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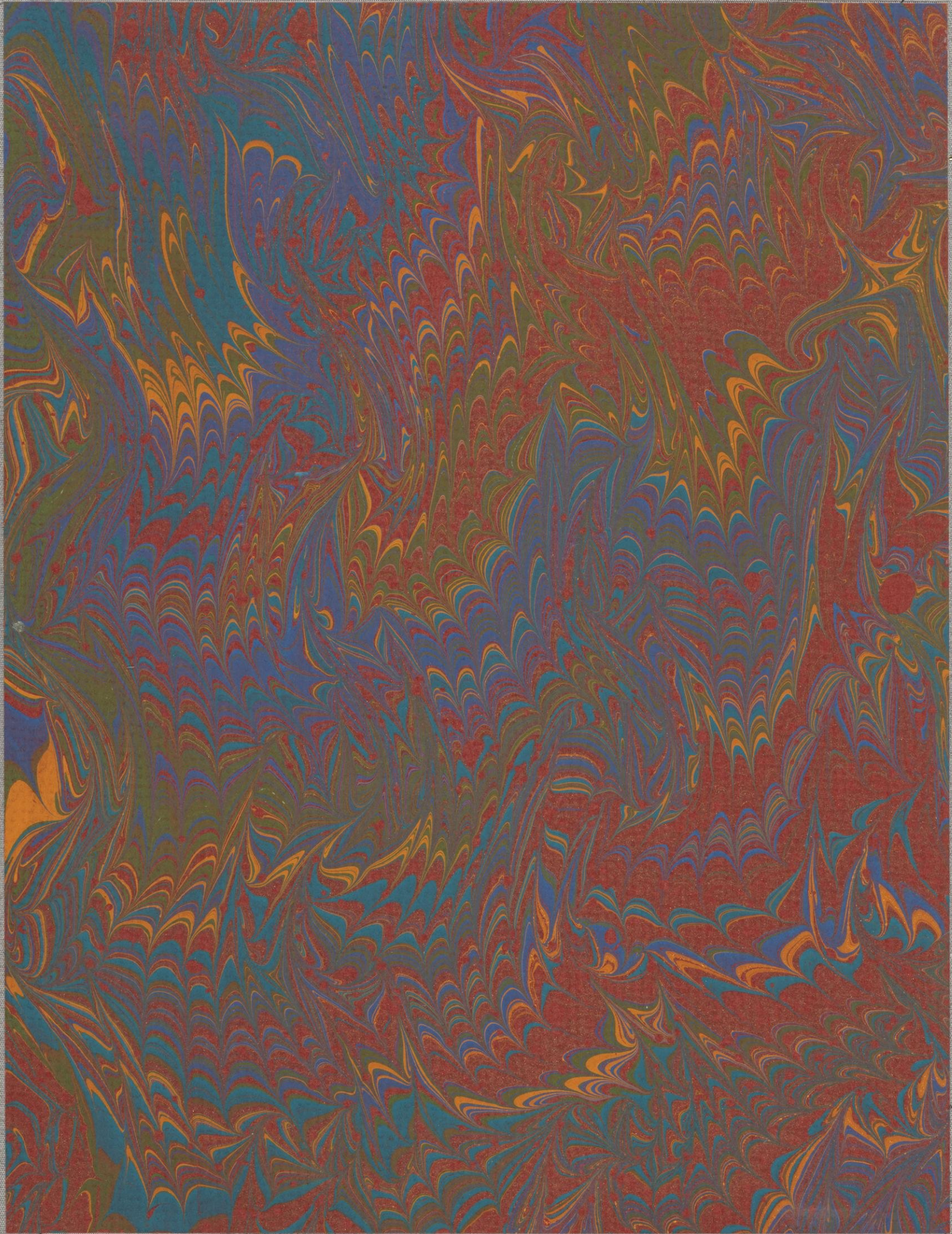


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REEDSBURG  
PUBLIC  
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Starlight \*

**The Sixty Books Project** is a collaborative book arts, writing and journaling project for the people of south central Wisconsin, hosted by the South Central Library System (SCLS), and produced by the Bone Folders' Guild (BFG), a book arts group based in Madison. This project is supported by a Madison CitiARTS grant.

