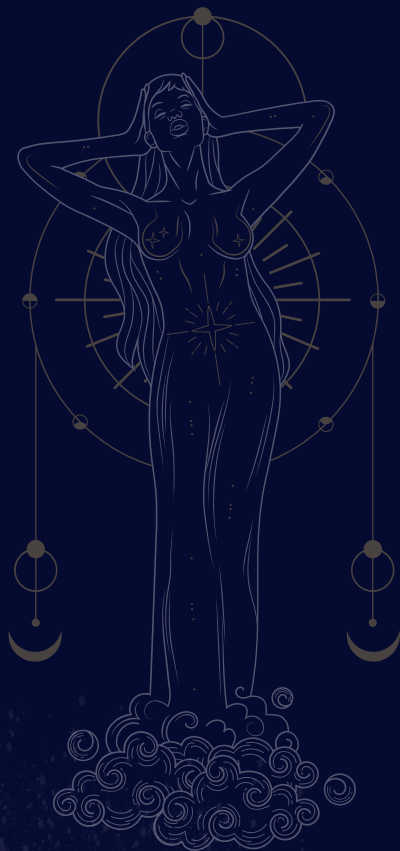


# SPRINGER LN NEWSLETTER: FOURTH EDITION

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE  
HUMAN EXPERIENCE  
SPRINGERLN.COM



- 1-2: "allowance" by Maya Coles  
3: "Spoiled Sanity" by Emerson Nathan  
4: Literature Review: *The Dutch House* by Ann Patchett  
5: "Tanka Poem" by Louis Denson  
6: *Just Another Night In a Cowboy Hat* by Teya Thompson  
7-8: "CAUTION: MAY BITE" by Steven Avalos  
9: "Decay" by Kenzie Metcalf  
10-11: "Heart" LP Review by M.A. Lopez  
12-13: Short Film Review: *A Wild Patience Has Taken Me Here* by Érica Sarmet  
14-16: "The Gift" by Steven Avalos  
17: "Haiku For a Rainy Day" by Louis Denson  
18-19: "Ascension" by Steven Avalos

1 JUNE, 2023

# allowance

maya coles  
(she/her)

\*\*\*Trigger warning for SA

when people ask me who it was that committed this act of treachery, the one i do not want to specify, i stutter, i become startled, i fabricate the reaction of forgetting his name. i don't do it for his sake; he was from out of town, nobody on my high school campus knows of him. i choke down those five sickening letters so they stain my lungs and embellish the back of my brain, like a branding. it burns.

i can't say his name because i do not have control. it's like an insult, a slur. i don't utter the word because i know he would probably be proud if people "knew" it was him. they would have to put a face to the name. i wonder if they would picture him as unattractive, as disgusting, as a lonesome and tiresome disfigurement, manipulating someone else's own body in someone else's own home.

i look into the eyes of a lover, a new lover, a fresh soul with skin undamaged and hands not yet infringed. he tucks my damaged hair behind my listening ear and kisses my screaming mouth. he tells me he'll protect me, but he is not a time traveler; the girl who needs protecting is twelve years old in the arms of a pungent sophomore, small figure and short hair resting up against the chest of someone much older, an enigma of the night, arms outstretched in all the areas they shouldn't have been.

i can't swallow. i can't breathe.

that night, the couch cradled me like a child, the setting for my sleep. but i didn't dare close my eyes after waking up to the abomination, hands up against me like felt torture and a crown made of thorns. i froze.

now and again, the feeling washes over me like an ice cold shower, like hot tar or brittle air or a dream in which i'm falling; like a scratch i itch so hard, i bleed; like tears so populous, i can't see the dull road as i drive. i couldn't see my demise if it was two feet in front of me.

my track record of running to the bathroom in fear and melancholia began that night; the overwhelming feeling, the contempt, the violation, like i was outside my own body, like it didn't belong to me, like the girl with her knees up to her chin on the cold tile was someone i could possibly avoid. it was then i realized i was only a privilege when i was taken, not earned. when i was young and convenient. my subconscious fear of going to sleep, of laying with another man, even one my age. letting someone touch me because they think i'd enjoy it. somehow, such a selfless act can be so cruel.

i am grateful the moment didn't continue or progress with the removal of my shorts, that my future wasn't in physical jeopardy — just mental; that i was clothed and sheathed and protected, that there were people asleep in the same room, so if it went further, i could cry out and risk a reputation.

i am ruined more than he is.  
less than he could've been.  
more than i should've been.

