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Windfall

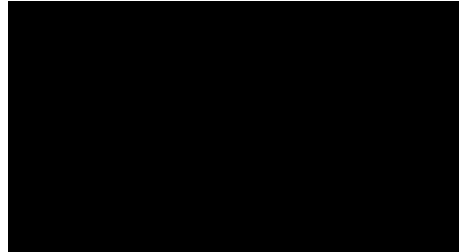
at Nichols College

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Rebecca John, *Photography*



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Ashley T,

Photography

Windfall
at Nichols College

Windfall is the literary magazine at Nichols College. It showcases the creative work of the students and faculty.

Is This Freedom?

By Jason Zhi-Wei Godown

Is this freedom? I have never left my kingdom before and I feel clueless to what awaits ahead. My friend (, ally, slave, I have no idea of our relationship) Ashley has been guiding me through the unfamiliar lands to the East of The Vain (my homeland). She has told me that the world outside of the walls I had lived in are unforgivable and will kill anyone who is not prepared.

I had seen many die or maimed in our journey Eastward. Ashley would always say to me “people like you need to be very careful when fighting or a single well-placed hit will take your arm off.” When I asked why she would just say “cause you’re a Hiver.” I knew we were different, but I did not know to what extent we were until she explained to me.

“You are a Hiver.”

“What?”

“You are a bug-stick man with three fingers on each hand and feet that pierce the earth.”

“I do not understand.”

She sighs. “I am a Scorchlander, a Human with coal back skin, white hair, and glowing eyes. We are not the same.”

“So, we are not the same type?”

“Not even close. Not racially, not personally, and not even where we are from.”

“You are not from a kingdom?”

“I am, but you are not. You come from a hive. I have no clue why you keep calling your old hive a “kingdom” anyways. You lived a life of subservient labor with other hivers doing your queen’s work like an ant colony. I am from a shit kingdom where being poor is an actual crime.”



Nicholas Kolodziejczak,
Photography

After that conversation, I tried my best to learn more about the world and how everyone fits in it. I was a “Hiver Prince” and managed the kingdom Hive on behalf of the queen. Hold on a minute, we really are just an ant colony! Shit! The queen gives birth to everyone, and everyone has roles based on their body structure. I figured that Ashley was a peasant in a kingdom on the other side of the world, as we do not get many reports of travelers meeting her description.

She told me about the four big nations; United Cities, the Holy Empire, Shek Kingdom, and the Western Hive. She told of the War, the relations between the nations, and where we were going. The Hub. I read about it in the past; it is one of the very few neutral zones in the world.

Ashley pointed to the distant town on the other side of the canyon and said, “That is The Hub.” As we continued to walk, we began to talk. “Do you know much about The Hub?”

“No, only that it is neutral.”

“The Hub is where anyone can be free. It is run by Holy Nation Outlaws, the people who hate xenophobic peoples and there is nothing outlawed.”

“I never knew about a place with no laws.”

“Now you do.”

When we passed through the gates, we were faced with a city filled with destroyed buildings. The only buildings still standing were the watchtowers, the bar, and a large building. “I know it might not look great, but it is still beautiful.” Ashley told me. She led me into the large building, it was filled with people manufacturing and training with weapons. A tall, muscular man with blue skin and white horns approached us, a Shek I assumed. “I brought us a new recruit” Ashley told him. He extended his arms and said, “Welcome to a new life of freedom and purpose!” He wrapped his arm around my shoulders and pressed me close. “Now, what would you like to do here?” Is this freedom?

Finish

By Wayne-Daniel Bedard

"I'm terrified." The young man barely breathed out the words, as if he were running full-tilt when he spoke.

He caught his breath long enough to say, "Of death. I'm terrified of death."

Abramovich sat with him in the "Over Easy, a country breakfast place." A bit off the beaten track. But worth it. Solid wooden tables, front window looking over a valley shaggy with green. It was always misty in these mountains, and one would have hardly been surprised if they stood up, shook themselves off, and settled back down again, all in the wink of an eye.

"I mean, on the one hand, there's nothing," ventilated the man. "The void. Non-existence. What's the use?"

He hadn't touched his huevos rancheros (extra cilantro on the side). Mr. Abramovich was making short work of his challah cinnamon french toast. He signaled the waitress for extra syrup. She smiled knowingly at him.

"Then there's after-life, but what's that? An eternity of mandatory chapel? Or the reverse? 'A wandering star in the blackness forever?' Of course, there's always reincarnation. But I won't remember. Just starting over. Perpetually. Stupidly. God!"

