

Chapter 1 : The Grey Havens - Songs & Tales: Death Song to Boromir

This is the first in a series titled "Tales of the Broken Moon." I don't know when the next is due out but I'll have a copy as soon as it does. The beginning is a little slow but in a story like this, there are many characters to introduce along with new creatures, settings, plots, and sub-plots.

Customs and rites such as marriage, childhood and adult life, festivals, warfare, hunting, farming, and fishing. Old myths, legends, folktales, ballads, songs, proverbs, nursery rhymes and riddles keep folklore passed along in cultures all over the world. Folklore comes from every culture on the planet, current and extinct. Pagan and Wiccan magick are rooted in folklore. Studies of herbs, divination, tree magick, astrology, animal guides and weather magic. Any magick you look at will be full of old ideas which science is only recently looking at. Just by doing a little research you will find which old wives tales are having a second wind and are already available at a drug store near you. Divination is a belief custom based on folklore, early ideas of science. Every tradition from tarot, dowsing, crystal gazing, scrying to reading the bumps on a head can not be proven to work by science. Still, divination in all its varied forms is a very popular form of magick. Of course, some folklore is truly a fable or superstition. It will be up to your own explorations and common sense to dig deeper and decide which are fable and which are facts. To serve as an omen or a warning of; presage. To indicate by prediction; forecast. Throw a pinch of salt or pepper over the left shoulder to avoid the hex. If they are near the side of the cup you drink from the money will come soon, if on the far side, money will come slowly. It may also be a sign of news from a distance. One crawling up your doorsteps portends that someone from another country will enter your home. A snake in the garden brings good fortune. An Omen is a sign that signals a future event; many Omens are historically based upon ancient superstitions and cultural folklore. Some omens are indicative of good fortune, while others are symbolic of impending hardship and doom. Here are some Christian based Superstitions. Breaking a Mirror "Our ancestors began this superstition, because they thought the image in a mirror, contained our actual soul. Thus, a broken mirror, represented the soul being pulled from your body and being trapped in all the shattered pieces. To break the spell of misfortune from a broken mirror, you must wait seven hours, one for each year of bad luck, before picking up the broken pieces, and bury them outside, in the moonlight. Walking Under Ladder "If you walk under a ladder you supposedly break a spiritual triangle the Holy Trinity that will leave you vulnerable to the devil. Black Cats "Black cats have long been believed to be a supernatural omen, since the witch hunts of the middle ages, Christians associated a witches black cat to be connected to evil. Since then, it is considered bad luck if a black cat crosses your path. Spilling Salt -At one time salt was a rare commodity and thought to have magical powers. It has long been useful as a preservative, in medicine, and is also used in magic, ritual, and superstition to purify, bless things, and drive away evil. It was unfortunate to spill salt and one had to take a pinch of it and throw it over their left shoulder to undo any bad luck, and ward off the devil that may lurk behind. I need guidance and want to get people to empathize. I, also want success for myself but because of certain spirits I am having a very hard time achieving my goals. I find relief, self-satisfaction and warmth again??? Deeply hurt and betrayed.

Chapter 2 : Myths & Legends at www.nxgvision.com

"An old path, overgrown and barely scuffed by the weary feet of travelers, meanders here and there through the forest of DarkLeaf. It passes the door of a musty little inn, known as the Silver Dagger to some and to others, just a journey's stopover for a good brew, a bite to eat, and a bit of local.