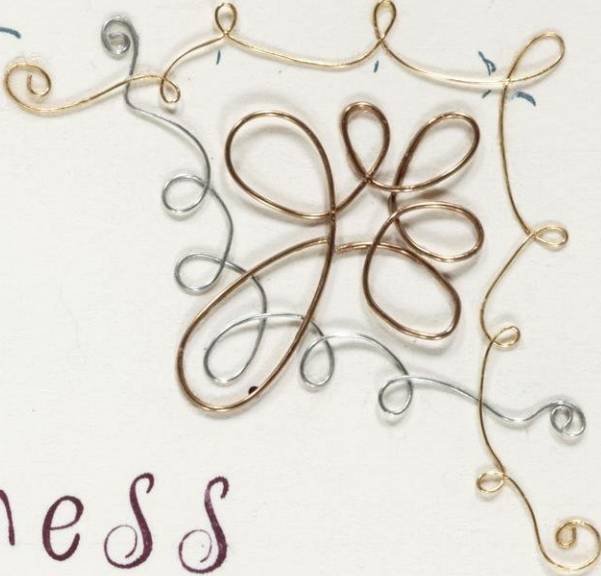
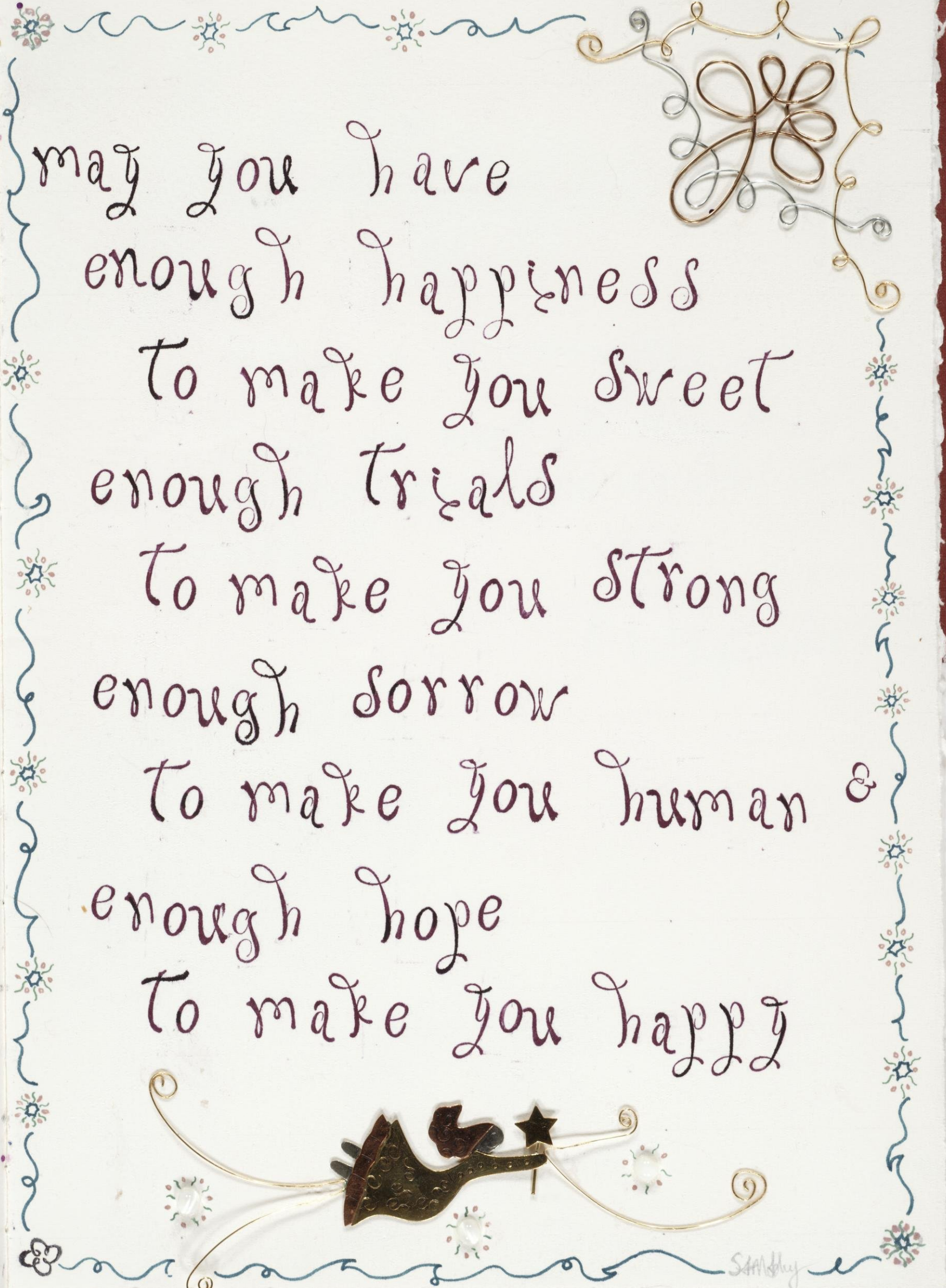
The BFG book artists have created sixty hand made blank books. One of these books will be catalogued into each of the sixty libraries in the South Central Library System. Unlike other library books, patrons are invited to write, draw, paint or collage in the books. Subsequent patrons will add their own stories, drawings, and so forth, creating community-wide collaborative works of art. After the launch of the project these books will be available for checkout by library patrons until August 15, 2006.

At the close of the circulation period, the 60 books will be removed from the SCLS collections and brought together for a traveling exhibit. This exhibit will have its debut in Madison as part of the Fifth Annual Wisconsin Book Festival (October 18-22, 2006).

To contact us: [www.valleyridgeartstudio.com/bone\\_folders/](http://www.valleyridgeartstudio.com/bone_folders/)

## Instructions

- Check out this book as you would any other library book for a two-week period. Be sure to return it in the protective wrapper provided.
- Write a poem. Make a journal entry. Write political thoughts. Compose a short story. Collage. Paint a page. Be creative.
- Be respectful of these books. They are hand bound and bear delicate musings on the pages.
- Be aware of what has been done on the other side of the page that you are working on. For example, don't "sew" onto someone else's work.
- When you are gluing or painting put a piece of wax paper under the page you are working on. This will protect the other pages of created art.
- Before closing the book, be sure your page is dry.
- We encourage you to sign and date your work.
- Please, no perishables on the pages.
- Be advised that SCLS and BFG reserve the right to remove and/or delete any questionable material. Please be nice.
- Warning: You will incur a \$125.00 library fine if this book is not returned!



may you have  
enough happiness  
to make you sweet  
enough trials  
to make you strong  
enough sorrow  
to make you human &  
enough hope  
to make you happy



# Philippians

★ God is at work within you,  
helping you want to obey him,  
and then helping you do what he  
wants. ★

Philippians 2:13



12/5/05

Erin M.  
Rothwell age 9

"I'm A friend of God... by Phillip Craig + Dean"

PSALM 136  
IT'S A M A Z I N G ... THAT YOU LOVE ME



I will Sing to the Lord

Because He has Blessed

Me so richly.



