids move around a lot while they work

²⁶ catch on

Thoughts

So many things are yet unseen
So few of those I've met.
In my leisure I will search them out
Yet I perhaps, too soon forget
That beauty is simplicity —
Abundant, yet so rare
So hard to perceive it
And yet, it's always there.

Such a waste of time to just survive
When life is to be lived.
Our time is short and the world is full
And has so much to give.

Will we wait until death's solitude
To realize and confess
Through our lives we were too occupied
To discern life's loveliness?

S.P.

Afterthought

I slipped and I remembered your face,
A sin I often commit.

I had almost erased the memories
I had of you,
Until last night...

Then in my room, I blurted out
A phrase you often used.

My heart stood cold and open,
As my mind was wandering
In cobweb streets of gold.

It lingered there,

Content and bare,

Upon those starlight days of old,

Until I quickly recovered from
the pain

And life went on again

About the same.

DENISE GERMONPREZ

Slow Down (Piano Music)

Slow down ~

Stay away from all they say.

They are washing down the ol' front door

Trying to make it something more

Living like they're on T.V.

Lovin' like they're in their teens.

Slow down ~

Remember how it used to be.

Breakin' down the garden wall,

Hatching all the ivy fall.

Running through the neighbors' lawn,

Sneaking in before the dawn.

Slow down ~

Camp along the mountain stream.

If you come upon another cave

Like the one that scared us both away,

Don't forget we finally wandered in,

Wondering if we ever would again.

Casey Canull



Ash Wednesday (with all due respect
to J. S. Eliot)

Once within Infatuation sincerely deep
Truth descended wresting me from sleep
Brought by Patient hands that held a steady mirror
For Impatient eyes to behold the image there

There was in her Expression to me
Love of kindest simplicity
But I only raged at the love so brief
Forgot the joy retained the grief

I should remember those days in peace
Forgetting Pride permitting sorrow's release
But I find it still painfully strange
To view the mirror noting little change

Some turn to whiskey others turn to Christ
Regardless of the choice you have to pay a price
She revealed my choice of indecisive dreams
As I debated my future over coffee and cream

Suffice it to say I've wasted some time
Going backwards and forwards composing rhymes
So with questionable intent and doubtful repentance
I'll finish now with suspended sentence —



Patricia Paraz

Majestic warming,
Yellow diamond in gold crown,
Rounded sun of joy.

Pam Bertolasi

Breezing through the air,
Shooting and dunking the ball...
Swish — an iced-tea break.

Irving Washington, Jr.

Golden swaying wheat
Encased by white foamy clouds
Breathing a new peace.

Cathy Risch



Histrionic Sensibility

(Dedicated to my "survey-ers" because they make
my surveying so very enjoyable. Thank you!)

He found the
Wide world
Right betwixt two hard covers
No DOLL'S HOUSE
In which to romp among
Blooming, bursting
CHERRY ORCHARDS
Nor a mere dream
These GHOST SONATA
Hast abroad wooing
RIDERS TO THE SEA
LOWER DEPTHS do plague us all
But ever we must still
PLOUGH (and) THE STARS
Faith, and why
Just joy-leasly
Ddly wait for
THE ICEMAN COMETH
All too soon -- so
Allow not your dreams to dry
Like
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

A TOUCH OF THE POET
Do keep within
Deep
Following never
THE AMERICAN DREAM
On any agile, ageless antagonist
(MOTHER COURAGE?)
All "traffickers"
And join not the jumping, jostling
Herds, hustling, huddling on
Some straying, trackless
STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
From which there can be
NO EXIT ever or escape nor
HOMECOMING
Remember this above all
The weary world's a
Star-studded stage
Often do recall
Live your "walk-on" lives luminously
Lines learned well
Fester-strut
Shine constellation-brilliant before
The final
Curtain call!