The syrup arrived in its tiny glass bottle, like a sweet, brown nip. Abramovich opened it and triumphantly poured half its contents into his tea. Heads turned. Screw caps loosened throughout.

"Would you like to know what happens after death? Abramovich asked, not looking up from his breakfast.

"Yes, of course I would," the man answered. "Who wouldn't?"

"Alright. Close your eyes."

But the other didn't, not at first. Rather, his eyes widened as he took in Abramovich. Extensive frame, tall even when sitting, in much the same way that a drawbridge is long, even when closed. Burly. A presence all of a piece -- and with the metal in his hand, and the porcelain it touched, the pine it rested on, and the earth that bore it.

He'd heard, this young man, that Abramovich was a mystic, even a wonder-worker. But to see the ultimate destination . . .

Kevin Chetwynd,
Photography



He closed his eyes. He didn't know what he was expecting. Some chant. The Shema, at least?

Thirty seconds went by. A minute. Two.

"Open," the man heard. He did so.

There was the restaurant. The tables. The mountains and the valley. And Mr. Abramovich, who had finished his breakfast.

"Nothing," he signaled for the check like a sistine gesture. "The chapel. The use. God."



Jade Parker,
Photography



Jared Locke,
Photography

Mike Spraulding,
Watercolor



Dinosaur Age

By Wayne-Daniel Bedard

Dinosaur scares no
one just annoys them
stumpy prethumbs keep
hitting delete which is
ironic technology enrages
him his sharpest incisors
pale before millennial
Facebook posts even raptor
speed can't compete with
trends trending trendlessly
and virility is no match for
virality if the furry fast ones
did not need a basemento-
saurus to crash with
he'd already be extinct
Dinosaur hopes a meteor
crashes the economy
otherwise he's as secure as
the next news cycle passé as
a passing kurd.



Ashley Tarantino,
Photography

Shameless

By Hope Rudzinski

The flames overtook the house as she watched him scream in agony. The heat formed water droplets on her forehead as one single tear fell from her soft green eyes. Her heart was racing, but her mind was content. Content with the fact that he was burning all those times he raised a hand to her. Content with the lies that were oozing from his flesh, in which overtook her nostrils. She stepped outside and started running. Heels digging into the wet grass, making it harder to escape. Memories came folding back. Vision was hazier than the thick fog that covered the air in the morning. Her body felt as if the ground was holding her down. The salt air consumed her as she forgot about everything. Blood covered her as she dropped to her knees. Seagulls flew high above as the only thing that filled her ears were the waves crashing. Crashing down like her heart when she found he was going to leave her for another woman. Crashing down like every word that

dragged her down, told her she wasn't good enough. A metallic taste filled her mouth as she started to scream. The screams were dull and empty. All those times she threw herself at him, trying to change the way he looked at her. Instead he had his eyes on another woman, who wasn't half the woman she was. She closed her eyes and let go. Her body gracefully drifted into the ocean. The ice-cold waves drifted her body out into sea. Her teeth chattered as she let go of who she was. The water cleansed her body and purified her soul. She let go of him. She let go of his body. She let go of hers. She let go of her thoughts, of her self-worth, of her purity. She let go of everything that defined her.

Tyler Chieffo,
Photography



Physics of Marriage

By Nikki Boss

“On the dresser.” She spoke slowly.
“I’ve already looked there.”
She sipped at her cigarette, afraid to
pull too deep. “Well, look again.”
“Where are my keys? I’m going, Tessa.”
“So go.” She raised her chin, blowing
smoke toward the center of the room.

*

Buoyancy causes cigarette
smoke to spread through the air in lay-
ers; non-zero velocity also plays a part.
When a smoker exhales, the smoke rises
because the temperature is higher than
that of the air, but cools as it does so,
decreasing the net force. The smoke ap-
pears stagnant, though it is still moving.
It is the air that is stagnant.

“Enjoy your whore, Sam.” She
ground her cigarette into the clam-
shell ashtray, one singular movement
of strength. Tessa could keep creating
ashes, and she could blow them all away
with a single breath.

“I need my keys, Tessa.”

“I need my husband.” She
wrapped her arms around herself and
held on tight. “It’s been over twenty
years. I’m your wife.”

“Fine. I’ll call a cab, then.”

She screamed. The neighbors
downstairs slammed a door. Outside, a
taxi honked. The city traffic was melodi-
ous in an orchestra of noise.

