The Ungodly Disciple

(3 - 17) “No part in any one soul can discern

a heart capable of gross betrayal;

Nor can we anticipate the callousness of the other soul

That has drunk itself so numb, as to allow it.

This is an evil that blindsides the trusting

and thrusts a knife into the heart of the innocent.

(3 - 18) “As the heart bleeds some do not die.

There are a few that grow stronger

And a few that grow wiser.

Still… there are the “too many”

That remain twisted and pass that legacy on!”

*From the book of Nathanial,*

*Scribe to the “Ungodly Disciple”*

*Chapter three; Verse seventeen and eighteen*

*A philosophical warrior becomes the leader of a revolution, rebelling against an established and corrupt church.*

*©, 2012,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

The Ungodly Disciple

Prologue

There are distant screams in the catacombs, all of them of less consequence than the pain of heated iron thrust against his side. His flesh hisses like meat hanging over a tavern fire. The prisoner dangles in the air on frayed ropes. Writhing, he refuses to cry out. His tormentor laughs, taking hideous delight in the contortions and the tears that spring, from what he is inflicting; still the little man seems frustrated that he cannot get his victim to scream aloud or beg.

The dungeons reek of urine and waste. The torches are an old man’s eyes that flicker and cause tears more than give insight as to the cruelty ongoing. The rats number more than the screams of the prisoners. The dark of the dungeons barely live up to the dark of the souls of those who are perpetuating sin.

The tormentor heats the next iron, the doors of the prison burst open. An overweight, over-robed, sweating priest rushes into the cell, “You’re going to kill him you idiot! And what good does that do us without a confession?” The tormenter cringes from the obvious authority of this antagonist.

The prisoner forces open, closed eyes, squinting against the blood. “You…” he rasps, “it is you who have done this to me…to your own agent?”

The fat man shrugs and lifts a sandal, to inspect the bile he has just stepped in; his voice reeks of condescension. “You are of little value any longer. In fact… you seek to bring the church down.” He wipes his nose with fragrant linen feigning off the repugnant results of his own orders.

It hurts to talk but the prisoner forces words through a whisper. “What lie is this? I have never sought to bring the church down.”

The fat man waves a finger at him like he is lecturing an errant youth. “When you disagree with the church… you seek to bring us down. Do you think we don’t keep tabs on those that feign allegiance?’”

The prisoner spits, only to clear his mouth. “Disagreement only threatens those who know they are wrong.” He coughs, “How can I threaten a religion? I am but one man.”

The priest lets the tormentor wave the iron in front of the prisoners’ face. He and the tormentor both smile, enjoying the power. “You are the one who has to name yourself the heretic and repent. By doing so, you will acknowledge the rebellion and absorb the guilt. Who knows… we might let you die quickly.”

The prisoner cracks a twisted smile against scab and bruising. His eyes suddenly smolder. “In all the weeks I have been imprisoned here, this is the first time you have found the courage to face me. Now you acknowledge your guilt.” He twists his neck as if clearing a strained muscle. “This was all I was waiting for. You have professed your guilt to your god, now it is your turn to face judgment!”

The fat priest’s face drains color, he laughs hesitantly; “Blasphemy!” He looks at the tormentor. “You heard it yourself… blasphemy!” Though he doesn’t step back, his voice betrays faint fear. He turns on the prisoner. “You are the ungodly disciple who is dying here!”

“Yes I was.” The prisoner strains and rises up on the ropes. One of the ragged hemp shackles snap like the sound of a gavel. With his freed arm, he grabs the cowl of the priest’s robe while his legs whip out like snakes and wrap the fat hypocrites’ neck. With a twist there is a crack and the obese one dies with a look of surprise still on his face.

The tormentor watches, stunned, which allows the prisoner the time to drop the priest and use his free arm to wrest the branding rod away. He feels no remorse as he thrusts it into the neck of the sick little man. The old fool never has the time to adequately reflect, how quickly lifes’ fortunes can change.

For the longest time the prisoner hangs there, almost resigned to the defeat, life routinely deals. Finally, after a deep expel of defiance and an indrawn breath of commitment, he uses the hot iron to cut the last rope. His own body falls to the floor with no resistance offered or capable on his part. The heretic lies on the ground, a very long moment, pressed to the damp and mossy stone. Before long he is rising with a rasp of vengeance; a slow whisper.

“The ungodly disciple,” he sighs and rubs his face, wincing as his hands pass over fresh wounds; “a fitting name.” He coughs; reaches down, drawing a sword from the tormentors’ belt. With much effort, as well as frequent support from the stone walls, he staggers quietly out into the dark corridor. The prisoner’s tortured figure, as well as his labored breathing, eventually merge with the mist and become a story, a soon to be twisted legend, a romantic song that might very well be sung, off-key in taverns, long into many a future night.

*©, 2012,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

The Ungodly Disciple

A Twist In The Mirror

*by* Eric Koch

(4 - 6) “There are a few moments in every life

when a person may be stunned by their own revelations.

Due to such insights, many lives can be,

Possibly altered and changed forever.

(4 - 7) Yet some revelations are followed by apathy,

Which is the world proving, over and over,

That… many people are incapable of absorbing truth…

Or, at the very least, end up

Perverting it to their own image.”

*From the book of Nathanial,*

*Scribe to the “Ungodly Disciple”*

*Chapter four; Verse six and seven.*

The Ungodly Disciple

A Twist In The Mirror

*by* Eric Koch

Book One

(2 - 1) “We are all subject to human failings.

This only becomes a character flaw

when it is found to be repetitive.

(2 - 2) When we become so self-absorbed and unaware

That we do not recognize

our own lack of growing…

Then we are self damned and should never

Blame that damnation on our God

*From the book of Nathanial,*

*Scribe to the “Ungodly Disciple”;*

*Chapter Two; Verse One and Two*

My name is Nathaniel, and I carry the scrolls between the seven temples of Sascon. I consider myself privileged, and have vowed one day to be a scholar for the church and not just a runner.

It is the third night of “The Abacus”; the mourning for the lost Saints. I am running between the second and the seventh temple. When I meet Vosaud, he is like a storm standing right outside arms reach. Actually I don’t meet him… as much as he saves my life. Our initial introduction is on the very night of his escape from imprisonment and torture. The scrolls I carry will later prove to be the transcripts and the declarations of his accused heresy.

A drunken group of four, step out from the shadows confronting me. They reek of ale, which is only overpowered by the lack of their own personal hygiene. I believe they are only after coin, but since I have none, they seek to collect instead with mindless violence. I am kicked and stomped beyond counting and it would have most assuredly increased until my passing, had not a voice spoke out from the dark. That voice is made all the more ominous being accompanied by a bruised, bloodied figure wrapped in thin layers of fog.

“Are you animals without reason or compassion, or are you only such cowards that it takes four of you to prevail against one?” They look at the questioning figure, as if weighing his worth to mine.

He holds his arms out. “I am only one.” The insult ultimately weighs against him and they turn from me like a pack of rabid dogs. They would storm right over him but he pulls a sword. His eyes smolder and the wounds on his flesh glisten in barely dried blood. “Now you should give pause and contemplate your mortality. Do you wish this to be the last night you breathe air … or do you still retain enough wisdom to turn and leave, that you may breathe a few more nights to come?”

One in the group snarls a curse and rushes him.

Though bruised and obviously weakened, my benefactor moves like water poured from a pitcher. The attacker loses his knife and his hand, all in one motion. His head leaves his shoulders in a return whirl and the “Ungodly Disciple” looks at the rest of them with contempt. “It seems you can only prevail against the weak or unarmed! You are less than dogs and tonight you will all meet your Maker!”

Two more swear and stumble toward him. One receives a hilt to the forehead and a knife to the groin. The next throws his own knife which is casually knocked aside, as my benefactor’s knife finds its way, with silent accuracy, to his throat. There is no scream, no denial, only quiet acceptance with a trace of disbelief.

The last of them drops his weapon trying to push past, and flee. The “Ungodly Disciple” pulls still another knife but then seems to think better of it. That knife returns to its sheath as he shakes his head with a sigh, “Sometimes it makes no sense to seek retaliation against stupidity.”

*©, 2013,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

The Ungodly Disciple

Book Two

An Unexpected Tryst

*by* Eric Koch

(7 - 10) “What are we to do when

We no longer see ourselves for what we have become?

Are we to lament and blame our God

Or should we blame ourselves for not growing and changing.

(7 - 11) The cries and wails from hell are not just from the sinners.

They are from the fools that could not, or would not,

Repent, learn and grow from their mistakes

*From the book of Nathanial,*

*Scribe to the “Ungodly Disciple”*

*Chapter four; Verse six and seven.*

At that moment we turn a fork in the lower cavern’s trail. It opens up, looking down again on a small oasis. Birds squawk belligerence at our intrusion and small animals scamper odd directions in apparent abundance. There seems to be, to my untrained eye, a motley collection of people, albeit a large tribe with their tents spread out before us.

Horses and camels are tethered, but what catches my attention is a falcon, that lets out a cry and flies in from the nearest tree to the ungodly disciple. She lands on his shoulder and then jumps to the ground without incident, though her talons would have torn the shirt and the flesh from any other man.

I am amazed to hear the birds’ voice sing in my mind. *“So you have come back to us?”*

*“Did you miss me my love?”* They both speak from their mind.

*“Why would I miss one who left all of us behind?”*

*“Oh come now my pet…you could have come to me at any time.”*

*Are you that foolish or just too human? How long would a falcon last in the city?”*

I interrupt in my mind with my own thoughts. *“He was held as a heretic in the dungeons of the church.”*

The falcon blinks several times before speaking. *“He knows the old speak?”*

*“So it would appear. I thought there was something about him.”* The ungodly disciple smiles at the bird and there is merely a silent look between both of them. I myself am too quietly surprised to offer any more input.

*©, 2013,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

-Sholama & Jomalok-

-Season Out of Time-

*Created & Written by*

*Eric Koch*

*A seven year old girl is the unanticipated Shaman, destined to combat the spirit of winter, “Ever’ice” who has halted the awakening of the Seasons. The Spirits of spring; “Da’born”, summer; “Sun’sha” and fall; “Co’napa” have been forced to sleep so that “Ever-ice”, may live on past his season.*

-Sholama & Jomalok-

-Season Out of Time-

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

Prologue

And in that day, Raven soared on the winds and called each breeze his brother. Then came the day the winds halted their run from the far North Augustan Mountains and lifted Raven with their voice. And Raven was warned by the winds of storm:

“Beware when Ever’ice, the Spirit of Winter

Seeks what is not his to hold.

