



**THE CIRCLE
OF STORIES**
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Two men, using long bamboo poles, push their flat boat away from a naturally formed dock made of rock and moss. They push against the land and sometimes the seabed, and head north. They do not speak to each other much but continuously assist each other in fulfilling necessities. When they leave their mainland of China they pass familiar shores and cliffs of Russia. They travel at a steady rate, only stopping to sleep and acquire supplies, knowing the unknown land that stretches its islands to the tip of Russia will be warm for a few months for exploration. They pass beautiful islands, avoid sulfuric gases from the spectacular volcanoes, and arrive at the large magnificent land. A land where they see whales dancing in the water, where moose stand proudly with their crowns, and where the sights of rocky beaches, sandy beaches, and beautiful cliffs leave them in awe. With a desire to see more, their hunger for exploration, the time they have before winter begins, and a correlation they devised of latitude to cold, they decide to continue traveling against the edge of the unknown land, heading south. They agree to wait almost a year, the next time these great lands will be warm, for their return home. They pass more islands, see breathtaking sights, and find an abundance of food everywhere they stop. After months of exhaustive traveling, and seeing spectacular sights, the duo ... did not see any people during their travel. Either due to a loneliness they feel, aside from their own company, or due to exhaustion of months of traveling, the duo decides to stop and travel no further. They stop at a small beach, which is surrounded by rocks and caves, and after a few days of rest they climb over the rocks and caves and walk into the surrounding woods to explore the land.

What they see, the animals, the plant life, the cliffs, and waterfalls, again amaze them. After about a day of steady walking, only stopping to eat and rest, the duo walks out of the forest and into a field, with yellow grass as high as their ankles, and see what they longed to see ... people.

Seven men are running, jumping, kicking and shouting. The center of the attention of these men is a round piece of wood that is constantly moving by curved sticks, feet and hands. Suddenly, the men stop and look at the

explorers. After a few seconds of staring calmly, the natives move quickly toward the strangers, with some disappearing into trees to the sides of the field. As the natives get closer, the Chinese strangers notice wounds and blood the natives acquired from their game. The natives make calls as they grab hold of the strangers, with some natives appearing from behind. Instinctively, the strangers relax their muscles, allow themselves to drop to their knees, and clear their minds. The natives sense no tension but remain holding the strangers to see if their behavior changes. One of the natives puts a knee to the back of one of the strangers, to see if aggression arises. The stranger feels an intense pain due to the position of the knee, and out of reflex turns to avoid the knee, which inadvertently brings him to his feet. The native hits the stranger with his knee repeatedly, and the stranger rises to avoid the pain of the impacting knee. The surrounding natives join the attack. The other stranger, witnessing the attack, gets to his feet, and an attack on him begins. The strangers wrestle to break free from the clutches of the attacking natives. Only one of the natives, with slightly curly hair, does not attack and maintains a distance from the groups. The strangers break free, kick some of the natives to the ground with incredible speed, and continue battling in a way that looks like a dance. As though impervious to pain, the natives who fall jump back into battle. One stranger falls to the floor after a swift kick to the stomach, while the other kicks, chops and punches his surrounding natives to the floor. The slightly curly haired native makes a call as he bursts toward the standing stranger. Two natives respond instantly to the call, with one kicking towards the forehead of the stranger, and the other kicking towards the strangers back. The stranger turns toward the charging native but before he can prepare for the attack, he feels a stinging kick to the back, a brutal kick to the head, and finally ... a swinging kick to the calves from the curly haired native, which hurls the stranger 270 degrees and hard onto the floor. As the natives watch the mighty strangers they have defeated, pairs of eyes from the forest watch the natives.

A time later, one of the strangers awakens who then wakes his comrade immediately. They sit in silence, thinking of their actions, of what caused the confrontation, of why their wounds are cleared of blood and covered with yellow paste, and of why they were laid in comfortable positions by each other. They are afraid, but do not regret because they left their land to an unknown world, knowing anything can happen.

Days later the strangers are fishing in the ocean from which they arrived. One of the strangers is to his waist in the water, with his hands slightly above his knees, with a small piece of fish meat in one of his pinkies, and standing perfectly still. A fish swims between his hands and nibbles on the piece of meat. The stranger squeezes quickly and firmly, and throws the fish toward the sand. The other stranger kicks and grabs the fish and throws it to a pile of fish. A distance away the strangers are being watched by those they fought days before. The natives are impressed by the incredible skills of the strangers, whom they have been watching for days. At a distance farther away, pairs of eyes from deep into the forest are watching the natives as well.

