

CALLAHAN COUNTY STAR SPOTLIGHT

WRITERS SHOWCASE

(All submitters retain ownership)

Submissions sought to:

Star
P.O. Box 29
Eastland, TX 76448
email: thebairdstar@yahoo.com

S.A.S.E. for returns

--WANTED--

20 lines,
 double spaced or less
 Poetry

Fiction or Non

Bear in the cedars

Sweet grass rustles
 What is that?
 Turtle walking

Familiar souls come through the night
 Campfire burning sacred sage

Whistling spirit moans
 What is that?
 Wind in the willows

Glistening roof above my head
 Gives off crystal light for a moonlit walk

Grunts and grumbling
 Crushing, cracking, limbs breaking
 What is that?
 Bear in the cedars

- By *Marti Owings*
 Cisco, Texas

I Listen

I listen to the thunder
 As it rolls across the sky
 I listen to raindrops
 As they come softly by
 I listen to the wind
 Blowing through the trees
 Then I know that GOD is near
 And in HIS heaven reigns
 In my thoughts I hear HIM
 Speaking in my ear
 Saying, always love ME
 For in my loving care
 You have nothing now to fear
 Because I trust HIS caring
 Who gave HIS only SON
 I am always sharing HIS victory to be won.

- By *Ron Vaughn*
 Eastland, Texas

Flower Fantasy

When the Spring air is
 imparted by the flower
 my spirit lifts my mind
 to unknown heights of
 ecstasy
 It is such that my life
 seems free
 to love.

- *Jennye Ruth Ready*
 Katy, Texas

Little Tree and the Fireball

(continued from last issue) by **Oma F. Trussell**

The sleeping Elder rustled its branches. Little tree was very still. He must not awaken the sleeping Elder. He smiled remembering the times the Elders had thrown up their branches in utter despair of Little tree's foolishness of one kind or the other. No Little tree did not wish to disturb the sleeping Elder.

Little Tree sighed. "I wish I could be as the other trees, learning contentment just being a tree in the forest." But no matter how hard Little tree tried, he fell short of the Elder's counsel of giving up his dream.

Little Tree watched the night fade into morning. Suddenly the mischievous sun leaped from behind the snow-clad mountains where it had been hiding, laughing as the sleepy trees tried to shield their piney eyes from its bright glare. Mumbling at the prankster, the still sleepy trees tried to shield their piney eyes from its bright glare. Mumbling at the prankster, the still sleepy trees began their day.

The stirring of the waking trees brought life to the forest. The little creatures that lived in the forest greeted Little Tree as they hurried on their way in search of food. A family of raccoons were busy washing themselves in the bubbling brook before having a morning meal. Brown Bear ambled along the water's edge seeking a straying fish or two. But, being unsuccessful, he sought to fill his empty belly with the ripe, red berries in the berry patch near by. Momma and Poppa Bird were frantically trying to quench the hungry appetites of their baby birds. The brook called out a greeting to Little Tree as it rushed by taking the melted snow from the mountains down to the valley below. Little Tree thought the forest was a good thing.

The lazy day finally paced itself to a calm and steady flow. The forest trees were relaxing under the blanket of the warm sun. No one really knows who actually heard the strange noise first. Oh, the Elders tried to put on a knowing face but finally admitted they, too, were baffled by the sound. They all agreed this was a sound never heard before in the forest.

Just as the anxious trees were beginning to sound the alarm, two men appeared through the trees. The stunned trees remained very still while the wind helped by holding its breath. Little Tree peeked around Elder Tree as one of the men pointed in his direction. "There is one over there and it is just the right size," the voice said. "Surely he is not speaking of me," thought Little Tree. "Hasn't the Elders told me I was not the right size for the forest?" No, they were not interested in me, he reasoned, and was not concerned when they approached him.

The forest trees all watched as men inspected Little Tree's branches. Little Tree's wood heart was now beating so fast with fright he thought it would surely split in half. The Elders thought it would surely split in half. The Elders thought Little Tree was very brave and wasn't so small after all. Little Tree smiled at the Elders. This made Little Tree feel brave.