He would steal from Da’born, the Spirit of Spring,

And in so doing, take also from Sun’sha, the Spirit of Summer,

And Co’napa, the Spirit of Fall.

When this has come to pass

The earth shall grow cold and weep

And the animals cry aloud and mourn.

Many voices will be heard to say “Surely this is the end.”

And the Mother Spirit of Earth will seem to agree.

But in that time of times there will also be whispers,

Whispers of a Shaman…

One who loves the earth…

One who walks with the animals…

One who would war with Nature…

In the search to reclaim the Mother Spirit’s children

And return to her, the Seasons.”

So Raven set out on his own, to search the four corners of the land, looking for this Shaman.

And the Great Spirit Ever’ice did rebuke and punish the winds and set them against Raven. And it is said that this was first time Raven ever flew against the wind!

From the words passed down through Shaman

Until their inscription in the caves of Balamore

*©, 2005,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

-Sholama & Jomalok-

-Season Out of Time-

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

Seven-year-old Sholama laughed and tossed a snowball at her best friend. The snow hit the heavy brown fur of the bear she called, Jomalok. With great exaggeration the giant bear reared up, standing ten of her high, and grabbed at his belly. *“I am sorely wounded. I fear this is the end of the greatest animal who ever walked through the forests of Shakatem. All who live in the shadows of these forests will mourn this day; the day the great bear Jamalok was cut down in his prime…”*

*“Jamalok!”* the girls protest couldn’t stop him.

*“No, no don’t mourn for me. Though I am sure I would have done more for the world if I had not been so cruelly taken from it!”*

*“Jomalok, that’s not how a bear dies!”* The little girl marched up to him and almost fell over backwards trying to see up to his massive face.

Jomalok looked down at her, scratching the side of his huge head. *“How do you know? Have you ever seen a bear die?”*

Sholama put her hands on her hips and looked as indignant as a seven year old could. *“I know all about animals. My father’s a Shaman and someday I will be a Shaman too!”*

The great bear closed his eyes and with his nose in the air, shook his head side to side. *“Nope, a girl can’t be a Shaman. You told me that yourself. So… if you’re done interrupting me, I really need to get back to my dying!”* The bear cleared his throat, *“There is much that should be said to remember this noble animal, this passionate soul named Jamalok.”*

Sholama stepped up onto his foot and pushed against his leg. *“Fall down and die quietly.”* she ordered.

*“I didn’t tell you how to kill me; you don’t get to tell me how to die.”* Jamalok tsked and sighed, *“Whatever… I can’t go on dying if you’re going to be standing on my paw; it takes away from the dignity of the moment.”*

*©, 2005,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Sholama & Jomalock

“The Girl with the Wind In Her Hair”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

*The first Sequel to “Season Out Of Time” The now nine year old Shaman has made friends with the wind, who hides in her hair. It is a friendship that, among others, has made her even more a force to be reckoned with.*

What was known by the Great Spirit

Has now been passed on

To those who would choose to listen.

It is no secret… it is a truth

That the few and the foolish

Might chose to hear or disregard.

Do not be blind to the season

For it will still fall upon you

Whether you choose to stand in its face

Or turn your back upon it.

The one who is chosen…

The one who walks with the animals

And makes friends with Nature…

She is the way to our salvation!

Transcribed from the Inscriptions

And passed down through the Shaman

From the Caves of Balamore

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Sholama & Jomalock

“The Girl with the Wind In Her Hair”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

Sholama stood at the entrance to her father’s lodge. Jamalok stayed off to the side as she hugged her father Nogastaw. She was seven years passing and too soon to become a young woman.

Jamalok watched them and wondered at her growth. Never had any Shaman accomplished what she had at such an age. He was proud and worried at the same time. She had lost some of her childhood and now was one of the most powerful persons on the land. She was still so young and though few believed it, her power was a narcotic, no different than any brew or smoke.

As she said goodbye, the bear yawned and rose on stiff joints. He was one thousand years old and then some. He growled and grumbled*. “Is it not enough that the great Jamalok be forced to walk too many miles for his age? Yet who is here to bid him farewell?”* The great bear rose up on hind legs. *“Woe to the world who will someday say… Whatever happened to the great Jamalok…”*

Sholama walked over to the bear, who still stood three times her height. She elbowed him in the stomach. *“Stop it foolish one. We all love you and will remember you. But this is not your time. We are going on a short expedition. It’s not like we are going to the Horn of Heaven again.”*

The bear looked wounded. *“You were much nicer as a cub. You seem to have a bit of raven in you now.”*

*©, 2006,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Sholama & Jomalock

“The Color Of Smell”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

*A wolf who believes that man can be drawn back into a communion with Mother Earth, This story has been fore-told and for ages, many have waited for that future moment when humans might be reunited with their family. Now…many believe too much time has passed. The animals no longer tell the story and Mother Earth has become quiet and sullen. Man…? Man is still as arrogant and oblivious as before!*

I am wolf…I am pack…

I am more than myself,

Even when alone

Either way I survive.

I cannot explain

What a tainted soul smells like

But I know it raises my hackles

And makes me want to rip the throat

From the animal that stands before me.

I know balance,.. I know life.

I know I live to live between the two.

I am wolf… I am not a dumb animal.

I am what you soft humans used to be…

I only ask that you hear my voice

And understand me like you once did.

*©, 2007,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Sholama & Jomalock

The Color of Smell

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

Wolf was just a pup when the snow took her mother. It swept over them from the god of a mountain above. It took her brothers and sisters as well. In less than the blink of an eye, wolf was an orphan!

The pup tramped through the deep snow for hours whining, searching for the scent of anything familiar. The winds howled and the mountain stood there in cold denial. The skies rained cold and the heavens wept ice.

Finally the young one stumbled off, seeking some shelter from the bite of cold. She had learned at least that much in her too few months. Wolf found shelter in a cove of rock that cradled the mountain. The young pup lay in that shelter of stone and mourned while the storm took two days to blow itself out.

Wolf had no connection beyond her family and indeed felt quite alone until that fortuitous day the bear and she stumbled into each other, face to face. They were both startled and neither took a specific stance, other than shock.

The bear finally relaxed and smiled. *“Hello little one, where is your family?”*

The word felt strange on her mind but she understood them and she instinctively knew how to answer. *“My family perished under a flood of snow.”*

The bear drew back obviously surprised. He regained a little composure.  *“I’m sorry. How are you faring? You seem a little young to have gone through so much.”*

*“I am almost two seasons and can take care of myself!”*

The bear almost smiled. *“And you have done a fair job thus far.”*

Wolf smiled honestly. *“I have been lucky”*

Bear nodded. *“And you have been honest, and that speaks well for you.”*

*“No one has ever talked in my mind before.”*

*“I did not expect you to answer. I was merely… talking to myself.”*

*“But I heard you.”*

*“Yes you did… and even more… you answered me. You are the second surprise in my life. I have someone I want you to meet. Her name is Sholama. I am Jamalok.”* The bear looked intently on the young cub. *“What is your name?”*

The wolf looked at the bear with the innocence of honesty. *“I am Wolf!”*

*“Of course you are. Nice to meet you…Wolf”*

*©, 2007,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Old Alyssia

Created & Written

by Eric Koch

*An old witch embraces her animals, nature and her few friends to combat the evil that the invading army of Myrsongot has wrought upon them all. Even while trying to save them, she must battle the Ra-shing, the kings church and its’ soldiers the Rak-ta. a less palatable part of the world she thought she had left behind.*

“She walks with the demons

Who call her friend by night.

She has a heart in her hand

It could be yours or mine.

She knows the darkest of arts

And the power of a name

Beware Alyssia and hers

If you be counted as sane.”

Legend says Alyssia was one of few great witches who led those who dwelt in the dark arts and used animals as mediums to consort with the underworld. There was a time their kind were feared, respected, or at the very least, tolerated.

By the time of the turning of Moon Crest in the rule of Chir-kaung, 140/210 & 50 the mood had changed. Witchcraft had been declared heresy by the church. Practitioners were sought out and put to trial; tested by fire or water. In either case those tests usually sent them to be judged by Orcala, who created us all.

The Ra-shing, the Blessed Church of our King finally put a bounty on the last remaining witches and warlocks and declared any who sheltered them, human mediums, to be treated no better than their animal counterparts.

This culminated at a time when Bako-lyn and all its surrounding provinces came under attack by the outside hordes, the Myrsongot. The use of the black arts in the ensuing war proved that witchcraft was behind this onslaught and substantiated by the ruling faction; there was an edict to eliminate all traces of this diabolical and evil practice.

At the risk of his own life, this scribe has pieced together enough of the Books of the Magia Scrolls, part verse (philosophy) and part account (history), to declare Alyssia, a hero to the lost kingdom of Bako-lyn and a true friend to the people, the animals and the land she set out to rescue.

We do believe she was a witch, but must state that she seemed to have no hold over any medium, other than the love shared, and cast no evil spell except to protect or defend Bako-lyn and all its inhabitants.

Alyssia played a major role in what was to finally become known as “The Myrsongot Conflict” and only referred to in whispers, by those who survived, as “The Last Days of Bako-lyn and the chosen people of Oskara.”

It is this scribes’ fervent need to find insight into the holocaust that our history is trying to deny. We are not trying to rewrite the words, as much make more accurate the scripts written by those who came before us. We do not seek to amend the writings as much guarantee their accuracy.

We cry with a nation at what happened to a race, and this scribe swears that the truth will, like nature, take root and win out! The barbarians are where it begins and ends. The Myrsongot, who believe that they are the only race, pure enough to inhabit and rule!

And from there the story goes on…

*©, 2008,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Old Alyssia

Old Debts

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

“There is no account or any record in the church

of anything good being accomplished by,

or attributable to, witchcraft.

This abomination is merely an antithesis

of all that the church stands for.

Be it advised that any who preach,

Tolerate or harbor a warlock or a witch

Are guilty of heresy and shall be judged,

alongside the accused, and sentenced to the same.”

Proclamation 113, which seems to be attributed to a single priest or priesthood and not prescribed by the church as a whole. There is nothing found by this scribe, from remnants of the Books of the Magia Scrolls found in the ruins of the ancient city Agatoral that show this to be church doctrine, as opposed to individual edict.

