

*First Anniversary Edition*

*Spring 2011*



**DOGS | CATS | FISH | REPTILES | BIRDS | HORSES**

# **Critters Pet Supply Shop**

**901 Mountain Avenue, Crossfield Alberta  
(403) 946 0011**

- ◆ **Premium Foods**
- ◆ **Treats**
- ◆ **Pet Accessories**
- ◆ **Horse Feed**
- ◆ **Toys**
- ◆ **Grooming**
- ◆ **Pet Daycare & Overnight Care**



**IF WE DON'T HAVE IT  
WE CAN GET IT!**



Open 9 am - 7 pm

Closed Wed. & Sun.

**Dog Grooming**



**SILENT HERDER MINERAL**

901 Mountain Avenue, Crossfield

**946-0011**

# ***Table of Contents***

<b>Publisher's Say</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>All in the Family</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Unfinished Business</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>The Stranger</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Getting to Know...</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Untenable</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Jezebel</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Mourning</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>How to Run a Country</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Origins</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>A Soldier's Tale</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>The Train Set</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>Something Other</b>	<b>36</b>
<b>Bob's Law</b>	<b>42</b>
<b>Everlasting Love</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>A Snowy Night</b>	<b>49</b>

---

For information regarding advertising, story submission or purchasing a subscription, please visit our website at

[www.pagesofstories.com /contact](http://www.pagesofstories.com/contact) or send an email to [info@pagesofstories.com](mailto:info@pagesofstories.com).

All stories are purely fictional and any resemblance to any person or situation is coincidental.

Owned by  
Pages Of Stories Inc.

Copyright 2011  
Pages Of Stories Inc.

Publisher and Editor  
Darlene Poier

Website:  
[www.pagesofstories.com](http://www.pagesofstories.com)

Follow us on Facebook:  
[Facebook.com/Pages Of  
Stories](https://www.facebook.com/Pages-Of-Stories)

Follow our blog:  
[onlinefictionstories.  
blogspot.com/](http://onlinefictionstories.blogspot.com/)



Photo by BellaTasha Images; bellatasha\_images@hotmail.com

# Publisher's Say

Happy First Anniversary Pages Of Stories!

It's hard to believe but here we are, one year into this business. What a year it's been!

I've had the opportunity to meet some truly remarkable people. I've chatted with authors and readers from every corner of the globe. We've published work from kids (and I can say that!) still in University and more mature folks as well. We've published stories from novice writers as well as award winning and experienced ones. We've published stories about new life, about new death, about those trying to figure out how the latter occurred. Some of our stories will make you laugh, some will make you think, some will make you cry, and some will just make you glad that you opened up this magazine.

The learning curve has been huge and there's still got a long way to go. We've tried a number of things in this last year, some worked, some didn't but along the way a lot of knowledge was gained.

We are now actively promoting the magazine in ways we hadn't conceived of before. We'll have a table at a trade show, we're putting ads in papers and magazines but our biggest effort will be our 1 year anniversary launch.

1 year in business is a small, but significant number. At a time when many small businesses struggle through the first year, this magazine has survived. In large part due to the significant amount of support that we get from people from around the world. Our aim was to provide an entertaining piece of literature that people can enjoy on their electronic devices from anywhere in the world. I believe we

have succeeded in that. We've also successfully matched up readers from around the world with authors from around the world. This was meant to be an international magazine and with each issue we achieve that aim.

This past year wouldn't have been the success it has without the support of an awful lot of people. So there are many I need to thank. First and foremost is my husband who has been very active in promoting this magazine. He's also a great idea guy (note the Bits Of Pages) and a great sounding board. I'd also like to thank those friends and family that help sustain me and keep me motivated. There would be no magazine without the authors that bravely send in their stories. I've said it before, and I'll say it again; it's no easy thing to send in your hard work to a complete stranger. It takes a lot of courage and requires a thick skin. In this last year we received in so many stories that were very good but there just wasn't either room or budget to publish and one day we'll regret having missed out on that opportunity. And last but not least, the readers of Pages Of Stories. You are the reason we have this magazine and you are the reason we will keep publishing it. You motivate us to bring you the highest quality magazine possible in the most convenient fashion. Thank you for your loyalty to us.

Speaking of authors and the international scope of this magazine; we've done it again. Once again we have authors from Canada, the USA, the UK, France and now... South Africa! We're also featuring the first instalment of our first serial story. Leigh Lundin is a regular contributor to Ellery Queen and Alfred Hitchcock

magazines, but he sent this fabulous story to us instead! He's our featured author and you can find the interview with him on page 15 and his story follows on page 16.

Leigh isn't the only crime writer in the bunch. Donna Fawcett also gives us a great whodunit on page 5 and Joe Mynhardt gets inside a police force in South Africa on page 10. Gordon Arnold has given us yet another great read on page 42 where we get to go back in time to the way policing in rural parts used to be done.

What would an issue of Pages Of Stories be without some sort of psychopath. Fortunately for us Brendan DuBois has provides us with just such a character on page 49.

It's not all about crime though, Stanley Wright is back with us giving us a behind the scenes look at how things really get accomplished in government on page 25. Sylvia Reeve is also back with us giving us a glimpse at how even a long married couple have trials and tribulations on page 32. Michael O'Shea returns as well with an unusual perspective for a soldier on page 30. Hugh Bradnam shows us why it's important to know where you came from on page 28 while Bernadette James reminds us that even knowing isn't always a benefit on page 9. David Heaton plays with time on page 36. Laura Crowe invites us inside a woman's sorrow on page 22 while Derek Rodgers finally returns to us after a year's absence with his work on page 19. And Pam Howes returns to us with a tale on the challenges of retirement on page 47.

Enjoy and Happy reading! I'm looking forward to the next year!  
Darlene Poier, Publisher

# All in the Family

By Donna Fawcett

Donna Fawcett (Donna Dawson) is the creative writing instructor for Fanshawe College in London, Ontario. Her writings cover many genres and markets from romance to suspense and from short story to creative non-fiction. Donna's suspense novel *Vengeance* won two national awards in the 2009 *The Word Guild* awards. 2011 has seen the release of her fifth novel entitled *Rescued* and her CD of songs entitled *'Searching for the Son'*. Donna speaks at writing conferences and motivational events. For more on Donna visit [www.donnafawcett.com](http://www.donnafawcett.com)

\*\*\*\*\*

There was a knock at the door. A hesitant tap. The kind that told me that the body on the other side of the wall didn't expect someone to be here. There shouldn't have been but I wasn't one to follow the rules. It had nearly cost me my license a couple of times. I knew if I got caught breaking in yet again, my goose would be officially cooked. But I had to find something—anything to move this investigation forward. Without some scrap of evidence I could go no further.

