

# ***BlogBooker***

Low resolution pictures

From Blog to Book.

[sistersintheshadows.wordpress.com](http://sistersintheshadows.wordpress.com)



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# 1. 2014

## 1.1 July

### Are You Thinking About It Yet? (2014-07-29 10:36)

Have thoughts of this year's Halloween begun to circulate and percolate in your brain yet?

This little gremlin is already making plans...

[1]



As you can see...she is gathering fears to her already, bit by bit...waiting...biding her time...until the moment is right...to strike...

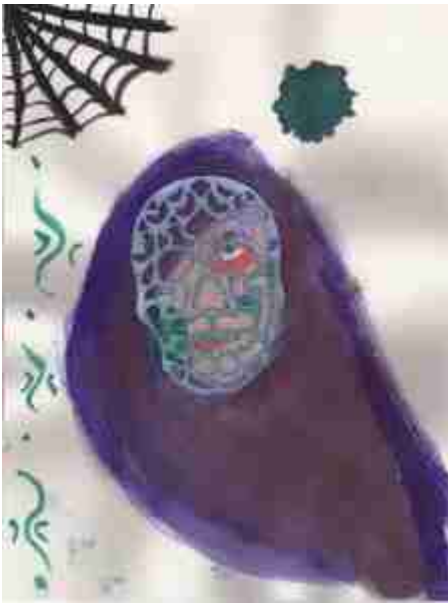
1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/07/watermarked-fear-gremlin.jpg>

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## 1.2 September

### Five More Days (2014-09-26 02:58)

and then...the scary comes to town...



[1]

Won't you join us?

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg075.jpg>

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**Three Days (2014-09-28 02:58)**

Three more days...

[1]



Are you with us?

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg076.jpg>

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**Test - Test - Test (2014-09-29 11:08)**

[1]



Testing - testing 1-2.  
Got your darkness on?  
Ready to seek out the spookiness?  
Goose a ghost?  
Word-wrap a witch?  
Test Test Test  
Check Ch-eck Check  
Testing - 1 - 2 - 3\*

Getting ready to roll out the Halloween Blog

Yes I used to be a groupie check and yes the band was very good but no they never went national.

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/mt4.jpg>

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Tomorrow... (2014-09-30 03:00)



[1]

It begins...

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg074.jpg>

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### 1.3 October

To Start Us Off...In The Town (2014-10-01 07:04)

[1]





1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/08/watermarked-artimg015.jpg>

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kvwordsmith (2014-10-01 09:00:12)

How appropriate this begins today - Ray Bradbury often refers to "When the October people come to town"... "Something wicked this way comes"...

**RedQueen404 (2014-10-02 07:25)**



[1]

RedQueen404 here,  
what the hell are you doing on my Facebook Page?  
Oh, I invited you to my page?  
Well not because you are my "friends" -  
I just wanted someone to bully.  
Off with their fingers! Kerosene their keyboards!  
WTF? I invented WTF!  
Only Mr. Carroll didn't use common curse words.  
His was a more droll venomous wit,  
A poison that enters your system quietly  
And then paralyzes your heart.  
I had a heart once - it burned like Beltane.  
Don't give me any backstory,  
Such as my cruelty being because a knave broke my heart -  
Oh Beezelbub, drivel & dung!  
I'm evil because I enjoy it, nothing more!  
What can I say, I'm written that way.  
I do it because I can get away with it.  
A New Age Red Queen I'm not,  
Any stone massage I give is over the coals,  
My kisses are cankers,  
My knickers are none of your damn business.  
My spirit animal is Vlad the Impaler.  
Don't ask me about Alice -  
That blonde brat baby,  
Bad-mouthing me, her queen.

She and the Mad Hatter can just go play tea party  
Somewhere else, not in my palace, not while I'm on the throne.  
She and that damn grinning cat and dope-fiend caterpillar  
Can just go rot in the dungeon.  
And anyone writing in who doesn't like it -  
Off with their fingers! Kerosene their keyboards!  
I am RedQueen404!

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/redqueen.jpg>

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### **All About The Ring (2014-10-03 01:30)**

Once upon a time...  
Don't you love that shit? How old school can you get?  
Anyway...once upon a time...there was a girl and a boy.  
The girl and the boy fell in love.  
Isn't that sweet?  
They moved in together. They talked marriage. One baby carriage was followed by two more...  
There was a ring placed on her finger, but not the one she wanted.  
Not the right sort of ring, even though it was on the correct finger. Lots of diamonds. The baby liked to chew on that ring.  
Lots of time passed. The talks happened, now and then. Both the girl and the boy agreed, one day they would marry...  
One day...that baby—the baby of the family...did he turn five? Did he turn ten?  
Does it really matter?  
The whole happily ever after thing wasn't so happy.  
The girl was planning on moving forward, with or without the boy, dragging the remaining children along for good measure.  
But what about the boy?  
What to do about him?  
A little vacation up into the mountains, to their favorite yearly cabin retreat...  
It may be cliché...but once that bear starts to eat...does it really matter? Coyotes are always good for cleaning up any remaining messes.  
Everything necessary was in her name after so many years anyway...she didn't really lose anything in the process.  
Plus, her hands were clean of any wrong-doing.  
Really.  
Less laundry to do all around.  
That's a win-win scenario.

