

The Cautious Owl 6
Searching for a Strategy
DJ Kane

It's Saturday morning, and I'm at my kitchen table, thinking of a strategy I could take, but none seemed to surface. I guess I will have to play it by ear, as I had told Anthony. I was going to leave a little earlier this Saturday. I wanted to give myself more time, if I had needed it; I headed for my car, and was off to the farm.

It was about ten a. m, when I arrived, and passed the wagon wheels, pulling up and parking at the entrance gate. As I exited my car, the house door opened, and two children exited, running to my car. As they approached me, they seemed to say in unison "Hi Doug welcome!" "I'm Barbara" and I'm Steven.

The children were about four foot tall, and indeed showed signs of dwarfism, in their face, hands and feet. Steven was dressed in painter's blue jeans, corduroy shirt, and white high sneakers, just like his Dad, when we first had met. Barbara was dressed in a flowery dress and red shoes, so appropriate I thought, for this farm.

They then ushered me into the house, where John and Carol were having coffee and cake, and surprisingly there was a place set for me at the table. Carol stood, took my cup to the stove, filled, and returned it as I sat, and placed my coffee down saying "I know you really enjoyed my cheesecake, last time you were here Doug, and I figured when I saw you arrive, you'd be ready for another slice with coffee, as you and John talk." Carol stood, walked to the stove, calling the kids to start their chores, "Steven, you and your sister, take the golf cart and deliver cakes to John John and tell him we are now proud owners of two dairy cows, and fresh milk will be available each day." John turned to me and said, "Doug, that is why I kept the horse barn, and the corral,"

"Great idea I replied, there is always a need for fresh milk."

John turned back to me and continued, "At your meeting with John John, you only heard, John John's perspective and what he was aware of, and something's he may of held back for good reason or not,

I will tell you much more a side John John may or may not have knowledge of. Frank Bove, the previous owner of this property, your friend Anthony's Dad, attended Trade School with me, and we became good friends, as you and Anthony have become, and little by little he trusted me enough with the secrets of the farm. One day I visited the farm, and to tell you the truth, I was speechless for a week, and did return for that week. After that week Frank swore me to secrecy, but I said to him, "Who would believe me, I would be locked up in the loony bin." Frank wanted me to help him; anyway I could, to make life more bearable, for the Tiny people. I suggested we could build tree houses for the tiny people using the many large clusters of Redwoods. This would provide descent and safe housing off the forest floor, and provide power and plumbing, which is sorely needed. Frank knew the previous owners, and their friends, who were privy to the situation on the farm, and all gave of their time, and the 'Circle' was unofficially formed. We eventually made many improvements for the Tiny people, enhancing their quality of life. Much richer than before, in housing, trust fund, and a 'Circle' of friends who care, and remained devoted to keeping the secret.

Years down the line, Frank was diagnosed with lung cancer, he was a very heavy, Camels cigarette smoker.

Frank asked me, if I wanted to purchase the farm, after he had passed, to protect the Tiny people. The entire 'circle' would continue in their rolls, and the trust fund, close to \$100,000, would follow the Tiny people, for any of their needs and welfare. I purchased the farm, after Frank's death, after consulting with my wife and children, as they would be taxed with much more work, and the family fully understood, especially the children, who have faced hardships and gawking eyes, their entire short lives. Ready for another cup Doug?" As John rose and walked to the stove, and I'll also entice you with another slice of Carol's cake."

"Okay you win John, I'll go for one more." John brought over the coffee and cake, sat down and he continued. "After making the purchase, I made many changes, I hope for the best and am still doing so, for the Tiny people.

One thing that bothered me for years is why the population of Tiny people has decreased so much. When Frank had the farm there were about Six hundred Tiny people, and now we're lucky to have two hundred, the exact numbers are held by the Elders. The Elders have banned marriages, because of a high birth mortality rate, like that will in itself stop sex, and the dropping of family names would help, that's why Tiny people only have one or two first names, as for example John John,"

I shook my head in agreement saying, "John, the number of Tiny people had me concerned also, I thought the answer lied with you John, Mr. Owl, the Elders, or the 'Circle.' Now I know it's neither of you."

