

The Fair

A Creative Odyssey
By Shasta Sovereign
August 2024



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Dear Reader:

We are in the fall. Wow, was it me or did the year just pass us by? Lots of things are in the air. School is starting. There is high school football. Pumpkin patches are about to start. There is the physical and mental preparation for the winter.

But we forget something that is so essential to our small towns. The Fair. It means many things to many people. Kids love the rides and the candy, along with showing off their animals. Adults like to mingle with one another and ensure their kids have a good time. The elders take satisfaction that some social institutions stay steady.

What does the fair mean to you? Is there still a role for them in our small towns?

In Inspiration,

Shasta Sovereign



The Fair

By Andrew

Oh my goodness, I love the fair.
It's always a blast when I go.
I haven't been to a fair in so long though.
Honestly, they are expensive
Especially when you take your kids
And want them to have a great ol' time together.
The rides, the food,
The carnie games that give you a big stuffed animal.
My kids would love to go
Maybe I will be able to afford the fair this year.
The best fair I have ever been to
Is down in Santa Rosa, CA
Man, they got big slides, really big rides.
Man, I miss going.



My Safe Place

By Baby Girl

When you think about carnivals
You go back to when you were a child.

My foster family and us kids
Would go to the carnival
And on the way there,
We'd always used to stop
By the little ice-cream shop
And get a ice-cream each of us
And go to the carnival.

It was my safe place every time.
I remember that it was amazing
And so much fun.
That you would forget all
Troubles and pain.

My foster family and us kids
Would stay all day
And ride as many rides as we could
Until we all got sick and tired
Of riding and walking,
Every year,
Like clockwork.
It was so special,
I will never forget.

**Dear Summer**

By Bernadette

Dear Summer, the time has come when you start to fade away as mother nature will bring autumn in to play. I will miss your long, warm and eventful days but looking forward to cooler evenings and beautiful fall colors. This time of year transports me back to a time when my mother was here with us. We would look forward to the holidays to come and the spirit of Halloween that would bring us such joy when picking out costumes together. Soon after that, you will bring us into Thanksgiving and then lastly Christmas. Christmas was my mother's favorite time of year. We would give her such a hard time about the silly gifts she would start to plan out but yet the fun memories run so deep. For now we will enjoy the last days of your beautiful blue skies in the warmest temperatures of the year as we look forward to a fun camping trip over Labor Day weekend with friends and family. I feel as though my circle of friends and family is becoming very small and that pains me but at the same time I know it is the healthy thing to do. I thank you again Summer for bringing me joy and look forward to seeing you again next year when we can plan even more exciting trips, especially with our granddaughter who will be a year old.

Until then summer,

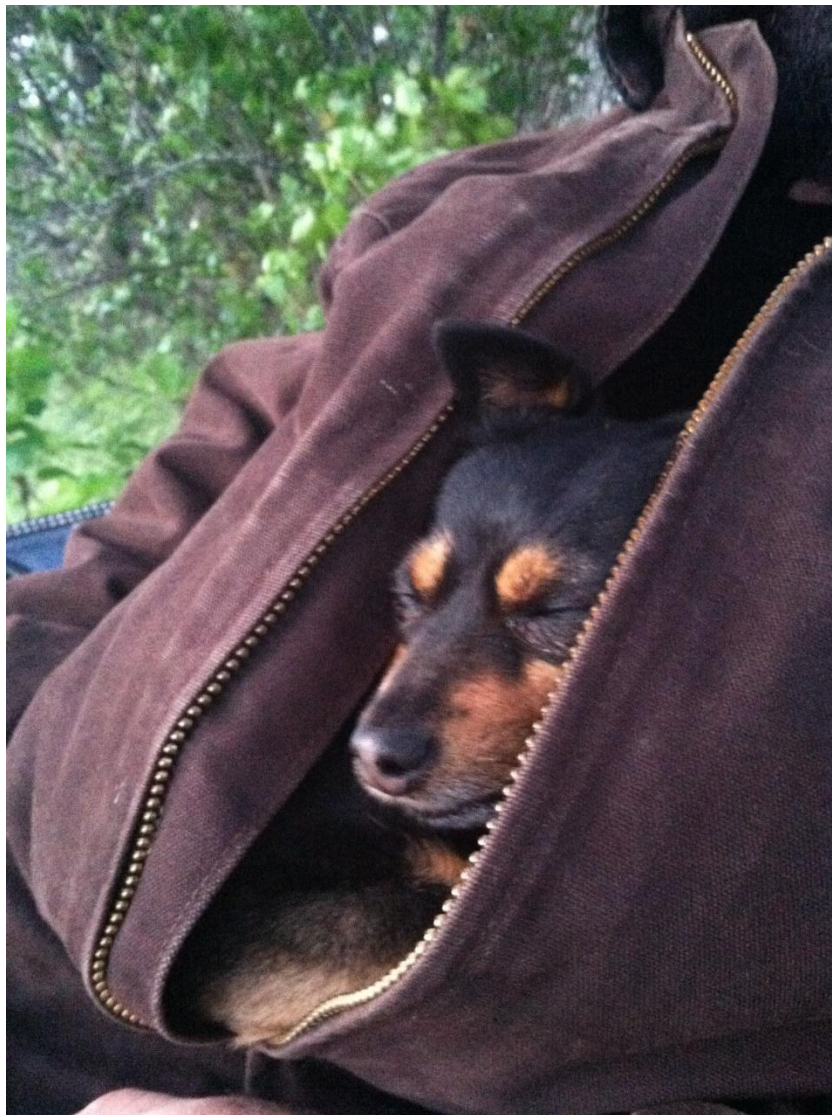
your birthday friend Bernadette.



Protection

By Bernadette

The fair has always been a happy and fun place for me to go. Even now in my adulthood, the fair transports me back to a time in my life with family and friends that I have felt joy and happiness. The sound of the amusement park rides, children laughing, and people enjoying each other's company is such a feeling of joy. To this day, my husband, and I love to go with friends or family, and look at the exhibits, animals, carnival rides, and enjoy the food, drinks, and entertainment. I also always find myself people watching, which can be entertaining in itself. I have a picture that I have been holding onto in which I always wanted to include in an exhibit. It was of our beloved pet Chihuahua Roscoe while we were camping in Lake Pillsbury, California. It was very windy and there were a lot of mosquitoes and bats. He was sheltered from the wind in my husband's jacket. Thus, I have called it "Shelter From the Wind". I remember Roscoe felt so safe, secure and loved, which makes our hearts warm. With this said, I am very excited to attend the upcoming fair and look forward to the emotions of joy and happiness that it will bring to my family and I this year.





How Am I Feeling?

By BJB

I'm feeling there's no reason to try and explain anymore,
Because there is no chance of being understood
And that even if I am understood and felt deeply,
That there's nothing really that can be done about it
Unless they can jump into my body and do a full life review
Then fully see me, get me, feel me with great empathy,
Then hug for a few hours, then say, with soul-searching eye contact,
Ok, this is what we do. We will start here and move forward
Together.
Hand in hand.

We don't really have the right words for what I'm feeling anyway.
Wildly in love with life, but deeply hopeless?
Scared for our future but ready with great strength?
Lonely but comforted by those soulful eyes that see me for
A few moments as they pass on or disappear in ghostly vapors.

Neglected? Like the young child who feared her crying mother on the couch was dying
because of the painfully sad music and the feeling that even though her body was there,
her spirit had left the room?

Yeah, I feel that often.

I also feel like the beautiful moments are too fleeting to grasp but I feel their vibrancy with
great intensity. I delight in our cat's eyes as they watch the birds, I revel in colors and the
work of artists, I love to laugh and the comradery of rare friendship and connection. I want
to be in love with someone who can stare back into my eyes just as deeply, and wants to ask
questions about me and hear me and who loves to touch also with healing touches.

I miss holding babies and the joy I felt caring for small children.

I'm processing my mother's death and the almost two decades I've spent married and giving
so much of myself away.

Giving myself away in chunks and pieces, until I no longer recognize the strange, bitter, grey
haired woman staring back at me.

I'm processing why I attract certain people into my life and why I am so willing to hand them
what is left of me.

I'm processing a life that was stolen by illness when it was just beginning and loving the
lessons it has taught me but hating how still no one understands and just want me to work
harder, push harder, do better.



So much loss and grief and not just from the flames.

I deeply fear being left alone, especially as I grow older, and how very close and real the streets can be to someone in my condition and income status in this society.

I fear not being able to help and heal my child and him not being able to rise above our past and doomed to a life of illness and poverty as well, but I still believe in him deeply – such a beautiful and very gifted human.

I don't sleep well, and usually have to pass out listening to something very compelling that can distract my brain from the never ending deluge of thoughts.

I'm happy though, because I love feeling a sense of being housed and settled and the ability to be creative that comes from this security, though I never feel like I can have even one day of taking it for granted.

I find myself enormously contented, often. In the moments.



The Fair

By BluesLover

I came up to Shasta County to care for my mom before she died, and I never left. The twist is that I stayed to care for my 82-year-old stepfather with whom I had an adversarial relationship for over forty-five years. What I want to convey is not all the anger and frustration toward him for most of my life, particularly during the last 2 ½ years of his life when I cared for him until he died, but rather focus on one single event at which we got along. That event was the 2022 Intermountain Fair.

I had never been around farm animals. After I moved to Shasta County, I got a real kick out of watching kids in our neighborhood walk around the block with their goats or sheep or whatever they were raising. Ultimately, I was able to convince my stepfather to take me to the fair so we could see if any of the kids in the neighborhood were showing the animals they raised. That was the first year I was up here and probably the only time that we got along for an entire outing. It was not a big deal at the time, but now that he is gone, I find that I cherish that memory. Granted, he was an elderly man whose health was beginning to decline so it is not like I got to experience everything at the fair, but the key here is that I truly enjoyed the time we spent together.

Now that he is gone, I no longer feel any anger toward him. I only seem to remember the times when conversation was easy. I remember spending time with him while he was watching TV shows from the 70's. I remember the time we spent driving all over Shasta County. I found that since I let my anger and frustration go, I can now remember him as the man who was devoted to my mother for 47 years and gave her a very satisfying life, which is not something she had with my father.



Peacing

By Bughole Phantom

So I'm ready to go to my garage, listen to music and I wanted to say thank you and it's not your fault.

The song "Something to Remind You" by Arron Lewis of the band "Stained" sums it up pretty well. My saying of "Ten Percent Effort equals One Hundred and Ten Percent of Not Giving a Rats Ass" may also apply considering the invisibility of my "Monsters" to the closest people in my life, who claim to love and Care about my well being. My Monsters are real they are trained how to kill, they know how to fight and never say die, because, My Monsters Are Real. As I'm saying this, odds are favorable that Music, even though my hand injury in 2021 destroyed all I have successfully depended on and have been honing my skills since picking up my first one at eight years old, will save my life again. Cranking the amplifier and distortion to eleven always scared away my "Demons" and I felt safe again. I use quotation marks because my spirituality is rooted deeply in ancient ways and beliefs that did not rely on fear to enrich the greedy like ones created in the last two thousand and twenty four years. Humans and Dinosaurs never inhabited this rock simultaneously but homo- sapiens have been carbon dated the dominant species at least 25,000 to 50,000 years. An unmeasurable quark in geologic time.



Gasping for Air

By Catherine

Please help me, my heart is racing my brain is spinning and I'm running out of air.
Please help me, I know where this leads.
I cry for help but no one hears. I've worn a brave face for far too long.
Please help, the room is going dark.
Sweat is beading and rashes are covering my arms.
Pull me from this feeling I thought I had defeated.
It snuck up so quickly I never saw the signs.
I cannot stop the tears that come with the fear because we can't control anything as we spiral into the abyss.
Stop me before I collapse, I don't want to curl on the floor in a ball once more. For once I'm there, it's like quick sand pulling you into the nothing.
Why do I call it the nothing? Because once I'm there I feel nothing, I hear nothing and I hope for nothing. I don't want to drown in the despair.



Cotton Candy!

Art by Caw-ton

Words by Dizzy G



So fluffy.
When I take a bite
I'm instantaneously spun back to childhood.
Times simple, and sweet
Sticky fingers, colored mouths
Masking the mustard from the corndog I just scarfed.
It's not cold yet, I'm just enjoying the fall days.
Carrying my plush toy I won
From hitting a metal target with my stationary BB gun.
"I'll be right there, ma!"
As I get distracted with the other toys displayed as winnings.
So soft.
But isn't it the softest things that are the most durable
Part of our fabric?
Aren't they the things that withstand
All the plantings and harvests of life?
Do you want to come back to the present?
Or stay awhile in the soft past?



A Perfect Day at the Fair!

By Christopher Robin

One fine summer Sunday morning
Pooh and I set off
To The Hundred Acre County Fair
Pooh with his backpack of supplies
(mostly big pots of honey!)
I with my well-loved copy of Charlotte's Web

We were searching for Wilbur,
Our most favorite pig,
And wouldn't you know it,
Templeton led us straight to his pen
And Charlotte, Fern, and Wilbur
were eagerly waiting for us!

Charlotte wove Wilbur a web—
"Gone for the Day"—
And out we snuck on our
Special Expotition

We ate hot dogs and cotton candy
Curly fries and snow cones
Tacos and dill pickles
Soft serve and root beer floats
Until our tummies almost exploded

Rode every single ride
more than twenty times
Frolicked with clowns,
Led a parade
And at day's end
Collapsed in a pile in Wilbur's pen,
Oohing and ahing at the fireworks

Oh what a perfect day it was!



Shared by Cliff

Description: This was one of my favorite poems when I was growing up.

The House by the Side of the Road

By Sam Walter Foss

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze the paths
Where highways never ran-
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by-
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Nor hurl the cynic's ban-
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles and tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan-
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by-
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish - so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.



The Fair

By D

Fair...My interpretation of this term may not follow what others deem worthy of definition, but it's weighing heavily on my mind at the moment.