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## Meet Your Watcher (2014-10-04 07:57)

He is out there, watching you, right now.

He is with you, right beside you. You've looked right into his eyes. Many times.

He can smell your hair. The warmth of your body inspires and twists him to ever new heights.

You speak to him without words. Your hair shines the light into his eyes. Your smile reveals your inner desire for him. The way you touch your throat invites him ever closer.

He knows where you go. He knows what you eat. He knows who you are talking to. He sees what you write, busy emails dashed off at work. He listens to every word you speak on the phone.

He knows you want him. It's just a matter of time.

He is unconcerned about your boyfriend, the man who lives with you. He is best friends with your dog. Even the canary recognizes him and flutes little tunes to appease him.

He waters your plants. He digs through your trash. He wears your clothes when you aren't there. He sleeps in your bed, weeping in agony into your pillow, surrounded by your heat, your perfume.

It's just a matter of time. A pulled wire. A deflated tire. Gas siphoned away to help the car get lost deep in the woods and far away.

It doesn't matter to him if you are hurt when the car explodes. You will heal. He will be right there by your side, nursing you gently and lovingly back to health. You'll be all right. He will see to it.

He is your savior. Even as he destroys your entire life tiny piece by tiny piece, he builds you a new one, one he sees as perfect for you, forever by his side.

**Faery Truth (2014-10-05 07:08)**



[1]

is never what it seems...

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg070.jpg>

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**Devoured From Within (2014-10-06 09:05)**

My demon is lurking in the corners just waiting for another crumb

Just enough to keep him alive...that's all he needs

There have been times when I thought that he had been exorcised

Only to find that his clawlike grip still had a hold on me

Confusing me by masking the pain of torture with pangs of desire

Time after time I took a stand, only to be drawn back into hell

Sometimes my mind wonders how many more times I can be licked by these flames

Before I'm lost somewhere, rattling around mumbling in an empty shell

What can I do to rid myself of these chains before they pull me deeper into the maelstrom?

From room to room I go, frantically looking for a tool with which to unbind myself

The mirror in the darkened hallway reflects a fearful sight of shadow tinged eyes and hollow heart

I stop in my tracks, heart beating wildly, thinking that it just can't be

What if the demon isn't the biggest of all deceivers?

My reflection seems to indicate that the liar is me

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redgladiola (2014-10-06 09:18:11)

Oh, love that twist at the end!

Tracy Moore (2014-10-06 09:20:50)

Thank you redgladiola! I appreciate you stopping by. Love your name :)

kvwordsmith (2014-10-06 13:45:46)

powerful piece!

Tracy Moore (2014-10-06 16:04:52)

Thank you!

### **Blackmail (2014-10-07 01:32)**

He thinks he holds me here against my will.

He thinks I fear him using my gifts against me, fears him telling what I am to the public.

He thinks to shame me with my own gifts, with my own strengths.

Oh, little does he know.

Just as he knows all of my strengths...it is I that knows all of his weaknesses. Every single one.

I know where he likes to be touched. I know where he likes to touch me. I know why he comes home to me night after night, never wanting to leave the house. Some power cannot be denied...and I was born with mine.

One of these nights, he's going to come home in one of his moods. He's going to toss around his 'funny' insults, his demeaning statements. He's going to wrestle me to bed, strip me down, lay me out...

And I will play the game I always play, now with a newfound sense of justice and deliberation...I will play him like the fiddle he thinks he has in me...

I will pluck his strings, one by one by one...until each string breaks...until his eyes glaze over...until his blood stops moving...until his spirit moves out and away...

I will leave him there, a puddle on the floor, wishing I'd come back and do it again.

## The Lost Child (2014-10-08 07:38)

[1]



Still as the roots of a tree she sits, staring off into space. She is alone with her grief, and while it holds her closely, it is not her friend.

She shows no emotion. The only clue to what she is thinking is her thumb rubbing roughly back and forth across her forefinger.

She flinches.

Each memory is a slap across the face, a hot poker upon her bare flesh.

She does not mourn love's passing, or the death of a loved one. No songs or eulogies have been written for her loss.

Many years before she had been ordered, "Leave her alone; she's dead." And she had walked away from the child in need.

The young girl haunts her, asking for help, to be held, rocked, kept safe. She tells the child to be quiet, don't make such a fuss.

Once in awhile she lets the child sit at her feet, coloring pictures. But usually she just shoves her back in the closet with other unwanted items.

If asked if she ever thinks of the lost child, she does not answer, or says she doesn't know any little girls.

Maybe someday she will be kind...

If caring did not hurt so much.

If being gentle did not seem like being weak.

If loving did not feel so strange.

And especially

If the little girl does not look so much like her mother.

1. [http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/feral\\_child\\_by\\_iamkatia.jpg](http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/feral_child_by_iamkatia.jpg)

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### **Come Hither (2014-10-09 07:07)**



[1]

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg071.jpg>

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### **Family Plot (2014-10-10 01:35)**

I stood aside, out of the way, while they dug the hole.

It was frightening. The heavy machinery barely flinching as it gouged the hole into the muddy earth.