Just then the children opened the door, and entered with Carol. John stood up saying to me, "Doug, we'll finish later."

I asked the kids what they had been doing, while I was talking to their Dad, and surprising to me, were all the chores they had done, before they delivered the cheesecake to John John. Barbara took sat next to me, telling me of all the chores she had done, with her brother, "First we rode the golf cart to the barn, fed and milked the cows, cleaned the barn, put the cows, in the corral, and delivered the pies, and a pail of milk to John John."

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Brightness from Children
DJ Kane

Barbara had just finished telling me the many chores; she and her brother had finished. I was amazed at the sheer amount of chores in such a short time; they had completed, and only done by two sixteen year olds. Barbara asked me, " Doug, have you met any of the Tiny people?"

" Only John John," I replied.

"Would you like to meet a couple of Tiny people who are working in the garden?"

"Yes I would," and I followed her to the side door, and watched as she opened the switch box, pulled the lever, and the fence opened.

There were only a few Tiny people working in the garden, and as we walked through, some looked up and smiled and others came close, starting a conversation with Barbara, as she introduced me, "This is Doug a member of the 'Circle', and a good friend."

Barbara turned to me explaining, "I had to introduce you in that way, because Tiny people are paranoid, and rightly so. Their only contact with the outside world is television and good people in the 'Circle'. They are in a lifetime virtual as well as mental prison.

Doug, I would like you to meet a couple, which are at the very end of the garden," and she pointed to a couple at the very end right corner, and we slowly made our way.

When we reached the couple, Barbara and I

knelt down, as she introduced me to the couple, and turning to me saying, "They're the couple that are in love, Alan and Mary, and there are others, but they are afraid to speak. I told them you would help them." I was caught off guard like sabotaged, by this sweet, sixteen year old with such a request, since marriage is kind of outlawed, by the Elders, and she probably knew it, and thought I was not aware, or I couldn't resist her plea. After listening awhile, I respectfully said, "I have a meeting to attend with John, and I'll see what can be done, I promise." As me and Barbara walked away, she seemed awfully quiet and I said to her, "What's up Barbara, cats got your tongue?" She smiled, and as we walked she explained "I know the rules about marriage, when it comes to the Tiny people, but I feel sorry for them, and share a special bond with them."

I agreed with her saying, " Barbara, I know what you mean, and I promise I will do my best." She answered, "I knew you would, that's why I asked you to come." As we returned to the house and entered, I thanked her for taking me on this journey, and I won't forget my promise, it's special promise now." I had no plan, on a way to pursue this promise, but I often don't.

As we entered, John and Carol were sitting at the kitchen table, having coffee and cake. John looked up at me, and invited me to join them. Carol stood up, walking to the stove saying, "Doug, sit next to John and I will serve you,"

As I sat, John turned my way, and asked, "Doug, how did my little do I saw her with you in the garden, was she much help?"

"Barbara is a very bright girl, and seems to be knowledgeable about the garden and is trusted by the Tiny people."

After serving me Carol as she sat down commented, " She's such a sweet thing."

And I agreed, Yes Carol, I do agree."

As I finished my remark, John muttered allowed, " Only a question a mother would ask, and what answer did she expect to get?"

Carol stood up and walked to John's side and lovingly slapped him on his shoulder saying, "Shush, John, I'll leave you guys alone, I've got chores to do," and she left.

"Where did I leave off Doug, do you remember?"

" I think we ended up questioning the high mortality rate of the Tiny people, and their reasoning for discouraging marriage."

John smiled, looked me straight in the eye, and answering me, "Doug, that synopsis sounds a little familiar to me, like I heard it before, like the marriage part. Does my daughter have any input in it?"

I looked up at John, the answer written all over my face, " Maybe a little John, as it bothered me, when I first heard of it, and your daughter reminded me of how much I disliked it. It wouldn't make a hell of a on the population, marriage or no marriage, but bring a lot of happiness to people, who are literally dying for it."

To my surprise John agreed, "Doug, I fully agree with you, don't tell my daughter, she will bug me forever. Do you have a plan?"