### **author bio:**

**My name is Maya Coles, and I am going to be attending the University of La Verne in the fall as an English major. Hence my field of study, in school, the only subject I really connected to was English, along with my extracurriculars that involved art and writing. I love to make my own stories and draw from my own experiences, I love the endless creativity associated with any form of art, and I enjoy analyzing the reasoning behind authors writing the way they do. I write about insecurities, as well as overcoming them. I write when I'm happy the same way I write when I'm sad — forcefully and wholeheartedly. Attempting to make every single one of my pieces beautiful and tasteful, I hope they are able to resonate with others and find little homes in their hearts.**

# SPOILED SANITY

BY EMERSON NATHAN  
(he/they)

In the belly of the beast  
I linger for the better part of time  
I suppose it's safer and warmer in here  
Mauve pink acid softens my flakey skin

Barbed pikes poke holes in my lair  
Monuments of close calls

In a little while, I will emerge  
From my cocoon of orthodox shame  
A church bell will ring  
And all but myself will hear its song

The songs I sing will fall from my lips  
And sink lower than any chasm

Shackles envelop my swollen ankles and delicate shoulders  
Gripping me with a spirited intensity, I feel held  
Who am I to say I'm being restrained  
When my own emancipation oppresses you

## *AUTHOR BIO*

I'm Emerson Nathan, and I'll be attending a local community college next school year with a major in English. My writing draws inspiration from beat generation icons - Allen Ginsburg and Jack Keruoac, as well as my own personal experience with observing and progressing consciousness. I'm trying to use language as a tool to capture ideology, feelings, experiences, and truth. I'm excited to contribute perspective and spark curiosity into any readers willing to listen.

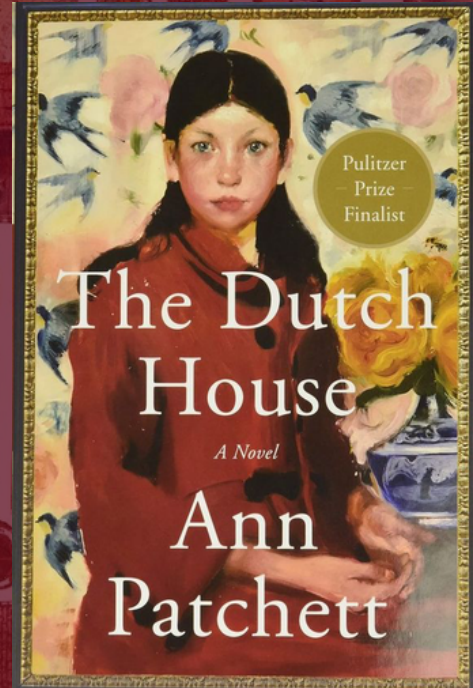


# THE DUTCH HOUSE

REVIEW BY CLARA-LANE

(SHE/HER/HERS)

Synopsis: Maeve and Danny are siblings that live in a mansion that is referred to as The Dutch House. The story is developed particularly through Danny's eyes— and the story is told through the duration of their lives. Following the family and staff of the estate through the decades, Patchett displays a story of grief and struggle from losing family members, their childhood home, and the wealth that was present in their adolescence but was taken from them in adulthood.



Review: What I found compelling about *The Dutch House* by Ann Patchett was how the house was essentially the main character in the novel. They loved their home, despite the fact that their most traumatic memories lived there with them: the abandonment of their mother, the inevitable death of their father, and the betrayal of trusted step-parents. To me, this novel described how complex grief can be. How often do we find ourselves attached to it, unwilling to put it down? All the memories of the house are haunted by death and detachment— but Maeve and Danny still insist on staying, remembering, and revisiting. After their father's passing they lose access to the family wealth and are forced to live on the opposite end of the economic scale— and through the story Patchett describes what all of these losses add up to: grudges and attachment to trauma that is nearly irreversible. However not only is it grief of all their literal losses, it's grieving the old versions of themselves that could have been. All of the opportunities lost, connections severed. It is a very engrossing and deliberate story— one that is less about plot and more about the characters. With a strong vein of melancholy through the novel that is heartbreakingly, numbingly beautiful. Overall, an epic and read-worthy novel; even saying that much is minimal to how I feel about it. Bravo Ann Patchett!



