

## **EXCERPTS**

### **Wisps from The Cavern**

#### **A Formal Affair**

**"Wells, this is Shea'andra, Shea'andra, Wells, Bob's best friend!"**

**"I am glad to meet you and ..."**

**"Why?" questioned Shea'andra, interrupting him in mid-sentence.**

**She drained all the cockiness out of him with the question.**

**As poised as he was, as bold as he was, as assured as he was, he was caught off guard. He smiled one of those "Where is the hole I live in?" looks. "Have a nice evening" she said, as she turned and walked away.**

**"Did I just get played?" he wondered aloud.**

**"Here's an envelope for you...delivered by messenger." she says as she hands it to him. "She has a smile on her face. The yellow envelope, 8x10 inches, with a blue diagonal ribbon, wax sealed flap. "To the Honorable Wellington Alonzo Thrash" it read.**

**She pauses to place her glass in the marble pedestal centered in the window, then takes his glass from him and places it there too. She turns around and steps to him and she responds by kissing her passionately. She sighs. Holding her hand, he retreats to the sofa, and lays her there, on her back.**

**"I cannot believe this!" he muses....**

**Momentarily, he is a little woozy.....he clutches to hold onto her...."I have to sit downnnnnn..." he says, and feels himself falling.....he reaches out, nothing but air.....**

#### **Minnie Lee**

**The rows and rows of cotton seemed like a forest of white as she looked at those thorny bushes, while she held tightly to momma's apron. Momma was moving so fast it was hard for little Minnie Lee to stay on her feet.**

**"C'mon girl, you holdin' Momma back!" Momma's sack was almost full again, and she yelled, "Bossman, gimme `notha bag!!**

**All Minnie Lee knew was to hold on tight. It's been a week since Momma said she was ready to go to the field... Gosh, she's been walkin' for about six months now and her stubbly little legs were tired but she held on....until she let go and sat down!!**

**Mary Alice yelled, "Moo' yo' baby.... Ah is right b'hin' you!!!"**

**"Where ya from, boy??? Betcha ya pull yo' weight, huh!!!" commented Boss Chisholm, as he spat that mouthful tobacco juice from on high. Worddell Stewart looked at the spot where the spit landed, then looked up at Boss and said, "Pull my weight and yo'se too, s'long as Ah'm respected!!! "Grown man, suh, outta Sumpter County, South Carolina, been in the French Army, put in my time, looking fuh work... in town, they say ya'all always lookin' fo' help, so's Ah come out here for an honest day's."**

**Chisholm wheeled his stallion around and cantered off, hollered over his shoulder, "Gi' that man a sack, put 'em in wit' Matthew!!!"**

**He snapped that whip and caught Worddell on his left shoulder. At first Worddell, looked at the blood oozing up...**

**Then he ran at Matthew but before he could get to him, Matthew got him twice more!!**

**Annie screamed!! "Don't...."**

**By the time she uttered, Matthew was on the ground.... The mare shied, whinnied and ran off! Worddell punched Matthew four or five times, then grabbed the cat-o-nine-tails from Matthew, and whipped him with it!**

**....**

**When The Wall Sings,.....Beware**

**In the town of Weisbrot, in western Pennsylvania, the venerable old gray stone church stood on the corner of Hamburg and Pottsdam Streets, plastered against the dank and cloudy skies of March. The wind whistled its way down the street, having gained its momentum from the open fields that lay west of the town. This was old German farm country, and after the winter crop of potatoes and wheat, the fields were left to themselves, so without any barrier, the wind was free to wreak havoc and it did so with a vengeance. The fact that the last fierce snow storm had left its remains in the**

fields and streets, could not deter the townsfolk. It was Saturday and it was time for burial and prayer. If it were not for the crowd of worshipers huddled, standing outside the church's tall and aged wooden doors, you would never believe that at one time this was a happy town at a happy time.

At 2:30 this afternoon, the burial ceremony of Doctor Herve Bruchtel would begin.

"You been doin' somethin' behind my back and I will kill you and him when I find out! I know it, that damn boy don't even look like me; none of us! Dammitt! Who's been 'round here when me an' August is workin' the fields, who??!!"

That summer, in a magazine, Grover saw an ad... "Queen Marie Z. X. Chennault, Purveyor of Spells and Chants offers services to those in need of relief from torment."

*"The spirit of hell shall be upon the source of wickedness  
His demise will come at the hand of righteousness"*

*By my own hand, will I cast a spell of rectitude  
And make certain his acts of evil are forever rued"*