Never do John, I plan to play it by ear as always."

"I understand Doug, something you've done, since you've been here. No pencil, no paper, my kind of guy, it's all in your head." I stood up and told John to give his family my goodbyes, and to tell Barbara, I didn't forget and I'll be working on it."

John, stood, and walked to the fridge. removing a package and handing it to me saying, " This is for you, from the family to enjoy at home, a cheesecake, which I know you'll enjoy."

I shook John's hand saying, "Give a special thanks to the chef, I will enjoy." I exited, walked to my car, entered, and was on my way, till next Saturday.

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Sorrows
DJ Kane

I arrived home, checked my answering machine, no messages, and hit my fridge for milk, to enjoy Carol's cheesecake with, just me, myself, and I enjoying the fruits of labor. After finishing my snack, and I mean finishing, not a crumb in sight, I decided to call Anthony.

After two rings he answered, "Doug, you've called late today."

"Yeah Anthony, So many things happened today, I really had a full day. It was such a complete day, that I even brought a slice of Carol's cheesecake home, and devoured it.

And Anthony replied, "Not a crumb left?" "No, nothing for you," I answered.

"What a friend," he remarked.

After I filled Anthony in what the day's itinerary, was like he replied, "How do you expect to change the rules, at this late date, after the Tiny people have lost so much?"

"I know Anthony, but at least they will have their pride back and a chance for love and marriage. I know your divorced Anthony, but would you deny them the best times of marriage, they sure are living the very worst of everything."

"Yeah, I guess your right, and keep me informed, as usual, this is getting exciting."

"You don't say Anthony, bye.

"See yah, Doug."

It was three a.m. I was waken by a phone call, "Who can that be at this time at this unholy time of the morning," I said aloud, "Interfering with my sleep", but as I fully awoken realized, at this time of the morning it had to be very important. I picked up the phone, and it was Anthony. "Doug, John asked me to call you, John John has died. He wore his medical alert monitor bracelet, as all Tiny people do, and it went off, and John checked on him, and found him dead." What does John want me to do?" "He was just letting us know of his passing, and that the funeral will be held tomorrow, Sunday at noon, and if we wanted to attend."

"Of course I do Anthony, I'll see you tomorrow at the farm, bye"

"See yah Doug, I'll let John know."

Sunday I was up early, and looked for something in black to wear. A white shirt and black jeans will have to do. I dressed ate breakfast, and was on my way.

As I pulled into the farm's driveway, I looked for Anthony's car to park next too, but didn't see it. The car behind me started beeping like crazy, and of course, it was Anthony, and we parked side by side. "Hi Anthony", I said as I exited my car, thought you'd be here already.

"I was right a little behind you Doug, lets go in and see what's happening."

We entered the house and John was there alone, and said, "Boy's, I've been waiting for you, we don't have much time."

"I said, okay John, we just wanted to say hello, before we go" as John went to the fridge, to get us bottles of water.

We exited together, walked to the golf cart, and piled on. John drove as we traveled straight to the funeral site, where we found many people sitting on chairs, as well as hundreds of Tiny people sitting, circling the small casket in their tiny chairs.

As the service begun, five Tiny people attached a large leather belt and hook around the casket, which was strange, but not stranger than this story, I thought. All of a sudden, blue birds flew over the casket, and dropped seeds, which streamed rainbow colors that covered the casket. After which Mr. Owl in all his glory flew over the casket, dropping an array of flowers of all types, and colors covering the casket in full, after which he flew to a large branch above. Two Tiny people, then ran to the casket, seeking the leather straps and hook buried under the flowers that were dropped on the casket, and they placed two Bibles, Old and New Testaments on the top of the casket, as Mr. Owl gave a short eulogy. After which he fluttered his feathers, flew down to the casket, as the Tiny people, removed the Bibles, and held up the hook, as Mr. Owl fluttered his feathers, leaving his branch, flying down, and snatching the casket from the Tiny people as he grabbed the hook out of the hands of the Tiny people with his talons, and circling above all who was there, and towards the train tracks.