# TANKA POEM

**BY LOUIS DENSON  
(HE/HIM/HIS)**

THE NIGHT IS BLACKER  
THAN THE SKIN I'M LIVING IN,  
BUT STILL I WONDER  
WHY DO THEY FEAR THE DARKNESS  
AND CURSE THE LIGHT WHEN IT SHINES?

# Just Another Night In a

## Cowboy Hat

By Teya Thompson (she/her/hers)



**ARTIST BIO:** Hii, my name is Teya and I'm a graduating student at SF State. I get a lot of enjoyment when I do self portraits like this, usually as acrylic paintings. It's really satisfying to see how much my style has changed as well as myself. Each time I feel like I hit a new artistic era, my style gets looser and it's always so exciting. I would love to become an art teacher/professor and encourage more people to do self portraits to see the different way others depict themselves. :)

# CAUTION: MAY BITE

By Steven Avalos  
(they/them)

I've been waiting for my friend to tell me he's outside my house so we can go out. He said he'd be over in five minutes but that was a half hour ago. I've just been sitting in my room on my computer, waiting. I hear a knock on the door. Finally, I would've preferred a text first that he's outside but this'll do I guess. I walk over to the front and open the door, only...he isn't there. I peek my head through the doorway and look around. All I see is the street at night and a few cars going by. I look down and notice a black box on the porch steps. It's pretty late for mail to come at this time but not completely unheard of, right? I gaze at it for a second and grab it. Inspecting the package, I check for where it was shipped from but the info isn't there. I then see just one sticker with a label that reads "CAUTION: MAY BITE". My head isn't thinking much but a sudden panic waves through my body like a cold. I lay it on my dining table in the back and dash to the kitchen for a knife. The box had no holes and no sound came from it. Is it already too late? Oh shit, what am I gonna do? I found a small knife that I believe will do the job. I shakily cut along the tape holding the flaps together. I prepare to open it...but I hesitate. I don't think I can bear to look at a dead animal. I stand there trying to muster the strength to do so but I just can't. I walk back to the living room and cry expletives. I'm hysterical at this point. Then I hear the sound of scampering...followed by glass shattering. My eyes widen with fear. I don't turn around for a few seconds, scared of what I may see. The flaps are open and my back window is shattered. What the fuck was in that box? How is it alive? I walk to my backyard and look around. I wave the light on my phone around and call out "hello?". It's cold and I just wanna get back inside. It remained dead silent for minutes and I headed back to the warmth that is my house. I look inside the box and it's just pitch black.



Why did I receive this package? Why me? I hear a knock at my door. I slowly make my way through the house and peep outside. It's my friend. Now he wants to fucking show up? Not the worst thing I suppose. Now I'll have someone to explain things to. "Sorry man, traffic was such a pain in the ass and I had to fill up on gas". He says. I barely acknowledge and tell him that I have to show him something. I head over to the box until I hear him ask a question. "Why didn't you bother to see if I was alive?". Everything became still. My head is the only thing that can turn his way. "I could've been a poor little creature that needed aid and yet, you walked away", he says. "I- uh- I don't know what you're trying to say", I responded. His face has now become straight as a statue, eyes blackening, breathing heavily, and growing ever so slightly. He speaks again but now his voice has become dark and wicked. "I'm really disappointed in you". I want to run but my body is frozen. My brain is screaming to run but I just can't. Wake up. Wake up. Please wake the fuck up. "But don't worry", it says while smiling with rows of teeth gunned at me. "There's nothing you could've done to change this. If it makes you feel any better...I won't bite".