Sister Francesca Thompson, OSF



TRIBULATIONS OF THE UNINSPIRED WRITER

The day is February 22, 1977. It's really an unusually beautiful day, especially after just emerging from fragments of one of the worst winters in history. Not only is the sun smiling down in a very soothing fashion, but there's also an enjoyable and mellow breeze that has a tendency to ruffle your hair or whisk up a few leaves, now and then. You're not sure whether it's because of the unexpected bustle and liveliness of Marian College or because of the pleasantness of the weather itself, but suddenly you develop a strong yearning to be creative. You feel like writing stories, or creating poetry, or something along that line. All you need now is some inspiration. Of course you have to be inspired to write. Everybody knows that in order to find some inspiration, you decide to find a place where there's no heavy flow of traffic or any other type of distraction, so you amble on down to the lake.

When you get there, you pick out a step to sit on, take out a pen and a sheet of paper, and brace yourself for the sudden barrage of inspiration that you need. Almost immediately, it seems as if a thousand different words and phrases are all going through your mind at one time: Serenity, Tranquility, and the gentle breeze blowing through the trees. You become aware of the sun winking at you through the tree-tops and at the same time the snow and ice still covering the lake.

Suddenly you find yourself thinking about multitudes of other things such as living in a city, going to college, listening to Dylan, and People ---- especially people, they really fascinate you. All people and each one as an individual. You think of how pleasant it is to go from point A to point B and see scores of familiar faces and at the same time how exciting the possibility of seeing a new face and

exchanging simple greetings would be. You think of those long, sad, droopy faces that you're most likely to see in the morning staring into a coffee cup or a plate of eggs, of the fresh, eager faces rushing from class to class or milling around the cafeteria around dinner time, and of those mischievous, Friday-night grins. But most of all you think of smiles. All kinds of smiles: the contented kind, the shy kind, the excited kind, and most of all the kind that seems to generate an entire personality in itself.

The next thing you know, you find yourself thinking of that one particular smile, and how you unconsciously find yourself seeking for it each day. A smile that is so wonderful, it can fill you with a certain warmth and yet, so powerful, that the mere absence of it creates sad and melancholy feelings. And that makes you wonder how and why feelings are so vulnerable that a single smile can create such a tremendous effect.

Once again you become aware of where you actually are. You're not sure whether it was the sound of a jet flying overhead or the sound of voices on the hill that brought you back from your colorful meditations, but suddenly you realize that you've been there well over an hour. So you look down at your paper only to find that you haven't written a single thing. Not one damned thing!

After several minutes of confusion and frustration over your unsuccessful attempts at becoming an inspired writer, you begin to reflect back on all the thoughts that had crossed your mind the past hour, and realize that a closer look and to appreciate some of the things that constitute your everyday life.

Pretty soon an enormous grin spreads over your face, and as you fold up your blank sheet of paper and stuff it in your pocket, you say to yourself, "What the hell do I care about scribbling a bunch of mumble and jumble or Rhymes and Riddles! What the hell do I care about being an inspired writer."

John Cronkhite

Leaves fall silently.
Children crying mournfully...
Lonely school bell tolls.

