

A POPULAR INDIANA STORYTELLER WRITES . . .

Dear Travis,

Once upon a time, beyond the glass mountain, beyond the azure forest, beyond the straw town, there was a kind bard who sent a rare and wonderful gift of story to a fellow yarnweaver, moonspinner, purveyor of magic beans and seeds of truth. She listened and watched, enraptured by what she experienced, cradling a cup of delight in one hand and clasping a moist tissue in the other. As visions of a Grumpuss cavorted across imagination's screen, she realized that she had been mesmerized by one of her very kind, that she had fallen under the storyteller's storyspell.

To show her gratitude for the gracious gift bestowed by the bard, she sent a note, daring to employ the dreaded HTML, confident that any malicious spell that monster might create could be broken by the bard, if need be. In the note, she said, "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you (for all good things come in threes) for Grumpuss! I love it and shall watch it over and over and over thrice! What a rare gift you have! No, that should indeed be plural. To create such a delightful story in rhyme, to memorize it, and then present it in a beautiful setting I assume you created, as well...what a coup!" *

And they all lived happily everafter.

Sharon

Passing the Story along,

Sharon Kirk Clifton

(a.k.a. Jack's Mama, et al)

Purveyor of Magic Beans and Seeds of Truth

* In all fairness, although I did cause that beautiful setting to be created, Production Designer, Shaun Moore, and his excellent crew created it while I was up in Coventry, rehearsing the lovely, rhythmically gymnastic waifs.

— Travis Edward Pike