Is it fair to think that we can fall in love so easily and be with one person for the remainder of our lives and just be happy? I thought it was at one point in my life. However, for me, that dream has never come true. My life has been nonstop turmoil and conflict and I have searched for that happiness that I see in so many other faces. I always thought I would find it someday but the painful truth was I was looking for it and not allowing it to find me. So when I realized this I decided it was time to break free of the emotional wreck that I had become even though I did not think it was fair that I was still alone every night and waking up alone every morning. I always just wanted someone to love me for who I was but had never had that. I finally took a break, for 8 years. I decided it was time to work on myself, to try to make myself a better person and hope that maybe this would make me more desirable to another person. Maybe if I did this I would end up with someone who truly loved me for who and what I actually was.

So one day when I wasn't expecting to meet someone, I did. He had his flaws, and I had mine, but when we were together we were happy. He lived quite a ways away from me, but we talked on the phone every day about everything imaginable. We spent every weekend together doing things like going to the coast, hiking to waterfalls, target practicing, cooking, and much more. We were always laughing. At night, I would fall asleep with his arms around me and my head on his chest and I would wake up there in the morning. I was finally happy. I was in love. Then, all of a sudden that changed. He would get mad at me for no reason. He didn't want to come see me and he didn't want me to go there. He kept blaming me for things I didn't do and would get mad and hang the phone up on me. Then one day I got a phone call from a lady and she told me she was his wife! She also told me he had another girlfriend and I was just a side piece! How this man spent so much time with me when he had so much more going on, I don't understand. When I questioned him he blocked me on his phone, facebook, and TikTok. So, I'll probably never get answers.

It's been 3 months, it's not fair. I go through stages of crying, not eating, not sleeping, sleeping too much, grief... My heart is broken. I hate him sometimes but other times I just want him to come back. I hate myself for trusting him, I'm having panic attacks again, my fish died and most of my plants because I just didn't care. My craft room used to be where I went to relax and now it's a craft tomb. Just go in there to stare at the wall and cry. I just want to go back to before I knew him because at least then I didn't feel anything at all. This shit isn't fair and it hurts like hell! I don't think I will ever trust another man, he was so convincing and I believed every lie that came out of his mouth! Sometimes I just want to go to sleep and not wake up but I always do. He's out there living his life and I'm laying here with a broken heart. I'm falling further and further into a deep dark black hole trying to figure out where I went wrong and what I could have done to make things better even though I know it wasn't my fault. It's not fair...



Today was a bad day. He texted me and I wasn't sure how to handle it. Should I respond? Or just ignore it? Stupid me, through the tears falling from my eyes I responded. I told him how all of this made me feel and he wanted to know why after all this time I was still upset and I explained to him that I still loved him and I lost my best friend. It was almost like he died because when he blocked me he took away my right to get any answers or say how I was feeling. That doesn't just go away overnight if it is real. I'm still broken. I function as much as I have to and I keep this part of my life to myself. I cry behind closed doors, I talk to myself about it, and I don't bother other people with my problems. I hate my life right now because I can't pull myself out of this hole no matter how hard I try. I wish it was possible to run out of tears because maybe then I would feel better. I want to stop thinking about him going to bed at night with some other woman and waking up with her every morning. I want to believe this has all been just a horrible nightmare. I'm almost 50 and I thought I was being given my final chance for love and I was taking it full force, now I know it was just more of the same heartache that I've had my entire life. Why does it always end up this way? No matter what I do, no matter how hard I try, I always end up in tears. My life is a disaster again and I just want the pain to stop.



Good Times

By Daisy Zee



My dessert picture reminds me of the simple times when my grandparents would pick me up for "McDonald's" ice cream. They would get an upside down cone in a cup, and I would get a hot fudge Sundae with extra hot fudge (Grandpa never forgot the extra hot fudge!). We would sit and eat as we watched the cars go by. It was a simple thing and made for a good time and good memories.



Chapter Two

By Daisy Zee

The Counselor as a Person and as a Professional

Self Inventory-

- Positive Attributes

- 1) I have found others can talk and open up to me. I appreciate the fact others feel safe to open up to me. I feel this will help with building rapport with clients.
- 2) I enjoy creating art of all mediums. I find it's very therapeutic and can help the individual express themselves. I plan on integrating "Art Healing" into my future work with clients.
- 3) My past experiences have taught me a lot about the hardships and various struggles each of us may encounter. I can empathize with many. I find this will help with identifying individual setbacks in clients.

- Negative Attributes

- 1) I tend to take things personally. I'm only human, so always having personal feelings on the off switch is not always easy. However I am aware that the things people do are a reflection of the other person and their current state of mind.
- 2) I suffer from anxiety and PTSD. This has been a reality of mine for years. I have learned how to manage it, but if I don't, it has the potential to back track my progress.
- 3) Being punctual or early has been a struggle for me my entire life. It is a flaw I have to consistently try at and stay on top of.

What is your motivation for wanting to be a helper? My motivation is to use my experiences and knowledge to teach those who are ready to begin their recovery and the healing process. I know not everyone is in the same place in their addiction, so as a professional you can't make them want it. You can only give them a choice and the tools. I recognize that many people do want help. I would like to be in that position to help change the outcome of one's life.

Originally, I started working towards a private Investigation state license. I received my Private Investigation career diploma, in hopes of gaining an internship with a firm. Human Trafficking, Missing persons, and Murder cares, is the reasoning for my decision. I'm very passionate about getting justice for victims.

However, private Investigation internships and opportunities are very few and far between. especially in and around the Siskiyou county area. I have opinions as to why that is, but that is for another discussion.

That lead me to Social work and alcohol and drug counselling. Addiction and drug abuse plays a role in most cases regarding human trafficking, missing persons, and sadly, murder. I feel like if I can guide the people affected by the harsh realities, potentially it could save a life, or many.

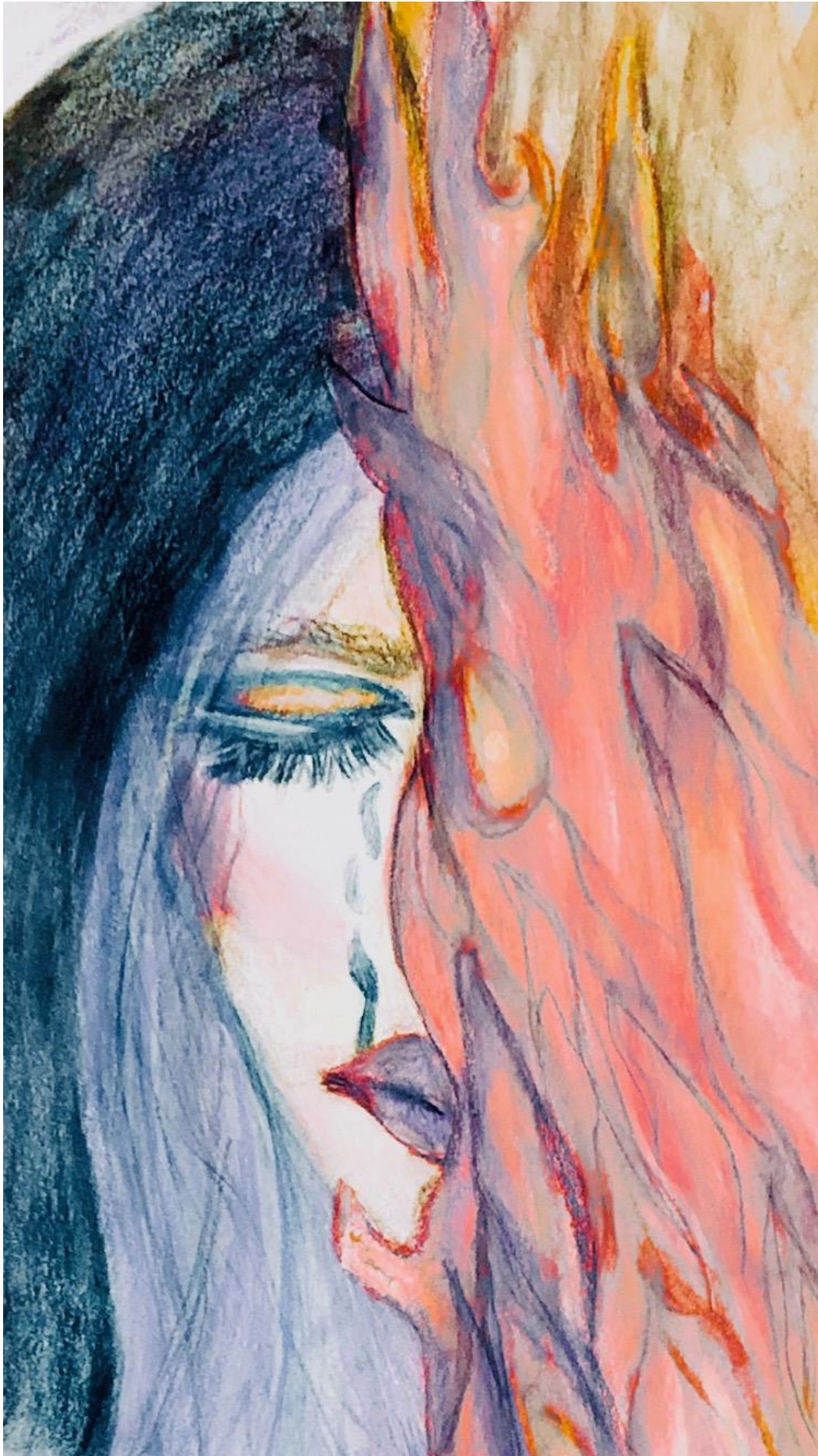
What personal needs do you expect to meet through your professional work?

I want to be someone who sees a problem, and does something to better it. It's easy to judge others, and it's easier to find problems. We need to make it just as easy and accessible to change and find treatment. No one knows how much time they have on earth. I know for myself I'd like to use the time I have to make a difference in the outcome of others lives.



Everyone is worthy of a full and happy life and should be given the opportunity to achieve that.

To what degree might your personal needs get in the way of your work? How can you recognize and meet your needs? Personal needs are important to the quality of one's life. I know for me, if I do not stay on top of my doctor appointments and my own personal recovery, I will not be of any help to anyone or any situation. I work hard in my personal journey so that I can be of benefit to others who are just beginning their healing journey. In investigation, we were taught about the 5 p's, " Proper Planning Prevents Poor Performance." This can be used here. I know what I need to do to show up as my best self. I have a great psychiatric doctor, who pretty much doubles as my therapist! I know I can always call him if I need to talk or whatever the case may be. He has also been a positive influence in a way of motivating me and encouraging my path to social work and alcohol and drug abuse counselling. I hope to reflect his professionalism, and Dedication.





The Fair

By DLS 35

Fairs. Sounds.
Colors and smells.
Chattering across the grounds.
Colors spin in a circle
high in the sky
with buckets seating people.
Balloons and clowns,
fuzzy neon stuffed animals.
Smells of ice cream,
pink cotton candy,
hot dogs, and lemonade.
A time of joy
In an unsettled world.
A day of pleasant distraction.
The Fair.



Alameda County Fair

By dragonflyladyofcali

This story happened many, many years ago. My daughter was in 4-H and also FFA. She raised rabbits. And she was very good at raising rabbits. I have always been very proud of her. She won Best of Show and Best of Breed 2 years in a row.

Going to the Alameda County Fair I always enjoyed when I was able to go. There was always so much to see. So many very talented people selling their goods.

The 4th of July and the fairs fireworks show was always very spectacular. I sure miss those days. Always good times!

My favorite recipe

By dragonflyladyofcali

My mom made this for my birthday when I was a teenager. Loved it and still make it every once in awhile.

Total Time

Prep: 35 min. + chilling Bake: 25 min. + cooling

Makes 12 servings

CHOCOLATE MINT LAYER CAKE

INGREDIENTS :

½ cup butter, softened
1-3/4 cups sugar
3 large eggs
4 ounces unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1-3/4 cups all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup 2% milk
½ cup water

FLLING:

1 cup heavy whipping cream
3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
1/8 teaspoon peppermint extract
3 to 4 drops green food coloring, optional

ICING:

1 cup semisweet chocolate chips



¼ cup butter, cubed
1/3 cup evaporated milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1-1/2 cups confectioners' sugar

Directions

- Line two greased 9-in. round baking pans with waxed paper. Grease and flour the paper; set aside.
- In a large bowl, cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in chocolate and vanilla. Combine the flour, baking soda and salt; add to creamed mixture alternately with milk and water, beating well after each addition.
- Pour into prepared pans. Bake at 350° for 24-28 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool for 10 minutes before removing from pans to wire racks.
- For filling, in a small bowl, beat the cream until it begins to thicken. Add confectioners' sugar and extract; beat until stiff peaks form. Beat in food coloring if desired. Place one cake layer on a serving plate; spread with filling. Top with second layer.
- For icing, in a microwave, melt chips and butter; stir until smooth. Cool slightly. Beat in evaporated milk and vanilla. Gradually beat in confectioners' sugar until smooth. Frost and decorate cake. Chill 2 hours before slicing.



Krishnamurti and Psychology: The Golden Key

By Dr. I. Sanitea

The philosopher J Krishnamurti (1895-1986) had revolutionary insights into the human mind. These can be tremendously helpful for resolving psychological conflict and living a life of total freedom. His teachings offer a way to resolve our daily problems and live a life full of clarity and peace.

His approach can be best described as a “self psychotherapy” in which the participant is invited to inquire into the causes of psychological conflict. Any authority, or guide, who helps us understand ourselves, is seen as an impediment to this inquiry. Why? Any sort of escape from the facts of our mind, whether through relying on a guide, or even our own past experiences, prevents us from pure observation. Krishnamurti calls this “observing without the observer.”

Pure observation awakens a new type of intelligence which does not rely on intellect or memory. It is being in this state of observation that heals psychological hurt, and that leads to immediate insight and right action. However, many of our preconceived ideas about the mind, as well as our attachment to memory, prevent this pure observation and lead to endless sorrow.

