
Poems & Stoems[®] Volume 9

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Picture "Lake Windermere" 2015 Steve Simons

A STOEM® is a Story presented in Poem format
Most of the Poems in this book are stories
written in poem format,
I call these STOEMs.

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(the CAPTIALS in email address are NOT required, just included to make spelling clearer).

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X = NOT suitable for children – say under 13

Micropoems

Welcome to the world and work of Steve Simons, the MicroPoet. I started writing the micro poems as posts in games that I was playing; the posts like Twitter were restricted to something like 140 characters. The challenge being to write something so small; that made sense; had flow; and at times was quite deep. This book brings together some of these posts. Some are serious but most written in fun.

Portly Gentlemen do things at a slower pace

Including the smile upon his face.

The lights went out

Several people gave a shout. A hand held my arm, at first caused alarm, but the unexpected kiss, wow what a miss!

Darkened room

In the gloom, a glass tank I can see, bright as can be, its treasures to behold, far more exciting than gold.

ALL my books are FREE

Just a gift to you from me, a celebration of my ability, to write things vibrantly

Peaceful pond

Something to respond, tail flashing, water splashing, trail of gold, a sight to behold. All gone, such a brief liaison.

Taken down with the ship

Or into the frothy waves to jump/slip? Which way to end my life? Such decisions rife.

A definite chill

The air still, the sunshine rather weak, not that this early I should do a critique.

Breaking the peaceful morning

Without any warning, clatter of chains, annoys my brains. The engine's noise, return to sleep destroys.

Taken Down with the Ship

Or into the frothy waves to jump or slip? Which way to end my life? Such decisions rife.

A definite Chill

The air still, the sunshine rather weak, not that this early I should do a critique.

Breaking the Peaceful Morning

Without warning, clatter of chains, annoys my brains. The engine's noise, return to sleep destroys.

Though it was a Hot Day

I felt as cold as could be, there was nothing I could say, no way further forward could I see.

Always see the Funny Side

Of that I cannot be denied. To encourage laughter at the silly things, that is what can pull the strings, to tie a team together, no matter what the storm or the weather.

What can I say?

But hey, that was a nice thing you said, to my heart a golden thread.

Hanging basket

Looking like a casket, soil & plants refreshed, no longer enmeshed, now in the sun they play, ready to meet each day.

If your seat had no edge

Then you'd have to pledge, to sit there forever more, so with a story... it would be a bore!

Tonight the mystery will yield

as the end is revealed. It has been a journey my friend, to you my best wishes I send.

STOEM[®] ended

Characters befriended. Left with a sinking feeling? Soon there will be another to send your senses reeling.

Rain it doesn't matter

at least whilst it's just a pitter patter, but when it pours like there's gonna be a hole in the roof.

You can't beat a good bit of banter

but I hope the story sets off at a canter. For adventure I crave, for the story's path to pave.

Soon be Halloween

When things are no longer green, and some to remain unseen!

Autumn Sun

All the fun, of Apples and Nuts, you'd have to be a klutz, not to enjoy these treats, better than sweets. (apologies to anyone with nut allergies)

Gloop gloop

Goes the soup. Weak is the smile, all the while, it's warmth soothes, the care smooths.

To the shop we rushed

With possibilities we brushed, but she was in a mood, as had been promised food. So no purchase made. Oh what a charade!

Feel free to LAUGH feel free to CRY

For if we do NEITHER we surely DIE?

On the cold

I'm not that sold, but then the sun must take its rest, otherwise it'll lose its zest.

White clouds of differing shape

Trying their best something real to ape, for the likes of us to stand there, look up and stare.

Granny's Horticultural Experiment

Granny were reet proud of 'er plastic greenhouse.
She even raised a family think it were a variety of mouse.
She heard up at club that a mint were to be made growing weed.
So our granny sowed her seed determined to succeed.
When the plants were fully grown,
she bagged some up and boy did she moan,
for none of em sold,
she approached her grandson bold;
he suggested a fix, to dry hers and mix,
with his own supply,
so she thought it were worth a try.
When grandson gave over her cut,
she thought he were off his nut,
for he handed her a grand in cash.
Whilst the outcome were a smash;
Granny thought it were a daft,
use of her growing craft.

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Rain Dashed Hopes

Rain dashed hopes.

