

EXHIBIT I

THE UGLY BUG

THE UGLY BUG - A Short Story
August 1, 2009 by Gene Black

We are just your normal working couple married without children, however, we do admire our English Springer named Sam. Sam is a daddy's boy following and protecting the area, everywhere we go. The wife provides some protection as well, meaning she takes care of the occasional spider webs in the ceiling moldings, swats misguided mosquitoes, and even removed a snake one time that had crawled into our industrial office complex. Thankfully, I was on the telephone during the snake incident.

Like most couples, I suppose our routine is just that, routine. Today, like others, was just another routine day, with a planned evening of cable TV, as is usual after a long days work. So its' off to the master suite with Sam leading the way.

On arrival he's all wiggles and wags, graciously expecting the followers reward as usual. Hitting the showers, brush, comfortable, lost and found the remote. We're set, what is this? "What's this!" I discover I can not find channels. Surely the cable company is having technical difficulties, as I'm only receiving channels my grandmother might watch. Immediately, I summons my problem solving wife on the cell. Proclaiming my distress, she says, "I'm b-u-s-y!", and something about digital. "What do you mean digital?", I stutter. She tells me, . . . "the cable company needs an appointment for the following week to come out to do installation of a box or we'll have no cable TV!". My quick retort was, . . . " without warning and on a Friday ". Talk about a emergency and difficulty thinking straight, I suggested we get a room. She quickly grounded me . . . "why not just save the money"?

This is not good, unconnected, . . . without my TV friends, . . . grounded by a technically incompetent, . . . whatever! Quickly, I'm dressed and rush down to the local buck's cafe' for an extra double shot.

Now about half an hour into this, we're getting our bearings and sitting in a parking lot, fuming about circumstances beyond our control. Not that I'm an addict or compulsive, but how can anyone in today's modern age survive this. We're thinking of solutions, what am I saying to myself, "we", I'm only one person, I have to remind myself of that repeatedly these days. The shots are kicking in, the mind's defaulting toward conclusions on the bright side. I'm all for saving money, after all we are in a slumping economy. Maybe I can do this, I think. I think, and I think some more. So what now?

After about an hour as I'm arriving back home it came to me, "I got it!" . . . "I'm still on line with the computer."

I had previously sworn off the Internet for several years after the .com burst as we had lost lots of money in investments and start ups. So with my faithful friend, he likes this sort of thing, we started digging through the attic and garage, piecing together some antiques. We're coming up with a Vintage 2000 server once used for web hosting along with some old software and rusted computer skills cataloged deep within my mind.

After just a couple long nights, things are almost as it used to be with the cable TV. I've made the rounds, clicking on my favorite cable buddies web sites. We're back, . . . we're rolling again, . . . let's see what we can do now, it's been a good while. I'm starting to feel connected; we're at last getting some relief. Now that I'm somewhat back to normalcy, I'm thinking again . . . "What's next?"

In a click of the mouse, something jogs my memory and I think I got it! An issue that had been on my mind for several years involving millions of job losses in direct sales and unemployment. Let's set some small goals here, try to be reasonable, I tell myself, . . . let's see if we can make things right, a little bit of justice for free speech, let's change today's World. I say to myself, O. K. as I talk myself into it. . . "I'm on it."
I discover the politicians are all online and I'm thinking; . . . I'm thinking some more, . . . I should give them all a fair shot, as I know they won't have much chance of ducking my opinion, after all it's mine. I'll send them all a direct e-mail from their own websites directly to their individual e-mail addresses. I'm thinking of fairness, we'll send it to each

politician democrat or republican, so they all have a fair shot, . . . I'm thinking some more . . . that this is the only way to begin a fair argument.

I'm tired, this is like having a job, I think to myself. . .It's break time. Outdoors with my faithful follower it's the middle of the night, I'm thinking again . . . writing has not been something I do, but I do need to write something, it's not like Sam's going to help. "Well what are we going to say?"; I asked of my fury little friend. I'm thinking, . . . these politicians are professionals, very intimidating, most were probably in school half their lives.

Thinking some more I got it . . . we'll go to Harvard. I'm thinking Bill Gates and Barrack Obama went there so it must be what I need too. After three or four hours of Harvard reading, I'm thinking to myself, . . . Wow, these people write really smooth and with humor too. I just finished reading a professors article on how Twitter might substantially reduce GDP and trend productivity downward, furthering the global recession. So now we know how to write and we can get started on our mission.