Krishnamurti sees all psychological suffering as unnecessary. Why? It can be resolved through insight. Therefore, whoever continues to suffer has neglected to develop insight into their mind. What prevents insight? Normally, we think that to resolve a psychological problem, time is necessary. If I am violent today, give me time, and through various breathing exercises, disciplines, and readings, I will resolve the problem of violence. However, when we postpone any immediate psychological problem (be it violence, anger, greed, or attachment), we cease to be in a state of observation.

We create the mental opposite of the fact (non-violence), and thus move away from the fact itself. Krishnamurti’s way of self-psychotherapy therefore advocates no methods, and states that any method will lead us away from the truth of our mind, which only exists in observing here and now. Mindfulness, which is increasingly popular, is often taught as a method, and therefore it does not result in developing a transforming insight. It also often involves developing goals and pursuing ideals, which is the opposite of true insight. Any sort of escape from the fact, whether through method, ideal, or any type of effort, prevents pure observation, and prevents the awakening of intelligence which resolves psychological conflict.

Next: The Golden Key – immediate insight



Kites

By EGB and CAM

By EGB:

It was special because we went to the beach to fly a kite. Drew got to pick it out and David (the man that helped me raise Drew for almost 20 years) helped him make the kite. It's also special because Drew's grandma and grandpa live at the coast and so does his auntie. We got to visit them on this trip. Even took his grandparents out for a Father's Day breakfast. It was special because Drew hasn't seen that part of his family since he was around 10. They just don't make an effort to see him, but they care. They always send a birthday card and Christmas card with a gift certificate in it. They ask how he is doing. It was a beautiful thing to see them reunite. When we went to the coast it was Father's Day weekend. It meant a lot to Drew's grandpa Charlie we were there, maybe not as much to Drew because he was having fun and didn't think of it. But, Drew's real dad has been missing now for a year in October. He was in and out of jail and prison since we spilt at a young age. He never got it together. Last I heard, he was in a halfway house trying to follow the rules and not get locked up again. Drew has only met his dad a handful of times. But, they have so many similarities. Even grandma and grandpa noticed it. But, for him to be with his grandpa and for his grandpa not to have his son but to see his grandson again was a big thing, I think.

By CAM:

"Going to the coast to get shells
and visit grandmom and granddad.
Also seen my aunt.
Got 2 boxes of donuts and a bag of houlis.
Went to the Redwoods and found a crystal.
There was a dude who was doing big bubbles.
And a dude with a kite.
I also got my kite out.
Went to the Candy shop."





The Fair

By Erik

Oh, sweet memories.
Cotton candy, Ferris Wheels.
Destruction Derbies.



All hands on deck

By Fingerprints for Mom



Fingerpainting





From Light to Dark

By Fire & Rain

Part 1

I have a silly little beast,
I named her River Annie
She let me take her home.
She was dirty, riddled with fleas,
And scared.
She let me clean her up.
She is now the princess of the house.
How do I get so lucky?!
All of my rescues are
Absolute saints.
I feel like they rescued me,
More than I rescued them.
And then there are the other
Rescues in my life.
They love me
And love my attention.
How lucky am I?
They feel my energy
They know when I'm off...
Sad, mad, depressed...
Those are the important ones for me.
They let me know I'm not alone
That I am loved and care for.
Just like I love and care for them.

From Dark to Light!

Part 2

Desert the dessert...

What is this I hear about dopamine fasting?
I feel like I've been addicted to sugar my whole life.
No wonder I'm an alcoholic.

But having all that sugar (alcohol) negated my ability to make it's own dopamine.
Now I have to take drugs.
So I don't get depressed...and/or kill myself....which is the side effect of the drug...
What. The. F.
Alcoholism sucks,
I just want to be free!



So, I googled it - the fasting.

From what I read, briefly, it can make sense.

Especially for someone like me.

I've never been tested, but pretty sure ADHD is a factor. That plus alcoholism equals a reason I self-medicate....

...unintentionally.

It's ok to ask for help...and to find your tribe.

Part 3

I have another silly, little beast. I call it alcoholism. I take it with me wherever I go. It doesn't want me to clean it up. It does not want to snuggle. It only makes me want to feel good enough, long enough, to keep me under its wrath. It doesn't care about me. Sure, it will come to me when I'm crying - to console me. But then it will burn everything I love to the ground.

I feel the heat from the wretched flames, and the scolding of embers and ashes as they fall from the sky. Shelter and bandages are only temporary. The work must come from within. Still, scars will be left. A reminder of damage done. Damage done not just to me, but to my loved ones. That's what hurts the most.

My hurt...I can just stuff inside. I've gotten good at that. It's almost automatic now. Hurting some one/thing else makes it so much worse. I feel worthless, ashamed, alone. Grasping at strings. So many bridges burned. Wondering what's the point. Looking for that...

Light to Dark!



The Fair

By Fry

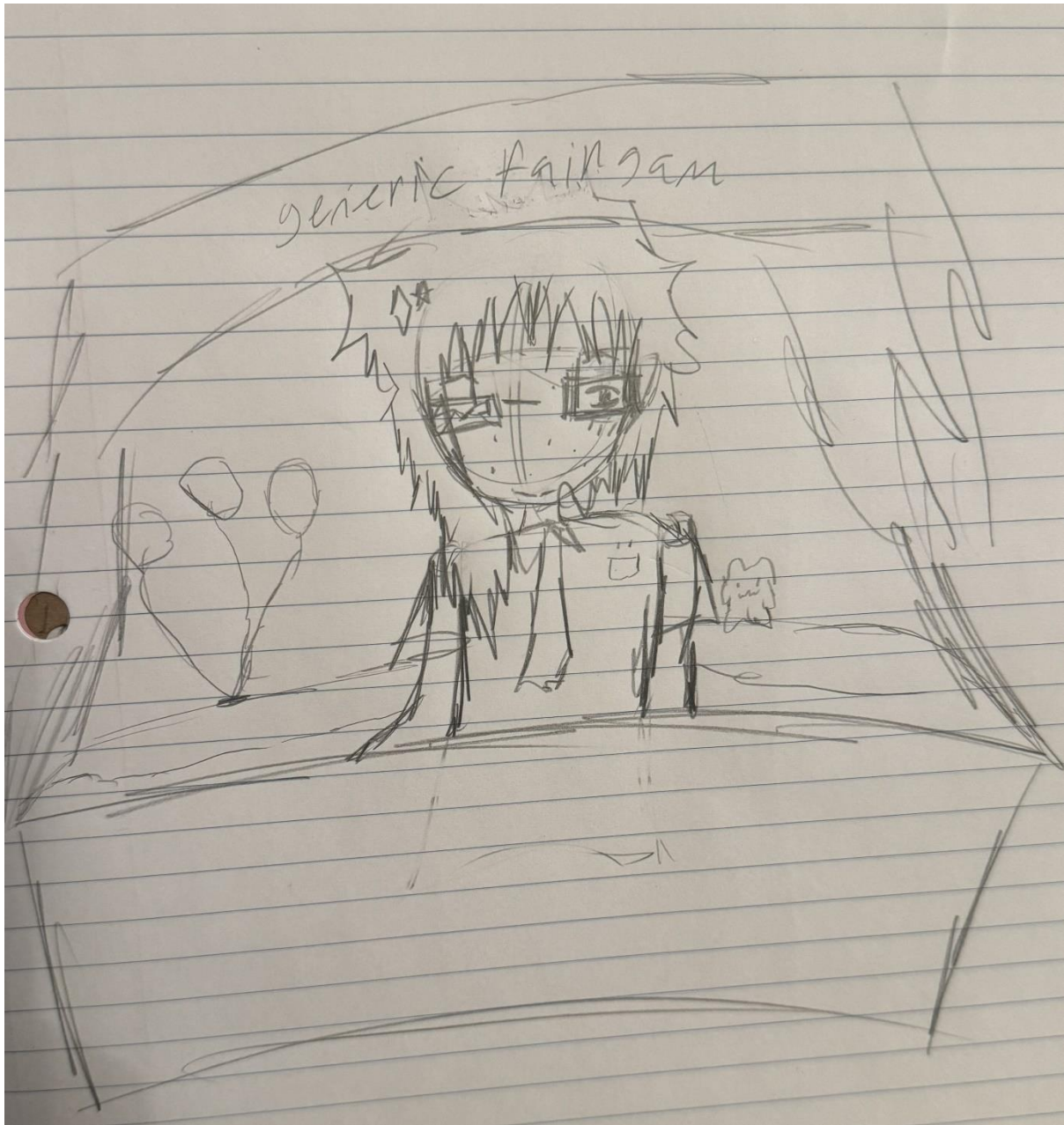


Bright lights on dark nights
I'd like to go to the fair



Fair Game

By Gelly



This topic reminded me of those fair games and the people who work behind the stands



The Winnowing Oar

By Gene Bayard



Description: This photograph was taken on August 4, 2023 in Honolulu, HI (21.286, 157.834). It is the view of two balconies of an apartment building visible from the Double Tree, Waikiki Beach. The balconies suggest two very different life stories.



The Monster that lives in my head

By Greeneyed Mystery

The monster that lives in my head!
Kicking screaming yelling
No no no get off.
Punching slapping biting
No no no stop it.
Crying, uncontrollably sobbing
Shh shh shh we're safe now.
Bang bang bang
Door kicked in, stopped breathing
No no no she right here
Laying still eyes closed Minimal breaths
Kevin no don't do this
Feelings of hard movements
Hearing her cry's
Hearing his grunts
Eyes closed holding my breath
Trying not to make a sound
Am I next? Will he hurt me too?
Crying, uncontrollably sobbing
The sound of my father raping my mom
The sound of his foot steps leading away
The sound of her cry's, her body shaking.
The monster who lives in my head is my father who raped my mother on top of me at 3 years old.
Sometimes I wake up from relieving that nightmare in my dreams.
Crying sobbing whole body shaking just like hers.

* * *

Good enough

By Greeneyed Mystery

Why am I not good enough?
What did I do to deserve such crappy parents?
Why wasn't I good enough for them to want to change and do better?
I was a child screaming for attention and all I got was shoved to the side.
Mom was never there, chasing men and her next high. Allowing me to be subjected to the evils of this world to young.
Why wasn't I good enough to be adopted out like my older brother was?
Why wasn't I good enough to be helped when I was a child? When everyone knew what home life was like for me! Was I not good enough to save because I'm my mother's daughter like I've been told my whole life.
Every day I ask my self why am I not good enough?
Did they want me to succumb to the life style they lived? Did they want me to depend on



drugs and alcohol or did they just not care where I ended up.

Since I can remember I have never felt good enough for anything.

Even now with my amazing husband and my beautiful children I still don't feel enough for them.

As a child living the life with addict parents you will never be enough.

I hate the way I feel and I hate how after all these years I still allow it to effect me. I know I was a child and I know I didn't ask to be here but as a mother now I would never make my daughter not feel good enough.

Hopefully one day I can see I am good enough!



The Taweetan Peerake Fair

By Gus



This fair place has lots of snacks, drinks, and toys! There are lots of people here. They are having a really good time playing with toys, eating yummy snacks, treats, desserts, candies, drinks, and food. Everyone is watching awesome guitar concerts, riding rides, and the Ferris Wheel. People are taking pictures of the place, playing board games together, and kids are playing with some of the people. It looks like a really fun and exciting place to go!



Favorite Dessert

By Invisible Mom

I didn't think for a second about how difficult a subject this would be to write about because I have many favorites, picking one seemed impossible. After speaking with my granddaughter and telling her about the subject that I was going to be writing about she reminded me "grandma your favorite dessert is coconut cream pie. You're always asking for coconut cream pie". She hit the nail on the head! As a kid that was the last dessert in the world that I would ever consider eating, I thought it was so gross! Imagine my surprise when one day I craved pie and asked for a lemon meringue pie, but I was brought a coconut cream pie instead. I was a little upset at first, and as petty as that sounds, I was. But I got over it and I just went ahead and tried it. It was already here and I was craving sweets I, and after just one bite I was very much in love with coconut cream pie and not just any brand. Not every brand is the same. I can't honestly think of the name of the brand. It's one particular coconut cream pie brand that just blows my mind every time I eat; it's so comforting. It's just the right amount of everything. Another pie that that brand makes is strawberry rhubarb, which is also one of my all-time favorites. You cannot go wrong with a strawberry rhubarb pie, especially in the summertime.