No private detective worth her salt would break into a place without eyeballing for escape routes—in case. So I didn't need to click on my pen light again to know that the balcony hung two stories above the swimming pool, the south window gave a delightful view of the paved drive and the west window offered questionable help in a rose vine that had clung for decades to an aging post and beam arbour clamped to the wall. I had three options and needed to choose one fast. I could take the south window and wind up in hospital. I could go for a dive and hope that the shallow end pointed the right way. Or I could risk a grapple with the roses.

The sound of scratching at the lock told me my time was running out. I opted for the roses. If I didn't get my cat suit hung up, I might just be able to slip away unnoticed. The latch clicked and I slipped into the frame of the open window. Swinging my leg down, I gripped my bottom lip between my teeth as the vine reached out and snatched at me.

The smart part of my brain screamed at me to bite the bullet and deal with the aftermath of scrambling through a mass of spines and prickles. But there's a part of my brain that overrides the smart part. It's the part that made me want to become a private eye in the first place. It's gotten me into trouble through my thirty odd years. It's the nosey part of my brain—the silent voice that outshouted common sense.

.....

The light flicked on and I was glad I'd had the foresight to glance away from the window so my eyes could adjust without leaving me momentarily blind. When I turned back I found myself squeezing closer to the cruel barbs hidden amidst the sweet blossoms. The shock of my surprise visitor nearly undid me. What was *she* doing here?

Who was it?

Why did it take her by surprise?

What is this case about?

The rest of the story comes out on April 15, 2011. Find out the answers then.



**access the  
diva lifestyle  
at 50-90% off**

**subscribe today (it's free) to  
receive delicious diva  
deals daily at  
[mydiva-lifestyle.com](http://mydiva-lifestyle.com)**



*a diva lifestyle without  
the diva price tags*

**Business Owners...Want to offer  
deals on My Diva Lifestyle? Contact  
Illiki at 403 228-7874.**

# Unfinished Business

*By Bernadette James*

*Bernadette James lives in Surrey, England. She has had numerous short stories published in women's magazines in the UK and abroad and has been published in several short story anthologies. She has also been placed or shortlisted in competitions both for poetry and for short fiction. Bernadette has previously been published in the Winter 2011 issue of Pages Of Stories.*

\*\*\*\*\*

It has been a long time since I have seen him, so long in fact that at first I am not sure if it is him after all. The party is crowded and noisy and the waiters carrying the trays of champagne and canapés keep blocking my view. But then he laughs and throws his head back and there is no doubt at all. It's him.

I shouldn't feel out of place here – this is what I do. I arrange art exhibitions at the gallery and I invite all the right people so that hopefully we'll get a mention in the glossier publications and the artist will sell more paintings. I didn't invite him, of course, he came as a guest but he is here nonetheless and because of him I do feel out of place, as though it is me who doesn't belong. I was told he would be here so I shouldn't be surprised and I don't feel as shocked as I thought I would, nor upset. I just feel very strange, like when you think you have woken from a dream but actually you are still asleep and still dreaming.

The party is going well, as usual. I am good at my job and have been doing it for some time now, but he probably doesn't know that. Why should he? I am in the past and, from what I hear, his present is very full and exciting. So I don't expect he has made any connection. This is just another party where he can see and be

seen and drink champagne and flirt with pretty girls.

Usually I would be circulating myself, making sure everything is going smoothly, calming the artist's nerves, gently persuading the prospective buyers that this is the next big thing, that this particular picture or that specific sculpture will enhance their home and their reputation. But I'm not really needed at the moment and tonight I want to watch. So I am standing by a pillar, nursing my orange juice, and letting the party manage itself.

I am told he has a new wife, but she doesn't appear to be here and he doesn't act like a married man. His eyes flit about the room, seeming to plan his next approach, while at the same time he is conversing with the current group, who look charmed and engrossed and completely unaware that they are temporary and insufficient. He was always like that, never really settled, always after the next new thing, unsatisfied. He hasn't changed much after all. A little grey, soft lines around the eyes, but I would have known him anywhere. How could I have doubted it was him? No, he hasn't changed.

I wonder if his wife knows what he is like? I suppose she must, but whether she minds or not, he is a hard man to give up.

Just who is this unfinished business with?

What has happened in the past?

April 15, 2011 is when you'll get your answers.

# The Stranger

*By Joe Mynhardt*

*Joe Mynhardt is a South African horror writer and teacher. While having multiple publications at Pill Hill Press, Dark Minds, Library of the Living Dead, Microhorror, Flashes in the Dark and many more, Joe also tends to a tome of story ideas scraping for a chance to be written. In his spare time Joe blogs about haunted buildings and is also a moderator on MyWritersCircle.com*

\*\*\*\*\*

Officer Mark Humphrey sped his patrol car down a dirt road near the small town of Karatara, South Africa. He noticed a car on the side of the road and pulled up behind it.

Mark seized his radio whilst scanning the area. "Dispatch, this is car 32."

A sturdy female voice answered, "Go ahead, Mark."

"Dispatch, I'm about seventy kilometers from town, on my way to pick up Joe Simmons, and I've spotted an abandoned Ford next to the road."

"Probably some more tourists wandering off to see the sights. Give me the plate numbers so—" Heavy static sounded over the radio.

"Dispatch? Anna, you there?" Mark tapped his fingers on the soundless radio and assessed his surroundings. On both sides of the road lay a vast forest of blackwood and various willow trees. The sun was minutes away from stroking the tree tops.

18:23, he scribbled in his logbook.

Mark climbed out and approached the oddly familiar vehicle. He glided his fingers over the warm hood of the engine and tried to open the trunk. It wouldn't budge.

Mark noticed a set of footprints trailing off into the forest. He took a deep breath, unclipped his pistol, and entered the dark woodland.

Thin branches and twigs splintered beneath his feet, underbrush curled around his ankles. His heart pounded faster and faster. If only they'd given him a partner.