On the mission plus a few days later, we're writing and have gotten a brief outline of our intended presentation. Sam's helping in a different way, so I may freely use we and our. I begin realizing that July 4th is just around the corner; I think jokingly with use of my new found Harvard education . . . that this seems to be an appropriate deadline for this small task, after all it's only a couple million jobs on the line.

A couple more days, it's a rough draft, I desperately need to learn editing. So we're back online, finding the old guys are grumpy because they didn't think of key words when they use to write, . . . thinking . . . O.K. that's enough of that, we start editing . . . chop . . . chop.... nip. Done!

Quickly, before the July 4th deadline, we must get it sent to all Senators and House members. It takes an entire day working at near light speed. Each member of government must be addressed separately and individually from their respective web sites, apparently to avoid Spam. We visit each legislators site, find the contact link, fill out an application, and finally submit a further chopped up and down version of my message to fit the allowable word limitations on each site.

O.K. we did it, surely this will create millions of jobs and not cost taxpayers a dime. Great job. Save the World economy with a letter. . . . Not Bad! Sam and I are thinking we're pretty cool at this point.

So several days go by, we're content with our cable buddies online and we get a bite. Two Senatorial responses about Cap & Trade . . . I'm thinking what kind of disconnect is this; my letter was about creating jobs. These were form responses all two of them. Oh no, . . . nobody reads the mail; now it makes sense, I had heard in the news, that no one actually reads legislation they sign; so how could I expect to deliver a letter.

This is not good, unconnected, grounded again, this time by a seemingly insurmountable, . . . whatever! My goodness, I'm thinking . . . the Internet is like Auz and the amount of file transport and information is totally overwhelming the real World. This is really bad, now that I'm really invested, at least with my time at stake. I quickly rush down to buck's cafe for another extra double shot.

We're sitting in the parking lot again, just thinking . . . Like the previous days of cable TV, the computer is absorbing all my free time . . . I think, . . .What's this Twitter thing I keep hearing about?

Back home and not even an hour has passed, WA la! . . . we gots it! . . . We'll tweet 'em until they gasp for relief and beg for the solution to unemployment; and we'll put up a web site.

After a couple of days of being a good twitter, I'm thinking . . . nobody could sort through this maze. But wait, there's followers. A Senator is following me, and a tweet congress site, and news stations, . . . maybe there's hope. Better tell the wife to get ready. She doesn't believe it, . . . something about auto responders, I'd forgotten all about those rusted old things. Well, I'm thinking again . . . I guess this might take some time.

Next day, middle of the night again, surfing, tweeting, and I'm thinking . . . We need a web site. So we're checking out the available domain names for a new .com. What's this, if they're recognizable they're all taken or the domain name owners want thousands of dollars based on i-m-a-g-i-n-a-r-y perceived value. Mark one up for Auz, again swatting me down like a lady's fly on the wall. I'm thinking . . . the wife is never going to let me buy a good name, after all what's the point in saving the cable TV money.

I'm thinking, step it up a little, . . . now moving up to the t-u-r-b-o thinking with my faithful friend. It's starting to hurt . . . Got a bite, Got one! . . . storystalker.com . . . It's mine, Auz is nothing, we win, game over, and for less than twenty bucks. No need to ask the wife, I'm thinking . . . that was close.

Deep in thought, thinking again, it's late . . . what do you do with a cool name like that? Just thinking about it congers up ghost stories, reporters, mythology, wicked thoughts, and writing of all sorts. On further thought it might be like a Pandora's Box. One can not just unleash a name like that on a mind maze like mine available or not.

Maybe I need more shots, thinking bucks'. Sams' rustling round snorting, I'm feverishly focused, better look, Sam shuffling some more, . . . "NO Sam!" . . . I shouted. Sam takes off running upstairs and I find myself facing off with the biggest and ugliest bug I've ever seen in my life. It's a monster BUG. . . . maybe it's not even a bug more like a creature. I've never seen a creature so ugly. Looks like six or eight legs, crème colored bottom and maybe three to four inches long. Perhaps a scorpion except that the tail end looks like an oversized wasp but no sign of a stinger, maybe it's in Sam's nose.

I'm suddenly too scared to think straight. Over to the fire place, I've got a poker, no that won't do . . . now I've got the fireplace broom . . . SWAT! The creature jumped, . . . maybe it bounced. My goodness, it's alive. From a distance, I deliver another . . . SWAT! I think I got it, at least the creature's maybe unconscious, but its' still wiggling it's ugly legs. I'm opening the down stairs door to use the broom as intended. I'm thinking . . . how'd this thing get in here.

