

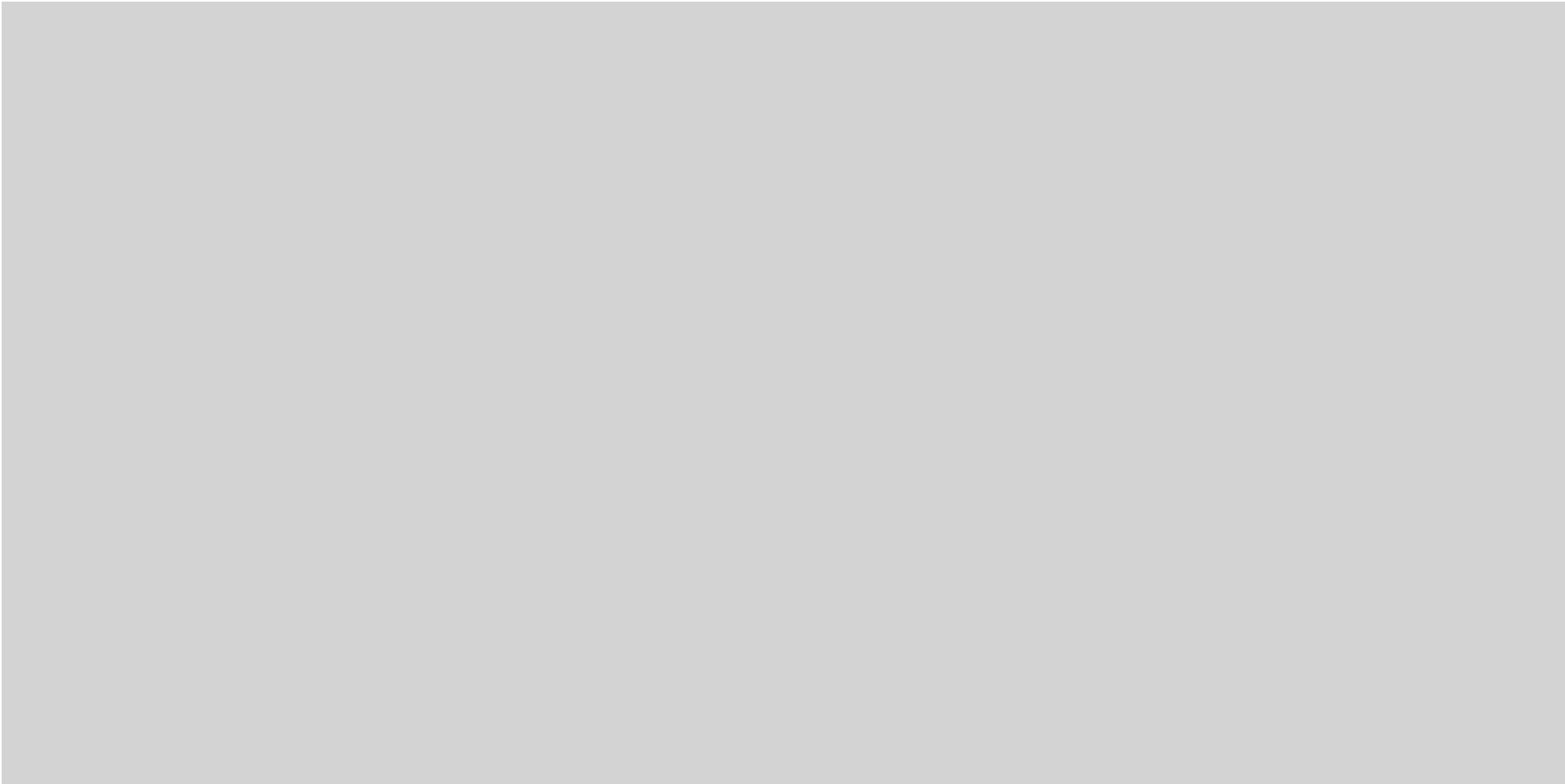
# The Accomplishment of Economic Balance



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I'm heading back to Colorado tomorrow after being down in Santa Barbara over the weekend for the festival there. I will be making October plans once there and will try to arrange so I'm back here for the birthday if possible. I'll let you know as soon as I know the doctor's appointment schedule and my flight plans.

His parents continued to question him. He didn't know what to say to them since they refused to believe the truth. He explained again and again, and they dismissed his explanation as a figment of his imagination. There was no way that grandpa, who had been dead for five years, could have told him where the treasure had been hidden. Of course, it didn't help that grandpa was roaring with laughter in the chair next to him as he tried to explain once again how he'd found it.

