“Jes”

Jessica Farnham Wright

October 28, 1976
to
December 25, 2024

A Beautiful Girl
with an Amazing Heart



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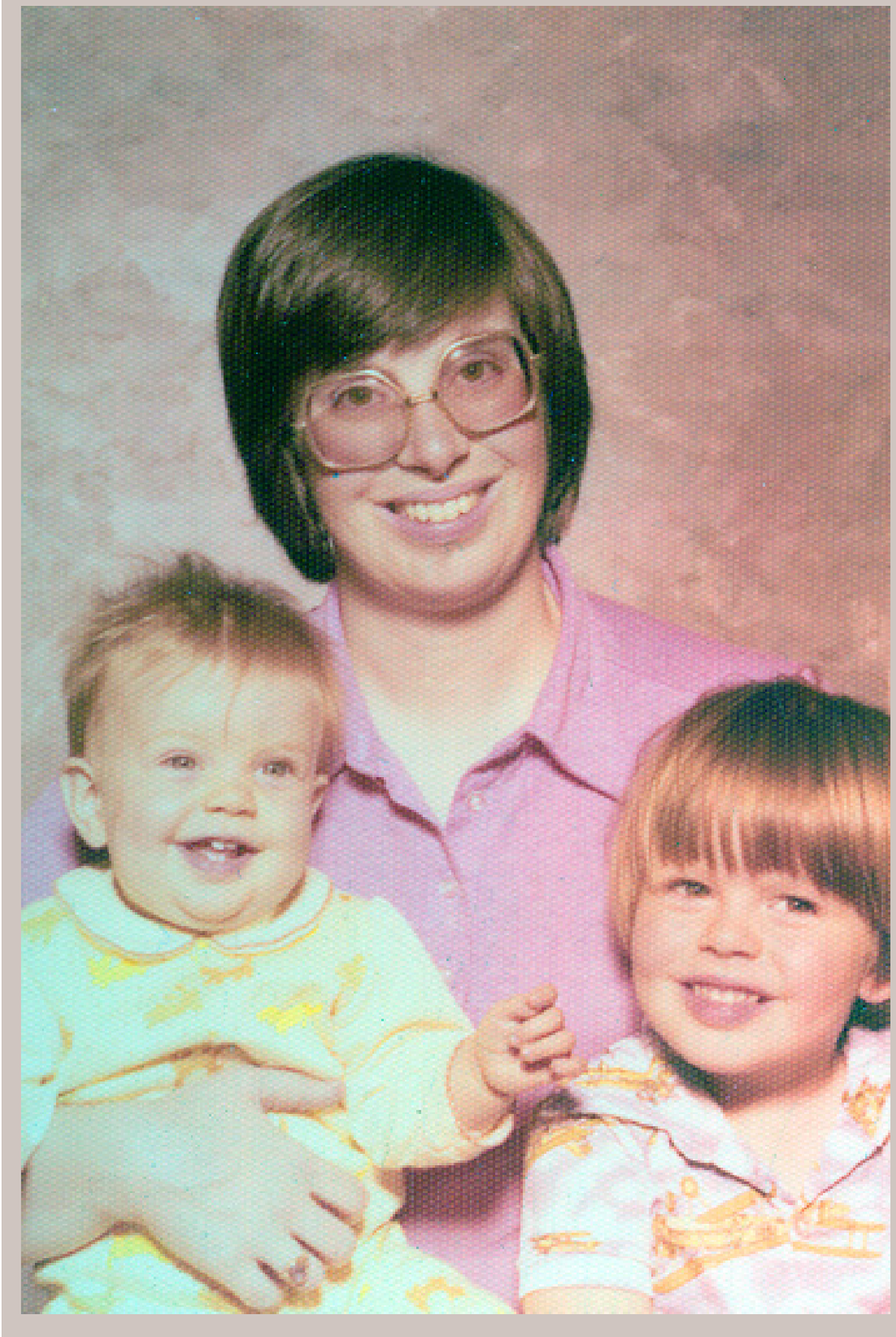
It's Really Me 150

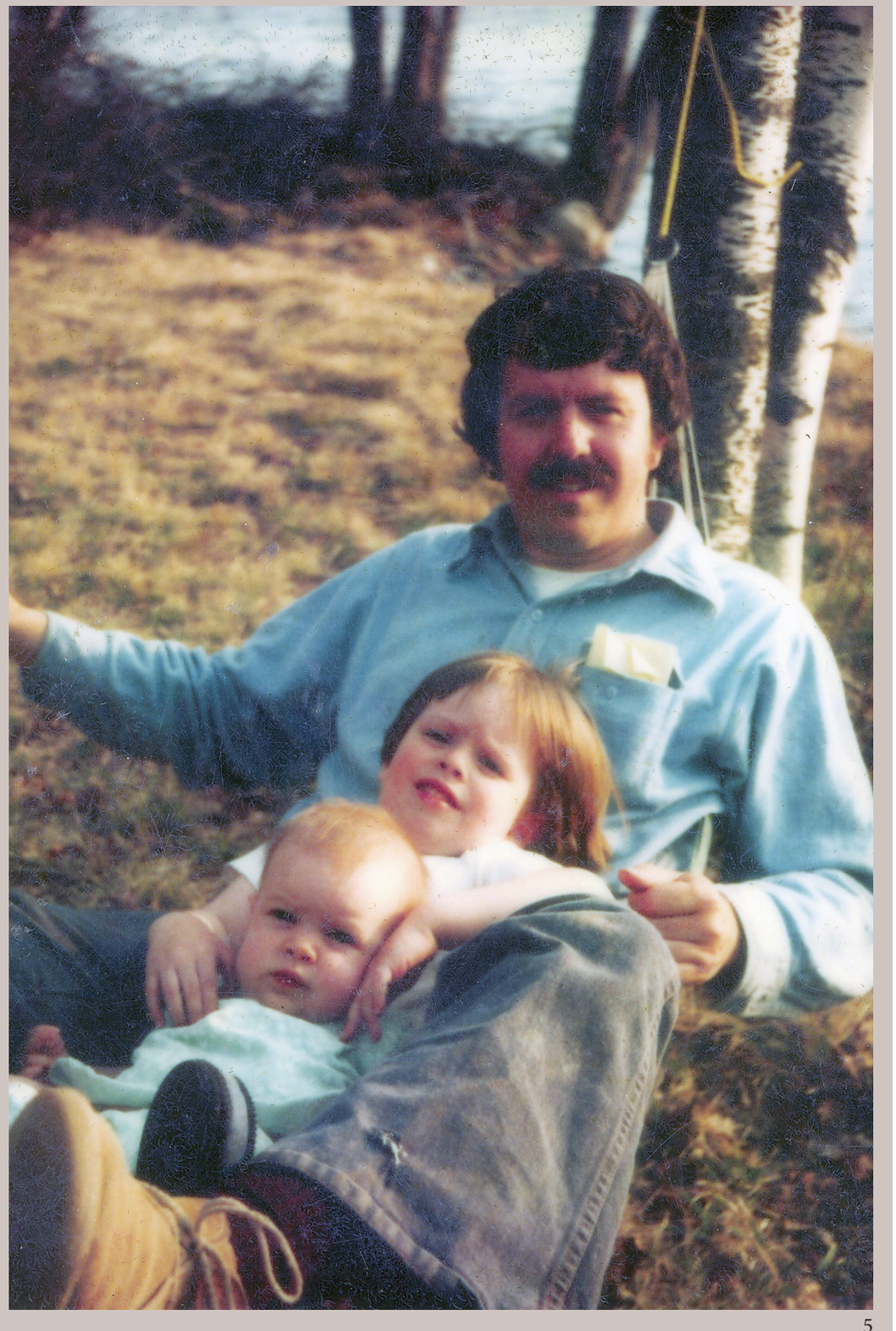
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Our Baby Girl










S.T.
GRISWOLD

























Growing Up in Vermont



Being A Kid













Richard & Linda - 1982





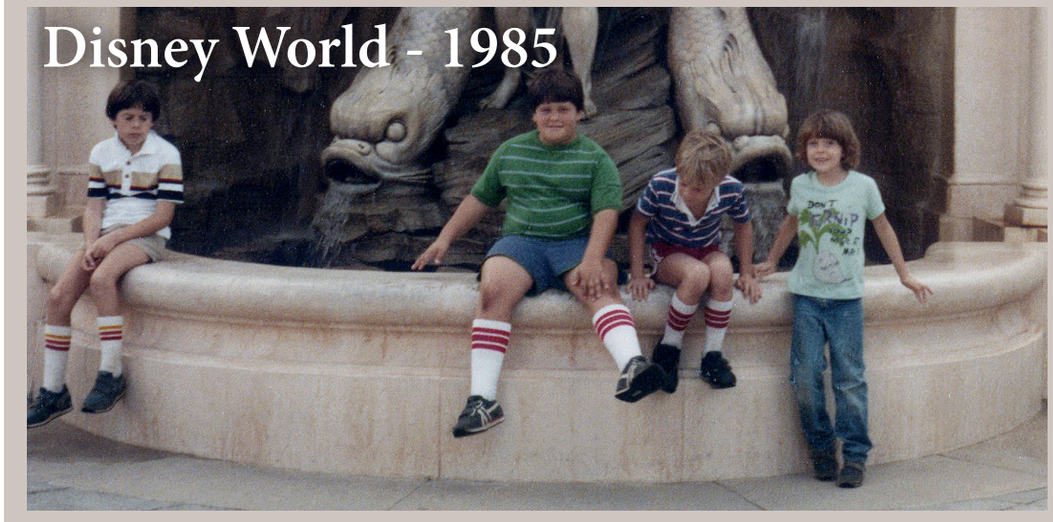




1st Grade

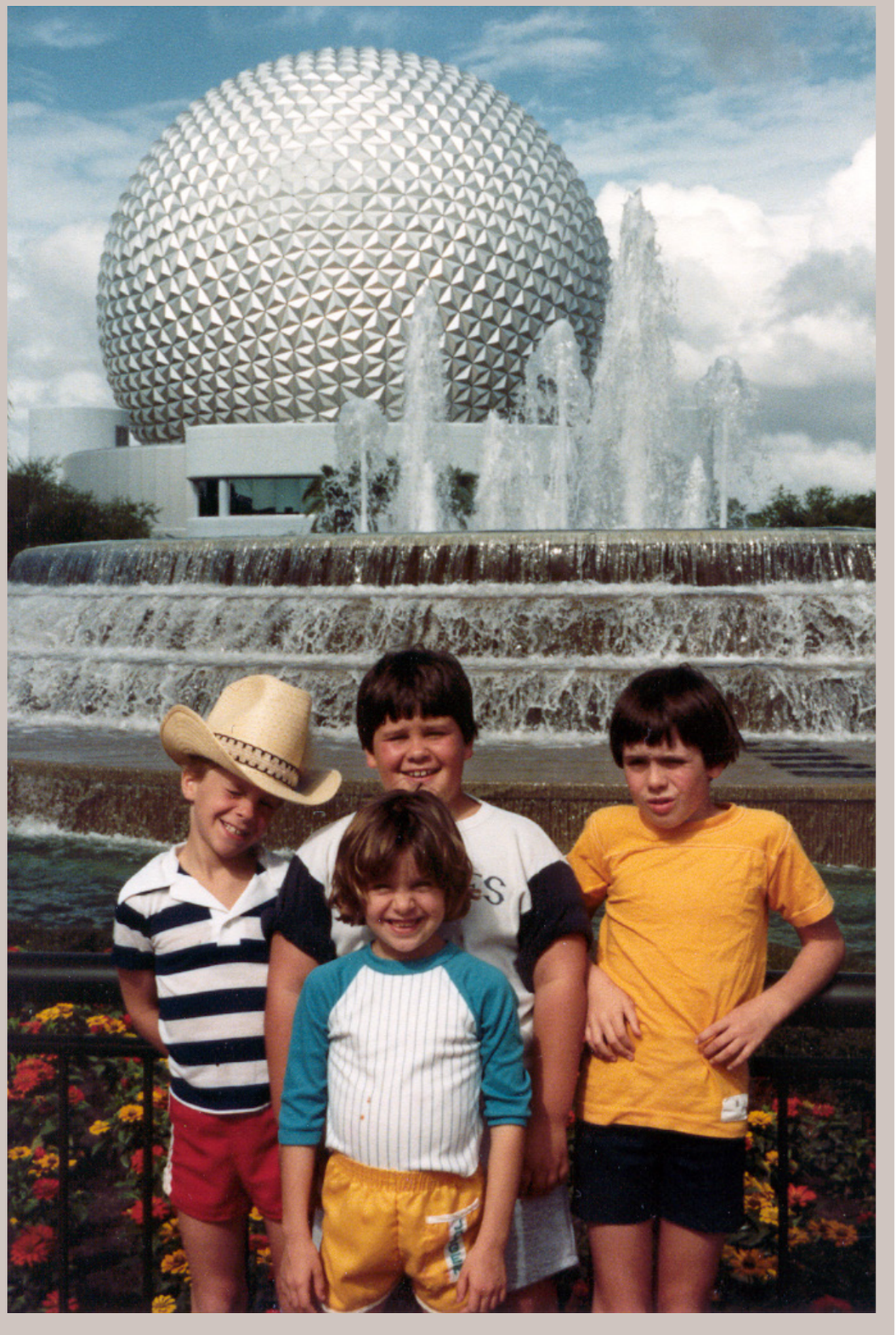

HINESBURG
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL
HINESBURG VT
GRADE 1 M
1982 1983

Disney World - 1985










HINESBURG
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL
HINESBURG VT
GRADE 3R
1984 1985