I eventually get my breath back, Sam's O.K. and I rush quickly down to the local buck's cafe for an extra double shot.

In the parking lot again, thinking. . . . Where was the wife when I needed her, after all she's the outdoor athletic one, the person in charge of bugs and such. . . . I realize then that, . . . Of course, at this hour she's sleeping.

Once emotionally settled down we're back home and off to bed; had enough turmoil for one day. I say to my wife . . . "I might have nightmares," she's acting asleep. She mutters . . . "something about late and Internet taking all my time." I reply . . . "yeah, maybe I need a few days, I'm really tired", and barely thinking . . . after all I'd just done battle with the ugliest bug ever before imagined, maybe it came in on a computer file off to sleep.

After a few days, Sam and I are recovering just fine. The weather seems perfect, I'm putting air in the wife's bicycle tires and the wife's gardening. I walked over near where she was digging, and she asked, . . . "Did your bug look something like this one, honey?" I replied, . . . "No, not even close".

But then it dawned on me by the sound in her voice, that something's just not adding up . . . or is it! Over the course of the day, I came to realize, that perhaps my months turmoil and frustration had been destiny in some fashion, or suspiciously my minds now wondering; . . . Did she really do it? As the next few days pass, I come to realize that she possibly tossed me off the TV cable like a rogue mosquito and railroaded me out of the basement with an ugly bug . . . on purpose! Could she really be that clever and mischievous?

My goodness, I think I get it, my wife wants me to balance my time more to her favor. Perhaps I am too compulsive and obsessive? She probably just wants to spend more time together. Like I wrote earlier, "We are just your normal working couple, married without children".

I dedicate this short story to my loving and mysterious, wonderful wife.

Gene Black/StoryStalker

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POLITICS AGAINST A SEA OF SOCIAL ECONOMIC CHANGE

POLITICS AGAINST A SEA OF SOCIAL ECONOMIC CHANGE - A work of suggestion toward the growing U.S. unemployment rate; a jobs program creating millions of jobs without use of tax dollars.

July 4, 2009 by Gene Black

I recall standing next to my father at an old farmhouse in Southern Indiana. Through a screen door from the wooden porch I looked fondly towards a woman resembling my grandmother. Because of previous times awaiting my fathers' return to the car, I remember this as my very first sales call. The reward for magazine subscribers and myself was a free movie in town, "Ben Hur" on a reel, and benefits for the local police charity, a win-win scenario for all. Some fifty years later, I'd like to forward an argument for resurrecting millions of jobs in America.

The recent economic expansion was overly stimulated by low interest rates resulting in home/investor windfall profits for some, only to be followed by catastrophic lending and timing for others. While many economic issues discussed today are problematic, a significant part of the underlying cause may be eluding most everyone, as did the housing bubble.

Just A few years prior to the housing boom, great restrictions on small businesses changed local business economies across the Nation; which are only now resulting in massive unemployment leading to even more foreclosures. Working middle class families go to foreclosure in many cases after loss of employment and there employers' inability to sell directly to a consumer. The country has shifted away from businesses recognizing possible need, and filling it, to waiting for citizens to feel motivated to spend, which conceivably may lead to another lost decade as is referred to in Japan.

Businesses, banks, and government officials are often the scapegoats for the current economic crisis, but perhaps history will tell a story of how "We The People" were unintentionally leading the economic recession.

Under the guise of privacy and as U. S. citizens many of us now opt in and on to a Federally sponsored do not call list. As citizens we of course do not want salespeople or a telemarketer knocking and calling with proposals we do not want or need. As a result nearly every homeowner and business telephone number in the country has opted onto the do not call registry. During the same years heretofore, many municipalities adopted stringent licensing requirements such as; fingerprinting, photographs, and background checks for canvassers prospecting sales door-to-door in our communities. Said restrictions essentially negated a businesses ability to canvass, telemarket, email, or prospect sales on American Streets.

While many of the young canvassers and telemarketers retained such employment for only a few months, the employment did provide millions with learning opportunities, provided a stepping stone to better employment, supplemental income for the elderly, and in some cases long term satisfactory wages. Additionally, these typically undesirable jobs provided employment for young people working their way through college and more importantly provided a non-taxpayer supported safety net program of employment and supplemental income for the working class. Within the working classes, one could always obtain a sales job and at any time, as they were once abundant in every City throughout America.