This is how one copes.

My expectations rise,
then to add to add surprise;
the downpour begins,
my head spins.

What to do now?

I will cope somehow.

I find an unexpected haven,
like a feast to a raven.

First the mad rush,
then peace as if painted by an artist's brush.

A very welcoming space,
where I can stop my race.

Whilst outside the rain continues to drown dreams.

Or so from my cosy chair this is how it seems.

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On a Dark Night

The bow and stern lines slipped without fuss.
The tug quietly sliding her out of dock as easy as a bus.
None are even aware,
that neither boat is there.
In the cover of the night,
the captain and crew take flight.
After having been paid the right stuff,
down river far enough,
the tug slips the tow rope,
its captain is no dope.
The old boat's engine is started,
soon under her own power they will be departed.
What mischief they are to persue?
This boat is a carrier of secrets old and new.
With that you'll have to make do,
for the rest of the story is up to you!

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The Mersey

I looked into the dark muddy waters.
Just how many has it taken of sons and daughters?
Some it has taken to far off lands,
others suffered at another's hands.



The docks now all tarter and jolly,
but wasn't that long ago it would have been quite melancholy.
A transport of goods from here to there.
Trade that wouldn't always be considered fair.
Horses and men working long n hard.
Shifting goods from ship to the yard.
Steam trains waiting patiently for their trucks to be loaded.
Whilst the horses drawing the trucks have to be coaxed and goaded.
Noise, smoke, soot and dust;
heavy machinery coated in rust.
All for a common aim,
to move goods again and again.



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A Visit From Uncle John

A visit from Uncle John was like a whirlwind of adventure.
It wasn't normally a teeth clencher.
Unless you count the ride on the back of his motorbike.
Our John was a bit of a cheeky tike.
He was a daring kind of a fellow,
that nothing could making him bellow.

As for John's career path it was rather a laugh.
It was the days when a man's word made him staff.
He worked on a family estate,
for the widow of someone late.
He would buy a common item and by the time he had spun a tale, that would be so
convincing it always resulted in a sale.
He'd buy something for thirty bob,
by the time he'd finished his sales job,
it had belonged to his Lordship's eldest son,
and had been with him in some battle ending in don.
John had "sold it to this mug,
in the bull and whistle snug.
Ten quid paid the gullible chap.
For a leather holder and a manky map!"

Then there was the time when a post with the clergy John got.
His accounting and stock keeping skills good they were not.
The moneys on the evensong collection plate,
would often make their way back late.
For some of the funds would go via the bookkeepers shop.
and when the returns paid back some in John's pockets would stop!

There was often a reverse miracle with the communion wine.
For when it was served,
it was observed,
to not be so genuine.

A bit of a rascal and was always a good laugh.
I just regret I never kept a photograph.
All I have are memories of the uncle who bought us stories galore.
Uncle John was never considered as being poor.
Whilst he didn't have a lot of money,
he had plenty of spirit and was always funny.
I miss uncle John, now that he has gone.
Whether in heaven or hell,
he's sure to make 'em yell....
with laughter, ever after.

Even Stranger

By the relatives will we were thrown,
this large building now ours to own.
Every twist and turn, brings something new to learn.
This place a logical structure it does lack,
exploring it would be easy to lose track.

Each room seems to have a purpose of its own.
By each successive room we are thrown.
A large auditorium and stage,
looks like it came from another age.
I climb the steps and look down at the sea of seats below.
I ponder how many people would come here to watch a show.
Then I head for the exit at the top,
wondering when this exploration will stop.

I emerge into a corridor to the right a door that is marked control room,
to the left the corridor winds off into gloom.
Maybe in that direction I can find another interesting room,
or so I assume.
A short way down the corridor is a room to the right.
Inside it is basically white with lots of painted figures quite a sight.
At the end is a dark green chair, with some sort of board in mid air.
There are carvings all the way down the chair,
very Egyptian in their design and care.
Curious about this the only piece of furniture in the room,
I sit and I run my fingers across the characters like in a tomb.
I feel most awfully strange,
as the room around seems to rearrange.