3rd Grade

Happy 7th Birthday













4th Grade

Happy 9th Birthday











Mexico - 1987



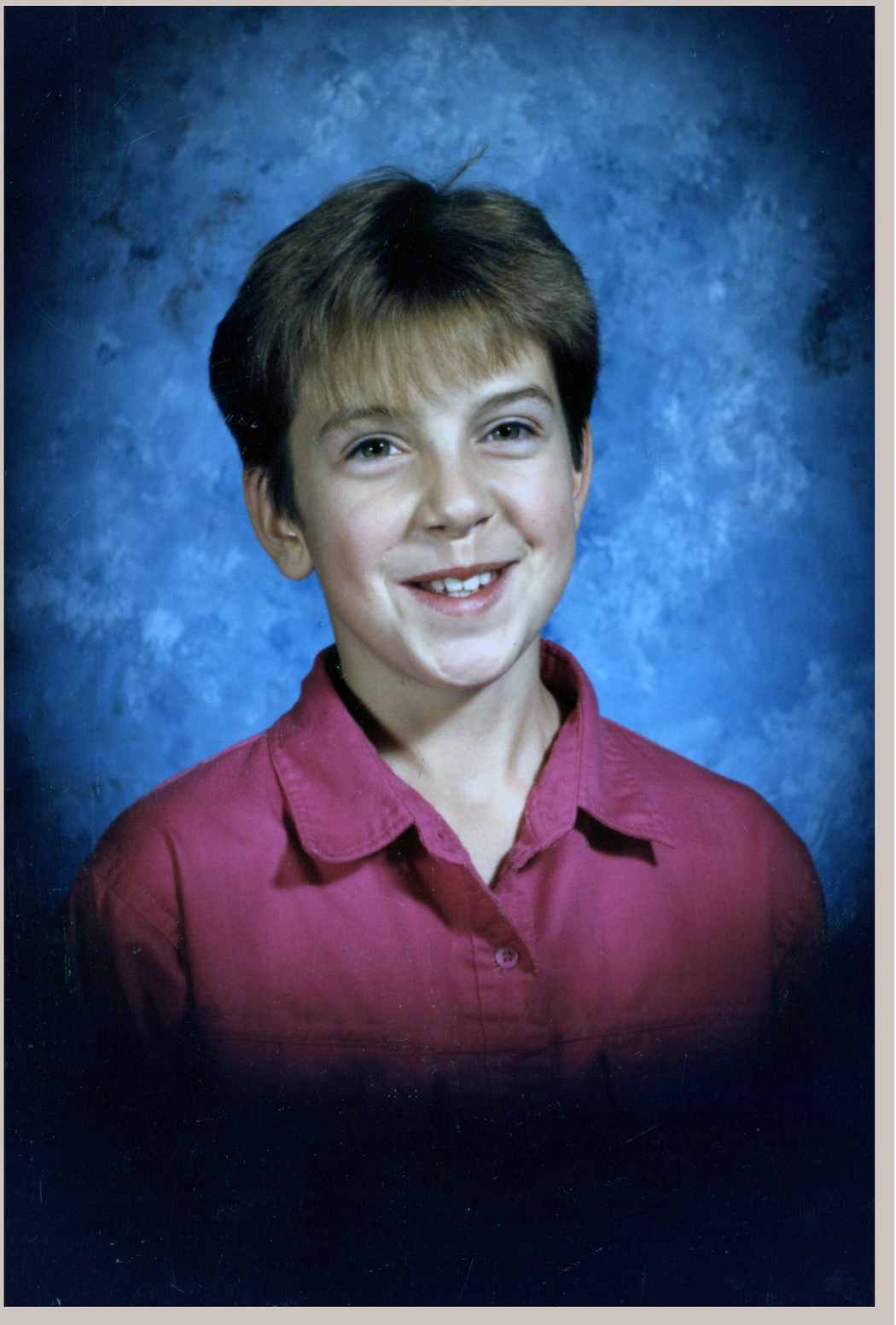




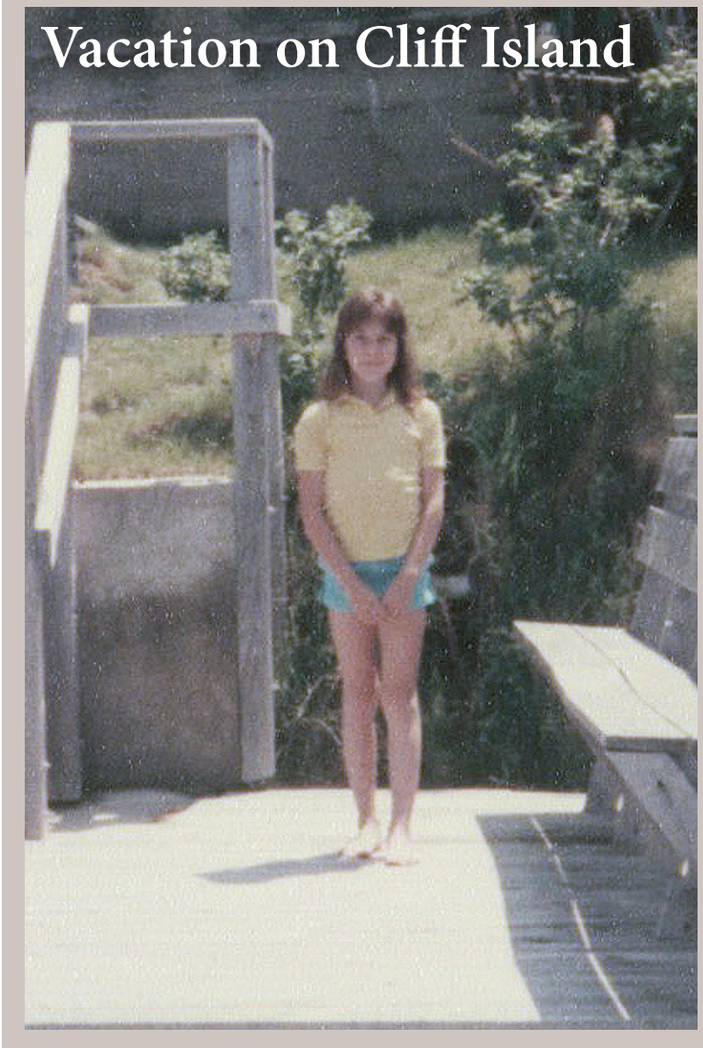








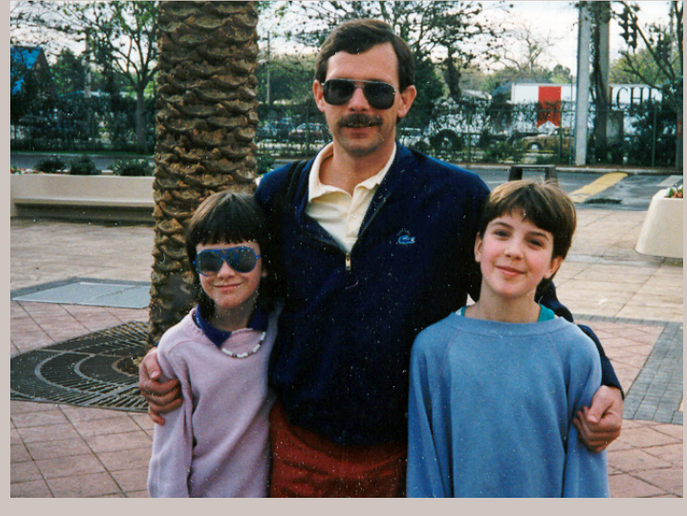
Vacation on Cliff Island















The Hinesburg Years



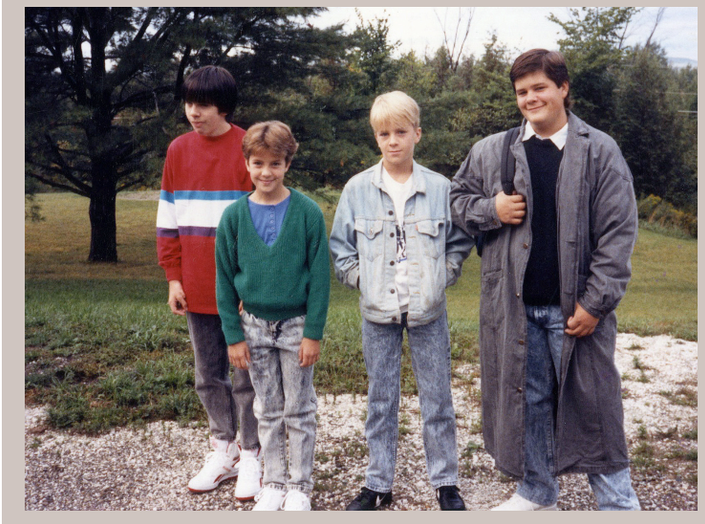












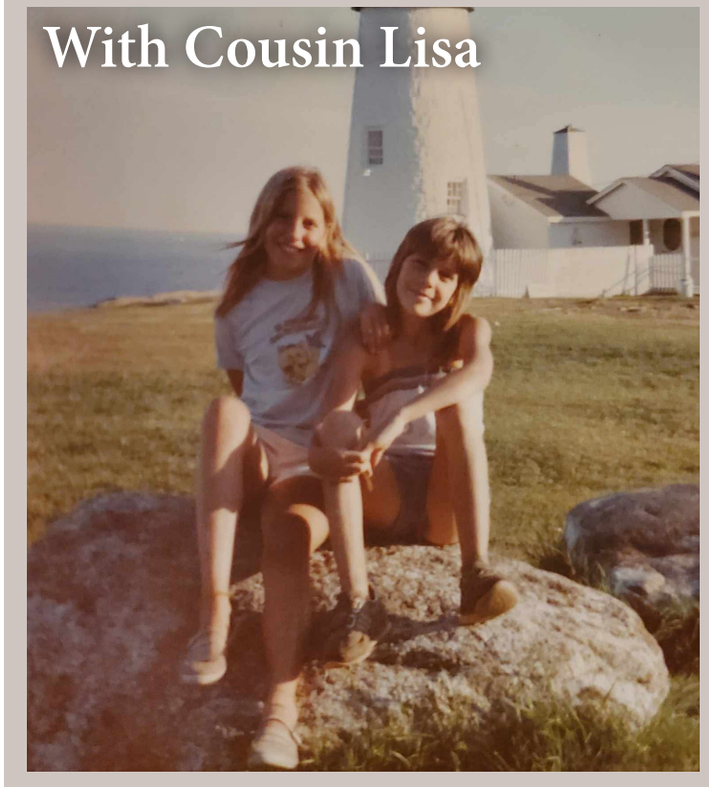








With Cousin Lisa







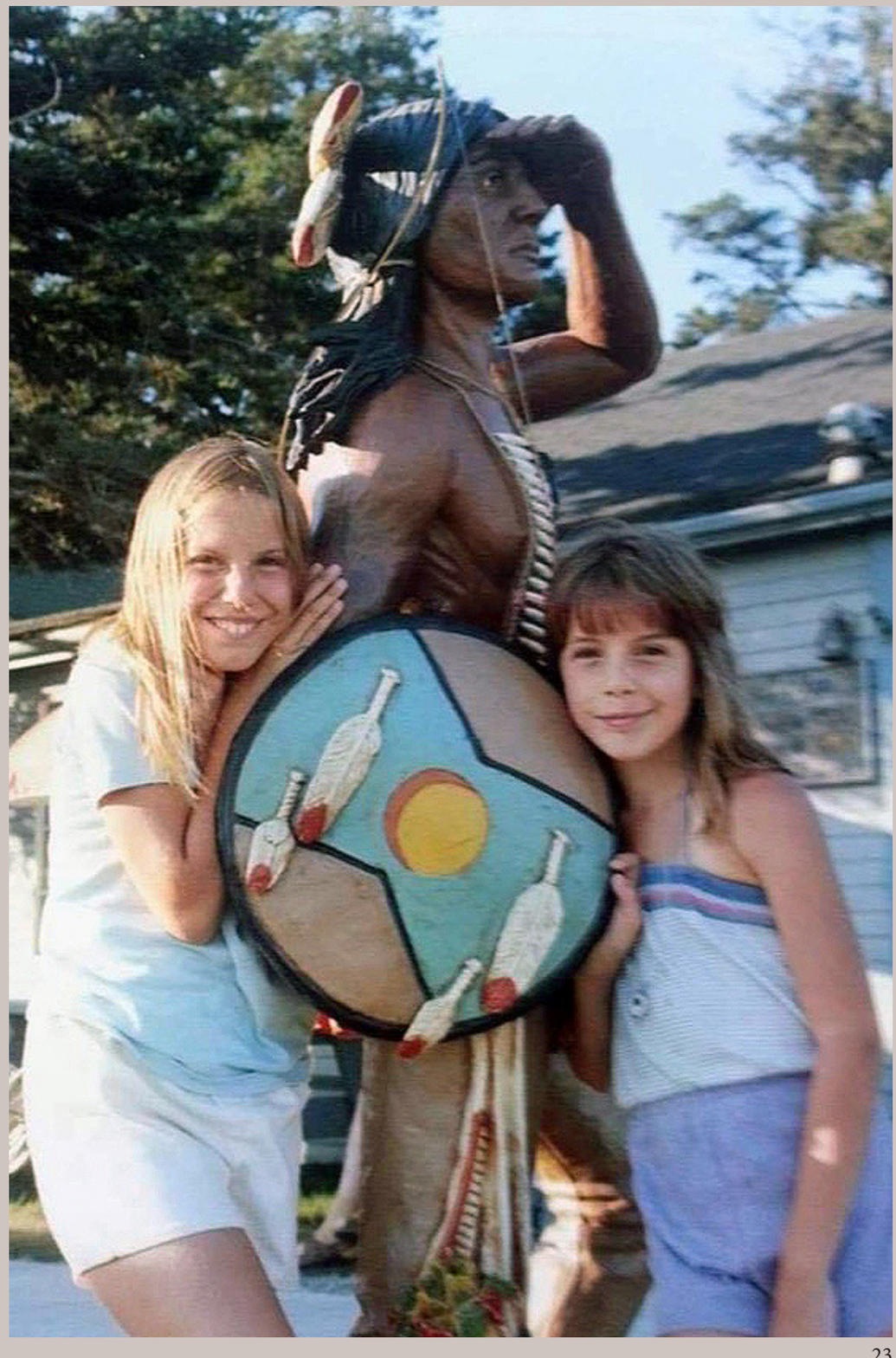


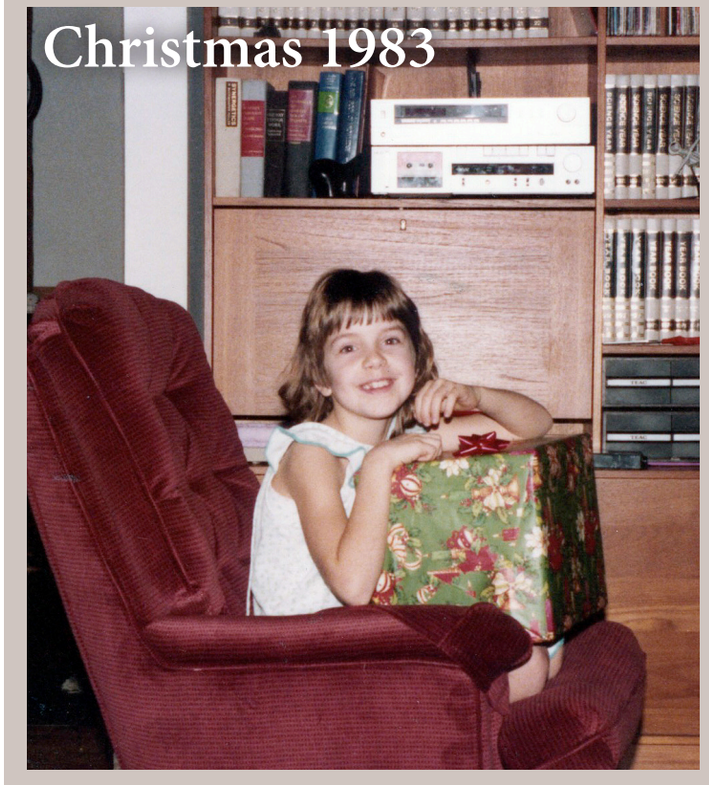














Christmas Through the Years








Christmas 1986

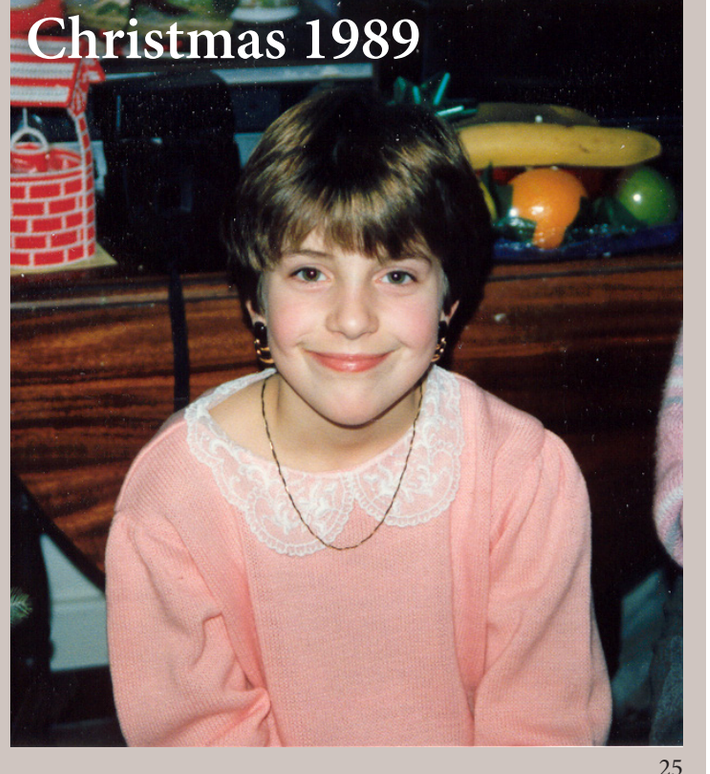



Christmas 1987


Christmas 1988





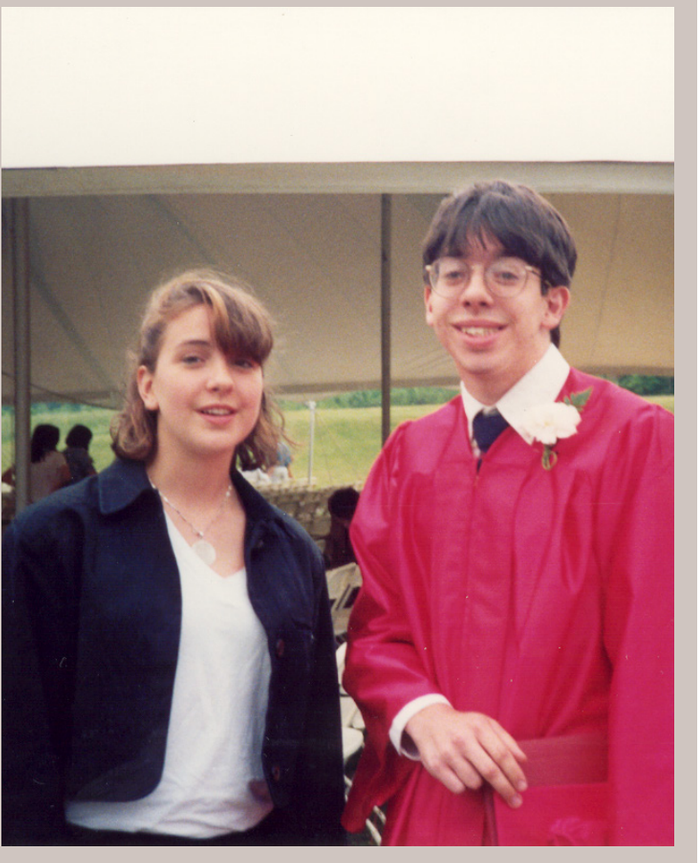

Christmas 1989

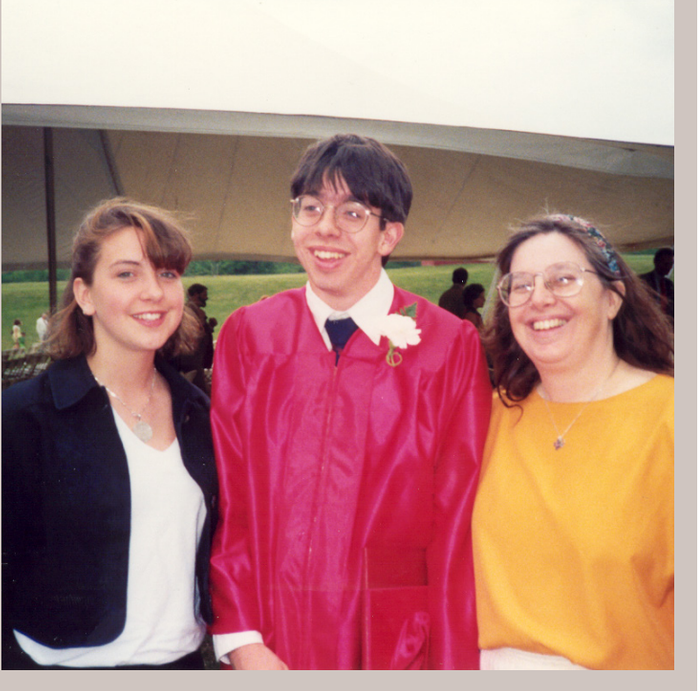
Being A Teenager



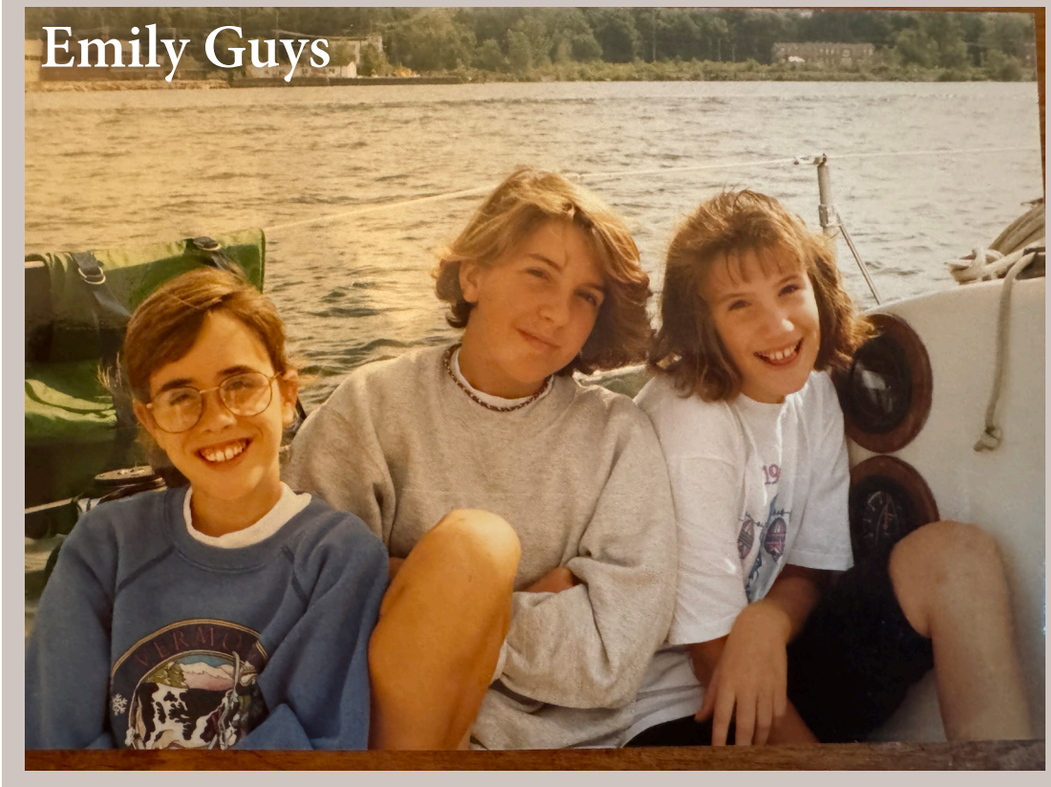








Emily Guys











Pam's Wedding









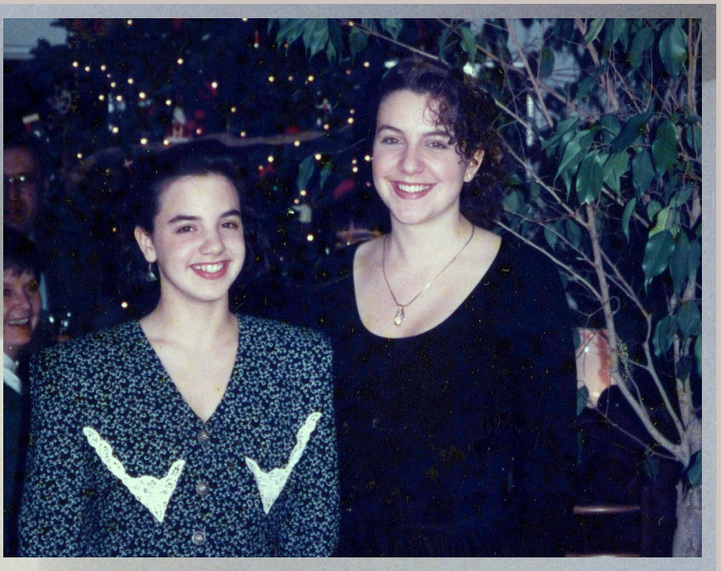







Peavey
Peavey

Dad Gets Married...Again!