After moving to a new house in the U. The Forest of Darkness: Ord is scared of the dark. When Zak shows him that even a little light takes the darkness away and that there is nothing to fear after all. The group runs out of paint as they are finishing their I-Love-my-Mommy Day gifts. So they set off for Rainbow Canyon to find more colors. But when their map breaks, they must work as a team to put the pieces back together. Melodious Do-Re-Mi birds flee in fright when the dragons and kids loudly join their early morning concert. Confident Zak knows that his gentle song will bring them back. The Dragon Fair has come to town and Zak and Wheezie are in the Sackberry Toss, but their biggest challenge is catching it.. Cassie Loves A Parade: She feels sorry for herself until she meets Cosmo, a flower who also did not get chosen to be in the parade. Cyrus the Slinky Serpent steals a Rhyme Bird egg and Cassie feels bad that she did not speak up when needed. A Liking To Biking: Ord finds riding a bike for the first time is too hard and gives up. His friends lend a helping hand and Ord tries over and over until he gets it right. Max is all thumbs when it comes to tying knots. When Whinny, the carousel pony, is missing and the dragons rescue her, Max discovers that knots are not a problem after all. Feeling sad, Ord seeks out Quetzal who tells him to share his feelings with his friends. Afterwards, everybody gives him the best birthday ever. Ord wants to give his mother a very special birthday gift, so Doodle Fairy draws a map to a meadow full of Gigggle Flowers. Cassie notices that all her friends have special talents except her, so she goes to the Talent Pool to find a talent. However, the Pool turns out to be grumpy and refuses to give Cassie a talent. A Purple Goo Cloud is going to rain all over Dragon Land, so everyone builds a tree house to shelter. However, Emmy wants everything to be her own way until she learns how to share with her friends and give them what they want. The friends decide to sail to Rainbow Canyon, but Ord is too big for the boat and feels bad until he saves his friends from going over a waterfall. Emmy does not like losing. But when everyone plays Freeze Dance, she is always the first one to be called out. She does not want to play again, but Quetzal shows her that playing can be more fun than winning. Zak gets a thorn stuck in his foot after stepping on a Spiny-Pine and has to go to the doctor. He has never been to the doctor before and is frightened. Booboogone shows that doctors are only there to help. But he learns that sharing with friends can make any wish come true. Cassie has a new pet Caterpoozle called Poozie. When Cassie finds Poozie wrapped in some white stuff, everybody thinks she died. However, it is later discovered that Poozie changed into a Butterfairy. When they learn that Mungus the Giant took the birds because he loves their songs, they teach him how to make his own music. A Feat On Her Feet: Cassie does not know how to rollerskate and she needs to get her Jingle Flowers to Singing Springs on time. Bringing something familiar from home helps, especially when she finds out how much fun sleepovers really are. Max is tired of being little and wishes he were taller. So when Eunice the Unicorn loses her glasses, he discovers that being short may be useful for some things after all. The kids and dragons visit the playground at the Cloud Island. But when Ord hears thunder, he gets scared and runs into a cave. The others help him brave the storm with fun games. Quetzal tells Max and Ord to meet him at the Snow Dragon in the Stickleback Mountains, but they get lost in the snow on the way. Max gets mad after losing Dragon Tag and whips a pod at a tree, releasing a Fury, a little creature who grows bigger when people get angry. To stop him from getting even bigger, Emmy and the dragons help Max control his anger. Zak and Wheezie are tired of being fused together, so Quetzal gives them a crystal that separates them. However, when they build a musical playground, they discover that they may need each other more than previously thought. A Kite For Quetzal: Everyone wants to surprise Quetzal by making their own kites but Quetzal has a cold Song: Ord has a nightmare and will not go back to sleep, causing everyone else problems. Staying Within The Lines: Quetzal and the Dragons ask Max and Emmy to recolor a black-and-white Dragon Land when the color was washed out by a storm. However, Max has trouble coloring within the lines. The friends help Captain Scallywag find buried treasure. Zak wants the rare Jugglebug for

