

To Find A Life

by ~~By~~ Jim Hamlett

A rumbling cannonade of thunder reached through Moses Mackenzie's open window and snatched him from his dream. ~~With a jerk, Moe awoke. As Moe fixed himself in space and time, His~~ his mind danced between ~~this worlds and the other as he fixed himself in space and time.~~ At another loud ~~snap crack, Moe~~ he propped himself on an elbow and tuned his ear to the darkness. But he heard nothing beyond the ruckus of the storm. ~~rustling through the window he'd opened before retiring.~~

Moe glanced at his ~~bedside clock: and read 4:07 in pale green digits.~~ He slipped from bed and waddled ~~on his dwarf legs~~ to the window. As he stretched to ~~closed~~ it, lightning flickered like a dying bulb and bathed the world in blue-white brightness while. ~~Another another~~ robust round of South Carolina thunder rattled ~~his the~~ window. Rain swept through the trees ~~in a sizzling crescendo. Lightning flashed again,~~ and Moe saw ~~the treetops wave wildly in a wind that moaned against the glass. A~~ few leaves let loose and shoot into the night like kites snapped from their strings.

~~For several minutes, Watching the Moe watched the~~ outside world roil reminded him of. ~~Few people understood how soothing a storm could be. He recalled Winston and those nights the many nights he and his best friend, Winston MacReynolds, sat on their beds as children, safe behind the stone walls of the Scottish orphanage. How they had They~~ reveled in a Highland tempest. ~~"Marvelous," Winston often muttered.~~ When it was over, they'd sleep like newborns. Few people understood how soothing a storm could be.

He turned from the window just as his stomach rumbled. ~~He plodded back to bed, yet stopped shy. He felt hungry.~~ But if he ate at this hour, ~~he'd be in double jeopardy. N~~ not only would he lose sleep, he'd gain weight—a dwarf's ~~his~~ constant nemesis. He ~~stood still and~~ hoped the demons of the midnight snack would leave him be, ~~But~~ but it was too late. ~~He Moe~~ sighed and chuckled ~~at his formidable foe as he~~. ~~Moe~~ walked toward ~~his the~~ doorway determined to do nothing more than drown ~~the demons~~ his hunger in a drink of water while waiting ~~he waited~~ for the storm to

pass. Then he'd return, open his window again, and trust the singing of the wind through the trees

to lull him ~~into~~ back to ~~peaceful~~ sleep.