# Decay

By Kenzie Metcalf  
(she/her)

You create a rot inside me  
The longer I spend in your company  
the further my insides shrivel.  
Any ounce of familiarity with  
my being dissipates.  
Your eyes dull me  
In the delusion  
Of your pretty lies  
I implode with your every touch

drained of  
my vitality  
Like the spider  
That was captured,  
Confined by my family  
and i  
when I was a kid.  
Suffocated, all hope of  
Freedom striped away,  
Sequestered to the  
confines of a small jar  
In the desolate basement.  
You corroded my entire being  
With you, I decay.

## ARTIST BIO

MY NAME IS KENZIE METCALF AND I AM A POET, WRITER, AND ARTIST CURRENTLY STUDYING AT FAIRHAVEN COLLEGE AT WESTERN WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY. POETRY IS THE WAY IN WHICH I EXPRESS THE DEPTHS OF MY BEING AND MY EXPERIENCE OF THE WORLD AROUND ME. I FIND WRITING POETRY ENABLES AN ARTICULATION OF MYSELF THAT IS CHALLENGING TO EXPRESS IN OTHER MEDIUMS. MY POEMS ARE HONEST REPRESENTATIONS OF EVEN THE MOST DIFFICULT OF EMOTIONS. AT TIMES THEY MAY SEEM HARSH BUT I SIMPLY SEE THIS AS A WAY OF WRESTLING WITH THE COMPLICATED WORD, OF PROCESSING MOMENTS IN TIME, RELATIONSHIPS AND SENSATIONS. I AM AN ARTIST AND CREATIVE IN ORDER TO BREATHE, TO EXPERIENCE MY EXISTENCE IN A MORE FULFILLING WAY.



# ***Heart* by Mox**

**A music review  
by M.A. Lopez**  
(he/him/his/el)

Earlier this year, the debut LP of Central Valley artist Mox was released. Emerging from the obscure, but tight-knit music community of Merced, California, the

album *Heart* clocks in at only 33 minutes but is able to succinctly and beautifully make its point in introducing the artist Mox to a wider audience, a welcome that opens the door to the soul of a new kind of performer and hopes to stay open.

## CONT.

Though the album itself is not very long to listen to, the true journey for the listener lies within the intimate words found in each song. Even instrumental tracks offer the listener a chance to assess the calm and serene moments between silence and music from the soul. At the risk of describing the album as lofi, the uniquely minimalist approach to designing each track guides the listener through a steady stream of emotions, anxieties and all-too-familiar realizations that everything around us is changing. Utilizing simple melodies and a balanced mix of electric instruments and intimate vocals, the album blends the sincerity of the artist's lyrics with the simmering imagination behind the music. To any average listener, the relatively limited use of complex melodies and overdubbed sounds could create the impression of unprofessionalism, but to understand the dialogue that is created with each track, the album *Heart* lives up to its name to form an ethereal, uncomplicated glimpse into the creative spirit that lives in the heart of the artist, and perhaps in every listener as well.

## Author Bio:

**I'M M. AND I'M AN ENGLISH MAJOR AT UC MERCED. I'M STUDYING TO BE AN EDUCATOR AND WHEN I'M NOT TUTORING OR TEACHING PART-TIME, I WRITE SONGS AND PLAY GUITAR. TO ME, MUSIC IS THE RARE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE THAT CAN SPEAK TO EVERY PERSON'S SOUL, NO MATTER WHERE THEY COME FROM OR WHAT KIND OF LIFE THEY'VE LIVED. LIVING IN THE CENTRAL VALLEY OPENED MY EYES TO A NEW KIND OF UNDERGROUND MUSIC SCENE OF UP AND-COMING ARTISTS, SOME OF WHOM GO TO SCHOOL WITH ME. IF I'M BEING TOTALLY HONEST, I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF TO BE NEARLY AS TALENTED OR SKILLED AS THEY ARE AND WHILE I'M ONLY GETTING STARTED WITH MY OWN MUSICAL TRAINING AND EXPERIENCE, I THINK LISTENING TO MY FRIENDS' MUSIC AND BEING WITH THEM WHILE THEY PLAY AND PERFORM INSPIRES ME TO GROW AS AN ARTIST.**

Mox offers an enriching listening experience not just with nuanced playing styles but with a kind of singing that relaxes and lulls the listener into a state of trust, one that could be compared to hearing a close friend sing around the campfire while the mix of warm vocals compliment the earnestly written and simply enjoyable music. In hearing the electric guitar play an opening melody, there lies so much depth within so simple a tune, as if the artist truly understands the impact of the phrase: "less is more". In tracks such as "Trust" and "Melanie", the nuanced melodies are perfectly balanced with the calm and dreamlike vocals, weaving a blend of graceful sounds that can usually only be found in the echoes of some great cave or the natural rhythm of a gentle stream.