Direct consumer sales may be defined as, without the use of print advertising or commercial media advertisements, in other words a person speaking directly to an owner/resident of a home or business.

The loss of millions of jobs and massive unemployment experienced today may be imparted and/or directly attributable to stagnated direct consumer sales within the U.S. economy. These staggering losses of employment and social-economic changes likely went unnoticed as lost jobs were absorbed and substituted with better paying bubble jobs, the rise in housing, and with real estate windfall profits. Not only the direct sales jobs were lost, but also jobs related to the

manufacturing of the products and services sold, as well as, the employment taxes and insurance's required as a result of the direct selling efforts.

Massive unemployment in the U.S. of course impacts discretionary spending at most all businesses and dominos throughout the economy. Now that the housing bubble has burst, taking with it those more desirable bubble jobs, will our new economy have full employment at 10% or more unemployed instead of the traditional 5% we've come accustomed to?

By observation the fall out from losses in direct sales grows exponentially within the governments tax policies. Because our economy remains stagnant, meaning without economic growth in sales and manufacturing, government proposes stimulus tax programs to correct shortcoming within our markets and motivate businesses and citizens toward economic growth. Economic growth is of coarse essential to remaining a global leader; oil is still priced in U.S. Dollars.

The issue at point is how we balance motivation. Do we stimulate with policies that motivate business toward greater sales and production creating new jobs, or do we place more obstacles and mandates through policy and taxation?

Our newest energy tax credits do not seem to be stimulating retail consumer spending and green job creation. However, under similar energy tax policies in the 1980's, the economy soared; Thus creating many thousands of solar energy and weatherizing home improvement jobs. The difference may very well be the previously free and open direct selling within the marketplace vs. the current very tight restrictions on direct selling.

Time and time again American ingenuity, contractors, salespeople, and small businesses expelled our economic recessions by prospecting and marketing. For decades small businesses brought win-win products and ideas to the marketplace while innovative technologies helped businesses place products rapidly into public markets. History has shown that small businesses and salespeople have been the backbone of previous economic recoveries.

Early in the last century then small manufacturers like Ford Motor Company were of the very first telemarketers and direct salespeople in America, followed by companies like Westinghouse and GE.

More recently markets flourished throughout the 70's, 80's, and 90's. I recall Metropolitan Life Insurance representatives would telephone newlyweds and parents of new babies as likely insurance buyers. Meanwhile, the newspapers were soliciting subscriptions door-to-door while auto dealerships were calling prospects on the phone for sales and trades. Salespeople and canvassers once walked our neighborhood streets nearly every day.

Of notable interest are the energy tax credits of the 1980's that instantly produced thousands of new businesses, blue-collar middle class jobs, and thousands of direct sales jobs all over America. Some of those new businesses later became publicly traded companies.

I can still recall the very words that began one of our greatest economic recoveries in American history. Ronald Reagan was the speaker and with an unforgettable sparkle in his eyes, he stated five words . . . "be all you can be".

"Motivation is the key ingredient to the success of a free market system."

Gene Black



CAT SCRATCHES

Cat Scratches - A Short Story
August 9, 2009 by Gene Black

I'm just your normal working guy married and without children; I follow our English Springer named Sam a lot. Sam enjoys chasing golf balls on the fairway and bringing them home, so we plan autographs for Sam once he's the country club's "most wanted".

Today, like others, is just another routine day except I'm recovering from oral surgery and three razor sharp incisions on the left hand and forearm. A prospective customer, A.K.A. "cat owner", seemed instantly prepared for the cat scratching. She immediately brought on the alcohol and gauze to stop the bleeding. I'm told the pain will subside within a few days and that the itching is just part of the healing process. Fortunately, the antibiotic I'm taking can knock out the infection in both wounds, and it appears I will be just fine. So the cat got a free swat, and the routines contentious for the wounded one.

Thankfully the week is now over, I'm relaxing with some soft jazz in the background. I'm nearly asleep . . . I hear a mysterious scratching noise downstairs; it seems to be at the rear door. . . Sam and I go to check it out. Surprisingly, there seems to be nothing there, but I pondered a moment the beautifully tempered evening and soft breezes with just a sliver of sunlight shuttering through the trees. I noticed Sam's running off. I yelled, "Come Sam!"; Repeating differently, "Sam come!" he's gone and I give chase once again. I soon catch up to the boy and stop for a moment to rest; Sam and I exchange eye contact which is dog speak for togetherness.