Happy 17th Birthday













Moving to Hawaii



Life in Kona











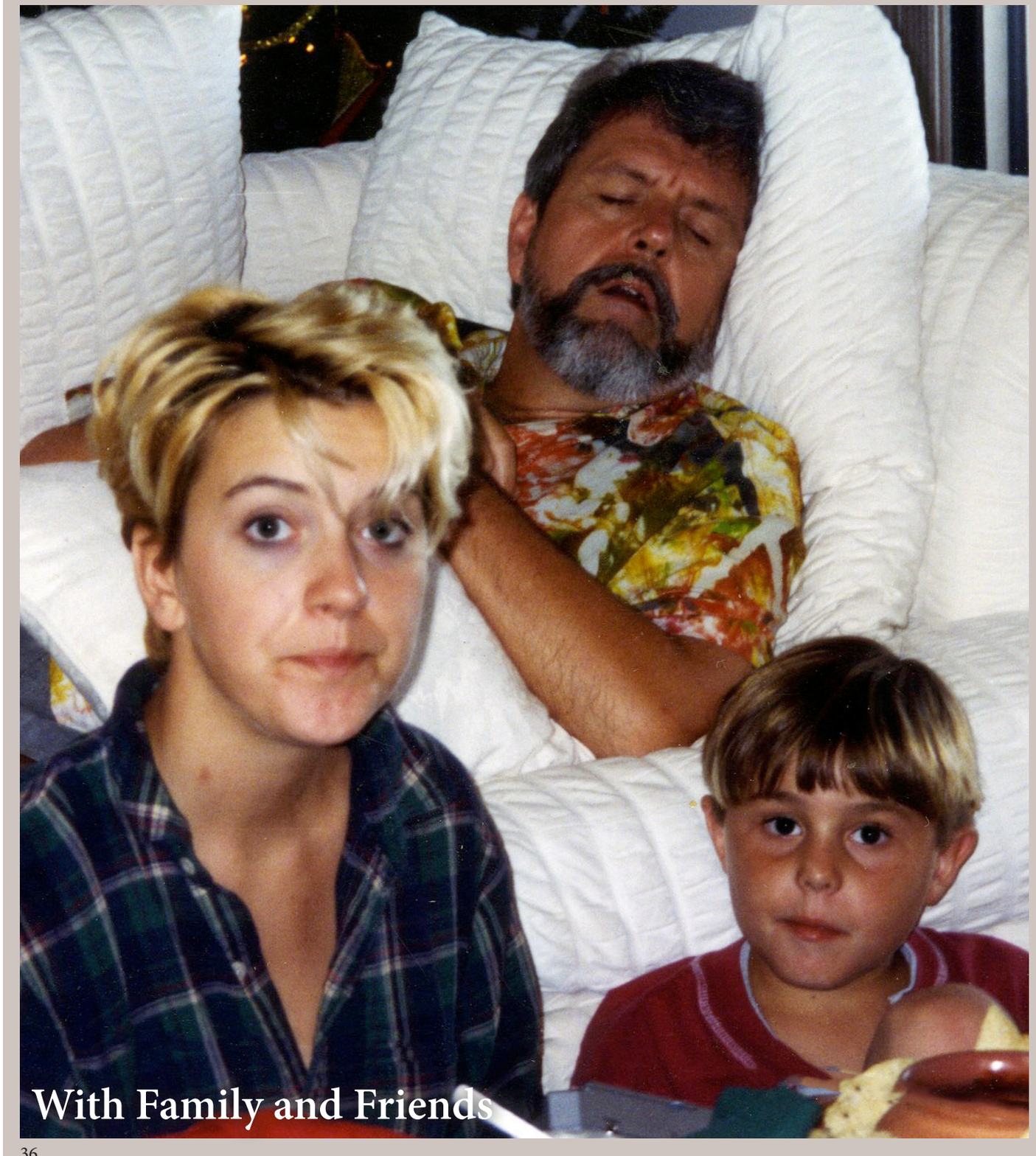
Ironman Volunteers











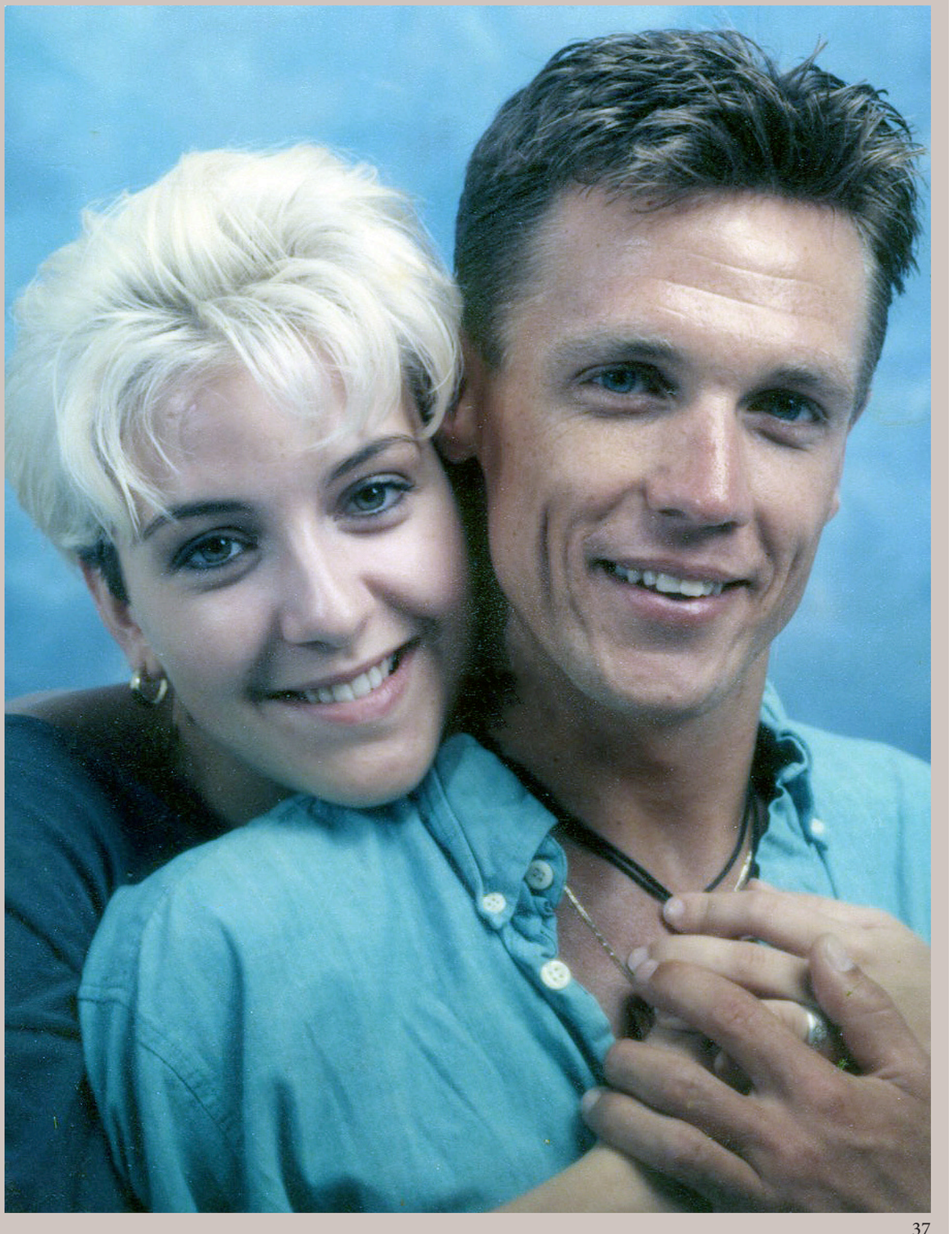




With Family and Friends


MOUNT HOLYO
COLLEGE



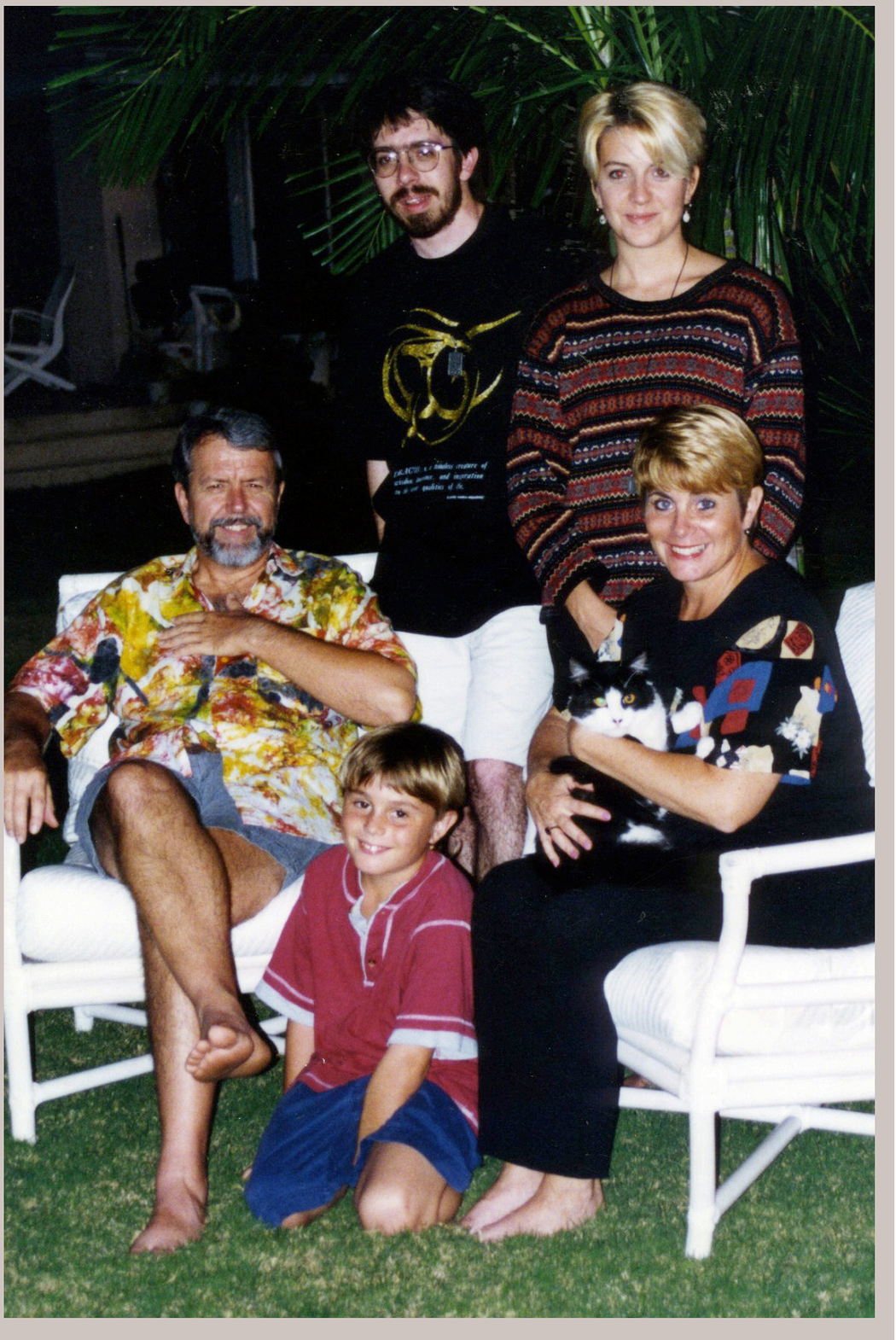


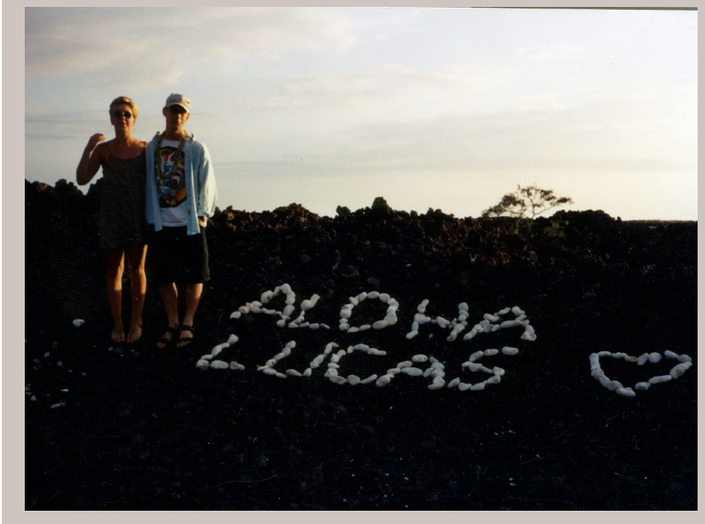
Comings & Goings





Aloha Jeremy









Remembering Kimball Union










ALOHA
LISS & MEGAN

















Visiting Friends Back Home







Getting Married



W

Thank you friends and neighbors
and relatives so dear,
for all the joys you've wished us
and for your presence here.

Now when this day is over
and our guests are on their way,
the memory of this joyous time
will ever with us stay.

Howard and Jessica
May 11, 1997









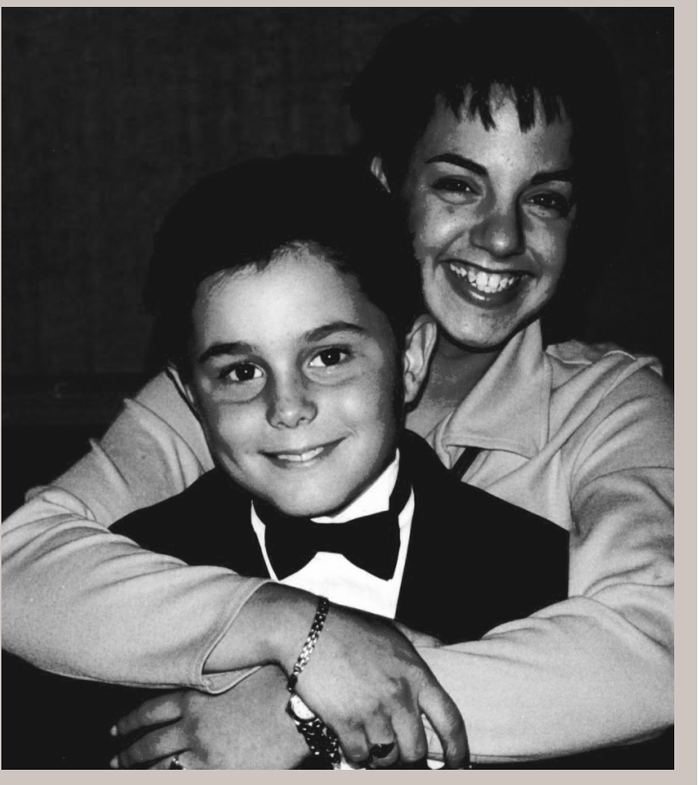


















May 11, 1997

Living in Europe











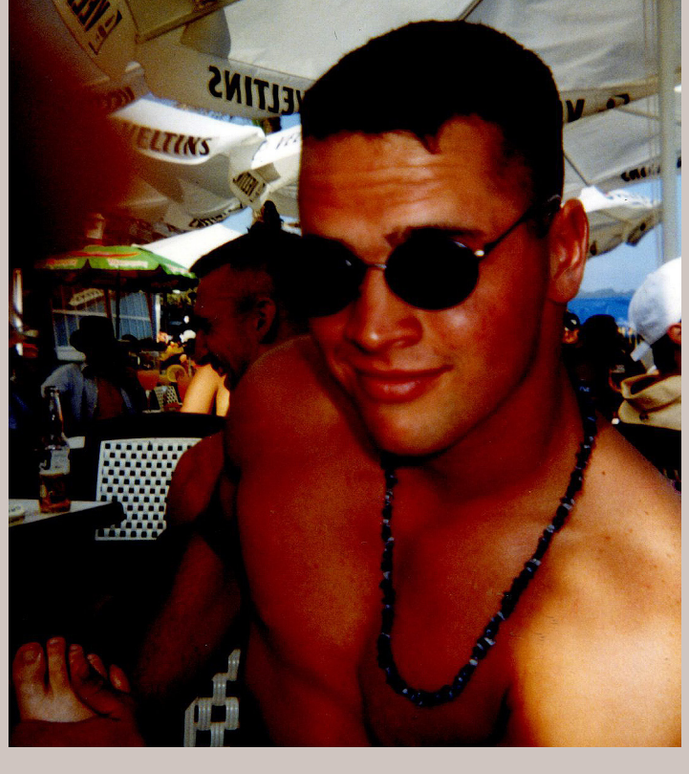














Moving Back to Hawaii



Life at Home







Jumping Off Rocks-Video



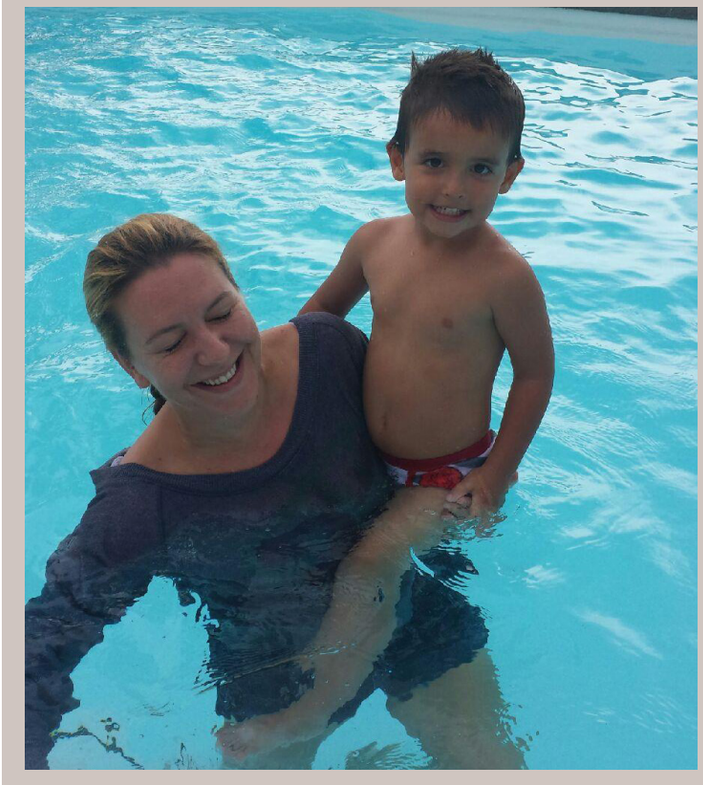

GIRL BOSS




Oops!

























Nancy Gets Money





On the Road


WE ARE HERE
TO HEAL.
NOT HARM.
WE ARE HERE
TO LOVE.
NOT HATE.
WE ARE HERE
TO CREATE.

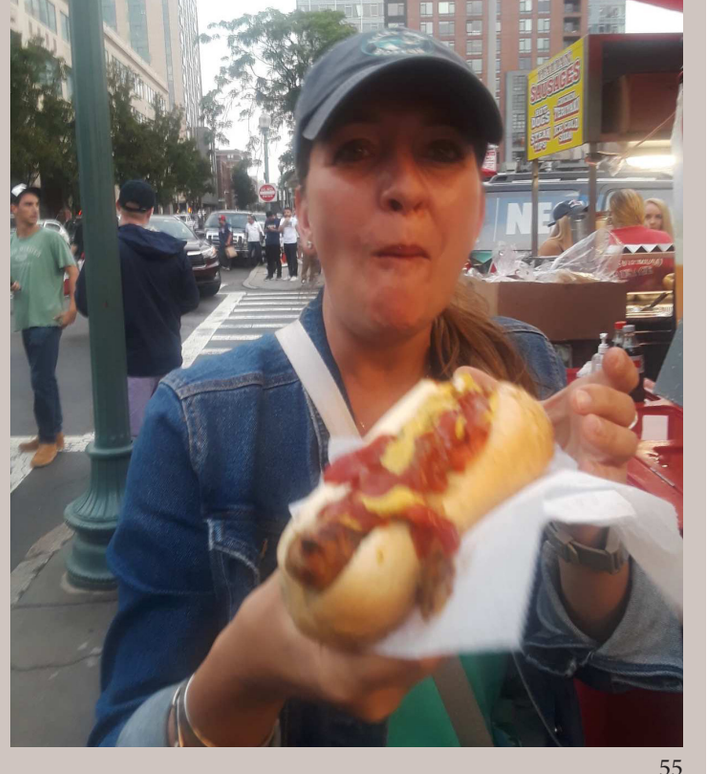

WE ARE HERE
TO HEAL.
NOT HARM.
WE ARE HERE
TO LOVE.
NOT HATE.
WE ARE HERE
TO CREATE.
NOT DESTROY.




CALIFORNIA
VERMONT















Jes Wright
Fight Club























[Laser Fan-Video]

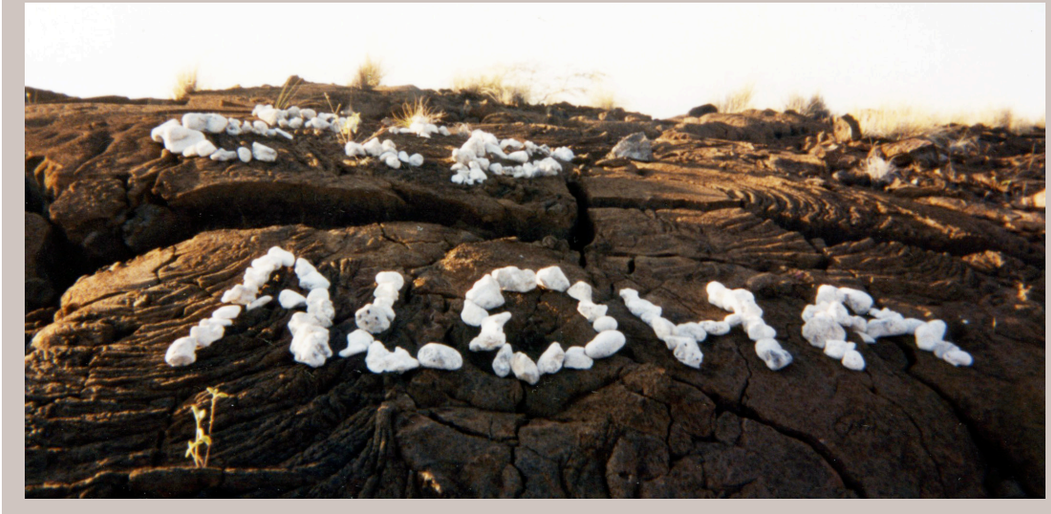
[Boxing with Kate-Video]







We Have Visitors











The Cherry Bomb









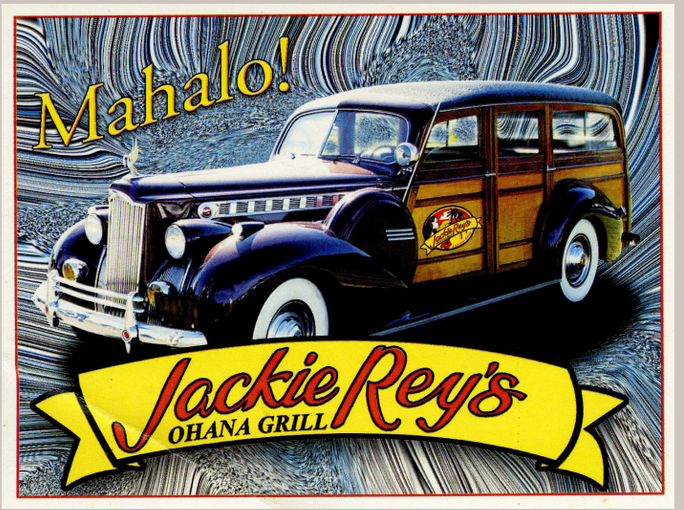


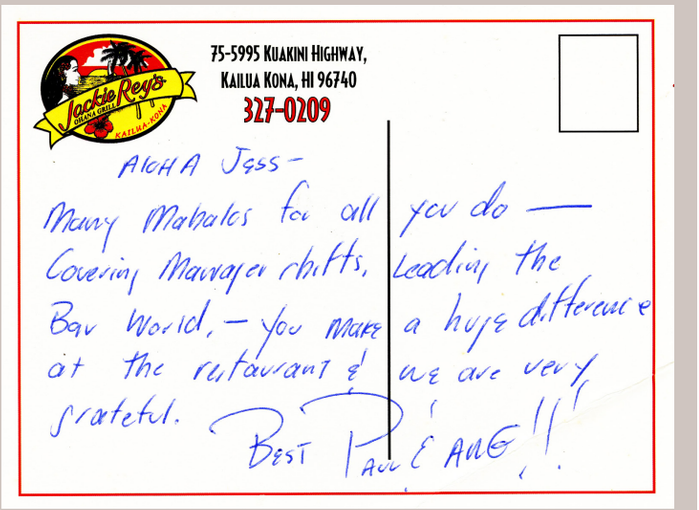


Becoming a Bartender



Working at Jackie Rey's









Had a new employee come on board today, very skilled, very knowledgeable, and took me completely by surprise.. met me in the parking lot, "Hey Jes!" I knew that I recognized her.. (name deleted to protect the innocent).. a completely delightful woman, and I'm excited to work with her.. All of you who know me, I'm terrible with names, great with faces,.. she came in, shook my hand, and actually said "it's an honor to work with you" .. I was taken aback, most people still ask me what my grown up job is? When she told her partner that she was getting the job, his reply was.." that's her bar! Awesome!" I was instantly humbled, this is a small town, on a small island, but I felt like a giant today!! Today was a good day!;)







Bartending at a Wedding











Award Winning Bartender













JESSICA WRIGHT FROM JACKIE REY'S OHANA GRILL WINS THE 2014 CRATER LAKES BLOODY MARY COMPETITION!











HUMPY'S BIG ISLAND ALEHOUSE





Jessica Does It Again!

Now with two in a row, Jes Wright from Jackie Rey's Ohana Grill wins the 2015 Crater Lakes Bloody Mary Competition!