I clenched my hands to my sides, determined to stand still, to be present, to not wander off...as I am wont to do at the best of times.

I watched as they covered the raw mud with pretty grass-like tarps. They set up the machinery needed for the casket. There was a tent-like structure erected around the grave. The doors were tied open. It was a closed silent space, but open and airy, lest we send someone else to their grave in this down pouring heat.

I stood there, in the rain, dripping wet. My hair all stringy and tangled. I didn't cry, simply because I knew everyone

who looked my way would assume that I stood in the rain to mask my tears.  
They heaved out the box. Not that it was a large box. Not that the contents were so heavy. It was sheer laziness on the part of the four men.  
They treated the wooden casket holding the dearly departed like an empty meaningless crate.  
I marked them, one by one. Prices had to be paid. I knew they would.  
The minister came. A minister? Here? For this family? It's a miracle God Above did not strike him dead for standing there, much less everyone in attendance for being bold as brass pretending to care what was going on.  
Luckily me, I knew the routine. I'd been this before.  
I've been a Watcher for this family for hundreds of years now.  
Everything began to settle down after a long while.  
People filed away, in droves. No one cared to remain to beseech the deceased in any way.  
Even the men meant to fill in the hole, once all the lookers and wailers had gone away, decided it was time for a lunch break.  
I did my job.  
I walked over to the graveside.  
I poured in my handful of magic-ness.  
I recited the proper rhyme.  
Then I had to jump on in, pull open the casket, and give him a hand out.  
They never come out the way I expect them to.  
I had seen this one, watched the horse kick him in the head.  
If nothing else, I had expected a tall spry young man, bursting with life.  
What crawled out of the box was a withered, wizened crippled old thing.  
I had to check the invoice. I had to read the genetic code. I had to taste his blood.  
This was the right one. The one I had been sent for.  
He toddled alongside me, gimp and mirthless, never speaking a word.  
Sometimes it is like that.  
I turned him over to the proper authorities, more than a touch glad to be rid of this one.  
Now I could return to my own place, until the next siren call came in.



## Shattered (2014-10-11 07:56)



[1]

It is fun to tell ghost stories and "what if" - knowing it is just imagination, not really true - no monster under the bed - but sometimes the horrible thing is true, and we deal with the pain for years. Art is one way of expressing - and overcoming - the darkness.

mixed media by Ellen Phoenix 2014

key: truth

mirror: I can't run - I hate him - If - Please let me go.

Doorplate: shh, don't tell - no

Purple library card:

Surviving Child Abuse

it was not your fault

Just because you can't prove it doesn't mean it didn't happen.

The heart has no statute of limitations.

There is life after childhood sexual abuse,

You were just a kid.

Honey, you've been through a lot.

Healing is a lifelong process.

Blue library card:

Survival 101

there;s no shame in survival

you are not alone

you did not deserve this

Escape through reading

Reading opens up new worlds of adventure and fantasy, where little girls are not slapped and choked and molested and told it is their fault because they were the ones who wanted attention.

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/shat.jpg>

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### Wounded (2014-10-12 07:36)



[1]  
Within fear's grasp I sit,  
A shuddering bird with a broken wing,  
Clasped in the hands of a small child,  
Waiting to be set free  
Or crushed

...Sorry, Isaac, Abraham didn't get the message in time...

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/bird1.jpg>

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**Kisses (2014-10-13 07:06)**



[1]

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg066.jpg>

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**I Confess (2014-10-14 01:37)**

I confess.  
This is my time to get these things off my chest.  
You have cornered me. You have caught me.  
Fair and square, here I am.  
Yours to command.  
Be careful what you wish for.

I confess to being able to listen in to a man's mind and hear his innermost secrets and desires.  
I confess to being able to shift, one skin for another, into whatever the person in front of me most wants.  
I confess that my bite is toxic. It works quickly, with very little pain. The pain comes later, once you are more awake, back in my lair.  
I confess that corners bore me...and chains cannot hold me.  
I confess I have no pot of gold, nor lamp upon which to make wishes.  
I confess you have signed your fate. Your soul belongs to me now.

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## Rope (2014-10-15 01:38)

He tied me up with rope.

Is he kidding me?

Fine. So it is a big thick heavy rope.

Whoopee.

Fine. So he tied my hands to my feet, behind me.

Effectively hog-tying me in place.

Fine.

At least he didn't hang me from the hook in the ceiling this time.

I didn't want to have to go through that again.

Come to think of it, this whole rope thing was getting old.

So, I had given in to a little bondage play.

When had it escalated to rope play, to leaving me tied up and alone for hours on end?

He wanted to see the consequences.

He wanted me to have to pee all over myself.

He even put down rubber sheets and towels all around me to keep things clean.

It never happened.

He fed me syrups and wines and teas.

None of that mattered to me.

Dude, potty training was potty training. I'm a big girl, all grown up. I am not given to toilet games.

I know it all revolved around him wanting to break me, wanting to break me down, make me weak and vulnerable.

Fine.

Except that this time, I had really had enough of this garbage.

I was over the whole affair, over entertaining him, and most importantly—completely over this rope shit.