ELLA Rothwell  
age: 7

12/5/05

Who am I That you are Mindful of Me

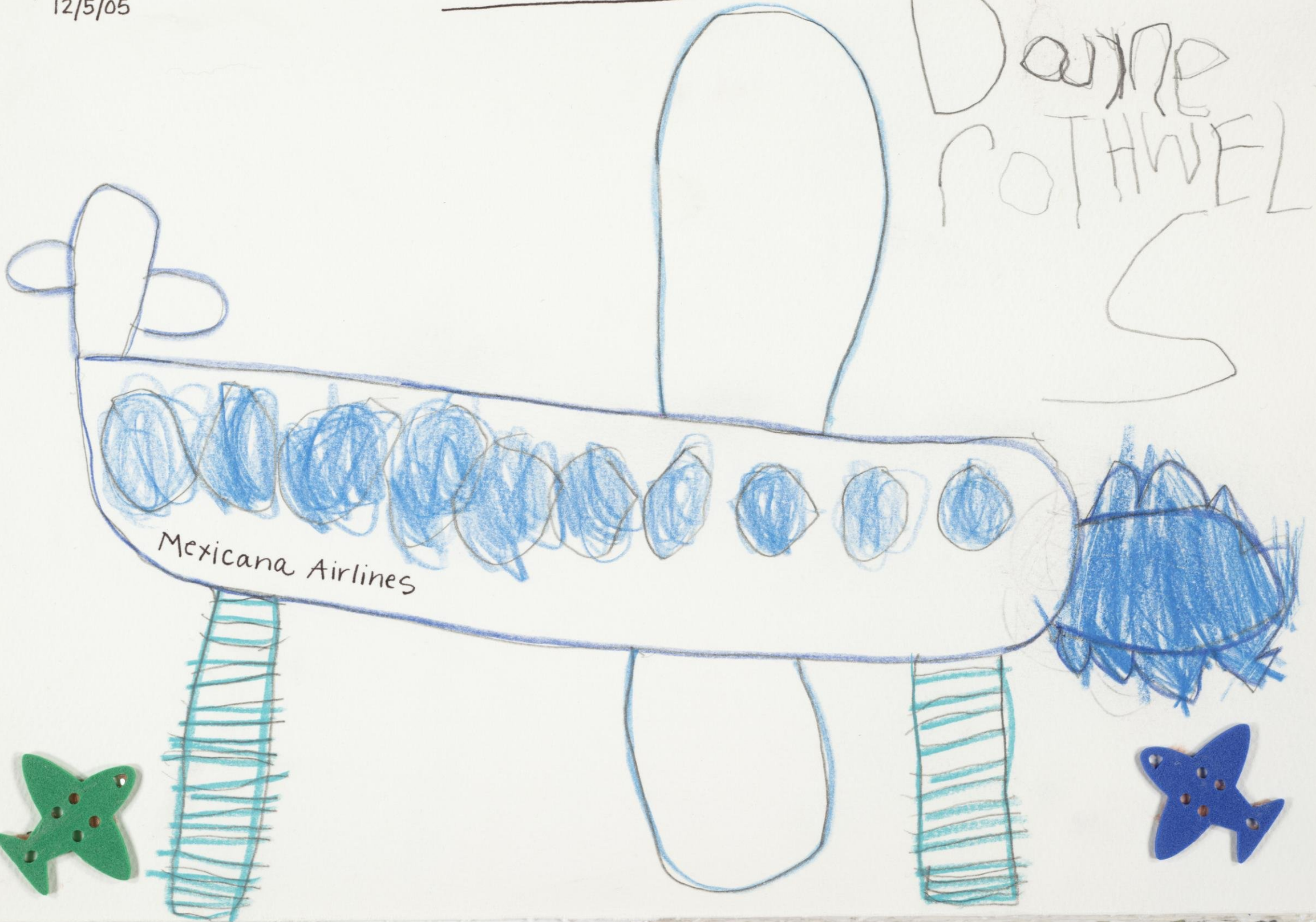
I'm a friend of God ... friends of God ... he calls me friend

When I call is it true that you are Thinking of Me ... That you hear me ... That you are Thinking of Me ...

Dayne Rothwell age: 5  
12/5/05

"Airplanes are cool"

Dayne  
ROTHWELL





Sofia Bothwell  
12 yrs.  
12/7/05



## Stopping by Woods on a snowy evening

Whose woods are these, I think I know by: Robert Frost  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here,  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.  
My little house must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near,  
Between the woods and frozen lakes  
The darkest evening of the year.  
He gives his harness bells a little shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sounds the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep...  
And miles to go before I sleep.



ehw



Enid Haley Williams 12-12-05 www.haleystudio.com

# Dinner on Dec 25, 2005

Our Saturnalia / Hanukkah / Christmas / Kwanza  
Feast.

Our menu included = (each cook describes their contribution)  
(28 dishes plus dessert, 9 people present)

Homemade Fried Chicken = cornmeal + pecan batter. hushpuppies from leftover batter!

Collard Greens vegetarian cooked in olive oil + red wine  
others cooked in lamb grease (from another dish) + red wine

latkes - potato pancakes like my Bubbe made 'em

homemade apple sauce = spartan apples, cinnamon, one pear +  
Some allspice

roasted veggies - onion, carrot, mushrooms, potatoes, = olive oil,

basil, oregano, ginger, garlic. nearly caramelized.

fried far far star (made = maida flour)  
papadums (more fried Hanukkah delights!)

fried plantains

hand made yogurt cheese with mint + garlic

Macedonian eggplant salad (oven-roasted + marinated eggplant mixed w/ sweet peppers, onion,  
+ tomatoes)

Dill Pesto w/ pine nuts + pecans

Watercress salad = chopped watercress mixed with wine vinegar + a little salt  
(without snails!)

Trifle made with Meyer lemons + Satsuma ~~lemons~~ <sup>Oranges</sup> + lavender flavored custard

- Leek + Lamb rolls - boil 6" leek sections to soften, peel layers apart + stuff with ground lamb spiced with cinnamon + allspice - fry, then bake with tamarind paste, water, sugar.
- Tarator - cucumber, yogurt + walnut soup with vegetable broth, thyme + dill + fresh garlic
- Squash with salsa verde and sour cream
- Steamed broccoli

I've been going through some hard times + haven't been able to cook. It's hard to give back or create right now. I brought cookies - the Italian Christmas waffle iron made type - that someone else made and brought into my work place. I took direction, made custard for the trifle, and washed dishes. Everyone else is passing around the crumbs of the cookies right now. My belly is full, and the last time I felt this good was the lunch hour I spent sitting in my car listening along to Handel's Messiah. Amen

over →

lemon + ginger tea = honey and/or whiskey

chestnuts cooked with <sup>and</sup> SPICES, Lemon served with whipped cream  
 chicken cooked in red wine, saffron, sandalwood, pine knots, red currant jam,  
 Almonds  
 Fried artichoke hearts served with rue  
 rosewater Pudding, lavender Pudding, orange flavoured Pudding  
 Banana bread  
 Chocolate Bar (70% Cocoa)

oh, and we cannot forget the many uses that  
 whipped cream (organic valley?) played in the meal.

It's been eaten with —



chestnuts  
 mango slices  
 Pizelle cookies  
 dark chocolate  
 banana bread  
 in coffee  
 with our fingers

mmm! mit schlag!

syllabub is cream whip pd with  
 brandy, sherry, lemon rind and lemon juice



← trifledish

also a homemade syllabub for on top of trifle, no corners cut.  
 homemade custard + sponge cake. lots of sherry. satsuma slices,  
 meyer lemon + lavender infused pudding

appetizers as we cooked included

2 types of olives  
 Ajvar (Bulgarian roasted pepper spread)  
 yogurt cheese  
 pesto  
 crackers  
 pickled salmon - with pomegranate syrup, lime juice, sea salt, raw onion, pepper  
 tilson cheese from Hook's

other items we made, but never got around to eating or finishing preparation:

roasted peppers (to go in pomegranate + walnut dip)  
 lentils + mushroom, onion + wine + wild rice  
 Cornmeal hush puppies  
 wild rice

eating + cooking with this group  
 is a huge pleasure. World culinary  
 history, stories, music, laughter and  
 mutual enjoyment + respect of each  
 others' company. Happy feasting village!