HUMPY'S
BIG ISLAND ALEHOUSE



Bloody Mary Contest 2016



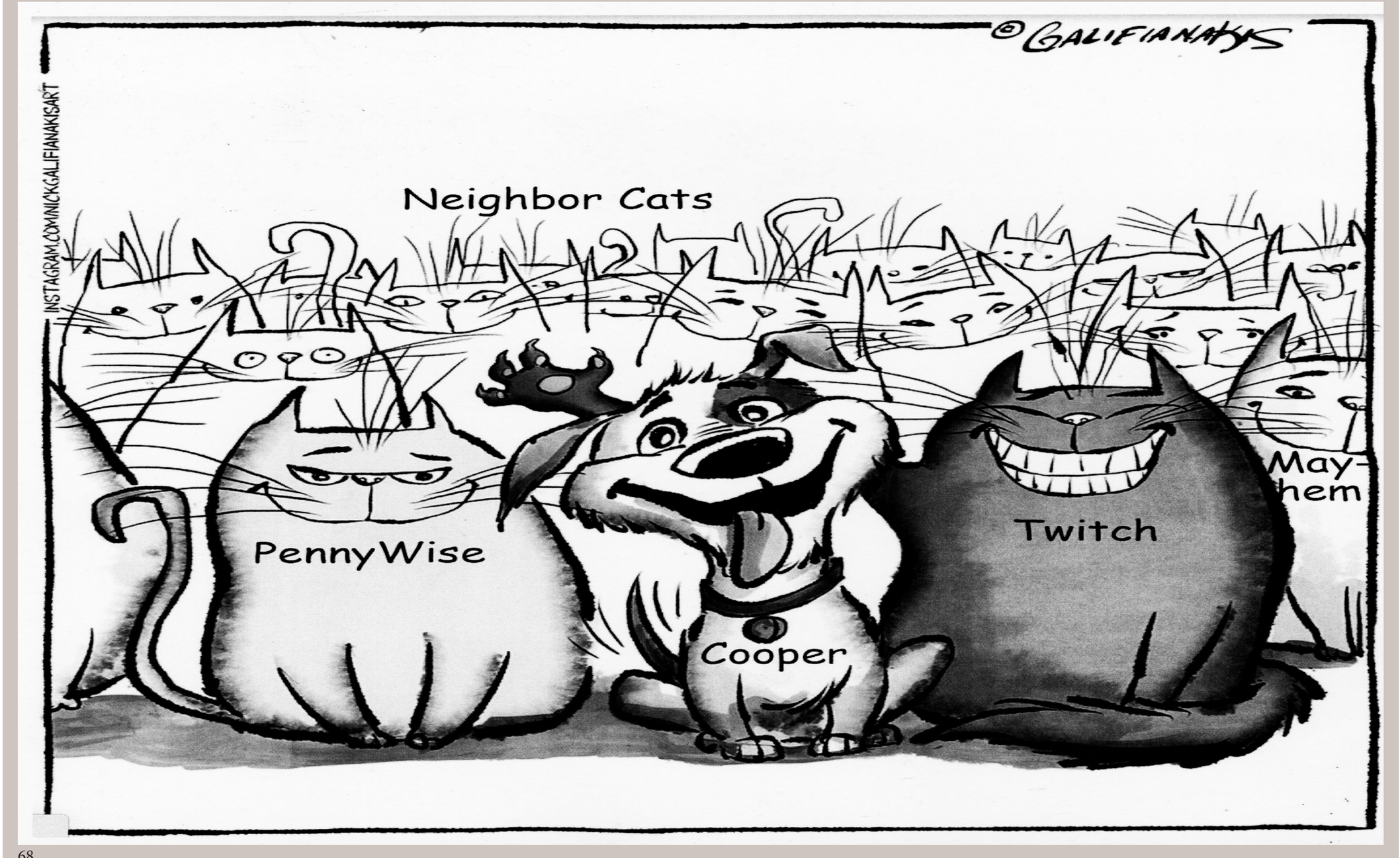


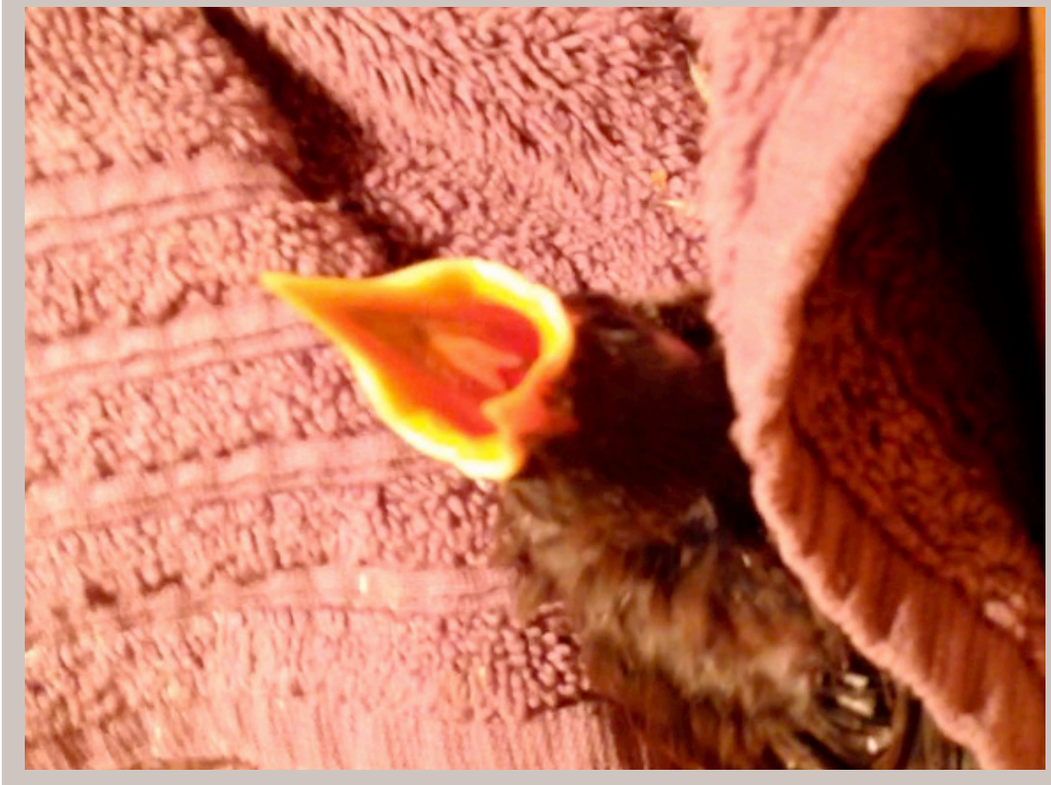






The Pet Whisperer

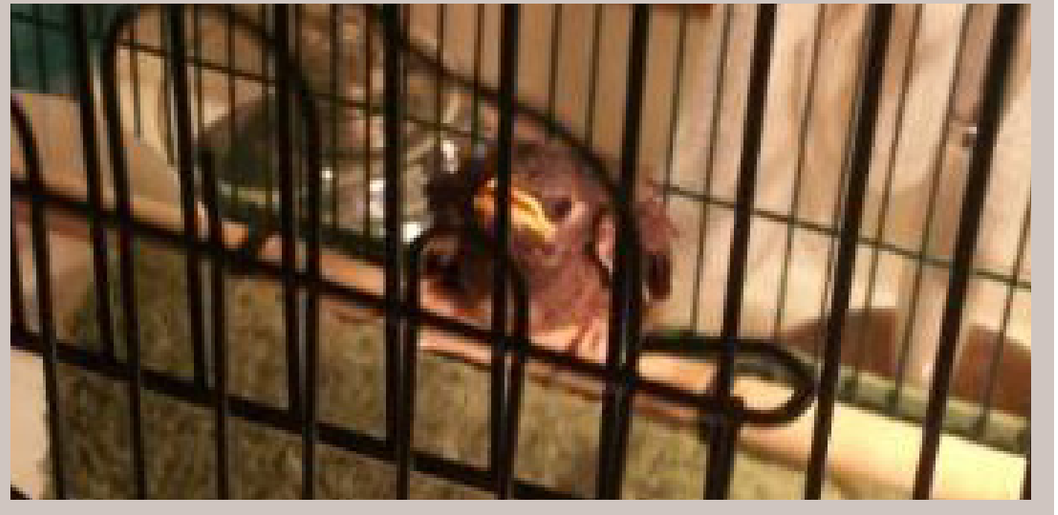


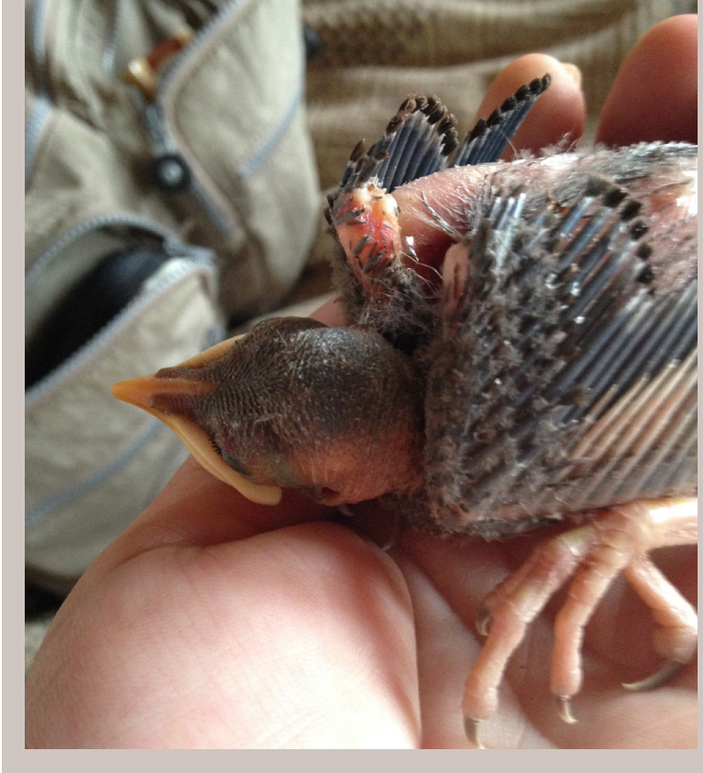


Rebecca

[Cooper & Rebecca-Video]

[Rebecca Speaks Out-Video]







[Training Rebecca-Video]

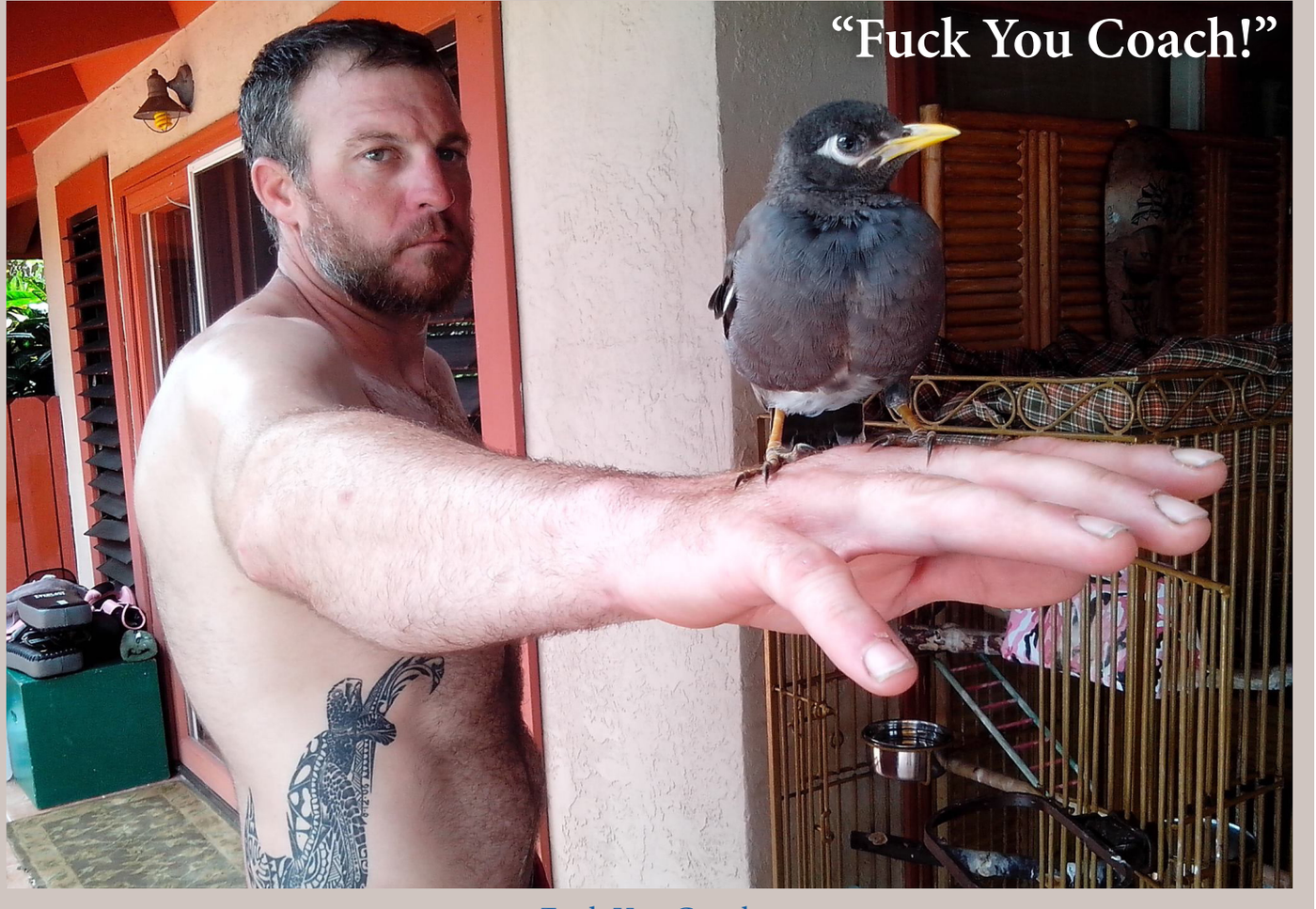












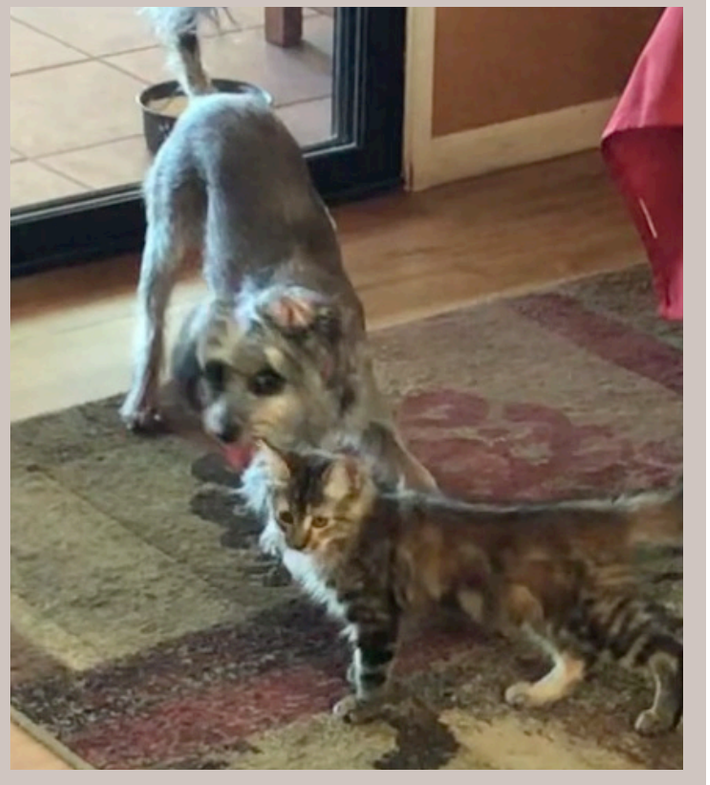
Fuck You Coach

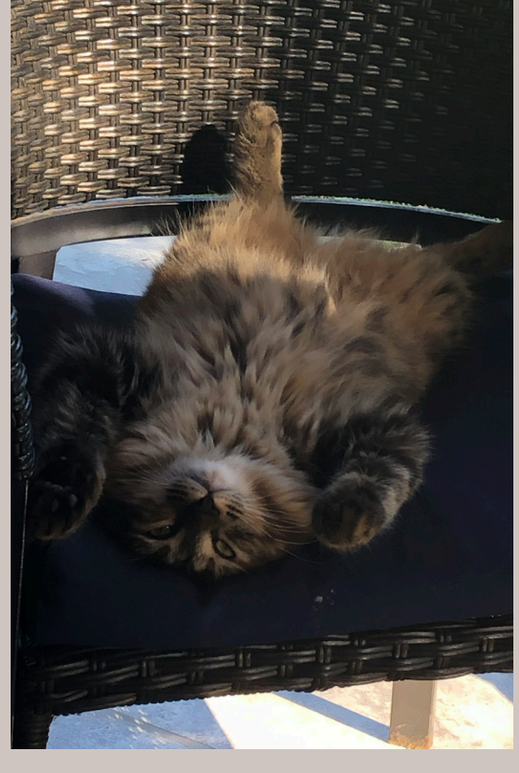
PennyWise

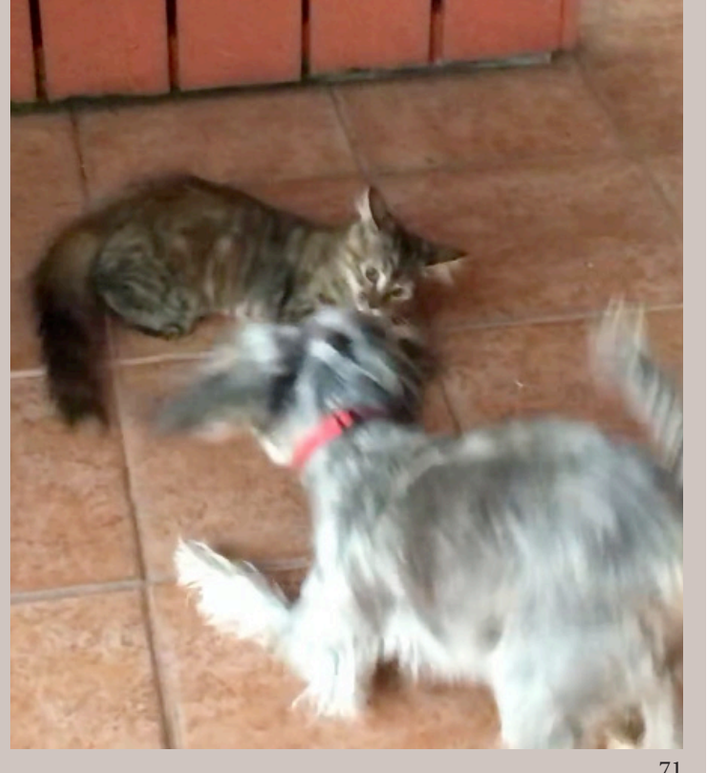
[Cooper & Pennywise-Video]





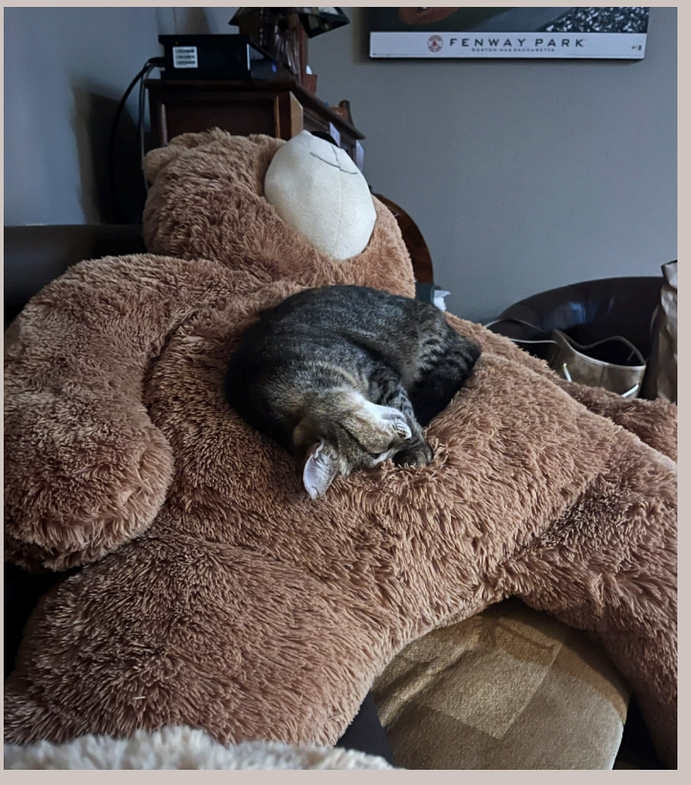






Mayhem













Partners & Friends





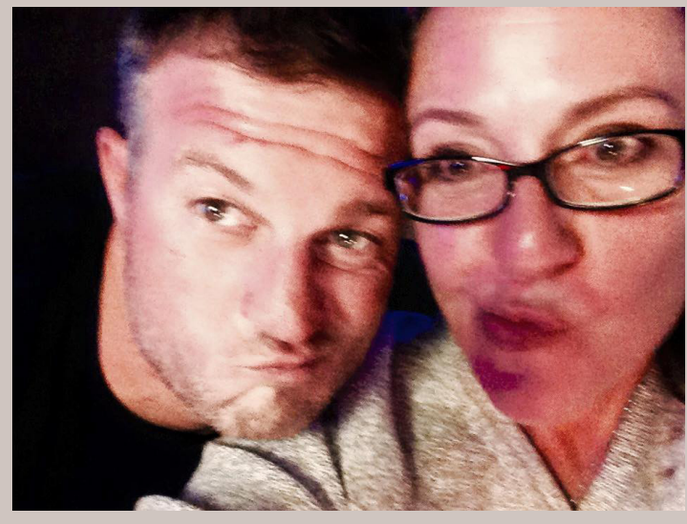
Coach













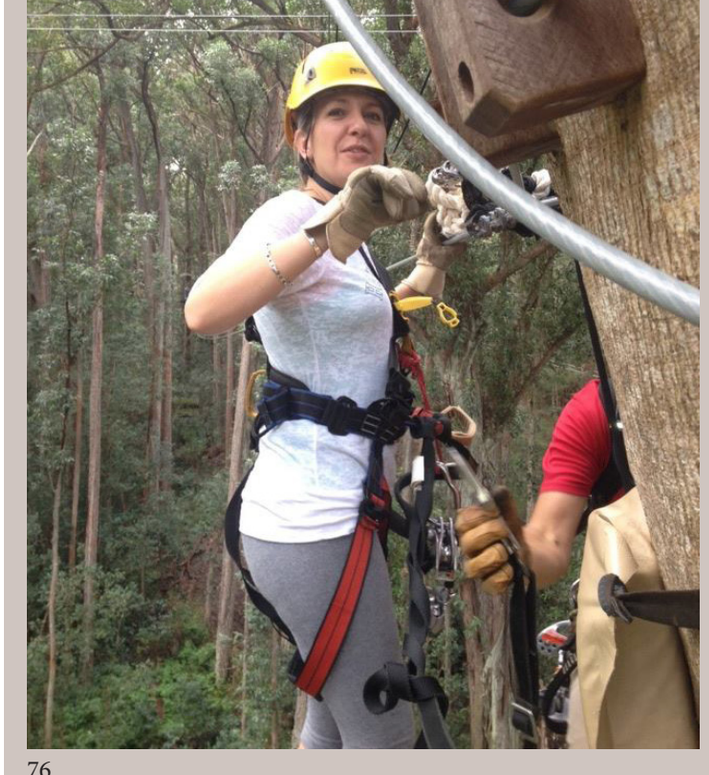


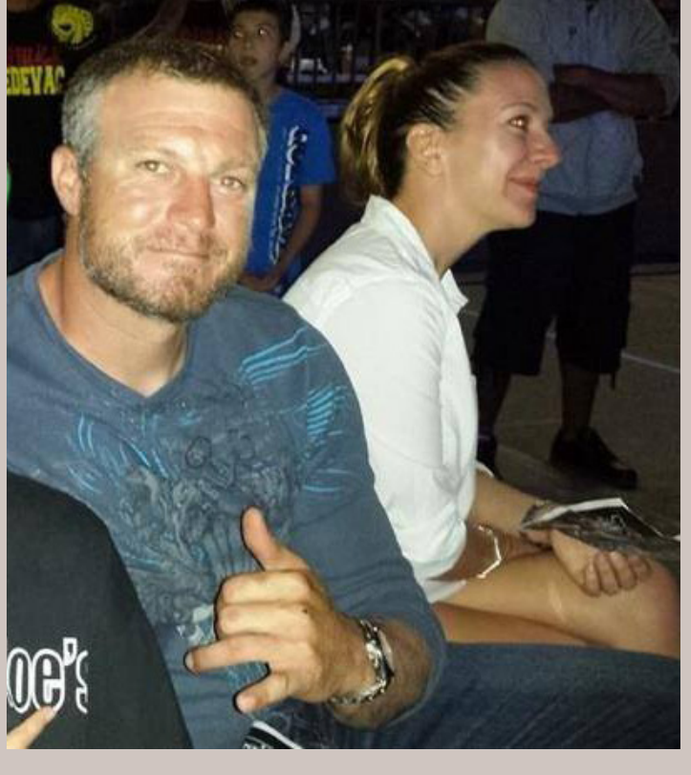
“I Need a Hug!”



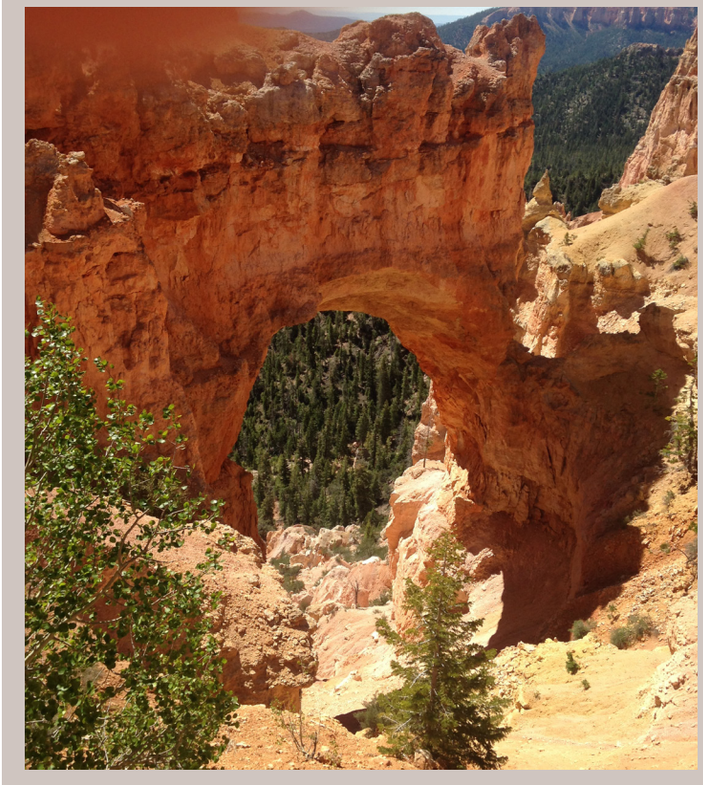



LOVE






RZR
RZR




Average Joe's









Hoki





Sharknado








CLOSED
WILL RETURN
Please Call Again









Jen Jen















Jen Jen T-Shirts-Video































Mimosas



Jen Jen Gets a Ring-Video

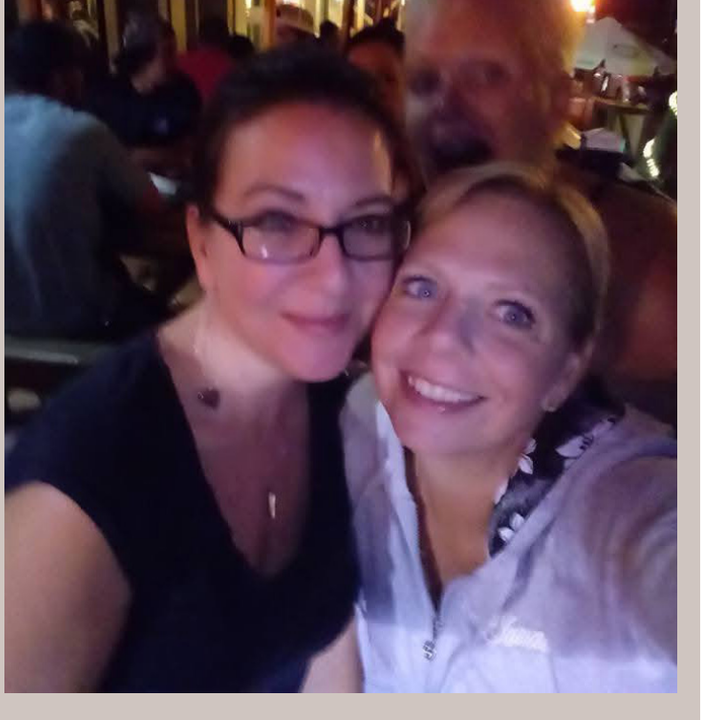


Happy Birthday Sissy!