The curly haired native and the eldest of the tribe discuss what to do with the visitors. The initial attack on the strangers may have caused permanent distrust, but they did not kill them and helped them heal, so the natives agree. They conclude the strangers may not have the thoughts they think the strangers may have, as they are from a different world. And further conclude that their excitement of the strangers' abilities and the world they learned their skills from is worth a second approach.

A time later, a group of the natives, including the curly haired chief, arrive at a distance from the stranger's camp. The natives hope the time from the attack to this visit is enough to allow the fires within the strangers to reduce, if the fires of the strangers reduce due to time. The natives remain quiet and motionless to avoid startling the strangers, and to show no harmful intentions. Both strangers pause from their daily fishing and notice the natives. All are motionless, both the natives and the strangers eyes remain fixed on each other, even as they move. The stranger in the water walks out of the water and stands beside his companion. The curly haired chief gestures to two other natives, whom walk toward the strangers. The strangers remain motionless as they watch the natives near. To take back souvenirs, to learn customs and skills to show others, or for whatever reason, the strangers greet the natives with a smile and a bow of their heads. The bow confuses the natives but assume it is a greeting. The strangers offer and prepare food for the two natives using short phrases or single words to describe their actions. The natives are impressed by the strangers' communication by not using long phrases but using brief words to describe simple actions for easy understanding. The strangers do not look or offer food to the natives that are a distance away, unsure if they are meant to be seen. The natives are

impressed by the strangers' acceptance of being watched. The natives, a distance way, reason the strangers may have a custom of offering food and may not be a symbol of acceptance and possible friendship, as is with their people, but are willing to find out over time.

For months the visits of the natives, and eventually the strangers visiting the natives, result in learning from each other. Both peoples discover many similarities and differences, and sometimes similarities with differences. During the winter the natives wore long hide from large animals to shield their bodies from the cold, while the strangers used hide from smaller animals resulting in patchy but sturdy protection that fits like skin and allows them to be more maneuverable. Skilled, experienced, and powerful is what both peoples know of each other. At the first break of winter the strangers and natives are living together with both peoples, including the natives children, knowing some of each other's language. And finally, after months of observing with careful attention of trying not to be noticed by the strangers or the natives ... the eyes emerge from the forest.

Calls are made from natives who see the eyes. The men quickly gather to meet the growing number of eyes emerging from the forest. Children who were playing with a stranger and children who were playing amongst themselves quickly gather in some tents in the center of the settlement. Women and some men surround these tents. The strangers' stand together a small distance behind the natives and do not join the confrontation. The curly haired chief, other tribal leaders and some of the eyes exchange hollers. The strangers notice resemblances of the facial features, body build and language between the feuding tribes, and wonder if their friends of the Modoc tribe and the eyes were once a single people. The strangers understand only some of the phrases, but become sure of the reason for the confrontation as those yelling from the Klamath tribe, a name they hear, point to the strangers. The arguing becomes more aggressive and men from both tribes begin calling. The Klamath continue arguing and calling as they move back into the forest. Some of the Modoc run into the forest as though attempting to chase off the slowly moving unintimidated Klamath.

Arguments between the leaders of the Modoc occur that night. The strangers are at a distance away from the people of the tribe, with the people

of the tribe understanding their reason for the distance. The settlement is in silence with the exception of the arguments of the leaders. The slightly curly haired chief remains silent during the arguments, and when words and ideas begin to repeat he speaks. He tells his fellow leaders the Klamath, whom they knew were watching, would have eventually attacked and are using the strangers as an excuse to reunite the tribes. The acceptance of the strangers will allow for other peoples to join, increasing their skills and knowledge, solidifying them as a separate tribe. He also believes the strangers will protect the Modoc by leaving, but also believes the strangers may not be out of danger. He assigns a few men to watch the strangers when they leave, and the rest to stay close to the settlement.

Leaving abruptly may shadow the kindness shown to the strangers, but the strangers also know their presence is a danger to their new friends. Fortunately, the timing of this incident fits well with their schedule to return home.

