

A Winter for Moses

Moses Avalon was enjoying a new book in his favorite reading spot right outside Roanoke Apartments in Beaming Views, Indiana. It was the perfect reading spot for Moses, and he had a painting of the area framed and hanging on his wall, that he had done his first year living at Roanoke Apartments.

When he moved in to Roanoke Apartments, over 27 years ago, one of the first things he did was go to the local artists hang, and grab a bunch of paint brushes and color paint and every supply under the sun he would need to paint a masterpiece. He liked the area with its bench and scenery. The quiet sound of nature and man. The area also had a walking area so that he could see people as they nonchalantly walked the area. It was perfect, the perfect place to dream his life away, and get to see who his neighbors were, and maybe talk to a few in case he ever needed a hand. The place had so excited him, that he took the apartment at Roanoke Apartments because of the place. And he said to himself, "Once I move in there, I'm going to paint that area, and hang it on my wall."

The wildlife around the area was vast from creek frogs, to soaring falcons and small four legged creatures that were kind of shy, but paid no one any mind, or got in anyone's way. So was the way around Roanoke Apartments, and Moses Avalon knew that this place might be his home for a long time with such a place as this.

So after he moved in, and got settled, he went right at it and bought artists supplies and such, even took a course in painting so it might look better when he was done, but one thing was for sure, Moses was going to have a painting that he was going to hang on the wall of that fabulous area around the bench.

So he went at it, drawing it first while sitting there at the bench. First the outline, then some eraser to make the outline softer. He was liking what he was seeing, that eraser, the pencil, he got it all done perfectly before pouring on some of that paint. Working it then, all the time until what he was looking at was what he had painted. Again and again he worked the canvas, steady on his new easel. Worked that canvas with all kinds of paint brushed until it was perfect. Once it was done he waited until it dried before bringing it to the framers and then to the wall. Ahhhhhh thought Moses Avalon, as he stared at his masterpiece. The cats meow, that quiet satisfaction that comes when you complete something you set out to do, and that Moses Avalon did and time went on.

Years went on for Moses, but that place in the picture was still his retreat away from everyone and everything. It became a place he would go when he felt like reading a book, or when he wanted to go see the full moon, or shooting stars, or even, new to us, to view low orbit satellites flying way up high that became visible after 10pm on most nights. He brought dates there and had major kissing sessions there. He opened letters there that he got from different people and cried there when he lost his mother.

Moses loved nature, and nature loved Moses. Sometimes when he was sitting there, some of the small animals would come around and smell at him, and he would reach out his hand and say "hey there little buddy" and see how close they would come. He loved it, and it gave him great joy to have memories like that. On occasion, he actually fed some of the wild animals. He would sit there, extend his hand, with some carrot or bread, and the little creatures would take it and be gone before he knew it. Very seldom

did any of those wild beasts stick around to see and observe Moses, well ,that's what wild animals are normal with.

The place couldn't have been better. At Holiday time, he would have people from his family over. They would have a nice time. Festive sometimes, and always spend a fair amount of time admiring the painting of the bench in the landscape. On occasion he would tell them stories about some things that happened there, but for the most part, it was just a place he read and went to from time to time. His Women friend Jane enjoyed the painting when she first saw it, and they would cuddle sometimes in the deep cold winter and remember smooching there the summer before, and that always got Moses going. All and all Moses was living the time at Roanoke Apartments satisfied. He was a great tenant and got along with a lot of his neighbors. And he had no interest in leaving. However everything was about to change for Moses, and his time at Roanoke Apartments was about to be tested because as the saying goes, "The Good Lord Giveth, and The Good Lord Taketh".

One day while Moses was sitting out in the natural setting at the bench reading a book he had recently picked up at the Book Store a stranger came around and sat at the bench right next to Moses. This was nothing new, for Moses had been at Roanoke Apartments for over 10 years now and had read lots and lots of books on that bench. Same bench in the painting that hung on his wall for over ten years. Sure Sure Sure, Lots of people would stop and sit on the bench and either admire the natural surrounds, or say a word or two. Some lit up a smoke and relaxed while Moses continued to read away and mind his P's and Q's. Others might read a paper , or inquire into what he might be reading. He would lighten his heart and adapt. He loved the Apartment, and especially his special bench, so he sometimes seemed like a welcome wagon, not afraid to talk about just about anything under the sun. Still Moses continued to be a model tenant at the Roanoke Apartments, and everyone always said high and waved at Moses. After all it was his home.

Until that one day when a stranger sat down next to Moses and went right for him, telling him his life was about to change. Said he ain't seen nothing like him before, and probably never would again for the rest of his life. Now Moses knew that the walking area went off the property of Roanoke Apartments, and so he had known for years that all kinds of people, People from the Town, were also to walking thru, or in and around, so it was nothing new, or no big deal. That was until the stranger sat down next to him and told him, "Nope, you ain't seen nothing like me before there Mopey Moses, Mopey Moses with the tinkles shinkles in the dinkles winkles."

Moses sat up and started paying attention. Not only did this stranger know his name, but he was saying it without first introducing himself, and sense Moses had never seen him around before sat straight up, back strait, and this stranger began again.