A loud moan emanated in the distance, a branch snapped, footsteps – a ghostly figure seemed to float from behind one of the larger trees ahead. Mark rubbed his eyes and, before he could check again, a voice bellowed above the rustling of the leaves.

"Ah shit... Mark Humphrey. What are *you* doing here?"

Mark tensed even more as he realized it was Officer Joe Simmons, the man Captain Davies had ordered him to arrest.

"What's going on?" Mark asked. He tried to hide his unease, yet a quiver of discomfort, brought on by the knowledge of Joe's mysterious suspension earlier that week, slithered into his stomach. "Everything alright?"

Joe dusted off his hands against his extra large t-shirt. "Some idiot got himself killed back there."

"What?" Mark's unease bubbled to the surface. "Did you call it in?"

"How the fuck am I supposed to call it in without a radio?" Joe hardly broke eye contact while he made his way across a dead branch towards Mark. The smell of alcohol radiating from Joe's direction made Mark flinch. "Why are you here, Joe? And what happened to the victim?"

"What's with the questions all of a sudden? You're not blaming me for this shit are you? The guy was shot in the head for fuck's sake."

The palms of Mark's hands grew warm and moist. Why was Joe so aggressive? Not that he had ever been even remotely approachable in the past. Mark frowned. "For some reason my radio packed up as I called it in. But

they knew I was on my way to you, so they should send someone soon."

"Why on earth were you on your way to me? Joe asked.

What was Mark picking up Joe for?

Why was Joe apparently completely unaware?

Was there a ghost?

Who is the stranger?

Answers to all of these questions coming on April 15, 2011. Stay tuned!

# Getting to Know...



## *An interview with author Leigh Lundin*

Pages Of Stories recently did an email interview with accomplished author Leigh Lundin. Leigh has provided us with our first serial story and it's truly a thrill to read. It's going to take 3 instalments before we find out how it all ends. Through it all Leigh keeps us guessing. But...before we read that tale, we wanted to know what really goes on in the mind of a mystery writer.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pages: I noticed in your biography at the beginning of your story you explain that because of Mother Nature, you started writing professionally. We'd like to know though, what got you started writing at all?

On April 15th you can read this fascinating author's responses to this question and others.

Located in the heart of the historic neighbourhood of Inglewood, Nine Café offers a place for friends to enjoy great coffee, breakfast, delicious homemade lunch and baked goods, and shopping for unique gift items. We offer free WiFi and special events.



Present this ad and receive 10% off any purchase. Limit one per customer.

**nine** café  
inglewood. coffee. shop.

1319 - 9 Ave SE, Calgary, AB T2G 0T2  
Ph: (403) 261-2661

# Untenable

By Leigh Lundin

Leigh Lundin writes for *Ellery Queen and Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazines*, as well as the short story blog, *Criminal Brief*. When a series of hurricanes ravaged Orlando, and left him without power, water, and phones, he began writing professionally. Two years later, Leigh won the Readers Choice Award, the first time a first-time writer took first place in its sixty year history. Leigh is pleased to bring us our first serial, a clever locked-room mystery.

\*\*\*\*\*

Demetrius hunched over the keyboard, stabbing keys with his index fingers, fingers that looked shortened by the pounding. He flicked his eyes to the clock, rolled the cigar from the left corner of his mouth to the right, and squinted at the text.

CURTIS, YOU A FANCY TAX GUY AND ALL, BUT I DIDN'T ASK NO ADVICE.

Demetrius hit SEND as if smacking Curtis himself and moved to the next eMail. Yet another friggin' letter from his niece cajoled him as if he needed babying.

UNCLE DEMI, MARIA TELLS ME YOU'RE NOT EATING RIGHT. IT'S NO TROUBLE FOR ONE OF MY VANS TO DROP OFF LUNCH OR DINNER ONCE IN A WHILE. JUST SAY THE WORD. LOVE, NINA.

Say the word, huh? How about the word *Tramp*, running her own company like a breeze. How come that side of the family got all the business genes? The next eMail came from his other nephew. Geez, were all three ganging up at once? He read for a moment, frowned, and attacked the keys.

WORTHLESS AS THE COPS, LEO. WHATS GOOD BEING A FANCY

COMPUTER WHIZ YOU LET SOME FOOL JERK ME AROUND?

He hit SEND like he hated the key. Finally, a break while he awaited the message, one he knew would come. What a bitch, police doing nothing. He'd rather spend his time betting, the part of a day he looked forward to. Where the hell was the message? When the eMail chime sounded, he jumped.

Demetrius scrolled his mail, but hesitated before opening it—the message. Involuntarily, his eye flashed to the time stamp, knowing it said 10:10.

He took a deep breath. No need to hurry; the messages proved predictable. The first one arrived Monday and read...

You will die ...

Some frigging lunatic. Of course he'd die; his doctors had told him as much. He'd snorted and deleted it as spam. The following day another arrived. YOU WILL DIE 10 ...

Ten what? Crap, what a freaking lunatic, he'd thought. On succeeding days, others followed:

YOU WILL DIE 10:10 ...

YOU WILL DIE 10:10 10 ...

YOU WILL DIE 10:10 10/10 ...

He opened the eMail. *Crap*. He knew what to expect, but still...

YOU WILL DIE 10:10 10/10/10. Bang! You're dead.

By Thursday, he figured out the progression and knew it meant Sunday. *Tomorrow*.

Frigging lunatic.

His hand shook as he dialed the phone number the detective had scrawled on his card.

"Another one, Dawes. Can't you do nothing? You and my nephew are useless, letting some loony threaten me." He listened a moment. "Yeah,

yeah, I know. Sit tight, my ass. Sit tight and see if this bastard kills me." Demetrius slammed down the phone. Plan B. He knew one thing the lunatic hadn't counted on. Hell, he'd lived here five months before he discovered it.

\*\*\*\*\*

What did Demetrius discover?

Clearly, he's not the sharpest knife in the drawer, but what took even him, 5 months to find?

April 15, 2011. All will be revealed.

