



## A Pale Horse

A man riding a pale horse down a lonely NH street was yelling..." the British aren't coming". Luckily one of our reporters was camping outside to witness this ..historic event.. and asked the man to stop so he could question him..... the horse with red eyes and a mane of flame was reeling at the sky as the man pulled to a stop for our reporter. The stars retreated all around.. and hooves smoked on the ground.



Did you say the " British are not coming? Our reporter asked. The man replied..that's right ole boy..they are not coming...not now, not tomorrow and actually as far as we know now

...not ever...

Do I dare ask your name our reporter said.

The man replied, it may be a name you would reverre but it does not mean the same to everyone. **So if I told you and you heard, if I spoke and you listened,** would you not then know the truth of the matter?

Our reporter was somewhat stunned and he further questioned the Man on the pale horse. Our people here are not afraid of the British any more, so why the fuss about something 350 years ago. And why

point out that they are not coming. and if they were coming no one here abouts would be concerned anyway..

Well maybe you have heard bit you did not listen. The stars above wheeled in a great light and a mystery spoke from the sky..

Our reporter so blinded for but a moment and the pale horse rider was gone..

The sounds of the trees were like electricity and a smell of molten iron rose from the air. And then the trees whispered what the great mystery spake...

If its not one thing..its another..