*

Pitch, frequency, intensity,
speed -- words associated with sound.
Variations in pressure cause sound
waves to travel – an object vibrates,
causing the air to vibrate, causing the
eardrum to vibrate. The brain connects
these vibrations as sound.



Hope Rudzinski,
Photography

Nick Vermette,
Photography



Sam lunged at her.

His hands were carrion, they consumed everything in their path. They had consumed Tessa long ago, annihilating any strength she once had.

*

The tangible fist stops when it connects to the face, but the energy keeps going. The movement must go somewhere. Momentum transfer. Figuring this out mathematically can cradle that energy, using the laws of physics to absorb a punch. Physical equations to decrease physical trauma.

*

“Just give me the keys. I’ll be back at some point.” He looked down at her with distaste. She went into the kitchen and opened a cabinet, handing him the keys along with her white flag. He left without another word.

Tessa began twisting the wedding ring on her finger. Back and forth,

up and down. The scab underneath reopened.

*

There is an old adage that to see is to believe. Human blood is not blue. Light does not travel through skin without effort. It is absorbed and spit back out continuously. The human eye processes the reflecting light and provides an answer: blue. Light is able to trick the eye, coercing the brain into seeing something that doesn’t exist.

*

Sam came back Thursday morning, long after a greenish-blue flower had bloomed against Tessa’s cheekbone. He kissed her softly and handed her a rose.

She smiled and lit another cigarette.

Reprint. Original piece appears in
Crack the Spine, Issue 214.

Bird Boy

By Christine Collins

Staring like a raven in the late night,
You peer at me from far across the room.
You bring me joy and you bring me some fright.
You sweep me off the ground, garnished with plume.
Join me for the journey of a lifetime-
Why do you run away when I get near?
I will cage you and lock you up, sometime!
I long for you to come fluttering here.
But I cannot find you outside of class.
I just long for you to spread your awed wings.
The passion is white-hot; you are my glass,
You stand for dreams, not material things.
Don't fly away, I need you here with me.
Smell the great breeze, my little canary.



Kevin Chetwynd,
Photography



Carlie Rudzinski
Photography



Tyler Chieffo,
Photography

Empty Spaces

By Hope Rudzinski

All she wanted was love
Even though she never was able to love herself
Ending up with random bodies underneath her
To fulfill her temporary desires
She was sad when he left her
With a heart that wasn't emptied
A bed that was
And a brain that didn't know how to process it all



Mike Spraulding,
Watercolor

The Inner War

By William Rosa

“Get Up! Get Up!”

Are the words I forced out with the little bit of energy I could gather. My mind seemed to move at a pace that my body couldn't seem to keep up with. I fought as if I woke up to a battle within myself for control.

“Breathe! Breathe!”

Is what I couldn't help but shout to myself when walking through this cloud of smoke. The dark ash and burnt scent were so powerful that my lungs began to dry up as if I had spent time stuck in a desert. Moving through the burnt wood was not an easy task. With every step I found it harder to maintain my balance. The pain when my foot touched the ground was unbearable. It was as painful like stepping upon broken glass. I looked down at my hands to see them covered with dirt and blood that seemed

to be my own. I tried to recall the last thing I could remember from before I woke up. First thing I thought about was my name. I recalled quick that my name is Carter Wilson, infantry soldier from Falcon Unit. The last thing I could remember was laying in my hut the night before looking at the photo of my wife, Maria and my newborn, Max. Maria was this blonde long-haired woman that caught my eye the day I met her. She was at this performance that some of the guys invited me to in a dinner late one night. I stood up to groove to the beat when there she was. Dancing around with a smile that had the power to light up the room, better than any flashlight could. I told her that night that she was the woman that I wanted to be mine. She couldn't help but giggle and call me crazy for getting ahead of myself. But I couldn't help it once something catches my eye then I work my hardest to receive and maintain it with me for as long as I possibly can.



Jared Locke,
Photography

Present Time

I know I said something to the photo of them before my mind drifted to the clouds in the sky. I told them “Don’t you worry, Daddy’s going to fight for you both.” That photo was put back in the same lucky spot I have carried it with me throughout the years, which was inside the strap my helmet had attached to it. It didn’t take long before I fell in this deep heavy dream that overcame my whole body.

(Explosion) * (Panic)* *(Shots Fired)
* *(Buildings collapsing) *
“Calm Down! Calm Down!”