Some music is best listened to with eyes closed and with the album *Heart* being a brief, but beautiful, concoction of sounds, emotions and beauty, the imagery that comes to mind could be compared to the colors of Matisse, the depth of Manet and the serenity of Millais, all under the simple grace of the artist Mox.



# A WILD PATIENCE HAS TAKEN ME HERE

DIRECTED BY ÉRICA SARMET  
BRAZIL, 2021

# ***A Wild Patience Has Taken Me Here***

**Short film review by Springer  
Chorpash  
(she/her/hers)**

Generations of experience detailed in a short film that behaves more like a time capsule than an analysis on how queer culture has bloomed and evolved, *A Wild Patience Has Taken Me Here* moves mountains. We follow an older lesbian woman and the slow, whole embracing of her sexuality as she rejects the shame that has relentlessly and faithfully shadowed her.

Director Érica Sarmet crafts a deliberate ode to queerness, one that outlines the underbelly of lesbian culture that has traditionally defined Brazil. *A Wild Patience Has Taken Me Here* shines a prideful light on the monogamous characters it brings to life. Here, we are offered a close encounter into desire: desire for sex, for belonging, for shamelessness, for freedom. Érica Sarmet's filmmaking promotes the bridging of the gap that separates generations of queerness, reminding one another that before liberation and pride in identity came secrecy, discreetness, and fear. Sarmet pays homage to generations before her, and queer artists and activists who construct her perspective, with an archive of footage and photographs that illustrate the raw history she references.

This tender glimpse into five individuals who are simultaneously miles from the finish line and miles outbound after the ringing of the starting gun reminds us of the work that has been done in the name of queer celebration, and the work that we must still do. You can find *A Wild Patience Has Taken Me Here* on Mubi, and you can support the director on their instagram, [@ericarsarmet](https://www.instagram.com/ericarsarmet).



# THE GIFT

MATT AND JOSH ARE TWO FRIENDS THAT ARE ABOUT TO HEAD TO THEIR FRIEND ANDY'S HOUSE FOR HIS BIRTHDAY. THEY'RE STANDING AT THE FRONT OF MATT'S HOUSE.

MATT: DID YOU BRING IT?

JOSH: BRING WHAT?

DEEP INHALE FROM MATT.

MATT: PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE JOKING, WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS FOR MONTHS!?

JOSH IS SQUINTING HIS EYES IN THOUGHT. THE LOOK ONLY FRUSTRATES MATT FURTHER.

JOSH: .... I DON'T THINK I'M FOLLOWING?

MATT: JESUS CHRIST! IT'S MEANT FOR ANDY CAUSE WE FELT BAD ABOUT HOW SHITTY HIS BIRTHDAY WAS LAST YEAR.

JOSH: I REMEMBER HOW MUCH THE PARTY SUCKED BUT NOT MUCH BESIDES THAT.

MATT: YEAH AND YOU DRANK A SHIT TON AND I NEEDED TO DRIVE YOU HOME.

JOSH: CAN'T REMEMBER THAT EITHER BUT I BELIEVE IT.

MATT: NO SHIT YOU DON'T REMEMBER! WELL, AFTERWARDS, WE TEXTED EACH OTHER ABOUT WHAT TO GET HIM THIS YEAR! JUST YOU AND ME!

JOSH: ... OHHHHHH!

MATT: JOGGING YOUR MEMORY NOW?

JOSH: I THINK SO BUT...

MATT: BUT WHAT?

JOSH: I THOUGHT YOU WERE BUYING IT?