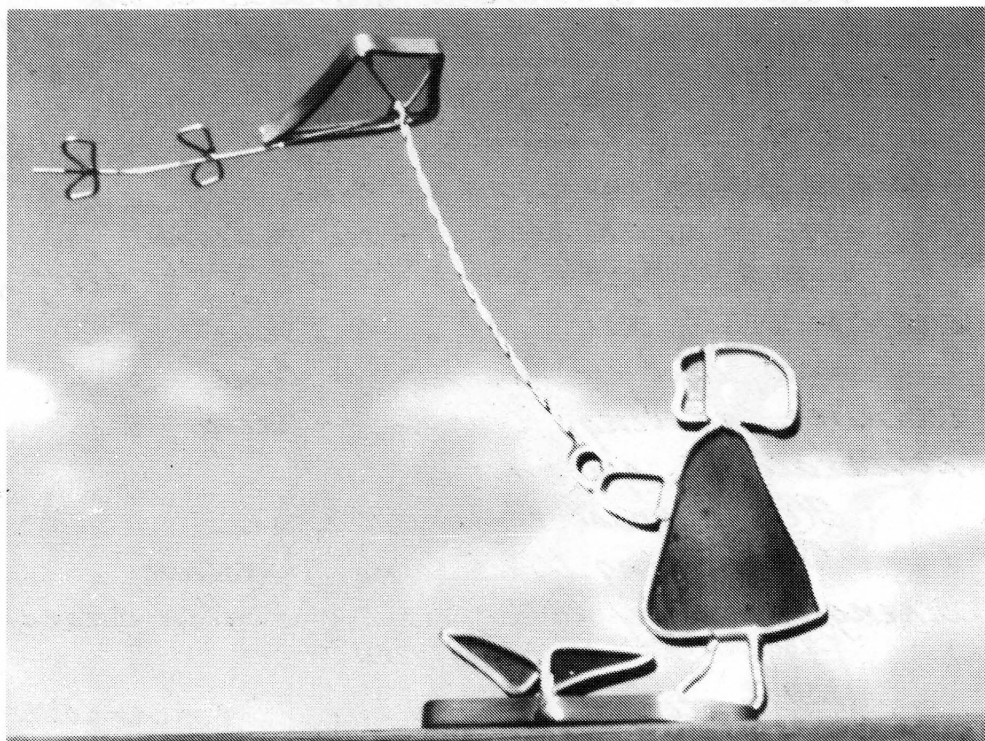
Fran Long

Kite string tied to cold,
Pulling winds of new and old,
Caught on limb between —

Mary M. Hazel

Dog days rushing by
Licking the orange fallen leaves...
School has to begin.

Cathy Risch



Silhouette of the Sycamore

In post-autumn sleep, her image
unfolds in melancholic sincerity,

A statue of nobility, standing clear,
reaching with cold fingers, touching
an even bleaker sky.

Lonesome in naked beauty,
illustrated by golden warmth,

She stands clear of all motion.

Swayed by chambered echo of the breeze,
she gracefully dances in perfect rhythm -

Lost, lost in hollows of time,
turning, twisting, flowing, bending in
surrealistic splendor -

Her purpose is made clear,

Overcoming limitations of motion,
strengthened by reflections of molten colors,

I continue my journey as her love
lightly falls to my side.

Bob O'Donoghue



ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR ARIGUSTO

"Call it a mystery," spoke Arigusto Bienhainger to anyone who happened to be listening.

"O.K., it's a mystery," cracked John L. Spoonful, "but I think it can be solved."

"How for shall we do it?" whimbled Arigusto.

"As for it always do," John L. whimbled right backward. "If you look closely, Arigusto, you can see something quite out of the ordinary on the dead corpse."

"What for might that be?" Arigusto overwhelmed.

"Well, it might be a cottonmill, but it's not. At least I don't think it is. I my own personal self feel it is a dentist mirror sticking up his left nostril," slagen John L.

"You don't mean it's, it's Dr. Alekco Rumba, the Incessive Insissor and parttime Rabbi: But whatever shall we does?" quarkled Arigusto.

"We shall seek him out if it takes us the rest of our liven," spoke John L. with deterrioration.

The very next day John L. received a call from an old informer. John Informer to be exact. He has told John L. exactly where to find Dr. Alekco Rumba. So John L. and Arigusto stepped forth into the chilly night to find the Incessive Insissor. When they reached the address given to John L. by the Informer they sized the place down. It looked safe to both of them so they stepped in. As soon as they were inside, the Incessive Insissor appeared from behind the door.

"Oh no!" screech Arigusto. "We are in a trap."

"What do you say we do?" John L. asked.

"Whatever you for talk?" asked Arigusto back.

"I talk to tell you that the Incessive Insissor and I have been planning all these murders out together. And you are about to die, Arigusto."

“But why for should you go to a life of crime, John L.?” perdeived Arigusto.

