

The Cautious Owl 2

Returning to the Scene

DJ Kane

It was in the year of 1966, that I received a phone call from my friend Anthony.

Informing me that his family had recently sold the property I had visited last year, when I had met, Mr. Owl.

Lucky for me, I was home at the time; it was not the day of cell phones. He wanted to inform me of the new owners and the property had taken on many changes, least of which are residents that I know you would probably appreciate.

“The new owner’s names are Mr. and Mrs. John and Carol Chandler, and they have a son and daughter, who are sixteen-year-old little people, who happen to be twins, Barbara and Steven. You do know who little people are?” “

Yes I do Anthony.”

“Furthermore,” he continued, “The complete family knows all the secrets, the property

holds and much, much, more, and you are invited to visit at anytime. There were many changes made, since your last visit, structural and inhabitants. Let me know what you think, when you return.”

“ How do you know I’m going?”

“ I would bet my life on it, Doug.”

“ You know me well, Anthony, tell them I’ll be there around twelve noon, this Saturday.”

“I will, take care, Doug”

“Bye Anthony.”

Today was Thursday, and I knew I would have a hell of a time getting any good nights sleep, after that conversation with Anthony. Saturday was here, not to soon for me, and I was off to the farm.

I was with great anticipation as I drove all the way to the farm, like I haven’t been there before. When I drove passed those wagon wheels, I felt so relieved, that I had made it. Moving passed the wheels I immediately noticed many obvious changes.

The main house, being the first thing on my right, was no more, and the corn crib was replaced with a humongous manufactured home, adjoined by a high white solid wooden fence, and a high white gate blocking the once accessible road to the forest, sporting a No Trespassing sign, As I parked and exited my car, I walked over to the fence and tried to see if any holes were viable in the fence, and later proceeded on my tiptoes trying to look over the fence, but to no avail. Just as I had given up, the door on the pre-fab home opened up, and a tall gentleman exited, wearing a pair of painters style blue jeans, suspenders, corduroy shirt, and white high sneakers, that reminded me of the keds, I once wore to school.

Extending his hand, he thanked me for being prompt, as he had some projects to address.

“Doug, I’m John Chandler, Anthony told me to expect you today, as you were made privy of some of the secrets related to this farm.

Up to a cup of coffee, Doug? We always have a pot on the stove?”

Yes I would John, it's been a long ride.”

“Then come right in and meet the Mrs.”

I followed John in and first noticed his unusual large kitchen, which offered appliances, table and chairs for little people, as well for people of regular size. We sat down as John poured the coffee, as his wife entered and asked if we wanted a slice of cheesecake, which I couldn't refuse in any case. “Carol, this is Doug, whom Anthony was telling us about, Doug this is my wife Carol, who is my right hand at running this unusual farm.”

I stood, extended my hand saying, “It was nice meeting you, Mrs. Chandler, and thanks for the cheesecake.”

“Doug,” she responded, “ You can call us John and Carol, you and Anthony are like family, you'll have to excuse me, I have chores to do, while the kids are away, you'll really like them Doug.”

I immediately responded, “I surely will if they’re anything like you guys.”

“Thank you much Doug, until we meet again,”

“Bye Carol”

As Carol exited the room, John said that he was watching me trying to see through and over the fence. Doug, I’ve decided to show you, another secret before you go on your way to visit Mr. Owl. Yes he is still here, watching over his trains.”

“Is he still nasty?” I asked as I followed John to the side of the house, where two large doors were facing the fence with a electrical switch box, which he opened and pulled a switch. At once doors on the fence opened as well as round wholes suddenly appeared on all sides of the fence. As I was looking amazingly at tiny people working in the large vegetable and fruit garden, John answering my last question, which I now found little interest in.

“I guess you’ll just find him a little less

nasty, Doug, but, you seem to have other interest, let me explain. The tiny people are a people that have lived here in secrecy, as Mr. Owl, as far as I've been told for eternity. Each generation of humans, have been taken responsibly passing down free care and have taken responsibility for the tiny people. I built the electrical fence as a two-fold purpose; the holes protect the fence from storms that may cause wind damage and protection from prying eyes, as the tiny people grow their food in the garden. Doug, Mr. Owl is expecting you, and he'll set up an appointment with you, and the head elder. John, John, and when you make your next visit, you will be able to meet my kids. It was real nice meeting you. Stay safe and keep this automatic door opener and when you reach the entrance to the forest, follow the yellow glow to Mr. Owl."

"Take care John, and give many thanks and regards to your wife."

"Will do"

I entered my car, and headed for the forest. As I was about to reach the forest, I noticed the chicken coops were gone, but not the barn. I parked, exited my car and noticed the yellow glow, and followed it.