Everyone followed on foot, electric cars, and golf carts, not to be late for the passing Death Train, to pay our respects. It was about a half hour ride by golf cart, and a little more in the Tiny people's electric cars. John, Anthony, and I didn't say much as we waited for the train, probably all of us were thinking, of the next move that the Tiny people would make, and who would be the next Head Elder, I know I was, I had a promise to keep.

We exited the golf cart and moved closer to the track, and Anthony pointed out to John and me, when he saw Mr. Owl observing, high in a tree, fluttering his feathers as he maybe became aware of us, or maybe not, he may have had flees.

As we sat waiting for the train, drinking warm bottled water from the cart, and braking the silence, was the initiating of crackling vibrations sounds, of the twisting tracks, and the sudden roar of the train, in the distance, told us the Death Train, was not far behind. A frightening sound I heard and saw before, and remember well. As the train slowed to a crawling pace everyone moved closer, to the tracks to see more of what they could see.

As Mr. Owl just sat high on a limb, with nothing to say, which was uncharacistic for him, at any time. "Bless the old rascal I say, he must have feelings today."

Anthony followed with, "Amen."

And John with, "Ditto."

As the train passed, the trainmen were dressed all in black, but seemed to be alive this time, not at all like I've seen them last. Before, they were trainmen as dead as their cargo within, why the change?

The windows were covered with purple drapes as before. As the train passed, the crowd slowly vanished as we did returning to the farmhouse.

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Fulfilling My Promise
DJ Kane

We returned to the farmhouse, and as John parked the golf cart, I noticed the parking area was quite empty of most of the cars. There were a couple of golf carts, a Tiny people's electric vehicle, and a few cars.

When we entered the farmhouse, there were two tables filled with people enjoying Carol's cheesecake, some with coffee, and some with fresh milk. Before I sat, John introduced me to all, "Doug, at the main table are a few members of the Circle, from left to right, Dr. Charles Meyer an Orthopedic, Dr. Bill Hasten an Anthropologist, and Dr. Mary Phillips M.D. the Tiny people's primary, and sitting with my children at the other table, who's last but not least, Timmy, the new Senior Elder. This is Doug Kane everybody, a good friend of Anthony's, and a lover of Carol's cheesecake, as everyone seems to be. Now sit down Doug, and enjoy." Carol served me a cup of coffee, while Barbara, her daughter, served me a piece of cake. I was seated close to the children's table, which offered me an ample opportunity to talk to Timmy. I leaned over to get closer but, Steven, John's son asked me, "Doug, what did you think about the funeral?" "Steven I replied, it was quite different from any of the funeral that I've ever attended, as I believe most people have, as this is a very unusual place, don't you think?"

Anthony agreed, "I'll take money on that fact, Doug."

John agreed with Anthony, "You can count me in guys, it sure is an unusual and magically place."

Carol interjected, "You guys can stop your foolishness in front of the kids. It was a funeral, not a ballgame, a solemn time for remembrance, for a friend whose life had ended."

John answered Carol, "We didn't mean any disrespect, dear."

Carol came back with, "Then, you can continue with your coffee and cake. I know you guys can think of many other subjects, you can talk about around my kids."

John answered meekly as we all smiled, "Yes dear."

I then decided to get Timmy's attention, when all the doctor's stood up to leave, as Dr. Mary Charles said, "Sorry folks, we have to leave, as we all have come here in Tom's car, and he has to leave for a meeting." We all exchanged goodbyes, as John with Carol, and the kids, exited with the doctors. John knew Anthony and I wanted to talk with Timmy. Anthony and I sat closer to Timmy. Timmy stood up, and said, "Guys I feel I'm about to be ambushed," and he again sat down.

"Maybe Timmy", I said, "But it's all for a good cause, we were interested in knowing of any changes that, you were intending to make."

"I first have to meet with the other elders, and secondly meet with the groups representing the Tiny people, to get a fair synopsis, before I even attempt to make, or suggest making any changes, and what do you boys, have in mind?"

I answered, "Timmy, I like all of what I have heard from you so far, gathering feedback from everyone, but I come with only one concern now. I am interested in the marriage condemnation, and if it has a chance, to be lifted."