Cowboy he might be, good with cattle, horses and maybe even hogs—what did I care—he sucked at tying up girls he was not really trying to hurt...

It took some time. It cost me some skin. It even took a little bit of blood mixed in with my sweat. I wriggled one hand out...and then the other.

Once I was free, I knew I would have plenty of time to set my plan in motion. After all, he had so kindly told me what time he would return to set me free. His idea of gentility, I am sure.

Rubber sheets were a good start. I put a bunch of plastic sheeting all over the floor.

He likes the hooks. I pulled around about a dozen more. I knew he'd never notice them, not until it was too late.

He misjudged me. He thought me frail. He thought me weak.

I don't bother using rope, honey. I use chains. And I don't want thick heavy chains. I don't want him hanging up there all comfortable and sated.

I want chains that crimple, chains that break, chains that wobble, chains that don't stay in place.

Then I did a little...investigating...

The building was infested...rats, rats, rats...

Why is it always rats?

Because they are prolific breeders - and once they get into a place and make it their home, it's difficult to get rid of them. Plus, they are opportunistic feeders.

Goody for me.

I think I will use honey and peanut butter.

Now, I will stand here, naked in all my burnished glory, and wait.

Won't that cowboy be in for a big surprise?

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### PSA - Don't Piss Off the Chef! (2014-10-16 07:55)

A public service announcement from Sisters in the Shadows -

Be oh so pleasant and oh so patient when dining out - restaurant kitchens are hot hurried hectic places and chefs are known to get angry and they are armed with butcher knives and cleavers and hot sauce in squirt bottles -

[1]



Mixed Media by Ellen Phoenix, mother of a chef, who has it on good authority that it is not wise to ask them to "hurry it up" if you want it to taste right...

bloody white object on the ground is a demanding customer with a Groupon coupon...

suggested offerings include money and beers for the kitchen crew after the restaurant closes

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/img\\_20140817\\_123713.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/img_20140817_123713.jpg)

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### Stage Fright (2014-10-17 01:40)

This is not my first ride out of the gate.

I am still shivering though, still nervous, unsure of myself.

I am not all that sure what to do.

I stand here, pacing this few feet of concrete, back and forth, back and forth.

I see the other girls eye-balling me, feel their hatred, their curiosity.

I see the men too, the ones who follow the girls. Not a single one has balls enough to step up to me, because of my

place in the world.

Funny, I work for no man. I work for no mortal. Yet, here I am, part of the plan.

I tremble in the dark, certain the corner light picks up every shift of my flesh.

I do not look around.

I know when the one comes, he will head straight for me as if he owns me. That is the one I want. That is the one I am after.

That is the one I have been sent to procure.

The others here, they know that. They know, that sick sixth sense of theirs in full activation, that I am above them, beyond them, and not in any way competing for them or with them.

Maybe that is why they leave me alone, give me so much space.

There it is. That pulse hits me.

I straighten up, try to smile, try to lean into my walk, shaking, shimmying, trying to come across just a little unsteady in these platform heels.

I take a deep breath, drawing comfort there, drawing strength there.

He is out of the car, like a leopard leaping on its prey.

His hands are on my wrists, pulling me, cajoling me, talking ninety miles a minute, smiling, smiling deep into my eyes...but I can read his soul cleanly.

He is the bad man.

My stage fright dries up instantly.

I am on.

I allow myself to be dragged and pushed into his car. I allow him to drive.

Still he keeps talking as if nothing unusual is going on.

He smells odd.

His soul wreaks...the rot dripping through his flesh, poisoning the air around me.

That's ok.

It takes awhile. I am a long way from Home when we stop.

He leans in, all shark teeth and glittering eyes...he draws back his hand and makes a fist...just as I lunge, stinger jabbing so deeply into his throat the poison drips down his back, acid sting burning away clothing, flesh and bone.

He utters one strangled sound...his eyes are open yet...he stares at me.

I say nothing. Nothing more is required of me.

I hold him here, not yet dead, no longer alive.

I await the transfer.

The ones will come. They will take him away.

One, maybe two of them, will clean me up, redress me. Another of them will drive me back to my station, where I will begin this dance again.

**Shhhhh....** (2014-10-18 07:05)



[1]

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg067.jpg>

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**Raw** (2014-10-19 07:37)

Raw like red meat  
Like a dissected eyeball  
Splayed wide open  
Proud angry flesh

Look away

The goddess and the demon  
Dancing on a crack  
My defiant stare  
Shattered by the mirror

Power I'd forgotten  
Now ready to reclaim  
I fight back  
And claim My Name.

---

## Spider Spider (2014-10-20 11:01)

The itsy

bitsy spider climbed up the wall outside.  
She looked around, seeking, just the right place to hide.  
All along the wall she saw  
Funnel after funnel.

Inside each one she heard a growl-

Inviting her to pick a tunnel.  
She stepped aside,  
Delicate feet gliding over concrete.  
Spreading her attention wide,  
She spied a flower and gratefully took a seat.  
Succumbing to the waning sun,  
She closed her eyes and slept...  
Until along came someone  
With long tall strides and taking a chance, she leapt.  
This stranger to which she clung  
Took her on a wild journey.  
Deciding it safe, she took a chance and flung  
Herself into space.  
Now safe in the dark  
And cozy, she spins web after web...  
She's eating now, a furry shark.  
Hidden to her delight.  
She feasts on things,  
First small, then large,  
And she's learning now to sing...  
It won't be long for her to charge  
Ahead in vindication,  
For as she grows,  
She leaves behind  
Her silent code  
Utilizing her skills as weaver

To become the overmaster .