# Jezebel

*By Derek Rodgers*

*Derek Rodgers is a senior at the University of Iowa where he studies English. He has two previous publications and often writes political pieces for [Examiner.com](http://Examiner.com). Derek currently works for REACH at the University of Iowa. Derek was previously published in our inaugural issue of Pages Of Stories with his work 'On the Ringing Plains of Windy Troy'.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Jezebel pulled a daisy from the ground and twisted it between her fingers in the midnight air. There was music coming from the old barn, a rickety infrastructure with planks so warped and far apart that the fires inside produced shadows of the people upon the New England hillside. She danced along with them, captivated by the sounds of laughter and singing pouring through the barn's crooked walls, completely overcome with joy. She brought the flower to her nose and inhaled slowly. In her other hand she held an old violin, her mother's, that Jezebel inherited upon her death. Despite its age, it was smooth and unblemished, save for a single carving on its side. It was of a rose atop a long stem with a single thorn, an image Jezebel's father had carved on it when he gave it as a gift to her mother. Smelling the daisy, she plucked at a single string with her little finger and it rang, well-tuned. Prepared, she dropped the daisy to the ground. It was the spring of 1912.

The old weather-worn barn—frequently transformed into a makeshift dance hall—was faded on the outside from decades of existence, but full of young, energetic couples it seemed to be alive. But there was no one there as young as Jezebel. She was a queer exception, not yet sixteen and out at the Midnight Spring Dance, but no one noticed, no one spoke of the absurdity

as she pushed open the door and entered. No one questioned her. The small town of Underhill, Vermont knew very well why she was not at home, and they silently permitted the breaking of the rules.

She pulled the night's program from her pocket. A small, thick piece of paper folded at the center, it was simply labeled: "Midnight Dance, March 1912." Inside was a handwritten list of songs to be performed by the Underhill band, a conglomeration of local middle class men and women, mostly farmers, dedicated to the art of music. Jezebel scanned the list and recognized a few tunes: "Rye Waltz," "Polka," and a "Two Step." It had become tradition that the band would play fifteen songs, most of them old favorites that had been repeated throughout the years. Tonight, however, there was an extra song. The bottom of the program read:

16. "Home, Sweet Home" (H. Bishop and J. Payne, 1823)...*Jezebel*  
She placed the program back into her pocket just as the band finished its last song. The young couples clapped wildly and stole kisses from their partners. Jezebel blushed. As she moved through the crowd, a round, balding man stood up on a bale of hay. Mr. Fiedler, a shop-keeper, organized all the town dances with his wife, a schoolteacher and a well-known advocate for women's rights. Wiping sweat from his face with a soiled handkerchief, Mr. Fiedler said, "Thank you, everyone, for coming out this evening. The band has once again done an excellent job. Let's show them some gratitude." Again the room thundered with applause. Beneath his wild moustache, the shop-keeper smiled. "But as you can see by your programs, which the wonderful Mrs. Fiedler has taken the pleasure of

creating for you"—there was again some applause, to which Mrs. Fiedler bowed her head—"we have an additional treat for you tonight." Jezebel moved towards the center of the barn, believing she could sense a tangible hush falling upon the enclosure. Some, she noticed, were already looking at her. Most were trying to unobtrusively acknowledge her. No one wanted the girl to know they knew, though most admitted that the town was all too knowledgeable about her father's state.

Not the Jezebel you were expecting?

April 15, 2011 the rest of this story becomes available.

# Mourning

*By Laura Crowe*

*Laura Crowe is a writer, editor, and owner of [Imagine It In Writing](#). Her work has previously appeared in a variety of literary, fashion, and business magazines. She also has edited for other fiction magazines. Currently, she is teaching writing workshops with a unique focus on giving authors an opportunity to publish a story about their life in a short story collection that she is editing and publishing.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Light slides through the Venetian blinds, like hands snaking through prison bars, but Marsha is reluctant to wake. She's been dreaming of Nathan. She slowly becomes aware that she is clutching his pillow so tightly that her fingers are white. The pillow still smells of him. Marsha closes her eyes again and tries to re-enter that dream world where Nathan can still come to her, where he is still with her, warm and close and breathing, but it is too late, the moment is gone.

Marsha slides out of bed. Her feet feel cold against the hardwood floor. She runs her fingertips along his clothes until she finds his robe, buried in the back where he always kept it, and wraps it around her body. She moves slowly toward the kitchen, lights off the way he liked it, and she stubs her toe, again, on the corner of the wall, but she does not cry.

On the counter are the sympathy cards. Marsha refuses to touch them, even to put them away. They are dangerous, painful things, with thorns that gouge her flesh. She boils water and makes Nathan's favourite green tea and drinks it while it is still scalding. It tastes like steeped grass to her but she admits this to no one.

Slowly, like everything she does these days, she showers and dresses

for work. Her reflection in her bathroom mirror tells her she looks good. Smooth skin. Arched brows. Eyes the colour of iced cappucino. She opens her copper-coloured lips, just a hint, exposing white teeth to the mirror, practicing, giving what the day will surely require of her.

The air outside is cold, cold enough to almost burn Marsha's lungs. She pulls her tweed jacket tighter against her body but it's a poor shield against the wind. She smooths her hair and enters the building that no one expects her to come to any time soon, but she's there anyway. What's the point of sitting home alone, day after day, staring at the television, drinking green tea or steamed milk or hot toddies or other remedies suggested by her well-meaning friends and relatives.

Marsha doesn't tell them what she's thinking. That their advice is only a theory that makes them feel better by offering it to her. She is in this thing alone and she knows it better than she knows her own name.

Avril stares at Marsha as if she is an apparition. "You're – here," she stumbles.

"Yes," Marsha says.

The receptionist tugs nervously on the end of her pencil. "I'm really sorry. So sorry."

"Yes."

"Is there," she swallows, "anything? Anything I can do?"

Marsha looks at Avril, sees true pity in the girl's eyes, sees that she has no idea what she is offering because she has no experience with Marsha's pain.

"Thank you, but no."

Avril seems relieved.

Marsha walks into her office.

Across the room, sitting in her chair, is Sonja. Marsha has never asked what

country she's from but she suspects India, mostly because of Sonja's accent. Her speech, combined with her dark eyes and hair and warm brown skin, make her the centre of attention everywhere she goes.

"Marsha. How – are you?"

"Get out of my chair," Marsha says.

"I was just checking your voice mail."

"Yeah. Sure you were."

Sonja pulls at the collar of her crisp, white blouse. She is the same height as Marsha but wears three-inch heels in an attempt at superiority. As usual, she has three buttons undone, giving Marsha an unasked-for view of Sonja's cleavage as she leans over her supervisor's desk, a professionally-manicured fingernail still resting on the telephone.

"Get the fuck out of my office," Marsha says.

