

Everything has a beginning. Some beginnings are creations. Sometimes I am the creator. I contribute something ... a germ ... and voilà.

Like my children, my stories are not as beautiful as I had hoped, but I can live with their faces. They aren't as funny as I wished they were, but they still make me laugh even when I know what they're going to say. And some, like Claire, the Bear and Me or the Family Name, make me cry on cue, knowing how to tug on my sorrow with words I've read many, many times before.

There is one reason why I love my stories more than my children. I can control them. I decide. They do as I ask. They walk the path which I dictate. Control is a wonderful thing.

Well of course control is a character flaw. At my age I don't give a shit. I should. But I don't.