### **The Lady Vanishes (2014-10-21 01:41)**

Once upon a time, there was a fair lady. Fair of hair. Fair of flesh. Green of eye.  
She stood out in a crowd. Her laughter was loud and bold. She believed in herself. She stood glorious in her power.  
She fell in love. The man took her hand. He gave her a ring.  
He led her away. He put her in a gilded cage, for what else can a house be, but a cage for the freedom loving?  
He closed the door. He shut the windows. He told her to be good, to be safe.  
She did as she was told, out of love, love and devotion.  
She did not notice the years as they passed, so busy was she.  
A child came. Then another. There was so much to do. She kept very busy, chasing and cleaning and teaching and raising.  
In her heart, she knew, something was not right.  
By the time she took a good hard look, her light had grown dim, barely emitting any light at all.  
She could not admit that she had been broken...yet there was the evidence for all to see. Her lamp no longer shined bright.  
She no longer had a lamp...all that remained was a wick stuck in a button wrapped in a rag soaked in grease...  
She was fading fast.  
Sooner or later, she knew, she would turn around ... and she'd be gone. Vanished, like a whisper spoken in the night to soothe a small child of their fears.  
What's a woman to do in order to reclaim that which is rightfully hers?  
Throw back her mantle and run for the hills?  
What if she had lost her mantle...and she had been hobbled for so long she no longer remembered how to run...  
What does she do then?  
She simply...disappears...

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### **Pretty Flowers (2014-10-22 12:03)**

It took me many years, many adventures, to locate the valley where these most beautiful flowers grow. Such delicate blooms, with an overpowering scent, so lush and green, they were. They were exactly what I needed to complete my garden back home.  
I am not much of a gardener. I have no desire to compete with neighbors over which of us has the better kept yard or the loveliest flowers. I have no interest in keeping a garden or growing plants to incite jealousy and ire in my neighbors.  
No. My one and only goal is to make sure...those same neighbors understand boundaries and they stay out of my yard. And just for the old guy next door, I wanted a little something special since he has no problem with his little dog wandering the neighborhood, dumping trash cans, leaving steaming piles all over and being a destructive menace. Rat traps didn't work, although the dog did lose part of his tail...and a bit of ear once too. I even laid out rat bait, but then felt bad when I lost a squirrel or two. I can't stand the thought that I may corrupt the natural food chain I work so hard to support in so many ways...  
So, the oleander doesn't even warrant a second glance here. Foxglove, nightshade, datura, poke berries...no one bats an eye. A chain-link fence lined with nettles...oh, that got a few comments, especially when I refused to identify what it was and what you needed to cure it. At least they understand if anything happens to my plants, say, the pouring of diesel fluid on them to kill them, bad things happen...and no way to prove that I had anything to do with it.

Let's just say the neighbors behind us tried to kill off some plants what way, nasty little renters trying to get into my workshop to see what they could steal – yeah, ask me how I know that, I dare you – and lo and behold, I was gone for the weekend when their car blew up and their garage burnt down, taking only half the house's outer façade with it. There was no investigation into my life...but theirs became an open book, which did not bode well for them on any level.

Go ahead and be pretenders to the throne if that is what you like. You enter my Queendom, dear, and I am the one in control.

I needed something gentle, persuasive and lovely. These flowers so fit the bill. My only worry was how it would grow around my home. In its native land it grew four feet tall, with a myriad of gorgeous blooms in streaming sunlight in rocky un-nurturing soil with little water and no care whatsoever. I have some beautifully tended and amended soil, with a consistent watering system, still with a great deal of sunlight, depending on where in the yard I establish them. Let's see what we can do.

I brought home twenty pound of seeds. Oh, I know it's overkill, but what can I tell you? Hazarding the trip to the obscure mountain post to acquire them is not something I can do on a whim, so I felt it was better to be prepared and have plenty on-hand. Anything left over I would put safely in the deep freeze, until they were needed.

I have a small greenhouse out back, as well as a small growing area in my basement. Sometimes I have a need for more...privacy with my plants, with my breeding and experimentation. I decide to plant three groups of seeds, twenty seeds each. One set I plant directly in the earth, right out front, along my gate, where everyone could see them. Plus, I have a sturdy trellis there for them to climb if they want to go that way here. Another set I plant in a special soil mix out in the greenhouse, amidst my other growing specimens. The last set I put in the basement, opposite the mushroom beds, to see what would happen there.

These seeds are blessed abundant and fertile. In no time, I have little seedlings galore. A happy coincidence shows that insects love these things and swarm over the babies in the yard...only to quickly drop off and die. I didn't even see any nibbles on the plants themselves. A few hardy types of spiders quickly descend to build nests. It doesn't take long for them to grow fat and happy there.