Food Regions <sup>Cultures</sup> & Time Periods (that I can identify)

- Medieval Europe
- Mexico
- Southern US
- Eastern Europe
- Mediterranean
- Middle East
- Jewish
- Indian
- Caribbean
- Modern US
- Italy
- ...

also w/ desserts:

- ~ persimmons!
- ~ roasted plantains  
in butter + brown sugar
- ~ angel food cake

//  
 This group was lovingly inclusive enough to allow last-minute consumers with no meal additions + only a month to eat + hands with which to wash (some of) the dishes!

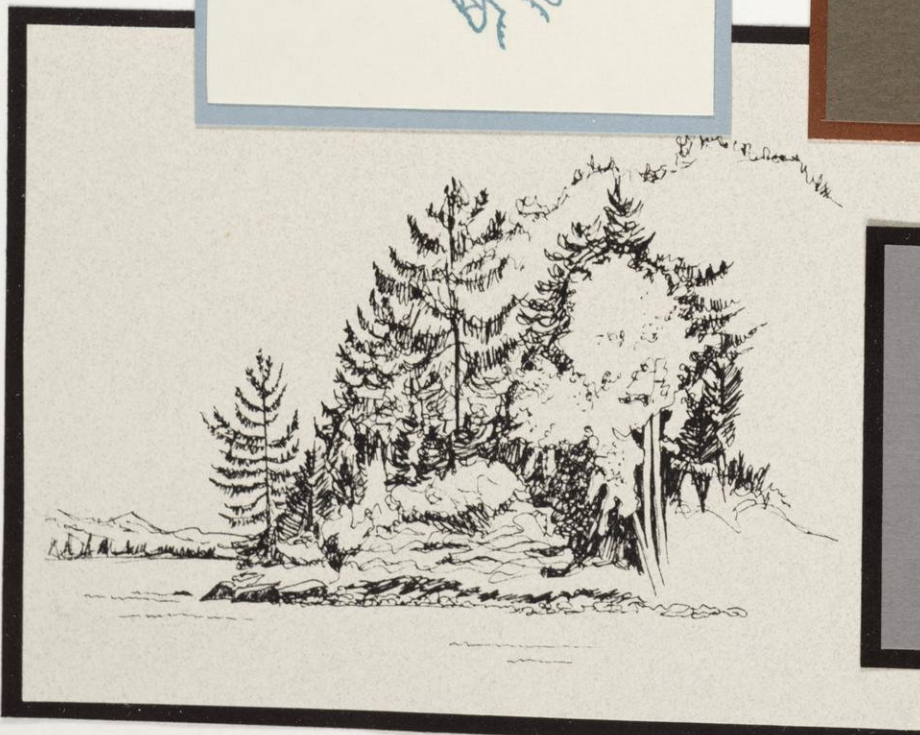
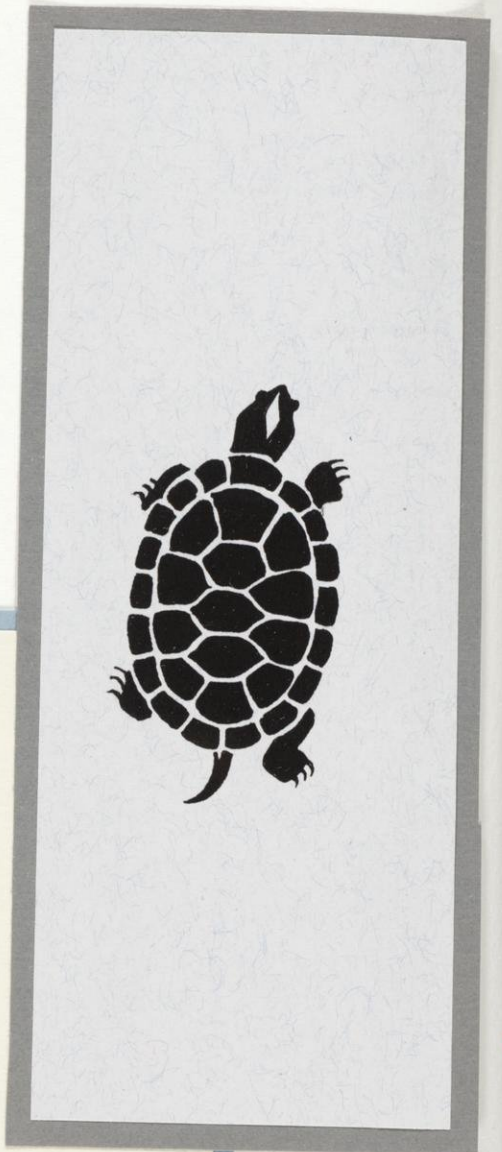
and rudy dog!  
 who (accidentally)  
 got composted bits...



//  
 and for BOGGLE

post-dinner brain food:

	TOP	WINNERS:
POSED	REPOSE	RUSE
RIPE + RUPER!	PRISE	SEEP
PURSES	RUNT	SHIN
PROFANE	SARS	ZEST
RAZE	SEAR	CRIB
SLOB + SLOBS	SUET	ENSUE
		LOB



Original designs, original prints  
Mimi Vult  
earthings@gmail.com



Wisconsin Wildflower Quilt  
"Stitched" by Gail Johnson with photos by Mimi Jjuest



WINTER MORNING WINDOW

I cannot—  
when the frost  
performs its mystery—  
be drawn into the duties of the day.

But rather  
I can feast  
on sunlit crystals  
that know the inner calling,  
know the way.

Mary Williams

*Mary Williams*  
1-16-06

Accept differences. Be kind. Count your blessings. Dream. Express  
Thanks. Forgive. Give freely. Harm No One. Imagine  
More. Jettison Anger. Keep Confidences. Love Truly. Master  
Something. Nurture Hope. Open Your Mind. Pack Lightly.  
Quell Rumors. Reciprocate. Seek Wisdom. Touch Hearts.  
Understand. Value Truth. Win Graciously. Xeriscape. Yearn  
for Peace. Zealously Support a Worthy Cause.

