

THINKS AND THINGS

CRYSTAL JOHNSON

Thinks and Things

© Crystal Johnson 2009

The Invention
The Witch
Broken Dipper
The Grandma Farm
A Living Carousel
The Boy Who Can't Do Anything
The Tooth Faerie
Death by TV
Mr. Green
The Baby-Sitter with Eyes Like Cameras
Disassembling Heaven
To Suburbia She Goes
The Faux Vampire
Down the Rabbit Hole
The Durtle
Demon Eyes
Dysfunctional Stars
Buried Treasure
The Mole
On the Road to Self-Discovery
Pocket Locket
The Endless Cookie Jar

Dandy Lions
The Spy and the Robot
The Gingerbread Man
Thinksandthings
Candled Wishes
Return to the Living Carousel

The Invention

Everything that ever existed, once started out as just a thought. For this world to last and keep evolving, people need to keep thinking. The problem is, original thoughts are running out quickly.

One of the last original thoughts was of a flying machine. For a thought to become a thing, one needs to truly believe in it.

Failing is part of succeeding. Without failure, there wouldn't be any light. Light bulbs, that is. When attempting the impossible, you will fail numerous times. But then your machine flies. Your phone call is answered. Your light bulb lights. Your television broadcasts news from around the globe. Your remote control turns the volume up. You beat the computer at solitaire. You're on-line.

Meet Thinksandthings. He's partially responsible for thermostats, x-ray machines, and notebook paper with perforated edges. Also, add to that list, super balls, fruit scented markers, and roll top desks. He's old, bulky, seven feet tall, and elusive. That's all the Fixer knows about him. The Fixer has been sent to track him down and fix some of the thinks he turned into things. Thinksandthings takes thoughts (or what he calls "thinks") from people and turns them into things. But not with a

wave of a wand. Turning thoughts into things can be instant or it can be a slow process, taking several to hundreds of years. Thinksandthings helps out a little here and there, gets the ball rolling, so to speak.

Once upon a time, a 13-year-old male stepped into an arcade. The type of arcade that's meant only for those ages eighteen and up. He inserted a coin into one of the machines. The boy cranked the handle, watched a lady dance a jig and teasingly, start to take off her top. The faster he cranked, the faster the pictures flipped and the faster she would take off her clothes. He cranked and cranked but the top stayed on. Right before the last several dozen pictures were about to be flipped, the manager of the arcade came back from the restroom. He found the boy and escorted him out to the sidewalk. He kept the boy's coin and the paper girl kept her shirt on.

During one of his many travels, Thinksandthings happened to be in close proximity to the young boy that same night. As the boy was in the midst of falling asleep, he thought it would be really boss if there was a machine that could show you pictures of naked girls instantly. No more cranking and turning of a handle just to see one girl naked. Instead, it would take just one click of a button to see a different naked girl. Click the button again and see a different naked girl. *Yeah, it could happen*, the boy thought just the moment before he fell asleep.

And that is how the Internet was invented.

Let it be emphasized, original thoughts are running out. To keep the world running at its fast pace, Thinksandthings scours the globe, finding people who truly believe in something and makes it real.

However, a number of people truly believe in unoriginal things but that will only keep the world going for a short while. Those tend to be thoughts of children

and in some cases, mental patients.

Small children are truly free thinkers. Granted, children are often baby-sat by the television and godfathered by mass media. However, dreaming and thinking begins far long before babies can even focus their eyes on their mothers.

Our story will begin within a story, a very much loved children's tale about cannibalism, Hansel and Gretel.

The Witch

It's hazardous when people fall in love with paper people, live out their digital fantasies, or succumb to a scary book. Books and other forms of entertainment offer escapism-literally.

Children don't choose their fantasies freely like the grown-ups do. Instead of believing that oneself can fly on a broomstick, they believe that the candy they just eaten will make them blow up like balloon. Instead of believing that wardrobes, houses, and tollbooths can take you to lands that don't exist, they will believe someone or something is hiding in their wardrobe or house. Or tollbooth too, if they happened to have one of those in the basement.

When I say that it's hazardous when people turn books into things, what I mean is that the Fixer has to chase down flying monkeys, find Captain Hook in the middle of one of the seven seas, and locate confused male-romance-novel-cover-models in the middle of shopping malls across America.

Fear is a powerful emotion but it's not the most powerful. The Fixer has met the Witch before and she tricked him then. The Fixer believes every person has a bit of good inside of them, sometimes it needs a little light or water to grow. However, the witch is not a person. She is a

thing. Since she is a thing, she has no emotions. She runs on pure instinct and that instinct tells her to hunt.