Jessica Mills








Y'all!







John














TEQUILA
HERRADURA









Kate


Y'all!


BAHA







Kevin







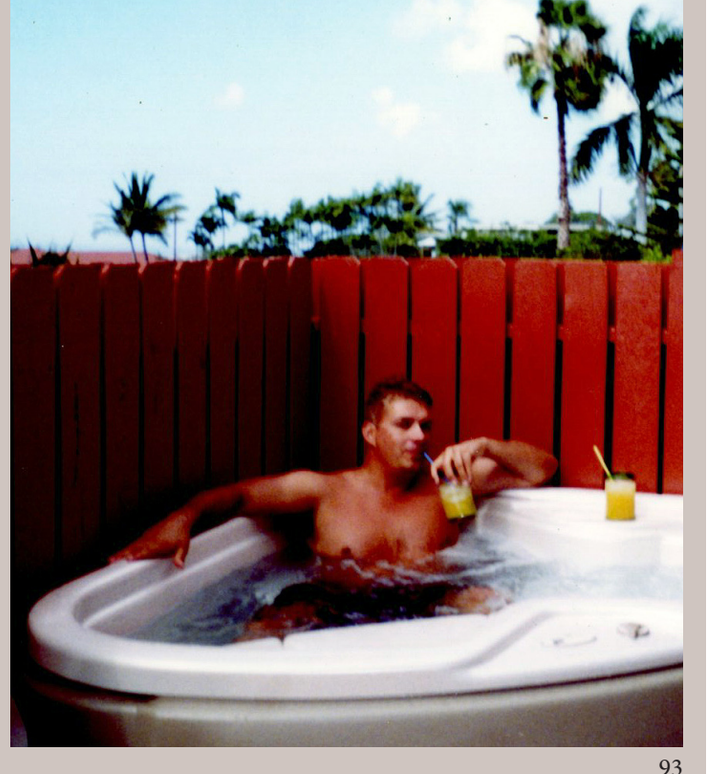





Tucker


RUN
FORRES
RUN
Corona
Extra





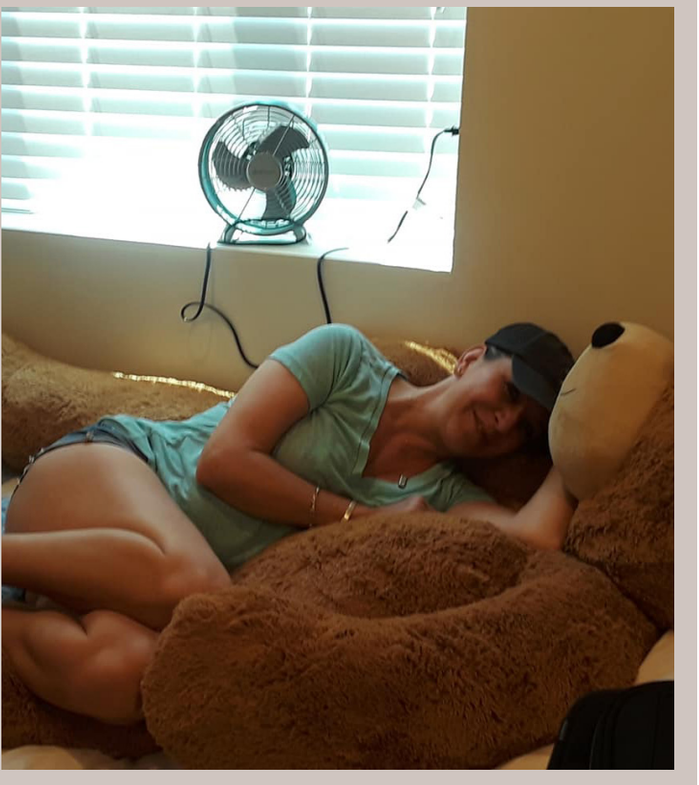
Michael

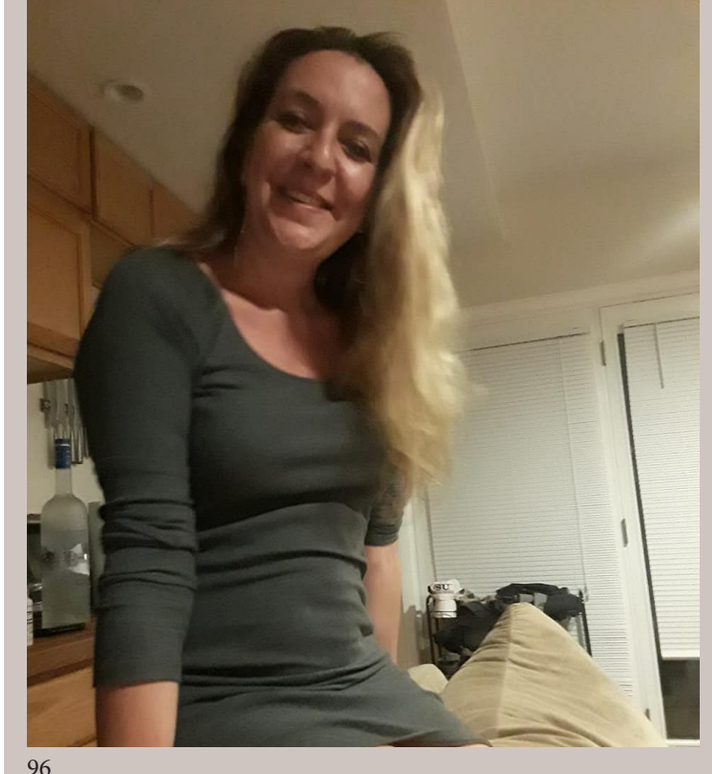







National
Car Rental
ENGIE
Fanatics
Bank of America
John Hancock
new balance
Ford
tyco
FOXWOODS
W.B.MASON
E.W.WEBB
OPTUM






BOSTON



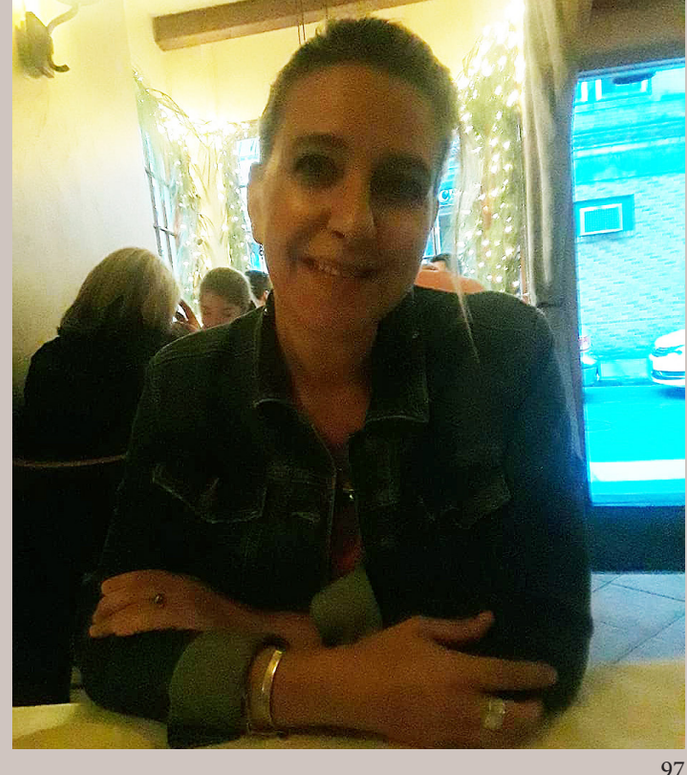







SAUSAGES


SAUSAGES



Old Scott





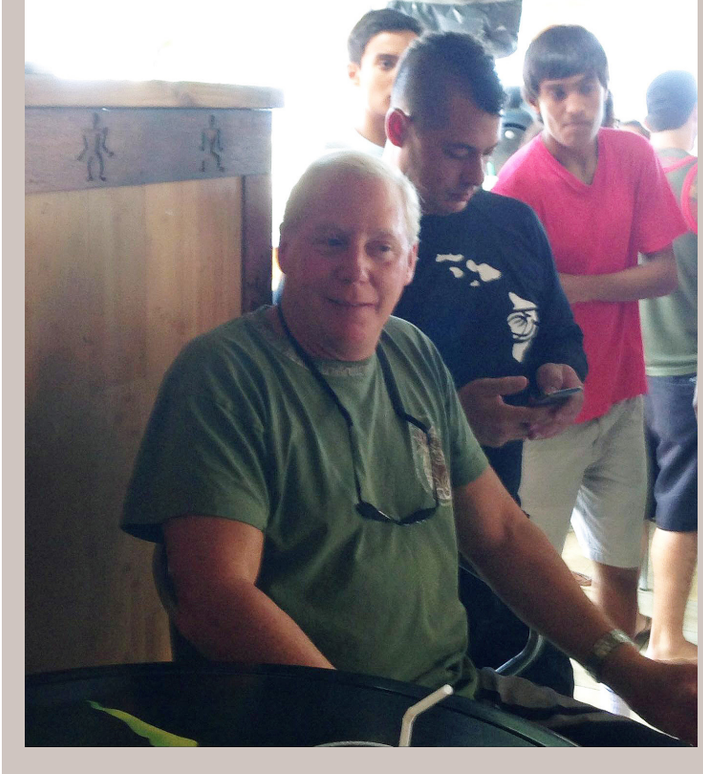
















New Scott


















DGE





















Street





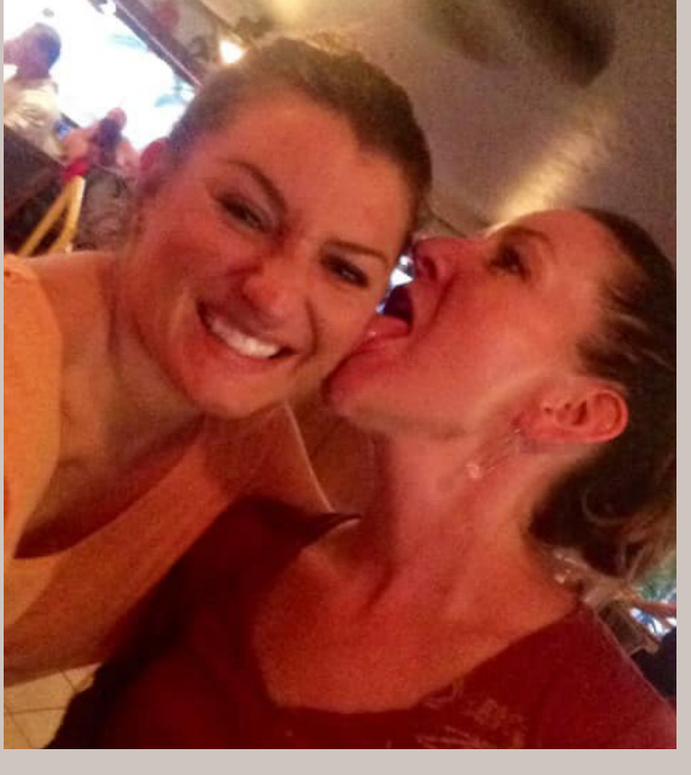














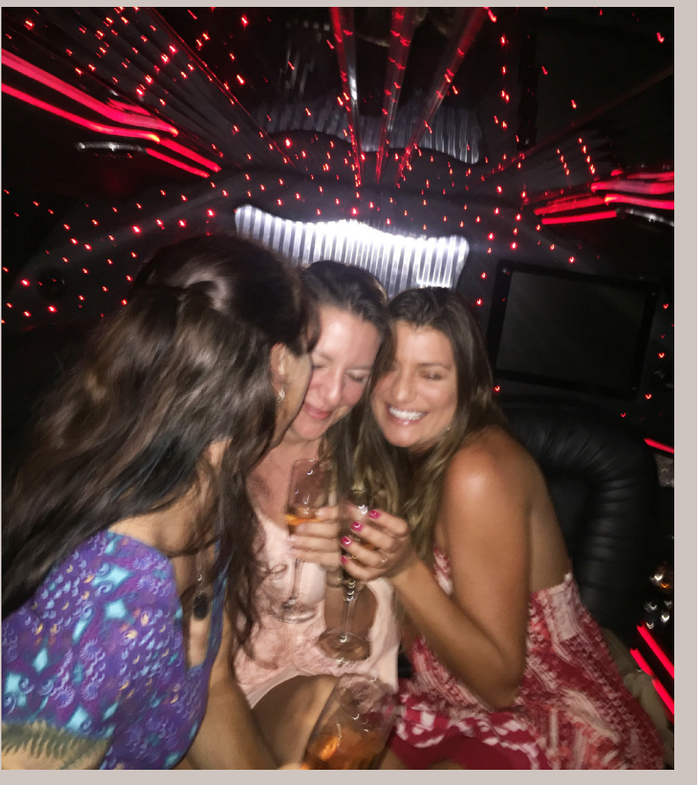





COLD
INKS























WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
REWARD
$ 50000.00
Enter code to share your photos and watch video at:
www.blababooth.com
ID CODE:BHGT-MFLDH
facebook
twitter
YouTube

The Diaz Family

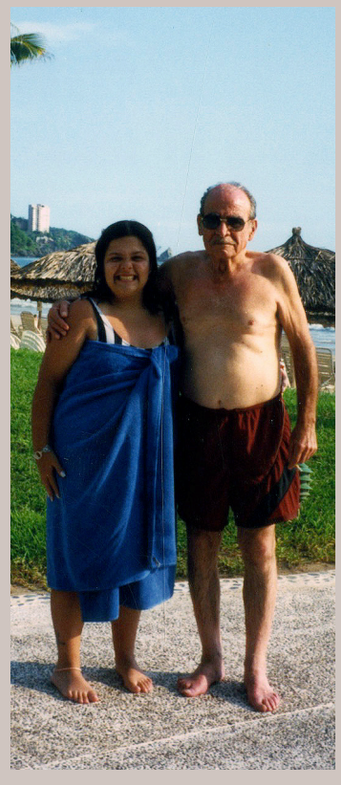




Lunch with Tabatha-Video




WELCOME
TO Fabulous
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA
DREAMTRIPS
HOULD
HERE
04/14/1




YOUR CONNECTION TO WHAT'S NEW IN WORLDVENTURES
VOYAGER
SPECIAL ISSUE
ONE TEAM
ONE
DREAM
UNITED 2014
WELCOME,
Y'ALL!
COME EXPLORE
FT. WORTH,
TEXAS





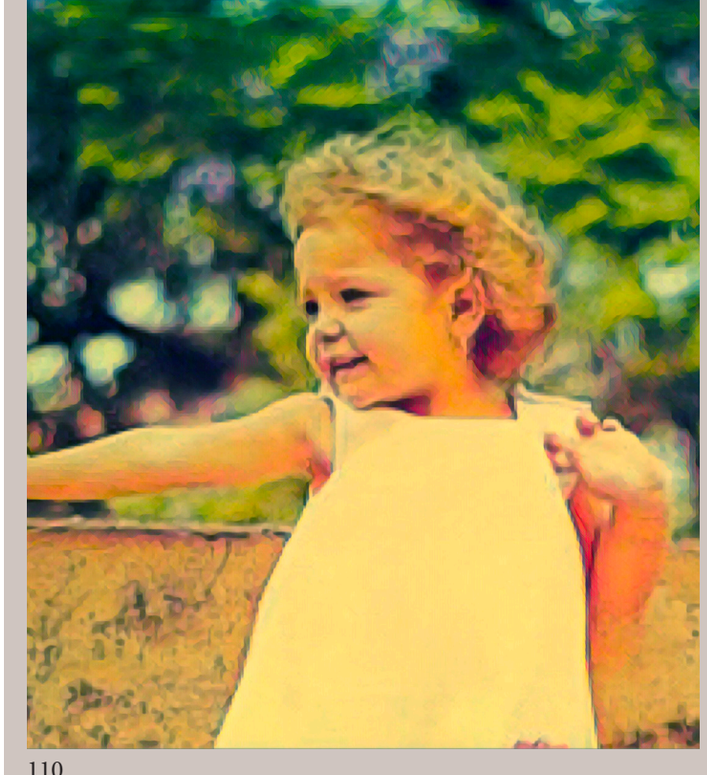


Remembering Tabatha



















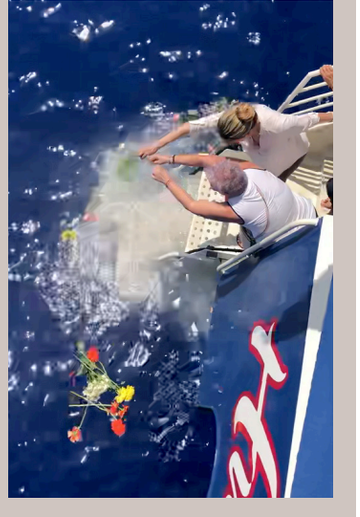












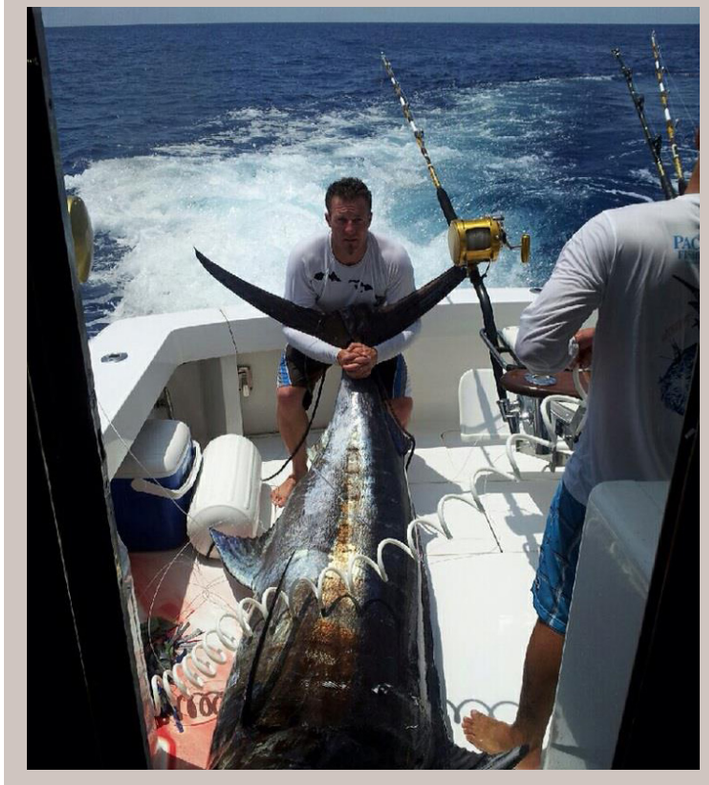






[Bye Bye Tabatha]











Many More









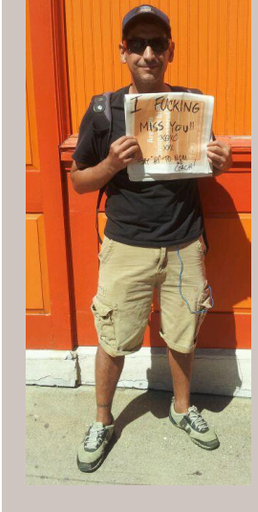











I FUCKING
MISS YOU!!









Gatherings










WATCH IT
HERE
WATCH IT
HERE






Charla
photography




SHOT
FRESH PIZZA


RE/MAX
Brokers




SALTY DOG
BOSTON







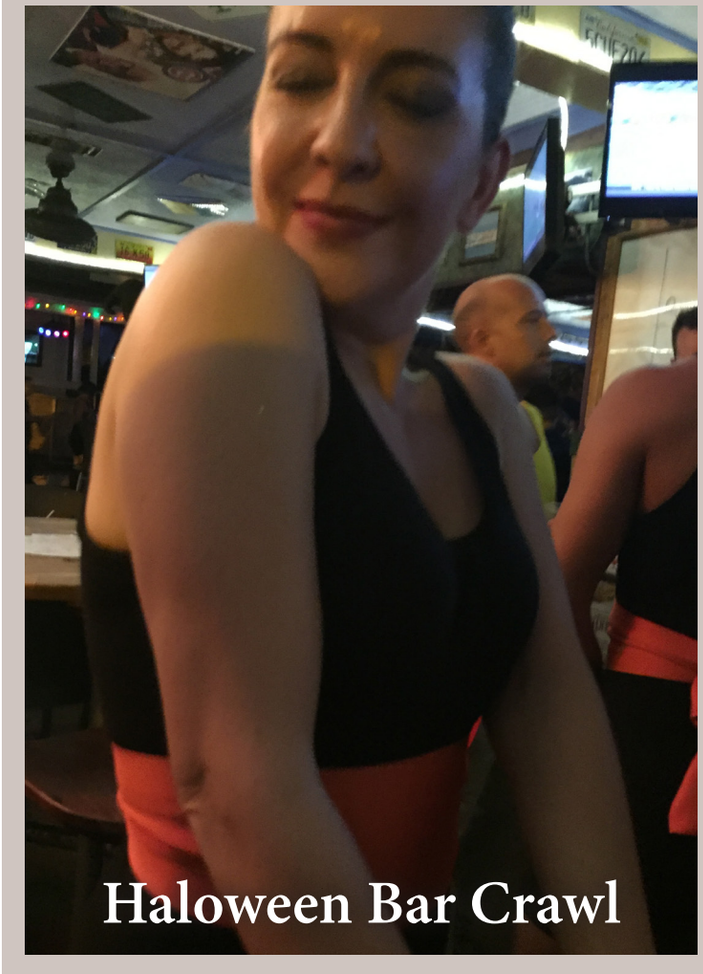




[Easter Egg Roll-Video]