The seedlings inside the greenhouse and down in the basement, although they seemed to exhibit a few minor idiosyncrasies of their own, are also doing well. All the seeds sprout. All the little babies grown.

I decide to set some out in pots around the house, on the front porch, on the back patio. The plants themselves really are quite lovely. Although in their native land, they are not much for twining and vining, here at my home, each plant decides its time to improve.

Come summertime, the plants are in full bloom. Honey bees have no problems approaching them. Hummingbirds, moths and butterflies also all seem immune. I consider this a good thing. The plants take care of those who take care of them. The thick stems of these plants writhe as if alive with a thousand myriad forms as spiders live and breed there amongst their leaves protected and with a sure food source.

At night, I swear to you, I hear them sing, the flowers and their spiders, sweet little chants and invocations. Perhaps they cast spells to entice in more prey. Perhaps they pray for rain. Whatever it is, for me it is a soothing lullaby. I tell them every morning, plants and spiders both, how grateful I am to have them.

It is not until the autumn that the plants fully mature. That is when the aroma of these plants ramps up, invading the entire neighborhood with its melodious overtures. This is when the real fun begins.

The scent is hypnotic. It draws you in, be you insect, animal or human. Even the scent seems to have its own song.

I am not saying that car crashes began to happen right outside my door, but potent powers were clearly seen. It started with the younger ones. Plus, my darlings stayed true to pattern. If you meant us no harm, no harm came to you. Harbor any ill will or thought of trespass, bad things come on gilded wings.

It began with the pre-teens and teens in the neighborhood. The ones who gather along the corners on their bikes, or who swagger down the middle of the road, trying to intimate that they live a thug life, even though everything about them reads faker... phony... fraud. Bicycles would suddenly up-end themselves, spilling their owners onto the tarmac. Even if the person was on foot, tripping became habitual. I saw kids with arms in casts, kids on crutches, kids with bandages beyond the typical little band-aid – ok, so it was glorious. As an added bonus, I could now name my so-called enemies with ease.

The radius of these flowers was inspiring to behold. No less than twenty miles away in an ever-widening circle did

these accidents begin to happen.

After those who were outside, the magic began to work inside homes. Accidents happen. Cars fly through garage doors. Stove tops catch on fire. I saw the pattern begin to shift where adults were touched, as domestic violence soared.

The plants had a strange effect though. All of these incidences were easy to spot as everything was noticed...everything was seen...perpetrators were brought to justice, sometimes rather quickly.

Hmmm.

The neighbor's dog, well...it had an accident that the entire world saw coming...a driver swerved to avoid hitting a pair of doves pecking in the road and squished that little devil dog right outside his master's door, while the old guy sat there berating his wife over something one of her cats had done...like I said, Justice...

Winter came. The plants lay dormant, asleep. I had been told to cut them back to a few inches tall if I wanted them to come back in force the next year. I cut them back. I mulched them well. I sat back to wait.

It is said in their native land that after they become established and flourish for a few years, they begin to eat ... larger things ... instead of simply inciting a person's true nature to reveal itself...a few years from now, the old man will have a new evil minion dog wreaking havoc on the neighborhood. We'll see how these plants adapt and evolve to include fresh meat on their menu.

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### **The Meet and Greet (2014-10-23 07:09)**

I've sharpened the blade, I've ground the herbs, and the flames have been lit. My arm is starting to get tired from the incessant stirring of this pot...okay cauldron...potato, potahto. Everything has to be just right though, so my arm be damned. I haven't waited all this time to let a little carpal tunnel syndrome get in the way. Over there in the corner the wax effigies are waiting. Wow, there sure is a long line of them. The little darlings turned out so cute. It's a shame that they'll be such a mess before the night is over. La-dee-da.

It still amazes me that I managed to get them all to agree to show up. Then again, free booze is always a good draw. My special jello shots will loosen them...and their tongues...up nicely. It's amazing how much this stuff tastes like Jagermeister. Then again, I always did say that the stuff tasted like medicine. Drink up my pretties. Okay, so they're not all pretty. That one over there, well, she sort of looks like a...okay not nice. I'll just control my nasty thoughts until later. Smile and say hello. Here comes yet another.

Will this night never end? How many friggin' pieces of hair am I going to have to collect here? When I asked Ceridwen to help me to summon them all, I had no idea there would be quite this many. He has been a busy, busy boy these past six months. Good thing I made an industrial sized batch. It's amazing the things I'm hearing tonight. So little inhibition. Who would have thought that a little thyme and calamus would go such a long way? All this smiling and laughing is making me feel nauseated. Ewww, that one just hugged me. Is that his cologne I smell? Good thing I thought to pack that peppermint. Finally, they're all gone. All twenty of them. I can't wait to get back home, take these shoes off, and play with my dollies.

The circle has been cast and the gang's all here. How funny that this dolly here looks just like the one who hugged me. Yep, this hair is hers...on it goes. I've prepared myself and the space. The time has come at long last to make every last one of them pay. I'll show them to mess around with him. The pin is raised in the air and ready to go...shit...I can't do it...she was actually pretty nice. Okay, I'll come back to her. Down the line I go and not one lousy needle stick.

There were a few of them that I might not want to be best friends with, but still. None of this is their fault.