I shout out again to calm the nerves in my body who can’t help but make me feel like the center of a storm is brewing up inside myself. Once the smoke cleared and my eyes began to adjust to the light everything hidden has stepped out of the shadows. It occurs to me that the entire town has been destroyed. Every angle I looked at gave me a familiar feeling to how things were before this occurred. This no longer felt like home. I could not remember the scent of fresh bread that excited me each morning or even the smiles that has been created by those I saw in morning. In this situation, I couldn’t stop thinking why

someone do this to our homes instead of who did this.

I spot this pale figure approaching me from a great distance. Mumbling these words that I could seem to make out clearly. The closer the person got the easier it was to analysis what he looked like. He wore an oversized green jacket with dirt and blood stains covering every inch. The man seemed to have a dark green helmet strapped to his head that just didn’t seem to be staying in place. He had a red bright plus sign on his right arm with the words “Medic” written all under it. He seemed to not have a weapon, or any firepower attached to him which confirmed that he was indeed a combat medic. He muttered some words towards me, but I couldn’t understand what he was saying due to the ringing that was beginning to fade from my ears. After some time, the man finally became about arm’s length from me. I gazed upon the patch on his chest that said the name Miguel. Miguel words became understandable through all the background noises and shouting. “Are you hurt!” said Miguel. Gazing upon me with an observant look on his face.

“What happened to us here?” I stated.
“We are at war soldier!” said Miguel.
“What is your name?” said Miguel.
“Do you know where you are?” said Miguel, assuming I could have received some form of a head injury or caught in a moment of shock.
“uhm yesss...I remember that we were camped out in a little calm town waiting to receive orders before we marched forward into battle.” I muttered with the little of energy I am holding within.
“That’s right. We were ambushed by the enemy’s side while we were waiting for those commands.” Miguel said.
“I don’t remember that part happening. My name is Carter. Carter Wilson from Mississippi. “
“Well Carter I need you to gather yourself and help search for others that could be wounded.” Shouted Miguel through all the background noises and gun fire.
“Okay I will but....” I stated.
“GET GOING NOW!” Was the final thing I heard from Miguel.



Expectations

By Hope Rudzinski

Fucked up fairytales
They don’t show you all the misconceptions
And tell you all the lies
About love
They only show you
What men should be like
Loyal and Charming
And what women shouldn’t be like
Helpless and relying on a man to save her

Who Am I

By Emma Dashnaw

I am a daughter. I am a sister. I am an independent woman who answers to no man; but most importantly, I am ME. I am a dependable friend offering help to those who call on me, no matter what time or day. I am a fierce warrior facing my fears, overcoming challenges, yet wearing my heart on my sleeve. I am a light within the darkness, a beacon for those who have lost their path, an inspiration for the hopeless. I am a keeper of secrets, a righter of wrongs, the people's champion advocating for those without a voice.

I am an artist painting my blank, empty canvas with vivid ideas and colorful aspirations. I am a dreamer staring up at the night sky, arms outstretched, hoping to someday grasp the stars within my sight. I am ambitious yet humble, steadfast but malleable, a piece of clay to be shaped and molded, formed and re-formed, changing as often as I see fit. This is who I am, I am me.



Demitriæ Worbel,
Photography

The 3200 Meter Run

By Olivia Antonson

I'm standing on the grassy area next to the hot track. The heat on this late-May day is intense, and I feel a drip of perspiration make its way from my neck to down between my breasts, coming to a rest on the band of my sports bra. "3200m on deck!" I hear the meet direct shout through his bullhorn. My heartrate jumps the slightest bit. The 3200m, also known as the two-mile, is one of my events. 8 laps of hell. Pure death. Complete torture. Week after week my coach puts me in this event because it's an easy way to score points and I'm one of the only female distance runners on the team. Lucky me.

I do some last-minute stretches and triple check that my shoelaces are tied correctly. "Girls 3200m on the line!" the meet direct screams in a gruff voice, sans bullhorn. My nerves spike as I take the track. I exchange good

lucks and smiles with the other runners; I think they'll need it. I quickly go through my pre-race routine of tightening my ponytail, readying my watch, and taking a deep breath.

"Runners to your mark!" I step into position and assume my race stance. "Set!" My finger is ready to hit the start button on my watch. Bang! The gun goes off and the race begins.

I easily settle into a good pace, trailing right behind the girl from Waterville High. As I approach the line at the end of my first lap, I hear Chandra, one of my teammates, yelling from the stands. "Only 7 laps to go, Sarah!" I roll my eyes and increase my pace slightly. Chandra runs the 100m and 200m, a cakewalk in comparison to the 3200m death march. The next several laps pass easily. I overtake a few runners and soon find myself in the lead.

