**Preface**

Although I realize these Christmas stories are odd, they were not written for that effect. They were written as they actually happened, as far as my memory is concerned. To the extent that they are odd, then life is odd.

Do these stories provide some profound insight into humankind, as do the stories of the great masters? Although I have taken classes in the classics, reading those once-great and still-great writers, whose wordsmith abilities many English professors assume must mean that those masters had profound insight into the real meaning of life, it is not so. My silly efforts are neither wordsmith worthy nor a commentary on human life.

For example, the much lauded Ezra Pound wrote:

Unaffected by ‘The march of events,’

He passes from men’s memories in *lám* *tretiesine*

*De son eage*, the case presents

No adjunct to the Muses’ diadem.

What Pound was saying is that he is lonely and is striving for recognition. Nothing more.

All of these stories were written in Oglethorpe Public Library, built in 1995. They say in this cyberworld that these stories could have been written anywhere. But they weren’t.

Athens, Georgia

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