As the men with the noise moved towards Little Tree, the forest, seeing what was happening, tried to help Little Tree. The sun disappeared and called for the storm clouds to come quickly, hoping to scare the intruders away. The forest trees, including the dignified elders, thrashed their branches and bent themselves almost to the ground pretending it was the wind's fault. The wind played along with the scheme and blew as hard as it could against the intruders. The mountain brook came fast as it could when hearing from the racoons, hoping to rescue Little Tree by throwing its cold melted snow upon the men as it rushed by. Poppa Bird scolded the men and dropped pine cones on their heads while Momma Bird went in search of Brown Bear, who now was fast asleep after eating his fill of juicy, ripe berries. Furiously, the forest friends of Little Tree tried desperately to distract the men from Little Tree with noise, but all their efforts were ignored. Little Tree, seeing the men's determination, raised his little piney branches in humble surrender to the intruders and the noise. Having done so, darkness came to Little Tree.

It was some time before Little Tree opened his eyes. He was confused. "Where am I?" He wondered. "And why can't I move my branches?" He soon realized that trees from the forest were stacked upon him. Then the voice said, "Unload the Christmas trees over here." Little Tree knew it was the same voice from the voice from the forest, before the darkness came. Little Tree wondered, "What were Christmas trees?" He wished he could ask the Elders. They would know for sure but the Elders were far away. Little Tree hoped Christmas trees were a good thing.

It was almost dark before all the Christmas trees were finally unloaded. They huddled there together in the

Each entry with brief biography notes. All must be family oriented; no smut, slander or libel material.

darkness while homesickness lay heavy on the little tree, piney hearts. Oh, how they yearned for the forest once more as the night breeze carried the faint traces of peace through the forest. But, there was no peace here in this strange place so far away from home, thought Little Tree, as a tear rolled from his little piney eye. He watched it make its way slowly down his branches till it disappeared into the ground. More tears followed its path before the long, lonely night was over. Little Tree just wanted to go home.

Holiday shoppers started to come. The trees were inspected, pinched, and shaken as the shoppers chose their Christmas tree. Little Tree was not afraid and didn't even flinch when some of his little needles were pulled off during the order. He thought he had a handsome sight and hoped he looked as tall as he felt. Several rowdy children were playing hide-a-go-go among the helpless trees. One young boy was climbing with you Tree's branches but Little Tree stuck out his chest and needles sending the climber on his way. Many trees were left with cracked branches when the game was finally over.

All the holiday shoppers came looking for the perfect Christmas tree. Little Tree was finally chosen and he was glad. He was tired and thirsty. As Little tree was being carried away, the voice from the forest said, "Be sure to tie it securely or it will scratch the car." "Scratch!" This irritated Little Tree. He had never scratched anything in his life! This is certainly a very strange place and Little Tree wondered if even the wise old Elders could figure it out. (to be continued)

By *Oma F. Trussell*

Coming Soon!

We will be printing on this page a calendar that will list contests, prizes, awards and calls for submissions. We hope it will help you, the writer have resources and contacts for the presentation of your work. If you have knowledge of such events that you thing would be a good entry for this section, please let us know, with the contact information.

Writers And Poets!

The Eastland/Callahan County Newspapers announce that the Baird Star will be publishing submitted poetry and short stories. We will also be publishing a literary journal in the near future.

1. We ask for first-time publishing rights. All other rights will remain with the author.
2. There will be no payment, but you will get your works before the general public. We will be sending sample copies to other organizations, the literary world and libraries for their archives and your notoriety.
3. Short stories should be brief. Poetry should be no longer than 24 lines.
4. Each submission should be typewritten, single spaced, with author's name and contact information in the top right hand corner. You must include a SASE for the return of the submission.
5. Please address all submissions to:

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On the Road to Desdemona...Photo by Patrick Ready