show and tell, but Wheezie is so noisy, she scares it away. Wheezie gets a new pet Hairball named Slurpy and learns how to take care of him. Quetzal cautions him to redirect his fury, first by using words, then action, to let it out. Max, Emmy, and their dragon friends help a wind called Windy learn to whistle so she can blow away the clouds, just like her father, the Big Whistling Wind. In Dragon Land, there is a game that can only be won by listening. Max hears what Simon says and wins his sister a new yo-yo. It is only by following directions and working together that they break free. Quetzal asks his friends to deliver a pair of Jumping Beans to his twin brother Fernando across the Stickleback Mountains, but the beans keep escaping. Get Offa My Cloud: Cassie, Ord and Emmy plant a garden, but Max just messes things up. When wonder water sends Max and a sunflower shooting to the sky, he has to find his own way to get down with help from an elf named Squink. During a game of Leap-Dragon, a rock hits one of the Backwards-Forwards Signs, causing everything and everyone to go backwards. When the mix-up becomes frustrating, the gang must find a way to turn things around. The friends chase a goo ball into a cave, and it is up to Ord to brave his fear of the dark once more to find it. Prepare According To Instructions: Quetzal sends the gang to see the Dancing Crystals perform at Crystal Cave! Emmy does not think they need to follow instructions and the whole gang gets lost. She soon comes to understand why it is good to think ahead. During a merry chase, everyone in Dragon Land learns that everything has its own special sound, especially Wheezie. Max and Emmy coach a relay race in Dragon Land. The Big Cake Mix-up: The kids and dragons enter a baking contest, hoping to win a cookbook for Quetzal. They split up to find the ingredients, but all return with the same thing. Everyone agrees to plan better and try again. My Way Or Snow Way: The friends help a snowman called Chilly find his snow puppy, Nippy. The kids and dragons build sandcastles so the Turtle Dragons can lay their eggs. But the castles are too close to the water and get washed away. They cannot give up, so the only thing to do is try again. The gang inadvertently uses permanent paint and turn themselves into different colors. But Quetzal helps Cassie find a kind way to deal with the school bully. The Great White Cloud Whale: Max finds his Dragonfrog friend, Hoppy, who keeps hopping away, and Ord must brave his fear of the dark yet again to find him. The gang meets a dragon called Priscilla who has huge feathers and is afraid everyone can laugh at her. Max And The Magic Carpet: Ord is excited that he is taking Cassie, Emmy, and Max on a picnic. When Quetzal is doing some spring cleaning, Max is excited to find his old magic carpet. Max has so much fun riding on it, he does not know he is ignoring Ord. Zak and Wheezie want to jump rope but do not know how. So Ord and the others all work together, taking care of her. Wheezie cannot wait for her turn on the Roller Coaster Dragon, but becomes too impatient. So her friends try to help her do other things to take her mind off the ride.

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Bertie slips on some towels, and greets Tuppy, who says he is practically engaged to an opera singer, Cora Bellinger. She dislikes practical jokes, and heard about the time Tuppy tricked Bertie into falling into the Drones Club swimming pool. Tuppy asks Bertie to tell Cora that the incident never happened, and Bertie reluctantly agrees. Tuppy fawns over Cora, though Bertie does not care for her. You see, I held strong views on "Sonny Boy". I considered it a song only to be attempted by a few of the elect in the privacy of the bathroom. To impress her, Tuppy will also be there to soulfully sing "Sonny Boy"; this shocks Bertie, who holds strong views on the song. Aunt Dahlia arrives and says that her daughter Angela has had her heart broken by Tuppy, who left her for Cora. Aunt Dahlia wants Tuppy to go back to Angela. Bertie asks Jeeves to think of a plan. When Aunt Dahlia returns the next day, Jeeves has a plan. Jeeves suggests that Bertie sing "Sonny Boy" first, so that the audience will be tired of the song by the time Tuppy performs. Bertie tries to refuse but eventually agrees. At the entertainment, Bertie is intimidated by the tough-looking audience. Jeeves suggests that Bertie go to another bar. After drinking there, Bertie feels more courageous and returns. He sings "Sonny Boy", and afterwards tells Jeeves that the crowd did not seem pleased. Jeeves explains that the song had been performed twice already. Bertie feels betrayed, but then Tuppy sings. The crowd shouts and throws food at Tuppy. Then Beefy takes the stage, and says that the next performer, Cora, will be late because her car broke down. She is now coming in a cab. Jeeves agrees that the scheme has gone awry. Upset, Bertie leaves, though Jeeves remains for the rest of the show. Later that night, Bertie is visited at home by Tuppy, who has a black eye. Tuppy says Cora is not right for him. He has Bertie call Aunt Dahlia for him, then goes to see Angela. Jeeves enters, and tells Bertie what happened. The crowd did not react well, and she, thinking Tuppy had played a joke on her, punched Tuppy in the eye. Impressed, Bertie regards Jeeves reverently. Wodehouse included the story. Wodehouse, and in the collection P. The episode, titled "Jeeves and the Song of Songs", was the fourth episode of the first series. It was originally broadcast in the UK on 20 June In the episode, Bertie meets Cora at an opera theatre rather than at lunch in his flat. There is no mention of the incident at the Drones Club pool in the episode. Tuppy merely asks Bertie to tell Cora he is serious-minded. Bertie is also somewhat less stunned when hearing that Cora is not present at the entertainment; he does not clutch at Jeeves. In the original story, Cora brings a doll onto the stage to sing to; she does not do this in the episode. Tuppy does not talk to Bertie after the entertainment in the episode. Instead, Bertie hears about his reconciliation with Angela from Aunt Dahlia.