I get up and marvel at the things that have appeared.
Even my clothes have changed and I find I have a beard!
I exit from the room and find the corridor is even darker than before.
I feel my way along the wall my footing is rather unsure.
I find my way blocked,
but it doesn't feel like a door that is locked.
In the wall I can feel a crack.
I turn around n lean in with my back.
At first it doesn't want to move,
suddenly a jolt then to a holt as if to disapprove.
Renewed effort on my part,
it drives the crack apart.
Light enters my gloom,
taking away my fear of doom.

I renew my efforts and the gap widens further,
until a path for my escape it does me confer.
Bright light and sand it does to me reveal, a short tunnel the exit from which I
emerged does conceal.
The air hot and dry,
I can hear voices nearby.
To stay under cover,
or be seen by another,
that is the dilemma I now face,
in this most strange of place.

Surely from all I see,
in the same building I cannot be?
I decide that this mystery I will not sort,
if I stay hidden this I will surely thwart.

As I emerge, my thoughts converge.
The backs of buildings face me now,
I must find my way through somehow.
The voices coming from the other side.
I wonder if my meeting with the people will be denied.

As I walk down the row,
ahead a gap does show.
Tight as it is I squeeze through.
Only to find myself wedged in stuck like glue.
What an absolutely awful thing for me to do.
Wedged like some untended human statue.

I suddenly catch sight of a child.
The child catches sight of me and goes wild!
I try to calm him,
but things look grim,
he darts off in a most disturbed state.
Wedged in as I am all I can do is wait.

The time trickles by,
wishing this prison I could defy.

The voices are getting louder now,
I just hope for a resolution somehow.
Several men shouting and shaking sticks in my direction,
it seems I have caused a right insurrection.
With all this going on I fear for my life.
Never have I wanted to cause such strife.

Suddenly an impressively dressed man appears,
he speaks and there are sounds like cheers.
Some of the men go away,
the man addresses those who stay.

Those who return, cause me a lot of concern,
for they wield dangerous looking tools,
nothing that should be used by fools.
With further direction from their leader,
he certainly is an ideas feeder.

The men then set about hacking at the building walls,
whilst nervously I await what my future befalls.
I try myself to remove, as if being stuck to disprove.
The sweat rolling down my back, as the men continue to hack.
My stomach churning,
as for escape I am yearning.
Will these same tools be turned upon me?
I feel so helpless as trapped here I wait to see.

As the men get ever closer,
the reality of my situation becomes ever grosser.
One of the men pokes me with a stick.
I am shocked and feeling sick.
Chatter amongst the men breaks out,
then their leader gives a shout.
The chatter ceases and efforts to hack the walls renew.

I remain uncomfortably fixed to the spot like a statue.

The man closest to me is working hard,
his knife moving rapidly and closer than a yard.
Suspiciously he now stares into my eyes,
like he is can detect whether there is truth or lies.
I am also aware of two other men who are now close,
hacking at the wall opposite and also wary of me the ghost.
The knife to the left releases my face,
then clears wall that was obstructing a lower place.
What a relief to know that I would soon be free.
Still fearful however of what was to become of me.

The men then retreat, I look down at my feet.
The man down there waves,
for me to join the retreat he craves.
Slowly and cautiously I follow,
through the newly made hollow.
To emerge into the light,
wondering now if I am to face my fright.
Instead the leader of this group,
invites me to join the troop.
Although his words I understand not,
his tone tone is clear and can be easily got.
He touches my shoulder and draws me in,
as begins one heck of a din.
He hugs me like some long lost kin.
He addresses me directly but where do I begin?
I try to tell my tale by hand,
my rendition rather stunted and not grand.
At first he does not understand,
as he carefully watches my my hand.
Then he gets the bit of emerging from the tomb,
and definitely gets the part when stuck in the gloom.
He urges me to walk down the narrow street,
he is quite taken by the shoes on my feet.

At the end of the street is a building that is quite outstanding,
it's walls have impressive features and branding.
Our leader has a quiet word with the guards at the gate.
At first they seem to be quite amenable then become irate.
Our man is quite insistent and stands his ground,
those around him making quite a deal of sound.
One of the guards shouts in his persistence,
in protest at the locals resistance.
The other guard slips off,
without so much as a cough.
When he does return, our next move we learn;
For we have been granted an audience with the owner of this place.
For then myself and the leader of our group are rushed off at pace.
Taken through impressive halls,
with artwork down their walls.
We approach a pair of doors large and dark,
up to the rest of this place they look rather stark.
Silently they swing open wide,
giving us an excellent view of the inside.