The path was cleared, and easier to follow, and I reached the tracks in half the time, calling out for Mr. Owl. “Mr. Owl are you here, do you hear me!”

“Hold on Doug, hold on, I’ll be right there”

“You’re still nasty, Mr. Owl, I find the only difference is, you call me by my name, and not Human, It must really annoy you having to set up this meeting with John John and me.”

Mr. Owl fluttered his feathers and pointed his right ear at me saying, “Doug, can just be cool and have a list of questions, that you want answered when you meet John John, It’s an honor having an audience with him. Can you meet him, Saturday at twelve noon?”

“Okay, Mr. Owl, I’ll be there at twelve, with my questions, now lets be friends?”

He again fluttered his feathers, I guess he meant yes, and said, “Doug when you arrive follow the blue glow to John John. I then said goodbye to Mr. Owl, and returned to my car and drove home.

The Cautious Owl 3

Meeting John John

DJ Kane

Arriving at home, I checked my answering machine, which I had finally remembered to have on, which held no messengers. It was about Six P. M., and I had decided to call Anthony He picked up his phone immediately, as if he was sitting close to the phone, waiting for my call. "Hi Anthony, how you doing?"

"I'm, fine, how did it go with you? I couldn't wait for your call."

"I guess not, it wasn't bad, I met John and Carol, and had coffee and treated to a slice of her homemade cheesecake"

"Doug, Carol bakes cheesecake every week. You'd think they would be much heavier. Guess people like us, who enjoy eating her cake, tends to keep them thin. Did you meet their kids?"

“No, they were out of town, but I did see Mr. Owl, and I think we are almost friends.”

Anthony then interrupted, “Don't let it bother you, he's been like that since I've known him, he's not a bad dude, so what else?”

“I have to meet with John John next Saturday with a list of questions that I may want answered.”

“That's great Doug, that means they trust you, and slowly are inviting into the circle.”

“Circle Anthony?”

“Think of it as a secret club to protect the Tiny people from Humans, you'll learn much more talking to John John, and as you spend good quality time with the Chandler family. There's always more to learn, and even to contribute your time. Money is something they don't need; time and physical help they may be in need of, I do as much as I can, as my Dad and Mom did, when they had the farm. Not as much as the Chandler's do, and the circle of friends we have now.

We didn't have the money nor the knowledge to do much, John John, as well as those in the circle will I'm sure, gladly help you understand. I have to go now, Doug, compile your list of questions, and as always, call me when you return home."

"Will do, bye"

"Bye."

I hung up the phone, and started to prepare my list of questions. My immediate importance wasn't exactly what my exact questions were, but to have a list available to bring to John John, to get the ball rolling, including all the conceivable questions I could ask, to satisfy my curiosity, and then some. Those questions that seemed to me to be of importance, and on my list, those left out on the cutting floor, those floating aimlessly in my head, and not too mention the questions John John would be initiating himself, with his answers. The answers would probably be beyond my imagination

or comprehension, and most likely take me years to get my head around, or make any since. That is primarily why I have decided donate little time, a Saturday a week, as I am accepted, in their circle.

After about an hour, I came up with a list of twenty-five questions to ask, not to mention the hundreds I wanted to ask and eventually crutched and flipped to the trash, to live another day. It wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. Every question seemed to be less important, and at the same time, more important than the last. I finally had to call an end to this chore, and consider it done. I am ready to meet John John on Saturday with my list.

On Saturday, I decided to leave much earlier to allow me time to see John and Carol, or meet their kids. Actually, I think I have a deep burning desire to have another piece of Carol's cheesecake.

At about Ten, I drove passed the Wagon wheels, and parked in front of the gate, hoping that someone would see or hear me, and come out. “Doug!” Carol’s voice sounded from inside the house called, as she opened the front door and stepped out. “Did you come for more cheesecake?” “I sure did Carol, and that’s no lie.”

“ Don’t worry Doug, all you guys always say the same thing, when it comes to my cheesecake. Sit down and have a slice and coffee. John is helping in the garden and the kids are still remaining out of town. Maybe they’ll be back next week. They don’t get much time off the farm, and there is much work for them to do on the farm.”

“Maybe next week Carol,” I answered as I continued my coffee and cake, and Carol exited the kitchen. As I was putting my empty cup in the sink, the side door opened and John came in, “Doug, see you had coffee and cake, and did you bring questions for John John.” I took them out of my shirt

pocket, and handed them to him and as he read them said, “Not bad for the first time Doug.”

I then answered, “You should have seen all the questions, was undecided and had thrown them away.”