Top shelves for Tales of the Broken Moon, Bean's Song (showing of 7).

By the s, chronic overfarming in the Great Plains had devastated the native grasses that had held topsoils in place. As the plants were uprooted, the dirt dried and loosened, setting the stage for an environmental catastrophe. In , a drought hit the region—it would last eight years—and the exposed soil was blown away by a series of gigantic dust storms. Nobody who lived there had ever experienced anything like it: Many well-meaning citizens assumed that if they could just cover up the loose dirt somehow, it would stop getting blown around so much. Five dollars per acre. Sounds like a bargain—until you consider the fact that the dust bowl had engulfed around million acres. Meanwhile, a Pittsburgh steel manufacturer wanted to install wire netting over multiple counties, and a company known as Sisalkraft proposed blanketing the ground with its rugged brand of waterproof paper. A similar idea involved laying concrete down over every field in the region and leaving a few holes for future crops. As environmental historian Donald Worster wrote in his book *Dust Bowl: Yearby of Durham, North Carolina* saw an opportunity to beautify her own state by shipping its junked autos out to the plains to anchor the blowing fields. Getty Images Explosives expert Tex Thornton tried ending the drought with dynamite. In a sales pitch given to the citizens of Dalhart, Texas, he explained that if the explosive was launched skywards and detonated aially, immediate rainfall would follow. Judgment day came on May 1, , when the would-be hero set up shop by a local lake. Thousands of curious onlookers watched from afar as Thornton tied balloons to his dynamite sticks, which had been fitted with timed fuses. Things quickly went awry once a violent dust storm arrived on the scene. The high winds made it too dangerous for Thornton to even think about releasing the explosives, especially now that a crowd was present. So in a last-ditch effort to deliver the goods, he buried his dynamite and set it off under the ground. The blast just propelled extra dirt into the dusty atmosphere. After a few more attempts, rain did come to Dalhart—as well as in regions too far away to be affected by his explosions. Contemporary folklore claimed that if you hung a deceased snake belly-up over a fence post, it would rain the next morning. When all else failed, some farmers actually tried this during the dust bowl years. Ironically, live snakes would have been far more useful to them. Back then, famished jackrabbits regularly turned up in droves to devour the few crops that were still being grown on the Great Plains. Many of the more intense showdowns in the American Civil War, including Gettysburg, were followed by severe rainfall. This and other accounts over the years helped give rise to the once widespread belief that artillery caused downpours—a notion that was still fairly pervasive in the s and was broadly the same hypothesis that Thornton was working with. After some non-lethal cannon fire, the rains would return—or at least, that was the plan. This story originally ran in

Chapter 5 : List of Dragon Tales episodes - Wikipedia

Tales of the Broken Moon, Bean's Song by Travis Hanson (Illustrator), Aimee Duncan, Cathy Hanson (Editor)
Paperback, Pages, Published