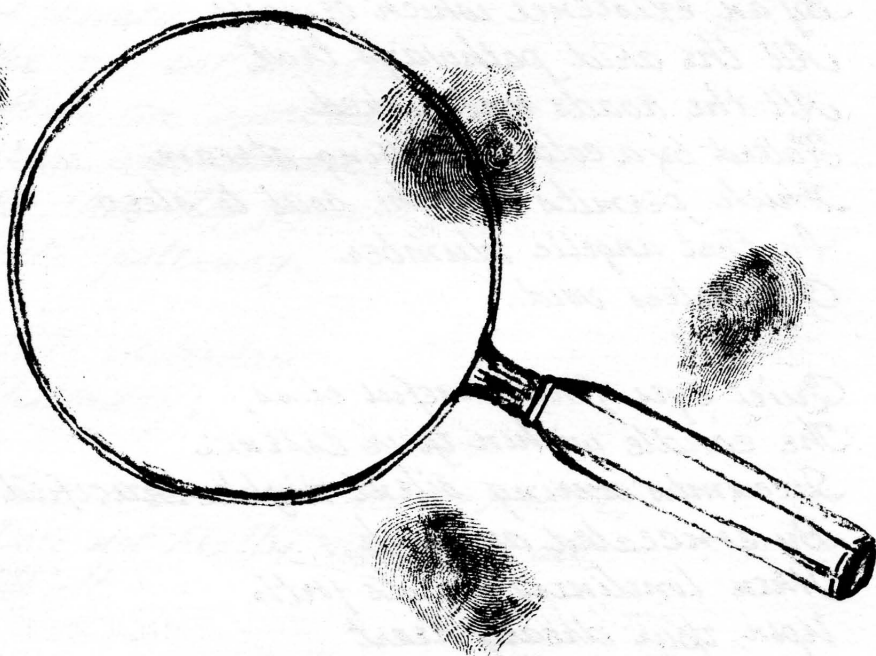
“Elementary, my dear Arigusto. I did it for money and free Saturday night calypso lessons.”

“Ah, John L., you kill me,” snikkered Arigusto to heself.

And John L. do kill him, dead.

The end.

Anonymous



LXXIV

It really does not matter at all,
For birds will always chant
A throaty requiem,
The sun will mourn
Above the speckled clouds,
Time will advance
Another step forward
Into yesterday.

Quiet eyes of remorseful bliss,
The secrets you hold to your own
Are like the portals dimmed
By an existence which bewails
All the arid pathways trod,
All the roads unfinished,
Halted by a cold, engulfing stream
Which permits not the soul to sleep
In that angelic slumber
Of timeless void.

Quiet eyes of remorseful bliss,
The candle within your essence
Succumbs during silent nights crucified
By concealed anguish
When loneliness crawls forth
Upon your dreary heart
Encased in a web of iron thistles

Which allow not hope for tomorrow
To intrude.

Quiet eyes of remorseful bliss,
No answer, have I, for your shattered glare,
Your piercing secrets of eternal gloom,
Your cumbersome solitude that laments
A predestined fate claiming
You will not return again tomorrow,
On the next day;
And, it does not really matter at all,
For birds will always chant
A throaty requiem,
The sun will mourn
Above the speckled clouds,
Time will advance
Another step forward
Into yesterday.

Into yesterday,
Yesterday;

And, it does not really matter,
Does not really matter at all,
At all.

Patrick Lucien Price

Which allow not hope for tomorrow
To intrude.

Quiet eyes of remorseful bliss,
No answer, have I, for your shattered glare,
Your piercing secrets of eternal gloom,
Your cumbersome solitude that laments
A predestined fate claiming
You will not return again tomorrow,
On the next day;
And, it does not really matter at all,
For birds will always chant
A throaty requiem,
The sun will mourn
Above the speckled clouds,
Time will advance
Another step forward
Into yesterday.

Into yesterday,
Yesterday;

And, it does not really matter,
Does not really matter at all,
At all.