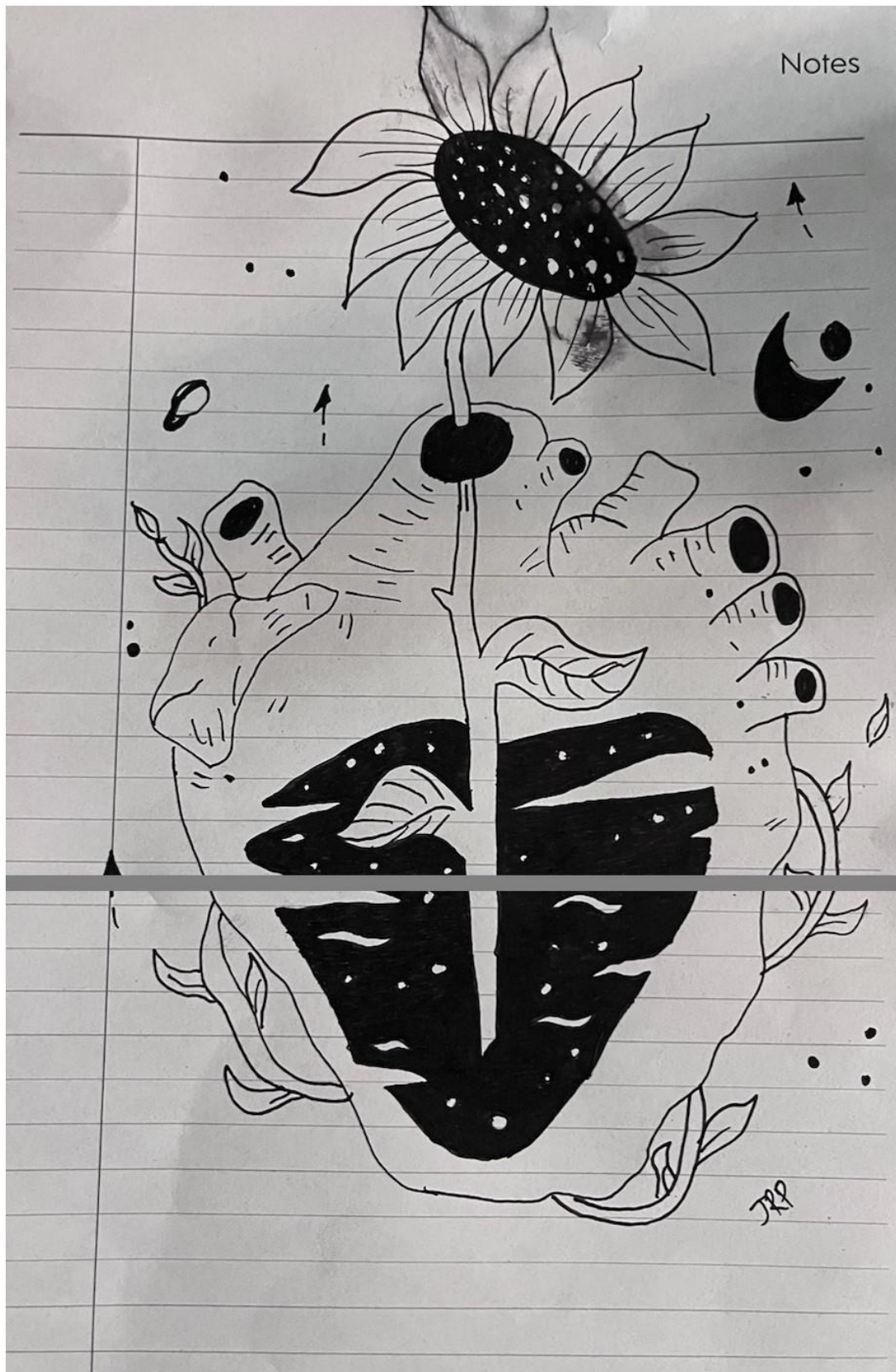
**Magenta**

By J Amado

Among blackberry brambles
I've shed the most blood, all added up.
I brave, with a shaky hand, the thorny thicket,
swollen with glistening clustered purple drupelets.
She'll spread her pink lips
and chomp violently—
an exploding wet and erotic mess in her mouth—
and I wonder...
I wonder what's got from mixing purple with pink?
I close my eyes so as to see better, and I
discover magenta—tasting it too—as we smile
and swoon.
I need a bandaid.



Space Heart
By Jordan





My Rock

By Joss

Greg, when I met you I knew you were a rock to me. Steady, a man of facts and figures. Strong, dependable, organized, predictable. And I had been drifting for several years. I called you my rock, an anchor, a place where I was safe. We had good years together and we were happy. We had fun, my children loved you and it was wonderful what we had.

But then you got sick, got depressed, started drinking. And I didn't know what to do because my rock was gone. My children grew to hate you as much as they had loved you. There was no laughter anymore and I felt like I was drifting again without an anchor. My rock was gone.

And when you died, you had chosen your way to go. I couldn't help you, but I wanted to. No one could. Your purgatory here on earth was a self-imposed punishment. I understand that.

When I spread your ashes under the pine trees and held them in my hands, grit and powder, I thought, "Here is my rock". Crushed, ground, and laid to rest. My rock was gone.



Strange Fantasy

By JT

I feel like I want to be by myself, yet I don't want to be alone.
I feel like I'm fighting off a dangerous element, but I don't know where it's coming from.
I'm a man who can't stand it any longer.
I'm a man, who can't move past the pain.
Is this an evil thing?
If not why do I feel so strange, why do I feel so strange.
This is so strange to me, there's nothing else like it, but I don't know what it is.
Am I Mr. Jones?
Who am I and what have I created,
a beast, or a man who can expand no further.
I'm a man, who can't take it any longer.

I'm a man, left standing in the rain.
Is this an evil thing?
If not why do I feel so strange?
I feel like I've opened up a window,
to the dark side of everything,
everything made in sweat shoppes, in 3rd world countries
and everything for sale in this material world.
Let's return to the way we used to coexist.
Let's bring back manufacturing to America.
Let's bring back an environment of love.
Please don't spill more oil in the water.
Please don't send our working people back across the border.
I feel like I want to be by myself,
yet I don't want to be alone.
I feel like I'm fighting off a dangerous elephant,
but I don't know where he's coming from.
I'm a man who can't stand it any longer.
I'm a scrubbing bubble, about to go down the drain.
Is this the real thing?
If it is why do I feel so strange.
Who knows? Who can even tell. Who can even tell?
Who knows? Who can even tell?
Who knows?
Who knows?
Who can...even tell?

Lyrics of a song written in 2005



Roses

By Kamarino



I've been making roses while welding. It's really helped me recently with my anxiety and the struggles of not being able to do a lot with my injury from working.



I am Fair

By Karen

Oh, it's that time of year again!! The people are here, setting up all the rides, the games, and the machines. Hahaha, I remember last year Bobby was trying to impress Sally on the Tilt-a-Whirl and threw up all over her pretty new dress instead. Boy was she mad!! Well, the staff just finished with all the rides, games, and exhibitions. Now they are starting on the food court. It's all ready, now they are starting to let everyone in. I love this time of year! You can feel the excitement of all the people that are pouring into my turnstiles. Here come the family with all the children, they come to see me every year. They are always called to security because one of their children is getting into trouble. Last year, for example, Tommy was chasing the ducks in the duck pond and angered a big goose. Security rescued him though, and luckily no one was hurt. It was pretty funny though. It's always exciting to hear the screams from the roller coaster, or the green faces coming off the Gravitron. Oh look, there's Bobby and he is proposing to Sally this year! I'll never forget the time when the cowboy was giving tractor rides for little kids, and he kept chasing this one child, doing everything he could to get this child to participate in the tractor races. The child's name was Devin. Devin turned around and without missing a beat said, "Look man, I'm just not that kind of kid!" Hmph, I guess she didn't hate him after all. I love fair time. People come from everywhere to see the exhibits, ride the rides, and participate in 4H. There are singles becoming couples, couples becoming singles, and children running everywhere screaming, "Oh mamma lookee . . ." or "Daddy look at that . . .!" It's the best three weeks of the year! Sure, there are other venues that take place at the grounds here, but nothing can compare with the fair! Well, three weeks have come and gone. This is the part I hate. It's now closing time. The rides are being taken down and the games have ended, and now . . . silence. No more laughter, no more families, nothing. Except the loneliness and quite. Just 344 more days until the fair.



The Fair

By Kelly

Fairs have always given me joy. I grew up in a small town of Defiance, Ohio. We had many, many fairs all over the county. Each fair in Ohio has its own little quirks. They have tractor pull rides, harness racing, rodeo, pony pulls. Most grandstand events are free.

For some, the county fair is nostalgia or simpler times. For others, it is a chance to reunite with the community and share an experience. A lot of people grew up in 4-H and they enjoy watching the youth exhibit their projects and it gives people a chance to see agriculture.

What makes a fair special is the fair itself - going, walking around, eating, playing games, watching the main state attraction. They also have live bands, square dancing, big homemade bakery contests is a hit.

The biggest one in OH is the Ohio State Fair which is open I believe for about five months.

Fairs give you a lot of joy and inspiration. You forget about your own problems and gets you outside of SELF.

I've been to quite a few fairs since I've been here for 10 years. I've gone to the Yreka Rodeo a few times at the Fairgrounds. Was a blast and sooo much to eat. Excellent horseback riding and the Announcers are always a hoot. My mom won first place on her booth there eight years ago. It was some kind of book thing from her elementary teaching.

The Carnivale is also much fun too in Weed. So many different rides, Art, music and food.

They have pageants at the fairs too and who's going to be crowned to be Miss Potato Queen, Miss Tomato or Strawberry, etc



Riverside Journey Home

By KM (Kindness Matters)



Title for this drawing is Riverside Journey Home through an elk siting reserve just before the coastline in Oregon. This is my favorite place to drive by and a happy memory that life is good no matter where you go or how far from home you wander being home with family is the best part.



#TulelakeFair2024

By Malissa



I hold a special place in my heart for the Tulelake fair ..it was my mom's favorite time of the year she has now passed away and I miss making those memories with her she's been gone about 4 years now but I miss her everyday. 💜



Dessert creations by Marilyn

By Marilyn



1



2



3

1 Strawberry Jelly-O Cake.

It's very easy and so delicious and refreshing this time of year. Recipe is a white cake mix bake according to directions on the box cool the cake and use a fork and poke holes all over the cake. Mix up a large package of Jelly-O and pour the liquid over the cake refrigerate top with cool whip and enjoy very simple and delicious 😊 I hope that you try it and enjoy it. You can use whatever flavor Jelly-O you like lemon is also one of my favorites 😊

2 Lemon Jelly-O Cake

3 Chocolate Chip Cookies



Carefree fair fun

By Mari Time

I am sitting in the open back of a 1970s Toyota pickup, in scratchy hay, on the way to the fair. I watch the towering hemlock and Douglas fir centurions and the sparkling Sound from my berth. I hope to spy a cute boy in the passing cars. My good friend is perched in the hay and makes a crazy face. We lean on the sides of the truck making faces at the other cars, laughing hard and hoping they are shocked. It's warm, but not hot.

My dad has followed his usual ritual for this yearly outing prior to our drive. He comes back from the grocery store with squishy Wonder Bread, a large assortment of cold cuts, a pack of American cheese, packages of cookies and candy, and 6-pack after 6-pack of soda. He fills two big coolers and puts them in the small, blue pickup truck bed. Where he got the hay I have no idea, but it is free and loose and scratchy in the pickup bed. A few old, probably Navy issue wool blankets are formed into nests in the hay. Smoke curls out the driver side window from my father's cigarette. Sometimes when we stop, I think I can hear the Oakridge Boys or another country band coming from the truck cab.

We arrive at fairgrounds and seek a parking spot. Several houses across from the fairgrounds advertise, "All Day Parking, \$5.00," to park on their front lawn. We find a friendly parking place, park and pay. My tall father unfolds himself from the small truck cab. He walks to the back where we are, opens the tailgate and pulls the coolers to the tailgate. He unpacks the bread, cold cuts, cheese, condiments and paper towels and proceeds to ask us what kind of sandwich we want. He fixes us our sandwiches, but I know he thinking of corn on the cob with butter. I am thinking about the swirly, sticky, sweet smelling cotton candy and funnel cakes. My father makes himself a bologna sandwich and eats it thoughtfully.

We giddily pack up and head for the fairground gates. Couples and families are streaming to the admission stands. My father pays for us and tells us the plan. Us kids can go by ourselves for two hours then meet my dad by the at the agreed spot. He gives us money for games, rides and food, and we take off running. We want to find the games with the cool band mirrors as prizes.

It smells like hot dogs and French fries, cotton candy, sweat, animals, cigarettes, toilets and machinery. There are screams and laughing, rides whirring, music, and carnival folks hollering, "Hit the milkcans and win a prize! Three balls for a dollar!" and other delights. There is a cacophony of yelling and banging.

My friend and I throw dimes on plates, try to pop balloons with darts, and spray the mechanical clown in the mouth to see who fills the balloon first. We snicker at the things the hypnotist makes people in the audience do. Like ribbit or hop like a frog. One fellow thought his tshirt was squirting water in his face. I hid out toward the back so the hypnotist wouldn't pick me. We buy a huge plate of fries, a big drink, and funnel cakes. I think ice cream too. I am stupid full and my stomach is not super happy.



We meet my dad who wants to buy us corn in the cob. It sounds tasty. The corn is buttery and messy, it's juice and melty gold running down my chin. We part again to meet up again in another two hours.

I have to find the bathroom! We finally find it but I am seriously grossed out by the toilet paper and weird water on the floor, and doors that won't stay shut. I am embarrassed as my stomach hurts and I think it might be noisy. I also in no way want to sit on the crusty toilet. No matter, nature calls. I hover over the toilet and nearly give myself an aneurism trying to keep the noise at a minimum.

We find the animals. They are so cute but it is stinky. The pigs are funny and so big! We giggle when they snort. The horses are tall and shiny. Some snicker. The rabbits are so fluffy, wiggling their little noses. The goats are just crazy. They move funny and make weird sounds. One tries to eat my purse as I am pressed against the fence.

We do some tame rides like the big slide with the gunnysacks. Or the big swing. My friend previously bit me when she got scared on the hammerhead, I wasn't doing that again. We do the music man, going round and round, then the scrambler getting thrown against the outside of the cage.

We meet my dad and he takes us to a concert at the grandstand, the Beach Boys. I thought it was old fogey music but I knew some songs. I wanted to see something like Styx or Queen. My dad jokingly waggles his rump and I want to die of embarrassment.

It's becoming dark and teenagers start showing up and the tempo changes. My dad gathers us up and we trudge back to the pickup in someone's front yard. We jump in the hay and wool and it's colder going home. We wake up when the truck stops at my friend's house, about 45 minutes away from the fair. We both have hay in our hair and stuck in our clothes. She climbs out, our parents chat, and dad takes us home. I sleep so hard feeling like I have a contented smile on my face. Another fun year at the fair.

**Fair**

By Martha

Fair is the smell of popcorn, cotton candy, soda,
the smell of the oil from the rides...the derby,
the smell of the lawn..
the concert..
the laughter
the vendors..
the quilt shows
the animals..
the walking
the tags on your wrist ...
the friends..
the feeling of the rides
the yelling of the
the breakup of my first love...
that happened to be my husband later in life..
we shared an extremely loving life together
medical problems but nevertheless
the happiest I have ever been.

now I'm old and I will never be with another man
no one can ever compare..
now, no more bliss, just pain..
I pinch myself so the pain will go away..