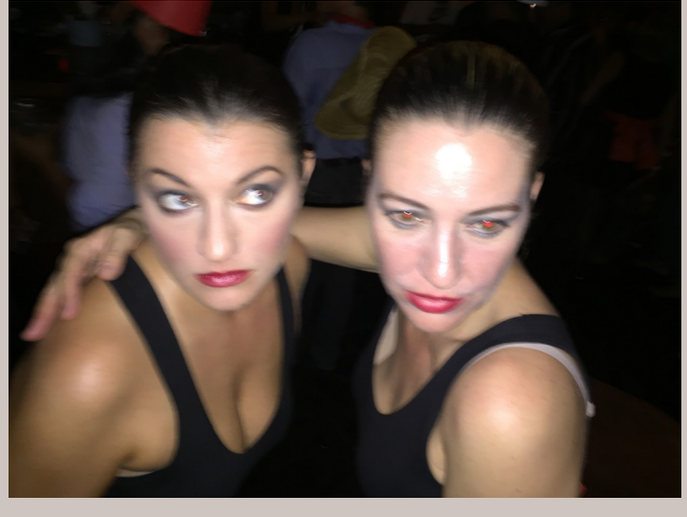


Halloween Bar Crawl-Video



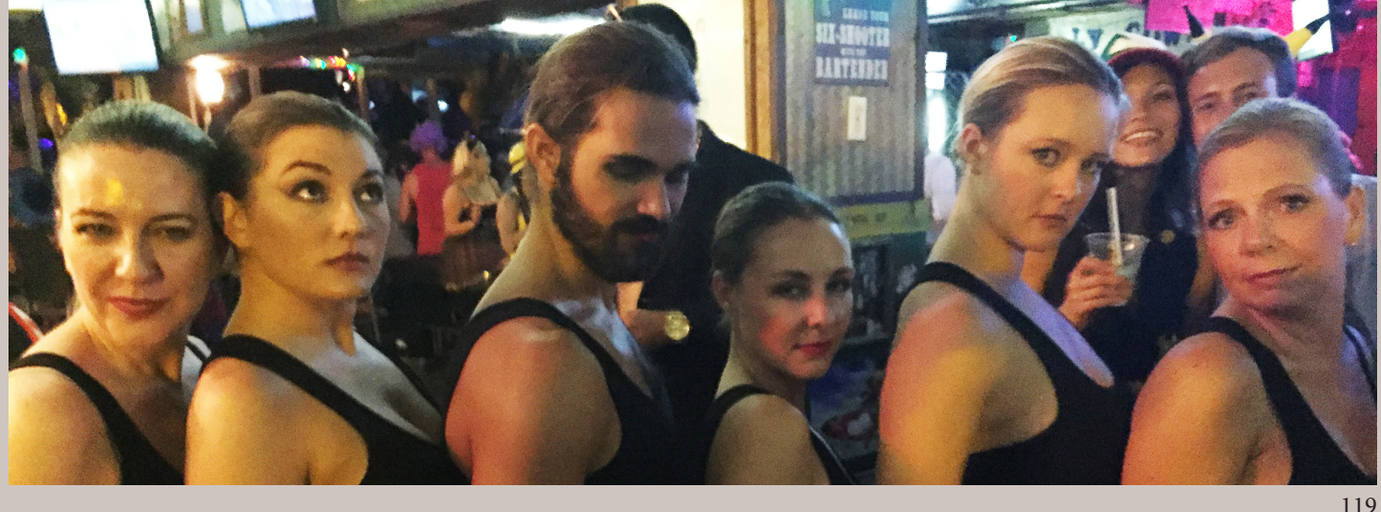












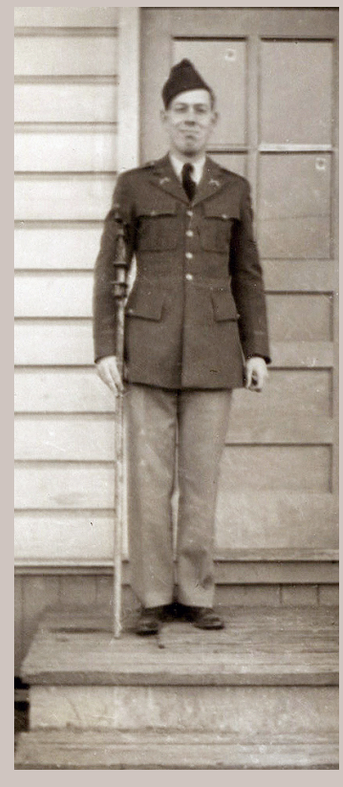
Remembering Family



The Farnhams




















FARNHAM

The Griswolds

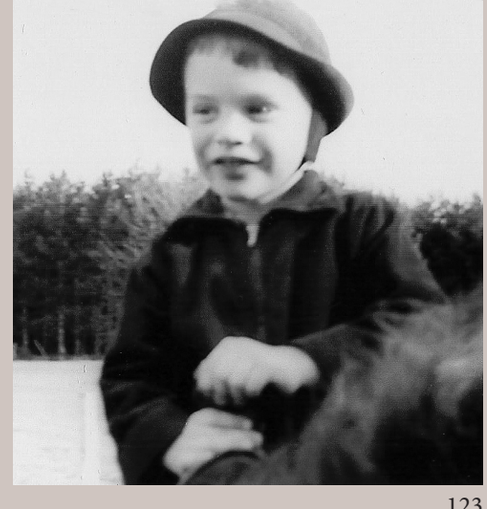


















Moving On





The Battle Begins

Jackie Rey's, Jes Wright, is Fighting for Her Health, Battling Cancer!



JES WRIGHT FIGHT CLUB

Team fundraiser

Jackie Rey's and Richard Farnham, Jes's dad, are organizing this fundraiser.

Created 2 days ago • Medical

Aloha Friends and Supporters,

Jackie's Reys, Kona, head bartender and longest tenured employee is fighting for her health. Diagnosed with colin cancer a few months ago, Jes is currently undergoing radiation and chemo therapies. The radiation phase is winding down, but chemo will contiue for a few more months. When the chemo ends, she will have surgery to remove what remains of the tumor. The prognosis is encouraging, and with a little luck, she should enjoy a full recovery, hopefully by Christmas.

Fortunately, Jes has health insurance, but the uninsured expenses, the cost of travel for treatment, and the likelyhood that she will be out of work for awhile, means that the bills are piling up. The total is already pretty daunting.

So Jackie Reys and Jes's dad are working together to help out. Jackie's is sponsoring this GoFundMe site and Dad is keeping the books. Please consider a donation, no matter what size. Every donation is greatly appreciated, and will help Jessica come out the other side, restored to good health, both physically and fiscally.

Mahalo,

Chad Atkinson, Owner of Jackie Reys, Kona

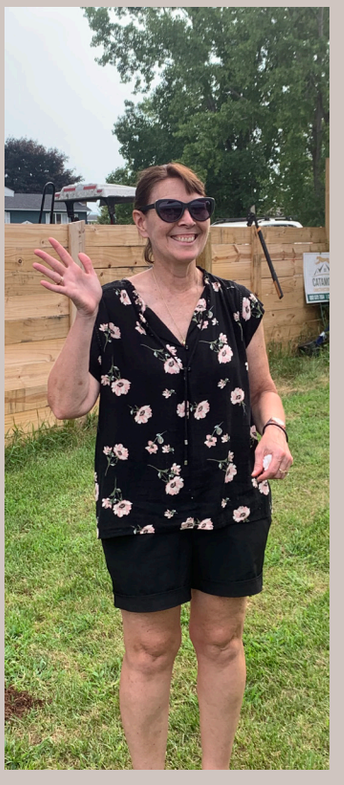
Richard Farnham, Jes's Dad





The Family Reunion 2024


RECENTLY
UPGRADED
TO VERSION
50.0








RECENTLY
UPGRADED
TO VERSION
50.0


RECENTLY
UPGRADED
TO VERSION
50.0


Columbia






NATIVE





Taking the Train

















Visiting Jill



The Going Away Party






SIERRA NEVADA




EASY TO
SUNDAY


ULTRA
RESERVED


KONA
BREWING CO








KONA
BREWING CO.
ULTRA


Liquid Aloha


GREAT
IPA
RESERVED


Liquid Aloha · Hawaii
TROPICS
RESTAURANT
$7.50



National Farewell Tour!

"Spectacular"
Reno Gazette-Journal



- Reno, NV - 9/17
- New Orleans, LA - 9/24
- Philadelphia, PA - 9/27
- Boston, MA - 9/30
- Herkimer, NY - 9/30
- Adirondecks, NY - 10/1
- Burlington, VT - 10/7
- Medford, OR - 10/10
- Palm Springs, CA 10/19

"Best Time Ever"
Philadelphia Inquirer

Jes Wright

With Special Guests:
- Coach
- Jen Jen
- Michael
- Jill, Jeremy & Mina
- Pam, Neal, Karen & Sheila
- Lisa
- Street
- Mary & Katherine

"It's Been Too Long"
Burlington Free Press

Monday, September 16
to
Friday, October 25

"World Class"
Palm Springs Desert Sun

Sponsored by:
Alaska Airlines
Amtrak

Tickets: If You Weren't Invited, You Can't Afford It!

The Farewell Tour



Taking the Train













Visiting Coach










02


SECTION
108


Mark Twain
MUSEUM







Visiting Jen Jen














WITCH




Visiting Michael











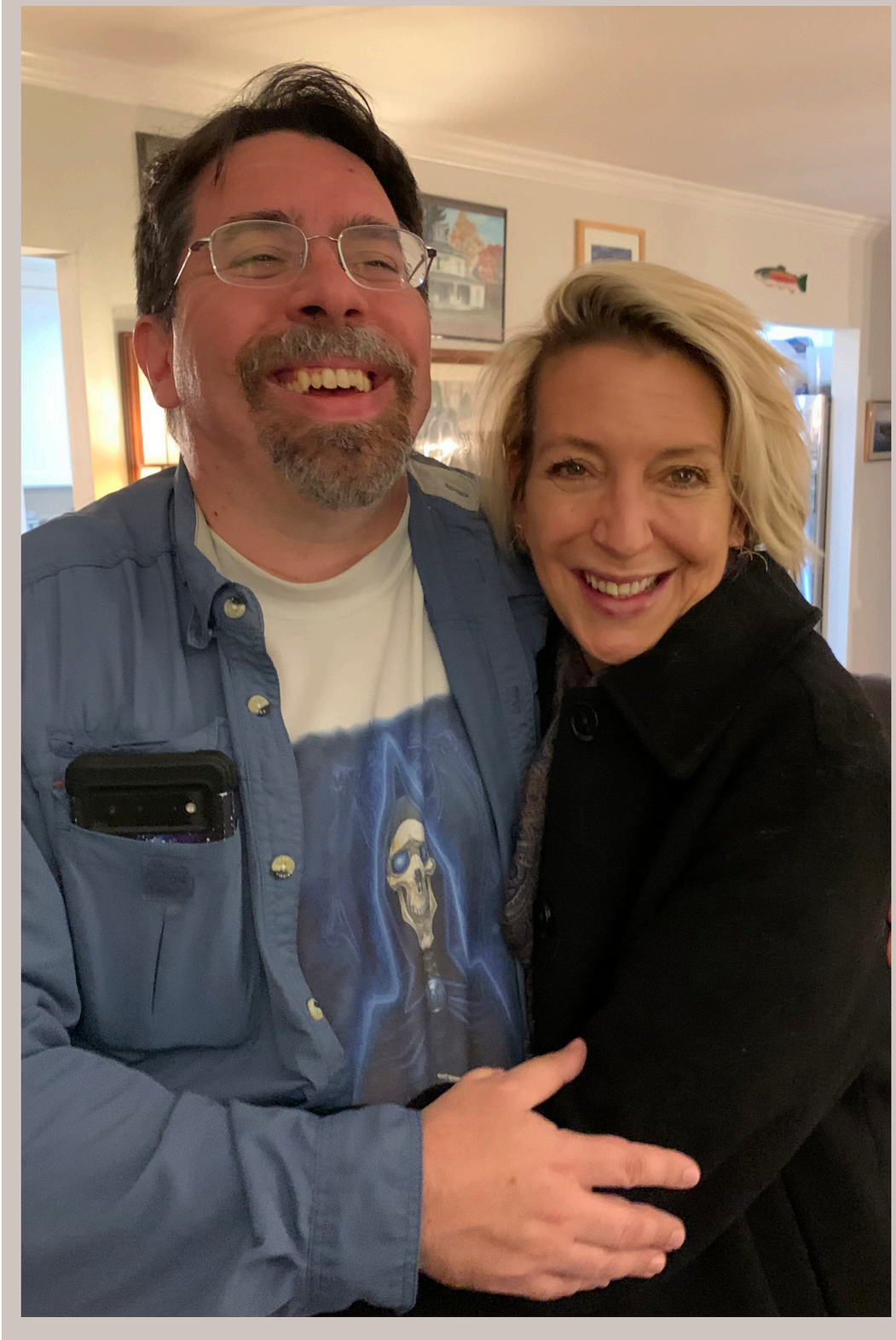






Back to Vermont







Visiting Street



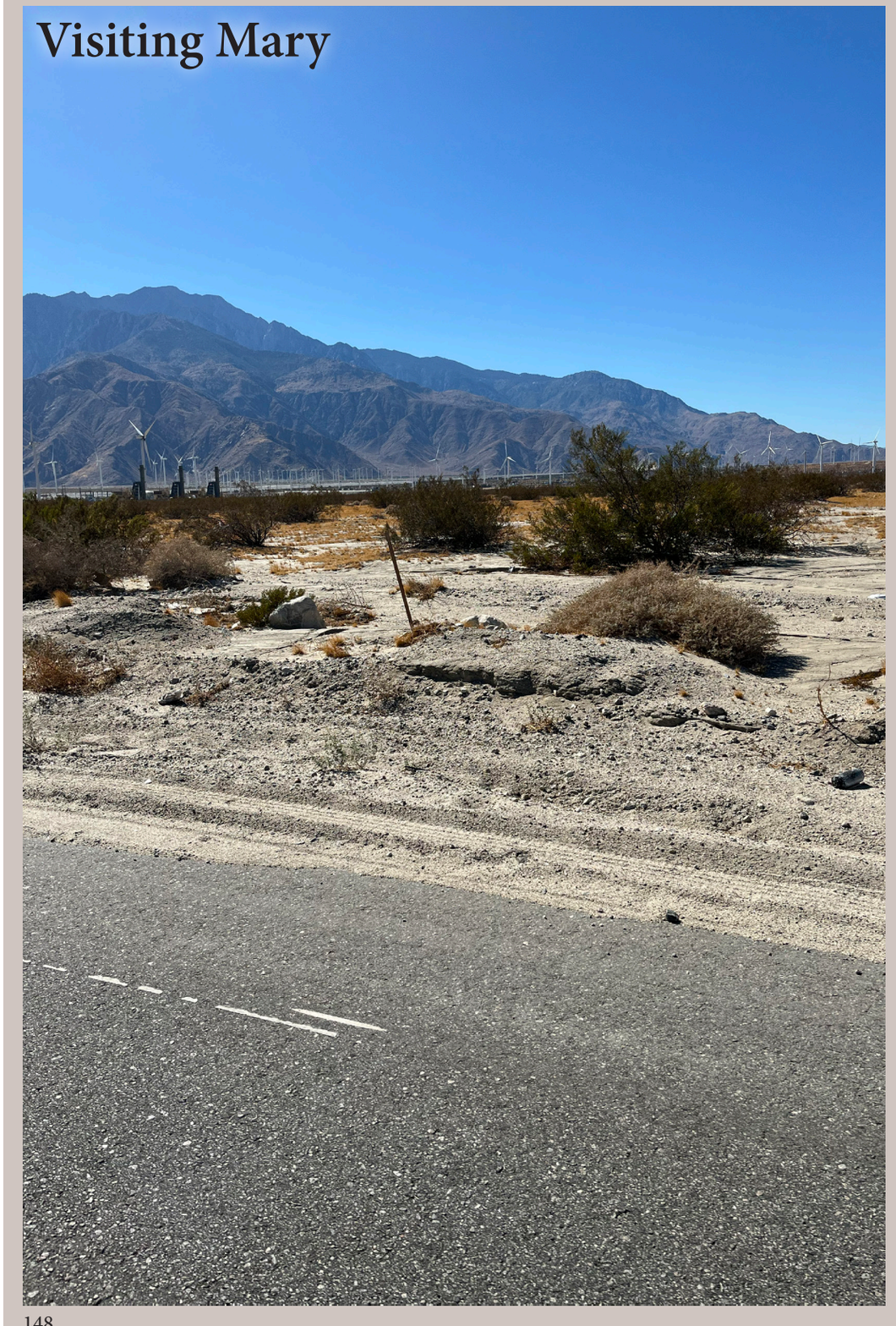





Welcome
TO THE
J'VILLE CLUB



Visiting Mary













It's Really Me



VERMONT DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

CERTIFICATE OF LIVE BIRTH

LOCAL FILE NUMBER

BIRTH NUMBER 144- 1440

CHILD

CHILD — NAME (FIRST / MIDDLE / LAST)	DATE OF BIRTH (MONTH, DAY, YEAR)	HOUR
1. Jessica Hunt Farnham	2a. October 28, 1976	2b. 2:22 P. M.

SEX	THIS BIRTH — SINGLE, TWIN, TRIPLET, ETC. (SPECIFY)	IF NOT SINGLE BIRTH — BORN FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, ETC. (SPECIFY)	COUNTY OF BIRTH
3. Female	4a. Single	4b.	5a. Chittenden, VERMONT

CITY, TOWN, OF BIRTH	HOSPITAL — NAME (IF NOT IN HOSPITAL, GIVE STREET AND NUMBER)
5b. Burlington	5c. Medical Center Hospital of Vermont MFU

MOTHER

MOTHER — MAIDEN NAME (FIRST / MIDDLE / LAST)	AGE (AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH)	TOWN AND STATE OF BIRTH (IF NOT IN U.S.A., NAME COUNTRY)
6a. Jill Griswold	6b. 30	6c. St. Albans, Vermont

MOTHER'S MAILING ADDRESS (INCLUDE STREET OR ROUTE NUMBER AND ZIP)

7. RD # 1, 442 A, Williston, Vermont 05495

RESIDENCE — STATE IN WHAT CITY OR TOWN DOES 8a. MOTHER ACTUALLY LIVE	COUNTY	CITY, TOWN
Vermont	8b. Chittenden	8c. Williston

FATHER

FATHER — NAME (FIRST / MIDDLE / LAST)	AGE (AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH)	TOWN AND STATE OF BIRTH (IF NOT IN U.S.A. NAME COUNTRY)
9a. Richard Hunt Farnham	9b. 30	9c. Burlington, Vermont

INFORMANT	RELATION TO CHILD
10a. Jill Farnham	10b. Mother

CERTIFIER

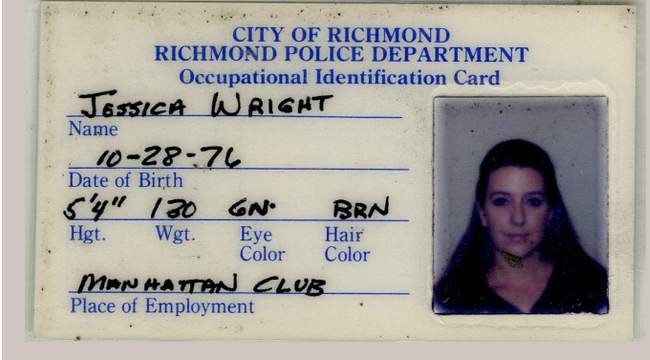
I CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE NAMED CHILD WAS BORN ALIVE AT THE PLACE AND TIME AND ON THE DATE STATED ABOVE.	DATE SIGNED (MONTH, DAY, YEAR)	ATTENDANT — M.D., D.O., MIDWIFE, OTHER (SPECIFY)
11a. SIGNATURE John D Lewis	11b. 30 Oct 76	11c. MD
CERTIFIER — NAME (TYPE OR PRINT) 11d. John D. Lewis, M.D.	MAILING ADDRESS CITY OR TOWN, STATE, ZIP 11e. One Timber Lane, South Burlington, Vt.	

REGISTRAR

REGISTRAR — SIGNATURE	DATE RECEIVED BY LOCAL REGISTRAR (MONTH, DAY, YEAR)
12a. T. L. Wagner	12b. Nov 5, 1976


Entertainment Employee
Jessica Wright
DOB: 10/1976
Height: 5'4 Weight:
Hair: Brown Eyes: GRN
Issue Date: 12-7-2004
Expires:
June 30, 2005
City of Richmond
Occupational Identification Card


Exp. Date: MAR. 2012 No.: CON07-167
Jessica F. Wright
has qualified as a "person in active charge of the premises" for premises licensed for consumption thereon pursuant to Rule 5-2 of the Rules of the Liquor Commission.
Director, Department of Liquor Control, County of Hawaii


CITY OF RICHMOND
RICHMOND POLICE DEPARTMENT
Occupational Identification Card
JESSICA WRIGHT
Name
10-28-76
Date of Birth
5'4" 120 GN BRN
Hgt. Wgt. Eye Color Hair Color
MANHATTAN CLUB
Place of Employment


LIQUOR CONTROL
County of Hawai'i
DISPENSER
Wright, Jessica
CON17-279
NOT A VALID ID
EXP. DATE: MAY 2022


Hawaii DRIVER LICENSE
USA
4a. Iss. 11/01/2010
4d. H01146854
4b. Exp: 10/28/2017
3. DOB: 10/28/1976
5. 20101101100853008635H
1. WRIGHT
2. JESSICA, F
8. PO BOX 3380
KAILUA-KONA HI 96740
16. Ht: 5-04
17. Wt: 130
18. Eye: GRN
15. Sex: F
9. Cl: 3
9a. En: NONE
12. Re: AB
DONOR
SIGNATURE OF BEARER / SIGNATURE DU TITULAIRE / FIRMA DEL TITULAR
PASSPORT
PASSEPORT
PASAPORTE
USA
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Type / Type / Tipo P
Code / Code / Codigo USA
Passport No. / No. du Passeport / No. de Pasaporte 573453870
Surname / Nom / Apellidos
WRIGHT
Given Names / Prénoms / Nombres
JESSICA FARNHAM
Nationality / Nationalité / Nacionalidad
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Date of birth / Date de naissance / Fecha de nacimiento
28 Oct 1976
Place of birth / Lieu de naissance / Lugar de nacimiento
VERMONT, U.S.A.
Sex / Sexe / Sexo
F
Date of issue / Date de délivrance / Fecha de expedición
19 Apr 2017
Authority / Autorité / Autoridad
United States Department of State
Date of expiration / Date d'expiration / Fecha de caducidad
18 Apr 2027
Endorsements / Mentions Spéciales / Anotaciones
SEE PAGE 27
USA
P<USAWRIGHT<<JESSICA<FARNHAM<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<
5734538702USA7610282F2704184122072929<011916

Musings

Jes



A Love That Is True

I begin with a lie...
We all tell them.

I know true love.

You can't see it.
You can't smell it.
You can't taste it.
Touch it, maybe...
Feel It...Yes, Oh ...Yes.

I know true love.

She'll die for you.

Passion is true love.

One that will transcend space and time.
One whose heart is true.
She'll take a hit for you-
Even when it hurts.

Anything for love
Anything for pleasure.

Never looking back
For just one more...
We will continue
On.

Just let go.

COURT OF THE CRIMSON KING

I watch their pompous parade marching through my world.
Their footsteps echo in my mind, their cries echo in my soul.
Frozen faces, blood red coats.
A sickness spreads through my body as I witness their twisted rituals.
Paying homage to their king, on both knees they pray.
He watches their pitiful display, insane with power.
A grotesque mind in a beautiful body.
He raises his arms as if to strike them, and they watch without fear.
Almost with awe.
He shouts his gospel, warping their minds, conforming them to his own.
Lies!, Lies!, Lies!, I long to scream to them.
False promises, Demented dreams.
But I stay hidden.
Frightened of their insanity.
I watch from a distance.
Behind twitching eyes, my emotions clash.
Shades of fear, blood crimson, royal blue, shining gold.
Blending to a blinding white.
A super nova, burning through my brain
I hear their chants, reaching, pulling at my soul.
I fight to escape my own mind, my own fears.
Yet their web of hatred holds me ever fast.

Jes Farnham
2/4/92

THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE AS FAR AWAY

Hello.
Can you hear me?
A man in the distance spins idly in the wind.
A cloak of many shades whips wildly around.
Alone and afraid, hidden in a darkened room, a woman dies alone.
A small child runs from her nightmares, weeping unshed tears.
Waltzing through an endless dream, a body without a soul.
A corpse in life, a mummy in death.
Oh God please help me, don't let me die alone!
Are you listening?
Can you help me?
He's here again, the man in black.
Help! He's come for me, trying to steal my heart.
Run.
I'm trying, Lord help me I'm trying.
Show me your secret, show me a place to run.
There's no such place as far away.

Jes Farnham
3/23/92

REVENGE

The cool breeze was running through my hair, bringing with it the sickly sweet smell of fresh flowers and grass. I could feel the soft warmth of the sun on my upturned face, and the caress of the wind on my arms and legs. An old song of the elves floated through my mind and forced its way through my lips. Just as the second verse of the mystic tune began to come forth, my mind started to slip away. Farther and farther, my memories wandered. Out of nowhere a soft nicker broke my reverie, and brought me rushing back to the present.