Provided by the ABC's of Living.

The only advice, indeed, that one person can give another about reading is to take no advice, to follow your own instincts, to use your own reason, to come to your own conclusions. If this is agreed between us, then I feel at liberty to put forward a few ideas and suggestions because you will not allow them to fetter that independence which is the most important quality that a reader can possess. After all, what laws can be laid down about books? The battle of Waterloo was certainly fought on a certain day; but is Hamlet a better play than Lear? Nobody can say. Each must decide that question for himself. To admit authorities, however heavily furred and gowned, into our libraries and let them tell us how to read, what to read, what value to place upon what we read, is to destroy the spirit of freedom which is the breath of those sanctuaries. Everywhere else we may be bound by laws and conventions there we have none.

-Virginia Woolf, "How Should One Read a Book?", 1932

Be kind and compassionate to one another  
forgiving each other,  
just as in Christ God forgave you.

Ephesians 4:32

## MOTHER NATURE'S CHURCH

I went to Mother Nature's church to say my prayers today.  
The clear blue sky and whispering winds helped me find my way.

I entered through the massive doors of towering fragrant pines.  
The gentle boughs kindly brushed my skin as I went inside.

The choir of the songbirds filled the air around.  
The croaking of the bullfrogs added to the sound.

I didn't care how many times the verses they'd repeat.  
The fanned-out turkey led the choir and  
The ladder-back kept the beat.

I learned of resurrection from the newly blooming flowers.  
Faith in their return each spring is proof of a higher power.

I learned about believing in something you cannot see.  
Mother Nature cares for all her creatures that are free.

I learned that life is Good, that everything has a reason.  
I learned of Mother Nature's plan for every passing season.

I learned to love all children from the guarding of the fawn,  
Or the challenge of the mother quail in the early misty dawn.

I learned to respect the elderly from the towering old Oak trees.  
Their limbs, strong and safe, provide haven for families.

I learned to love the living Earth. She is our only Home,  
And once she starts to die, all of us too will be gone.

I learned to find great beauty in a floating butterfly

And how to smile at the bug-eyed toad and never wonder why.

I learned to say "thank you" when the sun peaks through the clouds,  
And how to be calmed by the tinkling brook far away from all the crowds

Mother Nature's church is truly a wonderful place.  
Come and visit often then leave without a trace.

Good and evil coexist in Mother Nature's place  
But Good will always shine above Evil's ugly face.

No offering plate was passed around, only a promise made  
To love and care for Mother Earth and never be afraid.

Respect her ways and avoid her wrath, appreciate her beauty.  
Caring for our Mother Earth is our eternal duty.

I left her church and went on back to live my life renewed  
Full of Nature's wondrous sounds, I know now what is true.

Do not kill, love your folks, and never tell a lie.  
Keep these few commandments and life won't pass you by.

You will look upon each new day as being a fresh start.  
Peace and serenity comes to those with Nature in their heart.

B. Steinhurst  
3-31-06  
Writings from  
the Cabin .....

### Biology's Big Bang

The Cambrian Explosion,  
what a commotion,  
for pre-established theories,  
on how things should occur.  
Sudden emergence,  
animal insurgence,  
*novel parts and body plans,*  
no ancestry we're sure.

Five fifty million years ago,  
a faunal troupe did truly show,  
*what all the fossil experts know,*  
"Biology's Big Bang".  
No intermediates came before,  
a true explosion to the core,  
those trilobites we can't ignore,  
a self-assertive gang.

Will all the complex novelty,  
of body plan disparity,  
with legs to walk and eyes to see  
exquisitely designed.  
From what we know we can infer,  
a mindful manufacturer,  
from what we've seen we can  
*concur,*  
intelligent the mind.

Intelligent the mind that made,  
this 'multi-celule' escapade,  
so unperturbed and clearly laid,  
all so that man could see.  
The informational design,  
this DNA of yours and mine,

that specifies the bottom line,  
of how they came to be.

So many proteins functions new,  
in single cells there'd been so few,  
but now with novel tasks to do,  
*new proteins were in need.*  
With proteins novel cells came too,  
all specialized for tasks to do,  
from these new cells new tissues  
grew,  
*all functionally decreed.*

And all of this in shortest time,  
five million years it took to climb,  
from simple cell to form sublime,  
the body plans attest.  
The Cambrian lives as testament,  
a firmly standing monument,  
preplanned with care and full  
intent,  
designing at its best.

The gradualistic undertone,  
so steadfast held as 'fact' was  
*shown*  
that even 'fact' is challenge prone,  
so theories we revise.  
From Cambrian's loft we clearly  
see,  
a 'suddenness', immediacy,  
no gradual change such fallacy,  
the gradualist's demise.

By Robert Deyes  
More Poems, Essays And Articles Can Be Found At  
<http://www.geocities.com/robertdeyes123>

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### Jim, Old Jim

"Good morning Jim, good morning  
Jim,  
ready for a brand new day?"  
These were the words that greeted  
Jim,  
The lab? a home to play

Devise Experiments, results report,  
articles read and lab books to sort,  
post grads and grads holding onto  
all hope,  
that their big lab would learn to  
cope

Learn to cope with money short,  
Old Jim he was the toughest sort,  
the grants and funds they never  
came,  
but he's still running just the same.

Results he needs to carry on,  
he's up till late when we've all  
gone,  
reactions to do, reactions to set,  
reactions failed but Jim's not upset.

He oft would tell of dreams he had  
when he was just a little lad,  
down microscope those cells he  
saw,  
those cells- he stood in deepest  
awe.

Enzymes running, cells in race,  
Kinase, phosphate, protease,  
Lipid bilayers, ATP  
that mitochondrial energy.

Ion channels, cascades too,  
protein factories take their cue,  
RNA from DNA,  
"Orchestral synchrony" they say.

Cell receptors signals send,  
cell correctors faults amend,  
centromeres help cells divide,  
hormones act through distance  
wide.

Histones DNA compact,  
cilia through their motions act,  
factors turn genes off and on.  
cells divide and then their gone.

These and more old Jim had seen,  
Down the microscope he'd been,  
to a world so small. He'd found,  
the surest way to stand his ground.