Frogs of Windham Lawyer Elderkin stood on the porch looking up at the night sky. Clouds were rolling in, obscuring the stars, but for a few moments the moon still shone on the sleepy town of Windham. Elderkin fervently hoped that the clouds meant rain. Fur-Bearing Trout Now it happened that there was a mining camp in Colorado where more than an average number of the miners were bald. An enterprising hair tonic salesman from Kentucky decided to take advantage of this golden opportunity, so he made the trip north. It was a rainy summer evening. The salesman was headed towards the mining camp with four bottles of hair tonic under his arm. As he was crossing one of the trout streams which lead to the Arkansas River, the salesman slipped and dropped two bottles of hair tonic into the water. The bottles broke, and the hair tonic spilled into the stream Superstitions, Folklore and Fact According to Pliny, garlic and onions were invoked as deities by the Egyptians at the taking of oaths. The inhabitants of Pelusium in lower Egypt, who worshipped the onion, are said to have held both it and garlic in aversion as food. It was a beautiful night with a full moon. We were laughing and discussing the party when the engine started to cough and the emergency light went on. We had just reached the railroad crossing where Villamain Road becomes Shane Road He loved the city and was beginning to feel at home on its streets. World War II was raging in Europe, and like all other good citizens, he followed the headlines daily and did his part for the boys overseas But among his crew there were many sailors who did not wish to share the new-found wealth with the monarchs of Spain I was young then, and my pretty little bride was just setting up housekeeping in the little cottage that was all we could afford. Life was good, and I thought everything would continue rolling along that way Ghost in the Stacks saw her out of the corner of my eye while I was studying in a remote corner of the second-level stacks in the library. She was pretty, with reddish hair and pensive, wide eyes in an intelligent face. I straightened up, patted my hair to make sure it was smooth, and took another look. It had once housed the actresses working for a big silent film studio across the street, but the film studio was long gone, and the boarding house was unused. My grandparents converted it into a 3-family home Ghosts of Ringwood Manor Ringwood Manor you say? A lovely old house. But no place, my child, to go on a dark night with no moon. The current Manor House was built by Martin Ryerson in Girl in White He was sulking a little, standing at the sidelines while all the other men danced with their pretty partners. His girl had not come to the dance that night. Her mother was ill, and so his girl had remained at her side. A fine pious act, he thought sourly, but it left him at loose ends. That Yankee Peddler was a scoundrel if ever I saw one. Green Lantern There once was a lighthouse keeper who had lived on St. They were all alone there, for the mother had died long before. Wanting the best for his daughter and son, the keeper had insisted that they continue their education, and for this purpose had purchased a small dory for them, which they rowed across to the mainland each day to attend school. Guardian of Yosemite For many nights and many days, the guardian spirit of Tisayac watched over the beautiful valley of Yosemite. Often, the gentle spirit would drift invisibly among the good folk of the valley, and it was during one of these visits that she noticed a tall, proud man named Tutokanula. He was a strong leader who greatly enhanced the lot of his people, and Tisayac came more often to the valley so that she could watch him. The explorer and his crew journeyed north for several days, trading with the native residents and searching for the fabled northwest passage to the Orient. By the time he reached the area that would become present-day Albany, Hudson knew that he had not found the passage for which he sought. Reluctantly, he turned the Half Moon and sailed back down the river Heron and the Hummingbird Heron and Hummingbird were very good friends, even though one was tall and gangly and awkward and one was small and sleek and fast. They both loved to eat fish. The Hummingbird preferred small fish like minnows and Heron liked the large ones. Hoop Snakes Now the Pennsylvania hoop snake is something to be reckoned with. But everyone agrees that you can tell a hoop snake from a regular snake by the way it moves. When a hoop snake travels around, it grabs its tail with the poison stinger at the end in its mouth and rolls along until it sees something it wants to sting. Then it whips the

stinger out of its mouth quick enough and lashes out with its tail

Chapter 6 : Tales of the Jazz Age, by F. Scott Fitzgerald : The Jelly-Bean.

