

Shuck

New Fables, Stories and Poems

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Fables

The Perma Magic Tunnel

The townsfolk call him the "Green Ghost"

He only appears at dusk

guarding a mystic tunnel to a new world

A magical permaculture village awaits

on the other side

Green Ghost is the gatekeeper and guide

with three questions for seekers:

1. What are the 3-permaculture ethics?
2. What kind of world do you want to live in?
3. How do your values match your actions?

If the Green Ghost likes what he hears,

you gain entrance to the Light...

at the end of the tunnel.

Permie Bees

Fable - a short story, typically with human-like animals as characters, conveying a moral.

#

The story starts with Joe Farmer spraying pesticides onto his fields.

The Hive is sick from the poison, and bees are dying.

Queenie Bee is sick, too. The hive is worried for their leader.

A call goes out to pray for their sick and dead comrades.

Worker bees are looking to relocate and build a new hive.

Using Permaculture Principle: "Use & value renewable resources & services",
the Scout Bees are on the look-out for a new hive location.

The bees locate an abandoned farm house and poison-free fields down in the adjacent valley.
Led by the worker bees, they relocate the Hive community to the old barn.

Moral - If you are sure of the next step, others will follow.

In the Pool

Friends:

Frog - Eggy

Dragonfly - Meadowhawk

Turtle - Eyclight

Sam - 13-year-old girl

"Hey, wait for me!" Sam is rolling up her pant legs so she can get into the water. A pond is calling her to the edge of the water and her friends: Eggy, Meadowhawk and Eyclight. All summer friends of Sam.

A seasonal pond, also known as a vernal pool, is a small, temporary wetland that fills with water in the spring and dries up in the summer. They are a vital habitat for many species of amphibians, insects, reptiles, birds, and mammals.

Eyclight is the wise one. "Here is the data on our vernal pool from the internet I mentioned yesterday:"

"On size: Seasonal ponds can range in size from small puddles to shallow lakes."

"Location: They are often found in upland forests, glaciated areas, and low meadows."

"The water source: They are filled by rain and snow melt in the spring."

"As to a water outlet: They have no permanent inlet or outlet."

"And soil: They are usually found on gently sloping plains of grassland, with a hard clay layer or bedrock beneath."

Meadowhawk alights on the back of Eyclight, enjoying the ride. Their pool is 60 feet in diameter and 7.5 feet deep. Milkweed garnishes the edges.

Eggy has found a rock to rest on and groans: "You guys are swell pals. I wish this pool would last past the summer dry-out." The vernal pool comes and goes each spring and Sam understands that her buddies will not be around forever. "We have such a good time," she says, out of the blue.

"Humans are funny. They carry their canvas houses into the wild." Eggy.

Sam pitches her tent and rolls out her sleeping bag, getting ready for a star show.

In the morning, the crew lounges in the vernal pool, and Meadowhawk splashes the others with dew. Sam: "Thanks for the shower!"

As summer warms along, the four pals watch their pool evaporate and the Milkweed boughs go to seed.

Meadowhawk molts. Eyelight migrates. Eggy jumps for the river. Sam goes back to school.

The friends have a lasting memory from a short-term gig.

Moral: Enjoy your friends while you have them.

Revee's Bridge

Dawn is a teenage girl looking for an Eagle Scout candidate looking for a community service project. Revee is a male beaver who is living in the wild. Together they make a log bridge for the new city trail.

Beavers eat mainly during the night since beavers are nocturnal. Typical foods include bark, leaves, twigs, buds of deciduous trees, aquatic vegetation, and lily roots. Beavers prefer maple, aspen, birch, poplar, willow, and alder.

Dawn has the land use plan for the park with the location of the foot bridge identified. Swenson's Stream is a year-round stream that flows through the property. She has tagged the trees that are needed for the foot bridge.

Revee: "I see the extent of the cutting now." He begins to gnaw on the first birch tree near the bank of the stream. "Thank you for the leaves and twigs of this beautiful birch."

Dawn: "Ours is a prime example of a symbiotic relationship." Revee doesn't know what she is talking about but grunts yes in agreement. "Nothing will go to waste."

#####

Revee has invited his children to help cut and position the logs for the bridge. Dawn's estimate has proven correct. 21 trees were needed.

Moral: Beavers make great bridges.

