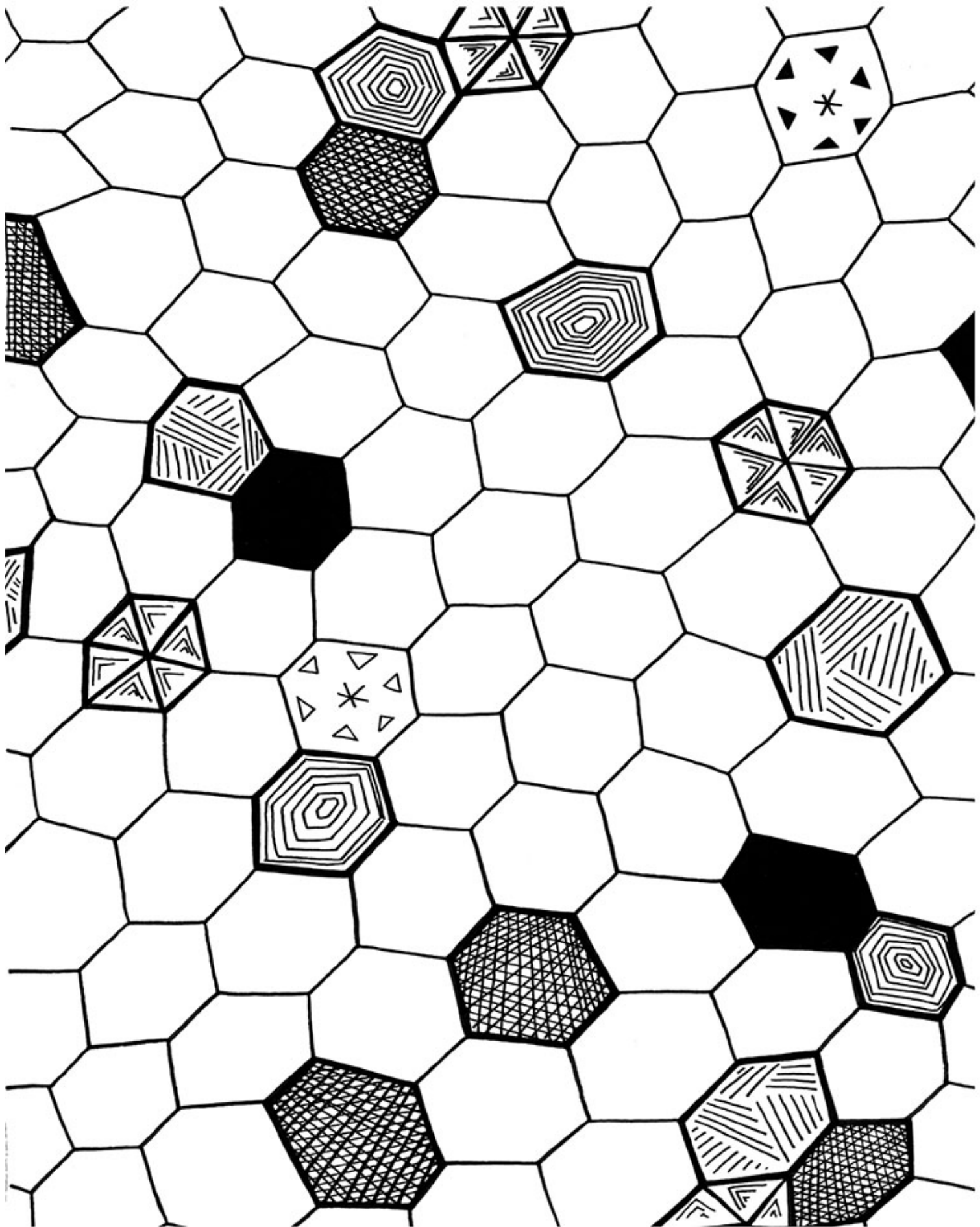


2021 September

Num 3



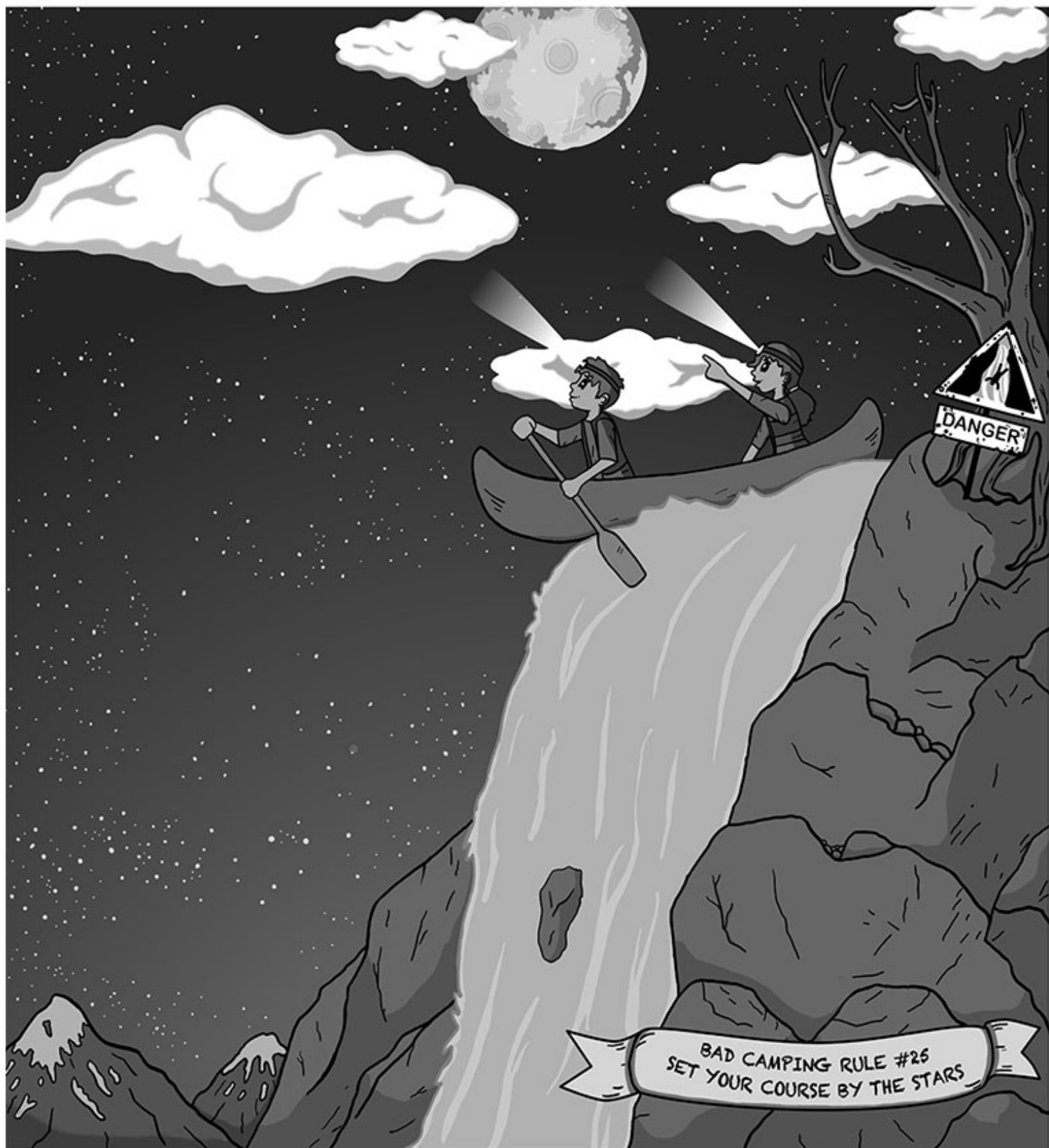






5

Briarqate



In the Details

He reached up and turned the doorknob, his other hand gripped firmly on his shirt sagging low from the weight of his cargo. He was careful not to jostle the bundle fearing a piece would fall out and be lost. With measured pace, we moved to the predetermined place on the floor, away from the door, to deposit his treasures.

Out of his shirt came an old antenna wire, partially collapsed and bent. Out came an old Coke can, filled with sand with a partially faded, but still smiling Santa. A rock, smooth and light. Perfect for skipping.

A hinge. A hook. A rope.

There was a wheel that might have belonged to a little boy's toy truck from decades ago. A smooth piece of colored glass, caked with dirt which looked like a gem at first glance. A bone from some unknown animal. Maybe a dinosaur. A rubber tube to some unknown device. Probably alien. A bent key. A rusty knife. A frayed rope.

From his pockets he produced a bolt, rusted and worn; obviously a piece of a WWII fighter downed by enemy fire. A pointed piece of shale; clearly a spearhead from a lost, prehistoric civilization. A piece of plastic, melted after being torn off a visiting robot from Mars.

A wizard's ring. A spy's watch. A cowboy's rope.

He tied the ropes together and made a circle. He placed each of the objects inside the circle and gave them life. Then he looked over all he had made, and saw that it was good.