I glance at my watch as I end my 7th lap. I'm fast, very fast. A quick calculation has me finishing 20 seconds better than my best time. A meet assistant vigorously shakes a cowbell as I cross the line to begin my 8th and final lap. The cowbell is one of my favorite sounds as it always signals that the end is near. I take the first corner of the last lap and my head starts spinning.



Hope Rudzinski,
Photography



No. This is bad. Black spots appear behind my eyes and I can hear the blood rush in my ears. I keep pushing forward.

“Dig deep!” I hear my coach shout from across the track. I pass the 200m mark. 3000m down. I’m so close to the end of the race and I’m leading the pack. Suddenly, I can’t feel my legs and I stumble forward. I catch myself and I keep running, hard. I round the last corner and start the final 100m. A single straightaway stands between me, a personal record, and a win in the 3200m. But something’s off. I should be hearing the deafening roars of the crowd; overlapping screams and encouraging shouts from teammates and spectators. The rush of blood in my ears is gone too. Instead, I hear a constant high-pitched buzzing. 50m to go. I give it everything I have, but I don’t have nearly enough to give. My legs give out, my body calls it quits. My face meets the warm track as the world pitches around me and goes black.

I never made it to the finish line. I could have won the race, set a personal best, made my coaches and teammates proud. Instead, I disappointed everyone, including myself. I roll over in bed and stare at the lifeless hospital walls. The scratchy sheets on my inpatient bed irritate my skin, but I can’t be bothered to care. My eating disorder destroyed my life. Destroyed my track career. Ruined relationships with friends and family. I often pretend I’m back at that race, readying myself for the 3200m, about to take the line. My body was so starved for nutrients, so desperate for calories that it gave up before I could cross the finish line. I can’t blame it; I hate my body just as much as it hates me. The anorexia facilitates the mutual hatred and thrives off of the memory of a race that could have been my best but ended up being my last. My eating disorder won.

Fox Tracks

By Victoria McPherson

Calvin had been stuck at home those three days because of an accident at his work. A small fire had happened in the kitchen and spread, causing damages. So now the owner of the company was looking for a new space to work out of. Calvin's mind had wondered from that though, as the fox became an everyday anomaly. As far as Calvin knew there were no foxes in this area, and the fox also had a blue and white bandana around its neck.

The first day that the fox had arrived he watched with his coffee as it pranced around his yard yapping. His house was small, a single-story building with 2 bedrooms. His yard was large though, meeting the wide woods behind it at the berry bushes. He owned some of the woods back there, but he had forgotten by now. In his 3 years of living in the house he had never seen an animal come out of the woods.

It was tempting to go out and take a closer look at the creature. Calvin did not go outside though, knowing that the animal may be dangerous. On the second day the fox came and sat at his back door, yapping more. This gave Calvin the perfect opportunity to look at the fox closer. Its body was primarily orange, though its underbelly and the tip of its tail were white. The paws and most of its legs were black, and Calvin got a good look at the bandana. It was indeed blue and white like he thought it was the day before, having small blue carrots pasted across the white background. Calvin managed to shoo it away before going about his day.

The third day was different though, as the fox lurked by his garden. Calvin had thought that starting a garden would be a good idea, something to get him outside more. But he had soon abandoned the project when work got busy at the beginning of the summer. With fall approaching fast he had forgotten it was there and didn't even know if anything had grown. Still he felt a need to protect the garden as the fox drew closer to where the carrots had been planted.



Nicholas Kolodziejczak,
Photography

Calvin went outside, causing the fox to look up. They made eye contact as the corners of the fox's mouth drew up, like it was smiling.

So, you've finally come out. Calvin imagined the fox saying as it sat down.

"Go away." Calvin said, waving his hand in the air. He didn't want to raise his voice at it. Sure, it was a fox, but Calvin thought that raising your voice at anyone was unnecessary.

The fox frowned, But I want you to come with me.

Calvin let out a frustrated sigh and shook his head, the fox isn't talking to him, it doesn't want him to follow, it just wants what's in the garden. "Go away." He repeated.

The fox didn't take this as an answer, instead pulling a carrot out of the ground and running into the woods. Calvin didn't know why but he was compelled to follow it. He didn't need to; it was just a carrot after all. His legs were faster than his brain though, as he was already in the forest. As he ran into the woods after the fox, he thought about how stupid of an idea it was. Not only was it very unnecessary but he also wasn't prepared at all. Calvin was still in his pajamas and slippers, which had nearly fallen off several times.