A tall and long room before us,
at the end there is a small group making such a fuss.
Our footsteps seem to echo through this spacious room,
casting a feel not of joy but more of doom.

Then as at the far end we arrive,
some order and sanity does revive.
A man of impressive dress and stature speaks.
The language I do not understand but the tone of displeasure wreaks.

The man who brought me to this place,
bows show as to not show the other his face;
Then he in humbler tone,
besets to establish the case of my own.
The man before us is not best pleased,
his temper by the words spoken is not eased.
He issues some orders to those others present,
the tone of which does not seem pleasant.
Roughly taken,
my case forsaken.
The man who escorted me here,
has a face that reflects fear.

Through a door to the back of the room.
The corridor beyond has a somewhat strange perfume.
Further, it starts quite light,
decreasing somewhat into the twilight.
Leaving me with the overwhelming feeling of stepping from grace,
clearly wondering what I now have to face.
The corridor is considerably long,
every so often it has a separating prong.
Then there are steps leading down into the dark.
The corridor beyond is very stark.

Two awaiting men take over my care,
to escape from this place I despair.
Through a maze of corridors I am lead.
Lost am I and If I escaped where would I head?

Finally into a darkened room I am left.
To be left with my thoughts am I bereft.
The days and nights go by so slowly.
The food I am given so awful and lowly.
Even the water has a brackish taste.
If I could escape I'd do so in haste.
The weaker I feel as the days go past,
I tried to protest with a fast,
but all I achieved was a weaker state.
Hastening on my final expected state.
I feel this is getting really serious,
as I slip into a state of being delirious.
I cannot help but weep,
as I slip into my final sleep.

Suddenly there's an awful noise.
The type that just annoys.
I open my eyes, and to my surprise,
I find I am at home and in bed!

~~~~~0~~~~~0~~~~~0~~~~~

This story was inspired by a dream,  
so for it to end this was fitting or so it would seem.

~~~~~0~~~~~0~~~~~0~~~~~

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Iziggy 3

Then there was Iziggy 3,
never to seem the same to me.
Made a cardinal mistake,
of a meal I did partake.

No no that wasn't my mistake,
it wasn't the foodstuff portraying itself as beefsteak.

I just happened to mention that the waitress was really good,
forgetting myself before this creature up to no good.
I forgot that such praise, just gives them a raise,
to sell what was once theirs to keep,
over which this proprietor would lose no sleep.
I next find myself negotiating a price for the waitress who served me so well.
I couldn't believe my stupidity and that I would shortly own the mademoiselle!

I didn't need another member of my crew,
what with this girl was I supposed to do?
I suppose I could treat her in the same light,
a good to sell or maybe give her a freedom right.
The options presented,
I kind of resented,
buy her outright or for a year,
Geepers I could do with a beer.

I talk down the outright option but he's not moving on the other.
As I'm not planning to return and the outright I can cover,
I opt for this and the deal is struck.
Geepers what am I an attractor of bad luck?
I pay the agreed fee,
then feel like a detainee,
as I await delivery,
of the poor waitress to me.

Finally she enters the room,
looking like she was going to encounter her doom.
Then she spots me and smiles,
at least she doesn't see me as one of those has beens.

As we head for my craft,
I feel kind of daft,
not knowing what to say,
wanting my thoughts to convey.

Happily carrying her single bag and following close behind.
The fact that I'm not talking she doesn't seem to mind.
Maybe she's used to people treating her like a possession,
and communication not being her obsession.

Finally we arrive at the dock,
it takes me some time fiddling with the lock.

As I enter Dask exclaims,
“what is it about de dames?
Passenger or more,
come on what's the score?”

“Dask... you'll get me into trouble one of these days.
This charming lady is our new crew member now please avert your gaze.”

“Crew member... come on is that what you're calling your conquest?”
“No way to talk in front of a lady... I really have to protest!”

I turn to our new crew member and say,
“I must apologise for My colleague's bad manners display.
This repulsive creature is Dask,
he's not all bad at least if you cover him in mask.”

The waitress smiles at our banter.
Dask replies “Oh ignore the enchanter.
He has his faults too, though they only be a few.”

