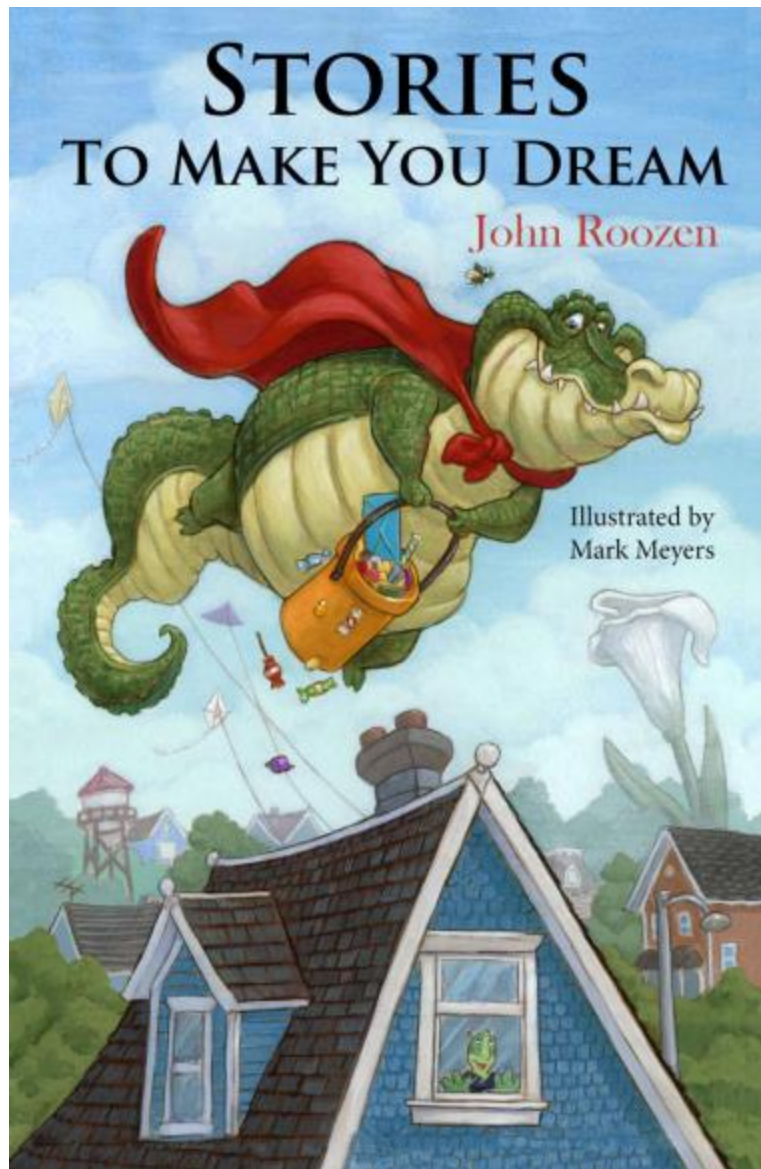


STORIES TO MAKE YOU DREAM

John Roozen

Illustrated by
Mark Meyers



**STORIES
TO MAKE YOU
DREAM**

by **John Roozen**

illustrated by **Mark Meyers**

Stories to Make You Dream
Copyright © 2013 John Roozen

All rights reserved. No part of this publication can be reproduced or transmitted in any form in whole or in part by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher.

Cover Illustration by Mark Meyers
Interior Illustrations by Mark Meyers
www.markmeyersart.com

Published in the United States of America by Windoggle
Bailey, Colorado
www.windoggle.com

This is a work of fiction. All incidents and dialogue and all characters are products of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real.

Printed in the United States of America

Library of Congress Catalog Number 2013932232

ISBN: 978-0615645575 Paperback Edition

STORIES TO MAKE YOU DREAM



Table of Contents

Three Strings to the Wind	(1)
It's Just Fertilizer	(17)
Dawn, the Flying Girl	(31)
Old Man Farnum	(45)
Lillie's Dance	(59)
An Adventurous Bug	(81)
The Turquoise Envelope	(97)

Introduction

My father was a bedtime storyteller, and so am I. My brother, sisters, and I still laugh that we didn't catch on for so long to the meaning of one of my father's main characters, Chief Lot-a-Bull. I started to tell stories when my children were two years old and continued until they were ten or eleven. Every night I'd hear, "Dad, tell us a story" and then of course, "Dad, tell us another story."