The Legend
of
Horse Tatts

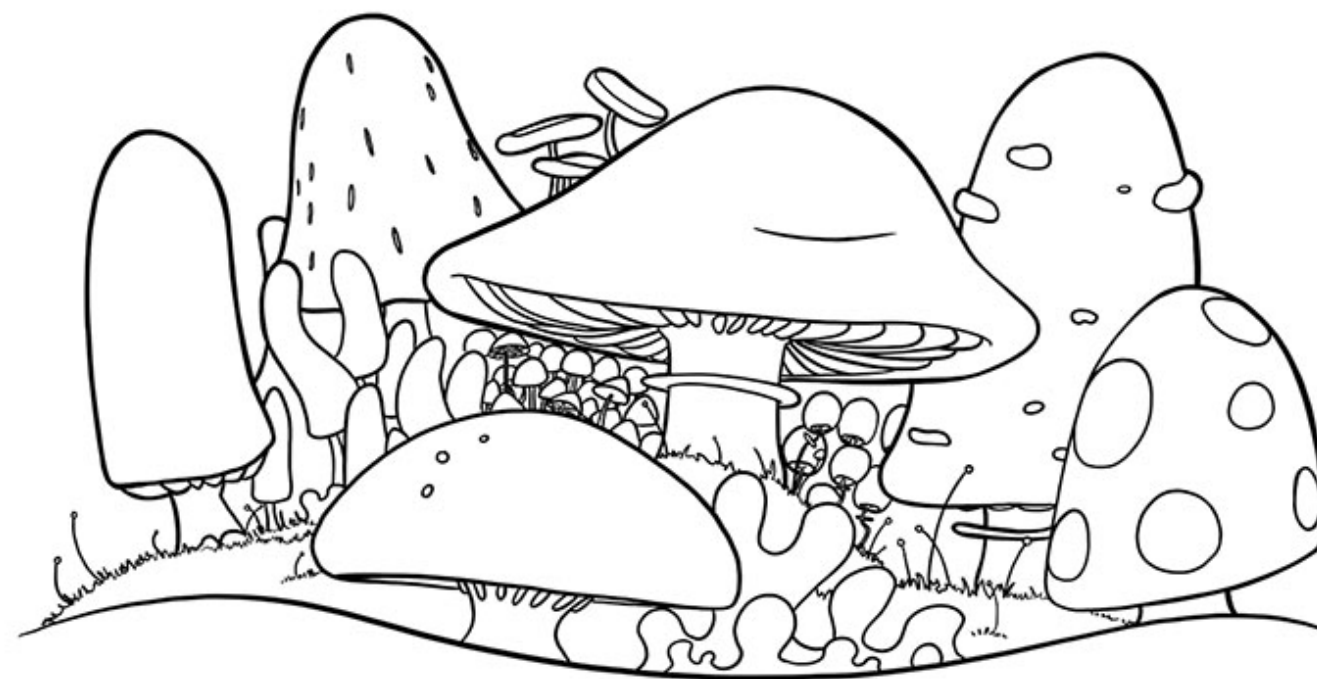
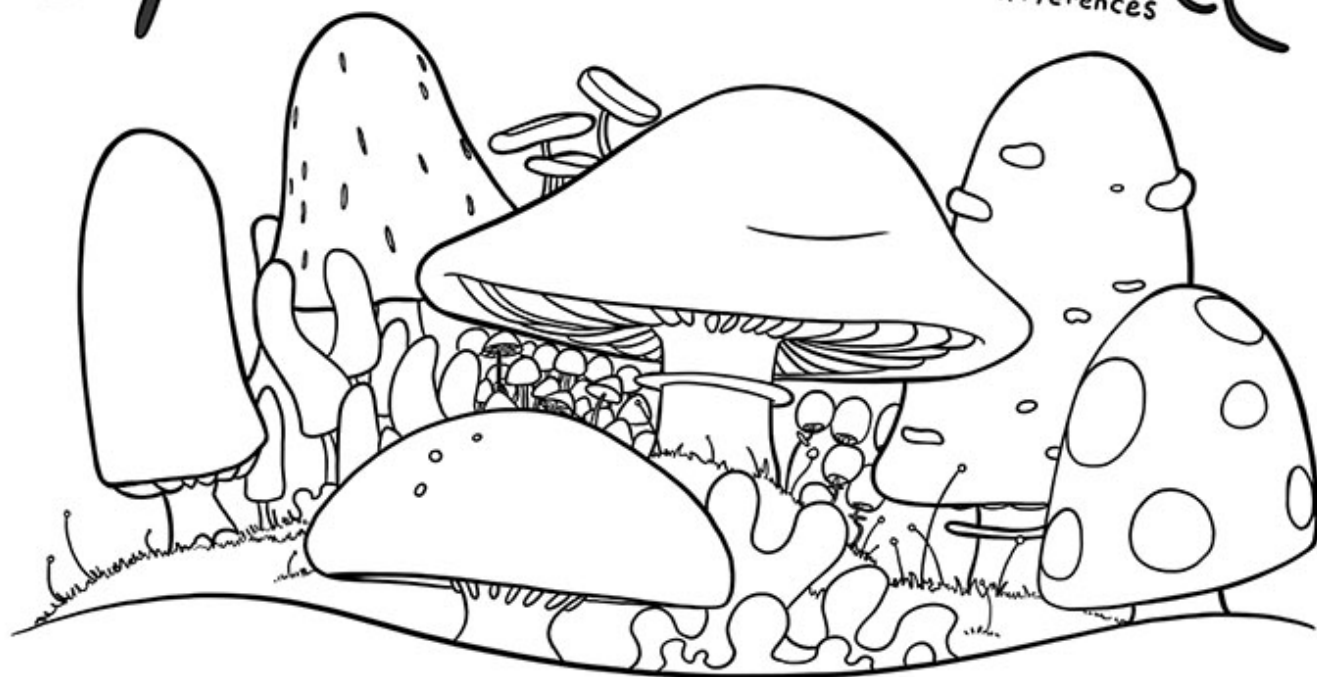