Guess I only need one dolly after all. This adorable little boy one over here will do nicely. It was so nice of him to come over before he left for that business trip yesterday. What a shame that his comb somehow wound up behind that basket in the linen closet. Especially after he was nice enough to sample the special drink recipe for my party. Looks like we'll manage a little prick tonight after all.

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### **The Shame Of Mary Boyle (2014-10-24 01:42)**

I have to keep it hidden, this desire of mine.

It rises up unbidden, like some untrained dog. Or wolf. It's ravening. Frothing at the mouth, pulling at the it, dragging me along for the ride.

I can't let anyone know.

The bloodlust. The blood...lust...and these pretty pretty perfect fangs that whip out at the least provocation these days.

Oh, how I wish I could indulge this wonderful fetish of mine.

Oh, if only that boy had not run in fear when my eyes flashed from the calm normal mortal green to the volcanic glow of the inner workings of the volcano...just before I sank down into, nestled into him like a fur coat, snuggling in deeper, digging in with tooth and claw...

They found him in the river, frozen, bloodless, not a mark on him.

I can't tell you - or myself - how that boy got there. It wasn't me. If it wasn't me...and the boy wasn't moving when I left him...what happened?

No one has approached me. You would think by now they would have.

What if they are waiting for me to do it again?

What if the transportation of the ... corpse ... is just another part of my little...foible...erm...gift...?

I long to stretch my wings yet again, to reach out and embrace another fallen stranger, to send him on home as he yearns to do.

Dare I take that chance?

The Moon is Full tonight. It seems as good a night as any other to at least venture forth...see what the night brings...

## Follow Me... (2014-10-25 07:03)

Only if you dare...



[1]

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg069.jpg>

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## They Laughed At Me (It's All In My Head) (2014-10-26 07:15)

They were on the move again. She could see them. What was worse is that she could feel them. She doesn't know where they came from. One morning when she woke up, they were there. They would stay for a couple of days and go away as quickly as they came.

It had only happened twice before but this time it was different. They started talking to her. They said they wanted out. She couldn't go to work and chance having her co-workers hear them. She would have to call off work. She had never had to do that before. She had some sick time coming so it was no problem.

Shit!! They were moving again. They didn't move all the time, but when they did it drove her nuts. She could see them under her skin crawling back and forth, back and forth. She tried stopping them by pressing her down on her skin with her finger, but they just laughed at her. They laughed!! They were mocking her. They used to go away.

It had been over a week since she called off work and it was getting to her. She had stopped eating, she hadn't showered, her hair was stringy with oil. She hadn't even changed her clothes. Her apartment was a mess.

Please make them stop! The incessant laughing!!! Damn it, I have to make them quit. I know how to get them out for good.

She walked into the kitchen, got a big butcher knife from the block on the countertop and said out loud, "OK you little bastards!"

She began chopping at her arm right at the elbow. She didn't even feel it as the blood started pooling on the floor around her. Before long, the arm was lying on the floor surrounded by blood. Then she started on the other arm. Chopping, chopping, chopping.

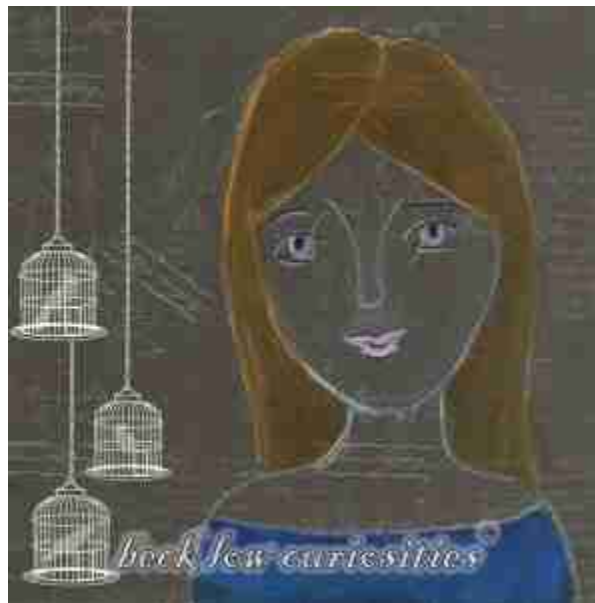
She didn't make it through the other arm. She bled out and collapsed on the floor.

"I told the little bastards that I would get them. I don't feel a thing! HA! I did it."