For a few days the strangers are distant from the tribe to cause the Modoc to weaken or break their bonds with them. However, to ensure the Modoc do not weaken their defenses, by ensuring their safety, the strangers sneak away hours before daybreak. The Modoc assigned to watch the strangers are unaware of the strangers' silent run and their ability to not disturb the night.

It's close to sunrise and the strangers are pushing their flat boat against large rocks by a thick forest. After over a day of continuous travel, from the time they left the settlement, they finally begin to slow. They sit in silence and listen to the forest ... and some whizzing in the air followed by small splashes of water. Suddenly, there is a knock on the boat and a crunching sound. The strangers see a hole on their boat and one stranger feels a burning sensation from his leg. They turn towards the forest and see dozens of rocks in the air headed towards them. The uninjured stranger yells at his companion to get in the water as he gets hit on the shoulder. Both roll in the water and swim under water with whizzing and sounds of holes being created in their flat around them. They rise behind a large rock to shield them from the attack, with both bleeding profusely. The whizzing stops and the stranger with the injured leg looks toward the forest. From the silent forest ... men from the Klamath tribe emerge, running in the water toward them, and leaping and somersaulting from rock to rock. Some of the

Klamath begin whipping small rocks from carved curved pieces of wood as they see the strangers. The strangers are filled with fear as they watch the Klamath near ... and feel their life ending. Suddenly, calls are heard from the forest and the Klamath stop and look into the forest. From one end of the forest, overlooking the water, small flying rocks burst from the trees, causing some of the Klamath to fall to the floor. The Modoc burst from the trees and attack the Klamath, and some run into the forest from where the Klamath emerged. A beautiful but violent battle occurs quickly, with the Modoc becoming victorious. The Klamath run into the forest to retreat, but Modoc burst from the forest to finish the remaining Klamath. The strangers, who are in awe from the magnificent battle, see the seven Modoc, including their mighty chief, walk over dozens of bodies toward them.

Modoc children, a short distance from their settlement, are running and pushing each other to the floor. One of the children stops playing and looks into the forest. The noises from the animals of the forest cease. There is a whiz in the air and the attentive child is struck on the hip, and falls to the floor in pain. His companions do not run but kneel beside him, look into the forest ... and await their fate.

There is a rumble in the air as clouds move in front of the sun, changing the bright day to gray. Warriors and available Modoc surround the settlement as children run to the center. The ground surrounding the settlement turns to brown to match the skin color of the swarms of Klamath emerging from the forest. Calls and screams are heard only briefly as the settlement is enveloped, and then the swarms of Klamath leave the settlement as quickly as they entered, leaving behind a silent settlement.

Modoc and the strangers stop and look at the settlement from a distance. Four of the Modoc run and scream toward the settlement as the chief and two others maintain their composure. Pain and fear of the death of their loved ones runs immensely through the souls of the chief and the two other Modoc, but they show no emotion ... the price to pay for the weight of their word.

The ways of the Klamath and Modoc in battle are to have no survivors, to prevent any future revenge from the survivors. However, the Modoc discover their children have been taken and there are survivors to

speak of this. From those who survived, those who were away from the settlement, and those who helped the strangers, number under thirty from a tribe that numbered over a hundred before the inevitable attack. The Modoc reason the presence of the strangers may have kept the Modoc people to the number they are at.

The existence of the Modoc is at stake and the leaders weigh the choice of being slaves with their children, or battling to an inevitable death for their own distinction, freedom, and existence. Leaders and new leaders are gathered around a fire discussing and yelling with the chief in silence, listening to every word. Both strangers are present in the discussion with fear in their eyes ... fear their friends may choose for their existence to end. The strangers speak amongst themselves in their native tongue, and then the stranger with an injured leg walks out the tent and toward some rocky hills. Flashes of the dead bodies and children playing occur in both strangers as one listens to the group of leaders and the other grinding specific rocks. After hours of arguing, the stranger returns with blistered hands and two leather sacks of powder. The other stranger takes the stacks and grabs a stick. He peels the skin off the wood, rolls the skin into a cylinder and then packs powder inside it. The Modoc gather around the strangers. The stranger fastens a thin carved straight stick to the cylinder and applies fire to the base of the cylinder. The firework flies around the tent, startling some of the Modoc, and explodes. The Modoc look around the tent in confusion. The chief looks at the two leather pouches and then at the strangers ... who are looking at him.

