



We were no more than little dots. On windy days and sometimes Tuesdays we'd sneak out and ride our bikes to where we thought the wind began. This usually took us across a field of tall grass to a place where huge boulders had been piled up. Crows and grackles danced along the highest ledges while we explored the maze of caverns down between the rocks. We looked for gems and pieces of gold which we never found.

I remember once you discovered the skeletons of two small children. You picked up both skulls and held them like hand puppets. One skull said to the other: "waddaya mean I look all cute and tasty?" We laughed and laughed.

I wrote your name on a big rock and we tumbled out into the tall grass and chased each other home.



In the fall we would go out with butter knives and cut staircases into the fog. We'd climb up to the treetops and try to make out the chimneys of familiar houses. Once we stayed too long and the fog began to lift. Our staircases drifted above our heads and dissolved into the sky. We had to cry like kittens until the fire department came with a hook and ladder to get us down.

I reached up and pulled a cloud through the window. I helped you up and you floated around the room like you were on an inner tube in a swimming pool. When you woke you told me of dreams with rolling hills, miniature trees and tiny towns. Your voice had the low rumble of distant thunder.



I remember when you came to visit. We talked and talked. When it was time for bed you told me you didn't want to sleep on the floor.

Later, my socks still damp, I paddled back home. As I drifted off to sleep I imagined you as you are now, living in a haunted house. I see you soaking in a big bathtub, listening to thumps and bangs and mysterious footsteps. I'm sitting beside you taking little sips as you gurgle and burble your father's story for me one more time.



We lived near the ocean. One year the water rose so high it flooded all of the streets. People traded cars for boats and sailed to and from work. Once I paddled over to your house in my birch bark canoe. Your father was fishing out the window. We sat down and in his watery voice your father told us the story of the meniscus people. His words were just a trickle at first, but soon they washed over us. I felt myself being pushed and pulled by waves and undercurrents. At times when I looked in your direction all I could see was your head bobbing on the surface.

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