He handed me my list back saying, “I can imagine” John sat down, having coffee as I excused myself to meet John John.

I exited the house, entered my car, opened the gate, and on my way.

Reaching the parking area, I parked, exited my car, following the yellow glow to the railroad tracks. Mr. Owl instructed me last time I was there, to look for a blue glow on the other side of the track, which would lead me to John John, for my meeting. I spotted the blue glow, crossed the tracks, and continue to follow.

It was about a two-hour trek deep in the middle of the forest where I then came across clusters of Redwood trees as tall as I

eye could see with diameters, commutable to some cars. Moving about the trees looking for John John, I came across an empty chair, snuggled up close to a large Redwood tree, with an opened door. As I moved close to the tree, I moved the chair, and was beginning to kneel, to somehow peer in the door of the tree, when a squeaky male voice from inside, introduced himself, and thank me for coming. Thank you Doug, for coming," and as he exited the tree carrying his mini chair, that's the only way I could describe it, he continued, "The chair against the tree is for you're use, as you can see, I brought my own."

to told to me later, with a diameter of thirty six foot, with some being fused together, known for a diameter of over seventy foot.

The Cautious Owl 4

John John's History of the Tiny People

DJ Kane

As John John exited the tree house to greet me, I was amazed at his height. I have never seen close up, any tiny person at that height, which I surmise was no more than a foot I've seen tiny people from afar, attending the garden, when I was visiting the Chandler's.

John John carried his chair in his left hand, as he grasped a wooden cane tightly in his right, as he slowly, and methodically, exited, sporting a very long beard of white and gray that seemed to skate its way out of his tree house, as well on the forest floor. His face was timeworn, and wrinkled, a reflection of the many years of hardships he had endured. A patch of gray and white hair smartly hung over each ear, as the rest of his head being bald. His eyes bulging ever so slightly, possibly because of the lack of sun, as he has lived much of his life under the covering

of the forest canopy, concealed away from prying eyes of intruders and predators. His clothes were neat and clean. Blue style painter's jeans, corduroy shirt, and high white sneakers, exactly dressed like John Chandler, when I seen him last. John John, settled in his chair, and began. " Doug, I will answer some of the most obvious questions you may have, as we sit here facing one another. I am the Senior Elder among a board of five; making sure all is well in this tiny people community, and remains so. I am thirteen inches tall, the average height of an adult male or female, and weigh approximately ten pounds, and am twenty five years old, equal human years of seventy-five. Tiny people have no documented beginning, we were just here, and for some unknown reason, a life's saving reliance, and relationship caused us to bond with Humans from earlier generations, on this location only, and continues as I speak. We have made the

forest floor, many years ago our home, until Humans, on this here property freed us from the elements, by providing shelter, water, and power as they converted trees to tree houses. We grow our food now in our large garden, as we did many years ago. Because of our eighty percent birth mortality rate we have discontinued, and frown on those who wish to plan having future marriages performed, leading to first names only, for most tiny people. Most of us in solidarity have dropped our family names. Having caught my interest I interrupted, "John John, has anyone asked to be married, since you were Head elder?"

"Some may have in my ten years, but none were performed. As I said before, it was frowned upon and vigorously discouraged, as far as I know."

By the way John John, how come it's so quiet here, where is every one?"

"They were informed of this meeting, and told to stay indoors."

John John, seemed to me getting a little tired, rubbing his eyes and letting little yawns escape. As most of my twenty-five questions were mostly answered, and my head was filled with what I could remember till I arrived home, I suggested we could continue another day if he wanted, and he aptly agreed.

At our finish, John John stood up, grabbed his cane, and invited me in his home, which I accepted. " Leave your chair, and enter through the rear door." He pointed to a rear entrance that I had to use, made for Humans, as he entered the front door, which he had come out earlier. As I opened the door, John John was already directing to the kitchen. The kitchen was very unique as well as a kitchen should be. The appliances were for tiny people, and table and chairs for tiny people and Humans with a special ladder seat for tiny people to reach the Human table. Surprisingly, there was more than enough headroom, actually the rooms

looked of normal size. "Would you like coffee and a slice of Carol's cheesecake Doug?"

"No wonder Carol bakes so much, she feeds every one, and I bet she makes your clothes."

Good guess, she runs a sewing group of tiny women with her children, who knit, sew, and meet most of our needs. What we have to purchase comes from the left over items we grow and don't consume, and the children sell on the roadside for us. I know it's not enough, but they are so generous. Actually, the circle members have been quite generous throughout the years. We owe our existence to them." John John barely finished the sentence, as he turned slightly away wiping a tear from his eye, as I mentally begged him to change the subject, which I had started. And at the right time, "Coffee's ready Doug, here's your brew and cake, enjoy"

"I aim to do so John John."