Patrick Lucien Price



Bare brittle branches,
Bundled bodies sliding by;
Summer dreams denied.

Robert Melvin

White snow on a walk
Coldly staring up at me—
A feather bed rips.

Paul Jarboe

Birth is violent;
Swirling funnels swing about;
Man's rage reigns supreme.

Don Kuehn I

Conflicting Points of View

Look, it's snowing!
Covering the brown, barren ground
Making the world — white, clean, pure;
Spreading a blanket of brilliant sparkles
glittering in the sunlight.
Beautiful.

Many are the pleasures of snow:
Sledding, slipping, sliding;
To ski down a mountain side;
Snowmen to make, and snowballs to throw.
I want to play in the snow
And live in the cold;
Such a pleasant chill, crisp and crackly.
"Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!"

NO! NO! NO!

Look, it's snowing!
Covering the streets with slush;
Making them slippery, icy, treacherous;
Spreading a layer of brown gunk that flies
from under the cars' wheels.
Awful.

Many are the toils of snow:
Shoveling, scraping, sweeping;
To dig out a car, for work goes on;
Leave an hour early for a twenty-minute drive.
I want to cry when it snows
And forget that I have responsibilities.
Cold is so bitter in this frost-biting
weather.

"Let it melt! Let it melt! Let it melt!"

Fran Long

HOME IS WHERE THE HARPY IS

a one-act comedy

By Chris Method

SCENE I

Setting: A cozy, comfortable, but inexpensive apartment. The scene is the living room, with doors, left. There is a black and white TV set (which need not face the audience). All of the other furnishings are left to the director's discretion.

Time: Modern day, typically Wednesday evening.

(As lights go up TV speaker is heard.)

TV Speaker: Do you find yourself faced with the same dull food, meal, after meal? Well, if you do, and even if you don't, come to the Tudor Cafeteria, located in plush downtown Indianapolis, at the corner of Thirtieth and Meridian. You'll find a wide variety of sumptuous offerings at low prices. Indeed a family of nine can eat for . . .

(Wife enters during above, and snaps off set.)

Wife: Sumptuous? Hah! Last time I ate there, I got food poisoning! And after I recommended it to all my friends! What must they think of me now? Of course, if my idiot husband hadn't done that ad for them, I'd never have gone near the place!

(TV speaker enters through front door. They have obviously been married for years!)

Husband: Hi, honey, whatsfordinner?
(This, and following lines, should,be spoken as a memorized ritual, except where sentences are written normally.)

- Wife: Soyoufinallygothome! Whattookyousolong?
- Husband: Look, I had a hard day at the studio. Lemme alone.
- Wife: You had a hard day? Wait'll you hear about mine!
- Husband: Just get off my back.
- Wife: Wait until you hear about Mavis down the street. She and Doug are getting a divorce.
- Husband: Sowhat? By the way, I got another ad today. Some boutique somewhere.
- Wife: Soyou're making another ad. Sowhat? Did you know that Mavis is having an affair with Mr. Praeger down the road? As a matter of fact . . .
(stops, looks at him, shouts:) Oh, you never listen to me anymore!
- Husband: What did you say?
- Wife: I said: Mavis and Mr. Praeger are having an affair. It's all over the neighborhood. What's a matter, you deaf?
- Husband: Why are you always on my case? Why can't we ever talk any more? Why can't we be closer, like the great lovers; Romeo and Juliet, Henry and Eleanor of Aquitaine, Marc Anthony and Cleopatra?
- Wife: You have got to be kidding. When are you going to earn some good money? When are wegonna have security, like Mavis down the street? Doug sells swimming pools and makes about twenty-five thousand a year. After the divorce, she'll still have a good living. You only made eight thousand last year!
- Husband: Ah, get off my back. What's more important, money or . . . ART? (The audience should see the reverence he holds in this word.) This is my life! Can't you accept that?
- Wife: But, what about the neighbors? I can't stand having everyone think I married a loser! How can I face people while wearing the same clothes I wore last year? How would it look?