"Geez. Don't hold back or anything."

"I'm recently bereaved. I can do whatever the hell I want."

Wow! Find out the rest of this fascinating tale on April 15, 2011.

# How to Run a Country

*By Stanley Wright*

*A Scot living in France for the past seven years, Stanley has been a journalist, lecturer, owner of a hotel/restaurant. He spent two years travelling around the world as a freelance journalist and lecturer. Now in semi-retirement, he writes articles and short stories for various UK magazines, has published two 'how to' books, and is 50,000 words into a novel.*

\*\*\*\*\*

This is an excerpt and not the actual beginning.

The past few months have been chaotic. There was an international monetary conference which degenerated into a farce, and from which my esteemed leader withdrew after the German Chancellor accused her of indifference towards poorer nations. Then there was a minor revolt in her Cabinet. That was fun while it lasted. My Prime Minister does not much care for dissent in the ranks, so she sacked three of the troublemakers and threatened to call an immediate election if there were any more of what she told me were "these little local difficulties one must endure". This is how things are managed in England, and if I am not much mistaken, in other countries as well. My role is to pick up the pieces, pour oil on troubled waters, and try to ensure that the wheels of government continue on a well-charted path. It is not easy. I am on-call twenty four hours a day, am required to make instant decisions, sometimes without total command of the facts, to brief hungry investigative journalists, and

quite often to placate my master's colleagues.

However, this year the lady decided to take a mid-summer break, which is why I also had time off and had the use of Susie's apartment in Le Toquet. Having driven along the coast from Calais I duly presented myself to a security guard along with a key and Susie's letter of authorisation.

The apartment was not what I expected, but then, knowing Susie and her many marital entanglements, perhaps I should not have been surprised. It was total luxury, located on the top floor of a very select apartment building, with a balcony stretching the length of a glass-fronted living room offering a clear view over the English Channel. There were three bedrooms, a dining alcove, and a fully equipped, state-of-the-art kitchen which appeared to have been seldom used although the cupboards were crammed with pots and pans, and there was a sideboard full of china and expensive-looking glassware. There were also two sumptuous bathrooms, one of them with a television set built into a wall facing the bath. In a cupboard half way between the living room and kitchen, I discovered a fully stocked bar. I helped myself to a large scotch which I carried out onto the balcony to enjoy the setting sun, and made a mental note to be much kinder to my only sister in future. I planned to enjoy my break.

It was after nine in the evening, so I decided to cook a very simple meal with the food I had bought in the Calais supermarket, read a few pages of a book selected from the collection lining one wall of the living room, and have an early night.

I had just finished eating and washing up when I heard a noise in the

tiny hall by the front door, then the living room door opened and three people walked in. One was a very attractive and fashionably-dressed lady of about my own age, the other two I would best describe as thugs, although the briefcases, suitcases and boxes they carried prevented them from displaying any weapons which might have been more suited to their appearance. The boxes and cases were deposited on the floor, and the two men advanced towards me. I must admit that I was momentarily afraid, standing there with only an empty glass and a drying-up cloth in my hand, but I managed to stand my ground. The lady moved in front of her two "protectors", studied me for a moment, then said, in French, "You are in my apartment, sir. Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Intrigued?

The whole story is available on April 15, 2011.

# Origins

*By Hugh Bradnam*

*Hugh Bradnam, the pseudonym of Colonel Hubert Boardman, B.A., an ordained Salvation Army Officer, held significant appointments in the U.K. before pioneering in Portugal. For 7 years he commanded The Salvation Army in Brazil, then retired to Bournemouth. After over-sighting three churches in retirement he was awarded the Salvation Army Certificate for Exceptional Service. Open University studies gained him an Honours Degree in Arts and Humanities. He now writes books and stories for both adults and children.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*M*y father's letter changed everything. Maybe some premonition that he was going to die prompted him to write this letter a few months ago? His funeral had taken place two days earlier. My three brothers, John, Richard and Stephen, and my sister Margaret, had all returned to their busy successful lives and happy families. Ten years separated me from Stephen, the youngest. Father's death came as the climax to two years of steady decline as the cancer took hold. We had anxiously watched the strength slowly ebb from this virile, physically powerful man, only 67 years of age. I adored him. He was my hero, the one who could fix anything! As a skilled engineer, his garden shed was lined with shelves of intricate tools with which he could repair anything from a car engine to my sister's hair dryer. It was always to him that I had turned for advice and encouragement.

My mother handed me the envelope addressed to "Marcos". I could see the tears spilling out of those gentle eyes as she spoke:

"Your father asked me to give this to you as soon as convenient after he had gone."

I had no doubt that she knew what it contained. She watched me closely as with trembling hands I opened it and read the contents. I was the late arrival in the family and had always been spoiled. Although without malice, my brothers and sister often referred to me as "Mummy's boy". Now I needed to grow up quickly and become the "man of the house". I had to offer strength to this wonderful lady, more homely than fashionable, with values based on sound moral principles, always tempered with understanding and forgiveness. Her dramatic acceptance of me into the family was sufficient evidence of that.

My parents never tried to hide the fact of my adoption. It never seemed to have made any difference. Only when I looked in the mirror and saw my dark skin, black curly hair, and deep brown eyes, so different to my fair-skinned, long blonde haired and bright blue eyed siblings, did I realise I was different but it never bothered me. There had been just one occasion when the school bully called me a "dirty little nigger", and in tears I rushed home to ask my father what a nigger was? I always felt totally secure, was certainly much loved, and I was devoted to my parents.

My mother had extraordinary patience with my shortcomings and misdemeanours. I now knew that I had to let her lean on me as my father was no longer by her side. The silence in the comfortable but simply furnished front room in which we were sitting was as intense as the pressure one feels just before a heavy rain storm. She

waited. I read the letter for the second time.

Read this touching letter on April 15, 2011.

# A Soldier's Tale

*By Michael O'Shea*

*Michael O'Shea resides in a small Warwickshire village and has been happily married to Nita for 40+ years. Michael enjoys music - anything from Sinatra to Springsteen; and reading - anything from Dickens to Kerouac. Michael was previously published in Issue #3 of Pages Of Stories with his work 'The Games People Play' and the Winter 2011 issue with 'Dancing Queen'.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Hush, listen! Can you hear them?  
Marching, marching  
Can you hear their ghostly  
marching?  
Once more they're on parade  
The Boys of the Old Brigade.*

\*\*\*\*\*

It's the third year of the war and I'm crouching in a trench with what's left of our Old Pal's Company. Most of those who marched off for King and Country on that far-off summer's day are long gone, buried in the mud of no-man's land or shipped back home, bodies crippled, spirits broken. The lucky few who survive duck as machine-gun bullets zip through the air like angry hornets and artillery shells churn the earth, the once-good earth of Flanders, into a stew of mud, blood and tangled flesh. A soldier cries for his mother, his moans more unnerving than the constant bombardment.