The Fixer met the Witch not long after Hansel and Gretel's father told them a story he made up to lull them to sleep. Unfortunately, the father neglected to tell them that it wasn't a *true* story. Thinksandthings took that think and thus, it became a true story.

In the story, two children ignore warnings from their father to not wander into the dark woods without permission. The children sneak off, get lost, and come across a house made of candy. A very nasty witch owns that house. She locks them up in a cage and feeds them all the cakes, candy, and cookies they could ever possibly desire in a lifetime. Everyday, the witch (who has, or rather had really bad eye sight) poked through the cage, grabbed the children's fingers to monitor their progress. The witch's plan all along was to fatten the children up and cook them in the oven for a special meal.

Fortunately, these two children were quick thinkers for they took the bone of a chicken and tricked the witch into thinking it was Hansel's finger. The children also trick the witch into climbing into an oven and they were able to escape.

But what most versions of this story will not tell you is that the witch never died. The Fixer came along soon after the children fled and fixed the situation before she succumbed to a fiery death.

After all this time, the witch has lived in the thoughts of children. Until a librarian mistakenly placed a copy of the tale in the non-fiction section at Billy Godfrey's school.

The Witch was lying lazily on her green and pink pastel striped couch, fanning herself with an index card of a lemon spritz cookie recipe. She had been baking all day

and the house needed cooling off. But not until she got her fix.

She heard footsteps outside, crunching the fallen autumn foliage that the melting snow revealed. She woke up and rubbed her eyes. She had fallen asleep with her contacts still in her dry eyes. She sat up and listened closely to the footsteps now, they sounded tiny and smelled sweet.

Flour stained her bubblegum pink blouse but she didn't care. She took a quick look in the hallway mirror. Messy red hair in need of a hair straightener, stained clothes, pink eyes with raccoon rings. *Lovely*. The footsteps were getting gradually louder. *Too late to do anything with you*, she sighed at her twin.

She could envision a tiny finger reaching out to ring the doorbell.

She opened the door and was pleased to find a plump boy, about age eight, standing on her doormat, *"If you lived here, you'd be home now."*

"Hi, there," she greeted him. He didn't respond. *Perhaps he had been wondering these dark, scary woods for a while. Probably starved. Disoriented. Delicious.*

"Are you lost, little boy?" she asked. He nodded. "Are you hungry?" She grabbed his plump little hand and laughed. He took a step back. She didn't let him go.

"I was just about to pull out a batch of cookies from the oven. Want some?"

She opened the door a little wider with her other free hand, the boy peered in. Down the hallway, he saw mountains and hills and rivers of goodies. Chocolate truffles, frosted sugar cookies, petit fours, peanut brittle, perfect squares of caramels, powdered lemon bars, and peanut butter fudge.

He saw dipped white chocolate pretzels, a big pot of

chocolate boiling on the stove, bowls of cookie dough, pitchers of frothy orange creme and raspberry lemonade, and a German chocolate cake ready to be frosted.

Enticed, the boy stepped in eagerly and threw out whatever caution he had to the wind, the squirrels, and to the trees.

“Help yourself,” the Witch said as the boy reached for a gingerbread man cookie.

The Witch's house was nearly impossible to find. It was off the map and in the middle of the woods.

Luckily, the Fixer noticed mutant dandelions growing near his next client's location.

Not so luckily, the half eaten goodies (the coffee flavored biscotti was left untouched) and a few bones on a cookie sheet was all that remained in the house. The Fixer didn't bother to close the peppermint door when he left.

He bent down on one knee to examine a dandelion. This particular dandelion was not the normal kind. Normal dandelions don't grow together, intertwined in one big stalk.

When mutant dandelions appear, that means two things must have happened. One, something is missing and needs to be found before repairing can be done. Second, something irreversible has happened. Sadly, in this case, it was death. Death cannot be undone.

Now, sometimes a think may cause a previously dead person to return to the earth but they can never take on their previous form. The dead person in question may come back in the form of a ghost, zombie, or angel. It depends on the type of think.

The Fixer has long since mastered the technique of detaching himself from the death of any of his clients. Everything that starts must come to an end. Although, nothing really truly “ends.”

After doing what he can, the Fixer places his ax, hammer, and a box of nails back into his tool box and takes out his logbook. He sharpens a graphing pencil with a knife. He sits down on a freshly cut tree stump and begins to write.

Name: Billy Godfrey

Location: Thief River Falls

Think: The Witch from Hansel and Gretel

Thing: The witch and her house far off in the woods of Thief River Falls.

Status: fixed pending as is

Comments: Unfortunately, the boy has expired. The Witch, as of today, has not been located. House is boarded up, securely.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