Condemnation of marriage is kind of a strong word to use, but effective. Doug, it was always a bitter pill for me to swallow from its conception when marriage was frowned upon and discouraged. I was married once in secret, and since, have lost my dear Marie.” Anthony interrupted, “Married Timmy, I’m so sorry Marie died, but I never knew, in all the years I’ve known you, that you were married?”

“My sympathies to you Timmy,” I followed with.

Timmy continued, “You never knew Anthony, because it was banned so vigorously, and I as an elder, should have obeyed, but just couldn’t, I was in love with my Marie.

Anthony interrupted as usual, “Timmy who married you and Marie, they must have been somebody from here?”

“If you must know, I figure, it’s safe for me to say now since I’m the Senior Elder. It was Mr. Owl, He giveth, and he taketh away in his train of death.

I asked Timmy, “Since you mentioned the death train Timmy, something was bothering me, about the death train today. There seemed to be live trainmen, on the cars, the last time I witnessed the train, the trainmen seemed to be as dead as their cargo.”

Timmy answered, “There's only one with the answer to that particular question, and it would be Mr. Owl. I will ask him, and get back to you or Anthony.” Timmy continued, “I also asked the doctors if marriage had anything to do with the death grip on Tiny people, and they insisted, that we should advise all to use protection, before marriage and certainly after, and we should have a zero birth death rate if everyone comets, and about the living death rate being so significant, there is no positive answer to tell you as of now, but we’re trying.”

I interjected, as the conversation was sounding too morbid, “Timmy, I and Anthony would like to personally request, that marriage be reinstated, if our request means anything. I know of a couple who would love to marry, and there may be more. It would probably pick up the self-esteem of the Tiny people and spread happiness once again throughout the farm.”

Anthony whispered in my ear, "Aren't you spreading it on kind of thick, Doug.”

Timmy answered, “I know the couple your talking about Doug, Allen and Mary, a fine couple. Let’s see what can be done. If there are nothing else gentlemen, I’ve got things to do. It was nice meeting you Doug, and seeing you again, Anthony and until we meet again, and I hope it’s real soon, bye.”

We walked together to the door, and exited, and I said goodbye to Anthony and Timmy, and drove home.

The Curious Owl 10
Good News-Bad News
DJ Kane

When I arrived home, checked my answering machine, no messages, and sat down to call Anthony. Before I do, there are facts about me I must convey, as to why I only go to the farm on Saturday's. I'm employed Monday through Friday, at a security company, and am to be married in a month. My wife to be Julie, cannot be trusted to keep a secret, especially one that has so many innocent lives in its grasp, like the tentacles of an octopus, reaching far and wide, unearthing the many secrets that many hold to be sacred, in a non-traditional sense. I have to choose between living a normal life, or keep the Saturday's, which I do hold dear.

Julie and her family had been always questioning me about my Saturday's disappearances, and have been highly suspicious. At the end, we all know that love conquers all, or should know, but not before I see my promise come to life. That marriage will again continue to fulfill the dreams, hearts, and minds of the Tiny people. Just as I was about to call Anthony, the phone rang, and it was he. "Hi Anthony."

"Hi Doug."

"I was about to call you. I was thinking about Julie, and my having to give up my Saturday's at the farm.

Anthony came back immediately with some advice of his own, "Doug, you know as well as I, Julie would never be a partner, when it comes to secrets. I think you have to bite the bullet and leave the farm, as terrible as it sounds. You can't have both, in this case. I'm telling you as a good friend, I had that experience myself, and lost."

"Guess your right Anthony, but not before a decision is made on marriage's, if they are to be, or not to be for the Tiny people, sound familiar a little? Timmy may call you, about their decision, and call me immediately if he does."

"Will do, as always Doug, bye."

"See yah."

The week was going about quietly; every day I expected a call from Anthony, Timmy, or John, on the status of my request. Then it was Friday night, and a call came from Anthony. I looked up at the time on my night table, and it was two am. At that time of the morning it would likely be bad news.

"Hello," I answered the phone.

"Hello Doug, this is Anthony."

"I know who it is, so give me the bad news Anthony!"