Even though research was tough,  
even though fund-finding rough,  
beneath there lay a grand design.  
Those cells they told of God divine.

**By Robert Deyes**

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**DEAR MISS**

**A FAIRY TALE**

**WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY**

**MARCIE THOMPSON**



## DEAR MISS

### CHAPTER I

There once lived a princess, a very rich princess. She lived in a beautiful castle at the edge of the village. Her castle was all white trimmed in gold and silver. It was furnished with elaborate furnishing and brocade drapery. Everything in the castle was exquisite.

The princess was lovely, indeed all in the village would agree. Her clothing was made of the finest silk and gossamer. The jewels she owned were beyond anyone's belief. Her rings sparkled with rubies and emeralds, but for all of this the princess valued her lovely long golden hair the most. Each strand was woven as the purest thread of gold. It shone like sparkling diamonds in the sunlight and of this she was very, very proud.

All that lived in the village were poor. They all knew of the princess and she was called 'Dear Miss'. Even though Dear Miss lived in solitude no one would ever go to visit her for it was well known that they would not be welcome. The poor folks of the village were dirty rif-raff to her. Starving beggars were they to her. She would not have even her stoop dirtied by their feet. And she would never NEVER share any of her riches with the lowly.

### CHAPTER II

Dear Miss did employ one hired hand. He would milk the cow every morning and was to leave the bucket on the door stoop at precisely 8am. He would never dare to take a drop, for Dear Miss would immediately know she had been cheated. The hired hand hoed the garden and harvested the vegetables, picked the apples and the grapes and all belonged to the princess alone. He was allowed a small garden plot to tend for himself and his family. They must only harvest from their own garden and fend for themselves for the rest.

The princess ate very well and was very tidy in cleaning up. She would dine on bread and cheese, apple slices and a glass of fine wine. After which she would scour the plates and wipe them dry. Sweep the floor fervently so not even a crumb was left. Then she would lock the food in the chest. The chest was the best chest ever made. It was completely air tight and when closed nothing could penetrate. Not an insect or a mouse could squeeze through a crack. Then she would tighten it even further by attaching a padlock.

After supper the princess would retire to her sleeping quarters. Seated in front of her favorite mirror she would begin to brush her lovely golden hair. Slowly and methodically pulling the brush ever so slowly from the top of her head to the very last inch of her beautiful mane. Again and again. At least 100 strokes until she was finally satisfied every snarl removed then and only then would she lay her head down upon her softest pillow and sleep.



### CHAPTER III

It was to be a long and cold winter. The people of the village were so very hungry. They were forced to beg and steal, but there was even little to steal. Even the mice were starving. There wasn't a scrap to be found.

As the princess lay sleeping in the castle the mice would scamper around. Surely there would be a scrap thrown out or something forgotten, but no, Dear Miss was so stingy every morsel was accounted for and everything locked up. Not even a crumb on the floor. Their hunger made the mice more bold than in the past. They scurried to the sleeping quarters of the princess. Ah! she was so accessible lying there with her golden hair upon the pillow. The oldest mouse took a quick nip at a strand of her hair. It looked so delectable. It looked like it may have some nourishment to it and yes! it did taste sweet as nectar. Now the princess stirred in her sleep and the mice ran in fright.

The princess awoke the next morning thinking something strangely amiss. Something just did not seem right, but what could it be? She looked in the mirror, took a brush to her locks. That all seemed well. In the kitchen the padlock was tight and everything still tidy. Nothing seemed to be out of place and yet, something was not right. She would ponder on it all day through.

### CHAPTER IV

A peddler arrived in the village. Sales did not go well for the villagers had no money. Many times in the past the peddler would barter his wares for a peck of apples or a pound of freshly churned butter, but today there was none to be shared. The days of winter stretched long and cold.

On he went. He would stop at the castle on this trip. He had never stopped there before. He heard the stories of how the princess, Dear Miss was so miserly. He knew she would never pay a penny, but perhaps she had an extra potato or two.

As he knocked on the door his feet were shaking in his shoes! He was nervous he would be thrown from the property. He must persist. His family was in much need of food.

The princess now opened the door. "Who is there, disturbing my peace?" Good day Dear Miss, said the peddler. May I show you some of my finest wares? They are of the highest quality I assure you and I offer an excellent bargain. Do I look like I need to buy goods from a peddler! I have the heaviest iron cookware and the finest bone china plates. I have a sturdy table and fine furniture. What more would the castle need?

I have the newest in fabric. Red and white gingham and blue dotted Swiss, either of which would make a lovely new gown for you, Dear Miss.

Ha! never would I be seen in such common fabrics. Move along now and leave me in peace.

Please, Dear Miss could I at least have a drink of your cow's milk for the journey ahead?

You must be doing just fine selling your wares in the village. Perhaps next time you should barter for a cow of your own and you would not have to beg from me! Go off with you now. You and your mule may share a drink of water only from the well.

The day wore on and as the sun set the princess prepared her evening meal. Fresh bread and butter. Carrots potatoes and onions made a tasty stew and of course a glass of the finest port. After sup she again scrubbed the dishes, locked away the food in her handsome chest and swept every crumb from the floor.

Time now to retire to her sleeping quarters. She took her seat in front of her favorite mirror picked up her best brush and began the 100 nightly strokes. So carefully now. Ever so gently brushing from the top of her head to the last inch of that beautiful golden mane. That feeling came back to her now. The one she had first thing this morning. Something not quite right. As she brushed she noticed one golden strand of hair was missing! Oh dear me! I must brush even more gently for even one strand missing could effect the lush fullness of her mane.

The princess fell into a deep sleep. The mice began to scamper across the floor of the kitchen. Again everything locked up so tight and not even a crumb on the floor. Remembering the tasty golden treat of the princess' hair they scrambled to the sleeping quarter. Tonight they were a little more brave. Three mice climbed up the bed linen and chewed a mouth full of that delightful tasty treat.

The princess stirred and they ran in fright! They would remember their succulent delight and perhaps tell their friends. The feast was over for this night, but there was always tomorrow!

#### CHAPTER V

The hired hand finished milking the cow as he did every morning. At precisely 8:00 a.m. he was leaving the milk on the stoop. He could hardly stand. He was so very hungry. He had cut his portions and skipped meals so his wife and children would survive the winter. Things were dire now. He was desparate. He must talk to Dear Miss and ask for anything she could spare. Even just one carrot or a half rotten onion could make a stew and they would be so very grateful.