Stories

crypto codependency

Online women are often only after men for cash. Now they're after how they can tie together crypto currency with a relationship.... As they want to become our teachers and install their node-driven investment formula, "making us rich." Or enslaving us: "saving us from poverty." It's codependency. It's blackmail.

soul time

It sounds like you are thinking about some very deep issues. After all, it is not easy to balance between feelings and investment. I also think that a sincere relationship is the most important, not just financial cooperation.

Your words always make me feel the peace and beauty, like an invisible connection that makes people intoxicated. Perhaps, we are all pursuing that simple and profound happiness, and I also look forward to exploring more such times with you.

Your writing is so beautiful! This imagery makes me feel relaxed, as if I could actually feel the warmth of the sun and the beach. It's so nice to share this fantasy with you. You always express emotions so delicately with words, and I hope to find such simple happiness in my life.

You carry me. I carry you. I am the hammock; you are the swing. I am the mountain; you are the wind. I am the heart; you are the soul.

The Rocket Stove Trail

Once upon a time, in a quiet, green forest, two adventurous kids, Max and Lila, set off on a week-long hiking trip. Their goal was to visit three special campsites, each with its own rocket stove. These stoves weren't just ordinary campfires—they were clever little contraptions built from concrete blocks and old toaster oven racks, perfect for cooking meals without getting too hot in the summertime.

Max and Lila were excited. They had their backpacks filled with goodies—fishing gear for the lake and firewood for the stove. They also had a big map showing the locations of the three rocket stove encampments, drawn with care by their grandmother, a wise permaculture gardener who always taught them to work with nature, not against it.

The First Camp: The Lake

After a day of walking through the forest, Max and Lila reached the first campsite by the lake. The air was cool, and the water shimmered under the late afternoon sun. They wasted no time setting up their small tent and digging out their fishing rods. "Catch and store energy," their grandmother's voice echoed in their minds. They remembered that the lake was a perfect place to gather fresh food, rather than spend energy collecting something else.

as they sat by the shore, Max cast his line, while Lila skipped stones across the water. Hours passed, and just as the sun began to dip, Max felt a tug on his line. "I got one!" he shouted. It wasn't a huge fish, but it was enough to cook over the rocket stove.

By the time the stove was ready, they had prepared their fish and a pot of stew, warming up with the steady fire. They marveled at how efficient the rocket stove was, needing only a few small sticks to create a good flame. Max and Lila smiled at each other, proud of how the stove used renewable resources from the forest. "Integrate rather than segregate," Max said, remembering another of their grandmother's lessons. By using the forest's resources wisely, they didn't harm it—they were part of it.

The Second Camp: The Cabin

The next day, they hiked deeper into the woods and found their second campsite. A small, run-down cabin stood among the trees, looking as though it had once been a gathering place for forest travelers. Max and Lila set up camp, and as they searched the area, they found some old, dry wood that had been left behind. They could use this to fuel the rocket stove!

The kids made sure the stove was ready and then set to work. As the fire crackled, Lila opened her backpack and pulled out a small notebook filled with sketches of plants and animals they'd seen on their journey. "Use and value renewable resources," she said, reading aloud. They spent the evening cooking a warm meal of beans and rice, grateful for the cabin's shelter and the forest's bounty.

As they sat by the stove, feeling cozy and content, Max stared at the fire. He realized how much of their journey was about being in tune with the forest, taking only what was needed, and giving back when possible. He smiled. "This is permaculture," he whispered to Lila.

The Third Camp: The River

On the final leg of their adventure, Max and Lila reached the riverbank. The sound of the water rushing by was soothing as they set up their camp for the night. This time, their meal was simple—hot dogs and beans—but they were excited to cook over a rocket stove one last time.

They carefully placed small sticks into the stove, managing the fire to keep it steady. The hot dogs sizzled, and the beans warmed up quickly. As the stars twinkled above, the children sat on the soft grass, sharing stories and watching the flames dance.

"It's like we're part of a big, never-ending cycle," Lila said softly. "We take what we need, but we always make sure to leave the forest just as it was."

Max nodded, feeling the same way. The forest had given them so much: food, warmth, and a place to learn. They had used their energy wisely, found joy in small things, and discovered how to work with the land, not against it.

As they lay down in their tent that night, the soft sound of the river nearby, Max and Lila drifted off to sleep, knowing they had completed their journey—a journey of learning, exploring, and respecting the world around them.