Spot the Difference

find 3 differences





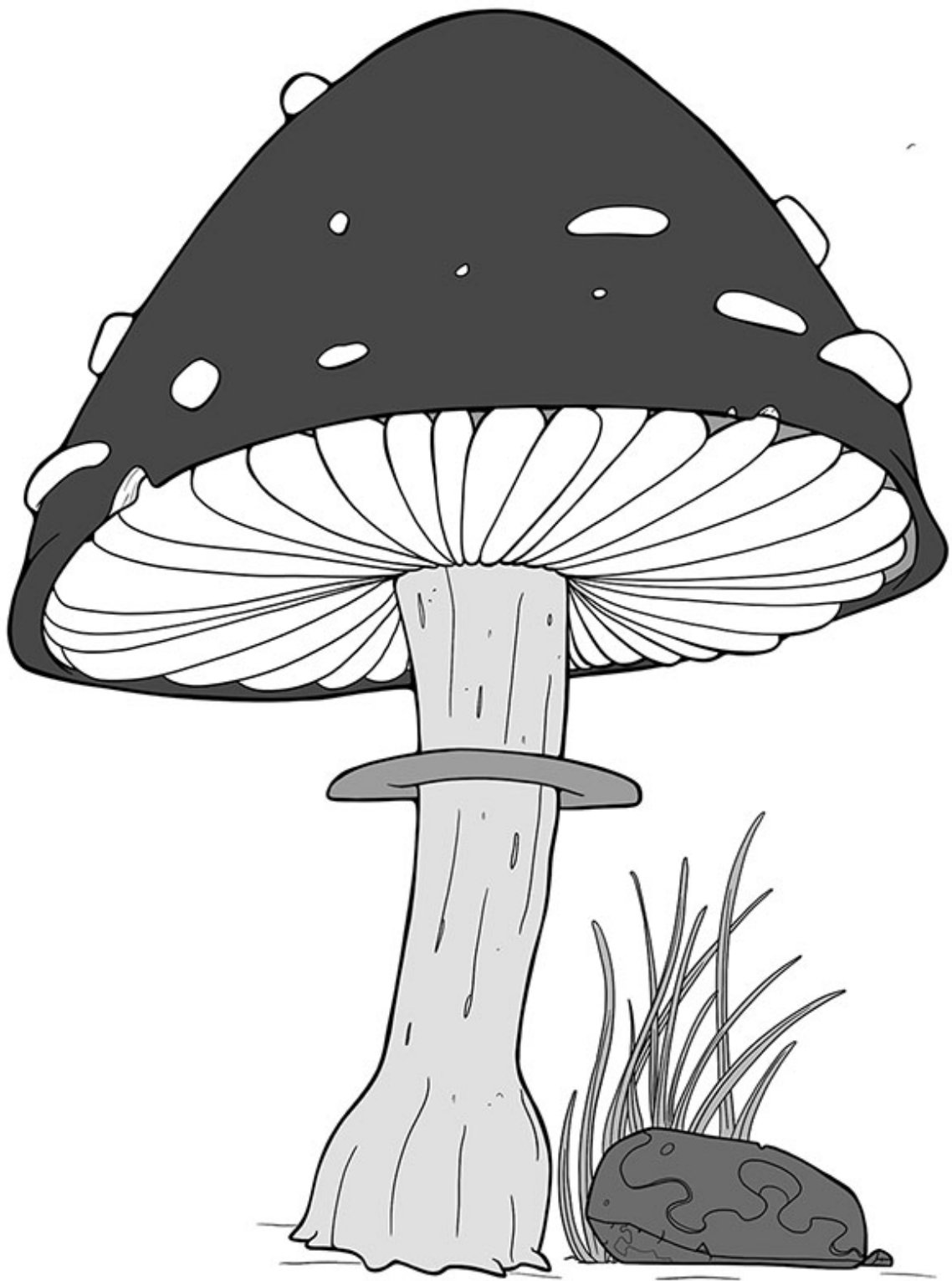
6

Briarqate

AEV
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