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| [Curtis](C:\\Users\\aaron\\Creating\\Writing\\Pieces\\Luce County\\Curtis.docx) | [Elijah Katz](file:///C:\Users\aaron\Creating\Writing\Pieces\Luce%20County\Elijah_Katz.docx) | [Grandpa Baker](file:///C:\Users\aaron\Creating\Writing\Pieces\Luce%20County\Grandpa%20Baker.docx) | [Haute Cooter](file:///C:\Users\aaron\Creating\Writing\Pieces\Luce%20County\Haute%20Cooter.docx) | [Mackinaw Island](file:///C:\Users\aaron\Creating\Writing\Pieces\Luce%20County\Mackinaw%20Island.docx) | [Manistique](file:///C:\Users\aaron\Creating\Writing\Pieces\Luce%20County\Manistique.docx) |  |
| [North of Newberry](file:///C:\Users\aaron\Creating\Writing\Pieces\Luce%20County\North%20of%20Newberry.docx) |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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The land of Taquamenon is something to be seen.

Imagine yourself a warrior

Or a Jesuit voyageur

Trying to buy what can’t be sold

Trying to buy what can’t be sold.

“Wolf Inn”

Located 15 miles north of that lumber stop town,

Where the asylum brought us together,

And the prison kept us around.

02/15/2022

Gay uncle’s Machismo. All the Gay uncles moved away west. Got rich in the movie business or physical therapy or some game.

02/21/2021

Grandma-- The Ewokes (Arabs) are trying to take over the world

11/29/2020

Was in tears when I started sketching out my initial ideas on this. Finally making it back here almost six months later. Feeling a lot more emotionally balanced about it, but am awfully glad that it is here.

* Superior shore
* North of Newberry— the Wolf Inn
* Dean’s Bears
* Nina’s accident
* Boone and the Bear
* Boone hit by snow plow
* Champ in the Woods
* Mom and Dad and Mainstreet
* Tahquamenon Falls

Bunker boy

* Emerges Friday November 13th, 2020
* Bunker boy: 5th grade dispatch from the UP.

Teen pregnancy rates in Luce County Newberry

Mother and father remembrances.

My remembrances.

Something about my mom and dad’s time in highschool. Something of the orange and yellow clothes and autumn colors and DNR officers in uniforms and stiff walks. And cold copper tasting beers and flirtations out in the woods with pin needles sticking to our plastic cups. We knew people who had just been off to war. And just come back from war. And the cities were burning and law and order was coming and we were somehow more and less well off.

My grandfather played a lot of postcard chess across the Atlantic. He was pretty apparrantly pretty good, but very lowkey about it, but would have chess borads set up around the house with the games in progress. My Grandfather was very retiring. Chess. Books. Sports on TV. Classical music. Did he write much? Letters? Should write to Uncle John and Uncle Kevin.

Pocket doors. Built in flat shelving nooks. Undulating counters. Instant oatmeal at Grandpas. Sugar cereal at Grandmas. Or eaggs and toast with white bread in the yellow oeak looking out the white at the white chalk driveway and the humming birds curious and after Grandma’s red nectar.

11/24/2020

This was 2008 and my Grandfather had just passed away. I had written him a short letter when he was very sick and I had felt good about the letter and he had liked it, appreciated it and had tried to write me back, it sounded like it was going to be some sweeping memoire of his life. It said he was the Jesuits man and that he felt like there was a generation gap between us. This was obviously true. He was good with birthday cards. We stood in the kitchen and awkwardly chatted about college football. He spoke in this very composed, collected, clinical way. He seemed bemused a lot. He would chuckle. He had a deeper voice than you would expect (in my memory). He was raised under the weight of Freud. Not super comfortable with hugging people, intimacy.

His people had been medics and prison guards, semi-pro long distance runners and cyclists, walkers, shift nurses, supervisors, physical therapist, occupational therapists, an outlier perpetual adjunct literature professor whose choices we a sort of hush intellectual cautionary tale in the family. He’d found a position out east and rarely came back. Seemed close to getting married and then had need to get a restraining order against the love of his life because she became physically abusive.

**09/04/2021**

* New York Trilogy
* Owls
* Hwy 41
* Bay de Noc
* Casino
* Tribes
* Meth labs
* [Frank Tine](#frank_tine)

Frank Tine

Glasses, Uncle Mark, all right. Quiet, sarcastic, unhelpful, keeps to self, gambles, goes to casinos, has access to a bunch of drugs. Manistique incident. Burning the bodies on a forest highway road in a Bravada.