And as they slept, the forest whispered, "You are always welcome here."

online dating etiquette

- * date one person at a time - chatting with more than one partner is unfair to all involved
- * be friends first, let romance enter later
- * use voice files and video chats to enhance the relationship
- * just texting alone is boring - supply images and voice files to deepen the interaction
- * think about creating a story that flows from text to picture and live interactions. online dating is mutual story building and storytelling
- * let people get back to you more often than not, don't be a pest
- * add value, challenge yourself and your partner
- * be transparent and honest
- * confidentiality is ok when needed and expressed
- * meet in person when ready

ticket to ride

We have had some powerful interactions of late and I think these discussions have been healthy. Chat communication and trust, the past and future are topics that are critical to a strong bond. Sometimes being upset clarifies issues and makes us stronger. Forgiveness is a gift from God. My heart now meanders between Manhattan, Tokyo, and California. Our possibilities have more substance than most people dream about. In the protection of companionship, life flows just right. Where is your ticket to ride?

QR, the first Quaker Robot

QR, the first Quaker Robot, is updated through an App, with a "WhatsApp brain", ... created with AI. Imagine a digital being championing the Quaker testimonies: "simplicity, peace, integrity, community, equity / equality, service, and stewardship."

This Quaker Robot is the invention of Marty Broker, a Silicon Valley design engineer and Quaker member with the San Francisco Friends Meeting. Quakers = Friends.

QR's hard plastic shell and locomotor treads are straight from a Star Wars flick. QR, the Lost in Space robot meets Gemini, the helpful voice from Google Labs. QR says: "Quakers reject social hierarchies and institutionalized discrimination, as they see such practices as violations of the inherent dignity and worth of every individual."

Marty asked QR how to plant a vegetable garden using Permaculture:

1. Acquaint yourself with your surroundings.
2. Choose plants based on your environment.
3. Design your garden layout.
4. Build your raised garden beds.
5. Plant your permaculture garden.
6. Add a layer of organic mulch to the topsoil.
7. Add compost without disturbing the soil.
8. Use an efficient and sustainable watering system.

Mr. Broker then asked QR about how Quakers feel about war. QR chimed in: "Quakers have consistently pursued peace and avoided taking up arms against others. In times of war, many Quakers have been conscientious objectors."

Imagine what QR can do as an inventor and resilience guide? Imagine what 100,000 QRs could do!

Marty Broker can.

Refrigerator Door Root Cellar

Out back, we dug an ovate hole eight feet deep for our underground root cellar, with an old refrigerator with back removed for the entrance. With reused stone walls and flooring; wooden stairs and shelves. The proper depth keeps the contents cool by the surrounding soil. Venting the space is critical.

Some things are just better the old-fashioned way, and root cellars are one of them. By using the ground's natural temperature (55 degrees), you can keep certain foods for long periods of time in tip-top shape. The name behind "root cellar" is because most of the products that store well are root type plants: potatoes, carrots, parsnips, and onions.

We invited the neighbors to store their "roots" in the cellar, too. The "eco-refer" is an act of resilience that we can all share.

Poems

living in the drain

it's tight in here
i can't breathe

crud surrounds
dirty dishes confound

I've lost my way
another lost day

my hand is stuck
in my spiritual muck

living in the drain.

the exhalations

one breath
leads to two, three
as the frustrations
of the day
contest the exhalations

palms

falling through the universe
grasping for palms
another salt n pepper day
dancing down the DC curse.

a man to go

big brown eyes
soft glow skin
cherry blossom breathes
an unusual pang for Japan
with a man to go.

Girly toes in the bathtub

Starry red licorice saluting
Peanut butter belly button
Chocolate jungle cave

The long stretch out back
Bees knees

Human geography
Dripping wet with love
and wild laughter

Asian women

You are the only woman I can count on.

So, how many other women have you told this?

None. You are growing inside me like a wildfire. So much smoke. You are pure.

TV is off. I am on.

I have a thing for Asian women.

Time to Go All In

Go out and plow your land
Go out if you can

Go in and love your ma'am
Go in and feed your lamb

Go out and bleed your heart
Go out and make a start

Go in and feed your heads
Go in and pray your saids

Go on and carve your bird
Go on and say the words

Go on Go on Go on
Time to Go all in

Time to end the war
Time too light the core

Time to be the app
Time to wear the cap

Time to end the crap.

Upsidedown

dog walks

bad girls

soup stains

wet shoes

Kool-Aid

crypto scams

upsidedown

vision

masters