"Bloody shut up for God's sake, before I shut you up."

I round angrily on the speaker: "Leave him alone, he's just a kid."

"E shouldn't have joined if 'e can't take a joke. Bleedin' mother's boy."

"We were all mothers' boys once. Just leave him be. Or else..."

"Or else what?"

Harry comes to my rescue once again. "Shut up the pair of you, save it for the enemy. Anyway, one more big push and we'll all be in Berlin this time next week drinking schnapps and eating sauerkraut. At least that's what Major Fitzpatrick said, and he should know; he's been decorated more times than our mum's parlour. Mind you, I'm not sure if he was talking from under his stiff upper lip or out of his arse at the time."

All of us, even the weeping Private Jones and his nemesis, Corporal Buggins, collapse in near-hysterical laughter. Harry's eyes fix on mine: "Reminds me of when we was young, Jim, groping our way home from school. The blind leading the blind, as you once said. What d'you reckon?"

I open my mouth to reply but, unlike the next whiz-bang, the words don't arrive.

This is a heartbreaking tale.

On April 15, 2011 the whole story is available.

# The Train Set

*By Sylvia Reeve*

*Sylvia Reeve has regular columns in two monthly magazines as well as individual articles. She has a poem published in the 'Derbyshire Anthology' and has written a biography of her multi-handicapped foster son as well as two other novels. Now retired in Derbyshire with her husband, she manages her progressive lung disease and continually writes. Sylvia's story 'The Death Promise' was published in Issue #3 of Pages Of Stories and 'For Elizabeth, A Rose' was published in our Winter 2011 issue.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## PROLOGUE

*A*s the clouds deepened over her head, so the distant rumbles of thunder heralded the start of the storm to come. But the clouds were not of God's making; they were clouds of apprehension that shrouded Claire as she slowly climbed the steps to the loft. Ken had built them, shortly after they moved into the cottage twenty years ago. Now they were rickety well worn steps that Claire felt might fall down under her weight.

\*\*\*\*\*

After living with Ken's parents for three months when they married, Claire had become restless and begged Ken to try to look for a house. He'd been quite upset and said that when he had enough money they could start looking.

Whilst out walking one spring Sunday afternoon, they had come across this quaint abode and couldn't believe their luck. Their possible future haven was overgrown and drastically in need of repair and refurbishing but it had been love at first sight for Claire.

"Oh Ken, look at it. It's perfect. Can we buy it, please?" Ken had to agree with her and soon it was theirs. It had been on the market for over two years

since the previous owner - a very eccentric old lady - had died. Her family was anxious to get rid of it and offered it for a very low price.

Downstairs, there was a large cosy kitchen, with an open fireplace; the kind you could almost sit in and toast your knees.

"I think the kitchen could do with gutting." Ken told her.

"No, you can't do that. The old-fashioned cooking range is in very good condition, and the previous owner clearly made good use of it." Ken smiled and Claire continued on. "And, there is a superb walk in pantry, the likes of which I've never seen before." Ken laughed, but because it was going to be her domain, he agreed. The dining room and lounge, she conceded would benefit from a facelift, but insisted that the oak beams supporting the ceilings in every room remained as they were. Because they had been able to buy the cottage for much less than they had anticipated spending, they were able to bring professionals in to do all the work.

They spent the next year turning the dilapidated cottage into a beautiful home and were sitting in front of the fire one evening, when Ken turned to her.

"I've decided to convert the loft space and set up my train set. If there's any room left, you could put your doll's house up there." Claire was delighted that at last he was going to do something with his beloved train set. His great-grandfather had given it to him for his third birthday but never had room at his parent's house to set it up.

"It will be ready when our first son is born." Then he added. "You could sort your doll's house, and our daughter can play with that, while I help our sons play with the trains."

The first thing they needed was a means of access into the loft, other than precariously standing on a chair. Ken decided he would build a staircase himself. Although he had always thought himself to be a very keen DIY person, his skills would ultimately turn out not to match his enthusiasm. It had taken him weeks to make the steps and Claire had told him if he didn't hurry up and finish it, the children would have grown up. Eventually it was completed and they'd both stood back to look at the results of all his efforts.

Claire told him he'd done a really good job but he'd insisted that they were only intended as a temporary measure, until he bought a proper and much safer, loft ladder.

\*\*\*\*\*

The train set plays a key role later on. Find out why.

April 15, 2011 this story becomes available in its entirety.

# Something Other

*By David F. Heaton*

*David Heaton is a part-time writer of fiction and non-fiction living in the North of England, close to a landscape dominated by large tracts of wild and lonely moorland.*

*These surroundings and wild environments generally are a source of inspiration for David's writing. More specifically he is drawn to what might have taken place in these locations back in the mists of time and just how these incidents could still affect the present.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*I* could never kill another human being.

The sly doubts that creep into my mind about this fact are becoming more frequent as I sit here in the darkness of my room. Of course I try to dismiss them as soon as they arise, but they scurry back like ants to a nest, disturbing my confidence in the one certainty I have had throughout the horror of this whole affair.

I could never kill.

And that thought is my only comfort.

\*\*\*\*\*

The farm I grew up on and inherited was in the rough hill country of the north. My life as a youngster prepared me for the days I would go on to live as an adult, helping my father tend the livestock on the adjacent countryside from which he had tried all his life to eke a living. The land was harsh, the northern climate harsher still. The locals used to say that our year comprised of nine months of winter followed by three months of bad weather. Sometimes it felt exactly like that as the snows and storms of winter, raging in their ferocity, lasted deep into May, often only to be replaced

gradually by a constant succession of rainy days and weeks which could seep into the soul as much as they did the surrounding terrain.

At 24 I married Jane, my childhood sweetheart and the daughter of a farming family further down the valley. She was all that I had ever wanted outside of the life I had become accustomed to, and I felt myself the richest man in the world on the day we walked back down the aisle, her arm resting lightly on my own. I proudly brought her back to our farm to live, in some of the outbuildings which my father and I had painstakingly converted into very comfortable living quarters especially for us.