*©, 2008,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Old Alyssia

Old Debts

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

A sudden noise broke through her reverie. A large grey wolf with a white muzzle stepped into the clearing. The wolf was accompanied by a flap of wings, attached to a large black raven who alighted to a nearby limb. Alyssia looked at them both accusingly. *“So you have both deemed to honor me with your presence again, after how long?”*

The wolf was the first to answer. *“It has only been three days Alyssia. Since the passing of seasons when I joined your pack, I have been away from my mountains much longer than that!”*

Alyssia immediately regretted her choice of words. *“I’m sorry Ta-coda. I know that you long for your hunting grounds and you miss your own.”*

The wolf grinned, her tongue hanging casually off to the side. *“That’s not what I said. We were meant to be together, as strange as our pack is. It’s just that I am too old to be held to account. You know my loyalties lie with us!”*

The bird chose that moment to speak. *‘Were not a pack, we’re a flock… and the dog made me do it.”*

Ta-coda growled and Alyssia quickly jumped in. *“Ta-coda is a wolf…Kwa, not a dog… and you should not antagonize her. She might still be hungry.”*

The raven chose not to answer and preened his wing, while casting a stern look at the witch for taking sides.

A purr, as deep as a growl, shook Alyssia’s chest as a large white tiger, stripped in black, joined their ranks. *“They only beat me back because I let them. And they’re both wrong… we’re a pride!”*

Alyssia smiled.  *“And it was kind of you Sha-shawnie to allow them the win.”*

*©, 2008,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Old Alyssia

New Enemies Old Friends

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

“Time is merely a companion, a fleeting friend.

Who surrounds us with his own acquaintances!

One of these is Age, who creeps into us

To suck the marrow from our bones.”

*Excerpt from The Magia Scrolls “Book of Ageal”*

The next morning Alyssia took the spell off the fire that had kept it burning all night. It collapsed on itself with a sigh and the old woman sighed, as if she too were also a part of the withering flame.

The witch stirred the ashes while turning her own thoughts. Sha-shawnie the white tiger walked up beside her. *“You talked in your sleep last night.”*

She smiled bitterly. *“I hope I was interesting, if not articulate.”*

*“You were angry and sad. Do you want to talk?*

Alyssia swallowed a shallow smile. *“Who remembers their own dreams?”*

The cat looked intently at her. *“Who fights so hard to forget, if not one with such a ferocious need?”*

*©, 20110* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Old Alyssia

(To Face the Future)

Book II Four Book Novel

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

“There is no account or any record in the church

of anything good being accomplished by,

or attributable to, witchcraft.

This abomination is merely an antithesis

of all that the church stands for.

Be it advised that any who preach,

Tolerate or harbor a warlock or a witch

Are guilty of heresy and shall be judged,

alongside the accused, and sentenced to the same.”

Proclamation 113, which seems to be attributed to a single priest or priesthood and not prescribed by the church as a whole. There is nothing found by this scribe, from remnants of the Books of the Magia Scrolls found in the ruins of the ancient city Agatoral that show this to be church doctrine, as opposed to individual edict.

*©, 2011,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Old Alyssia

(To Accept The Present))

Book III

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

“There is intolerance in people,

Usually initiated by those in power with too little to do,

This is perpetuated by the mindless masses

Who find it far easier to go with the tide,

As opposed to swimming against the current!

We should all be saddened by this fact

For it is all of us who drown…

Not just the swimmer!

As a side note, I find it amusing,

In a world that offers far too little amusement,

To use this analogy of drowning and swimming

on those of us who live here in the desert!”

This found on a damaged piece of parchment in the ruins where it is said

Alyssia died or was spirited away.

*©, 2012,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

**And There Isn’t Any Magic Here Today**

Music & Lyrics

Composed by Eric Koch

And the curtains in the castle won’t let the light come in.

And the North tower’s empty where Merlin should have been.

And the chairs are all tipped over and the tables dusty round.

And the days are calling for the knights but no one hears a sound

Cause there isn’t any magic here today…

It’s funny how it all just went away.

If I did not believe in more I’d be the first to say…

That Arthur put Excalibur back in the stone to stay.

Can you remember back that far and how it must have seemed?

And the magic that caused everyone to believe in what they dreamed.

But the wisdom Merlin spoke of

Was too hard to understand…

And he said “It’s because my time’s mixed up

And I’m still tomorrows’ man”.

And there isn’t any magic here today…

It’s funny how it all just went away.

If I did not believe in more I’d be the first to say…

That Arthur put Excalibur back in the stone to stay.

Then what can we believe in if it’s not the way it was

Maybe God and miracles but you don’t believe He does

And Merlin’s searching for himself a proper place in time

But as long as people can’t believe I’m sure they’ll always find

That there isn’t any magic here today…

It’s funny how it all just went away.

If I did not believe in more I’d be the first to say…

That Arthur put Excalibur back in the stone to stay.

*©, 2012,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

And There Isn’t Any Magic Here Today

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

Stonehenge on the Salisbury Plain, was a somber and solemn testament to the past; a silent challenge to any present. The columns of grey rock glistened with a wet coat of rain as lightning danced its own mad reflection upon them. One such bolt struck the grass, dead center, and the smell of sulfur, wafted in the air, as wind stretched and fog, fled hell to drift and caress the cold stone fingers.

Two old men emerged from the arrangement of stone, stepping through the mist as if, it were no more annoying than a brief tangle of tall grass.

“I still don’t understand how we are the same age Merlin? You were the elder, my teacher. I remember you when I was a child and yet … now?”

Merlin straightened his robe, as did Arthur. They were like twins, two old men, seemingly tied by years of habit.

“Despite appearances Arthur, I don’t think you are nearly as old as I.”

Arthur coughed and swallowed. “How old am I Merlin? I feel like… I’m my own father.”

Merlin remembered back but still allowed himself a smile. “You’re older than Uther ever dreamed of living to Arthur. You are sixty and seven years!”

They both stopped walking, Arthur in obvious shock, Merlin merely anticipating the old kings’ reaction. “I was thirty years when I fought Mordred at Camlann. I was…” he paused, almost confused…”I was slain Merlin… but not before Lancelot took vengeance. My son lay dead… even as I lay dying.”

Merlin grimaced and swallowed. “That is the way it happened my boy…” The latter was said out of habit… ‘Mordred is long dead… but Arthur, he was not your son.”

The old king breathed an uneven sigh and staggered back to a low rock. He almost fell into a sitting position. After a brief quiet, “What do you mean he was not my son?”

The mage though sad, had a glint of anger in his eyes. “I discovered, after your passing, he was in fact your nephew Arthur, son of Morgause but not sired by you.”

“But that night… they both said…?”

“Morgause convinced Mordred you were his father, a father who disavowed his son. It suited her purpose to use him as a pawn to help take away your throne.”

The old king looked pained for the longest moment, yet seemed resigned; his eyes closed and his head dropped. There were tears in his eyes and his voice shook as if to disavow his words. “It’s almost a relief you know. He never acted like a son. Even those estranged can, at the very least, recall fleeting times of kinship.”

The two old men both threw their cloaks around themselves as they fought the cold mist. Arthur wiped a hand over his eyes. “I don’t remember the rain ever being this cold or miserable.

*© 1908, 2015* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 529-4683 (253) 569-8426*

Portraits of My Spirit in Passing

Verse, Photographs & Music

Created by Eric Koch

There are passing portraits in our short lives that we all see in variant views and degrees through different eyes. These are images that are acknowledged and appreciated, or ignored and forgotten. These images sometimes give birth to words and feelings or are aborted in their inglorious passing. There might even have been poetry in some of those brief glimpses, or strains of distant music that accompany the passage of those portions of life. We would do well to slow down and give to our eyes, what God has placed before our hearts. He has done so, knowing our souls will either be enriched by the world around us, or deprived in the end by our own blindness..

*©, 2008, 2015* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Portraits of My Spirit in Passing

Verse, Photographs & Music

Created by Eric Koch



There is a brief moment in life when we open our eyes

And are allowed to view all life around us;

seeing it as fresh, as a child’s first breath.

Too soon we will wither on the branch,

Far faster than our pride allows.

We turn brown and gray

before the colors of our heart

ever notice the difference

that our eyes cannot hope to catch up!



There is a quiet beauty in everything around us,

An unquestionable acceptance that

God cannot be made better or worse

by our own meager perceptions.

Our children are proof enough that young souls can

rarely see the truths rooted in ages;

The truth that dying eyes finally comprehend with a smile and a sigh.



The roots of our present

Lay in the roots of our past.

We are so intricately entwined,

That only a fool would seek

To choose, merely a few of those roots

to define themselves.

We, who are so vain,

Continue to try to do just that!



If I’ve learned one thing in life

The beauty of it lies

in the diversity of color.

How bland we would be…

If all the different colors

Did not exist!



There is always death among us.

A father, a mother, sister, brother

Grandparent, niece, nephew, cousin,

A friend, close acquaintance

A spouse… or even worse… a child.

It defeats us or inspires us

And only we can make that choice.

As a dead tree that feeds nothing…

Or a dead tree whose roots still feed the living!

-The Saga of Sir Choc-o-laut-

*Created & Written by*

*Eric Koch*

"Tis the air of life

We breathe and speak.

Tis the joy of love

We often seek.

Tis a heart's own story

One must heed…

If dreams are ever to succeed!"

Wordman (believed to have been Erich O’Dale)

*(The accounts in this story are taken from old manuscripts dating back to 640 AD, as well as the Journals of Alfred the Great; found in the archives of the London Libraries. These collected works have been compiled with documents dating back to 520 AD, recovered from the ruins of the Hainsworth Castle by the Walpole Expedition of ‘42’, Archeologists, commissioned by Queen Victoria during the mid-18th century.*

*The Brothers of “His Blessings Monastery”, loaned old poems and song manuscripts, believed to be originally penned by Erich O'Dale, related to these times and persons mentioned. These were invaluable in validating certain events as well as leading the search toward less familiar historical facts. A special thanks is given to the Royal Danish Folklore Society; for the use of their records and manuscripts.*

*Any dialog is hypothesized purely on recorded historic events and is only the authors estimation of what might have been said, based on studies of those personalities in time. Accounts of any manifestations of magic are based loosely on these collected documents and do not in any way suggest that the author may believe or disbelieve in the supernatural realm or paranormal occurrences.*

*©, 1999,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

-The Saga of Sir Choc-o-laut-

*Created & Written by*

*Eric Koch*

A dark robed figure strode through the circle of stone; his robes barely stirring until it stood before the two of them. The head was cowled but from within no face or image could be discerned. The voice was raspy almost whispered but with the strength of a yell. "You have come to the circle in your own lives and have run up against stone. What would you ask?"

The knight looked over to the bard who merely nodded to him to proceed. Sir Choc-o-laut dismounted, bowed his head dropping to one knee. "I for one would ask, oh specter, if my life…those dreams I chose, were all for naught?!"

The dark robed figure bid him to rise, stared quietly for a moment and then asked. "And who are you man, to think your life should have any more meaning than the rocks and the fields around us?"

