



# **MS. MORALES**

**October 1, 2006**

It's been a quiet week on the Island. The corn stalks are rustling with their dried out rustle and some dastardly squirrel made off with the seed-head of neighbor Bryan's heliotrope before anyone could enjoy the beaming sunflower. This morning the sun came up at 6:48 and set at 6:37. We note that the sun rose at 6:21 and set at 6:41 on September 27, while yesterday the sun rose at 6:47 and set at 6:39. Furthermore, the forecast indicates sunrise expected on the 4th at 6:50 with sunset hurriedly happening at 6:33pm.

Rising later and setting earlier appears to be a trend and one we will attend to most diligently. Should this sort of thing get really out of hand, we will be enjoined to take serious action. Somebody better do something about all the maples, which have taken to dropping their leaves all over the place and just down the block, one particular tree appears to be dressed entirely in startling flames.

We note also that Ms. Morales arose before 6:05 so as to make ready for her day at Longfellow Middle School where she had been known to offer, cajole and batter English instruction into and onto the students there for the past twenty-five years.

After ingesting the usual breakfast: slice of buttered toast and cup of black coffee, she put on her simple grey skirt, her conservative white blouse, shod her feet in nylons and black pumps and wrapped herself with a greatcoat that just might have been worn by a relative in the last war. She then set out the door, thus prepared for the world out there, bearing a precious load of student essays.

It's that time of year again, with persistent fogs and strange winds blowing through. Still, in the East Bay, there remains opportunity for Mssr. Soleil to make one last comeback or two in this month, for a spate of sunny, cloud-free days and balmy nights.

While crossing Webster, near #1916 where Skippy peanut butter was invented, Marlene's skirt was flipped by an errant gust of wind which caused Jose and Pepe to slam on their brakes. This made Caliente Huevos, a very large sheepdog, to leap from the back of their pickup truck and chase Mr. Peepers, a ground squirrel nibbling upon a taco bell wrapper. Pepe bolted from the truck to fetch Caliente Huevos and this made Mrs. Morales run up the sidewalk to smack into the powerpole there and burst open her trunk lid, releasing a thousand student essays on the poetry of Emily Dickenson, which got caught by the gusts of wind to swirl high into the air.

At this moment, Bear's Harley Davidson took this poorly timed moment to backfire while attempting to start at Jon Lee's gas station pumps. The backfire convinced Mr. Ramsey the City was under attack by Al Qaida even as he was having an heated exchange with someone parked illegally in front of his driveway on St. Charles. Mr. Ramsey had a prompt heart attack and 911 was called simultaneously from St. Charles, from Webster at Sherman, from Lincoln at 8th -- where certain persons had noticed mysteriously coded messages falling in the form of agitprop leaflets from the sky and from Central Avenue where a crazed sheepdog was chasing a demented poodle in circles around an illegal hen house.

About the hen house: it is illegal in Alameda County to keep and maintain certain domesticated fowl without license to operate a poultry factory.

About this time, Mr. Peepers -- by now successfully ensconced in a tree far from these events on Central Avenue -- managed to gnaw through a piece of particularly tough insulation enough to set himself and his tree on fire. Mr. Peepers fled from the scene, screaming as a squirrel only can. The tree remained, burning as it stood.

In response to these 911 calls, several coast guard choppers, KRON news, and the Oaktown PD responded with four alarms.

Pepe pursued Caliente Huevos down Grand Street, followed by Jose in the truck up to the recent safety measures installed by the City to prevent people from driving off the boat landing into the estuary. There, Caliente Huevos took a sharp turn and entered the secretive area owned by the USMC which has anti-

tank barriers and concrete obstructions at its gate. Inside this area, both Caliente Huevos and Pepe were tackled by several very serious guys wearing combat boots and battle fatigues. The battle fatigues were not, just to mention the fact, a matter of fashion.

Just off the rip rap shore, an Iranian submarine cruising the estuary took notice of all these events. A special mechanical catch-hand reached up to fetch certain papers from the water's surface. These were brought down for analysis as the sub ran silently and deep back to the ocean.

One of the papers began, "My heart is like an overcharged gun . . .".

It took two months to translate the material from English into Arabic. It took another six to figure out what was being said.

They are still trying to figure out if all this poetry is dangerous or not.



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