TALES OF THE BROKEN MOON-BEAN'S SONG Travis Hanson SIGNED Illustrated Fantasy YA See more like this
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God bless your wee bum. Submitted by RaiderEp The one with a gaseous demeanor Is the one with the smell that is meaner!! To a smell that is best! Schoolyard Fart Tricks Patrick B. Rodrigues submitted this one: Get your friends to say this fast: One smart man, he felt smart; two smart men, they felt smart; three smart men, they all felt smart! Scott offers this version of the one above: One smart fellow, he felt smart; two smart fellows, they both felt smart. Write this out on a card and have your friend read it out loud, preferably in front of a large audience: I have been playing this game since junior high school. It is especially fun while camping or somewhere that there is no doorknob available. Submitted by Bill A fart is nothing but the lonely cry of an imprisoned turd. Submitted by Butter He who farts in church sits in his own pew. Submitted by Lorie B. Submitted by Beach Fart three times and get a wish. Submitted by Malachi If someone farts in the car, all persons should take three deep breaths and it will all be gone. Submitted by Dick M. Only a Klingon would fart in an airlock. It gives two people something NOT to talk about! Flatulence comes from the heart of the body, but the body it comes from is heartless. Something to say before farting: Submitted by Rob S. Your voice has changed but your breath is still the same! A sudden loss in cabin pressure! The word refers to a kind of little bird. According to Rodney Y. According to Brandon P. According to Rowan E. If someone else produces a particularly odiferous emission, ifartoften says you should say, "What crawled up in you and died?" Australian term for someone who farts a lot.

Chapter 7 : Tales (TV Series ") - IMDb

An acting career was always in the cards for Debra Paget (nee Debralee Griffin) and her siblings, coming from a show biz family and being the offspring of a "stage mother" anxious to get her kids into the movies.

Tales of the Jazz Age, by F. Scott Fitzgerald was a Jelly-bean. Much as I desire to make him an appealing character, I feel that it would be unscrupulous to deceive you on that point. He was a bred-in-the-bone, dyed-in-the-wool, ninety-nine three-quarters per cent Jelly-bean and he grew lazily all during Jelly-bean season, which is every season, down in the land of the Jelly-beans well below the Mason-Dixon line. Now if you call a Memphis man a Jelly-bean he will quite possibly pull a long sinewy rope from his hip pocket and hang you to a convenient telegraph-pole. If you call a New Orleans man a Jelly-bean he will probably grin and ask you who is taking your girl to the Mardi Gras ball. The particular Jelly-bean patch which produced the protagonist of this history lies somewhere between the two " a little city of forty thousand that has dozed sleepily for forty thousand years in southern Georgia occasionally stirring in its slumbers and muttering something about a war that took place sometime, somewhere, and that everyone else has forgotten long ago. Jim was a Jelly-bean. I write that again because it has such a pleasant sound " rather like the beginning of a fairy story " as if Jim were nice. It somehow gives me a picture of him with a round, appetizing face and all sort of leaves and vegetables growing out of his cap. But Jim was long and thin and bent at the waist from stooping over pool-tables, and he was what might have been known in the indiscriminating North as a corner loafer. Jim was born in a white house on a green corner, It had four weather-beaten pillars in front and a great amount of lattice-work in the rear that made a cheerful criss-cross background for a flowery sun-drenched lawn. He had, in fact, thought it a matter of so little moment that when he was dying from a pistol wound got in a brawl he neglected even to tell little Jim, who was five years old and miserably frightened. The white house became a boarding-house run by a tight-lipped lady from Macon, whom Jim called Aunt Mamie and detested with all his soul. He became fifteen, went to high school, wore his hair in black snarls, and was afraid of girls. He hated his home where four women and one old man prolonged an interminable chatter from summer to summer about what lots the Powell place had originally included and what sorts of flowers would be out next. For pocket money, he picked up odd jobs, and it was due to this that he stopped going to parties. At his third party little Marjorie Haight had whispered indiscreetly and within hearing distance that he was a boy who brought the groceries sometimes. So instead of the two-step and polka, Jim had learned to throw, any number he desired on the dice and had listened to spicy tales of all the shootings that had occurred in the surrounding country during the past fifty years. The war broke out and he enlisted as a goby and polished brass in the Charleston Navy-yard for a year. Then, by way of variety, he went North and polished brass in the Brooklyn Navy-yard for a year. When the war was over he came home, He was twenty-one, his trousers were too short and too tight. His buttoned shoes were long and narrow. His tie was an alarming conspiracy of purple and pink marvellously scrolled, and over it were two blue eyes faded like a piece of very good old cloth, long exposed to the sun. His mind was working persistently on a problem that had held his attention for an. The Jelly-bean had been invited to a party. Back in the days when all the boys had detested all the girls, Clark Darrow and Jim had sat side by side in school. Nevertheless Clark and Jim had retained a friendship that, though casual, was perfectly definite. The impulse that made him do this was no stranger than the impulse which made Jim accept. The latter was probably an unconscious ennui, a half-frightened sense of adventure. And now Jim was soberly thinking it over. He began to sing, drumming his long foot idly on a stone block in the sidewalk till it wobbled up and down in time to the low throaty tune: They would all be there " the old crowd, the crowd to which, by right of the white house, sold long since, and the portrait of the officer in gray over the mantel, Jim should have belonged. And to that society of first names and dead puppy loves Jim was an outsider " a running mate of poor whites. Most of the men knew him, condescendingly; he tipped his hat to three or four girls. When the dusk had thickened into a blue setting for the moon, he walked through the hot, pleasantly pungent town to Jackson Street. The stores were closing and the last shoppers were drifting homeward, as if borne on the dreamy revolution of a slow merry-go-round. The Jelly-bean stopped in a store