This is what I think about when I think about the fair...
no rides no bliss...
no fair
no rides
no cotton candy .
just waiting to sleep forever
in a sweet sleep
that will never be disappointment in.



Sea Turtle
By McKenna





Fair is Fare

By Montana

Pulsing colors fly in-air, glazing temples sight - all is fair.

Humour and velocity lifts her brow turning spires -faceless yet fair trow.

Simplicity and freedom reign this fare day.

Never too shall meat.

Bounty boasts a fair daughter's mantle, with peaches and blackberry bramble

**Reflection on a recent trip to the Summer Market*



THE FAIR

Peggy



The fair has been a tradition for farmers to bring their best of show to be judged for over 200 years. The word Fair comes from the Latin word, FERIA, meaning “festival”. For me it brings back memories of my childhood. How excited I would be as we drove up and the first thing I could see was the Ferris wheel and all the colorful lights. Then as we walked to the front gate we are met with the sound of music and people talking, and the smell of the corndogs, fried dough, candy apples and cotton candy. I couldn’t wait to get to the rides! Counting the tickets dad gave us and deciding which ride would be first. Usually there was a tossup between the tilt awhirl or the flying

bobs, but never the zipper. Playing on the loud speakers would always be “Rock you like a hurricane” by the Scorpions. Nervously entering the ride you could only hope to not get the inside seat otherwise you will be squished by the force of the ride. What seems like only a second the ride ends and we stumbled off so dizzy you can’t see straight looking for the Exit, just to get back in line to ride again Such fun!

I have to say seeing the home made crafts and art work was equally my favorite. My mom who entered in the pie contest, winning the blue Ribbon for best crust was always a bragging highlight amongst my friends. And then of course collecting all the brochures and freebies in the exhibit building is a must, and watching the demonstration of the best knife and cookery was interesting. And of course you can’t leave that building without Salt water Taffy.

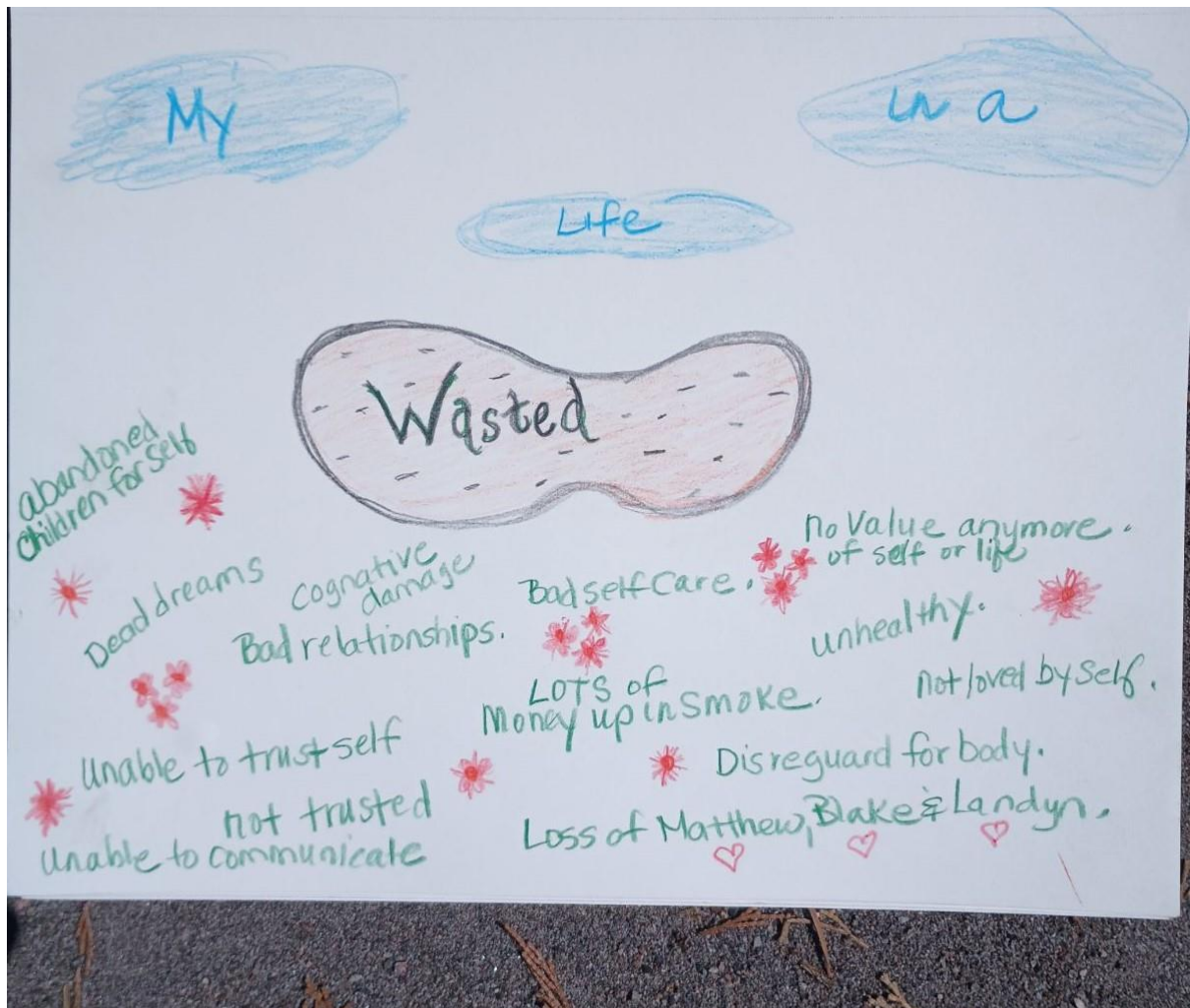
The Fair is not the Fair without seeing the farm animals. Treading lightly through the hay covered barns as to not step in poo, I made my way to the Pigs! Usually named Pork chop or hamlet and guaranteed fast asleep laying on their side in their mud bed. The sheep, smelling of well... sheep. Giving out a Bahhh which really they are saying “get me out of here”. But of course the star of the show is the Polish Chickens with their fluffy heads, sitting in their little wire cages staring at us like we are crazy for talking to them in baby voices.

I think what a fair does, it’s one of those events that allow us to slow down, to enjoy the moment, feel, taste, discover or perhaps bring back memories, bring back the wonderment and excitement as if seeing it again for the first time. To me there will always be a place in my heart for the All American County Fair.



Wasted

By Pink



Description: The carnage of being wasted



Fun at the Fair

By Rachel



My son Eli had a huge smile while enjoying his cotton candy. He loved all the rides and lights. It was a fun evening for us.



The Fair

By Rebecca Zanni

The Fair---

I finally found some pictures from 2017

probably the last time I got to go.

Some of my favorites.

I can never believe how hard it is to find someone to go

seems all my people hate it for one reason or another.

In the past I would drive myself.

I always had two goals

look at the buildings and get a corndog.

Running into friends was a bonus and made me not look like a loner.

While I was married, my husband wouldn't go because his job and often worked it

or didn't feel safe because of his job.

My friends had various reasons.

I grew up in Sacramento where it was the State Fair and it was like a whole month,

Being young it was a big deal and soooo much fun.

My neighbor had a fancy old car and was part of a club

so his daughter (my best friend) and I would get in with vendors bracelets.

Ahhh the years.

So anyway, I've always loved all the little fairs and carnivals.

Now that my children are gone, I don't drive, and my friends don't care

I miss everything.



The Fair

By Rinny K

Ember stood in line with her mother. Today there was more excitement than Ember had experienced the entire summer because it was the third night of the local fair. Small town living meant there wasn't a lot for a teenager to do, especially when their parent worked 2 jobs to make ends meet.

A few years ago, Ember's mother and father had divorced. Needing a fresh start from a bad past, Ember and her mother moved to Northern California from North Idaho. The weather had been moderate growing up. Not too hot. Not too cold and lots of snow in the winter. Moving to California had been quite a change for Ember.

Ember spent her summer that year with one day blending into the another with only her two friends, Chloe and Autumn, to keep her company. They had the occasional overnight movie fest and went swimming when a parent could take time to drive them the almost hour it took to find decent swimming, but otherwise Ember was on her own.

The days had been boring and long, but today was different. Today was Fair Day. It was a chance for Ember to spend time with her Mom, who she barely saw because her mom worked so hard to pay rent, buy groceries and to take care of their home. Today was different. Today was special. Today was The Fair and Ember's mom had gotten off work early which was a rare event. As Ember and her mother stood in line, the smell of popcorn was in the air. Ember could feel the warmth of the sun on her shoulder and her hair moving in the breeze. The weather was unusually nice, and not blistering hot. It was much like everyday was back in Idaho. The fair was crowded with long lines and lots of people taking advantage of the nice weather and spending time with their families.

As Ember and her mother inched closer and closer to the ticket counter Ember's excitement grew. Ember hadn't been to a fair in years. The last time she had gone, she had been a small child. Too small to ride the fun rides, too small to do anything but watch everyone else have fun. Before Ember knew it, their tickets were purchased and they were inside the gate. This was an amazing fair. There were lots of food booths, rides, a rodeo, and you could hear music from the concert that was at the back of the fair.

The sun was setting and everywhere Ember looked. She could see kids having fun. Kids spending time with their families. Some had balloons and cotton candy, others had glow in the dark apparel, flashy toy swords and all sorts of toys, stuffed animals and other fair treasures.

Ember knew money was tight but was hoping to get a keepsake of some sort as a reminder of this day. Ember's mom had splurged and gotten them both bracelets so they could ride all the rides all night long until the fair closed.

As day drew tonight, crowd's got a little more rambunctious. The first ride Ember and her mom rode was the ferris wheel. It wasn't an average ferris wheel-no, it was a double Ferris



wheel. Ember and her mom waited in line briefly and took their seats. The ferris wheel started to turn and it was exhilarating. They went so high up in the air. When the wheel stopped they were at the very top. The cart swung hard front to back, and it felt like they would fall out backwards. From the top, Ember could see the entire affair sprawled out along with all the cars parked in the parking lot, with the town lights in the background. Around and around they went. It was a wonderful feeling. It was like being away from everything and everyone and just enjoying the moment. All too quickly the ride was over and Ember and her mom disembarked from the ride.

What were they going to do next as they wandered? Trying to choose a ride, Ember's eyes landed on the Gravitron. Oh yes, the Gravitron. Ember grabbed her mother's hand and started pulling her towards the ride. This was one of the rides Ember had wanted to ride as a child but was too small. They got in line and before long they were in the Gravitron. Once everyone was loaded, they cranked the music and played an old 80s song that made her mom grin. Ember could tell she was remembering back when that song was first released and the fun that she had when she listened to it in her youth. The ride spun around and around, faster and faster, the music blasting out lyrics "...she calls, she calls me on the telephone...". Ember couldn't hear a thought inside her head. She just enjoyed how the pad that she was leaning against slid up-and-down up and down based on the speed of the Gravitron. Once again and all too soon the ride was over. This time, Ember was a little bit dizzy from the ride and asked her mom if they could grab something to eat.

They made their way to the concession stands. Ember purchased cotton candy, an elephant ear, soda and a hot dog. There is nothing like fair food. It was delicious. Ember sat with her mom at the picnic tables, savoring the food, listening to the sounds of the fair. It was strange whoever set the layout for the fair: the concessions were set up rather close to the rodeo. And the smell of manure could be caught here and there on the breeze, but it didn't distract from how good the food was and how much fun she was having.

Ember and her mom spent the next hour or so wandering from booth to booth, looking at trinkets and gadgets, Ember searching. For that one special item: the keepsake. The reminder of the wonderful day she was having. Ember picked a necklace made with hand woven hemp twine with a beautiful glass blown flower hanging from it. Ember's mother purchased one similar to Ember's so they could match.

Now that Ember and her mom had been fed, a little shopping had been done, Ember was ready for more rides. They got in line for the rollercoaster, and this was an amazing roller coaster with loop de loops. This ride was known for how large it was for a fair roller coaster and was the highlight of all the rides.

Ember and her mother waited much longer in line for this ride. Ember's anticipation was making her squirm and fidget. Ember's mom noticed and laughed, saying all in good time. After what seemed like an eternity, Ember and her mother reached the front of the line, the rollercoaster rolled into place and Ember and her mother were seated at the very front of the rollercoaster. More waiting as people were loaded onto the coaster to make sure that it was full. Not a seat was wasted and then it began slowly at first. The ride began working its way



up. Slowly slowly and then they finally reached the top and what happened next is something that Ember will never forget. The ride dropped out from underneath them so quickly. They sped down the rails Ember's hair flying behind her with her screaming the whole way, not in fear but in excitement, joy and exhilaration. As they were upside down and going through loop de loop Ember raised her arms in the air. Just enjoying the ride, the freedom, the feeling of flying. When the ride ended, Ember knew that was not going to be the only time she rode that rollercoaster that night.

As the night drew later, darkness had fallen and everything was lit up. There were so many beautiful lights, flashing lights, strobing lights and people everywhere. Ember had never seen so many people in one place at one time. Ember and her mother spent the next 2 hours wandering from ride to ride. None of which were as fun as the rollercoaster. They'd wait in line, get on the ride, ride and disembark. Wash, rinse and repeat.

When Ember was eating, she was a little worried that all the rides that she had planned to ride were going to cause her to lose her delicious fair snacks. Fortunately, that did not happen.

Ember and her mom decided it was time to see some of the shows and found themselves sitting in the bleachers to watch the rodeo. There were bulls out in the arena with clowns running about. The aroma of animals was much stronger in the bleacher than at the picnic tables. The competition began, and Ember and her mother cheered loud clapping stomping. Neither one of them were that into rodeo or bull riding, but it was hard not to get caught up in the moment and excitement.