MATT PUTS HIS HANDS IN HIS BACK POCKETS.

MATT: NOPE, NEVER SAID THAT. I SPECIFICALLY REMEMBER YOU SAYING THAT YOU HAD PLENTY OF MONEY TO BUY IT.

BY STEVEN AVALOS  
(THEY/THEM)



JOSH: WAIT, DID I ACTUALLY SAY THAT?

MATT: YES, YOU FUCKING DID! WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET AT HIS PLACE IN A HALF HOUR?

JOSH: WE COULD LET HIM KNOW THAT WE PLANNED ON GETTING IT FOR HIM.

MATT: THAT'S LAME.

JOSH: IT IS, BUT DO WE HAVE MANY OTHER OPTIONS?

MATT: WELL... THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE WE CAN ACTUALLY GET.

JOSH: THERE IS?

MATT: YUP! YOU JUST MIGHT KNOW WHAT IT IS AS WELL.

JOSH: ...

MATT AWAITS A RESPONSE

JOSH: OHHHH! I DEFINITELY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

MATT: FINALLY, WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE. HOW ABOUT YOU DRIVE US TO GET IT RIGHT NOW?

JOSH WALKS TO HIS CAR. JUST BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE, HE LOOKS AT MATT.

JOSH: HEY! QUICK QUESTION.

MATT: WHAT?

JOSH: WHICH PLACE ARE WE GOING TO?

THERE'S AN AWKWARD SILENCE BETWEEN THE TWO. MATT STARES INTO JOSH'S SOUL AND JOSH IS UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY.

MATT: YOU STILL HAVE NO CLUE WHAT I'M TRYING TO TALK ABOUT, DO YOU?

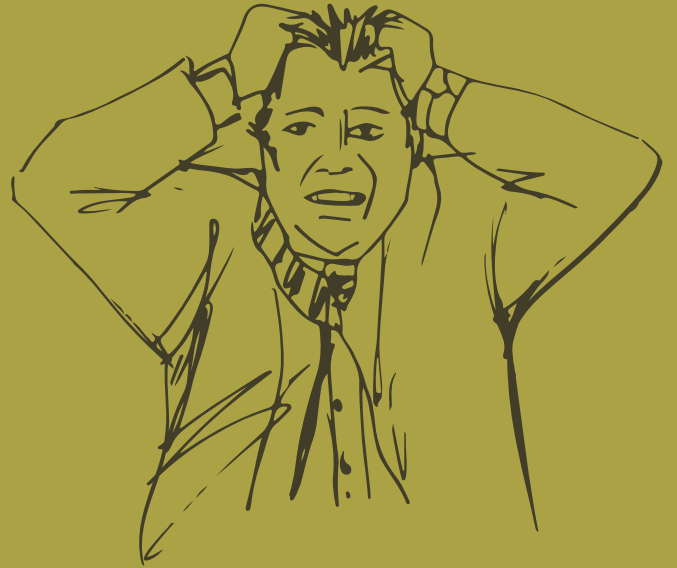
JOSH: NOPE.

MATT PUTS HIS HEAD DOWN AND SIGHS. THEN PUTS HIS HAND OUT TOWARD JOSH.

MATT: GIVE ME THOSE KEYS.

JOSH: IT'S MY CAR.

MATT: COULDN'T CARE LESS.





JOSH: UGH! FINE.

JOSH HANDS THE KEYS TO MATT AND THE TWO SWITCH SIDES.

MATT: UN-FUCKING-BELIEVABLE.

THE TWO GET IN THE CAR AND BUCKLE IN.

JOSH: MATT?

MATT'S HEAD MAKES A STONE GRINDING TURN TOWARD JOSH.

JOSH: CAN I PUT ON SOME MUSIC?

MATT GIVES NO REPLY AND TURNS BACK TO THE ROAD.



AWKWARD PAUSE.

JOSH: OH! I REMEMBER NOW! ANDY WANTED A-

MATT: TOO LATE. SHUT UP.

JOSH: OKAY...