Then I hear some rustling from behind me, through the leaves my new friend StoryStalker is coming over for a chat. I noticed he's scratching quit a lot, and I say, "You shouldn't scratch so much, you'll just make it worse". He replies, "I know - - I know".

So the StoryStalker asked, "How's your writing coming along." I reply, "I've filled my think tank like you taught me and the fish are getting really big tales." He replies, "That's great, maybe now you could take some time off for an adventure". "What kind of adventure?" I asked. . . . He says, "Well maybe go surfing on the Internet". "But I'm scared!" I declared, and explained further, "It scares me, that there's so much unknown out there." The StoryStalker quickly responds, "You have to be brave, . . just think of it as an adventure; go there and bring all the unknown you can find back home for my next story." He continued, "Everybody wins, you get your adventure, I get my next story, and the unknown becomes known."

I'm thinking, we've already been cut up by the doctor and attacked by a cat this week, . . . maybe we should just lay low for awhile; On the other hand, this may be a good adventure and we certainly don't want to miss out. I also remember to have a friend you have to be a friend. So I respond to the StoryStalker, "I would be honored to find the unknown and bring it back for you. Why don't you come with me?" He replies, "Oh, . . . I needs to get something for this itching, maybe I'll catch up later."

Thinking this might take a moment, I remembers my habit and rushes down to the Buck's Cafe for an extra double shot. So we're getting some relief, just sitting in the dark enjoying the parking lot and thinking about the new adventure. I'm thinking of how curious it seems to get intimate with a mouse and a cat in the same week. More importantly I'm thinking about how I'm going to find the unknown if nobody knows? I notice there's a full moon and I'm feeling nervous again, now starting to sweat. . .

After about an hour, I'm back at the house, but I notice the wife's asleep and the lights are out. I walk toward the computer in the dark, not wanting to wake the wife. I'm not able to see the key board well enough for pecking so I make it my first order of business to get rid of the superstitious mouse. Then quite to my surprise, I jump into the monitor and through the screen, then downstream a few million bits, and I'm online inside the Internet.

So first things first, while I'm still realizing nothings impossible, I wonder, what is first? I think I got it . . . online security, of course. I proceed to leave a good trail, bread crumbs don't work anymore, so I quickly trip the browser history refresher and set it to maximum. I'm thinking now I can not get lost. I'll just cruise toward some of these big search engines to start, that should be easy. Wow, how they've changed. Being very old I recall their beginnings as rogue message exchangers . . . Everything seems so sterile, even the content writings are sterilized.

Watch out! . . . I thinks to myself here comes a spider patrol, better duck into these empty meta tags. Safely inside of the empty tags, I'm immune to capture by search engine spiders. I noticed right away that they've switched identities from spiders to web-crawlers and they've gotten so much more sophisticated. They look at the meta page descriptions rather than meta key words abused by schemers. . . I'm thinking . . . the search engines were thinking the same thing I was, viewer interest.

I'm thinking, I need to find out the word on the streets, let's see. . . . The unknown? I got it! . . . of course! We need some psychics to find the unknown. Wait! What's this? No - - - there coming! I'm gone. . . with a hundred web-crawlers right on my tail, there so sophisticated these days and smart too.

I'll just follow these new web sites, there can't be much interest in them, after all there new the web-crawlers ignore them, surely. There must be several hundred web sites in this new group. They're moving quickly and there's lots of activity including me following all of them. We're really moving so very fast; in the distance I begin seeing the shadows of the StoryStalker. He's just standing there. He's waving his arms, scratching and hollering at the same time, "Watch out!", he yells. But I'm looking around and I don't see anything to watch out for. What's this I cried, "Whoops!" I trip and fall, . . . but I'm O.K.

The StoryStalker ever so slowly walks over to me. Then he says, "You tripped on one of the Twitter Twit Switches." So I asked, "What's a Twit?" The StoryStalker tells me the geeks at Twitter are referred to as Twits by users locked out or suspended on Twitter. So I asked, "Why do they get suspended?" The StoryStalker then tells me, "Twitter's problem is placing limits on their users but not telling the users what the limits are. Twitters a new program going through some growing pains suspending thousands of unsuspecting users every day. So I would say you found another unknown, which is why we're here."

So still a little unclear I asked, "Why is the switch a problem?" The StoryStalker says, "It's usually not if you're on the outside of the computer. We're inside the Internet itself and now the account we came in on is suspended." I replied, "So we can't get home! OH! Nothing to say right now. I needs a moment to think." . . .

