

It is always difficult to preface the words of young writers. It seems that ours are the words most eager to fly, the most difficult to hold down, landing on the page only for a moment before taking off in search of some new and higher ground. They are words which, soaring above the boughs of their own creation, need no introduction. It is not so with older writers. Theirs are the words which seem comfortable, sure of their place on the page and their place in the world. The young writer, having no place, is anxious to discover one.

Yet, we are the same, the young and the old, for we share the same lineage. We are all of us children of literature.

We speak the same language and in so speaking, we wish to be heard.

The writer is always changing and so are his words. A writer may plant a belief and watch it grow over a lifetime. He may set an idea down only to pick it up again later and move on. Writing is a green thing, a growing thing, and the writer grows, too.

The literary journal is unique in that it gives the itinerant writer, if even only for a short time, a place to call his own. The writer moves on, but the journal remains. It is organic; it lives alongside the words it harvests.

The goal of this literary journal is a simple one: to offer writers of all ages and literary backgrounds the opportunity to write and be read, to speak and be heard. This journal is, if nothing else, a community of language. In reading and re-reading the fiction and non-fiction contained in this tiny magazine, I have come to the realization that my role in this community is not that of an editor, but instead, a translator. We all speak the same language, but our writing is as diverse in dialect as it is in direction. The burden of the translator lies in finding the storyteller's voice within the storyteller's vision.

Literature is the language of meaning, and I have striven to find the meaning hidden within each and every one of these pieces. I have embraced the voices of these writers, not to change them, but to challenge them, and in taking them in I hope that I have managed, if even only in a small way, to send them shining back out upon the page, ready to be read, ready to be heard.

John Steinbeck once rewrote an old fable, putting it into his own words. "I wanted to set the stories down in meaning," he said. "If I can do this and keep the wonder and the magic—for my own young sons and for other sons not so young—I shall be pleased and gratified."

And so I dedicate this magazine to you, the sons and daughters of literature, and if I have managed to capture within these pages a small portion of the wonder and the magic that lives within your words, then my pleasure will be immense and my gratification complete.

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