I also recall how the stories' plots led me to explain so many diverse concepts, such as government, welfare, religion, war, poverty, batteries, engines, and so on. I vividly remember explaining car insurance to my kids while they were still in elementary school. They were fascinated, or at least whenever I'd pause, I'd hear the warning, "Don't stop, Dad." They loved the stories' plots, and they loved the conversation.

We covered a lot of topics over those young years. Consequently I was able to give advice, stress

social consciousness, suggest ways of thinking, and maybe most important of all, get to know my son and daughter.

They're out of high school now. They still listen to my ideas. It's just that their response has changed from "Don't stop" to something like "I disagree, Dad." One thing we do agree on is that we all loved that time together.

John Roozen



It's not rap...

Read slowly for best effect.





THREE STRINGS TO THE WIND

Every spring, if you listen closely, you can hear the wind call, “Bring your kites!” If you really concentrate and tilt your ear up to the sky, you can hear the wind say, “I bet I can take your kite away!”

It’s true. The gauntlet is thrown every year. Who dares fly a kite in the strong gusty winds of spring? Who can hold on tight enough, while their kite is yanked and twisted by the wind—that Master of the Sky?

Sam, that’s who!

Earlier that afternoon, Sam had assembled his new kite—bright red and splashed with a bold yellow lightning bolt. The words, “Sky Ryder” were printed across the top.

It was the simpler kite style—diamond shaped—nothing fancy. Sam didn't go for the more complicated kites with their bird-like designs, especially since he didn't have enough money for one.

He was a simple man, he said to himself. A simple man without enough money.

The wooden cross pieces were given a nice curve, tied tight with white string. The tail was made of rags and was extra-long to match the big April winds. It was perfect—except for the duct tape that repaired the rip. Why is there always one little slip of the hand? Sam only wished he had red duct tape.

Now, Sam's kite was way up in the air, higher than he'd ever had it. It looked like a red dot in the sky. If you squinted just right, you could see a touch of the yellow lightning bolt. But luckily you couldn't see any silver (duct tape).

The kite jerked in his hand, wanting more string. Sam looked down. The last of his three spools was empty.

The acrobatic kite was weaving and swooping in the sky. “That’s all the string you get!” Sam yelled with delight. This was such a blast.

Two other kites were in the air, but his was the highest. His eyes followed the other strings down to the twins, his neighbor buddies, Joey and Jimmy. “Have any more string?” Sam shouted.

“Not me!” Joey answered. His kite was also tugging frantically for more string. This is when you know that the wind is your nemesis, your arch rival. It wants to take your kite.

Joey’s kite did a series of figure eight maneuvers followed by a deep dive toward the ground. The wind was hungry for victory.

But Joey was not about to give up. He ran back and forth, left and right, trying to keep his kite

steady in the sky. He had a big smile on his face. “This wind is fierce!” he shouted.

Sam laughed because he heard the twins use the word “fierce” at least twenty times a day. He constantly teased them about that fact. “It’s ferocious!” Sam yelled in return.

Jimmy, the other twin, was kneeling down, trying to tie a spare spool of string onto the end of his kite string—not an easy task in such a wind. You can imagine the difficulty. His left hand, which was holding the string with the kite, jerked up and down as the kite danced in the wind. The other hand with the spare string, desperately tried to catch his bouncing hand so he could tie them together. It was a hoot. Finally, after a series of angry frustrating screams, he got the knot tied.

Jimmy stood up and let the kite reel out the new string. All three boys watched as Jimmy’s kite quickly rose higher and higher. In no time at all, it

had pulled out all of the new string. It was way up there. It was now the highest.

The boys stared up at the three kites, and then looked at one another. Sam gave a satisfied nod of his head. Joey had a huge grin. Jimmy let out a “Woo Hoo! Best kite day ever!” Wolf howls came from all three of them. “Hooooooooo!”