"It's not all bad news, I've got bad and good news."

I replied, "Give me the bad news first."

"Mary is very sick, she may be dying, and the good news is, an emergency order was placed by Timmy and the remaining elders, to continue marriages immediately in yours and Mary's names, and there are another eight couples to be married, you won!"

"I have so many mixed feelings about this, Anthony, I don't know if I should be happy or sad."

“You can be both Doug. Now get some sleep, there are nine marriages being performed, all at the same time tomorrow. Your friend, Mr., Owl will be officiating at twelve noon, and don't be late. So hang up and get some sleep.”

“Okay, okay Anthony I'll try.”

“So hang up.” And I did.

It was a restless night, and I didn't get much sleep, after receiving the call. I was up at nine a.m., and on my way at ten, being half asleep. I pulled in the farm driveway, passing those wagon wheels at eleven, a good ride for a half sleeping man behind the wheel, not a good thing. After I parked, John, and the kids came out of the house, and congratulated me on my success, and I asked, “How is Mary doing John?”

“Not to good Doug, but she is determined to go through with the marriage today, I just spoke to Allen a while ago. You look a mess Doug, come in and have at least some coffee.”

“Today John, I really need it, thanks.”

As John and I walked towards the house, the kids ran in front of us opening the door, and we entered, as Carol had finished setting the table with coffee, and cake for John and I, as the kids table had milk and cake. “John,” I asked, “Did Anthony call and say he couldn't make it or would be late, I don't see his car?”

“Just the opposite, he called to have me promise not to have you drink all the coffee in the house, he knew you'd be dead tired when you got here.” As John finished talking, two cars drove into the parking area, and the kids ran out to greet them. One was male, and it was Anthony, and the female, the voice was Dr. Mary Phillipps, who was here yesterday, and today to check-up on Mary's health, Carol informed me.

As they walked in the door John greeted them, and Dr.MaryPhilipps said, “Hi everyone I'm sorry I have to go, I have to see my patient, I brought my own coffee today. Are the keys in the golf cart John?”

“Yes they are Mary, ready to go, I'll open the gate for you.”

“Thanks John, see you guys later.”

John asked the doctor before leaving, “Staying for the wedding ceremony, Mary?”

“Have to John, Mary's health and my namesake.” The doctor exited, with the kids in toe. Prompting John to say, “Mary's is great with children, she should have been a Pediatrician.”

Meanwhile, Anthony poured himself coffee and sat next to me saying. “Doug,” as he his put his arm around me, “It's been a rough night hasn't it, and you look like hell?”

“Doug”, Carol said, “Don't believe him, you don't look that bad, you can use our bathroom to brighten up.”

That's real assuring Carol,” I answered, “I'll do that now.” As I left the table for the bathroom, John, and Anthony were laughing, with their hands covering their mouths, and Carol was smiling.

The Cautious Owl 11
Miracles and Faith
DJ Kane

As I exited the bathroom, I felt refreshed and alive, and found that every one was still at the kitchen table. I sat down at the table, and Anthony remarked, "Doug you look like a different man, doesn't he John?"

"He sure does, and awake."

Carol added, "Stop guys, Doug here's a fresh cup of coffee."

"Thanks Carol that's just what the doctor would have ordered, and as I have every one's attention, I've got something to say. Anthony is already aware that this may be the last week, I will be here."

John stopped me, "Anthony, had already informed us, and congratulations, we will miss you."

"Thanks Anthony, my friend"

Anthony intervened, "What are friends for Doug, I wanted to make it easier for you, and I guess it was, kind of."

John stood up to say, "At least you will leave a legacy here, and always be remembered by all of us, and the Tiny people till their end."

Carol sadly added, "Doug, you are always welcomed here at any time, for coffee and my cheesecake."

"Thanks Carol."

John continued, "It's time to go, take a bottle of water from the fridge, and go to the cart for the drive."

We all exited the house, and piled into the cart. When we were about to leave, Anthony looked back at me asking, "How do you feel buddy, still friends?"

"All way's Anthony, till the end," and everyone smiled, as they were relieved that our friendship was still intact.