I ask of my new crew member,
“Sorry your name badge I don't remember,
I'm not good at this game,
what is your name?”

The name she gives sounds like kay-lee-shade,
after mulling this over my decision made,

“Mind if we call you Kayleigh?”
“That is near enough for me.”
She smiles and asks “So now I crew,
what do I call you?”

“captain.” Is my simple refrain. It's not that I'm vain,
I just want to keep things straight,
My life not to complicate.

Then Dask mischievously adds,
“or Dave when he doesn't have these fads.”
Kayleigh smiles at Dask's observation.
Much to my consternation.

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Kayleigh asks “So where am I going to sleep Dave”,
she looks at me carefully as if expecting me to start to rave.
Instead I manage to keep my cool,
like I don't care and am chilling at a pool.
Well as this wasn't planned,
I was thinking storage 2 could withstand.

Dask protests “But there’s no bed!
What about storage 3 instead?”

“But the bed in there is a bit of a wreck.
I suppose could use the deck.”

“Do what?
Kayleigh can't sleep there you teapot.”
“Not Kayleigh,
I meant me.
Kayleigh can have my cabin,
until we fix up 3 therein.”

Kayleigh says “I cannot expect you to sleep on the floor,
whilst you carry out the restoration chore.”

“It's nothing to worry about,
we'll get the job done quickly no doubt.”

Dask adds “Roosk and I have nothing planned,
we'll soon have it fixed up and looking grand.”

Between the four of us we had the room cleared in four hours.
We break for some food that is described as something hot and sourz.
It is certainly sour and hot,
but apart from that it hasn't got a lot.

We set about our repairs,
having to raid our spares.
We stand back and are pleased with our work,
but when it comes to bedding that's a quirk.

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Kayleigh then suggests that we go on a shopping trip.
I'm not too keen to go but don't want her to give us the slip.
It seems to take us an age,
even though Kayleigh professes to be a sage.
She takes us straight to some appropriate places,
she even appears to know their names and faces.
She barter and tells me that she gets us some good deals,
but after having forked out the cash that's not how it feels.
Do we really need this much stuff to make up a bed?
I'm sure if it were up to me we'd have half of this instead.

Back at our ship Kayleigh sets about making the things she needs.
I just hope after paying for the stuff that she succeeds.
We leave her in peace,
glad of the shopping release.

Three hours yes three hours latter,
Kayleigh emerges from her bit of the freighter,
Smiling as much as she did when first she went in.
Both Dask and I wondering what transformation of the cabin therein.

Kayleigh asks "Who is going to show me the ropes?"
I don't know what she means but in Dask I have high hopes.

Dask asks "To make a meal?"

Kayleigh replies "Yes seems like a fair deal."

The pair disappear to the galley,
chatting away and sounding all pally.
Looks like our new crew member is going to fit in well.
My earlier concerns these latest observations dispel.

The meal was good,
the chatter was as it should,
of fun and teasing, all in all very pleasing.

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Kayleigh invited us to see her room.

An invitation for its change to consume.

Such a transformation can hardly be believed,
of the comfort it must bring I am relieved.

It has an appearance of such a womanly place,
it leaves me with the feeling of invading a private space.

A genius is our Kayleigh for not only has she made the bedding,
but the walls no longer have that sense of dreading.

For cloth hangs from ceiling to floor,
looking like a palace room to make the heart soar.

We praise her on the amazing change,
such a marvel for our Kayleigh to arrange.

Soon afterwards we have our course set,
so off to our cabins we get.

Kayleigh settles easily to the daily routines,
she is quite happy or so it seems.

Our next destination should bring us some great cooking stuff for onward trade.
The inhabitants of Golastice always put on an impressive greeting in the form of a parade.

This time like any previous parade,
a marvellously exciting charade.

Kayleigh is really impressed,
and for the part she's suitably dressed.

After the parade and meal,
it's off to a warehouse to make a deal.
Kayleigh has disappeared, one minute there then weird!
I am worried that she is going to be alright,
so I send Dask and Roosk into the night.