From a distance they heard, “Dinner’s ready!” The expressions on the twins’ faces dropped. Their mother was calling.

“What timing,” Joey moaned. “The wind is perfect! Sammy, you’re so lucky that you eat late.”

“I have an idea,” Jimmy shouted. “Sammy, you hang on to our kites while we eat really fast. We’ll be back in a flash.”

“That’s craziness,” Sam said. “Three kites at once?” Sam finally agreed and had the boys tie all of the kite strings to his left arm. It would not be an easy task to manage all three kites.

“If they tangle, it won’t be my fault,” Sam called out after the running boys.

“Agreed, Sammy boy,” the twins said in unison as they sprinted for dinner.

Sam struggled to keep the three kites strings separated. Whenever a kite took a nose dive, he would grab its string and give it a tug until it settled down. When all three kites acted crazy at the same time, he’d run backwards to control them.

It actually was working okay. Fortunately, the three kites were at different heights and didn’t bump into each other.

But the “Master of the Sky”, the wind, was not to be out-done by a mere “Sky Ryder”. The wind increased its intensity, then changed directions several times, and added powerful gusts. Yes, it became “fierce.” The three kites jerked and danced wildly in the sky.

Suddenly the kites started to drag Sam. He dug his heels into the dirt, but the kites continued to

pull him. He couldn't cut the kite strings. If he did, they would fly away and the twins would be so angry at him.

Sam passed a small tree with a low branch and jumped up to grab it. He missed the branch, and with his feet off the ground, up he went into the air. Ten feet—twenty feet—fifty feet high and climbing!

Across town he sailed, high above the houses. Desperate not to fall, he clung to the three strings with all of his might. He was really, really scared.

Finally the wind died down, and Sam started to slowly sink. He looked down and saw cages and monkeys and a giraffe. *Wow! I'm landing in the zoo,* he thought.

Below was a big pond filled with flamingos and birds of all sorts. With a stroke of luck, Sam gently landed on a small island in the middle of the pond.

The wind had stopped completely, and the three kites drifted down on top of a tall leafy tree way in the distance.

There were lots of people on the far shore, all standing behind a tall fence, waving and shouting excitedly at him. Sam hesitantly waved back.

He couldn't understand a single word they were saying, but something didn't seem right. They weren't cheering and they didn't exactly seem friendly. Sam continued to wave back anyway.

The birds had scattered off the island and were flying or swimming to the far shore.

Now Sam understood what the people were yelling about. Two big eyes were floating toward him on the surface of the pond. The beady eyes rose up farther in the water and revealed the long, scaly, rough body of an alligator.

Sam scanned the water and saw eyes, long tails and snouts everywhere, each one looking mean, and each one gliding nearer the island.

Sam backed up to the middle of the island as the creatures began to arrive. Slowly they crawled out of the water but stopped—heads and front legs on the

land with their long tails floating out into the water. The scary creatures were only thirty feet away as they surrounded him on every side.

Everyone on the shore was still yelling frantically, and some zookeepers were uncovering a small boat.

One by one the alligators crept forward. There must have been six or seven of them, bigger than Sam ever imagined alligators could be. There were no trees on the island to climb and nowhere to go.

Sam picked up some rocks and threw them at each alligator that moved. He screamed at them, too—as loud as he could. The gators paused—for a moment—but then kept taking slow steps toward him.

Sam looked to shore and saw the zookeepers still trying to unlock the chained boat. The sound of the yelling people and the alligators' low growls all added to Sam's panic.

He threw sand into the air to scare the gators. It worked. The gators stopped—for a moment. More alligators arrived at the island. Sam frantically threw more rocks and sand in every direction, watching to see which gator was the closest. The ring of gators was getting tighter.

One alligator had crawled to within fifteen feet of Sam. It opened its mouth wide to show its huge jaws and rows of sharp teeth. A loud bellowing sound came out of the huge animal. Suddenly all of the gators began to bellow at one time. *WAAAAAAAAA!*

The noise was deafening and was made worse by the swishing sound of the wind. A cloud of sand swirled like smoke over the island. Sam's head began to spin. He felt dizzy.