After the rodeo, Ember and her mom made a quick decision to attend the country music concert. The music was good, and the audience participation was amazing. People sang along with the songs and even held their phones and lighters up when a really good song was sang.

Once the concert was finished, Ember and her mom made their way back to the rollercoaster. The line wasn't as long this time when they were quickly seated, this time about halfway back. Once again, Ember screamed, arms in the air, and enjoyed the ride so much. They disembarked, walked around, got back in line and did this several more times. After the fifth run through on the rollercoaster, Ember's mom begged off and said she couldn't take any more loop de loops and upside down moments. Ember and her mom wandered the fair enjoying the sights, the smells the lights, the people: the children having a wonderful time, couples walking hand-in-hand and families spending time together.

Ember and her mother stopped to get slurpees and sat at the picnic tables once again and watched the crowd. Ember didn't want the night to end but end it did. Booths started to close down. Light started to go off. People started to trickle their way out the exit gate. Ride stopped running.

Eventually it was time to go, Ember still hadn't found that one keep safe that she desperately wanted as a reminder of this amazing day. She had a necklace that resembled her mother's,



which both would go on to wear those necklaces throughout their lives but Ember really wanted a keepsake.

Most of the booths had closed down by now, and it was getting time for everyone to leave. Ember slowly walked past the last few booths that were still open, hoping to see something that would catch her eye, that would fulfill her desire, the perfect keepsake.

And then she saw it in: a booth that was starting to close down on a shelf was a beautiful snow globe. The snow globe had dolphins on the outside, wrapping around the globe with a mother dolphin and a baby dolphin on the inside. The base was blue and white representing waves that the dolphins were swimming through. It lit up a light blue and it was beautiful. The perfect keepsake. Ember walked up to the booth and asked about the globe: the seller explained how intricate the detailing was in an obvious attempt to sell an item, but Ember didn't need it to be sold to her. She knew she had found what she was looking for. When the seller wound the globe, it played *You and Me Down by the Beautiful Sea* and it was perfect.

Ember pulled out her wallet and immediately purchased the globe. It was placed in a box for protection on the way home.

Even though she didn't know it, Ember would keep that globe the rest of her life. It got dusty. The light stopped working, the fins on the dolphins on the outside of the globe got chipped off but she kept it through many moves including a bad marriage, divorce, another marriage and many beautiful babies.

That globe represented one of the best nights of her life as a teenager and represented the special bond that she and her mother shared.





Family

By Rinny K

I love my family forever
Hopefully we can stay together
Despite all the pain
They're my fortune and fame
They're the ones who hold me together



The Fair

By Sheri

The fair of estates. When I was young I don't really remember going to the fair. As I got older I went. Friends, other families and friends. When I had children of my own we lived in a small town and the fair was what brought everyone together. Children bought animals to take to the fair. They spent months feeding and growing these animals to sell. There was 4-H and FFA.

The fair was small but had a lot of fun and interesting things to do and see. There were a-lot of buildings with crafts and food and pictures all of things people had made. They were all judged and awarded with ribbons. People took stock in those ribbons. They were an important part of the community. There were rides and games tons of different kinds of foods. There were lots of animals some that would be bid and sold at the end of the fair and some that were just judged on for a ribbon. Great experience for the family. They had destruction derby's, concerts on the weekends.

As time has passed the smaller fair has been slowly becoming a little less. Even the bigger mid size fair since Covid and the state of the economy has suffered. Families stopped going all over the country and selling their wears and some aren't participating because the cost has become too much for families. You can see when you go to the fair that the buildings aren't packed and the food is less the rides aren't as big. The crowds aren't there as much anymore. The price to park, the price to get in, and the food, the rides has become something the average family can't always afford anymore. The traditional family fair is slowly fading away into the obscurity of life in the lonely small towns scattered across America.



Peach Frangipane Tart

By She Wears Flours in Her Hair





SIX RIBBONS

By SKS

Entering my art in the 2024 fair was enjoyable to say the least. Once all the paintings and framing were completed, I was able to get them to the fair in time for entry. Now all I had to do was wait for the fair, and the judges' decisions. I couldn't get to the fair until Friday August 9th, when my granddaughter and I were both free that day. We had a blast at the fair but we anxiously went and saw my paintings to see if I got any ribbons. The first one we saw was "Sunflower Beauty", and it had a beautiful second place red ribbon. Then we saw three of my really good paintings in third place, two of them I thought would be the best of the show. Then I saw my waterfall and my cow did not win and my heart sank, but around the corner we saw my painting "Spirit Horses" with a blue ribbon in first place. I was over the moon happy and so was my granddaughter. It made our day brighter. This painting was the one I put the most work into and was near and dear to my heart. I love horses and it celebrates the fact that they are taken away from their young ones too soon. So then my granddaughter and I went and enjoyed that animal zoo and rides, and on the way out we stopped back by and I realized that my painting "Gal And Buddy" received an honorable mention ribbon. That made me even happier. The entire experience has been one to build my confidence in my art. I am looking forward to next year's Fair and entering my advanced painting. I am taking a painting class at the college for 4 months and intend on improving my skills. May this be a lesson to all to not be afraid to put your art out there. Or whatever it is whether you sing dance or paint, don't be afraid.



First Place



Honorable Mention



Living in Honey

By SKS

Description: this is an acrostic

Humbles my soul,
Ointment for my eyes, (metaphorically)
Needed to slow me down,
Everyday calms me down,
YES to living in a world of Honey, (metaphorically).



In All Fairness

By Sri

It is not fair that most moments of my existence are filled with fear. It's not fair that I don't get pleasure from life these days. Not even in my sleeping dreams. I used to love having dreams of a man I admire loving me in a dream. All barriers were gone. I would try to hold onto the dream and not wake up from it. I would hold onto the Closeness and Connection I felt to the person in the dream, even after unsuccessfully staying in the dream and waking up. Nothing would come of it in real/awake life.

Last night I dreamt that I was at a Gurukuli reunion. We used to have those annually down in Los Angeles. I have not been to one in many years. In the dream they had rented a huge place with all of these rooms and a labyrinth of hallways getting to them. There were many people there. I didn't really recognize anyone. I felt unremarkable and it seems this was reflected back to me. I didn't engage with anyone.

At one point some people were wearing skates, and I was all of a sudden flowing nicely on one skated foot. I had the thought, "I could be amazed by this." There was a gift table and some of us were sitting across from it. Some ladies were doing something with the gifts. I had no idea what was going on and I pointed to a gift bag and a lady grabbed the bag and brought it over to me. I protested that I wasn't necessarily wanting that particular gift. I was just trying to figure out what the rules were. That was ignored. I kind of glanced through the contents of the gift bag. Nothing in it excited me; just a bunch of junk I'd eventually get rid of. I did spot some short skirts with pretty and delicate print on them. Later I was going through the bag and it contained nothing I had originally seen, not even the pretty skirts I had anticipated; just some old baby clothes.

There was a line for food, and the lady in front of me, put her hands into the big vat of food and grabbed a serving to put on her plate. I was not going to do that, so I looked at the food and found several plastic spoons just lying randomly mixed in. So gross. So the food was a bust as well.

For a while, I sat next to a black lady. Did I know her from my childhood? I didn't even bother investigating. She was to the left of me. In real life, I could never just sit next to someone and not talk to them even if I'd rather not.

Throughout the dream I was trying to find something or someone to connect with, to get pleasure from interacting with. I spotted a lit-up room. I thought I heard Noah, Sebastian of Bad Omens singing a song. And I felt excited about that. But indeed, no.

I sat at an indoor picnic table with a bunch of people, and one was Nimai. In awake life we talk once in a while. She is a kind and loyal person, a friend. We've known each other since childhood. I voiced some thing about an idea I had for a way to connect with others as this reunion hadn't accomplished that at all. What she said back to me to confirm what I was saying, was completely convoluted and pretty asshole-ish. What a messed up dream.



I usually write down my dreams. I wrote this one down to get some of its poisonous effects out of me and as I was contemplating what I could write for this month's subject matter: Fair.

There are at least five meanings for the word "fair." "Undeserved" "Unjust" are good synonyms for "unfair." "Just" "Right" "Equal" are good meanings for the word "fair," for me.

As a little kid and beyond, I would say "it's not fair!" when things didn't go my way, as expected, or how we wished for it to go. We all said that. Many times we would get punished for having that attitude and voicing it. In fact, when I am caught up in fearful thoughts and imaginings with regards to physical ailments or anomalies I will not allow myself to even contemplate let alone wallow in the "it's not fair" (victimhood) state of mind. It is then that I go into pleading and then grateful mode. This has got to be a program running from my childhood and upbringing in the cult, where I couldn't even cry, nor allow myself to beg for mercy.

While I was writing this over the course of a few days an event took place which had me in a setting where I was physically trapped and at the mercy of medical personnel and other powers that be that held power and control over my teenage daughter's and thus my immediate fate.

It all ended up being ok, going better than I thought with regards to my daughter and me. Everything I had feared from how it happened in the past, where I was treated like a role or space-filler(a parental unit) with no rights, nor value, where I was asked to leave the room for important conversations, where I felt like a monster who had ruined her daughter's life, for the most part did not happen this time. In fact most of this past injustice was conspicuous by its absence.

What I have noticed when I contemplate fairness or unfairness with its definition of balanced or unbalanced is that it is all just and equal if I look at it a certain way, from a more wholistic perspective. There are undesirable people and events creating the feeling of bad occurring but they are counter-balanced by just as many desirable people and events bringing good feelings. And sometimes the relief of a dreaded event not occurring is so wonderful that tips the scales into more good occurring than bad. And within the bad there are good outcomes, hidden blessings, too.

So with that said, I had previously written this: It is not fair that I no longer enjoy the Golden Fair in Yreka which my six kids and I enjoyed going to most years. One year I tried buying a guinea pig to join our small herd of pet guinea pigs. I was told I was not allowed to unless I intended to eat it. That went for all the other cute animals there. And I heard the auctioneers' voice in the background, and it all became clear.

My children loved petting the cows and pigs. People must've thought the lot of us were nuts. I soon learned that many children are raising these animals in the 4-H program, and they are heartbroken when they know the animals are going to be killed. So the fair is mostly a no for me these days. I decided to look through old photos of past Golden Fair Adventures. My 6



children and I spent a good amount of time there over the years. I have many photos I can enjoy looking at from those times.



I found my FB post from 2017:

One year when I went into this place at the fair. I was told I could not purchase a guinea pig for a pet because they were simply for killing and eating. I boycotted that fair for a while. Today I talked to the person in charge and expressed my sadness. She assured me that all of the remaining animals were going home. My daughter and I felt so much lighter after that. And I ran around taking photos. We decided we would just give them all love. That was our purpose for being there.



We also got into checking out the arts and crafts submissions. They even had best flowers grown that won prizes.



I am trying to end this on a positive note but the belief that I am bad and deserve to be punished even for doing things such as rescuing wildlife and even children in need is so deeply ingrained in me. And being someone who has made it a priority to be a haven and a place of comfort and safety to all, I find this to be so unfair.

Can I change my mind about life, about it being unfair for me mostly? If I focus on what does go right and what is fair: perhaps. I can look at events and picture how I would have liked to be treated or had things happen and have them be preferences.



Untitled

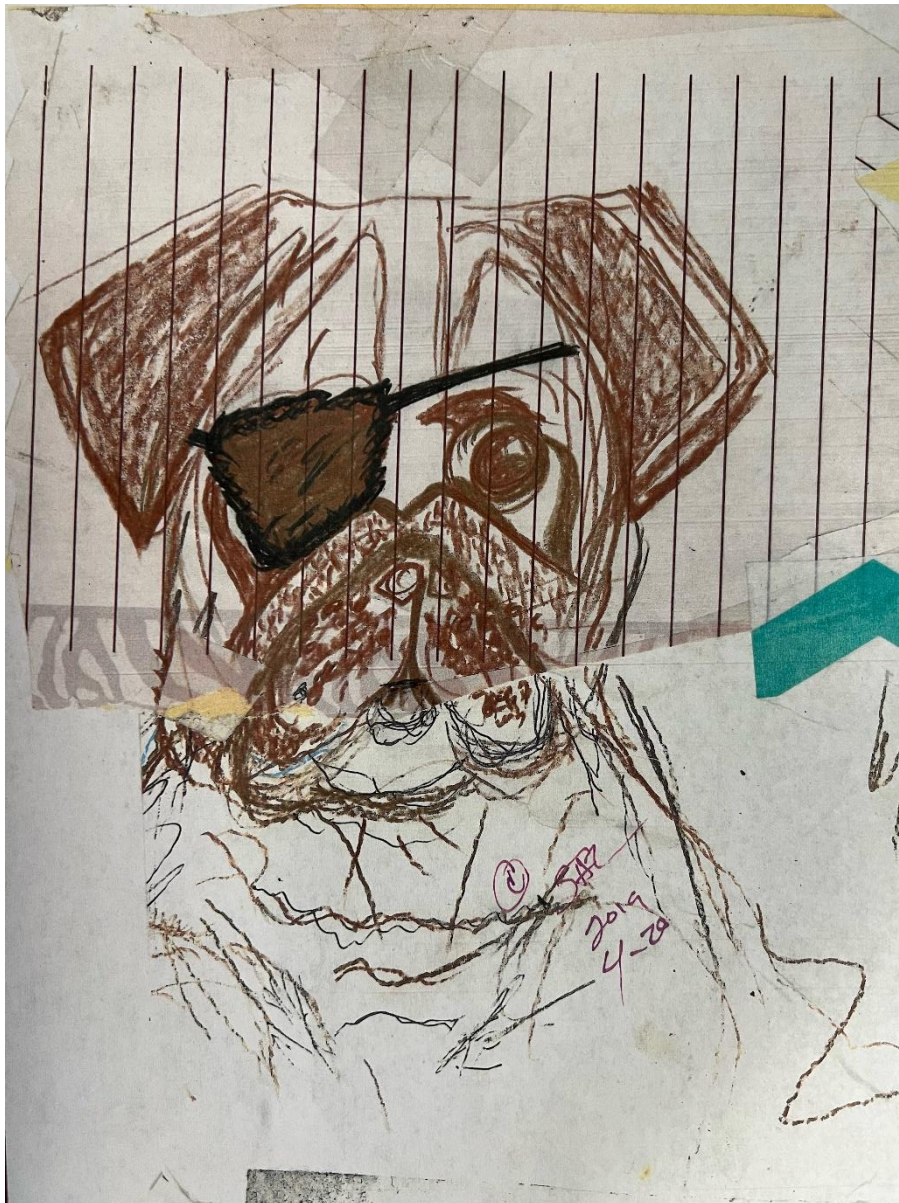
By Stacy





Patchhappy

By Star





Lost
By Star





Some Aphorisms (10/30/1971 to 2001)

By Starboyjim

What we know as GOD is the Eternal All flowing through the everchanging moment of the present.