Things were good. We both took to our new life well and when Ben was born a couple of years later I felt my happiness complete.

Even as a young child Ben found the harshness of the surrounding hills and moors fascinating, begging me to show him the secret places where I had spent my own time as a child. So we journeyed together often to the strange standing stones, cup and ring marked rocks and prehistoric hill forts which seemed to encircle our homestead and where I had spent many of my own childhood days concocting Arthurian-style stories and games.

But most of all he loved the ancient woods which spread up to within only fifty yards or so of the farm buildings which comprised our home.

He astonished us all with how quickly he took to them, finding his way unerringly through the densely packed undergrowth, weaving his way through the moss-covered trees to any given point and back again as if he'd done it every day for years. He seemed to pick up in days what it had taken me years

as a child to learn and find places in there which I had never known existed.

There's always something disturbing and creepy about forests and woods. Find out what it is this time on April 15, 2011.

# Bob's Law

*By Gordon Arnold*

*Gordon Arnold is a long-time journalist within putting distance of retirement. Since 1966 he has worked as a reporter and editor at weekly and daily newspapers across Western Canada. Most of that time has been spent at the Winnipeg Free Press, where he is currently employed as a senior copy editor and web editor. This is the fourth story that Pages Of Stories has published of Gordon's. You'll find his work in Issue #2, Issue #3 and the Winter 2011 issue. Each of his stories is completely unique and entertaining.*

\*\*\*\*\*

The telephone pierced the January darkness, its one long and two short rings echoing up the narrow staircase. Percy Conway struggled out of a troubling, ill-defined dream, the details sublimating into the night as he hurried down the staircase to the kitchen. Fingers of light from the glowing coals flickered through the stove's tiny mica window to guide his way across the floor. At this hour it could only be Corporal Bob Ambrose, the RCMP officer stationed in the village.

The receiver was like an icicle in Percy's hand as he picked it up and stepped up to the mouthpiece. Corporal Ambrose made no apology for the lateness of the call. "Percy. Doc Bowie's out at the Forbes' place. He's fading fast. Don's missus thinks he's had a heart attack; maybe a couple of little strokes, too. Doc wants to see me, but Don doesn't think he'll last until morning. I can't take the car. The roads north of town are choked right up from the storm. I need you to hitch up a team and cutter and take me out there tonight."

There was no hesitation. "Meet me at the stable in 15 minutes." Percy

owned the local livery stable; that's how he mostly made his living, boarding other people's horses when they came to town for groceries, or to go to the pub, or the hockey game, occasionally taking on special jobs for the Mounties, and frequently for Doc Bowie.

Percy brought down a red cardboard box of Eddy's wooden matches from the top shelf of the cupboard. Then he lifted the shade on the coal oil lamp, turned up the wick and lit it. In the circle of this orange light, he would be able to collect the things needed for the long ride out to the Forbes' place. First though, he went back upstairs, felt around for his heavy wool shirt and overalls, and pulled them over his long johns. His warmest wool socks were drying behind the stove. He'd put them on in a minute.

Fay, his wife of 30 years, stirred in her sleep. She's still a good woman, Percy thought. As he watched the goose-down cover rise and fall in rhythm with her breathing, his mind drifted back to a summer long ago, and Sheena, a will-o-the-wisp young beauty with doe-like brown eyes. He could still smell the sweet aroma of the new-mown alfalfa where they had first made love. He remembered laughing and splashing naked with her through the stream, the harvest moon winking off her firm young breasts. And he remembered stolen weekends in an abandoned railway boxcar, making love, and making plans. He would head out west to the lumber camps in B.C. after the harvest and save up his money over the winter while she waited and worked at the Cardews. In the spring, he'd come back, and they'd get married. But when he got back, Sheena was gone. She just packed a

suitcase and disappeared one Friday night. The Cardews had no idea what had become of her, nor had the village Mountie.

Why is Sheena haunting me tonight, Percy wondered. Was she the dream that he awoke from? He hadn't dreamed of her in 20 years. He savoured the memory, even as he struggled to close that window in his mind. That was his duty. Fay was a good wife. She cooked, she cleaned, she sewed, weeded the garden, canned the fruit, vegetables and meat, looked after their hen house and tended to the family's religious needs. Percy admitted, that with seven kids to show for it, some other things had been pretty good too, even if Fay was a tad on the plump side now.

There's a lot of story to be told. Find out who Sheena is on April 15, 2011.

# Everlasting Love

*By Pam Howes*

*Pam Howes is 62, lives in Cheshire, UK, and is a retired Interior Designer. She is the proud mother of three adult daughters and has seven grandchildren. She is the author of several published poems, short stories, and her first novel, 'Three Steps To Heaven' was published in 2009. The sequel, 'Til I Kissed You' is now available as a Kindle eBook and paperback. She loves The Beatles and Rock 'n' Roll music and spends her weekends as a roadie to her musician partner. Pam has previously been published in Issue #3 of Pages Of Stories with her work 'Lady in Waiting'.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Clare slammed the door of the dishwasher as her husband Sam hurried out of the kitchen. A whiff of spicy aftershave lingered. From the window she watched him walk down the garden path, bowling bag swinging from his hand. He stopped to snap a rose from the bush by the gate and popped it into his lapel. He waved to a young woman, walking her dog then disappeared from view.

"Poser," Clare muttered. She wiped the worktops and tossed the cloth into the sink. "He waves to another woman but can't say goodbye to his wife."

She pulled the vacuum cleaner out of the cupboard under the stairs and dragged it over the lounge carpet, remembering how she'd longed for Sam to take early retirement. Last year he announced he was sick of nine-to-five so they'd made plans. Regular lunch out in country pubs, trips to the garden centre and a lengthy visit to their daughter Rachel and her young family in Canada. The euphoria was short-lived.

Within months Sam was driving her crackers. He asked stupid

questions like, "Need any help?" For goodness sake, there was always something to do. Why couldn't he see that for himself?

When she handed him a 'to-do' list, he was ready with an excuse. The large garden was a challenge, but she'd always tended it single-handed. Sam complained that cutting the lawn brought on his hay fever, even out of season.

"We need a gardener," he said.

