

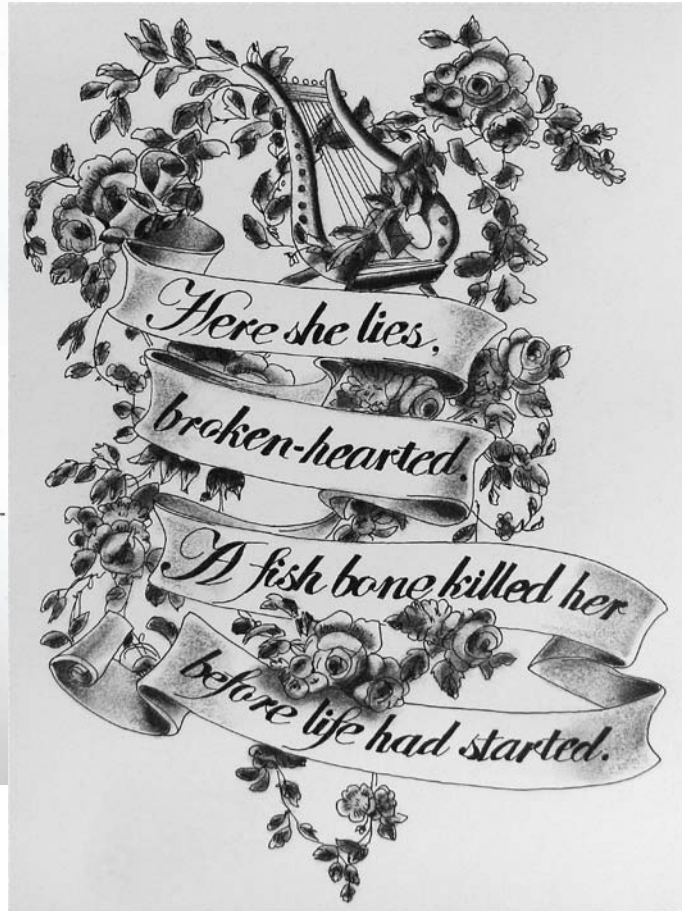
# Stolon Spring

By Toni Wolf



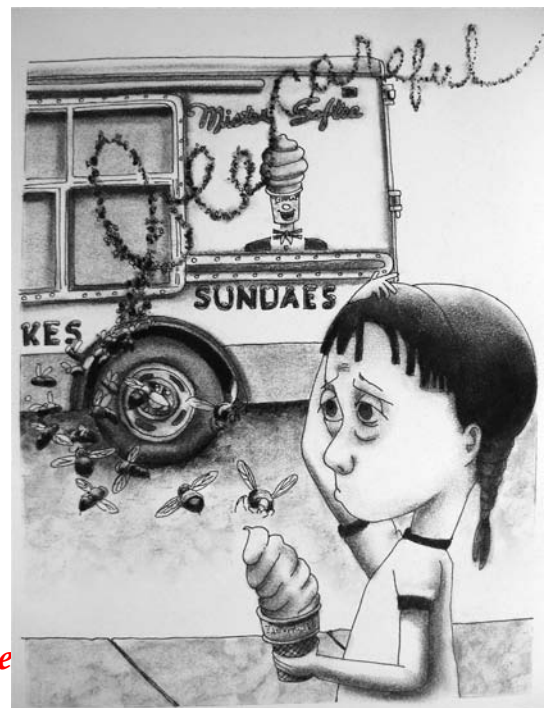
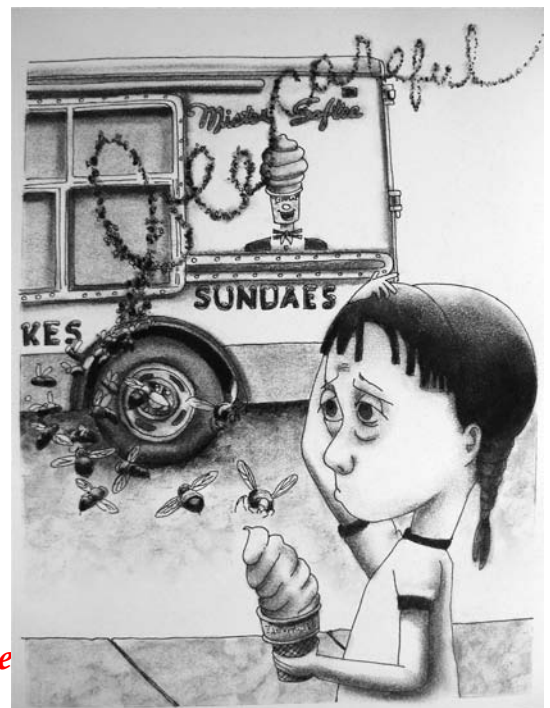
**Y**ou can die from a fish bone. I've held this ominous certainty to memory as far back as I can recall.

One could die from a fish bone as well as a broken heart. How could delicate cartilage and sadness have the same authority as violent crime and cancer to snuff out life?



These disturbing beliefs caused me to walk through childhood by way of caution: combing for tiny bones and making a point to let no one hear too much hunger or heartache in the way I stated my needs.

We had been promised a soaking, Saturday morning rain -- except for me and my dog, it seemed the entire city had slept in based on a forecast. Their predictions were wrong, and the park was all ours. A rare silence surrounded us -- softening and smoothing urban corners and edges, and allowing subtleties to take center stage.



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