The greatest gift in a human being is the ability to see things as they are.

The farthest refinement of civilization is known when a person can love others as what they are.

Our opinions are both the bulwark of our consciousness and the doors we close on the rest of perception.

To love self is to love but a category. It is only another part.

You are a very perceptive person, I see. Do your perceptions aid you in seeking universal awareness, or are they merely the toys of your ego?

The path to forgotten knowledge lies in the future.

Never be diverted unless you like it.

The only moment of life is this moment. You cannot be too aware. Much more is happening than meets the eye.

So much of life's active time is dominated by necessity.
So little is done, day by day, for the joy and love of
the doing of it.

Other people's madness is interesting.

Late adolescence that's the time you want to murder
your own offspring.

"Love Bites"

A cartoon graphically portraying two people making love.
Their passion has them biting huge chunks of flesh from
each other as their love consumes them.

Life the rhythm of the everlasting.



Anywhere (10/21/1971)

By Starboyjim

I thought I saw myself
Running, and running
Running even though I
Wasn't getting anywhere.

So, I ran harder.
I ran and ran
So *fast*
I almost couldn't see
Anything.

That's what I'm doing today
Running and running and running,
Off to anywhere
Off to nowhere



Fair Foodie

By Starwed22.

My favorite thing about the fair,
oh what is that smell in the air?
A happy leap my tummy takes,
yes it is, it's funnel cakes!



The Fair

By Steven

(" DĀ FĒĀR ÖV DĀ FĀĪR ") , (" 🎰 📈 🎲 ") (" FRÖMM DĀ ÖÜTSĪDĒ LÖÖK"İŅ İŅ ") , İİİ HĒĀR DĀ GÖÖD NĒW"Ž , 4FRÖMM DĀ ÖTHĒR RÖÖM , YĀY , WĒ"RĒ ĀLL GÖ"İŅ 2TWÖÖ DĀ FĀĪR , (" 🎰 📈 🎲 ") THİİİŽ WĒĒKĒND , WİTH DİŽŽ JÖYĒŠT ÖV NĒW"Ž İİİ ŠHÜDD BĒ FĒĒL"İŅ HĀPPYİĒ &&& ĒXXXİTĒD , BÜTT İİİ GĒTT Ā VĒRYİĒ BİGG KŅÖTT ("🏠 ") İİİŅ DĀ PİTT ÖV MŸ / Mİ ŠTÖMĀČH , ÖH , NÖ , DĀ ĆRÖWD , ("🏠 ") ĀLL ÖV THÖ"Ž PĒÖPLĒ , (" 2TWÖÖ ") MĒŅŅİĒ PĒÖPLĒ , ĀLL WİLL BĒĒ (" 🦋 🦋 🦋 ") TÜŅĒ"İŅ İŅ 2TWÖÖ MŸ / Mİ THÖTT"Ž , MÖŠT ÖV ĀLL MŸ / Mİ DĒĒPĒŠT THÖTT"Ž , (" 🍷 ") , ÖÖÖH , NÖÖÖ , MŸ / Mİ FĒĒL"İŅ"Ž &&& THÖTT"Ž WİLL BĒĒ , (" 🦋 🦋 🦋 ") ÖVĒR LÖĀDĒD &&& THRÖW"İŅ ÖÜT MŸ / Mİ BRĀİŅ , (" 🍷 ") , WĀVĒ"Ž (" 🌊 🌊 🌊 "Ž) , LŸK RĀİDĒÖ , (" 📺 ") , (" 🦋 ") 🔊 🔊 🔊 🔊 WĀVĒ"Ž , (" 🌊 🌊 🌊 "Ž ") ÖH , NÖÖÖ , DĀ FĒĀR , DĀ DRĒĀD , ĀLL MŸ / Mİ THÖTT"Ž &&& DĒĒPĒŠT ÖV THÖTT"Ž &&& MŸ / Mİ (" ŠĒČRĒT"Ž ") WİLL BĒĒ (" 🦋 🦋 🦋 "Ž ") , BRÖĀČĀŠTĒD , ("🔊 ") , (" 🔊 🔊 🔊 🔊 ") , ÖÜT - WĀRD 4FRÖRR ĀLL 2TWÖÖ RĒĀD , (" 📅 📅 📅 📅 📅 📅 📅 📅 ") &&& HĒĀR , (" 🦋 🦋 🦋 ") , (" 🦋 🦋 🦋 ") ÖÖÖH , NÖÖÖ , DĀ FĒĀR &&& DĀ DRĒĀD , İİİT"Ž NÖTT , FĀĪR , (" 🎰 📈 🎲 ") 2TWÖÖ FĒĒL LŸK DİŽŽ WĀY , İİİT"Ž NÖTT FĀĪR , (" 🎰 📈 🎲 ") 2TWÖÖ (" FĒĀR ") DĀ FĀĪR , (" 🎰 📈 🎲 ") , ? ? ! (" ¥ - ¥ - ¥ ÖÜT") ❤️ ✚ ☮️ ("🌀") 🌀 , 🤝 🤝 🤝 , ... Š . L . GÖŅŽĀLĒŠ 9/3/Y2K("24") (" 😞 ") , ...



Dessert of the Heart

By Super "G"

Mayan Ceremonial Cacao

My Favorite Dessert, "Dessert of The Heart"

"Mayan Ceremonial Cacao"

Ceremonial Cacao, Ceremonial Cacao

Mayan Cacao,

Cacao, Cacao

Cacao of the Heart

Heart Cacao, Heart Cacao

Cacao Heart Opening,

Heart Opening, Heart Opening

Opening Hearts, Opening Hearts

Open Heart, Open "MY" Heart,

My Heart Opened

Wide Open Heart, Heart Open Wide

Open Wide, Wide Opened

Open Heart-ed, Open Heart-ed

Be Open Heart-ed

Be A Sweet-Heart

09-01-24 "12 E" Cholq'ij Calendar



Fairs Memories

MONTREAL, CANADA, WORLDS FAIR
 RENNIASSANCE FAIRE
 SCARAMENTO STATE FAIR
 SAN JOSE FAIR

By Super "G"

Fair Memories, Fair Memories
 Memories of Fairs,
 memories of youth, youth memories,
 good memories, good memories
 fun memories, fun memories
 travel memories, memories of travel.
 Fun, fun, fun all around, "rides", Ferris wheels, good food,
 desserts, games, paint swirls, cotton candy, concerts, farm
 animals. all around people having fun, young and old people
 having good fun.
 World Fair Montreal Canada World Fair
 A World's Fair, What a Fair, World's Fair
 Fair Of Interesting splendid exhibits, splendor of exhibits
 Exhibits galore, galore exhibits
 my favorite most interesting huge exhibit
 "Extraterrestrial Aliens" even had "Area 51 Exhibit"
 "Actual Aztec Archaeological Crystal Skull size of human skull".
 Renaissance Fairs, Renaissance Faire
 lots of fun, costume fun, period reenactments, games,
 knights jousting, knight fights, knights tournaments,
 good food, good fun, people having fun.

Sacramento State Fair I won a giant Snoopy Dog in a game.
 Games, Rides, Ferris Wheels, cotton candy, good food,
 good sweets, paint spins.
 Exhibits people having fun.

San Jose Fair I have lots of youth, family. good memories
 especially Linguica sandwich, concerts, 4-H Animals,
 rides, fun fun fun.

Good memories good fun, open to fun all around fun in glee in glee,
 fun all around, glee time glee memories fun is the game.
 Have some fun. Time to go to a Fair have some fun. Game on.

09-02-24 "13 AJ" Cholq'ij Calendar



The Feels

By TeaKat

I met a man on a computer screen with soft, brown caring eyes.

Our discussion sparks the hope inside of me.

I feel awake and alive.

I sleep deeply and awaken with the same sense of overwhelm that has plagued me for so long.

This overwhelm is no longer welcome in my life, I want to be rid of this constant pain and frustration.

There is someone inside of me that wants to come out to be my friend, she is kind and gentle, caring and adventurous, fun and content.

I keep inviting her to tea, we have a little visit, I hear about her latest adventure. The tea and something delectable to snack on. Then poof she's gone again on another adventure. I wish she would invite me to come along.



My Childhood At The Fair

By The Angel Lady

Well, on the topic of "The Fair", my first thought was of the type of Fair I went to as a little girl. To give you some context, I was born in 1954 about 30 miles north of San Francisco, in Marin County, across the Golden Gate Bridge. So when I first am able to remember going to "The Fair" aka Carnival, I must have been around 6 or 7 years old, so it must have been around 1960. It felt like such a special occasion to go to "The Fair". I remember being fixated on the games - such as the game of throwing coins and trying to get them to land in some of the many glass bowls or small glass plates. It was difficult to get them in as they would bounce off very easily.

Then there was the game with wooden baskets situated on a wall sideways and you would try to get a baseball to land and stay in. There was a ring toss game. There was a shooting gallery where you could shoot pellet guns at a target. And in any of these games, you could win a prize such as a stuffed toy animal, like a dog or a teddy bear. My favorite prizes were these copper-colored horses. I had a little shelf on the wall at home where I had a collection of them. Most of them were won for me by my caretakers.

Then there was the Ferris Wheel, where you could go up so high, what a thrill, and you would hope you'd be lucky enough to be at the very top when they would stop it for a short while. Then there was the "Gravitron" where you would stand in your cubicle which was part of a huge circular type of cage-like contraption, and you would grab the handles and hold tight as it would spin faster and faster and faster, til the floor would come out from underneath you and you would experience the exciting sensation of a very strong centrifugal force, wheeee, everyone would scream with delight and thrills!

Speaking of thrills, there was of course, the roller coaster for good old guaranteed thrills, always the first ride I wanted to go on. The adrenaline rush of standing in line to buy the tickets and then the line for the ride, and it's your turn to get in. And there was the type of Ferris Wheel that had a metal cage-like capsule that seated two and you could rock back and forth and throw your weight around in such a way that it would turn upside down, spin, hang upside down in place as the ferris wheel turned. Important tip I learned, don't eat anything before that or your stomach could get pretty upset.

And there were bright red candied apples, pink cotton candy, such treats to a little kid. I look back at those memories with fondness, a time in my life when I had my wide-eyed innocence and sense of wonder. And I had energy to burn! I was a nice, sweet little girl who liked to play with friends...jump rope, hop scotch, tether ball, dodge ball, ping pong, badminton, volleyball. The hula hoop was something new and so fun to try and master being good at. I was a tomboy and liked to climb trees, explore by the river and make mud pies, find trees to pick kumquats, figs, pears and apples from. Drink Kool-Aid. I bet this description of my childhood may ring some bells with some people.

I liked to watch Capt. Kangaroo, Capt. Satellite, Howdy Doody. Oh, there's so much more, ha ha. Getting into these childhood memories has created an offshoot story to tell and I titled it



"From Child To Elder" and it goes much deeper into some realizations I have had, and it explains why my pen name is "The Angel Lady". I love the way this creative writing that Dr. Samran has us doing, it really can bring up some things, things that one can feel inclined to reflect more deeply on and share with him in a counseling session, and share with the community of people here at Shasta Sovereign. And, perhaps some of us may even connect in "real life" sometime down the line, as we feel affinity with particular writers' stories.

So, now I shall conclude this particular writing, and I will carry the rest over to my other writing (titled "From Child To Elder", check it out), getting now back on topic of "The Fair".....Well, the Intermountain Fair is coming up soon the weekend of Aug. 29 - Sept. 2 at the Fairgrounds in McArthur, California. It's just an hour drive from Mt. Shasta. I highly recommend going. There are carnival rides, exhibits of various things, booths selling food and drink, hats, jewelry, various goodies. And the 4H with all of the pigs, cows, horses, goats, sheep, etc. There are rodeo shows. And live music too, I think.

And plenty of simple country folk, cowboys, cowgirls, ranchers, farmers, people who have obviously bonded over their shared lifestyles, and many have known each other for decades shouting out greetings and giving hugs and slaps on the back and so on. After 22 years of living here, I still don't feel included, I still feel like an outsider. Anyway, it's different from more populated areas closer to major highways. Here there is only one stop sign, no stoplights at all. A movie theatre that's been closed for years.

Back to The Fair, my favorite part is the hall with all of the beautiful photos that individuals have taken that are all so unique and interesting, and gives a glimpse of their life experiences that one would not have guessed, full of surprises. There are beautiful arts and crafts such as paintings, mosaics, ceramics and many others created by the Intermountain Artists group. Then there is the Hall of Flowers full of beautiful flower specimens and arrangements. And night time is fun with all the lights and sounds of the rides which are of course fun in themselves. If you live in the area or close enough, I highly recommend going to The Intermountain Fair, once in the day for the exhibits and rodeo and once in the night for the rides, lights and live music.

I love that this topic led me to walk through some memories of my childhood, not all being pleasant, but helping me to see what and who has brought me thus far throughout the trials and tribulations of being a human on Earth, and going through daily life, "From Child to Elder". See you over at my other writing...to be continued there....



