

Responses

(Humor, 1st Place)

By Paul Revis

What are you doing here? You know you don't belong in this house.

You can't go strutting around here like you own the place. I won't have it.

It's a good thing the wife didn't catch you in here.

Because it's my house and not yours, and you don't belong in it. When are your kind going to learn that?

Come here!

Out you go!

Yes, I know its cold out there. 4 degrees I believe the thermometer says.

Yes, I know you'll die out there. I suspect that you'll freeze to death within minutes.

No, I don't care. You've invaded my home, and for that you must die.

Because the dust mites are too small for me to see without a microscope and the spiders at least have the sense to hide, for the most part. They get theirs too, Skippy, believe me. I show them as much mercy as you're getting.

So you hid for three months. Did you now? That long, eh? Well, your mistake was that you didn't hide quite long enough, and you came out of hiding in the wrong place, buddy, and certainly at the wrong time.

Adios! And stop screaming! It's annoying.

Stupid bug.

A Village Called Bob

(Short Story, 1st Place)

By Paul Revis

Once upon a time there was a village called Bob.

It was the Village of Bob.

Everyone who lived there was named Bob.

The Mayor was named Bob.

The Mayor's wife was named Bob.

All of their children were named Bob.

All six of them.

They were all girls and all named Bob.

The man who ran the store was named Bob.

His store was named Bob.

“Bob’s Store,” read the sign over the door.

Storekeeper Bob had a wife too, and three children. They were named Bob.

The Doctor, the Teachers at Bob Village School, the Policeman, and the man who drove the Village bus and even the lady on the radio were all named ... you guessed it ... Bob.

One bright and sunny day, (it had to be a bright and sunny day because that was all there ever were in the Village of Bob, just bright and sunny days. One bright and sunny day after another, day in and day out) a stranger came to the Village of Bob.

The stranger stopped at the bank to cash a check and noticed that everyone had on a name tag.

All of the name tags said “Bob.”

The stranger started to smile.

And then he started to laugh.

He laughed so hard that everyone in the bank started to laugh too but they didn’t know why.

If anyone in the Village of Bob laughed, everyone in the Village of Bob laughed. It was the law.

The only person who was allowed to stop the laughing was the person who started laughing in the first place. That was the law too.

“Is everyone who works here named Bob?” asked the stranger.

Everyone stopped laughing because the stranger stopped laughing.

They all began to look at the stranger, and no one had a smile on their face.

“Of course,” said the lady who gave out the money, “and what is your name, stranger?”

“Why, my name is Tom,” said the stranger.

The lady who gave out the money pushed a little button under her desk. She pushed the button five times. Once would have been enough, but she was worried and afraid and so she pushed the button five times.

Soon the people in the bank of the Village of Bob began to close in on the stranger named Tom. One lady began to sniff him and the stranger named Tom began to be worried and afraid. He wanted to leave the bank but the villagers wouldn’t let him.

The door opened and Bob the policeman came in.

“Please officer, can you help me?” asked the stranger named Tom. I don’t know what I’ve done to offend these folk but I get the feeling that I am in some danger.”

The lady behind the counter whispered loudly, “He’s not a Bob”

“Is your name Bob?” asked the policeman in a very serious tone.

“Why, no. My name is Tom,” said the stranger named Tom.

Then the policeman banged the stranger named Tom over the head with a heavy nightstick, three times, although once would have been enough, and the villagers dragged him to the butcher’s shop where they cut him up into nice little pieces for stew.

If you ever go to the Village of Bob, it’s best if you don’t make a big thing out of the fact that everyone there is named Bob. They’re kind of touchy about it. A bit violent too, but they lived happily ever after. That’s also the law in the Village of Bob.

One Cup for the Day

Or: How to make one cup of God’s own nectar last for the whole day.

By Paul Revis

If you’re like me, and thank God you’re not, otherwise the world would have ended long ago from the confusion, then you like a good cup of Joe. Actually, like isn’t the word I needed here, it’s more like crave. After all, it builds strong bodies twelve ways, right? No, wait, I think that was Wonder Bread actually, but I do tend to live on the stuff, or so I’ve told people over the years, not that they’ve asked or even cared for that matter, but it does tend to get a chuckle out of some folk so I continue to say it. In fact it’s almost true. We, that is, my lovely wife and I, bought a fourteen cup coffee maker a few years back and only recently had to replace it. A short service was held for the dead machine, there were tears of course, and solemn words spoken, but in the end a call was put out for a replacement for the magnificent beast that had given its soul for our edification. The twelve copper, brought up from the bowels of our basement storage area, just wasn’t going to cut it for very long. The tension was already building. One could almost see it if one looked hard enough.