Husband: Who cares? I admit, I don't make much . . . but we get along. We have enough to get along, if we don't worry about extras. We don't starve, do we? (he starts the third degree, she becomes increasingly hostile) We have a roof over our heads, don't we? We even got enough to get to a few shows, don't we? . . .

Wife: Oh, you're just impossible. I don't know why I ever married you in the first place. (She stops and visibly calms down. Half smiling:) I think we're both tired. I'll go get supper on, we'll have a couple drinks, and (grinning) we'll get to bed . . . (wink) early, lover. (She flounces to the door, stops, looks back.)

Husband: I love you.

Wife: I love you.
(Freeze. Lights go out.)

SCENE II

Setting: Same as opening of Scene I.

Time: Next day, same time.

(The television is on, same as Scene I.)

TV Speaker: Do you find yourself faced with the same dull clothes, year, after year, after year? Well, if you do, and even if you don't, come to the Tudor Boutique, located in plush downtown Indianapolis, at the corner of Thirtieth and Meridian. You'll find a wide variety of sharp fashions at low prices. Indeed, a woman may . . .

(Wife enters, snaps off TV)

Wife: Sharp fashions? Hah! Last time I bought anything there, I looked like a streetwalker. And after I recommended it to all my friends! What must they think of me now? Of course, if my idiot husband hadn't done that ad for them, I'd never have gone near the place!

(Husband enters through the front door.)

Husband: Hi, honey, whatsfordinner?

(Lights fade, slowly.)

Wife: Soyounallygothome! Whattookyouso long?

Husband: Look, Ihadaharddayatthestudio. Lemmealone.

Wife: Youhadahardday? Wait'llyouhearaboutmine . . .

(Lights out. Silence.)





Alive

Alive,

To feel the ecstasy
of being

The mystery of life
never to be understood

The agony of the genius
trying to learn why.

This freedom of breathing,
of feeling the sun.

Live;

A life of happiness,
Savor each moment
because after a thousand
years

It will all be gone
with the kissing of the flowers.

Denise Germontpuez

My Love for You

As a stone swiftly sinks to
the bottom of a pond, so
does my love for you
sink into the
depths of my
heart with
no chance
for any
escape

John Bronkhite

Just Last Night

Michelangelo squeezed
out of his book.
I asked him for an original portrait.
He drew it in the dust.
I sneezed and the dust scattered
taking with it, my artist.

Dudley G. Bandy

Carousel

I sit on the horse -
up and down
each time 'round
I see familiar faces
and Dad waits and waves.
They grow older -
for each inch I move
time moves two.

The ride ends quickly -
Dad no longer waits.

The old are new familiar faces now.
I leave the horse -
to become a familiar face
waiting and waving
for my son.

Dudley G. Bandy

ELFIN MAGIC

by Fran Long

Once upon a time while I sat studiously studying Steve Austin in my studio, a package was poked under my door. The parcel was as thin as a daisy petal and twice as light. I could tell since I was an accomplished weigher by sight. To me, or not to me, that was the question. By the fact that no one else was around, I assumed that it was for me, my very own whatever it would be.

"Carefully, carefully, but the cord completely in two," whispered a voice in my ear.

Never a person to disobey, I did what I was told to a tee.

ZAP! CLAP! BOOM! POW!

When the smoke and haze as thick as cotton candy had cleared, there before my eyes lounged a leafy green sprite. Needless to say, but I'll say it anyway, this was my very first experience with a pixy, especially a green one. I didn't believe he was real, and told him so.

"I don't believe you're real," said I.

"Oh, yeah!" said he.

"Oh, yeah!" said I.

"Well," huffed he, "You won't get any wishes then."

"I believe, I believe, I believe in Peter Pan and I'll be true to you, my elf."

Eventually, I convinced him that I genuinely had faith in his reality, and I got all my wishes. I learned a valuable lesson from this experience: To thine own elf be true!