The woods were a lot thicker than he had thought they were. He slowed down to look at the towering pines and sturdy oaks. He felt something rub up against his leg, startling him. He looked down to see the fox, carrot still in its mouth. Nice isn't it, Calvin imagines the fox saying as it began to move forward again, munching on the carrot as it went.

"Yeah." He muttered, looking behind him. He realized how deep he was and how lost he had become. With nothing else to do he continued to follow the fox. They passed more and more of the forest, birch trees and plants that Calvin would never be able to put a name to. "Where are you taking me?" He did not know if he was asking himself or the fox this. The fox did not reply, instead it maneuvered itself over the rock and branches faster. After a few minutes Calvin found himself back in his yard, the sun now high in the sky.

He turned around to look at the fox, confused. At no point had they turned around, and yet here they were. The fox dropped the green part of the carrot and grinned, I'll be seeing you tomorrow. Be ready this time.

Calvin was ready that day, and every other day after that. Once he had gotten back in his house, he rummaged around to find his old pair of boots. He was glad that they still fit. He began to pack a bag for the next day but stopped when he grabbed a flashlight. What was he doing? Why should he listen to some voice that he made up for a fox? Even then, why would he trust a fox? He let the flashlight drop into the bag, "I'm going crazy." He hoped that his boss would find a new building soon, otherwise he might be talking to the blue jays next.

Nevertheless, the fox came back for him the next day, sitting at the back door with its tail wagging. It practically shoved Calvin into the forest, making

him almost fall over a few times. The fox lead the way again, though something seemed different. Calvin noticed that even though they were in the part of the woods with the large pines and oaks they weren't there. Instead the forest was filled with old birch trees, some falling over while others drifted in the wind. Calvin held the strap of his bag tight while looking around. The fox joyfully sped along while Calvin tried to keep pace. He was distracted by the thought that the forest had seemingly changed overnight.

The forest did that every day, changing from one forest to another. One day there was pine again, another red oak. On the fourth day of going in the woods it had become swampy, the ground was soft, and the trees hung low.

At one-point Calvin tried going close to the water but the fox stopped him, No, not there. Not yet at least. Calvin didn't understand, but thought that if the fox said so then he shouldn't go in.

Another day the forest became more like a mountain, with steep slopes and large boulders. Calvin outpaced the fox without realizing it. Slow down! He turned around to see the fox looking out over a valley below them.



Nicholas Vermette,
Photography

Abigail Stansky,
Painting



The sun was setting and looked like it was being held by the horizon. It's beautiful, isn't it.

"It is." Calvin agreed, really acknowledging both the beauty of what was around him and the fox for the first time. He felt guilty, he'd be going back to work soon and would probably never see the fox again. He wanted to say something, almost hoping that if he did the fox would take him some where more beautiful than this and that he'd never want to leave. Then again, what was the point, it was just a fox after all.

The next morning Calvin could hear the fox at the back door. It yapped and yapped, Hurry! I need to show you something! Calvin got himself ready and opened the door, Come on Calvin! I just found this last night, you have to see it. The fox quickly ran into the forest, causing Calvin to run after him. This is fantastic, I was hoping I'd find it before you had to go back.

"Find what?" Calvin hadn't seen the fox this excited before, not even when he had first gone into the woods. He had also noticed that this was the most the fox had spoken to him, his comments and remarks usually reserved for directions or a rather interesting sight.

You'll see, now come on! It's not much further. After a few minutes they had come to a clearing, a wide circle

with mostly little plants and saplings.

In the center though stood a large tree, taller than any of the other ones that they had seen and thicker too. We're in the heart of the forest, the fox explained, really there's nothing special about it. I just have a hard time finding it. Calvin was still staring up at the tree. How could there be nothing special about it, it was larger than anything that Calvin had ever seen. Seeing the tree made Calvin want to find it for himself if he ever got the chance, but he was afraid that he never would.

As they walked back Calvin took in every detail of the forest, he could see the swamp in the distance and felt the breeze coming in from the mountain side. They passed through the birch forest and back into the pines. When they reached his yard, Calvin turned to thank the fox, but he wasn't there. Looking around Calvin found the blue and white bandana on the ground. He picked it up as the stars began to come out. He felt tired and sad, the thought of returning to work no longer excited him. As he walked into his kitchen, he looked at his calendar, reaching for a marker to mark something down. On Saturday he drew a tree.