Then Sam stood straight up, his eyes opened wide. "The wind! The wind is back!"

He felt the tug of the kite strings which were still tied to his left arm. He glanced up and saw that the

kites had risen just a little above the trees that swayed back and forth from the wind.

Sam tugged on the lines to get the kites to go higher, but it was not enough. He must run to make the kites rise quickly.

Fortunately, in the direction that Sam needed to go, there was only one gator and it was the farthest one away. Sam sprinted right toward the gator as fast as he could.

The strings tightened on his arm as the kites rose higher. He was fast approaching the gator, who opened its mouth wide, seeing a meal, Sam, coming his way.

Sam jumped just as he reached the gator, stepped on top of the gator's snout with his left foot, leapt over the gator's back, and continued to run. A moment later he felt himself being lifted up into the air.

Now the kites were pulling Sam back in the other direction toward the gators, and he was only

slightly off the ground. He pulled his knees up to his chin to get as high as he could.

The gators raised their heads and snapped their jaws, but Sam was just out of reach—barely. In fact, one gator’s nose brushed his butt.

Higher he rose over the trees and away from the zoo. The gusty wind carried Sam high over the town—and then let him sink—up again—and then lower near the ground. He would land, but where?

The church with the tall pointed steeple was off to his left. Yeah, that would hurt. Big lakes and power lines and the busy interstate highway were all straight ahead. Danger was everywhere.

Swoosh! A large bird swooped by Sam’s head. He hadn’t even thought to worry about birds.

Below, was a field of black squares with blue borders. It was not familiar. The wind was quickly dying down, and Sam sunk not-so-slowly toward the black squares.

Boing! Boing! Boing! Sam bounced from square to square until he fell face first into a puffy blue border. He rolled over laughing.

Sam recognized the place now. It was the Trampoline Park with its twenty-four in-the-ground tramps, each surrounded with soft blue pillows to protect people from falling.

Sam stood up and quickly untied the kites from his arm, glad to watch them drift away into the sunset. The wind triumphantly carried the kites off to its large trophy room in the sky.

A number of people were watching from other trampolines. “Hey,” Sam said casually, nodding his head. “What’s up?”

No one spoke. Everyone was in shock. They only stared.

Sam walked over to the ticket counter. “May I please use your phone?”

The woman at the counter didn't say anything. Her mouth hung wide open as she handed him the telephone.

"Hey, Mom," Sam said into the phone. "Can you pick me up at the Trampoline Park?"

Hanging up, Sam looked at the people staring at him. "Do you know where I can buy a new kite?" Sam asked jokingly. No one said a word.

Finally a girl spoke up, "How did you...? Where did you...? Was that a...a kite?"

"Not just a kite—a magic kite." Sam turned and walked to the parking lot before they could see him laughing.

Soon Sam's mother arrived to take him home. She laughed but didn't believe his story. In fact no one at the dinner table that night thought it was true. Even the twins didn't believe him, though they wondered where Sam had gone, and of course they wanted their kites back.

THREE STRINGS TO THE WIND

The next day, though, the story made the front page of the newspaper, and yes, there were photos.

THE END



Could a kite really pull you up into the air? You bet! But only if the kite was bigger – say the size of a parachute. It would have to be made of stronger material than a normal kite and use special string. So, go fly a kite!



John Roozen

Author



Living in a log house at 9,000 feet in the Colorado Rockies – who wouldn't want to stay home and write stories. Add a fine wife, an amusing mix of dogs, wild animals, and two children to watch as they meander the world with their own "odd" views on life. So many stories to tell.

Mark Meyers *Illustrator*

www.markmeyersart.com



Mark was born and raised in Northern Utah, under the shadows of the Wasatch Mountains. Mark always loved to doodle whatever silly thing popped into his head. He never took it too seriously, but he always liked to make people laugh with his drawings. He studied illustration at the Academy of Art University in San Francisco. Now his days are spent drawing and painting pictures filled with kids, escaping circus monkeys, and everything in between. He lives in Honeyville, UT.