Sir Choc-o-laut blinked, puzzled by the question and could find no words.

The figure only waited a moment more. "Then leave me Sir Knight and know that your answer is…yes…it was all for naught!"

The figure turned to the bard. "And you man of words. What would you ask?"

Wordman sighed, staring straight into the empty cowl. After a long silence he answered. "I have no questions that I cannot find the answers for myself. And if the days find me short…" he shrugged "…then truly my ignorance shall be counted a blessing at the very gates of Heaven!"

The figure inclined his head toward the bard, a smile emanating from the dark cowl. "You have ridden a far way to bring me a riddle, man of words. It is refreshing…and for it I will grant you a boon. Ask of me what you might."

"Grant my friend his answer!"

"I already have!"

"Not all of it!" Wordmans’ voice sang with authority; a training of power found only by quiet years of self-study. Music seemed to radiate from him with his final command. "It is not your place to prevent the circle from being joined! That is forbidden!"

The figure stood still, taken back while scrutinizing the bard. "I did not recognize you. My mistake when I made you this offer. As must then…I will honor it!" He inclined the hooded head and then turned back to Sir Choc-o-laut with a re-evaluating stare. "So you are the one who will know all times…? It would seem I underestimated you both!"

*©, 1999,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

*Songs in the Musical:*

“If You Can't Believe In Me”

“Cause It Ain’t No Fun”

“Why Not”

“Sweeter Than Candy (Second To None)”

*©, 1999,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Self-Defense

Created &Written by Eric Koch

*A futuristic weapon reads and defends*

*until it is confused about who it is defending.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

It was a forgettable little shop hugged between two large department stores on the West end of town. On each side, both stores were eating a steady flow of people, which only made the patch of sidewalk in front of the shop more noticeably quiet.

The fact that it had no sign to call notice to itself, not even a poster to identify its purpose, was no stranger than the fact that it’s single, smog stained window displayed only one item. I was bored with the same walk home every night and couldn’t resist the offbeat allure of what might be shown.

Inside, there was a knife. A plain white card, bearing printed instruction, lay directly in front of it. The pedestal which bore it was draped in blood red velvet, but it was the knife and the knife alone that caught my eye.

Its’ blade, hidden in a wood carved sheath, curved away from the pearled handle and demonstrated the elaborate skill of some artisan’s months in a mural of miniature scenes. On closer scrutiny they proved to be gruesome scenes of varying levels of violence and mutilation, but even still, it was hard not to admire the fine work when viewed as a blurred whole.

The small white card set at an angle simply read: *“Self Defense, RE 714-Model III, XTZ,* as set forth and given provision by all laws and sub-provisions under the 13th Chapter of the Regional Tri-sec, in accordance with Sub-tribunal of Territorial Divisions under, but not limited to, Section #1134-FTR-4680 of State/City bylaws CC: 256:976435 and CC:856:847603.

I paused in brief consternation and eventually fumbled with the doorknob. The inside light was vague but everything was side lit by the splashes of light from outside, which danced drunkenly through a single paned window. It staggered off the polished wood, cleansing the mother of pearl yet adding depth to the brass etchings that adorned its hilt.

The beauty of the knife hastened my breathing and I wet the dry air on my lips as I walked slowly over to the elaborate display. I reached towards its gleaming handle but suddenly pulled back before touching it, a childhood habit dating back to candy stores.

There was a card sitting with the knife that was as reassuring as any salesperson. For that reason I picked it up. It opened much like a formal invitation as I read on…

The Self-defense: RE 714-Model III is one of the finest models in our line and comparable to the IV models in many of our competitors offerings.

The handle has an outer skin of sensitive fibroids, capable of receiving, saving and storing your individual handprint and neurological responses with an accuracy unequaled by any of our competitors. Furthermore a thermo-pressure secondary program will prevent any unauthorized person from miss-using this unit and maintaining our high level of personalization.

Equal to the Memorite L-5 (See model C-1, main brochure); once initially imprinted, under non-stress conditions, only that person will be able to remove the Self Defense: RE 714-Model III from its sheath.

The wood sheath has a semi-holographic readout to allow you constant monitoring of the operational level of the Self Defense: RE 714-Model III. Yes… you alone now have the key to true security and the tool to give you complete peace of mind.

*©, 1981,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

"The Once Little Breeze"

*Created & Written by Eric* Koch

*A little breeze dreams of being a mighty wind and once caught up,*

*finds that the mighty wind has dreams of his own.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

If any wind could be jealous, then without a doubt this certain little breeze would be among the many to claim such feelings. On a feather soft autumn day it ravaged newly raked leaf piles with imaginings of great strength, as if lifting the waves of a mighty ocean and tossing them every direction. It would blow against the stubborn flowers, bending them, even as bigger winds would bend supple trees. But alas, every daydream was ever shattered by the sounds of people laughing while lifting their collars against the little breeze’s face. Even the delighted screams of children, as they watched their kites soar and bob, seemed to mock its wishful thinking.

All of this was so hard for the little breeze to handle. *"Why can't I",* it would breathe, *"Why can't I be like the mighty wind who can turn the face of the strongest and ice the heart of the bravest? For if that were so, I would do more than just rattle windows and bend river reeds that stood in my way! But alas”,* it would sadly say, *“a breeze is just a breeze."* and so try to content itself with leaves and small bits of paper, tossed so casually aside by the bigger winds.

*©, 1980,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

-The Monster There Under My Bed-

*Created & Written by Eric Koch*

*A child faces his fear of the night, along with his cat,*

*against a possible monster under his bed.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

It started for me,

Oh…I must have been three,

Those nights lying in bed trying to sleep.

Tucked in at my toes,

Blanket pulled to my nose;

fingers clutching and holding my sheet.

It was hard to be brave

But my parents would say

“Don’t be silly it’s all in your head!”

But I knew it was true

As you might know too it was,

The Monster There Under My Bed.

No matter what they would say

The sounds gave it away

as I lay there alone in the dark.

There were crackles and thumps

And whooshes and bumps

Not to mention my own pounding heart.

Scared to the bone

I would lay there alone

and at times with my kitty named Fred.

Wishing he’d be

A tiger for me, ‘gainst

The Monster There Under My Bed.

It’s true what they say

Things don’t go away

Just because we are shutting our eyes.

I’m sure I was dreaming

Those times inside screaming

Cause brave kids we try not to cry.

In the dark shadowed night

With barely no light

Covered up to the eyes in my head.

I could plug both my ears

But still I would hear

The Monster There Under My Bed.

*©, 1987,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

True Lies

Created & Written by Eric Koch

There are stories told and rumors too

Of a world that’s seen from a child’s view.

Recollections of a tired man

Who visits with that child again.

See it now through younger eyes

It’s how it was…it’s

“True Lies”.

The past as told from the child’s point of view, A humorous look at the 50’s & 60’s, “True Lies”; varied stories of a boy and his family as seen through the eyes of that child, then and now.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Maybe it was part of the punishment that my father considered it his duty to place me in a leaky wooden boat at least three times a year and expose the both of us to the worst elements of rain, wind and sun so that we could ever suffer and watch everyone else around us catch fish.

My father and I went out after trout on every lake in the county. In the dark hours we would arise and place a wooden monstrosity of a rowboat upon the top of the car. The fog would cling to us like a jealous lover saying, “You’re really going to do this again? I can keep you wet and cold right here. You know what isn’t going to happen out there on the lake.

For all the fish we never caught; all the water we had to bail and all the shivering we endured… the fog had spoken the truth.

\*\*\*\*

By the time my folks would walk through the front door the dust would hang in the air like a bad summer afternoon in Jersey.

We sat there blinking, in stony silence, innocent angels, resting with wings tucked neatly beneath us. We were frozen in time, wherever we happened to land as the key hit the front door. Maybe we thought our parents would be struck blind on this particular day and not see our red sweaty faces, let alone the four foot high, nuclear dust cloud that hung across the room. Of course blindness had never struck before, but still, this could be that long awaited day?

Despite endless denials and oaths upon imaginary graves, our guardian adults, these strict non-yielding paragons of authority had already predetermined that we were guilty; on the flimsy grounds that this was a nightly occurrence!

Mom would always roll her eyes, as if beseeching the heavens to someday bestow upon us a modicum of common sense. Dad on the other hand would tense up, every vein and line on his face accentuated, sputtering and sending us to our rooms, where we would await the punishment of choice.

*©, 2009,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

-Peanut & the Horse-

*An old Cocker and a young Lab lose their family and have to*

*set out on a cross state adventure to try to find them.*

*Created & Written By* Eric Koch

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

The golden Cocker Spaniel, Lady walked over to the tall grass and sniffed it as if only to have the right to reject it. “I wish my boy was home. The day seems too long without him.”

Missy, the younger black Lab chuckled, “You say that everyday Peanut.”

“You know I hate that name; as much as you hate being called the horse.”

“It’s what they call us… peanut and the Horse; out of love.”

“I hate it when you’re logical and even more when you’re right.”

The young lab snorted a laugh and pulled off a stretch of tall grass to chew and sooth her young tummy. “I walked the road when I was younger and I appreciate love instead of kicks or cruel jokes. You don’t know what it’s like to expect caring and get cruelty.”

Lady almost teared. “No I don’t and I’m sorry you went through that. I forget that you are so old at so very young an age.”

The two dogs laughed at the concept and went back to sniffing the perimeters of their yard.

*©, 2000,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

The B.E.R.

**Who Couldn’t Afford Christmas**

*Created & Written By* Eric Koch

Illustrations By Terese Foster

*A stuffed bear in a toy store has been sold and knows he must face Christmas at real people’s house. He has no idea how to participate in the holiday without money to buy gifts, or fingers to wrap presents.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

The B.E.R.

**Who Couldn’t Afford Christmas**

Mr. B.E.R was not a dumb bear! In fact, truly he considered himself rather smart and quick of wit. The way he saw it, his only problem was that he was a “fairly new bear”. Why, barely a few days had gone by since the last stitch in his brown fur had been pulled tight. Because he was fairly new, *(he liked the term "fairly new" because it made him feel older than if he called himself "brand new"),* he had a lot of questions that sometimes came out sounding perhaps, a little... dumb?

One particular winters night when the toy store was long closed and quiet and all the toys had gathered around for their midnight talk he asked, "I can see where Christmas is certainly a pretty time...", pointing a stubby paw at some of the holiday decorations hanging around the quiet toy store. "But...what exactly is Christmas?"

The Jack-In-The-Box broke into a peal of cruel laughter. He bobbed in and around Mr. B.E.R. making the little bear feel dizzy and just a little bit wobbly. "What is Christmas? What is Christmas? Hey did you hear that everybody? Tubby here wants to know what Christmas is!"

