

WRITING THIS GOT ME A VERBAL WARNING FOR BEING ON MY PHONE AT WORK

He is nervous. The things running through his mind disturb and trouble him always. He knows if he tells anyone The Truth, as he has glimpsed it, he'll be: driven out of the village, beheaded, chopped to bits, stomped, stoned, strung up, hanged, made to drink his own blood, made to drink poison, etc... Which would be bad for him.

After weeks of such torment, The Prophet Mani came to his friend's door late one August day and asked if he'd like to take a walk along the Tigris together. And so they did. As they walked Mani told everything, he explained how he came to this Truth, he explained all his listless nights spent in fear, fear that someone might learn of his vision and want him for dead.

"Ok. So what did the vision say?"

The Enlightened Lord and Consoler, after a moment of intense deliberation, uttered The Truth that proclaimed the liberation of Man's divine spark and the total salvation of being.

"Basically everything is either made of good stuff or bad stuff"

SEEKING SHEPARD

recently acquired six sheep. i'm at a crossroads and could appreciate assistance. you- heavy steps nimble fingers empathetic and resilient it won't be everyone but it'll be you

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

[the first reporting from our Please and Thank You's GUIDE TO MIDDLE EAST POLITICS series]

THE REGION AS IT STANDS

kurds always good

qatar= wildcard

turkey= wildcard

THE GOLDEN RULE

IF YOU DON'T KNOW SOMETHING-LIE AND DOUBLE DOWN

FLASH FICTION

The next time Dracula saw the Swamp Man he knew there was something wrong. His Swamp Man Smile had turned to a frown, his Swamp Man Songs were sang all upside down, his Swamp Man Sleep turned to tossing every night, and his Swamp Man Stories lacked a single fright. Dracula asked and asked "What's got you down in the muck, Swamp Man?" But Swamp Man would just shrug.

For The Mummy, the jealous Mummy, there was an almost sick pleasure in seeing the once boastful bogful Swamp Man knocked down a peg.... [TO BE CONTINUED]

PREQUEL TO BEER

And, even after all that time, we never did find Pabst's blue ribbon. Hell, maybe Pabst was fooling us around. Maybe there never was no blue ribbon. But part of me wants it to be true, part of me still believes it's out there... Somewhere. (The camera zooms in slowly on the blue ribbon, sitting in the corner of Pabst's old bedroom, the very place we started our long and winding journey.)