When we showed up to the ceremonies, we were given seats that were not far from the brides, and grooms. Mary, a bride to be, who had been sick, was laying on a bed of roses, at the front of the line, with her husband to be Allen, who was kneeling at her side. At times, their faces touching, as they whispered to each other, and Doctor Mary Phillips stood, being ever so watchful, at their side.

There were flowers galore, of all types filling any empty space not occupied by the hundredths of Tiny people and their guests.

All of a sudden Mr. Owl came flying in and took his place above, and in front of a table strategically placed under a limb of a tree, not far above the table in front of the brides and grooms. The Tiny people waved as Mr. Owl fluttered his feathers, as he settled on the limb. He looked around and spotted me and winked. I'm surely going to miss this magical place.

Two Tiny people ran to the table in front of Mr. Owl and placed two Bibles down, they seemed to be the same Bible's that were used at John John's funeral, how ironic. The ceremonies had begun.

Each ceremony was short and individualized for each couple, starting from the first couple, Allen and Mary, and ending with Tom and Maureen, as the program suggested. All eyes were tearing up, participants, guests, and I had been no exception. At the finish, Mr. Owl fluttered his feathers and took flight, parting from the area, and at that very moment, someone cried out at the table, where Mr. Owl stood. "No, no don't do it, oh no, they did it," they continued, "Why now, O my God!" I ran to the table where a crowd had gathered, as others started running in a panic, in all directions. The Doctor was on her knees above Allen and Mary, as they held each other, in a death embrace. Suddenly sounds of thunder, and heavy rain filled the air, but there was no rain. The tree canopy suddenly opened, framing a rainbow-covered sky, thus I believed, informing everyone that everything was okay, and immediately the canopy returned to its rightful place, as if it were a miracle. Living on this farm presents miracles each day, just in its existence; it's part of its makeup.

I later found Dr. Mary Phillips, and she informed me to what had happened to her saying, "I was the one who was screaming, after I watched the couple, Allen and Mary both ingest something at the same time, as they lay together, then they kissed, and embraced, and remained silent. Some Tiny people watched, and smiled, as if they were aware at what had happened, as others ran. I then pronounced them dead, and immediately the thunder begun".

"I know Doctor" I replied, "What happened next, was so amazing.

The Doctor continued, "Their quest for everlasting love was so tragic. They believed it was the only way to be together as they knew their race was dying. Love does conquer all, even if it ends in death."

"Yes it may for them Doctor, I've heard that before, but never were a witness to it."

The Doctor told me, she would remain with Allen and Mary, till a crew of Tiny people removed them for burial. I left the Doctor, to find my ride back. I found John, Carol, and Anthony, all waiting for me in the cart.

"Hi guys what a day, a great one starting out, but turning to heartbreak. Have you seen the Doctor guys?" I asked.

"No, not yet," Anthony answered, have you,"

"Yes, she won't be back for a while. She has to stay, to release the bodies for burial.

Anthony then said, "Jump on Doug, were all going back to the house."

"Super idea Anthony," I replied, as I jumped on.

We reached the house, parked the cart, and entered the house, surprised to see that the kids were there, and had made coffee. The kids served us, and apparently told their parents, they did not see much of anything, only the miracle that had occurred. Steve asked me, "What was all the commotion about, this place is full of miracles."

"Your so right Steve," I agreed.

Everyone at the table raised their hands in agreement. It was about an hour later, and John received a call from Timmy, He explained the situation that he now has.

The Tiny people are confused and scared; they never witnessed such an act. Many of them might not work in the garden for a while, John answered, "Don't worry Timmy, take care of your people, and I'll handle this end, if you need any assistance, you can count on us."

After the call I told John, "You and Carol should talk to your children immediately after Anthony and I leave, they may have seen more than they let on. To many people have seen the horrible incident."

It was getting late, Anthony and I decided it was time to go. We said our goodbyes to all the family, mine may be forever. As we approached the door, Carol came from the kitchen carrying two large cheesecakes, and handed one each to us with a big hug, "Take care guys and Doug, come by some time. I went to my car, with a tear, and a heavy heart, that this would be my final time at the farm.