"Hello Fireheart, hungry are you?"

A relatively large blood bay stallion with a matching mane and tail was walking to my side. As I turned to look at him I was caught by the magic of his eyes. They were of the deepest green, like liquid emeralds, and they seemed to reflect an intense knowledge. A smile flashed across my face for an instant as I reached out to touch his strong jaw, it was quickly wiped away by a grimace of pain. I dropped my arm quickly and the burning sensation began to subside. A large sword wound graced the flesh of my upper arm, a result of a run in with a nasty tempered dwarf. My entire shoulder was beginning to turn a fierce red in color and throbbed like it had its own heart. Like a sudden fog, a blanket of concern settled on my mind. I looked up at Fireheart with a playful smirk,

"It's fine Heart, stop worrying."

The Tendrils that so tightly gripped my brain began to ebb away, but they remained at the back of my mind, tugging at my thoughts. I stood up and winced at the snapping of my joints. After a moment of strecthing I walked to his side and mounted with careful deliberance. With Fireheart's added height I could better take note of my surroundings. The landscape that stretched about us was breathtaking. To the east lay the mountain range known as the Teeth of the Devils. Beyond the mountains lay the kingdom of Zornsfall, and to the north and west was the desert of Rage. My destination was to the south, towards the Valley of the Moon. It was on this location that my eyes were locked. From admist the lush green of the shallow valley four spires of old gray stone sprang up . I could see the pale light of the suns reflecting off the river that gurgled happily through the greenery , making jubliant colors that danced on the clouds above. Reflected in my eyes, those colors began flashing brighter and more brillant as my anger intensified.

"I'm coming for you ."

The words seemed to drip off my tougne, and the air around my head vibrated with fury. The spires of the castle stood out among the mountains, as if to tell all of thier mighty power. It was to this castle that I would ride, to the home of the royals. Royals, such an ironic title, they were murders, and they would pay. The sour taste of anger began to form at the edge of my jaw and I spat bitterly .

"Only three more days Fireheart, then we shall have our revenge."

"Save your anger for the royals love."

The words swam musically through my mind and touched my heart. He turned his head to look at me and I could see the magic in his eyes, eyes that were so like my own. I leaned forward to wrap my arms around his supple neck, and my anger melted away. All I could feel now was the love that my compainion instilled in me. Fireheart was all I had left now, and he was my life.

"Come Heart, let us ride."

He tossed his long mane lightly and trotted through the foliage. Coming out upon the open road we stood for a minute, I quickly pulled back my long red hair into a tight bun so that the firce heat would not be so intense. Fireheart began to prance nervously and I turned to see what was the matter.

About three hundred feet behind us was a long caravan, it was moving quite slowly and the sounds that emanated from the seperate carts was amazing. Fireheart had a great fear of large numbers of people, and this looked like trouble. We pulled back into the bushes on the side of the road to wait for the procession with out being seen. As the caravan drew closer I realized how small the carts were. There were about thrity of them and each one was painted with obscencely loud colors. However the volume was muted somewhat by the amount of road grime that caked the sides. It drew closer and closer until I could finally make out the large and beautifully written words on the side of the first coach. "MOTHER MASTIFF'S TRAVELING DELIGHTS." A small gasp escaped my lips as I realized that we were watching a gypsie caravan, probably one of the last in exsistence. The carts were just in front of us now and the small ponies that were pulling them began to snort as our scent pervaded the air. There was a small man driving the first cart and he began to swear profusley as the ponies sheid away from our hiding place in the bushes.

"Damn nags! GIDDAP!"

It was useless to hide any longer. As though we were sharing the same thought, fireheart burst through the bushes and reared to his full height just in front of the first carrige. The two twin ponies squealed furiously and began to run in the oppisite direction. With this sudden jolt the small man who used to have control of them promptly lost his seat and fell to the ground. The ponies began to come around again and were headed right for the man on the ground. I immediately realized that if I didn't do something fast that he would be killed. Senseing my thoughts, Fireheart ran full tilt towards the man, he began to scream furiously. When we were directly next to him I reached down, and using the speed of Firehearts run, I scooped him up and landed him gently on the saddle in front of me. We stopped by the side of the road and I dropped him to safety, then without listening to hear what it was that he was saying, We raced off again to queit the ponies. By this time they had disrupted the whole caravan and all hell was breaking lose. Fireheart ran to catch up with the runaway cart and when we were parallel to it, I climbed on and grabbed the reins. Fireheart ran off to gather up the other runaways and I steadied my charges. They soon ran themselves out and I had them under control moments later. When they were calm enough, I walked them back to the rest of the group. All the carts had been settled and about one hundred tiny people were gathered in the center of the road. The man I had saved was standing in the center and trying to calm everyone down, he appeared to be of some authority but was doing little to soothe the crowd. Fireheart trotted over to me and I climbed down from the cart and walked with him to the babbling mass of people. His hooves rang out softly on the hard earth of the road, and the throng was hushed as they watched our appraoch. My hair had fallen during the scuffle and it now swayed gracefully around my ankles as I walked. I realize now as I look back upon that day what we must have looked like, and I understand why the people were staring. A giant stallion, his coat glistening like blood in the sun, mane and tail flowing beautifully in the wind. Next to him a small women with long hair the color of fire, and one set of brillant green eyes adorning each of their faces. As we drew closer still the magic seemed to lift, and a small murmur passed like a wave over the awe-struck crowd. I could feel the nervousness radiating from Fireheart's mind so I placed one hand on his neck to calm him. A path appeared in the mass and we proceded through to the center. The man who was standing there bowed as I approached,

"I owe you my life, for that I am in your debt,"

"Thank you, but you need not feel obligated to me."

"Whether I need to or not is not your concern, it is the custom of the gypsie people. If you will stay I will explain more."

I looked about me, the people were slowly moving closerand a very few were brave enough to try to touch Fireheart. He began to prance and snorted angrily.

"Please keep your beast in control, he has done enough damage."

Fireheart shot a firce glance at the man taking one step toward him. He jumped back and tried to hide behind one of his people.

"Be careful what you say, my "beast" is called Fireheart, and he can understand every word you speak."

He crept out from behind his guard and steped forward.

"I apoligize for insulting your horse, if it caused you any discomfort please forgive me."

At this Fireheart seemed satisfied and turned his attentions back to the people surrounding him. He soon realized that they would be no trouble and allowed them to pet him freely. I noted that every thing was alright, so I turned back to talk to the little man. He was obviously disgruntled so I decided to ask him some questions so that he could regain his authority.

"My name is Yakeenan, who are you?"

"I am called Shatly, and I am the leader of this band."

"Well if you are the leader then who is Mother Mastiff?"

"I am Mother Mastiff."

I turned around quickly to see a tall woman walking towards me, her hair was tied neatly in a long braid that was hanging gracefully over her left shoulder. It was the color of the purest snow. Her face was finely lined, she looked to be about fifty years of age. Her lips were colored the brightest red, as she talked you could see her teeth beneath them, they were small and rounded except for her two canines. Perhaps it was just a trick of the light or maybe the way she spoke, but they looked almost like fangs. The

thought was unsettling. She had very high cheekbones and her face looked as though it had been carved from living marble. Her eyes were peirceing, I felt as though she could see my very thoughts. The strangest thing was their color, they were black as ebony. Her skin was olive in color and was beautiful to look at. Hanging around her neck was a small silver chain and swinging slowly on the end of it was a pendant. It looked like a tear, frozen in time, the sun glistened off it's shimmering surface. Suspended across her shoulders was a heavy shawl, it radiated a deep blue color. Under the shawl was a pale tunic, it looked as though it had once been white, but the years had not been kind. She had on a long flowing black skirt that was cinched tightly about her waist. As she walked closer to us I noticed a slight limp in her stride. "Yakeenan. Yakeenan, where are you?"

I crawled out from my own private hiding place among the rose groves.

"Coming mother."

I ran towards a short elven women with strawberry blond hair that reached almost to her ankles. My own hair was almost waist length and the color of the setting sun, a brilliant fire red. I was clad in the normal attire of the elven folk, a short green tunic and brown hose. On my feet were a pair of knee high soft boots made of morc skin.

"Hurry up, it's time to go."

It was time to go to the bazaar again. The bazaar was a trade fair for all races that lasted for six weeks during the season of the sun. This time mother was taking me with her to help her sell our morc skins. As I ran up to her she handed me a pile of skins and a larger one to carry them in. As I struggled with my load she quickly braided her hair and tied it with a small strap of leather. I looked up at her with bewildered eyes, the leathers were spread around me and I couldn't seem to get them together. She smiled and gently touched my head, then with lighting hands she gathered up the skins and bound them to my back. She strapped on her own pack and we started to the bazaar.

"Yakeenan wait!"

A sharp cry from behind me stopped my trek, and I turned to see my brother, Yalen, running towards me.

"Take this with you, and try to sell it." He panted breathlessly.

He opened his tiny hand and gave me a bracelet made of dwarves silver. It had three small pieces of black sapphire on the front, and the whole thing seemed to be almost alive with an inner warmth.

"Oooohhhhhh, pretty!" I cried in a small girlish voice.

"Well if you don't sell it then you can keep it."

"Come Yakeenan!" My mothers voice rang out in the quiet of the wood.

"I must go, thank you Yalen."

He waved me off and bid me farewell.

"Good journey young one, be good."

I returned his wave and chased after my mother who was already only a small speck in the distance. I stopped only once to look back, and saw him still standing there. I waved once more and rushed away.

"*Time to camp, love*."

I jumped back to the present with an almost audible snap.

"Alright Heart, find a spot will you."

I looked around and noticed that many hours had gone by. The two pale pink suns that circled overhead had gone down some time ago. The only light now was that which radiated from the one huge, dull, blue moon that was now showing it's massive face. Fireheart had trotted off to a secluded spot amongst a small rose grove, and was patiently waiting for me to release him of his load. I dismounted slowly and removed the saddle and traveling bags from his back. Unlike other steeds, Fireheart does not wear a mouthpiece, nor did I need one to control him, as he is much more intelligent and responsive than a mear horse. He snorted a brief thank-you and trotted off to find food. I picked up my belongings and walked to a small clearing in the left corner of the grove. As I walked the rose petals made small crushing sounds beneath my feet, and small animals scurried out of my way. I dropped the travel bags in the clearing and carefully set down Firehearts saddle, which I would clean carefully before anything else. As I began to lay out a small cooking fire, I was almost knocked unconscious by an immense blast of pain and anger searing through my mind.

"Fireheart!"

I scrambled to my feet as another bolt of anger blasted through my head. I raced blindly through the roses ahead of me, praying that I would arrive in time to stop whatever was happening. I burst through the edge of the grove flashing my twin stilettos, which I had managed to free from their case while I was running. Hovering before my eyes was a large tyskynn, and rearing on his back hooves was Fireheart, with a long gash spread across his ribcage. He was fighting heroically, but he was slowly losing, and I knew my time was running out.

"Fireheart!"

I screamed once again, and rushed into the fray. Dancing underneath flashing hooves and a thrashing tail, I managed to drop one of my stilettos. The giant lizard was now eyeing me hungrily, surely an elf would be much easier to kill than a horse. A rush of panic surged through me. As I dived for my knife, a massive scaly forearm knocked me out of my flight in mid-dive. I hit the ground with a smack, and heard rather than felt one of my ribs crack on impact. I rolled over in time to see the beast make its final decision, give up on the horse and come after me. I fumbled for my folding crossbow, and managed to release it. Unfortunately, I had forgotten to reload it when I had used it last. I scrambled to find an arrow in my belt pouch, but I knew that there would never be enough time for me to load, aim, and release, before I became a meal to the overgrown snake that was approaching at ever increasing speed. Fireheart saw my plight and surged back into the battle. With the animal momentarily distracted, I knocked an arrow, took aim, and let it sail. It landed with a solid thud in its upper torso, and an blood curdling screech pierced the air as it penetrated the thick hide. I scrambled to my feet and drew my sword as I approached the now wounded creature. Walking slowly towards it I looked down upon the monster that was now writhing in pain on the ground. It was large as tyskynns go, a good ten feet long. It was amazing how the tiny wings that sprouted about a foot below the animals head could carry that immense weight. Other than the wings, two powerful forearms, and the three horns that graced its brow, a tyskynn looked like a giant snake. It was an incredibly ugly animal, but it was good to eat, and the meat traveled well. I managed to avoid the flailing limbs and tail and neatly slit its throat. I scooped up a handful of damp leaves and wiped my sword clean, as I straightened up I noticed that blood was running down my arm. I realized with dismay that my sword wound had opened again. I ripped a small tourniquet from my tunic and wrapped my arm as a scowl spread slowly across my face. Twisting around stiffly, I looked back at Fireheart. He was standing tiredly a few yards off from the body, and his side was bleeding badly. I stumbled to him to inspect the wound. It was not deep and the bleeding would stop soon, so I decided I would dress it later.

"*Thanks for the help.*" Fireheart managed to mumble into my mind.

"I am here to serve."

I turned to look at the reptile again, and mumbled out loud to no one in particular,

"It looks like dinner came to us this time."

I walked back to the body and began to search the area for my other stiletto, I found it half buried and returned it to its case. Fireheart had gone back to the campsite, and I decided to gather some wild grain for him later. With a huge sigh I sat down to skin the massive carcass.

The job completed, I began to trudge back to the campsite. I had taken only what I could carry comfortably, and left the rest for the other creatures of the forest. I entered the grove and before I could see the campsite, I could hear a voice. I burst through the brush with the thought of vandals fresh in my mind. I arrived at the clearing to find Fireheart calmly waiting for me with what appeared to be a captive. It was his voice that I had heard, he was yelling to be let free, and shouting some derogatory remark about horses. The man was laying face down in the dust, pinned there by one of Fireheart's massive hooves. I signaled for Fireheart to let him up, and as soon as he was unburdened he leapt to his feet and drew a knife. For this he received a swift kick and I promptly removed the knife from his hand. As he tried to regain his bearings, I swept his feet out from under him. A small cry escaped his lips and he landed with a bone jarring thud. He stood back up and began to ask questions in rapid succession.

"Who are you? And what right do you have to keep me prisoner? I have done no wrong."

I regarded him with curiosity. He appeared to be of elfish origin, though not pure breed. It is possible that a human had entered his family line somewhere. His auburn hair ended at his shoulders, and framed a gracefully handsome face. His almond eyes were amber in color, and showed a fiery anger within. The skin of his face was darkly tanned as was the skin of his arms. He had high delicate cheek

bones and full lips. I looked at him as he was standing and noticed his height and build. He was approximately five feet tall, and had a wiry body that seemed to imply a hidden strength. He was wearing a short tunic and light hose, on his feet were leather soft boots that had almost worn through in several places. The one strange thing was his voice. It had a strange lilt to it, almost musical. It was an accent I had never heard before, but it almost seemed royal.
"Hungry?"
"You are not answering my questions, you have no right to keep me here."
"I will ask the questions from now on, and if you want to leave here in one piece, I suggest you lose the attitude, Fireheart does not approve."

He quickly turned around to see the huge horse regarding him with what seemed to be extreme annoyance. He was visibly shaken at the thought and quieted down immediately.
"I have never heard that accent before, where do you call home?"
"I call no place home, but I was born in Zornsfall."

I turned quickly to look at him, and noted that my first assumption had been correct. He was of elfish origin, but the elves of Zornsfall were different, they were more human then anything else, and they were not well liked. I turned away again and set the meat down on a clear spot on the ground.
"What is that?" The man asked.
"If I tell you then you won't eat it, and you look pretty hungry. By the way, little man, what is your name."
"Who are you calling little man, wench?!"

In response to this he got another swift kick from behind and quickly added,
"My name is Zannen."

I began to set a fire to cook breakfast when Fireheart spoke to my mind.
"I like him Yakeenan, I think we should take him with us."

I looked down at Zannen, who was rubbing his but and grumbling about horses. The sight was so pitiful that I had to choke down the laughter that was bubbling up my throat. Turning back to Fireheart I said,
"We can't take him with us, what if he doesn't want to go?"
"He wants to go."
"How do you know?"
"Look at him, you tell me."
"Perhaps, but he would only be trouble, he can't even fend for himself."
"Maybe so, but I know you're dying to know what's going on in his mind, and he may turn out to be of some help after all. If he's not, then you can go ahead and get rid of him, but we might as well give him a chance."

Fireheart was right, my curiosity we eating me up. Besides that, his wary strength would be useful.
"Zannen, where are you headed?"

He didn't answer immediately, and I finally noticed what was wrong. He had been watching me talking to thin air. I began to giggle and I explained to him that I was speaking to Fireheart and that the reason he couldn't hear his response was that he could only speak telepathically.
"Are you completely insane?! Your talking to a horse!"

Fireheart stamped his hoof indignantly.
"A horse!"
"Fireheart is anything but a horse, he is my companion and his intelligence greatly surpasses that of your own."

Zannen's beautiful amber eyes threatened to pop out of his head. I laughed again and resumed my task of cooking breakfast. The smells of cooking meat seemed to jog Zannen's mind, so I asked him the question again.
"So, where are you going?"
"I'm on a mission."

His voice rang with self appointed authority. I shot a sharp glance at Fireheart as his laughter penetrated my mind.
"Well where would this mission be taking you?"
"I can't tell you."

Once again Fireheart began to snicker, this time almost setting me off as well.
"Well my companion and I are headed towards the valley of the moon, would you like to join us?"
"Are you crazy?! After being held prisoner! Not a chance."
"Very Well, But from the looks of you another three days in this territory will be the end of you."
"I can take care of myself, thank you....."

A sharp glance from Fireheart stopped him in mid-sentence, but he continued to grumble,
"I would love to."
"Alright, we leave tomorrow."

I tossed him a steaming hunk of meat on a roasting spit, and watched as he set to it ravenously. I ate my own breakfast in silence, Fireheart stood peacefully in the corner and sucked down his oats like they were water. I watched this man as he ate and it surprised me how much he reminded me of one of my brothers. As I watched him sitting there I began to think of the past, and the world fell away from view.

It was almost dark now, and soon mother and I would be leaving for home. The bazaar had gone well for us, Almost all of the morc skins had sold, and we now had many glass beads to use for trade with other clans. I hadn't sold Yalen's bracelet, mostly because I wanted to keep it for myself. Suddenly mother stood up from our small area in the bazaar and began to walk away.
"Mother, where are you going?"
"If I am not back by dark then go back to the village without me."
"Yes mother."
I watched her form retreat into the distance, slowly blending with the throng of people that seemed to stretch for miles. It was about another two hours until the suns set, so I sat and waited for someone to buy the last of our morc skins.

No one came and there was only a short time left until dark, so I began to pack up the things that remained. I strapped my pack to my back and gathered the glass beads into a small pouch which I attached to my belt. It felt good against my side, and I felt proud to be wearing it. But it wasn't smart to leave your money where people could see it, so I tucked it away under my tunic. Mother would be so proud of me for taking such responsibility.

It was now an hour after dark. I had decided to wait a little longer in case mother came back, but she never did. The bazaar was still in action and the noise was unbelievable. We had been in a far corner of the area, but I had to go through the middle to get out. As I weaved my way among the mass of body, the noise increased to a steady persistent buzz.

A sharp slap against the side of my head pulled me back from my dream faster then I cared for. Fireheart had been using his tail as a fly swatter and had made a slight miscalculation.
"Sorry love, I wasn't paying attention, these horseflies are everywhere!"
"It's alright Heart, I'll live."

The sun was growing increasingly hot and there was little shade to be found. I crawled under a rose bush and found the air there to be comfortably cool and sweet.
"Fireheart, I'm going to take a nap, keep an eye on Zannen, and wake me at nightfall." I mind called softly.
"Your wish is my command, sweet dreams."

His words filtered through my dream clouded mind. The breeze blew softly by as I drifted into blissful sleep.

The next two days went by peacefully. As it turned out Zannen was an amateur thief/assassin. While he had stolen a horse from a farm some miles back, I still had no real proof of his suggested abilities. Nevertheless, he had become a wonderful friend, in more than one way. I trusted him enough to tell him the real reason that we were going to the palace. At first he was shocked and threatened to leave, but after an explanation, and the threat of death from Fireheart's hooves, he agreed to travel with us and to help when we got there.

The closer we got to the palace the more my spirits rose. I was finally going to avenge the death of my family. At first it had been almost impossible for me to believe that they had been killed for such a trivial reason. I later discovered that other villages had been destroyed in the same way, for the same

reason. It seems that the Duke had a passion for red tapestries, her also had an extreme disliking for elves of any kind. A red dye had not yet been found that would suit him, so one of his advisors came up with the idea of using the red hair of the elves for the tapestries. The Duke thought this was a wonderful idea, not only was the hair very strong, it also came in many different shades. Several advisors were sent to the elven villages and proposed the plan to the elves. They had planned on cutting the hair of all the elves and offering money in exchange. Of course the response was a resounding no. The Duke was furious when he heard this, and ordered the villages to be destroyed. So it happened that hundreds of elves were murdered. Only my mother and I had escaped, even though I had never found her I somehow knew that she was alive.

The mass of people surrounded me and I struggled to get by, but no one notices you when you are only four feet tall. Just as I was breaking through the crowd, a sharp whinny from my left side caught my attention. I pushed my way through the crowd that was surrounding a small tent. I managed to get to the front and saw a disgustingly obese man with a small colt. The colt was beautiful, all black with a red mane and tail, almost the exact color of my own hair. The man was whipping the poor colt to the point where it was bleeding. The crowd was laughing hysterically, and continued to further provoke the man.
"STOP!"

The world seemed to stand still as the crowd turned to look at the person that came with the voice.
"Stop it, I'll buy that horse, just don't hit him anymore."
"Leave child, you don't have enough money to buy this horse."

I took out my bag of glass beads and threw them to the ground.
"Is this enough?"

The fat man stared at the money for what seemed an eternity, then he snatched it up and handed the horses reins to me.
"He's a beast, you'll never be able to control him you stupid girl."

I looked at the man, my eyes filled with resent. Then I looked at the animal I had just bought, and at that instant I saw his eyes, the color of the greenest grass, and they looked into mine with something like friendship, maybe something like love.

I led him away, and was all the way out of the bazaar before I realized what I had done. I had just spent all the money that my mother had worked for to buy a horse that may be wild. Then I looked into those eyes again and I knew that I had made the right decision. Mother would understand, she had to.

"Yakeenan, were here."

I looked up sharply and saw the palace walls looming up in front of me.
"Thank you Zannen, I was dreaming again."
"I know."

Zannen was clad in a suit made entirely of black leather, and it fit him like a second skin. I was suited in black leather armor that had been made for me many years ago.

Fireheart was prancing with excitement and adrenaline was rushing through my veins. This was the moment I had been waiting for. Ever since that day, and that moment that I would never forget.
"Well Zannen, how do you suggest we get in?"
"If this is like any other castle, there should be a tower on at least one end of the wall. My plan is to leave Fireheart here so that the two of you can communicate from the outside, and the two of us can scale the tower and take over the inside."
"And how do you plan to have me scale a tower in armor?"
"I'll go up first, then I'll throw you a rope and you can climb up."
"Alright then, lets go."

I dismounted and bid farewell to Fireheart. The wall looked much more intimidating from the ground. Zannen his stolen horse, and we began to make an ever tightening circle around the castle walls looking for a tower. As luck would have it this was not like any other castle, and there was no tower.
"I don't get it, where do they watch from if it's not from a tower?"
"Don't ask me, Master thief." My voice dripped sarcasm.

I was not going to stop now, not when I had come this far.
"Well, whether your coming or not, I'm going to scale that wall."
"Alright, but let me go first."