Now Mr. B.E.R. considered himself to be a pretty easy going bear, still, he never did like Jack, especially when the mean clown cackled cruel insults. The smile on Jack's clown face was painted and hard and it never did seem like a real smile.

He was always poking fun at Mr. B.E.R. or Snookie the Singing Squirrel and many of the other smaller toys.

Mr. B.E.R. growled lightly and rubbed a paw over his fuzzy tummy. He didn't feel like a tubby! He felt....well packed with maybe just the right touch of *fluffy!*

"Maybe I should just go over there and bite his head off!" But he didn't because cause deep down inside Mr. B.E.R. considered himself to be a fairly peaceful bear. And anyway, the thought of biting Jack made him feel queasy. He shook the thought off with a quiet whine and tried to focus in on what Sarge was saying.

*©, 1978- 1990,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Sir B.E.R-a-lot

“In Search of the Grumble-Grump”

*Created & Written by* Eric Koch

*©, 2000,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

*A stuffed bear wakes up as a knight, sent on a quest to seek out and vanquish the spirit of discontent over the land; the source of which is the Grumble Grump*.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Mr. B.E.R woke up, his nose buried in a feather down pillow, his furry head spinning from too many dreams. Some had been sweet dreams of honey and bees and flowers and trees; while still others had been, dark dreams of sounds in the night and battles to fight.

But of all the many dreams that floated through his big fuzzy head, Mr. B.E.R. was sure at one point he had been dreaming of…dragons, dungeons, courtyards, castles, wizards and warriors. Tonight had, in fact, been a very busy nights’ sleep, with more dreams than any one bear should ever be expected to endure!

Now Mr. B.E.R. always considered himself to be a very practical bear, and though deep inside he wanted only to wake up from his dreams and call it a night; it was an unfortunate fact that the night was only half over! Mother moon was still smiling in the star filled sky and there was, of course, the simple fact that as long as “his boy” was still peacefully sleeping beside him, he was “bear bound” to not wake him up! Therefore…this very practical bear knew he had no choice but to settle in and go back to sleep!

Mr. B.E.R “scooched”, he liked to call it “scooched” instead of “slide” because “scooched” felt much more relaxing than simply sliding back into his side of the big pillow and fluffy covers; he sighed. He was a bit hungry from all his dreaming and for a brief moment indulged the very thought of how good a piece of “still steaming” pizza might very well be…the best, if not the most enjoyable way to relax and drift back off to sleep. But…bears have a way of knowing when it is too cold to venture outside the covers and, even though he didn’t want to admit it, his button eyes were already getting very heavy again.

Mother Moon chuckled with the stars as Mr. B.E.R. sank back into the mist of drowsy…and then the fog of drifting off…and finally, the dark of sleep and more dream…or was it?

*©, 2000,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

The Last Step

We are judged by our hearts.

Where we are judged is an eternal secret.

How we are judged is between ourselves and God.

In life and death it is…

“The Last Step”.

Created & Written By Eric Koch

*A litany of people meet on a staircase, one for a smoke…one for a drink*

*one just to be alone. Others follow but for their own varied reasons, some stay*

*some go back down the stairs. In the end a consensus is reached as a small*

*group of souls take “the last step”.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

The Last Step

He walked through the hallway, fearful that at any moment someone might question why he was out of bed and wandering those halls in a patient’s gown. He opened the door marked Exit while nervously looking both ways, up and down the hall behind and in front him. No one seemed to notice so he ducked through the door and let it close behind him. It clicked shut with an empty echo and he stood alone in a cold stairwell. He lit up a cigarette and took a deep drag, expelling it, albeit reluctantly.

“Hello.” It startled him and he choked on the last breath. It was an empty greeting from the husk of a woman sitting halfway down the next stairwell. She had just taken a drink from a small flask and though it didn’t fill the empty in her eyes it seemed to settle what was left of her body. She sighed, semi-young again.

He looked at her suspiciously. “Had to get away huh?”

She scowled at him. “And you’re out here just for the ambience?”

He looked uncomfortably over his shoulder. “Can we get back in that door?”

She laughed. “Neither one of us cared when we came out, why should we care now?”

He chuckled as well, feeling a bit more comfortable with her presence. He offered her cigarette.

She feigned him off with a wave of a scrawny hand. “That shit’ll kill ya.” She didn’t offer a drink which only offended him for a brief moment of longing. “My name is Arcula.”

“That’s a pretty name.”

“She nodded, “The last pretty thing that ever happened in my life.” She said it with a resignation that was punctuated with a determined smile.

She took another drink without losing that smile.

*©, 2014,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

The Broken Unicorn

Somewhere the magic was lost.

They say it was when the unicorn,

Caught up in a battle,

Broke its horn and could not retrieve it.

A portion of the magic remained

With both the horn and the horse

But never to match

When the horn and the stead were one!

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

It was never recorded when the horn broke. Rather a series of battles in an undeclared war, like the thrust and the parry of sword, so caught up in technique that the damage was done before ever perceived. The moment the unicorn lost a part of her horn, Elizabeth found it!

She had been walking in the far garden. Her brother Gabriel had been upset because he could not get a door on the car open. He was quite vocal about it and for all her calm and quiet, Elizabeth was mostly ignored. She picked up the half horn and knew immediately what it was.

Elizabeth had pictures and portraits and porcelain unicorns. She had crystal carvings, cast engravings and curved bone etchings. She had glittering music boxes and guided sterling silver statues. She knew Unicorns and she knew what this horn was the instant she found it.

This was the cause of the discontent. This was the reason for everything gone wrong. Of this she was so sure; sure to the core of her very young heart.

She stuffed the horn in her pocket and walked slowly back to her brother. She had to take care of him… but she also had to take care of them! She was too young to know the details of the problem, but old enough to know that the problem existed.

*©, 2014,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

SIDE VIEW MIRROR

Created & Written by Eric Koch

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

We “swagger step” down the road that lies beneath our feet

Remembering or forgetting the minions that we meet

Seeking, each of us, to wash off the sins of our soul;

Praying all the while tis’ but a moments’ parole.

Oh foolish mortals, from what do we hide…

That delicate heartbeat, within doth reside.

To give us the moment, a gift while we dwell

On that fine fragile line ‘tween both Heaven and hell!

Eric Koch ‘13

Reflection on the past is merely a walk on a soft dirt path. That dirt in places is dry beneath the sun of children’s laughter and we kick up whirlwinds of light hearted dust in rhythm to that laughter. Or it may be mud, born of tears and regret; a wet sand that clings and burdens our every step.

The path whispers to us along the way. It questions, affirms and condemns more often than leading us. “The whispers” seem to believe, if what we do what is right, we need no affirmation. It is expected that we feel in our heart the fulfillment of our soul. We should never step back into the mud without question or an argument!

Eric Koch ‘74

*©, 2003,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Next Time The Wind Blows

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

There is a distant melancholy noise in the distance

A sound of hesitant wings backed by a mournful horn.

A song is born and the heavens cry.

And we strive to discern the music.

It might almost come to us…maybe…

Next time the wind blows.

There is a chorus of voices bringing some to their knees;

Arms reaching out, beseeching,

Never embracing anything but the storm.

It is a prelude to a lonely solo

An interlude to be heard…

Next time the wind blows.

There is a rousing finale

with hidden strings and subtle truth.

It argues in counterpoint yet

Only augments and builds on the emotion.

Thunders are the drums;

The lone horn will summon

The whole orchestra…

Next time the wind blows.

There is a sad exit from the stage…

A lonely player living on last night’s applause.

He hums to himself;

Holding his instrument close, like a lover,

Searching for yet another stage

From this world to the next;

Another ear, one heart to another,

You might even hear the encore…

Next time the wind blows.

*The Angel Gabriel comes to earth as an old man to sound the horn for the end times. Unfortunately he first arrives at a New York Federal Welfare Office and then goes on to discover, through the threads of Bureaucracy and the rules of the streets. Surely the end times came in well ahead of him.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Next Time The Wind Blows

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

The room was painted barren, ultra-white, deplete of any hope or dream. The white was stained by the many hands that had shed their oils upon it, in frustration, rage or disbelief.

Hard metal chairs, too small for any frame, were lined in cluttered rows to accommodate those who awaited their “number”. Booths with small boxed windows, framed anxiety ridden people, who greeted each “number” called; greeted them through dirty glass with their own level of angst.

Babies discomfort and cries echoed off the bare walls while toddlers ran unsupervised, wreaking havoc until their parent swore or threatened them; all hell recommenced soon after the fade of any threat. Coughs and sneezes were as common as argument and people sighed in apathy and disillusion. Most of the eyes in the room were dull, glazed over, as if anticipating the days impending fate.

This was one of many; Department of Welfare, New York City, Social and Health Services, 1st floor just under the 23rd Judicial Small Claims Court in the Heathcot Building on Belfair and Brooklyn in the Bronx.

This was enough commotion, enough lack of caring and a blind oblivion in the room for no-one to notice a frail old man standing in the corner. as if he had just… suddenly appeared. The mist around him seemed no more out of place than the cigarette smoke around most everyone else.

*©, 1987,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

“Cuddle Puddle

& Thunder Thump”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

*Two dogs, a Border Collie and a Lab,*

*interact until their desperate attempt to rescue*

*their boy justifies their nicknames.*

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

“Cuddle Puddle

& Thunder Thump”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

Once home Missy the black Lab finally welcomed Nieka the black Australian Sheppard with romping and playing. Missy had lost her once best friend Lady to old age and was more than glad that another new friend had come to fill the void. Nieka could not believe her good fortune. Even while they tugged a pull toy, though she tried to remain aloof, the old labs tail hit the floor with a resounding thunder. Nieka couldn’t muster the tail power but more than made up for it with a howl of pleasure as she melted to her side.

On another day, when the two of them were alone, “You know they call you cuddle puddle?” Missy panted softly as she informed Nieka with a quiet sense of age and authority.

Nieka stopped shaking her half deflated basketball. “I like puppy loves. It’s not like I’ve had a lot of them in my life.” The dog considered for a moment but felt she had to get back. “They call you thunder thump.”

Missy’s mouth dropped open into a laugh. “Mom uses me as in indicator when Dad gets home at night. She doesn’t relax till she hears my tail.”

“Yea… well that tail wakes more than mom. You’re cuttin’ into my beauty sleep.”

Missy shook her head, her tongue hanging out in amusement. You’re still pretty, you’re still young and you’re still a brat.”

Nieka smiled at the flattery and sashayed out of the room.