Now I'm getting my thoughts and thinking no Buck's Cafe' and we're very far from home. Then I say, "Surely the Twitter Twits will save us, right?" The StoryStalker then looks at me and says, We've got a Twitter ticket; It says, "We're suspended for strange or unknown activity." I said, "So we're trapped until the Twits fix the switch?" The StoryStalker says, "It sure looks that way." The StoryStalker then says, "What's that sound, it's like a deep roar, I hear? Run fast - - run, it's a lion." I replied with a yell, "What's a lion doing loose in hear?" StoryStalker says, "It's probably television's idea of a joke, Come . . . quickly!"

The StoryStalker latches to a bit stream, and we're instantly uploaded into the unknown Internet files. We landed in a sea of unread e-mails, unnamed folders, and unknown files; hundreds of millions and millions of them. I said, "That was really close, I thought they kept those lions in Las Vegas." StoryStalker then says, "Well on the bright side we've sure found the jackpot of the unknown." The StoryStalker started scratching again, I could tell he was a little shaken by the assignment; And in a blink of my eyes, the StoryStalker disappears, leaving me all alone on a mountain of files and folders.

I'm looking around, but it's dark in here; Then I sees my letter to the Senate right over there, marked 'Unread'. I'm thinking, they'll never get my letter. I 'm asking myself, how much unknown information should I grab, there's got to be value in here? So I grabbed my government letter and several more for the return home.

Then I hear sounds coming from the bottom of the mountain, so I starts sliding and wadding to the bottom. It's getting windy, now I'm hearing whistling, howls, and more howls. I'm slipping into a canyon that's leveling; then I tripped, this time over a trash link. "No", I screams; without any control, I'm falling into a shadowed haze of darkness. It's eerily fogged with dust and appears heavily haunted. Then I sees a finger pointing to a sign that reads, "The Internet Graveyard". "Why am I by myself?" I think out loud.

Then I hear echoing voices, "I'm over here, I'm over here." Thankfully, I quickly realized that the dead are not talking, it's the StoryStalker calling to have me join him. I walks through twenty seven tombstones, counting and memorizing every one along the way. Then I lunge toward the StoryStalker and I said, "What happened to you? Where'd you go?" He replied that he'd just fallen into a hole and ended up in the graveyard. I'm of course thinking, how superstitious is that. Then I replied, "That's what they all say."

Then the StoryStalker says, "Shush!; I hear voices from over there." He's pointing and I'm following him slowly. We both hear them now, I'm whispering to the StoryStalker, ". . . they're saying things about going legit. More about loved ones hanging on to the past via video chats produced by people before they die. I whispered to the StoryStalker, "You know, these are psychics having meetings in a graveyard, looking for sales ideas and discussing market strategies." Then I pointed out to the StoryStalker that some of the psychics over there are trying to truly discover the unknown.

We giggled and laughed and quickly took off running. Once a safe distance from the graveyard the StoryStalker says, "One must be careful of which doors they open, there are some things, best left unknown." I replied, "Lets try finding a way out of here. I want to go home." So we walk and walk and keep walking all through the darkness and into the night.

Finally, we come across something pretty interesting. We discover hundreds of thousands of online users masking fake identities. There real identities are totally unknown to the public or the paparazzi. I said to the StoryStalker, " This is a monumental unknown. The paparazzi would pay big money for this information." StoryStalker replies, "Yes, the Internet is host to a breeding ground of deception and mischief." Then I said loudly, "Look, there's Nicholas Cage!"; The StoryStalker yelled back , "Not really, come on . . . I think I found a way out."

I'm thinking, boy those are welcome words. I replied, "Lets get out of here!" Suddenly, and without a trace the StoryStalker disappears again, leaving me once more, alone in the dark. . . I'm wiping the sweat from my forehead and getting nervous. I'm thinking I better gather all the unknowns. Then I begin putting them in my satchel for the trip home and I'm thinking, maybe I'll never find my way.

Then I hears scratching noises, it's not the StoryStalker but It sounds familiar. Then I hear faint voices. "Honey! Wake up!." "Honey . . . you fell asleep. . . Why are you sweating?"

So as I'm stumbling to consciousness, I hear important barking from afar. So I quickly wander to the downstairs, and there's my faithful friend Sam, scratching at the rear door, all wiggles and wags.

Gene Black/StoryStalker

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