"Whoopie Mokie Moses Paintie Wantie Wannie Wassie Wooo." and got up and started slapping his face to fast for words. Over and over again, Slap, Slap, Slap, Slap. For over 30 seconds. The time seemed like forever, and began to awaken in our friend Moses an almost disbelief that what he was witnessing was actually happening.

"Mikey Moses Painty Waintee Woopie Wops, Womble Worldly Waaaaans". Then the stranger got all serious faced and got right into Moses face and slowly moved in close. And there Moses was watching like a kid who just got called a name during recess in Elementary School and about to hit back.

Closer and closer the stranger got with the most serious weird was to the new comer that Moses developed an attitude for the next few minutes. The stranger then continued

to come in closer, and closer, until he was six inches from Moses' face and really serious looking and then stopped. By that point Moses' face became weirded broken and he had lost face while the stranger didn't budge an inch. Then the stranger ever so slightly moved his head to the left, then to the right before vanishing into thin air.

Moses shit his pants. Literally. And for the next five minutes didn't move from that special, beautiful, wonderful, bench where he had major kissing sessions, and fed small creatures carrots, and read love letters from his squeeze.

After the five minutes had ended, he realized he shit his pants and began his way back to his Apartment at the Roanoke Apartments, Apartment 901.

Upon entering his apartment he cleaned up and changed his cloths and had dinner and didn't think about what had happened until he went to bed a little after 10pm. Then once in bed, with the cover on he shook his head and turned on his side before dosing off into safety.

The next time he went to the bench he sat down and was a little off, or preoccupied with wondering what had transpired the last time he was there and looked around for quite some time before being able to sink right back into that special place. He even thought of painting the bench the summer before. He figured the town had forgotten about the bench, or must have had budget restraints that kept every available resource from spending on paint for town benches. He never did paint the bench, but Moses thought about it, and even one time while at the Hardware Store, while he caught a glimpse of some stain, though of that bench, but turned away before spending his own money, and putting his own time into what the town employee's already get paid to do.

Well, needless to say, the bench won once again, and Moses drifted off to the sound of birds being loud, and watching others flying over the tree cover to distant lands. The sound of a woodpecker off in the distance echoed through the natural setting, and you could hear the sound of water rolling over rocks in the creek, when out of his eye, Moses sat up, nervous, or quick, or nervous and quick, because a little girl in a red rain coat had mysteriously become visible as she rounded a hedge, and was as startled as Moses. Both smiled at each other, and she walked past while Moses adjusted to alone again.

Sometimes, the constant walking of locals went constantly, and just because they were there didn't mean anything besides it must be a really good place to be thought Moses

There were seldom any crimes in the town where Moses lived. People worked hard, and enjoyed their time away from work, and time with friends and family. And especially they enjoyed each other. So Moses, one Saturday, after the leaves had fallen from the trees was sitting in his favorite space outdoors when he noticed in the distance a figure. The leaves had all fallen from the trees leaving no tree cover so all the area's acres were exposed with only the outline of trees, brooks, hills, hedges, and walking paths visible. Such was fall before winter settled into Moses' area. It was one of his favorite times of year, and had begun thinking towards the holiday seasons when off in the distance a field away, the cackle.

Loud and arduous sound. A field away was a hunting hatted, red hunting coated heckle sound that pierced the land like tanks rolling over the hills and thru the creeks. Then it was again. Barely audible, but almost constant with a grungy worldlessness that meant opposite of talk. And Moses noticed he was dancing. Kind of, moving in weird ways not ever seen before outside the jerk on some dance floor back at the night spot before he moved into Roanoke Apartments. "hfughdfugng udhguevrhgvnerngerhvnvgqnvfnffhg undfg dfuhg" is what it sounded like as he rattled

his way down the walking path perfectly unaware that Moses was fine tuned to the sound, unfortunately. Unfortunately? Unfortunately because it pierced him to the bench so he couldn't move or budge an inch. It was like hearing your favorite song, but you had left all your excitement back at your place and had to be there while it played. But Moses wasn't sure if it was his favorite song, or some thing he was maybe, or might begin to worry from shortly.

The sound continued to be constant as the stranger in the red hunting cap, and red hunting jacket grunged or with waded walking proceeded. Sound the same "bfiofugvsoudinosidufsofsdfnasdugosifgh" until he was within 75yards of Moses, then the sound stopped and the new stranger , while walking, began to raise his head to look at Moses sitting on the bench. Neither of them flinched, but Moses felt like someone hit him in the stomach when they made eye contact, but the new stranger continued to walk towards the creek and eventually not far from Moses. And in all that space and time all Moses could notice was the absence of sound this time while the new stranger walked on, getting closer and closer to Moses and the bench. Closer and closer until he could sense the heat coming from the friction his rubber boots were making walking towards , near , the creek, and Moses never took his eyes off the new stranger. Moses could smell the stranger as he got as close as permitted by the walking trails, and felt almost relief as he past , turning his own head away from Moses, and walking without the sound that once would have made tanks stop and soldiers retreat.

Once again the winds whipped, and it was the sound that teased Moses at his favorite bench. He knew snow was on it's way, and this would probably be his last sit out at his favorite place, so he soaked it all in before lifting his scarf over his face and returning to Apt 901 at Roanoke Apartments.