## AUTHOR BIO

Steven Avalos is a Creative Writing undergrad at San Francisco State University who is still learning about themselves and will likely stay that way for awhile. They mostly work on a mix of post-apocalyptic fiction, sci-fi, and horror but with a curiosity for drama and satire. With a focus on character dynamics and world building, they want to share the journey of literature to anyone who's interested in the said genres, but also looking for stories they can find themselves in. They strive to create stories and build worlds that people can escape to and resonate with through their characters. They want their stories and characters to express things about themselves that they struggle to convey and hope to inspire others who are in a similar position.

# HAIKU FOR A RAINY DAY BY LOUIS DENSON (HE/HIM)

I am late for class  
The sweat on my forehead shines  
They know it's not rain

Rain taps in the ground  
Fingers on a keyboard dance  
What tongue does rain speak?

The waves are too big  
The current took me away  
I cannot see land

#### Author Bio:

I, Louis, am from San Diego. I am a creative writing and cinema student at San Francisco State University. I love being barefoot, surfing, finding and listening to music, and watching movies. I am a romantic idealist with a jaded and cynical world view which often juxtaposes my overall happy and excitable disposition. Through creative mediums, I hope to engage with an audience who share and embrace alternative perspectives.

# Ascension

By Steven Avalos  
(they/them)

Our god shall come and not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very

tempestuous round about it.

Psalms 50:3

Sunday, October 1st, 2023

Your alarm goes off at 8 in the morning. It takes a few minutes but you eventually get up and head to the kitchen. Just the usual egg over medium with a slice of toast. So tired, slowly eating your breakfast while doom scrolling through your phone. Whatever willpower you have to be productive is slowly being crushed by how depressing everything is in the world. You go to look out the window hoping to find some solace but of course it's overcast, just as the news said it would be. Still, getting to see the whole city from your apartment is enough. A mix of tall buildings either meant for residence or white-collar business and so many people walking on the streets. Couples going out on morning dates, parents taking their kids to the park, believers heading to church for prayer.

Just then, you notice something. There are trickles of light breaking through the clouds. The people on the street are taking notice of this as well. You want it to break through your window to help revive your near dead plants but the light doesn't come. You remember that you still have work and walk over to the bedroom to finish getting ready. Just as you get dressed, there's a faint sound of someone screaming. It freezes you for a moment. People yell all the time, especially in the city. But something was different about this. It's now sounding like the person that's screaming is also trying to say something but you can't make it out. Another voice screams. You can't help but look out the living room window again. The sky looks a lot brighter as you're walking up to the glass.

A gasp is all you can let out.

Your eyes are straight forward as you witness the spectacle outside. It's...people in the air. Not falling to the ground but instead rising toward the clouds. There's someone right in front of your window. They're horizontal facing the ground and they have...wings. The wings are flapping despite their struggles to come back down. As hard as they try to swing their arms, the wings are too strong and guide them through the cracks of light. And just like that, you can no longer hear them as their screams fade away. You're looking across the city and notice the number of wings have grown. Everyone's screams have become one and now they are all in sync to the tune of a haunting choir. Some of their loved ones try to hold on but it is of no use as they have no wings of their own and eventually lose their strength. You hear the smacks on the pavement and the reactions of horror from those who can only watch from below. But you don't bother to look down; the light has a firm grasp on your attention and refuses to let go. The cracks split further across the clouds as more bodies find their way through. You can't remember the last time you blinked.



This sight in front of you is...mesmerizing. When the first body flew up, your blood ran cold, but the longer you watch the more your heart fills with warmth. It's comforting. You're no longer sure if the shock has frozen you or if desire has kept you watching. What would you do if you were part of this? Would you plead to come back down to Earth? Why? Why should you remain here? A place full of misery and pain. What if you have a purpose up there? So why aren't you joining them? Has the life that you lived so far not warranted a pair of wings of your own? What could you have done wrong? Did you not show enough love to others?

The clouds have closed and the light dimmed. You begin to feel...disappointed. Disappointed in the fact that you weren't good enough to relinquish your time on Earth. Instead, you remain, with the others who like you are unfit to join.

Don't worry. Perhaps this is a sign. There is still time to earn your place there. The thought of it brings a smile to your face. Because you know just as well as anyone else does...that everyone's time will come one day, especially for you.