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### Wyrldly Ghostly Lady #1 (2014-10-27 07:01)

[1]



Acrylic paints  
White Stabilo marks all pencil  
Black Stabilo marks all pencil  
6 x 6 Halloween patterned card stock

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/watermarked-artimg139.jpg>

**Wyrdly Ghostly Lady #2 (2014-10-27 13:05)**



[1]

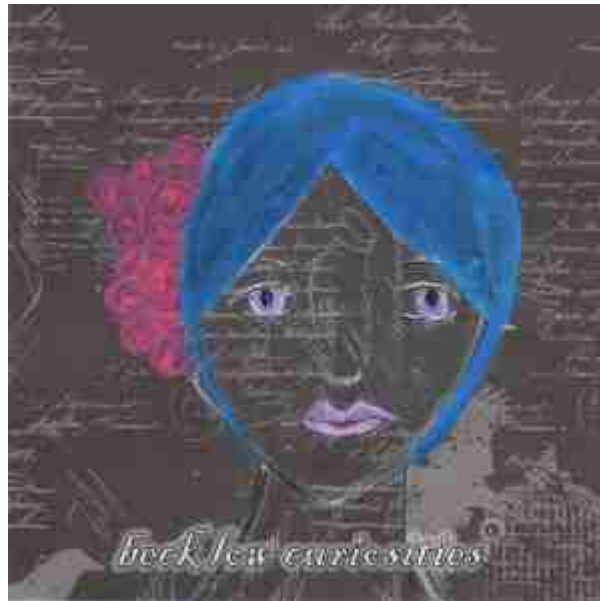
Acrylic paints  
White Stabilo marks all pencil  
Black Stabilo marks all pencil  
6 x 6 Halloween patterned card stock

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/watermarked-artimg138.jpg>

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**Wyrdly Ghostly Lady #3 (2014-10-27 19:07)**

[1]



Acrylic paints  
White Stabilo marks all pencil  
Black Stabilo marks all pencil  
6 x 6 Halloween patterned card stock

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/watermarked-artimg137.jpg>

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### **The Skin Game (2014-10-28 01:43)**

I slipped ashore at midnight, hoping there would be few people near to catch me, hoping that the cover of darkness would keep me safe.

I had come back. I know. I had been gone many long years.

Last time, it had not gone so well.

I do not understand how a man can love the wild and the free within a woman...then spend so much time trying to tame and cage that same woman.

I come from a different world. I mean, a completely different world. As different as air and water.

Yet, I too became ensnared in the trap called love.

For wanting to make him happy, for wanting to be what he wanted me to be...I lost my soul...

I nearly lost my life...before it was too late...I ran...I ran and I ran until the waves swept back over me, until my human flesh fell away and drifted like foam, dissolving in the surf as I swam home.

You can always go home, but it is never the same when you do.

I was tainted. I was scarred. I had borne children, out of the water. Well, I had used birthing pools, but it wasn't the same thing, was it?

I had to leave home eventually as well. I could no longer be the girl I used to be. I could not figure out the woman I was supposed to be now.

Then, I received the call, the summons.

I had made sure to teach my children, my darling brave children, how to call for me should they ever need me.



Thankfully, the youngest had not forgotten. It was he who carried all my memories in his cells. The seas called to him, perhaps more strongly than they had ever called to me.

I stole up upon that beach, adjusting my skin as I went. I found clothes rather quickly, thanks to the open beach culture.

When I found him, it wasn't just my baby.

A sense of foreboding washed over me, but my youngest ran forward to embrace me, to reassure me. His father wanted to make amends, wanted to invite me home with him again.

Could I risk it?

Looking into those mischievous green eyes of my son, I had no choice but to at least try...

I planned to keep my tail hidden quite well...and never to forget who I was again.

If it started to head out in the direction, taking my husband on a little swim one sweet calm night would take care of all of that.

I would not feel an ounce of guilt this time around.

Plus, if what I was sensing from my son was true, it wouldn't be too hard to convince the boy to come back with me.

It may be fun to teach him how to shed that skin and move on.

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### Caught In The Web (2014-10-29 07:01)



[1]

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/09/artimg073.jpg>

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### **Shroud (2014-10-30 07:28)**

Death, like snow,  
Falls slowly, silently, steadily,  
Wrapping each one  
In a cold killing blanket  
Shrouded forever.

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### **The Wrong Man (2014-10-31 01:44)**

Damn it.  
I was in the right place. It was the right time.  
What the hell is this?  
The dude smelled right. He was dressed right.  
He knew all the words to say.  
He had no Power, but that never stopped some of these mortals when they began to dabble.  
I tasted him, licking sweat from his upper lip as if he were a cherry ice cream cone.  
He nearly melted right there.  
Yeah, I have that effect on people.  
On purpose.  
I want you on your knees.  
But only when it is your time.  
This dude, it would be his time at some point.  
That much was clear.  
Right now, however, he was usurping someone else's magic exit pass and that could not be allowed  
I bid him wait while I made arrangements.  
Had I asked him to remove his arm and leg in order for this to progress, I am certain he would have found a way to do  
so, so eager had he become, so certain his treasure lay right behind that golden door.  
I made a few calls. I asked around. No one vouched for the guy, but there were plenty of grievances.  
The one who could lay claim on him refused it. I asked to have it. So it was given.  
Now, he was all mine.  
So much the worse for him.  
I returned to his side, my tail coiling around his waist, pulling him gently, teasingly along.  
I opened, not the golden door of his dreams, but the copper door of the mines and the forges.  
Here is a place where fresh meat is always appreciated.  
I did not stick around long enough to hear the whips crack or the screams fade.  
I smiled, wriggling my way back to my post.  
Poseurs. Shame on them.

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## 1.4 November

Until Next Time... (2014-11-01 07:32)

Rest In Peace....

[1]



1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/watermarked-day-of-the-dead-2014-1.jpg>



*gads*

BlogBook v0.5,  
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