*©, 2013,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

“Gabriel, Bali

& The Pickle Factory”

Conceived by Joshua & Bethany Koch

Created & Written by Eric Koch

*A young boy, Gabriel, and his cat, Bali,*

*set out to rescue any innocent children who may have*

*accidently been sent to the infamous pickle factory;*

*where all bad children are destined to end up.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

“Gabriel, Bali

& The Pickle Factory”

“The pickle factory must be a sad and horrible place! Children of all ages were taken there in their sleep to work off being bad. Some children might surely deserve it… yet still, what of those who didn’t? Surely only bad children were taken there but… what if some of them really didn’t deserve to go? There are always mistakes. in any system and who could truly say but the children themselves? Somebody needed to speak up for those children!

Bali lifted a paw and licked it. “And you’re going to be the voice for all the redeemable brats?”

“Who’s better suited kitty, us or the adults?”

“You know I hate the name kitty, my precious. But we’re speaking of misbehaving children, many of whom pull on my tail, step on my feet and never catch on that I’m hungry or thirsty. Why would I want to care?”

Gabriel hugged his cat, who rolled her eyes, knowing the answer coming. “Because I asked you to care?”

Bali half shrugged and dropped through his small arms to the floor. “You play so unfair precious. What do you want to do?”

*©, 2014,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

“Random Thoughts”

***>*** *Collection / Quotes*

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

*Short observations on life.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

“Random Thoughts”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

“Cogito Ergo Sum”.

“I think, therefore I am”…

Not a bad definition

to live by.

*Eric Koch*

Think of this world without you upon it.

Now go and live life in such a way

That no one else

might be tempted to do the same.

*Eric Koch*

No day is over

when still another night,

ransoms us with the promise

of yet one more dream

To strive for.

*Eric Koch*

*©, 2009-2015,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

“Terra Cotta”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

*The self-portrait statue that an artist is creating*

*comes to life to complete the last days of the life of its creator*

*who is lost in his own inability to find peace within himself.*

You bend and twist your soul

And though, now a statue dry,

will do so for all eternity.

.

Standing like Venus

With arms broken, not unlike pride,

Could never hear the artist sigh in pleasure

“You are beautiful for I have shaped you.

To my mind’s eye.

I have fashioned you

after the yearnings of my own soul.

I have stepped back and beheld you and

Found you finished, for I have said so!”

Never hearing, a trickle of moisture

That still runs down your cheek.

*©, 1975,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

“Terra Cotta”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

The air in the half dark carries the scent of used candles and sweat. Booze, stale breath and unwashed body odor, all hang like damp cloth over the clay figure that stands silent in the corner.

There is a man sprawled across a table, gaunt, frail, even more so for the lack of grace. He expels the scent of cheap wine through half snores and half closed eyes; occasionally moaning or murmuring through dull dreams.

The clay in the trough is half dried, as unused as an empty dream from a reticent god.

“How many more…?” The words roll from his lips, ill-defined like the images that enter his glazed eyes. “How many times will my hand grasp my soul and clutch only dry sand?” His hand is a gesture of trembling life as it grasps for the curved neck of a bottle too busy for dust. He brings its mouth to his lips with the passion of anticipation, only to find his lover empty. Cheated pleasure only graces him with a few murmurs of disgust as the unfaithful lover shatters against a large block of untouched marble.

The mid-aged man is half sitting now, his angry tongue running over dried lips. The taste of his own breath matches the dull look in his eyes as he stares at the white muslin that clings, damp, over the life sized figure staring silently back at him through its’ holy shroud.

*©, 1975,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

“High County Fair”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

*A young girl seeks out to lose herself in the “flim-flam“ of a County Fair*

*and ends up finding some answers to her own life*

*through all the characters she meets within.*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

“High County Fair”

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

*A teenage girl walks down sidewalk eating popcorn. Tired of walking and eating she sits down on a bench noticing the pigeons at her feet.*

***Kris:*** *(Tired laugh)* “You just about missed out on all the fun. Trust me you would have been lucky if you could have.” *(Pours the last of the popcorn on the ground and crumbles the bag)*

***Voice:*** “You’re wondering what it would be like to be a bird?”

***Kris:*** *(Reaction indicates the voice is no surprise.)* “A bird would be nice. Fly away from this shit world… yet… you notice they always seem to come back for a handout, if only for one meal. I guess even if you can fly, there’s no escape. *(Looks down at pigeons, and claps her hands to send birds into flight. She laughs and imagines herself flying off with them.)*

*Songs In First Act of Play:*

“High County Fair”

“Someone Like Me”

“Naturally Lonely”

“Hello Goodbye”

*©, 1970,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

- Cuddle Puddle & Thunder Thump-

Created & Written byEric Koch

*©, 2010,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

Nieka was a tired, thirsty, black, Border collie, who had traveled the road many months, confused, almost desperate, dragging a haggard leather leash behind her. She had tried to make friends with many, but had only been bullied by other dogs, threatened by motorcycles and teased by people armed with rocks or gestures of kindness that turned into cruel taunts and kicks or slaps. She wasn’t sure anymore if there was any love or affection to be found in her chaotic and ever changing world.

Everywhere she went she was met with duplicity, until at last, she was sure that no one would ever truly love her. So resigned… she traveled on until she was ultimately picked up by animal control and promptly put under sedation and neutered. Still groggy from the sedation she lay in a cell of rescued dogs. She was surrounded by barking, yelping and nipping on every side. Nieka had a hard time dealing with the ruckus around her and stayed to the back of the cell with a quiet and simple elegance. Her calm could have been equated with class. but in truth was only left over effects from sedation.

Nieka saw two people watching her but could hardly muster the energy to walk to the front of the cage. Instead she lay there and in a relaxed pose and wished that they really cared!

The next day those same two people came back with Missy. a lab/border collie mix, Missy. After sniffing and growling, Missy snarled at her. “Who are you to come between me and my family?”

Nieka tried to be brave. Her lip curled as she sought to fight submissive. “They came back and brought you. Don’t blame me for their actions.”

Missy sighed, “My family has never been known for common sense.” She relaxed and finally accepted the inevitable. “We could get along.”

Nieka lifted a lip in a hesitant smile, “That would be welcomed!” She almost shed a tear over the sheer wish that this could be true.

Both dogs barked and growled in all the appropriate places, each of them feigning dominance, until the two found an object of interest outside their focus; other dogs they could chase to a fence and there-in became a dynamic duo. Missy’s tail slapped the fence and shook it while she smiled. Nieka rolled against the fence to her side in sheer pleasure.

Once home Missy finally welcomed Nieka with romping and playing. The lab had lost her once best friend to old age and was more than glad that another new friend had come to fill the void.

Nieka could not believe her good fortune. Even while they tugged a pull toy, though she tried to remain aloof, the old labs tail hit the floor with a resounding thunder. Nieka couldn’t muster the tail power but more than made up for it with a howl of pleasure as she melted to her side.

On another day, when the two of them were alone, “You know they call you cuddle puddle?” Missy panted softly as she informed Nieka with a quiet sense of age and authority.

Nieka stopped shaking her half deflated basketball. “I like puppy loves. It’s not like I’ve had a lot of them in my life.” The dog considered for a moment but felt she had to get back. “They call you thunder thump.”

Missy’s mouth dropped open into a laugh. “Mom uses me as in indicator when Dad gets home at night. She doesn’t relax until she hears my tail.”

“Yea… well that tail wakes more than mom. You’re cutting into my beauty sleep.”

Missy laughed even harder. You’re still pretty, you’re still young and you’re still a brat.”

Nieka smiled at the flattery and sashayed out of the room.

The grandchildren came over for another visit and the two dogs circled them looking for moments to offer love and affection. Gabriel was three, the older of the two and would often embrace the affectionate dogs. Elizabeth, was just pushing two and accepted them good naturedly but understood less of what they were offering.

“She’s still a young pup. Give her space.” Missy gave the advice with an affectionate smile.

Nieka was almost insulted. “They are ours to protect. Do you think I would do any less?’

Missy shook her head. “I think you would roll over them to cuddle if given the chance!”

Nieka’s lip pulled back in deference. “Well that’s better than beating them to death with your tail.”

*©, 2010,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

I Have Dreamed of Many Things

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

I Have Dreamed Of Many Things

* Of Happiness
* Of Spiritual Light
* Of Peace
* Of Futility
* Of Learning
* Of Purpose
* Of Values
* Of Fame
* Of Vanity
* Of Truth
* Of The Past
* Of Good & Evil
* Of Despair
* Of Living
* Of Marriage
* Of Death
* Of Love
* Of Compassion
* Of Purpose
* Of Truth
* Of Peace
* Of Devotion
* Of Awareness
* Of Vanity
* Of Prayer

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* above goes below picture

I Have Dreamed of Many Things

Created & Written by

Eric Koch

Of Peace

And if I was asleep, then my dream asked my mind to accept what I saw with the awareness of my waking self.

I stood on a bridge that spanned two cliffs and I looked down to the depths below. So high was I that the people below looked to be no larger than insects. They swarmed under the bridge like water through a narrow canyon. I perceived no beginning and no end to their lines.

And a voice said to me, “Behold life as the stream it appears to be and is.”

I replied, “From here there is little or no distinction between one person or the next. They are merely a blur, a motion in one direction with eddies trying to form their own. They are a river, turbulent and as destructive as much as they could be…productive.”

The sound of the voice was shaded in smile. “And such is life and the stream it appears to be.”

I sighed. “What bridge is this that allows me to observe, meditate yet not be a part of that stream?”

The voice was quiet for a moment. Finally, “You stand on the bridge of rest. The one place your spirit finds peace while your flesh sleeps. Until your spirit finally passes, only for this moment are you free from the currents below.

Of Futility

And in my dream I saw two trees growing side by side, each the same age but swaying so differently in the wind.

Said the first, “I seek to touch the wind and be a part of it’s fury and passion. I long for the sun and strain to greet the rain and the stars. For it, I look only upward, for the glory is not to be found in the earth but what is achieved outward.”

Replied the second; “I seek to deep-set my hold on the earth and look to the saplings that nourish off my roots. I embrace the seasons and what grows and falls from me. We are one with the present. Therein lies peace.

Said the first, “Then you shall die in obscurity for your dreams never look beyond you’re your own branches.”

Replied the second, “It is not my legacy alone but those that continue on that shall be counted.”

And the sun found favor in neither tree and left them both, to pass their days, squabbling in the sun.

*©, 1970, 1972,1973,1974,1975,1976,1977,1978, 1010, 1011*

Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

-Eric Koch-

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Promo

Years of "on-stage" experience and reviews are merely guaranteed proof that *Eric* can and will deliver the quality of entertainment that you and your audience should expect!