Remember to Buy the book at Steve's Support

When my deal is done and delivery arranged.
I contact Dask as I'm feeling somewhat estranged.
We agree a location to meet.
Only to find Kayleigh the sweet,
is already there, chatting without a care.
When she spots me approaching,
a loan she is soon broaching.
Before I have a chance to consider the matter,
Kayleigh launches at speed into a sales pitch chatter.
Turns out that she's done her own deal,
now she needs the funds for it to seal.
At first I think the deal would be a loss maker,
but Kayleigh soon has me onboard as a chance taker.
For it is a water purification system of such simplicity,
that looks complicated but that's part of its duplicity.
It requires little in the way of maintenance,
unlike others and their song and dance.
That's the deal clincher and the money I agree to lend.
The supplier then makes arrangements for the goods to send.

Deal done Kayleigh does implore,
that whilst we're here we explore.
Dask and Roosk return to our craft,
leaving me feeling rather awkward and daft.
Whilst we are wandering the back streets,
we happen upon a place that for Kayleigh is one of those treats;
That to a bloke is quite a bore,
as it feels like another shopping chore.
Imagine yet another place filled from floor to ceiling,
obviously from Kayleigh's face most of it is appealing.
Just when I think I can't take anymore,
Kayleigh sees some cloth who's purchase she does implore.
She explains that she knows places where it would sell for a lot.
I explain that it will probably cost dearly too and am made to feel a clot.
For Kayleigh sweeps away and with the owner strikes up a conversation.
Luckily for Kayleigh the owner is not really taken with this creation.

After much discussion a very good deal for the whole stock is struck.
We must return to our craft before Kayleigh runs even further amuck.
It was good job that my trade on goods that we bought,
was a lot better than I would have thought.
So our profit Kayleigh's deals financed.
The money we didn't mind being advanced.

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The next few locations to which we danced,
held equally interesting deals that we chanced.
Kayleigh's instinct generally bought good portends.
So our investment in her judgement paid good dividends.
Kayleigh and I had a healthy rivalry as to who will strike the better deals.
As well as who could come up with the most challenging meals.
Dask seemed to take the book on the latter,
especially with things he could disguise in batter.
Our life seemed to be considerably enhanced,
since our Kayleigh's deals we financed.

Then one day when Dask and Roosk were collecting some goods;
Kayleigh and I were discussing our livelihoods.
Something inside me clicked,
like a balloon had been pricked.
I saw Kayleigh in a different light,
her company had always been a delight.
Now her face took on a different hue,
like spotlights had brought her into view.
I found myself leaning in and kissing her lips.
Everything else went into eclipse.
A passion had taken us both by surprise.
I could feel it and see it in her eyes.
From that moment our lives were rearranged,
things at first were rather strange.

Things settled as it seemed it should have always been thus.
Dask and Roosk accepted the change without any fuss.
We all get along as we did before,
the fun the rivalry and keeping score.

Kayleigh was never anyone's property to own,
instead you were accepted into her zone.

FEEDBACK

DISCLAIMER: No intent to breach copyright in the following posts, they have merely been re-posted here from emails or posts to Bakery Story game. If you are aware of any breach, please let Steve know and he will retract the entry concerned.

- "Uncle John", what a character?
- I am really enjoying "Even Stranger", what an adventure?
- Wow what a start to Iziggy 3, looking forward to the coming verses.
- He is going to send her to Burger King!
- Is he going to be a knight or a Nave?
- So enjoying the stoem, thanks for sharing.
- Quite an adventure, can't wait to see what happens next :-)
- Love the banter :-) :-) Steve the word enchanter :-)
- I can see Dask's face, and I don't think I like him. Great writing Stevie.
- Mysterious, intriguing with a touch of humour.
- Aww... such a sweet ending of Iziggy 3 :-) thank you.

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Feedback welcome: steve@STOEMS.co.uk

If you enjoyed these poems, have you read Volumes 1 to 8?
STOEMS.co.uk

If you like Steve's writing style, why not try one of his Science Fiction books.
Check out:
SciFiStories.co.uk
WattPad.com

The game referred to in this book is "Bakery Story" it is available on Android and Apple (iOS) devices and is produced by Team Lava. My ID: is StevieXX (so you can find me simply by sending me an "Invite").

Steve has also written and produced as Audio Books, several Science Fiction books ranging from "The Gateway", the TSOT Trilogy, "Regenis 4 Chronicles" and "All that Sparkles is not..." See Steve's other website for details and links to the books:
SciFiStories.co.uk