The remarkable skills of the Modoc and the strangers allow them to sneak inside the Klamath settlement, a clearing in the middle of the forest. They see their children in the center of the settlement, some beaten and tied. It's late night and most of the Klamath are sleeping. The Modoc and the strangers rested before they arrived at the settlement, ready for their greatest battle. Some Modoc and a stranger begin burning the forest around the settlement, some Klamath awaken and make alerting calls. However, as calls are heard around the settlement, Modoc and the other stranger light fireworks. The Klamath awaken to hear explosions, and to see smoke streaming across the sky and fire around them. The Klamath panic; some run into the forest, some put out fires, and almost all are distracted from the Modoc.

Three Modoc at a time run toward their children and grab a child in each arm, with some older children following, and disappear into the forest. Klamath in the way are kicked, punched or clubbed, with only few Modoc stopped. Those lighting fireworks or burning forest reduce in number to grab and lead their children until there are only six children left. From a deep slumber the mightiest of the Klamath awakens and sees fireworks, the forest burning and Modoc running toward the center of the settlement. The old gray haired Klamath quickly determines the sounds and the fire are only distractions for the Modoc to take their children back. He makes a unique battle cry, but only few Klamath respond. About twenty Klamath burst toward three Modoc running toward their children. A stranger and four Modoc see the Klamath approaching the three, and burst toward the charging Klamath. The mighty chief of the Modoc sees what is occurring and orders those burning forest and lighting fireworks to disappear after the last firework is lit. He bursts toward the charging Klamath and makes a high shrill cry ... a cry to announce his fight to the death. The other stranger sees fury and vengeance in the eyes of the curly haired chief and joins him to this vicious battle.

The Modoc, the strangers, and the Klamath collide; war clubs are swung, rock knives are jabbed, and the Modoc reach their children. The chief of the Klamath makes another cry and more Klamath run toward the battle. Two Modoc take and lead four children into the forest. A Modoc carrying the last two children is struck in the head, but another grabs the children and begins running, but is struck down as well. A stranger sees the second Modoc get struck down, grabs the children, and runs into the forest with blood flowing from his wounds. The Modoc in battle know they must keep fighting in order for the children to escape. However, the last firework is lit and like a tiny fire blown out by a puff of wind, the Modoc disappear into the forest. Some Klamath try to pursue but are struck down by Modoc who hide behind bushes and trees. The chief of the Klamath, who has been watching with his blood red eyes of fury, makes a cry that causes the forest to rumble.

He bolts after the Modoc with incredible speed, a speed so fast his feet barely touch the ground. Modoc jump from the trees and bushes, but a single wave of the hand from the gray haired Klamath breaks the necks of the Modoc. Rain erupts and the gray haired Klamath catches a fleeing Modoc. A scream echoes in the forest and the Modoc chief and a limping stranger

stop at a break in the forest, a hilly short grassed field, to listen to the scream. The rain stops, day breaks and the thick green forest surrounding the two men is revealed. Like a ghost emerging from mist ... the mighty Klamath emerges from the forest, heading toward the two warriors. The Modoc chief bolts toward the Klamath, but the gray haired man leaps, spins 180 degrees and strikes the Modoc on the back, sending him to the floor. The stranger then spin kicks the Klamath on the back of the head, but the head of the mighty Klamath barely moves. The stranger turns in an elegant twist and prepares for battle with an elegant stand. He kicks toward the head of the Klamath but the Klamath's quick feet kicks the stranger on the chest, sending him to the floor. The Modoc chief dives toward the Klamath, to knock him off balance, but the Klamath, with the swing of an arm, twists the Modoc in the air, sending him to the floor. The Klamath stands over the stranger and grabs his shirt with one hand and punches him in the face with the other, causing blood to flow from the stranger's mouth. The Modoc sees this and makes a familiar call. The Klamath releases the stranger and turns toward the approaching Modoc. The stranger snaps from his daze with the call, the Modoc slides to the feet of the Klamath causing him to rise off the ground. The stranger gets up with lightning speed and spin kicks the throat of the Klamath while in the air. The Modoc spins his body to catch the back of the neck of the Klamath on his shoulder. The foot of the stranger remains on the Klamath's throat until the neck of the Klamath collides with the Modoc's shoulder ... and breaks. Time slows, the sky rumbles ... the Modoc and the stranger get to their feet and look at their fallen foe.