* * *

From Child To Elder, With Angels

By The Angel Lady

Well folks, I went down some "rabbit holes" when I was writing about "The Fair" and my memories from my childhood came flooding in and I decided to shuffle some of that over to a separate writing. And since I went from my childhood til now, I titled it "From Child To Elder, With Angels". So, here it is:

My foster mother, Georgia was such a wonderful, loving, caring, warm, giving mother figure and I feel so blessed I could live with her since I was in diapers til I was around 10 years old. She loved me so much that when my biological mother stopped paying her for my care after a couple years, Georgia took care of me at no charge, and took on all my expenses for the next 8 years, until I no longer lived with her, which happened when my biological mother, Audrey, suddenly took me away from her. Georgia loved me like her own and would have raised me all the way, probably through college too. She was an excellent seamstress and used to make me very nice dresses, and buy me new shoes and purses at holidays like Easter and Christmas. I always remember the Barbie doll she gave me, complete with lots of clothes, shoes, hats, the works. I was so happy to receive that gift from her at a wonderful birthday party she threw for me, with many other kids to have fun with, with a wonderful cake, and ice cream.

Georgia raised miniature poodles as a business. I lived with her and her husband, Frank. He was a happy drunk and harmless, but looking back, he was not much of a father figure for me and seemed rather useless in his activities which seemed to be mostly drinking with his drinking buddy. Georgia was the one who took most of the responsibility in every way possible in the household. I realize that now, but didn't back then, not consciously anyway. When I was at school, she worked as a dispatcher for a taxicab company, anybody remember "Yellow Cab"? I had a wonderful life with her for 10 years.

Unfortunately, my biological mother, Audrey, eventually took me back. I liken it to suddenly ripping a young, healthy plant out by the roots, a plant that was thriving in good soil with plenty of water and sunlight, and then jamming that thriving uprooted plant into rocky soil



with very little water or sunlight. And doing that a number of times by frequent moves to different locations.

I was most definitely neglected by my biological mother. And it was a few decades after that "ripping away" that later in my adulthood, after years of counseling, I realized how much I had been affected by that loss of that genuine, caring, love of a "true mother" that I had with Georgia, and having to transition into feeling neglected, with many moves to new towns, not staying in one place very long, shuffled around with no thought given as to what it would be like for me to have to adjust to going to a new school, in the middle of the school year, when all the little cliques had already been formed. I had no brothers and sisters and would come home to an empty house, all alone, my mother at work. I had become a "latch key kid". That went on for many years, until I left home at 18, finally free of the constant invalidation that I experienced, not only through neglect but also when I became a teen, an was not the approval-seeking "good little girl" anymore, that's when the emotional abuse became more overt, with lots of verbal abuse on a regular basis.

Going back to when I was 10 years old....Audrey had huge closets jam-packed with fashionable clothes, and a huge dresser filled with drawers neatly organized with loads of jewelry, scarves, gloves, etc. She spent most of her money on herself. While the clothes she provided for me were pathetic, out-of-style, clothes that she got from a thrift shop. I personally as an adult love to find clothes at thrift stores, but, as a child, my mother didn't give a rat's ass whether I was dressed suitable for school, there was no attention paid to whether my outfits were actually acceptable and "normal" looking.

In fact, when I was in about 6th grade, I had a best friend Sharon, her father took us out shopping and bought us nice, complete matching outfits: First of all, a very nice skirt with a nice pattern and colors in it. And colorful suede shoes and a nice top, both of which matched the colors in the skirt, even a beaded necklace. My mother called him to thank him and I'm sure at first he came across that it would be nice for best friends to have matching outfits, but, I think she got the message that I looked like such a pathetic ragamuffin at school, with kids laughing behind my back, that my friend's father (and mother) felt so sorry for me, that's the real reason he bought us the matching outfits. And, just now thinking about it, he was probably concerned that his daughter was being seen with someone who was apparently neglected and dressed substandard.

After years had gone by, with all the moving around, I had no idea if it was even possible to contact Georgia (my loving foster mother) or see her, I was so busy just trying to adapt to a totally different living situation, and I must have suppressed the trauma of being suddenly taken away from this loving "mother" I had bonded with my first 10 years of my life. It was many, many years later, as an adult, that I regained contact with her and would periodically visit her. And some years after that, through working with a therapist, one day I finally realized how traumatized I was by being taken from her suddenly, with no means of contact, no effort on Audrey's part to keep the connection, and how much I had deeply suppressed the emotional pain of it into my subconscious mind. The incredible lack of control I felt over my life. Ripped suddenly from her, shuffled from place to place, school to school, unable to maintain any long-term connections with friends. At the mercy of what Audrey fed me and



how she clothed me, both of which were substandard. When she had me bring the nightly big bowl of canned dog food to the dog outside, I would secretly eat some of the dog food while outside, I was so hungry!! No help with homework.

It was also through the process of regular therapy that it finally dawned on me the reason my biological mother suddenly took me back, after I had bonded with Georgia the first ten years of my life. I was actually able to realize the exact moment that the idea came into her mind....it was on one of the rare occasions that my biological mother visited me, and I was calling Georgia "mom" and called my biological mother by her name "Audrey". That was when it struck her, she could not stand me calling this other person "mom" instead of her, her ego could not handle that. The truth is, Audrey was not capable of loving anyone but herself, she was a Narcissist, and a Sociopath. No empathy, no guilt, no conscience. Everything was about her.

I would like to clarify that I do understand that there are many people who have had much more traumatizing childhoods than mine and much more dramatic struggles in their lives. I know that and I am so sorry for the hurt and damage that was done to you. But I do believe we have the power to let go of our old stories and sense of identity that does not reflect our True Self, and tune in to a higher identity that is our innate birthright, on the deepest Soul level. We can use our free will to make choices, healing choices. To get in touch with that "inner child" who was hurt and mistreated, find the loving, peaceful, mature Self within and develop a path of offering that child Healing and Transformation, like the caterpillar emerges into the butterfly.

Anyway....now you have a glimpse of how my mind likes to go down these rabbit holes. How do I tie all these little vignettes together I wonder....let me see....Well, it's been nice to remember when I was a young, pure, innocent child full of enthusiasm and wonder. Playing with playmates, swinging on swings, playing on monkey bars, playing tetherball and many other sports and games. Being a Girl Scout and learned to make cookies and brownies, camping and hiking. Georgia took me to the Fair/Carnival with fun rides and cotton candy and candy apples. Where is that girl now? She is still inside of me, though I am now 70 years old.

Going to "The Fair" is different now, as I look with the eyes of one who has lived seven decades, but, I still feel a bit of a thrill, especially at night, looking at people on the rides, I can flashback to my childhood, the time of not knowing the harsh realities that we adults face on a daily basis. There is something to be said about keeping a rapport with that "inner child", remembering her purity and sweetness, and making sure she is loved, even if alone (friends moved away or they got busy with grandkids), I am without children or grandkids, an only child without any close family, or a husband (divorced) or a boyfriend (he cheated on me), or even a pet (my cat was done in by a bobcat).

The rural area I live in seems like a social wasteland where I rarely meet any kindred spirit. I have a few women friends who I don't get to meet with very often as they are either single and busy trying to survive, or married and totally absorbed in their own family stuff. That's how it is right now. I end up spending most of my time alone, isolated. I am not in a position to move right now, both physically and financially. But, I am working my way in that direction.



With optimism and determination to get back to a way of living and connecting with friends I can have a happy rapport with. It's been a long journey to discover that there is no substitute for love and a sense of belonging, and it is worth pushing out of my "comfort zone" and making more effort to manifest more of that in my life.

I'd like to end my writing here by saying that my best friends have turned out to be Angels. Yes, I am going to reveal the truth, I refer to myself as "The Angel Lady", because I have had many, many interactions with what I would refer to as Guardian Angels and Healing Angels. I have had some amazing, miraculous, transcendental, healing, mystical experiences throughout my life. As a child, teen, adult, and elder. It is Divine Grace that sustains me now. I have had various periods of "awakening" in my life. When I got into my 30's, it was then that I studied with a Teacher and got attuned to my natural gift of being a conduit for Healing and Transformational Energies. When I worked as my Teacher's assistant in Healing Work in Hawaii, I had some incredible "activations" that took place within me. After that, I actually worked on my own, at Shows and Fairs, giving 15-minute sessions all day, days in a row. I also had a Healing Room and had clients coming from far and wide for sessions. This went on for a couple years. Some time I will tell the story of why I stopped and how I am doing the "inner work" to get plugged in again to do similar Healing Work.

Currently, I am in a "Healer, Heal Thyself" type of mode. I meditate, I pray, I do affirmations, sometimes I collapse into depression, or get overwhelmed with worry. But, there is a thread that runs through my life, that thread is benevolent, loving, healing, teaching, guiding, inspiring and protective. That "thread" consists of Beings, who I believe represent a Supreme Being, who has all of those characteristics, and so much more. I am grateful for what I consider to be Divine Grace and Guardian Angels and Healing Angels.

I have many, many stories of these mystical experiences that seem to sustain me through the ups and downs of life, and I will seek to get into contributing these types of writings. I can go into detail about various mystical experiences I've had over the course of my life. Including some things that are not always easy to explain, depending on the person listening to or reading the stories I have to tell, such as Visitations, Healings, Dream State Teachings and insights, multiple UAP sightings, and two near death experiences.

The people I call friends these days, there are things I like very much about them, but, there is no one that actually shares my beliefs or experiences. I have made the mistake of trying to share exciting experiences and even miracles that happen sometimes, but my mystical musings seem to fall on deaf ears, or even worse, rub some people the wrong way as it is against what they believe. So, I am grateful for Dr. Samran providing this format of self discovery and creative expression through writing (and art), and a community of people that has formed and expanding through this. Perhaps there are some who can relate to my writings and it gives me an avenue to share that which I can't seem to be able to do with my current associations.



* * *



The Fair!!

By Tiff

Since I was a child, I loved going to fairs, amusement parks, waterside parks too...

The rides are thrilling and make me laugh. Something I don't do on any regular basis. I used to have so much fun on rides.

I also absolutely loved to play the games they have!! About 95% of the time, I'll walk away with something. (This took place over 20 years ago) That's super cool to me, because girls, teenagers and women usually never played the games. Just the men they were with trying to win them a prize to take home as the man's trophy to his girl, whether it's men or fathers. I won a prize all by myself with no one else!

This year, I went to the fair twice. I played games both times, and came home with a stuffed animal moose on the first day, and a round anime looking stuffed animal the second day.

On the second day, after I played my games, I stood back and watched the children play the gold fish bowl game. Made me smile and laugh at the excitement of the children getting their prized gold fishes.

Next, I start watching all the different rides, with screaming and laughing children on the salt and paper shakers (I call them). Reminiscing about the days I would ride all the super thriller rides! Then started contemplating whether I was going to get tickets and try and ride a ride. I chickened out because last year I had an all-day pass and went on a ride (can't remember the name) that you stood up, while the circle went round and round, faster and faster! I never had a problem with this ride before. I would get in there and once it started going fast when getting stuck to the wall, would start to climb up against the back wall. Super fun.

However, upon the ride spinning so fast you get stuck to the wall, my innards started to feel like they were coming out my back, and smooshed them to my back. I thought, "oh my goodness, what the hell is going on here?"

Needless to say, I definitely will not be going on those kinds of rides again! However, roller coasters were the most favorite of mine...we'll see how that goes next time I'm at an amusement park, other than Disneyland... but that's a whole other story about my love for fairs, carnivals and amusement parks.... we can save that for another day....



Fear

By Tutor

This is made from wood. Wood found in Burney area. It was hard to me to finish. Clowns were scary, and when she was 12yo, they did not do anything as a family. they went to State fair in Sac. She was afraid of clowns and faced her fears.



The bottom is a burrel of wood



Puzzle Heart

By Trinity

I have been forgiving people my whole life, it feels like
And then there is you.
I have forgiven you so much
And have been picking my heart up
And putting it back together like a puzzle for 30 years now
Why?
'Cause I see the good heart in you
That I feel in love with, and lost myself in.
But I am tired of putting my heart back together
Like the puzzle it is.
But the pieces are worn out,
So I used scotch tape.
So be gentle this time.
Because it won't hold that good this time around
And it is too worn out to fit back together!
So this time around, if you don't want to lose this puzzling heart
You better be gentle with it
And give all the love and compassion you have in you
And a lot of TLC.
And just maybe, it will only heal enough
For the puzzled heart to hold
Like a web.
It's all on you now!



Circus

By Trish

I can remember getting tickets to go see the three ring circus.
My mom got us all ready.
We were in line.
My mom was in her wheelchair. She was a paraplegic.
And it was muddy day. And she would get stuck in the mud.
But we always got front row seats.
She sat in her chair along the bleachers.
We bought bags of peanuts to share to feed the elephant.
I always thought how weird it was that elephants had some hair whiskers
By their trunk and mouth.
My sister was very scared of the clowns because they were loud.
I always thought the high daring acrobats on the high wire
And trapeze flying in the air catching each other
Like amazing.
I thought it was so neat, the way they caught each other
Magical.
They must be a couple, so in-sync.
And the little people running out and into the little car
They would run into the crowd of people too.
The three ring brothers was the name of the circus.
I remember a fancy lady doing tricks while riding the horse bareback
Huh
Pretty fun!



The Great Fair of Life

By Unknown

The Great Fair of Life,
Here we lose, and here we gain,
to the next city!

* This Haiku is inspired by a spiritual saying of the Sikh saint Baba Nand Singh Ji: "the world is a temporary fair/carnival of departures - we know not whose turn comes next"

**The Fair**

By Valerie

The fair. This was the best time when I was a child. I finally had 1 beautiful child, she was perfect. But at 3 years old my mother and I took her to our local fair. She had never thrown a fit before. But she did not want to go home. Boy did she have a biggest tantrum she ever did have. I am too old to go to the fair now. I miss it. For all of you that are young enough to enjoy the fair, have fun!



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