and bought a collar. Nancy Lamar and a strange man were in the back seat. The Jelly-bean tipped his hat quickly. Nancy had a mouth like a remembered kiss and shadowy eyes and blue-black hair inherited from her mother who had been born in Budapest. Jim passed her often on the street, walking small-boy fashion with her hands in her pockets and he knew that with her inseparable Sally Carrol Hopper she had left a trail of broken hearts from Atlanta to New Orleans. For a few fleeting moments Jim wished he could dance. Then he laughed and as he reached his door began to sing softly to himself: Sometimes I drive one of his taxies and pick up a little thataway. They make me shoot from a cup now because once I get the feel of a pair of dice they just roll for me. I happen to know she sold a good ring last month to pay a debt. Lawyer told me to put it into Liberty bonds. Nice farm, but not enough niggers around to work it. At heart he was torn between overwhelming self-consciousness and an intense curiosity as to all that went on around him. Sally Carrol Hopper, blonde and lazy-eyed, appeared clad in her favorite pink and blinking like an awakened rose. Marjorie Haight, Marylyn Wade, Harriet Cary, all the girls he had seen loitering down Jackson Street by noon, now, curled and brilliantined and delicately tinted for the overhead lights, were miraculously strange Dresden figures of pink and blue and red and gold, fresh from the shop and not yet fully dried. A dozen males had spoken to him or stopped for a moment beside him, but he knew that they were each one surprised at finding him there and fancied that one or two were even slightly resentful. But at half past ten his embarrassment suddenly left him and a pull of breathless interest took him completely out of himself " Nancy Lamar had come out of the dressing-room. She was dressed in yellow organdie, a costume of a hundred cool corners, with three tiers of ruffles and a big bow in back until she shed black and yellow around her in a sort of phosphorescent lustre. For she stood beside the door until her partner hurried up. He saw her set her arms akimbo and say something in a low voice, and laugh. The man laughed too and Jim experienced the quick pang of a weird new kind of pain. Some ray had passed between the pair, a shaft of beauty from that sun that had warmed him a moment since. The Jelly-bean felt suddenly like a weed in a shadow. A minute later Clark approached him, bright-eyed and glowing. Old man Merritt makes the Merritt safety razors. Been chasing, after her all year. But she sure does do crazy stunts. Shoot craps, say, boy! And she do like her high-balls. Seems like all the best girls around here marry fellas and go off somewhere. As they descended the stairs Jim found the idea inexplicably depressing. For the first time in his life he felt a vague and romantic yearning. The Jelly-bean walked out on the porch to a deserted corner, dark between the moon on the lawn and the single lighted door of the ballroom. There he found a chair and, lighting a cigarette, drifted into the thoughtless reverie that was his usual mood. Yet now it was a reverie made sensuous by the night and by the hot smell of damp powder puffs, tucked in the fronts of low dresses and distilling a thousand rich scents, to float out through the open door. The music itself, blurred by a loud trombone, became hot and shadowy, a languorous overtone to the scraping of many shoes and slippers. Suddenly the square of yellow light that fell through the door was obscured by a dark figure. A girl had come out of the dressing-room and was standing on the porch not more than ten feet away. It was Nancy Lamar. Jim rose to his feet. Some utter ass left his or her gum on the floor and of course I stepped in it. Had she demanded a cylinder he would have done his best to wrench one out. I used it for the soap and water. Well, we can turn it on and let it run on the ground. The dripping became a flow and formed an oily pool that glistened brightly, reflecting a dozen tremulous moons on its quivering bosom. The only thing to do is to wade in it. The jelly-bean contained himself no longer. He bent double with explosive laughter and after a second she joined in. He promised me a highball. I got his bottle right here in my pocket. I can drink anything any man can. Taking out the cork she held the flask to her lips and took a long drink. He watched her fascinated. I think most people are that way. No, Jim had not. Dark, you know, like me, and wild as sin. He was out of his depths. Have champagne and caviare sandwiches along. Have about eight people. And one of the men would jump overboard to amuse the party, and get drowned like a man did with Lady Diana Manners once. You got " you got old head on young shoulders. The Jelly-bean rose also.