*"Each club, like each customer, has its own mood and direction. I know how to read a room, the people in it and provide suitable music and entertainment. I must be doing something right. People are enthusiastic about my show and that response, as well as my following, just keeps on growing!"*

Eric is a recording Artist/Songwriter. His repertoire spans over *2,000* songs in all categories of music, Blues, Pop, Rock, Country, Big Band, Jazz, Swing, Original Songs in all categories and Classic favorites. He will reacquaint you with all the best-known tunes from the *40's, 50's, 60's, 70's, 80's, 90's* and into the new millennium*.*

*"Both the audience and myself would be bored if I only sang the same forty songs every night. It gets old when you can set your watch to a band based on the song they play every evening at the same time! There was a club I performed at nightly for over six years. By the time I left that engagement, the audience still consisted of many of the same people that had been attending since my first night! I put a lot of time and effort into keeping a show fresh and sincere. So far that has kept me viable and alive."*

Eric blends unique and proficient *guitar*, *blues harp*, and exciting *vocals*. These are mixed with a myriad of instruments, recorded by him in his own computer digital studio. This guarantees you a full band/orchestra sound on every arrangement. His outstanding performance is delivered with a confidence, personality and quality that make him capable of entertaining and dancing the most intimate to the largest of gatherings!

*"My energy and full concentration is not only on my music, but focused on making a connection with the audience. I truly enjoy entertaining and it seems to be contagious. People aren't blind; they know when your performance is heartfelt and when it’s not!"*

Whether *Eric* is singing or joking with the crowd, providing fast paced dance music or letting people sit quietly and reminisce; both you and your guests are promised a night of memorable entertainment!

*"For me music isn’t a hobby nor is it just a job. It’s a passion! I’ve taken what I consider is a gift, treated it as a craft and spent years developing this as my chosen profession. I regard myself as fortunate to be in demand and therefore able to make a living, doing what I love! I believe in and enjoy what I am doing! It took time time and that in itself will prove out the rest"*

-Eric Koch-

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

*-Write Ups & Reviews-*

*"... is proving to be one of the most popular single performers ever featured in the Seattle area. Eric is a prolific Songwriter and has worked his original compositions into the show. His arrangements and vocals are powerful and judging by the quantity and applause of the audience, he needs only get up and sing!"*

-The Seattle Times-

*"... a talented musician/artist performing at this Casino whose music and voice will make even the most avid gamer stop, give listen and trade with a smile. Eric’s original material was so catchy that it was hard to tell it from the usual well-known fare. His performance and songs are so captivating, you have to come back for more!"*

-The Carson City Reporter-

*"...a performer from the States guaranteed to soothe you through dinner and excite you into the new morn hour. I enjoyed his show. Personality and a broad spectrum of music! Refreshingly original!*

-The Calgary Harold-

*"Variety dance music with an entertaining show at its very best. I find it refreshing to appreciate someone who is truly enjoying what they're doing! You want fun? He delivers! I predict that it won't be too long before you’ll have to pay the price of a concert ticket to see him…You should go catch him now!”*

- The Spokane Chronicle-

*"The Pacific Northwest may still yet boast another act making good. Memorable dance music, moving originals and a great show with songs ranging from the 40’s to now! His singing and writing talents carry energetically on the warmth and sincerity of his voice… Eric is an "up and coming" artist!"*

-The Oregonian-

*"Every now and then I am lucky enough to be able to forsake clichés for the pleasure of writing up some gifted and exciting Songwriter. Whether you dance or listen, Eric’s material and delivery are better than any turn of the radio dial!"*

-The Sacramento Sun-

*"...if you want a rare touch of quality in your night out, this is one act you won't want to miss! I went to hear Eric as part of my job for this paper. I ended up having so much fun I'll be back as long as he’s in town!"*

-Grays Harbor/Westport News-

*"... is recognized by his peers as one of the most talented songwriters in the area who maintains a steady and growing following where-ever he performs!"*

-News Journal / Record Chronicle / Globe–

-Eric Koch-

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

*Credits of Clubs, Concerts & Performances to date*

L.A. Blues Festival

Station House Casino *Nevada*

Lake City Elks

Rascals Casino *Burien*

Granite Falls Eagles

Wordman Recording Studio *Federal Way*

Anacortes Eagles

Little Creek Casino

*Olympia*

Caruso’s *Maple Valley*

Ormsby House Casino  *Nevada*

Riverside Casino *Nevada*

Silverdale Resort Hotel

Yelm Eagles

Tacoma Elks

Redmond VFW

Dynasties *Federal Way.*

Bayshore Inn*Edmonds*

Lynnwood Eagles

Diamond Jims *Federal Way*

Little Creek Casino *Olympia*

Everett Eagles

Shays *North Seattle*

Snoqualmie Eagles

Peppermill*Centrailia*

TCI TV Studios *Seattle*

Roslyn Eagles

County Line *South Park*

Boondocks *Bremerton*

Alderbrook Inn *Hood Canal*

North Seattle Eagles

Tam O Shanter Country Club *Bellevue*

Provinces *Edmonds*

Brookdale Inn *Tacoma*

Lewis & Clark *Sea-Tac*

Black Diamond Eagles

Sophie’s *Mount Vernon*

Sherwood Inn *Tacoma*

Redmond Eagles

Safari Inn *Sunnyside*

Ellensburg Eagles

Renton VFW

Kent American Legion

Star Lake Inn *Federal Way*

Seattle Center (Concert)

Issaquah Eagles

Capital *Manchester*

Pacific Beach Club

*(Naval Resort)*

Burien Eagles

Morton Moose Lodge

Everett American Legion

Blockhouse *Des Moines*

Stardust Resort Inn *Arizona*

Puyallup VFW

King’s *Westport*

Fireside Inn  *Des Moines*

The Ding How *Burien*

Ocean Shores Elks

Burlington Eagles

Vito's T & C *Auburn*

Tacoma Moose Lodge

Wilderness Inn *Maple Valley*

Raymond Eagles

Gig Harbor Eagles

A's Restaurant *Covington*

Shelton County Fair

County Line *Fife*

Auburn Eagles

Katzenjammers *L*a*ke Chelan*

Azteca *Bellevue*

Tacoma Am-Vets

Mr. A's *Milton*

Aberdeen Elks

Mt. Vernon Elks

Club 170 *Everett*

Bellevue Yacht Club

White Center Eagles

The Derby *Sea-Tac*

Astoria Elks

Kirkland Eagles

Rim Rock  *Lake City*

Narrows Eagles

New Luck Toy *West Seattle*

Longview Country Club

House Of Kee *Puyallup*

Spokane Eagles

Boot's *Black Diamond*

Lena's Inn *Manchester*

Skeeter’s *Tacoma*

Claire’s *Edmonds*

McChord Air Force Base *(Officers’ Club)*

Seattle Elks

Pine Cone Café *Lynnwood*

Sea Dragon *Puyallup*

Oly's Nook *Ocean Park*

Raymond Eagles

Sea Hag *Illwaco*

Olympic Entertainment.Center *Burien*

True Grit *Enumclaw*

Polynesian *Ocean Shores*

Rick’s Café *Kent*

Ulysses *Sea-Tac*

Rosarita Beach *Federal Way*

China Ding How *West Seattle*

VIP's *Bremerton*

Lake Way Inn *Bellingham*

Rainbow Café *Federal Way*

Happy Garden *Vashon Island*

Bernal’s *Federal Way*

Mountainside Inn *N.J.*

The Villa *N.J*

Lilypad Recording *N.J.*

Raymond Elks

Times Square Recording Studio *New York N.Y.*

Chung Fu *Sea-Tac*

Red Lion Inn *Canada*

Sea Galley *Renton*

Colony Inn  *Canada*

Sunset Lodge *CleElum*

SumnerV.F.W.

Brookside  *Montlake Terrace*

Cranberry Tree *Mt. Vernon*

Astoria Elks *Oregon.*

Redmond Brewing

Safari Inn *Sunnyside*

El Toucan *Oregon*

Truck & Road Car Show

Traveler’s Inn  *Alaska*

Rodeway Inn *Canada*

Anchor Inn  *Canada*

Dalewood Inn *Canada*

Red Baron *Seattle*

Cathay Palace  *Vashon Island*

Bruce’s Steak House *Kennewick*

Adair’s *Kent*

Sir Bob's *Federal Way*

Sir Robert’s *Sea-Tac*

Whidbey Island Naval Station (Officers’ Club)

Country Inn *Duval*

Woodmont Recording Studio *Seattle*

Lapita's  *Bremerton*

Rio Grande *Mt. Vernon*

The Shaft *Burien*

H. H. & R. Recording Studios *Seattle*

Tacoma Community College *(Concert)*

Sheraton Inn *Oregon*

El Toro *Bellevue*

Golden Steer  *Kent*

Seattle West Recording Studio *Seattle*

Ad Lib *(Concert) Kent*

Islander *Kent*

Davenport Hotel  *Spokane*

Ebb Tide  *Kent*

Money Tree *Federal Way*

Vince's *Renton*

Butcher Baker *Tacoma*

Calgary Inn *(Shows) Canada*

Red Lion Inn *Montana*

Town House Motor Inn *North Dakota*

Windjammer So. *Des Moines*

Bon Marche Legend Room *Northgate*

Windjammer No. *Seattle*

Jack McGovern's *(Shows) Seattle*

The Reef *Kent*

Martinique *Bainbridge Island*

Onstage *(Shows) CA*

Black Angus *Yakima*

Children’s Hospital *(Concert) Seattle*

Sea Galley  *Bremerton*

Ribber *Tacoma*

Veterans Hospital *(Concert) Seattle*

KCTS Radio *(Concert) Tacoma*

Sheriton Ritz Hotel *(Shows) Minn*

Arthur’s  *Minn.*

WGBS Radio *(Concert) Minn*

Sunwood Inn  *Minn*

Jimmy Yee’s *Tacoma*

Camlin Hotel *(Shows) Seattle*

CBS TV Studio *(Concert) Seattle*

Fox *Bellevue*

Fogcutter West  *Edmonds*

Ocean Galley *Westport*

Black Angus *Tacoma*

Yellowstone Hotel *Idaho*

Noels *Edgewood*

Heart Telethon

*(Concert) Idaho.*

Bon Marche Cascade Room (South) *Tukwila*

O'Briens *Tacoma*

Owyhee Plaza Hotel *Idaho*

Seattle University *(Concert) Seattle*

Ramada Inn

*(Shows) Oregon*

Rodeway Inn  *Tacoma*

Royal Inn *Seattle*

Alpental Lodge  *Snoqualmie*

Hungry Wolf *Renton*

John John’s *(Shows) Seattle*

Hilton Inn *(Concert) Sea Tac*

Ramada Inn *Sea Tac*

Blue Candle *Kent*

Four Winds  *Des Moines*

Swept Wing Inn *Sea-Tac*

Twin Lakes Country Club *Federal Way*

Cove Community Club *Burien*

Waterland Festival *(Concert) Des Moines*

Annie Wright School *(Concert) Tacoma*

Highline College *(Concert) Des Moines*

Mt. Rainier High School *(Concert) Des Moines*

Pacific Jr. High School *(Concert) Des Moines*

Eulogy through My Grandfather

*Written by* Eric Koch

*My grandfather was a peaceful man. As a boy sitting on his lap, I remember the rare sparkling eyes and husky laugh that transcended the usual gruff exterior. His life had been the struggle of an immigrant, coming to this country in search of peace, wanting only a place where he and his wife might raise their children in freedom, something, up until then, they had never before experienced.*