Day's later, miles north, the smaller Modoc tribe are by the sea helping to tie supplies to the strangers flat, being careful not to unbalance the boat. The strangers feel a pain in heir hearts as they push away their flat, but they know, though they are returning to their homeland, they have another home. The strangers and the Modoc will have many stories of each other ... stories of strangers who came from the sea, stories of people met on a different land, stories of battles against each other and a common foe, and stories of how two different peoples became one. Fog builds fast and thick as the strangers get further away. Before the strangers disappear into to the fog, they stand on their flat and look at the Modoc chief surrounded by the rest of the beautiful tribe. With all their humility and emotions bound up as one the strangers bow their heads. The Modoc see the bow and the humility put forth ... and are humbled by such an honor.

EVIL SNAKE

One night I had a dream. I dreamt I went on vacation for the first time in my life. My first vacation after years of schooling, working, and growing up. My first vacation after graduate school, after working as an engineer, being a good catholic, and paying my bills. My first vacation was to Peru. I was going to see Machu Picchu, the city on the mountain. The city that was built where the oxygen is thin, the city that was built by ancient people whom existed over millennia after the birth of Christ. This place was going to be the first place I go to, convinced to go by a world whom think seeing sights is a way to release harmful twists on the soul that occur by daily activities.

On the plane to this wonderful place, in the air flying above the ground, there was a rumble in the clear bright yellow sky. The plane flew toward the ground over the great Amazon forest, a few hundred miles away from the city on the mountain. The plane flew scraping and rumbling against the trees that protected it from hitting the ground. When the plane stopped crashing and it was stuck in the trees, I got out safe and unharmed and walked into the forest. I walked ... and I walked ... and I walked ... and I didn't know where I was going. It didn't matter where I went ... I had to walk.

I came across a section of the forest that had some of its trees and bushes painted. As I continued to walk I saw some of the trees had material tied around it. As I continued to walk the trees got closer together. As I continued to walk I realized the paint, the material, and the trees were warnings, put there by many different people of many different times. My walk slowed to a stop as I came across a wall of tight trees that were so tight I could not see through.

“Do I dare to cross what people for centuries warned me not to go through? It would be wise for me not to go through,” I said to myself in my dream.

But I did.

When I got through the trees I was in a cylinder made of the trees, grown trees that were sewn and padded together with mud by many different people of many different times. In the center of this small world away from the world there was one single tree, and I walked toward the tree. On this twisted tree, that stood only a few feet taller than I, was a large snake. The snake was stuck on several places on the tree. It looked as though the snake got stuck in one place and laid its body between other branches and grew itself stuck into the branches. I walked toward the snake and began to speak to it.

“In the world I am from you are the devil,” I said.

The snake did not speak.

“In the world I am from you are evil,” I said.

The snake did not speak.

“If you aren’t the devil how did you survive all this time?” I asked this question knowing there was fruit around the snake for it to eat.

The snake did not speak.

“I am going to leave now because you are evil and you are the devil, I know of you and your manipulating ways,” I said, repeating the words I heard from priests and read in the bible.

The snake raised his head to look at me and lowered it to where it was, and did not say a word.

“Why don’t you speak, why don’t you manipulate me they way I know you will,” I said.

“It won’t make a difference,” the snake spoke.

“You are trying to manipulate me with your evil ways, I won’t fall for your evil tricks, and I won’t help you ... ever,” I said.

“I know, no one ever does. People like you come and see me and make stories of me and call me evil and call me a God ... but no one has ever helped me to the floor I long to be on,” the snake said.

“You want to slither around the world where you will do more evil than what you have done to my world already. You speak with a tongue like mine and only evil can do that. You are a snake, you are not to suppose to speak. You are Evil,” I said.

“You can stay a while and tell me of the stories of the evil I have done and the evil that I am. It has been a while since I had company. I have nothing to offer you except for some of this fruit I feed upon. You are welcomed to it,” the snake said.

The snake picked the forbidden fruit and pointed it toward me. I knew he was evil and he was going to feed me the forbidden fruit that killed us, that gave us our original sin. So I turned around and grabbed a red cloth from one of the trees behind me and began to strangle the snake. I was keeping it from the evil it will be doing to the rest of the world and to others that are like are just like me.

“I will kill it, I will kill it, I will kill it!” I screamed to myself.

And I twisted the cloth until it ran out of breath and died. I was a hero and killed the snake that would have killed us all. I killed the snake that would have walked the planet and raped our world. Evil was dead. But there was something wrong.