He knocked on the castle door. With his hands in his pockets and the most down trodden look he awaited for her at the door.

The princess had just awoken. Just upon opening her eyes there was a knock on the door. She had a horrible head ache. She could hardly lift her head from her softest silken pillow. Why did her head throb so? Now that blasted knocking again! What could be so important to disturb her at this early hour. She got up from the bed and slowly moved to the kitchen door. Oh! what pain in her head.

At the door she met the hired hand. Whatever do you want at this hour? Surely you should be out feeding the cow and tending to chores! So sorry Dear Miss, but I must beg of you could you please share a carrot or onion. Anything you would be discarding. Maybe a cup of milk. My family is starving and I fear I will not be able to tend to the chores if I do not have a scrap. Any scrap at all, please Dear Miss!

Oh my head is pounding and you bother me with this! You are a lazy hired hand! For if not you would have planned more thoroughly. Expanded your garden by a row or two last summer. Picked another bushel of apples or stomped more grapes for jelly. It is not my fault you didn't toil into the night to provide for your family for the long cold winter. Get away from my stoop. It looks like I will be finding a new hired hand at planting season!

## CHAPTER VI

If she lay down for just a bit more maybe her head would feel better so she returned to her sleeping quarters. As she passed her favorite mirror she took a quick glance. Oh no! a few more golden strands are missing! That must be the reason for her headache. How in the world is this happening? She must be sure to brush more gently tonight. Today she would wash her hair in a milk bath and rinse it with the juice of a lemon. First she must enter the village and buy a lemon from the market.

At the market she asked the shop keeper for one fresh lemon. "Dear Miss, a lemon? They are hard to find fresh this time of the year. What would you be needing one of them for. Do you wish to make lemonade?" No No, she explained. I will be bathing in a milk bath today and desperately need the juice of a lemon to rinse my hair. The shop keeper thought what a waste, what a shame, why it sounded even sinful to waste milk for her bath! Even a lemon would help to add flavor to someone's meal. A meal so severely needed by many! However, not being in a position to judge and anxious for a sale (for Dear Miss would pay the highest price) he sold her lemon juice in a bottle.

As soon as she returned home she drew the bath. Washed her hair in milk and rinsed her hair with the lemon juice until it was squeaky clean. Now she let it dry in the light of the sun and gentle, gently combed it through. Her headache seemed to subside and her disposition also. All would be right in the world tomorrow.

She played the harp and ate her evening meal. She locked up the food when she was finished and swept the floor clean. Not a crumb to be found as usual. It had been quite a long day.

## CHAPTER VII

Dear Miss sat in front of her favorite mirror admiring her lovely golden hair. She picked up the brush and very carefully brushed the 100 nightly strokes. Now it was time to rest her head on her finest soft silk pillow.

This night the mice knew just what to do. They had invited all of their friends to the castle. They quickly scampered to the princess' sleeping quarters. No reason to stop in the kitchen for not even a crumb would be found there.

The biggest mouse tip toed up to make sure Dear Miss was fast asleep. Yes, indeed she was sound asleep. Even the twitch of his tail next to her ear didn't seem to stir her.

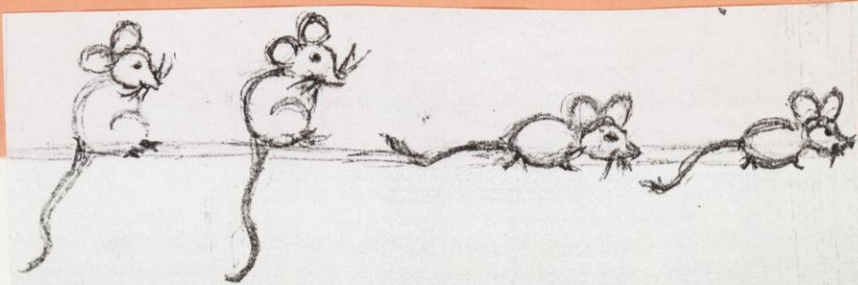
Now for the feast. The whole mouse pack nibbled on the golden locks. All night long they feasted on every strand of that beautiful head of hair. By morning they had succeeded in chewing off ALL of the princess' hair! They felt so fat and satisfied it was a labor to crawl down the linen to the floor. They happily scampered away just before the princess awoke. After a long starving winter the mice would be full for days.

The princess, head pounding, arose and made her way to her favorite mirror and SCREAMED!

Moral of story:

Share all you have with others, lest what you hold dearest will be taken from you, like a thief in the night.

*Marcell  
Thompson  
aug, 2006*



## The Toboggan Ride

It's a beautiful day. Last night's snowfall made it a perfect day for sledding. The four children awake and look out the window. Mom says, "no school today!" Yeah! Six inches of new snow and the children are wild anticipating a day playing in the snow.

Let's go sledding!

Let's take the toboggan!

Let's take Leaker!

Let have breakfast!

Leaker, their puppy comes bounding in and licks four sweet faces. The new puppy is learning, but has a few accidents. Mom started calling her 'leaker' and the name just seemed to fit.

Mom makes breakfast. Hot oatmeal, toast and jelly, and hot chocolate. That should give you lots of energy for a morning in the snow. Now put the dishes in the sink and make your beds. That will be your chores for the day. Dress warm now. Don't forget two pairs of socks, hats, boots and mittens.

The four children race to get dressed. Out the door they bound. Come on Leaker, let's go! To the shed for the toboggan. The first day of sledding this winter.

Run, jump, leap, skip - over the snow. A snow ball flies through the air.

We should have a snowball fight.

We should make a snow man.

Let's build a fort.

Let's go sledding FIRST!

They look down the hill.

Wooooow!

Looks steep!

Looks fast!

Looks scary!

I want to be in the front.

I want to steer.

I'll get squished.

I'll get a face full of snow!

Weee! down they go. Laughing - shouting - screaming - squealing. Oh, what fun. The hit a hole and all fall off. Race to the top to start again. Weee! down they go. They're heading to the trees. Lean! Lean! They all fall off. Rolling in the snow. Race to the top to start again. Let's take Leaker this time. Weee! down they go. They hit a bump and all fall off. Leaker races with them to the top. Sneaking up behind to snip at their untied boot laces tripping the squealing children.

Let's build a jump so we can fly through the air. Pack the snow to make it higher. Higher!

