



# Free Leaves

by Don Kubicko

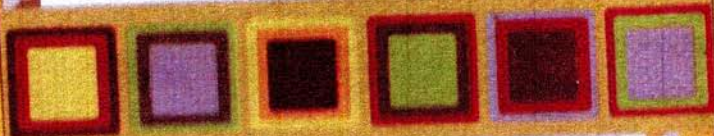
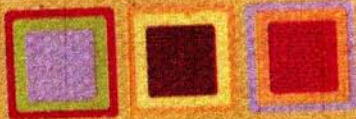
11-2006

Art work by: Frances Kubicko Trains

**"We're free, we're free!"**  
shouted the chorus of leaves,  
as they fluttered and swirled and  
danced about while leaving the  
bonds of their trees...



**"Oh my, YES, we're happy**  
as can be to simply fly  
free and whisk ourselves  
from here to there without  
a care – and as fast as we  
can with the help of the air."



Criss Autumn Season Fall L

"And thanks to the GODDESS OF TREES, now we can roam without worry and go as far and as high as one can fly – We needn't worry any more for I heard the Good News—HAVEN'T YOU?" inquired the sturdy oak leaf to the maple and dogwood leaves in Don and Barb's backyard. "No, No, No, please tell us so we can enjoy it too, please!" So the mighty Scrub Oak leaf told them and did so without worry or having to look over his shoulder to avoid serious danger for himself and others.



That's  
at's **FANTASTIC and WONDERFUL!**  
shouted the maple and dogwood leaves.

"Now we can fly without worry, too. And now that we can freely move about without the cloudy thought over me. I can go about and tell all our friend leaves as one leaf to another how beautiful and handsome you **EACH** turned out this Fall. From way up high on top of that mighty oak I watched with **AWE** and saw how your green coat turned into elegant yellow, then to beautiful red before you departed from your branches."

"I'm so glad to tell you that now, but before then I couldn't chance it to come so close because of..."

## YOU KNOW WHO

...and what would happen to us?! Why, even my leaf friends had to hide just about anywhere they could. Some would lay low in the rain gutters having to live drippy, wet lives. Others would try to hide under the old man's deck—surely a good place as he'd never come under there to get us. And then some would gather together in the flower beds as **the old grump** can't tell a daisy from a rose or a weed; and his wife would give him grief if he messed any of them up. Most of us found a safe haven, but I really felt sad for those out in the open green lawn where they were defenseless against IT."

**And do you even know what he did??**

He took out his old rusty ladder, climbed up on his roof and **AIRBLASTED** the gutters scattering all my friend leaves to places far and unknown—never to be seen again and then hunted them down like criminals—what a wretched **SOUL** was he. Next, he cruelly grabbed his sharp-toothed rakes and worked their claws over the defenseless leaves and piled them up and threw them into some dark gloomy black things called **B-A-G-S**, then drove them down the road twelve miles to a distant land called—**THE DUMPS** whereupon he shook them out amongst other strangers—“




**WHAT A DESPICABLE MAN  
WAS HE!"**





A is for  
Autumn



"But... but... have you heard the good news today? IT got sick the other day and coughed and coughed, and gagged. The old man couldn't FIGURE out what happened and what he ought to do, so he fed it some liquid stuff and lo and behold it frighteningly purred again. We were so frightened again and wondered what it would do, but then it sputtered again and again, and again then simply lost IT's breath and stopped for a while...."



Then, it scared us again, but we laughed and laughed when its handle **CRACKED AND CRASHED** to the ground causing thunderous cuss words from the old man's mouth. Again, he didn't know what to do so he decided to seek help from the local lawn doctor. All he could say was that **THERE'S NO CURE** for wretched **IT**, the **DEVIL'S ARM**. Sadly, the old man left with a feeling of dread — but...

good news!

— we were able to fly and swirl and flutter about as he left for Mr. Mike's house to rout out our other friend leaves.

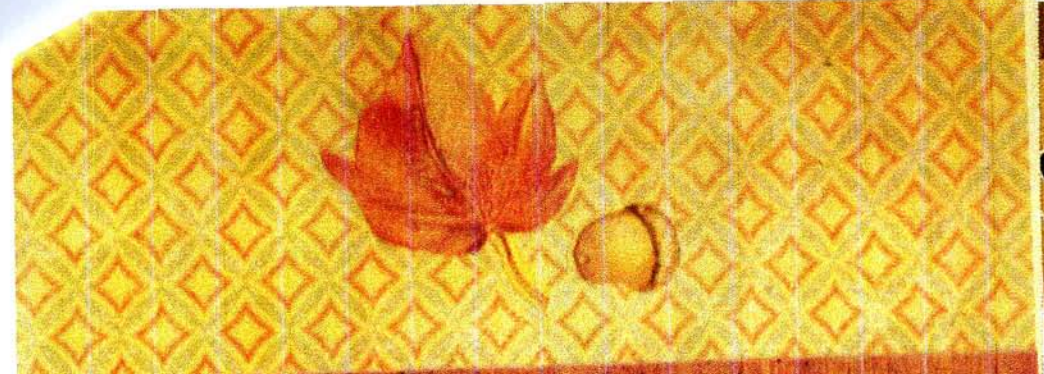




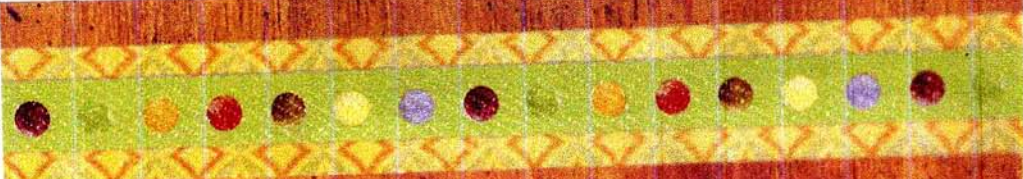
"There, all he did was work the rakes to near death—breaking tine after tine without regard to stainless steel strength. Then we all started to count—forty-one, forty-two, and ended at forty-seven black bags of screaming leaves, our FRIENDS. But then, we heard from far away the sound of thousands and thousands of leaves delightfully shouting and screaming and swirling and flying all about. Screaming and screeching—HAVE YOU HEARD, HAVE YOU HEARD...?!?"



Mosaics



*The Old Man's Leaf Vacuum is D E A D.*



"Thankful, Thankful are we. Leafy leaves that are finally free! Free to watch with happy glee as the little tan car carried IT away with all three – grumpy old man, his son and granddaughter slowly, slowly driving to that 12 mile place and ITS final resting place called **THE DUMPS**.



*"Flee at last, Flee at last,  
we can finally Flee at last!"*



Now, the old man goes from mall to mall to find another for next FALL only to be told its worth six hundred green—and that's what is REALLY MEAN! *for him, but*

*"We're free, We're free,  
as happy leaves can be!"*



apple pie

is for

IS FOR

varsity

er

harvest

FOR ROUST  
pumpkin