Zannen walked forward and took a good look at the wall, then like a cat in a tree he began to climb at an amazing rate. He dropped over the far side of the wall, and a few moments later a rope sailed over and tumbled to the ground. I raced forward and grabbed the rope, after testing it for strength I began to climb. The top of the wall seemed miles away, but it came up soon enough. With excruciating slowness, I pulled myself up over the wall so that just my face was showing. Zannen was standing below me and he singled for me to jump. With the rope clenched in my teeth. I jumped to the ground, making a safety roll as I landed. A sickening pain spread through my side as I landed on my broken rib. I hopped to my feet and followed Zannen to the bushes on the side of the wall. It wasn't until he pointed it out that I noticed the guards that were strolling the grounds.
"Fireheart, how are things outside?"
"Fine here, and you?"
"All's well."

Zannen slowly drew a tiny blow gun from the recesses of his cloak. From a small pouch he produced a dart with a long string attached. Taking careful aim, he released his dart and watched as it sailed and pierced the skin of the closet guard, with a quick jerk of the string he retrieved it. Within thirty seconds the guard crumpled to the ground, dead. We moved closer to the castle and Zannen felled another guard. More and more of the guards dropped to the ground as we drew closer to the castle. When we were finally up to the castle wall itself, Zannen replaced his blow gun and drew a grappling hook. With a powerful throw he arced the hook through a window almost thirty feet above. He jerked the rope hard several times and began to climb. I waited patiently for him to reach the top before I began to scale the wall.
"Hey!"

A loud shout from behind me startled me and I fell from the rope, landing lightly on my feet. I turned to see a guard standing behind me, sword drawn. He began to advance and stopped suddenly when a dagger bloomed from his chest. He fell to the ground groping for the knife. I retrieved my dagger and scaled the wall, much faster this time. I dropped into the window and pulled the rope up behind me. The room was empty. Zannen looked at me with bewilderment.
"What took you so long?"
"I had some company."

We moved out into the hall and once again the place was empty. At a light jog we covered the rest of the palace. When at last we came upon the ballroom, I knew at once what I was going to do.
"Be prepared to run." I told Zannen.
"What?"

I took off to the back side off the ballroom and scaled the balcony from the outside. I sat there in my hiding place and looked down upon the party below. The entire royal family was having a feast with a few hundred of their close friends. Sitting at the head of the table was the Duke. I freed my crossbow and took aim with a poison bolt. As I sat there with him in my sights, I thought of all the pain this beast had caused me.

The village was in ruins, bodies littered the ground, and blood flowed like rivers in the dry sand. Everywhere I turned there were the people I loved, dead. Tears streamed down my face, as I walked among the mass of corpses. I turned a corner and there was Yalen, in a heap on the ground. I fell to the ground beside him, and let go a cry of anguish. The sky above me was filled with smoke, and the smell of death and blood. Standing beside me was my newly acquired horse and in my hand was a tiny silver bracelet. I looked to the ground to the side of Yalen's body and saw a scrap of the uniform that must have belonged to the murderers. I picked it up, and holding it tenderly in my hand, I swore my revenge.

A high-pitched laugh from below pulled me back, and I looked through my sites at the man below and as the trigger clicked a single word escaped my lips, REVENGE. A shriek echoed through the hall below as the Duke fell.
"Fireheart, it's over. We have won."
"Good job love, now hurry out."

I looked down at my wrist and the small bracelet that lay there. It was Yalen's, and now I could wear it with pride, my mission had been completed. I scrambled down the balcony wall and began to race along the floor of the palace when another voice floated into my mind.

"Thank you, young one."

The voice lingered for a instant then floated away. I was free at last.
"Your welcome Yalen."

Jessica Farnham
5/28/92

you,

My dearest Mongoose.

That smile that stings my soul. Your eyes, the way they shift with your emotions. So bright when you are happy and jubilant. Shallow when you are stressed, worrie sad, or having to put on a "facade" for someone. You remain bright when things are dim.

You find grace in your clumsiness. The way you "hide" when you have so much to "show-off"

You are a stunning beauty, A rare gem, a precious stone Unsurpassed in your perfection as an imperfect woman.

You are strong willed. So much so that your will is your strongest emotion. It is the attribute that defines you. You can not be beat!!!

Your loyalty to your friends. No one who is blesse to ~~know~~ ~~you~~ recieve you as a friend is disappointed. You are available and loving to the point of self-sacrafice. You do it so fully that you don't even know how much you give up, and don't care that you gave it up in the first place.

Not that it matters, but you are a sexual genius and we will leave it at that.

You are a gentle breeze that blows confidence into those around you, and yet, your "evil stare" could bring kingdoms of men to their knees.

You are more than the queen of your space as a woman. You are a Goddess, and the humbleness in your eyes when you hear that truth only shows your



ability to be a balanced goddess. Fierce and mercyfully compassionate. A warrior Goddess who know the truth of the warrior. "You don't fight for yourself you fight for others". (A reflection I see in myself).

You are gentle and delicate, you have a soft touch. Your ability to calm animals with your hands And yet, you increase passion and strength with those same hands.

You exude inspiration in others. You make people reach for the greatness that you are, and you do it with such infallible grace they don't even know you are the one who inspired it.

You have this way of remaining polite when others are not. You are great at speaking ~~your~~ truth to others, although you argue with your own self-truths. You give so much, so frequently that when someone gives to you you are unsure of how to ~~receive it~~ receive.

You deserve more praise than I can write upon these pages. You deserve to have a song that warms your soul served to you. You deserve to be bowed to and emulated You deserve all the joys of your heart to be ~~giving~~ given to you, and more than that, you deserve the joys you don't even know you desire. You deserve to SPEND time with someone, and I mean SPEND time, because anyone who is with you has had to EARN that time with you. You deserve to never have to WAIST that time with someone who wants to STEAL it from you.

YOU ARE A REALLY BIG DEAL!!!

Not just to me but to so many others.



Jes

Jes,

First things first - I hate it when people say that shit. Because, of course! It's not last things first. However, where I would like to begin, with this letter to you, is with the first and most important thing—
And that is my undying love for you.

When we first met, you didn't like me all that much. Haha!. But I GOT YOU! You were thinking "Who tha fuck is this tatted up girl with this crazy east coast/ocean view Hawaiian vibe?" And trust me. I get it. I am kind of A lot.

I remember when I first saw you behind the bar at Jackie Reys. My first thought was "Oh my god this girl is absolutely FUCKING Gorgeous! (She is going to eat me alive)" I was so intimidated. And you know me— I ain't scared of SHIT! But you had me shaking in my black mini skirt and tacky aloha shirt! And my high top Vans.

Fast forward a bit - We are working together and you began to see - hey - this girl is pretty competent! And then I reached into my bag of tricks and pulled out, well - literally pulled out my knife and some twine. And I tied the

scissors to the fucking bar! Along with our punch key. And I think I tried to tie down the stapler, but - ya, know - I am only one person.

Oh the look of pride in your eyes when you had witnessed my handiwork. I thought to myself "I think we just became best friends." It's amazing how close we became. Brushing Jen's chicken wings off of the bar sink and emptying her bus bins. The trash was EVERYWHERE! But we got through it.

Seemlessly we fell into a rhythm behind your bar. We worked with a fitey grace and at times we appeared to be dancing. Cracking jokes "WHAT'S HITTING ME!?!?" "Put a hot spoon on that mosquito bite" "Fuck you LEE and your cocaine piles of sweet N Low on my bar — NO you can't have any more pineapple!"

One of us was either early in or early out. And the other was the one that grabbed the booze and smokes for later. Countless nights we would get off work and sit for hours on your lanai. (Was I homeless at the time? lol) Nope! Because your house became my house. Your parents became mine. And you became my sister.

I watched a Rodeo Clown break your heart. And baby that was a ROUGH one. He never deserved even one ounce of love from you. I am so sorry that you had to even cross paths with that dick head. I remember making you that voodoo doll, as the hatred was pouring out of me and into those tiny hot pink crocks. God I hope he gets his in the end. Stick a pin in that dolls eye for me. Fucker.

And then there is my track record with men. Eh hem. I'd like to think maybe by watching me you may have thought "Well - I'm not in that bad of a place - but JenJen must be trying to break a record or some shit! Damn!"

And you were always there for me. The countless times I would fuck up and fall down. The one thing - the one person that I could count on, was you.

You had my ring made for me. The most treasured gift that I have ever received. It has never left my finger, and it never will. You even proposed to me! And I will forever be your

person - and you mine.

God damn we had some fun babe. Blasting hillbilly twang, having drinks, talking shop - and life. And I still can't beat you at cards. You always win. Makes me so mad. lol

House sitting for Aint was so fun. Drinking his top shelf whiskey and having wine and cheese parties. And drew that one night when we were on mushrooms. He took way too much. He was so scared. And we were tossing toy poops at eachother's heads. Omg how we would laugh.

We would tell eachother Everything! At times I swear we would just skip the conversation and go straight to mind reading. I have never shared such a beautiful and complete bond with another person.

I remember decorating your pool for mom and dad's wedding anniversary. What an honor. That you trusted [redacted] in my art enough to ask me to do that. It was so beautiful. And I was so happy that I made you proud. Thank you for always believing in my creative capacity. You make me know and believe things in myself - Things that my own parents could not ever even acknowledge or appreciate. So thank you for that.

One of my favorite days with you was the day we took mushrooms and went to LST (the shipping harbor beach). I had made those white chocolate cookies and cream mushroom hearts. I remember you just continuing to take nibble after nibble, then bite after bite. And I thought "God damn, she better watch it - with her tiny ass - she is going to be FLYING!"

We pulled up to the rocky white beach (my favorite spot to find seashells) hopped out of my civic, and headed down to the crystal blue water's edge to make our spot. My ass never had any beach chairs or anything fancy. I like sand in my buttcheeks too much.

We sat in the sun having mixed drinks and smoking cigarettes. Listening to our favorite tunes and dipping in and out of the warm shallow water. The warm fuzzy feeling of the mushrooms washing over us like waves. The landscape and clouds were vibrating into swirling fractals and the entire universe seemed to be dancing. Just for us. And then...

We looked just slightly down the beach and there was a tiny little sand crab. He was moving very quickly into and then back out of a hole, shoveling sand out with his tiny claws - and flinging it away from his hole. He seemed to be extremely stressed the fuck out.

And that's when we began to hear what he was saying.

"Oh god. She is going to kill me! I promised I was going to have this house SPOTLESS by the time she came home and it is a MESS! Oh god. What do I do!? What do I do!? Let's get this couch outta here! (flings a heap of sand out of hole) And this fucking table! (another heap) Fuck! I forgot to do the laundry, Fuck it just get it outta here! Oh, man. She asked me to put this IKEA bedroom set together and I haven't even STARTED! She is going to be so mad. Gotta go back inside and start. Wait! My tools are outside. Oh no. What do I do?!"

I think we listened to that crab for about a half an hour (or maybe 2 hours). As the morning turned into afternoon, and then mid afternoon, we started to get a bit crispy.

Fuck we were fully deep fried by that time. I looked at you and said "Baby girl we should probably get outta here. We have been here for a Long time and I have to shower and go to work. Thank god for this umbrella or we would have gotten burned to shit"

I looked up and there was no umbrella. Fuck I don't even own an umbrella, and if you do, I sure am not aware of it. Lol But at the time - I swear there was an umbrella protecting us from the sun. It was my mushroom brain visualizing the umbrella of our love! (I know. I'm fuckin cheesy)

We packed up and walked to the car to rehydrate with more vodka and pink lemonade (or whatever it was). It was nice to get out of the sun and into some cool AC. And I drove the 55 minutes back to your house, took a shower, and went to work.

How in the hell did I make it to work that day?! I came to your house directly after. It seemed that you had enjoyed a nice cozy long nap and we then resumed the party and I told you about all of the annoying things that happened at work that night.

And thats the thing - they were always all of the things that nobody could ever understand but you!

Another day that sticks out in my mind is the day that you, Hoki and I went to MAUMAi's. You and I were in my civic, and Hoki followed us in his truck. He had his brand new carbon fiber one man canoe (that you had lent him the money to buy) strapped down tightly to his 4-runner (I think 4-runner?).

We ate mushroom chocolates and drank cocktails on the hour drive up to the beach. (How did I not get a dui? - wait... heeheehee -). After parking the car we carefully walked down the steep and rocky narrow path to the beach.

Now technically Maumai is my all time favorite beach. There is a far outter reef shelf that breaks the waves well before the water reaches the shore. Making for a perfect chest high calm swimming area with an even sandy bottom. No rocks. Just sand. Untill you get out all the way to that reef shelf.

So as usual we set up our spot. This time in the SHADE! Hoki made it down the beach with his shiny new boat. We were drinking and having fun and you got this fire lit under your ass and said "I'm gonna take my new boat out - see how she does."

You, my dear, are cocky, head-strong and powerful. I wasn't gonna tell you no. So you and Hoki put the boat in the water. He gave you a brief talking to on the how's and the why's of the boat - And then you were IN it, strongly paddling out to the edge of the break.

Something in me got nervous (I dunno - maybe it was the eighth of mushrooms?). So I crouched down on the shore next to Hoki, and I watched you like a HAWK. It was all fine and good, until you flipped the boat. Immediatley, my heart started pounding. My mushroom laser eyesight superpowers had kicked in and I could see you. You weren't getting up. You couldn't flip the boat. I stood up and said to Hoki "Go get her. She is not OK." he said "She's got it Jen Jen. She's fine". I said "Fuck you Hoki - GO GET HER NOW!" he rolled his eyes, took off his hat and sunglasses, handed me his wallet and keys and said "Fine! I'm going! Jesus christ."

Hoki quickly dove in and swam out to help you (He really is an excellent swimmer). He flipped the boat back over and brought you to shore. You traipsed out of the water and fell back onto the blanket. You were gasping for air saying "oh my god. I almost died!"

And I remember thinking to myself - you very well would have died if I hadn't screamed at Hoki to go save you. I love me some Hoki but I kind of wanted ~~to kill~~ him a bit that day.

All of this happening did not stop us from having a blast the rest of the beach day. My god I fucking miss those times. I felt as if were invincible and like the days would never end.

And of course there were the crazy stupid adulting days. The times

Mina ☺

the times when it was peak season at work and there was a line out the door clear up to the back parking lot where our Micronesian dish washers used to smoke rocks, or leave their 6 children in their mini van to wait during their entire dish shift. I guess that's what radiation from good old American Nukes will do to your brain. Those poor paid bastards. The more kids they have, the more money we give them. I say - Wait... I'ma just get off of this rant. Sorreh!

I loved spending Christmas and Thanksgiving with your family. All of the ~~[illegible]~~ laughs and the jokes! And the pigeon battles with Alex - I smoke that kid at pigeon. He's pretty good - but I get em. And - I seem to remember whooping your ass at doggy paddle racing across the pool! Dad would time us. You would try to cheat - but I always won. Fair, though - for how many times you have mercilessly slaughtered me playing cards.

You are too fuckin smart. Man would I get so mad. We had fun, and I know I was laughing and making jokes, but deep down inside

"I stay crying, brah."
"So sad inside"

And, truth be told - I am the saddest that I have ever been. I know that I am not losing you. That you are going to such a better place. A place where all of this pain, confusion and uncertainty will finally be put to rest. You will finally be free and your spirit will ascend.

All I ask of you (and I know that it is so selfish of me to ask anything) - is that you check in with me as much as you can. I need you honey. You are my eternal soulmate. My light. My reason. My motivation to be my best self.

And I need your god damn help raising my Mina. Leader and commander of the U.S. Toddler Al-qaeda division. She may be adoreable but she is a god damn terrorist. And a total and complete threat to my own personal democracy of self.

But I have Bryce to keep me grounded and hold my heart in a safe place. That man is a godsend and he loves you so much as well. We are always going to remember you. You will not be forgotten. I will tell Mina tales of your beauty, your confidence, your strength, and your ass-kicking capacity!

You bet your ass I am going to have that little girl start taking boxing lessons as soon as she is ready. I wish that you could teach her, but I know you will be there guiding her along the way.

Jessica I have always looked up to you and have admired you. And I still do. I can not even begin to know or understand the pain that you have been going through. But I do know that it has not been easy. And you could have taken the easy way out months ago. But you didn't. You made a wonderful plan to travel the country and visit each of your closest friends and relatives. I have so much respect for you, being able to do that while being so sick and tired, and sick and tired of being sick and tired.

But you did it, girl! And I am so very grateful that I got to see you one last time before you go to the light. I'm glad I got to make you laugh and put a beard on and sing silly songs.

I'm still mad that you brutally beat me at cards again. And again. And again.

The lunch that we had was so lovely. It reminded me of all the times we would go to Sakura or go see Andrew and get a seizure salad and wings - but mostly vodka sodas. And all the times we would go to Bongo Bens and get breakfast (screwdrivers for you - shots of Jam-o for me). Hey, I know it wasn't the healthiest thing to do but we were in our prime. Two gorgeous sassy ass white girls all like...
"Say Somethin!" "No?"
"That's what I thought!"

Thank you so much for showing me Boston, your most favorite city. I love walking in that market, it is beautiful. Thank you for buying me that jacket. I will treasure it always. And thank you for that amazing seafood dinner at your old Boyfriend's restaraunt. It was soooo good. And it was just magical to watch it turn from dusk to dark, to watch all of the glittering lights, and to hear that beautiful violin music coming out of that tiny, hot, blind in one eye Taiwanese woman. How do I know she is from Taiwan? Don't fuck with me man you know I know my Asians!

But ultimately, Thank you for you. For coming in to my life and for being the best thing that has ever happened to me. You have forever changed my life, babe. I did not know friendship or sisterhood or soul connection could ever go so deep - until I met you.

You have been the best friend, the best person, that I could ever hope to find. Thank you for your wisdom, your jokes, your stories, for giving me shit when I act like a dummy, for lifting me up when all I could do was cry, for loving me so completely that I finally feel full.

I will never ever forget you and the impact you had, and will continue to have on me. I love you and I know that this is only goodbye - for now.

Our paths will cross again. We will play and sing and fly in the sky. And you will most likely beat me at cards again. And this time I can't fucking wait.

I love you forever, and ever, and ever.
You are my heart and soul.
Go be at peace, when you're ready.
I miss you always.
Jen Jen



Thoughts from Michael

We all lost an amazing woman on Christmas; Jessica Wright. Or as she preferred to be called, Jes Wright; with one S. She used to have this little joke about telling people that. Waiting for the person she was talking with to ask, "Jes Wright or just right?" Her reply was simply "Yes, my name is Jes Wright, with one S, and I'm always just right."

She was brilliant, witty and charming. She was friendly, giving and the most selfless person I've ever met. Everywhere we went she would make new friends. People were drawn to her, she had a kind ear and a big heart. She was fearless and met life head on. A true warrior, she taught self defense to women, for free most of the time, in her free time; something of which she had very little of. Even though she usually didn't have much free time, she would never turn anyone away that needed help and always put others first.

Fall was her favorite time of year and we were lucky enough just a couple of months ago to spend a week in a cabin in the Adirondacks. Every night we built a big fire and watched the sunset. It is one of the greatest memories I'll have to carry forward with me and we had made quite a few over the years.

In my mind she will always be just as beautiful as the first time I ever saw her, way back in 1998 on her first day at a new job in Carthage, NY. Walking past me she took my breath away and I had that same feeling every time I looked at her.
We started every morning with a "Good Morning Beautiful" and ended every night with a

"Goodnight Babe." Never goodbye, even when there was an ocean between us. So I won't say goodbye now either. Goodnight Babe, rest; your fight is over. I will forever remember and miss you, I will always love you. I will see you again someday Jes Wright with one S. I can't wait to see that smirk of yours again.

Love,

Your Bear.

Just Jes



As a Kid


















KIMBALL UNION
31



All Grown Up

















She Loved Those Boots



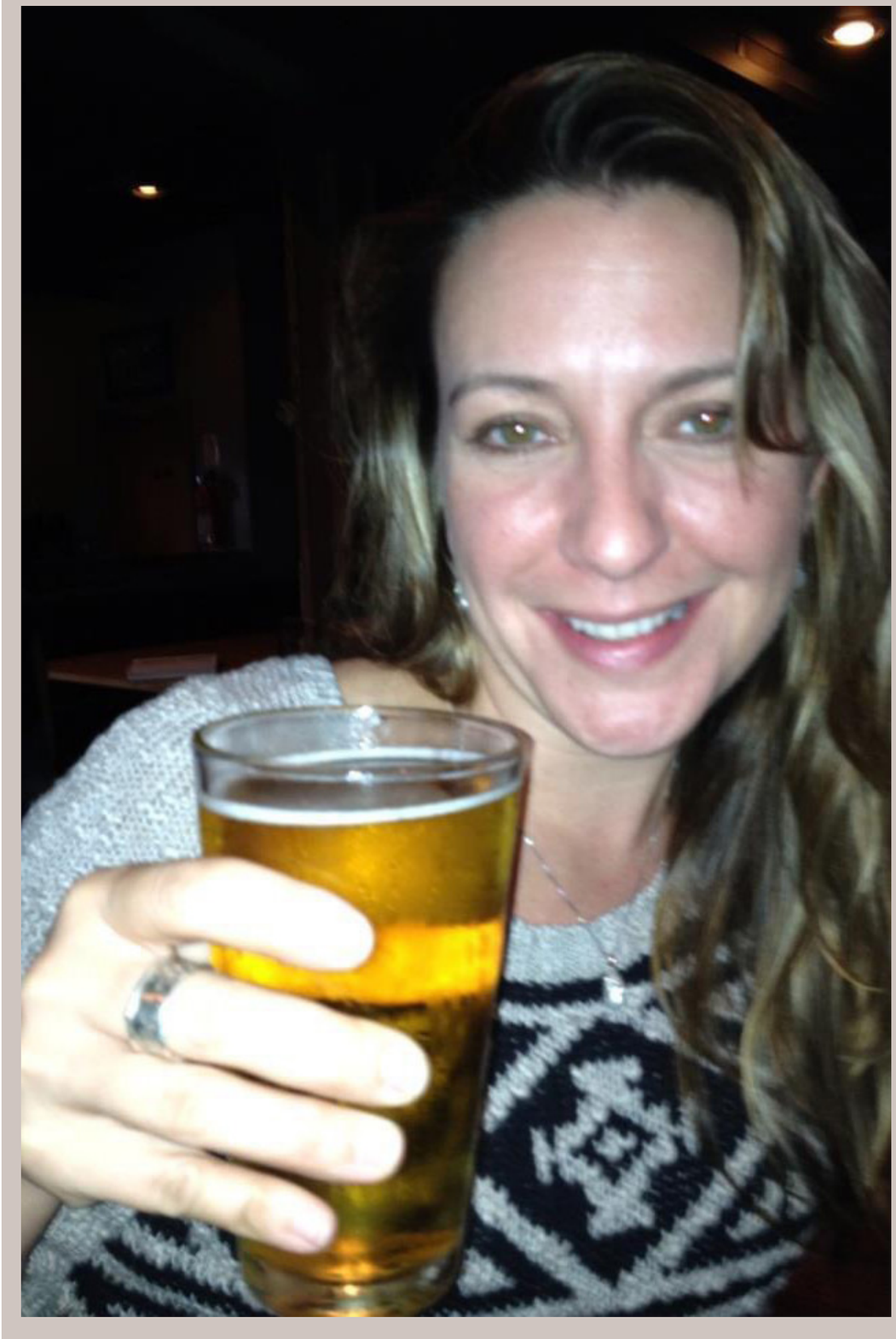
















Fighting the Good Fight



















"Sweet Dreams, Baby Girl"