*All through the hardships of starting this new life, his "peace" was always linked to God through the worn German Bible that always sat by his favorite chair. Over the years the portrait remained the same; a man content, despite the struggle, committed to work hard for his place in a new country, as well as his place with his God. Then, drastically the portrait was altered one fateful, tragic day.*

*After his retirement, at an age where he no longer felt confident behind a steering wheel, he had decided to run a few last errands, the final one being to mail in his license and retire the car. On that day, all but the last errand completed, he fatally struck a child who had run out from between parked cars into the street.*

*Never reconciling himself to the tragedy, he died about a year later, stripped of any of the peace that had been his comfort through the years. In his mind, God had become an angry stranger, punishing him for something that was beyond his comprehension. In his words, "This does not happen to good people. I've done something in my life to make God angry with me. I don't know what, but I do know that God does not let this happen to someone he loves!"*

*A year of tears, a year of an untouched Bible, a year of an “un-forgiven” guilt, and indeed, God did become a stranger. My Grandfather's death was anything but peaceful! I had started to write this as a letter to him while he was in the hospital on the verge of death. He was so afraid to go meet this "angry" God! He died before it was finished and I could deliver it to him. Instead, I was asked to read it at the funeral as his eulogy.*

*I've always believed that the peace a spirit attains is reflected in the souls around it. His wife, his children long married with children, and those children's children; all the family watched helplessly and shared the conflict and torment. So instead of a eulogy for my Grandfather, this became a eulogy through my Grandfather, its message for the living!*

*If any peace is found through this, I believe it was passed on through my Grandfather...for such is the way of God, whose mercy and love know no beginning, and certainly no end!*

*©, 1982,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888

Eulogy through My Grandfather

Created & Written by Eric Koch

A soft bell chimed three times, marking off the quiet efficiency of this floor of the hospital. The slide of a curtain, the click of a door latch combined with fading footsteps and voices down the hall, left Friedrich sleeping alone in his room. His dreams were as many and varied as the days that lay behind him. Most of them were old memories, old friends...but at this particular moment there was a stranger in their midst. This was not the “remembering dreams” of old pastures and old places. This was a new dream, an answer to tormented prayers that had hung around his room like so much sacred incense.

In this dream, Friedrich found himself walking through a beautifully kept garden whose air was perfumed with the fresh sweet scent of life. As he bathed in the beauty that lay around him, a soft light filled the air and washed him in a rush of warmth. Before him, stood a radiant figure whose calm voice and loving gaze reached into his questioning thoughts. *"Friedrich, you are frightened but fear not! Behold the garden of our Lord. That which I have come to tell you, shall give you and all of yours, peace! Thus says the Lord your God, henceforth you shall never be alone, nor shall you hunger or thirst, nor shall you grow weary and suffer, for you shall come unto me and I will carry your burdens."*

Friedrich fell to his knees, half in fear half in respect yet mostly in reminder of that burden of guilt that he now bore. Tears rolled slowly out of his tired eyes. The figure swathed in light reached down and touched the side of the old man's cheek, wiping away those few tears and in doing so seemed to take a measure of the sadness into his own eyes. *"Do not torment yourself and commit your spirit to such suffering. And do not kneel before me for I am but a servant no greater, no less than yourself!"* The figure's outstretched arms encouraged Friedrich to slowly stand and face him.

Without another word the luminous arm reached up to an overhanging vine and took something from it. He held it out in front of the old man and said gently, *"Take this into your hands!"* Friedrich put out his trembling hands in cup fashion and the figure placed a flesh colored pod, much like a plant or flower not yet in bloom, into them. Then he spoke out with sure Heavenly Authority, *"Friedrich...Do you believe in the Lord your God?"*

Friedrich's mind raced over his childhood learning. On through the days when he himself took on, in faith, the things he had been patiently taught. His thoughts came to rest on the old German Bible and the scriptures therein that had long been his treasured friends. His lips started to move in answer but it was his heart that sang out on its own, *"Yes, Yes I do!"* With those words, the pod convulsed in his hands and a section of the cold dry shell peeled back, revealing a moist white flower inside. A fragile flower awaiting the moment of its birth.

*"Friedrich..."*, the voice asked a second time, *"Do you trust in the Lord your God?"*

Now his mind raced over the middle years of his life. The half century of impossible odds that never overtook or conquered him; the simple miracles of love, birth and family; all the things that had woven them-selves into the daily cloth of his life. Again his heart would not wait on his lips, and though he had thought to answer... yes, though surely not enough..., his heart simply cried out, *"Yes... yes I do!"* With this second exclamation, more of the pod rolled back to expose the fine lines of the silk white flower. Its glistening petals stretched in quiet grace in the freedom of the garden's air.

*"Friedrich, do you love the Lord your God?"*

Now only the last desperate year came to mind. Friedrich's face twisted in agony that forced more tears out of his eyes. It was a look born of desperate anger, an anger turned inward and fueled by his own fear. His lips would have cried out...but does He love me?..., but his heart answered out of truth rather than torment, *"Yes... yes I do!"* All but a very little of the pod fell back off the white flower. It was still resting so fragile in his trembling hands. Even his very breathing caused it to shudder and shake.

The glow of the figure took on an even warmer hue and its voice spoke with more compassion than the old man had ever heard or known in his lifetime. *"Friedrich...there is a place prepared for you in Heaven. The Savior has given you the right to go unafraid to the Father, and there be met with love!"* The tears in Friedrich's eyes became as soft as light until he felt them no more. Still the voice continued, *"As a child you took your comfort when given. As a man you either embraced or forsook it* *as you chose. Now as a child again you shall be comforted. A child does not flee the arms that seek to love him as a man is aught to do. Nor does he struggle so hard to stay so far away from those that gave him life and love. Man of God, how hard you have fought while your Heavenly Father held open arms to you!"*

Friedrich felt his heart slip into a peaceful union with his soul and it was as if he had just taken his first breath. Even as those last words had been spoken, the remaining bits of “old flesh” pod fell back out of his hands onto the earth at his feet. This left, free to the gentle open air, a glistening newborn flower of purest white, whose petals caressed the breeze with fragrant thanksgiving.

The glowing figure gave an affirming nod saying, *"Gather up the discarded pieces of pod and follow me down to the water!"* Friedrich did so and they walked down to the far end of the garden where they came to a smooth, glass, water lake. The waters of that lake were deep and clear and they stretched beyond all sight. What ripples there were, seemed to flow like gentle breathing. There was a peace to the movement and it beckoned to Friedrich… and he yearned to be a part of it.

*"Place the living flower upon the waters. They will carry it gently for all time. Only these waters can sustain its life. To hold on to the flower is only to deny it its place and what it truly needs!"*

The face of the lake seemed to reach up and lovingly take the flower out of Friedrich's hand. Not one petal betrayed disturbance as it floated out upon the water and bloomed forth with even more brilliance and life. It was all Friedrich could do, to not follow the flower on its sure and peaceful course. He strained to see it even after it had disappeared from sight.

Again the voice touched him lovingly. “*The flower is in its rightful place in the garden of our Lord. What would you do, man of God, with the remaining pod, the body that once sheltered and carried God's flower?"*

Friedrich looked down at his other hand. The remaining bits of pod were dried and broken and he gently placed them onto the ground and smoothed them into the earth.

Back in the garden, from where they had first come, he heard the wailing and the cries of many, for there was that part of the vine that still clung to the pod, unwilling to see or join in the celebration of life for the flower.

Friedrich felt a vague sadness weigh at his heart. For a moment he wondered if his sorrow was for the flower, so suddenly taken away from all that had once been a part of its life… or was it for the shell that had served and protected the flower so faithfully, yet in the end left spent, only to be discarded? Maybe s he was sad for the vine that cried out, mourning the loss of both flower and pod?

The figure admonished him with such tenderness that it was like being cradled in the arms of a loving parent. *"Oh son of woman, child of God…. why do you mourn? I say to you that nothing has been lost! Are not the vine and the garden that much the richer for the time the flower dwelt here? And what of the pod? Look even now to the new vine that takes root in the earth, which is a part of the dust of that same pod. Like children, and the children of children, new life comes forth and all is owed to what came before! So it is and so it shall be, as God has planned, forever and ever!"*

Friedrich turned his attention to the tears of the older vine. The figure seemed to smile while looking back out over the water. *"The vine is liken to the family of man. Some quietly accept the changes of Autumn and the loss of Summer's life. Others weep bitterly in the desolation of Winter, for they do not understand, nor do they see the seasons of Heaven. Truly, your Winter is Heaven's Spring! What is death to one, is but birth to the other! Life has not been lost nor do the waters of this lake stop merely because you can see no further. All is, as was planned. Nothing...nothing is lost or over, save but the brief time of journey."*

Friedrich noticed that even the vine grew quiet as it faced the truth. All was peaceful again.

The figure shimmered in its own light as both it and the garden began to fade. *"Return home Friedrich, for though not yet, your hour is soon. Know that you are beloved in the eyes of God, as are all His children. Know you too that He and all of Heaven await, with great anticipation, that moment chosen, when you shall bloom forth and take your rightful place in the Lord's Kingdom!"*

And Friedrich awoke with a new smile line placed upon his face. Outside he could hear the faint sounds of family discussing his life, death, and the sorrows and joys of both. Too tiredto call out, he simply lay back and let his heart carry the words of his soul to those of his family who would choose to hear, *"It is all right. I am no longer afraid or bound in doubt. I know now where I am going and where I want to be. I have loved you always, my beloved, but I am so tired! I want to go home. Yes… yes I do!"*

*©, 1982,* Eric Koch / *All Rights Reserved*

*603 SW 305th St. Federal Way WA 98023*

*Email: wordman1@hotmail.com*

*(253) 569-8426* (253) 206-569-1888