John John pulled his ladder up to my table, climbed up, and sat as we both enjoyed John John's brew and Carol's cheesecake.

After about a half hour, I suggested to John John, that I should leave now, because I had a long walk to my car, and a long ways home. "Thank you John John, for your wealth of information you shared with me today."

"Thank you again Doug, for coming. And until we meet again, which I hope will be soon."

As I exited John John's house I was met by John Chandler riding a golf cart and drove up to me saying, Doug, did you call for a taxi?"

"No John, but I can sure use one."

" So jump in, and I'll drive you to your car"

When I entered the golf cart, I asked John when he purchased the golf cart, I didn't know he owned one, and he replied, "I didn't until today Doug, had to wait for the electronic portable mini bridge to arrive, that

would enable the golf cart to cross over the tracks. Now no one has to walk through the woods, if they don't want or are unable, if the cart is available. I'll see in the immediate future if I can procure two more. By the way, you must of made a fine impression with John John, he's the one who called to pick you up."

"Called?"

" Yes, he does have a phone."

When we reached my car, I thanked John for the ride, asked him to thank John John for making the call to him, after which I entered my car for my way back home.

The Cautious Owl 5

Deciphering the Answers

DJ Kane

When I arrived home, I immediately checked my answer machine, no calls, and looked for a pad and pencil; to write down all I could remember. I was so lucky, John John, had asked me for a list of questions, which I still have in my possession, would be of considerable help, as I would use it as a guide, as I started to write down what I had remembered. I would have asked John John, for a paper and pencil, but it would have been a task for him, and furthermore I felt a little stupid, for not bringing a pad and pencil.

After I put together, what I could remember, I decided to call Anthony, who John John said would fill in the blanks for me.

I called Anthony, and he picked up on the first ring, "Hello Bro," I began. "Were you baby sitting the phone again, Anthony?"

“Not really Doug just didn't want to miss your call.”

“Then, if that were the case, you could have called me first.”

Anthony answered, " You think?"

Thinking of what I had said, it was better this way and I immediately answered, “It’s Okay Anthony, I had some important work to do anyway.” I just couldn’t tell him the whole truth, even as a good friend, he wouldn’t let me forget it. I continued, “John John told me that I should rely on you, to fill in anything I don’t remember or answer to questions that I might have.”

Anthony interrupted, “Doug. I will, I will, but first tell me what amazed you, on your visit.”

“Everything I saw amazed me, from the beginning, when I came across the lighted clusters of Redwoods supporting the many huge tree houses for the Tiny people.

Meeting John John, all thirteen inches of him, as he emerged from his huge castle tree

house for our meeting and his sharing coffee and cheese cake inside his kitchen with me. Even more surprising, when John John had called John Chandler, from his phone, when we had finished coffee, and when I had left, he had John pick me up in his new golf cart and take me to my car.”

Anthony interrupted, John’s got the golf carts already?”

“Yes, he has one now, he received with the portable electronic bridge for crossing over the tracks, now for my questions for you to answer, before it gets to late.”

“Do you have any idea, what the population was for Tiny people when your Dad purchased the property, and when he sold it, or what it is now?”

“Not exactly Doug, but I do know, significantly less, my guess in about ten years over fifty percent.

“Why do you ask?”

“John John told me they have an eighty percent birth mortality rate, and marriage is

discouraged, how long do you think the population of Tiny people can exist, till they become instinct?”

Doug, there are about two hundred Tiny people now, most in their prime, and not many in their teenage years, none in their adolescent years.”

“ That's what I'm getting at Anthony, I bet that Mr. Owl has been hauling away, Tiny people who had passed throughout the years in that train.”

“ Makes some sense to me Doug, my Dad probably knew, as well as John Chandler.

“Anthony, the circle Group is probably false entity, just to keep us at bay, and not to ask questions. I also feel John John, and Mr. Owl are in on the ruse, and maybe some of the elders. I guess those in the know felt letting all the Tiny people in on that dreadful secret, if it were, would not do them much good, and be to much for them to handle. I myself have mixed feelings about it. I sure

wouldn't want such a responsibility having to make such a decision.

Anthony broke in asking, "What are you intending to do?"

"I will go there next Saturday, as usual, not to raise any suspicion, to see the kids and have a slice of Carol's cheese cake, I have no plan, but will play it by ear, as they say."

"Great idea Doug, and as usual, call me when you get home."

"I will as always, so don't forget to baby-sit your phone."

"I definitely won't this time, Doug."

"Take care Anthony."

"Bye"