"We can't afford it. We're saving up for Canada," Clare reminded.

Last week she asked him to clean the car. He took it to the car wash.

"Well, it's so much easier," he said when she grumbled that the drive through didn't do a proper job, he'd wasted seven pounds and she preferred it cleaned by hand. "Why make work for yourself, dear?"

He was so patronizing. She kept her hands clasped behind her back in case she was tempted to whack him one. A solo shopping trip, when she was suffering with flu, proved a disaster. The carrier bags contained not one single item she'd requested.

"Variety is the spice of life," he said as she stared blankly at a packet of Colombian ground instead of their usual Gold Blend instant.

"We don't have a percolator." She felt too ill to argue.

"I'll buy you one," he said, dismissing her protests that she didn't want one.

He'd recently joined the local crown-green bowling club and disappeared several times a week, which meant she could relax a little. She could do with taking up a hobby herself. Perhaps flower arranging, or maybe join an exercise class or a reading group. Anything to get her out of the house when Sam was in it.

She finished her chores, checked her watch and grabbed the phone from the hallstand.

"Fancy a couple of hour's shopping and coffee in town?" she asked her friend.

"You bet," Ellie replied. "Give me ten minutes and I'll be with you."

\*\*\*\*\*

Clare ran upstairs and swapped her jogging pants and baggy T-shirt for a red sweater and skinny black jeans. She stroked blusher onto her cheeks, slicked her lips with gloss, pulled a brush through her shoulder length hair and smiled. Not a stray grey in sight, thanks to L'Oreal's Golden Brown. She ran her hands over her hips. Still slim but curvy, legs up to her armpits, as Sam used to say. Scarcely a wrinkle and no under-eye bags. Not bad at all for mid-fifties, she thought. Bet she could still pull if she tried.

"Yeah, like I ever get the opportunity," she muttered. She hardly ever went out alone, except shopping with Ellie. It would serve Sam right if she did. He didn't pay her compliments anymore. She slipped her feet into black patent pumps, grabbed her leather jacket and ran downstairs.

\*\*\*\*\*

The rest of this terrific story is available on April 15, 2011.

# A Snowy Night

*By Brendan DuBois*

*Brendan DuBois of New Hampshire is the award-winning author of twelve novels and more than 100 short stories. His latest novel, 'Deadly Cove,' will be published in July 2011 by St. Martin's Press. His short fiction has appeared in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine, and numerous other magazines and anthologies including 'The Best American Mystery Stories of the Century,' published in 2000 by Houghton-Mifflin. His short stories have twice won him the Shamus Award from the Private Eye Writers of America and have also earned him three Edgar Allan Poe Award nominations from the Mystery Writers of America. Visit his website at [www.BrendanDuBois.com](http://www.BrendanDuBois.com)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Snow.

For a certain type and class of people, it's a playground, a material to slide over in pursuit of pleasure, either through skis, snowmobiles, snowshoes, or other toys beginning with the letter 's'. Supposedly there's an urban legend that the people of the north, the Inuits — formerly known as the Eskimos — have thirty or so words to describe snow. Maybe so.

All I know is that snow is cold, that when it's nighttime, it's very cold, and when you're outside, wearing a cotton nightgown, no hat, no gloves, no boots, it's very damn cold.

And when you're standing among trees and brush near a small house where a man was, a man you once thought you loved, and man who had almost killed you three minutes earlier, then snow can be down right deadly.

I blame my mother.

All right, a given and a cop-out.

But when you're that cold, shivering, and afraid, you tend to grab

at excuses.

\*\*\*\*\*

Time and place.  
Place first.

I grew up in a small Maine village called Corinth Falls, which is a heck of a name, since there are no falls in the town, and there's nothing to remind one that its name comes from one of the famed city-states of Greece. Unless you count the white columns on the Congregational Church, which isn't a fair comparison, because every Congregational Church in New England has the same Greek columns out front, like they were ordered en masse from some specialty catalogue.

Home was a trailer that leaked water in the summer, and snow crystals in the winter. School was a regional grammar school and high school that bussed in students from around half the county. Books were well-read and torn, computer labs and internet access were practically nil, and after school activities... well, it's hard to get enthused about going out for the softball team or ski team or other teams, when you didn't have a way to get home easily after hours. Mom was Mom, and worked hard, but neither she nor me could afford a second car.

My dad? No memories. Dad died when I was three, driving a logging truck when a drunk driver crossed over the center line early one morning and crashed into his cab. Mom doesn't say much about Dad except he was a "good sort" who should have had a bigger life insurance policy. Then there's step-dad number one, and step-dad number two, and the first one smoked and the second one drank, and by the time I was ten, it was just Mom and myself. Now Mom shakes her head and says, "No more men for me. Three rough lifetimes shoved in ten years. Ugh."

So place wasn't particularly stable.

Mom worked a long succession of jobs, from a variety of cashier positions, to home cleaning, to hairdressing, to working a number of jobs at the biggest employer in this part of the county, the Sabbath Stream ski resort about a half hour away. She did her best but I grew up on a steady diet of take-out food, frozen dinners, and cable television show marathons.

I guess you could say we were poor. I remember reading in a history book that someone asked Abraham Lincoln what his early life was like, and he was supposed to have said something like his life was the short and simple annals of the poor. Maybe so, but for us it wasn't short and simple. It was times when the car wouldn't start because of a dead battery, when Mom scrambled through her purse to find enough bills and change to pay off the power company while a linesman was in our yard, ready to shut off the power, and when I wore clothes that were handed over to me by long distance aunts and cousins.

So that was place. A place I was desperate to leave after I graduated from high school.

But time... ah, the time was a certain time.

Clearly there's a lot more to this story. Read it all on April 15, 2011.



Tails to Tell  
Animal Rescue Shelter Ltd.

*a non profit, no kill animal shelter*

**Dan looks comfortable now...**



**...when we found him he was barely surviving the winter.**

Help support the Tails to Tell Animal Shelter and you'll be helping wonderful and deserving animals, like Dan!

Join us for our annual  
**PET PALOOZA DAY!**

August 6th in Crossfield

*visit our website or contact us for more information*

PO Box 1516, 903 Mountain Avenue, Crossfield Alberta T0M 0S0  
(403) 946 0400 | [info@tails-to-tell.com](mailto:info@tails-to-tell.com)

**WWW.TAILS-TO-TELL.COM**

*Thank*

*You*

