

## **Introduction**

This is a collection of writings I did over about a year. Most of them were written while riding the subway. Some of them were written in my favorite restaurants.

I have never really written before. I tried writing fantasy. I tried writing fiction. I tried writing somewhat non-fiction. Nothing seemed to really work well for me.

Then I decided to try to write what I liked to read. Quick little stories. Something you can pick up while riding the subway, read a bit, and then put down.

Most of these are expansions of a single moment in time...something that I suddenly became aware of.

I hope you enjoy...

NOTE: This is a very very very rough draft...  
NOT COMPLETE!

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### **Grilled Cheese**

People should be good to themselves more often. Random little things make you happy and keep you happy...being happy rules.

Next time you are making yourself a grilled cheese sandwich, put some extra cheese in there. More than you normally would. Even do two kinds of cheese. Hell! Do three. Some mozzarella or some colby-jack..whatever. Just toss that extra stuff on there and smile as you do it. You'll feel great!

Don't forget to close your eyes as you eat it.

**Believe**

I've noticed that lots of my friends and other people I meet my age have their own version of religion/beliefs. No one seems to be fully Catholic or Jewish or any others I grew up with.

Everyone (if you ask) will tell you they believe in something. I'm glad people take the time to think. To question...to reformulate.

I think religion is great for those who need it. In general it makes you a better person.

As long as you believe in something...

**Cheesecake**

I have this thing about cheesecake. A good piece of cheesecake is like a good kiss.

There are those who know exactly what I mean and those who think I am weird.

I find the ones who agree with me are passionate people and I am drawn to them. Does not matter what they are passionate about as long as it is something.

They have bright “tangibly warm” auras. When your body gets close to a passionate person, you can feel them without touching them...and they affect you.

Awareness

You ever notice. I mean really notice. Everything, everyone... it is as if you are aware of something no one else is.

I look around and it is as if I am partially alone. A single lit candle among extinguished or never lit flames.

I look around for others like me. Stars in the play of life. Heroes and Angels. I know that I am not alone. Just that others are hard to find.

Every once in a while, I walk another subway car forward because I think I see a light.

### Angels

There are angels walking in the city.  
They are that someone who is there for you at  
the right time.

There are times I've been an angel to  
someone. They were lost, lonely, scared, etc. I  
was able to give them something... then I never  
saw them again.

The angels work that way also. You  
never "see" your guardian angel, you only feel  
their presence. Perhaps there is not a single  
one, but a group.

When you help someone, your soul feels  
better...lighter.

Makes you wonder if the angel is you, or  
the person you are helping.

### Demons

There are demons in the city as well.

People that when you walk past...they drain your energy. They try to ruin your day with a simple phrase or no energy being expended on their part.

A friend of mine told me about energy vampires.

If you encounter someone who drains you, you must avoid them. Do not give them any of your energy. It only keeps them going.

Stars

I remember one day when I was in college... I went upstate with a friend. At night we went out to look at the stars.

It was beautiful. Huge, bigger than me. The sky was full of stars. Many more than I was used to.

I realized then why people of times past spent so much time looking at the sky. Why they believe in gods. Why they felt the stars could tell your fate.

They named them, had stories about them.

Perhaps I should spend more time out in the woods.

**Simple**

One day when I was young. Lets say about twelve years old. My mom and I were getting ready to move.

I remember she seemed stressed... I asked her what was wrong.

She was stressed about the move, taking care of things on her own. "I'm not having much fun", she said.

I said to her this, "that's why they call it life. If it was fun, it would be called play."

She smiled and said, "you're right."

Today, I wish I still had that wisdom of simple.

## Music

Music is one of those amazing yet somewhat inexplicable yet still tangible things. Music can make your body move. Your mind does not need to get involved.

A good beat will make you dance. A beautiful melody will make you sing.

You ever notice how much music is in TV and movies... it is all over the place.

Animals have song as well. From birds to whales. A truly natural beauty which is inherent.

Perhaps music really does make the world go round.

News

I always wondered... if there was a newspaper that printed only good news. Would people ready it...

If it printed all who were born that day. All the lives saved. The relationships made. That which was given instead of taken.

If people only heard about good, would it change their outlook. If the morning paper got them off to a better start, we may all benefit. If they read about good deeds... would they extend them.

Perhaps the biggest questions is, if a paper came out of just good news, would the bad newspapers do a story on it?