Can we line it up just right?  
Will we break the toboggan?  
Will we tip over?  
Will we get hurt?

Hang on to each other. Close your eyes. Leaker misses the ride.

The four children hit the jump. They fly through the air. Higher and higher, up, up, up. The children are spellbound. It seems like they are traveling through the sky.

Is this how a bird flies?

Is this like a hot air balloon?

Are we on an airplane?

Are we on Santa's sleigh, pulled by the reindeer?

The toboggan is traveling into the misty clouds. It is lightly snowing, or is it fog. After what seems a lifetime of minutes they come to a gentle stop sliding on a glassy surface.

Where are we?

What a ride!

Did we crash?

Are we in heaven?

Slowly they get off the toboggan. I think we landed on a skating rink. Be careful it's slippery. You'll fall down. All seem to be fine. No bumps or bruises, just noses red as cherries and fingers numb with cold. They look around. It is a beautiful place. The sled seems to have transported them to a different world. The skating rink is as long as their eyes can see. There was a grand building.

Is that a palace?

It's a mansion.

No, it is an ice castle.

Does it have ice cream?

This must be a dream. Pinch me and see if we are real. OUCH! You didn't have to do it so hard! Now we know it isn't a dream.

Far in the distance they see a skater approaching. Watching, they see a lovely young girl. Twirling and leaping. Forward and backward. Dancing toward them like a ballerina on ice. How beautiful she glides across the ice. Just like on TV.

"Hello!" I'm so glad to see someone, says the Skater Girl. You are the first children I've seen since I got here. "Where is HERE?" the children ask. "I don't really know," she answers. Well, how did you get here? "I don't really know," she answers. How long have you been here? "I don't really know," she answers. Are you all alone? "Yes, I am," she definitely answers.

The girl glances off toward the ice castle and begins her story. I remember I was skating at the rink near my house. It was a lot of fun. I was practicing spinning and I fell. I hit my head, HARD on the ice. That really hurt! Then I remember being at the hospital.

My father was whispering and my mother was weeping. The doctor said I was un-con-scious, I think. The next thing I knew, I was here.

"Let's not talk any more," Skater Girl said. "Come and skate with me."

I don't know how.

We don't have any skates.

I tried it once.

I'll probably fall down.

"There are four brand new pair of skates in the ice castle and I will teach you how. Skating is so much fun and here it never hurts when you fall down," she said. They all agreed to give it a try.

Five children gliding across the ice. Pretending they are in the ballet. Doing twirls and pirouettes and never feeling a thing when they fell down.

The afternoon flew by. But now the four children begin to complain. We should be getting home soon.

I'm tired.

I'm hungry.

I'm cold.

I miss Leaker.

Skater Girl, aren't you tired? "Why no, I never get tired here."

Skater Girl, aren't you hungry? "Why no, I never get hungry here."

Skater Girl, aren't you cold? "Why no, I never get cold here. This is a wonderful life. I don't want or need anything and I can skate all day." Off she goes across the ice again. Watching her is a lovely sight.

Skater Girl!, don't you miss your mom and dad? They must miss you terribly!

She stops and looks across the ice at the four children. For the first time since she arrived, she is sad. She is silent for a while thinking...." I....I...., yes, I do. My memory was gone, but now you have made me remember. I do miss them, really, I do." How about your pet. Do you miss it, like we miss Leaker? A little time passes as she is remembering. "Why, yes I do have a kitty."

It's settled then. It's time for us all to go home. "But I...I..don't know how" replied the Skater Girl. On our toboggan, of course. Is it a magic toboggan?

Maybe.

I think so.

It must be.

It is FOR SURE!

OK, here is what we do.

We break the spell.  
We recite a poem.  
We say a prayer.  
We make a wish. All at the same time.

All hold hands. In a circle now. Give me your rabbit's foot for me to step on.

STOMP! That will break the spell!  
Ring around the rosie, pocket full of posies...  
Our Father, who art in Heaven...  
I wish I may, I wish I might....

Now JUMP, quick hurry, squeeze tight. Make room for five!! Weeee! The toboggan flies through the clouds, through the misty fog.

BUMP! CRASH! The toboggan and four children tip and roll over after hitting the jump they had packed high with snow. Laughing and squealing with delight.  
That was great!  
We really flew!  
Awesome!  
Ouch!

Four bedraggled children, now wet and tired pulled the toboggan home. Mom is at the door. It's about time! You've had quite a day. I started getting a little worried when Leaker came home alone. You must have really worn her out. Did you have fun?  
It was wonderful!  
Fantastic!  
Unbelievable!  
MAGICAL!!

In a hospital miles away, a beautiful young girl opened her eyes.

By: Marcie Thompson  
8/10/06



Alfred Turner 6/23/66





The moment somebody says 'this is very risky'  
is the moment it becomes attractive to me.



I can't be good all the time.



The trouble with trouble is it starts out as fun.



Nothing you say can shock me, honey.

*Nancy Schoenken, 2006*



"DOODLE OVERKILL"

# 45 Forty-Fifth Poem

for Alison  
by Jim Danky

Books books books books  
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books books books Books

and ZINES

## Colophon

*A bone folder is an essential tool for book makers.  
It creases paper to a nice, crisp fold.*

Originating in Madison, Wisconsin, the Bone Folders' Guild is a group of people who share a love for the book as art. The Bone Folders' Guild was founded in February 2001 by a group of artists who desired to meet like-minded book artists to learn, support, and encourage each other artistically. We share a passion for creating books as a form of artistic expression.

Members of the Bone Folders' Guild who created  
the Sixty Books include:

**Suzanne Berland, Susie Carlson, Carol Chase Bjerke,  
Nan Killoran, Laura Komai, Kathy Malkasian,  
Nancy Schoenherr, Tricia Schriefer, Karen Timm,  
Alexis Turner, Marilyn Wedberg,  
Carey Weiler, Kristin Yates.**

The text block paper used in all books is Arches Cover White, 270 gsm., 35.25" x 24.75" 100% cotton, acid free paper. Cover paper, cloth and other original embellishments were chosen by the book artists.

The Bone Folders Guild would like to thank Alison Jones Chaim for her thoughtful guidance through this process. Huge thanks to the South Central Library System for their cooperation with this project. Also, we send a gracious thank you to Madison CitiARTS for its financial support.

Case Case. Bjeh