I stood back to look at evil, but saw a snake stuck to a tree that it ate fruit from. I saw a snake that was pointed to the ground where it longed to be on. I saw a snake that once offered me fruit, and asked me to stay because it was lonely. I saw a snake that was feared by people, people like me, that thought it was evil. I saw a snake that had an ability to speak and an ability to listen. I saw a snake that wanted to live, so it ate the fruit around it instead of starving. I saw a snake that could have lived but I choked it because I thought it was good to destroy evil. I saw a snake that I took its life away from. As I walked through the trees that encased the snake ... I realized ... it was me who walked the earth.

I

I I I remember ... I remember when I was tiny I was taken to the back porch sometimes and I use to stare at whatever went by on the sidewalk. I remember seeing people in funny clothes and a big brown dog being carried by some people. One time I saw a clown walk by, and a brown haired boy, barely walking and as tiny as I was, chasing the clown.

When I got a little older, I use to go to the back porch sometimes and saw people in Halloween costumes, people with toys, that brown haired boy on a tricycle, and some babies carrying big colored blocks or teddy bears or dolls.

When I hit my preteen years, I went to the back porch sometimes and played toys or games by myself or with my friends. I hardly paid attention to the people who walked by. But the times I looked out I saw people carrying toys, baseball gear, hockey stuff, the brown haired boy walking alone or with friends carrying toys, and some people playing tag or hide and seek.

When I got a little bit older, I use to go to the back porch and watch porno magazines. Sometimes my friends joined me and we talked about chicks and shared the porn mags. When I looked out I saw chicks ... brunets, chicks with big tits, the cool guys who get all the chicks, and regular guys with chicks. Sometimes I saw that brown haired boy with a slick haircut, alone or with friends.

After a few years I took some of my girlfriends to the back porch to make out with them ... or try to. When I looked out I saw couples mostly. Sometimes I saw the brown haired guy alone or with girls, and sometimes I saw fine chicks walking alone.

When my career began, I went to the back porch sometimes to relax, and many times had a beer. The times I looked out I saw men in suits, the brown haired guy in a suit sometimes, and some nice looking ladies.

Years went by and I went to the back porch sometimes and when I looked out I saw parents carrying their babies, taking their kids to baseball games, the brown haired man with his family, kids looking for their father or mother, and kids crying and screaming to their parents.

When my kids left home, I went out to the back porch sometimes and sometimes, during holidays, my kids joined me. When I looked out I saw people with their families, and sometimes I saw the brown-gray haired man with his wife, alone, or with his kids.

A time later, I spent full time at home and went to my back porch a lot more. When I looked out I saw men walk by with their grandkids and that gray-haired man with his grandkids, with his wife, his whole family, and sometimes alone.

One day ... the gray haired man stopped ... turned ... looked at me ... smiled ... and waved. I was frightened and was about to go inside my house but I stopped, and slowly looked back at the man. He was walking away. Though I saw his back when he was walking away, I think he was smiling. I sat down, and thought about the man.

The day after he waved to me I put some nice clothes on and a nice hat. He didn't walk by that day. So I waited there the next day, but he didn't show up. For days I sat there waiting for the man, but he didn't show up. Maybe he was on vacation, I thought. So I waited longer. I waited and waited and weeks then months went by. Then one day I realized he-I was so scared I went to the sidewalk where I watched people walk by. I looked up and down the sidewalk and I ... couldn't see him anywhere. Cars rushed by as I walked up and down the sidewalk and I ... couldn't see him. My heart was pounding hard. I went up and down the sidewalk several times and couldn't see him. I was worried. Where is he? Is he okay? Who do I ask about him? What did his children look like? I stopped the first person in front of me, a longhaired man with dark skin.

“Do you know where he is?” I asked.

“Who?” the dark skinned man asked.

“The brown, the gray haired guy who walks by here,” I said.

“No. I’m sorry. I don’t,” the dark skinned man said and walked away.

I turned to my porch and realized ... my friend was gone forever.

I never knew why I didn’t say hello when he waved, I never knew why I didn’t talk to him or ask him to come for tea, or meet my grandkids. Why did our time go by so fast? Why am I seeing myself fishing with him ‘till sunset? My brown haired friend was there all my life and I wish I ... I didn’t ... I ... I should have I I.



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