Chapter 8 : Tales of the Broken Moon, Bean's Song by Travis Hanson

The Jelly-bean strolling up Jackson Street humming a lazy song, known at every shop and street stand, croful of easy greeting and local wit, sad sometimes for only the sake of sadness and the flight of time " that Jelly-bean was suddenly vanished.

Originally recorded by Angela Lansbury in her film role as Mrs. Potts. Additionally, Dionne Warwick included the song on her eponymous seventeenth studio album. The release of the song was accompanied by a music video, directed by Dominic Orlando. Dionne and Peabo Bryson have performed the song several times live, including at the 64th Academy Awards in 1991 and the 35th Grammy Awards in 1993. It was included in Disney Sing Along Songs: Once Upon a Dream. Both singers have included the song on some of their respective greatest hit and compilation albums. It has been covered numerous times by various performers. Ashman and Menken, who had just recently completed scoring *The Little Mermaid*, had already begun writing songs for their then-upcoming animated project *Aladdin*. Ashman, who had been recently diagnosed with HIV, was initially reluctant to join the struggling production crew. However, he eventually agreed. Angela Lansbury provided both the speaking and singing voices of the character Mrs. Potts in the film. She told *The Huffington Post* that Ashman and Menken had originally written the song in the style of a rock ballad. Although she enjoyed it, she felt incapable of recording it because of the unfamiliar style in which it was written. Ashman and Menken simply advised her "to sing it the way [she] envisioned it". Ultimately, she successfully recorded it in only one take. Single Because the film garnered three separate Academy Award nominations for Best Original Song, producer Don Hahn expressed concern that this would result in a tie. Menken considered it a "turning point" in his career, explaining that it was the first time one of his compositions was re-arranged for such a purpose. Fearing she would not draw much attention because of her relative obscurity, Disney hired Peabo Bryson , who was a more popular and successful artist at the time, to record the song alongside her in the form of a duet. Ultimately, it won Best Original Song. Its success is often accredited with introducing her to a worldwide audience and establishing her career as an international recording artist. Lyrics Tale as old as time True as it can be Barely even friends.

Chapter 9 : Debra Paget - IMDb

(This Indonesian playground rhyme is a modification of a cute little song about a train, and is used as a counting game. The person who gets the last word is the one who supplied the fart. The translation is "Toot, toot, toot, who is it who farted?").