When we make coffee it’s one pot and change. By that I mean that once the dark liquid heart booster is done brewing and the first two cups are poured, the machine is shut off, allowed to cool a bit so as to not to shock the heating element and another amount of water is poured into the machine. The result is sixteen cups. Of course you’ve calculated that out already, haven’t you? I only have smart readers so I know you were ahead of me on that one. Now of course the question you’re going to ask is; hey dummy, doesn’t that make for weak coffee? And the answer is yes, sort of. If done correctly and according to the national institute of coffee growers and roasters, a pound of coffee should only last for four pots of Joe. Now frankly with the price of a pound of grounds these days being close to five bucks, and that’s for the second tier stuff, I’m just too darn cheap to drink anything but weak brew anymore. Besides, if I made it like I like it,

the lovely wife would complain about how strong it was. You know how some people are, “make it strong enough to stand a spoon in it, Fred.” For me, no spoon should survive being dunked into a well brewed cup of God’s own nectar. Lovely wife however, finds it just a bit unpleasant at that strength, so we compromise. I make it the way she likes it, and it’s weak. One must make sacrifices.

So what, you may ask does this have to do with making only one cup of liquid life last all day? Well, nothing actually, I’m just letting you know what it is that I’m goaded into drinking. Before I retired I faithfully lugged a one liter stainless steel thermos of coffee to work every day for forty years. This was to last me for eight, twelve, or even sixteen hours on a really bad day. The sixteen hour thermos rarely worked, but it really wasn’t meant to. Now, however, I work on occasion, if one can call it that, with a neighbor, and sometimes our days last seven, eight or more hours. Now, since we’re using his well loaded Toyota truck to not only get to our destinations but also work out of, space is quite limited, besides, it’s not my truck and going out to refill the travel mug I bring with me isn’t quite what I feel I should be doing. Also, lugging a giant thermos with me into a business doesn’t feel right. This one cup is now my one cup of coffee. For the day. I am almost frightened if the truth be told. But we learn, don’t we? We cope with adversity, we Americans, even to the point of only having one cup of God’s Own Brew for an entire working day. So I sip. One gulp when we hit the street, another when we get to where we’re going, and if it’s going to be an all-day job and I bring the cup with me, a sip every forty minutes or so. Not too much, just a little, just enough to let the brain know that I remember its needs. By now you’re asking “isn’t the coffee cold and nasty?” and yes it’s cold but I’ve never minded cold coffee. You’ve heard of iced coffee, haven’t you? Anyway, when the cup gets dangerously light, a twinge of panic begins to set in. This is never pleasant, but again we cope, don’t we? The sips get just a tiny bit smaller maybe and the brain knows it and protests. The watch gets a look and I try to figure out how much more time this particular job is going to take. Confusion reigns inside my cerebellum and I finally just finish the last few precious drops. Now the panic really sets in, but I think I have solutions for all of this. It should work; it must, for the sake of my mental health. Either stop this working thing madness, or take two travel mugs. Now, of course, this begs the question; where can I get a twelve cup travel mug?

Let Us Reverence God in All Ways!

(Poetry Non-Rhyming, 1st Place)

By Bobbie Blackwell, Jr.

Let us reverence God in all ways!

Let us reverence God in all ways!

Let us reverence God in all ways!

Let us remember Jesus in all concerns, matter, and ways! Live our lives with grace, mercy, and love!

Let us remember praise, worship, and serve God and pray to Jesus for our duties, tasks, works, and wonders, as well as matter, circumstances, and choices.

May God bless you, keep you and richly reward you. May God also help you to prosper in everything you do!

Let us reverence God in all ways!

Let us reverence God in all ways!

Let us reverence God in all ways!

Clap Your Hands

(Poetry Non-Rhyming)

By Bobbie Blackwell, Jr.

Clap your hands,

All ye people, clap your hands, shout for joy!

Blessed be the Lord, Praise Him as Glory to Jesus!

Clap your Hands, all ye people, clap your hands, Shout for joy

Clap your Hands, all ye people, clap your hands, Shout for joy

Clap your Hands, all ye people, clap your hands, Shout for joy

Blessed be the Lord, Praise him always.

Blessed be the Lord Praise Him always.

Glory be to Jesus!

Glory be to Jesus!

Glory be to Jesus!