He had done everything right. There had been no mistakes throughout the entire process. It had been perfection and he knew it without a doubt, but the results still stared back at him with the fact that he had lost.

What were they eating? It didn't taste like anything she had ever eaten before and although she was famished, she didn't dare ask. She knew the answer would be one she didn't want to hear.

It was difficult to explain to them how the diagnosis of certain death had actually given him life. While everyone around him was in tears and upset, he actually felt more at ease. The doctor said it would be less than a year. That gave him a year to live, something he'd failed to do with his daily drudgery of a routine that had passed as life until then.



It was that terrifying feeling you have as you tightly hold the covers over you with the knowledge that there is something hiding under your bed. You want to look, but you don't at the same time. You're frozen with fear and unable to act. That's where she found herself and she didn't know what to do next

She considered the birds to be her friends. She'd put out food for them each morning and then she'd watch as they came to the feeders to gorge themselves for the day. She wondered what they would do if something ever happened to her. Would they miss the meals she provided if she failed to put out the food one morning?

She patiently waited for his number to be called. She had no desire to be there, but her mom had insisted that she go. She's resisted at first, but over time she realized it was simply easier to appease her and go. Mom tended to be that way. She would keep insisting until you wore down and did what she wanted. So, here she sat, patiently waiting for her number to be called.

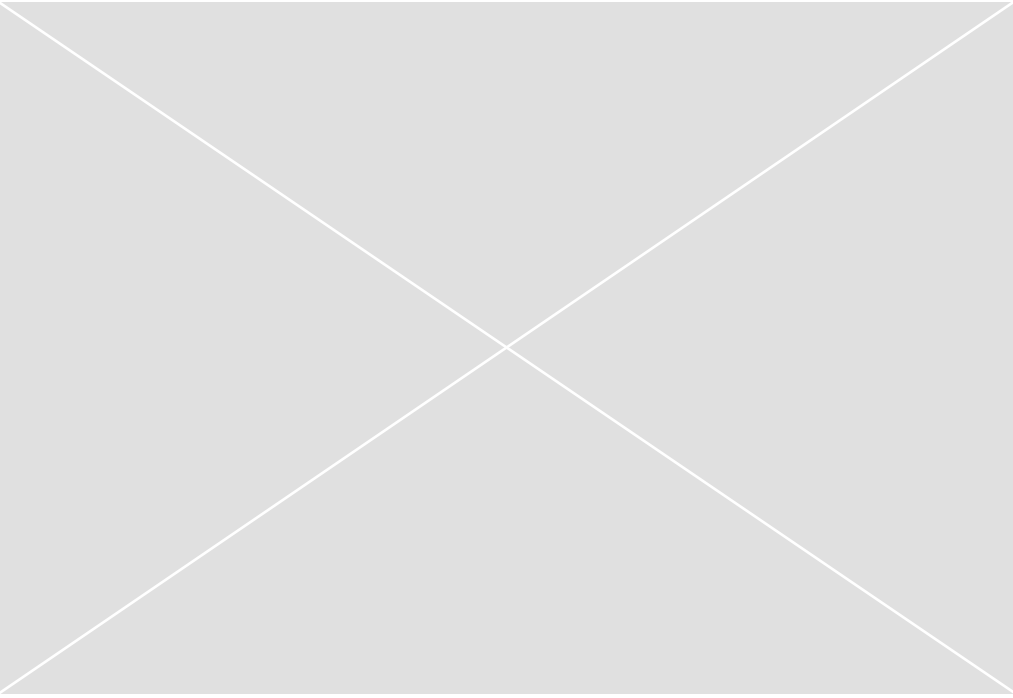
Waiting and watching. It was all she had done for the past weeks. When you're locked in a room with nothing but food and drink, that's about all you can do anyway. She watched as birds flew past the window bolted shut. She couldn't reach it if she wanted too, with that hole in the floor. She thought she could escape through it but three stories is a bit far down.

They argue. While the argument seems to be different the truth is it's always the same. Yes, the topic may be different or the circumstances, but when all said and done, it all came back to the same thing. They both knew it, but neither has the courage or strength to address the underlying issue. So they continue to argue.

Sometimes it's the first moment of the day that catches you off guard. That's what Wendy was thinking. She opened her window to see fire engines screeching down the street. While this wasn't something completely unheard of, it also wasn't normal. It was a sure sign of what was going to happen that day. She could feel it in her bones and it wasn't the way she wanted the day to begin.

He had three simple rules by which he lived. The first was to never eat blue food. There was nothing in nature that was edible that was blue. People often asked about blueberries, but everyone knows those are actually purple. He understood it was one of the stranger rules to live by, but it had served him well thus far in the 50+ years of his life.

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