

qwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyui  
opasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfgh  
jklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvb  
nmqwer nmqwer  
tyuiopas tyuiopas  
dfghjklz dfghjklzx  
cvbnmq cvbnmq  
wertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuio  
pasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghj  
klzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbn  
mqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwerty  
uiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdf  
ghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxc  
vbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmrty  
uiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdf  
ghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxc

James D. McIntosh, Jr.  
2011 Collection

The following quote and three poems I wrote while my grandfather, Rev. Wallen T. Good, was dying and after his death.

It is the hard truth that we must be separated for now,  
and I<sup>1</sup> must wait until we are together again.

-James D. McIntosh, Jr.  
March, 2011

---

<sup>1</sup> Notice that it says 'I' and not 'we'. Why do *you* think this is?

## Fishie in the Lake

by James D. McIntosh Jr.

Written on March 19, 2011

Fishie, Fishie in the lake,  
How many casts will it take  
To catch you and let my Grandpa see  
That he can make fried fish for me?

---

## Questioning Death

by James D. McIntosh, Jr.

Written on March 21, 2011

Why is it so hard to let go of this life,  
When all that we have here is little but strife?  
We want to hold on, though we are desperate for heaven,  
And are sad when our friends leave, without us, this world forever.  
The latter part is easy to see,  
For I know I want friends to be with me.  
But what of the first part of what I have stated?  
Why is this life so congratulated?  
Is the presence of God in perfection not craved?  
But the idea of death makes us sorrowfully rave  
About how we desire to prolong our stay here.  
We even dare question if death is fair.

Too Late

by James D. McIntosh, Jr.

Written on March 25, 2011

I can never again hug him

or let him know I love him.

He is gone from here forever,

and the sorrow is like a fever.

I did not care enough in recent days,

and now it is too late.

I can no longer hug him,

Or tell him how much I did not know I love him.

## Holly Miyamoto's Escape from Radex<sup>2</sup>

Betrayed by a close friend, she became a slave. At least no one had known what her real mission was supposed to be, or she would have been in worse trouble. Her name was Holly Miyamoto, and it was the year 2100 according to earth. She was a space agent, but became a slave on Planet Radex, which is 23 million light-years from earth, when another agent, a very dear friend of hers, betrayed her. She made pottery in the hot twin suns for seventeen hours a day with no pay, but she had a plan of escape that she had been developing for days.

During her time as a slave, which the Space Agency probably had not learned of, Holly had gotten special privileges that she used to obtain a forbidden, quiet explosive. When the time of the switching of the guards came, she would swiftly blast the lock on a side door to the slave yard, sneak out, and steal a hoverbike. She would then shake off any pursuers in the canyon, which she had memorized every twist and turn of for what was supposed to be her secret scouting mission of Radex to determine the extent of its corruption and threat. After she ditched any pursuit, she would make her way to the secret landing site of the scouting shuttle that would undoubtedly still come without her.

At about the time of the high crossing of the twin suns, the guards finally began their switch. Holly bolted for the door undetected and put her plan into action. All went well until an unexpected guard on a coffee break spotted her outside the yard and sounded an alarm. She had no time to find an ideal hoverbike, so she grabbed the nearest one. She took off with guards and flesh eating Quards in pursuit. Unfortunately, the canyon entrance was blocked by

---

<sup>2</sup> This is a narrative speech I wrote for a high school class in a home school co-op. It is based on a story I wrote for a different school project when I was younger.

boulders and she could not escape that way. She was sure she would be caught and killed, but she would nonetheless not give up that easily. She pushed the throttle and glanced at the gas gauge. On no! She was running out of gas in 3...2...1...empty. The bike commenced to slow down. All hope was lost for her.

Suddenly, an unexpected explosion erupted behind her and sent her pursuers flying in many directions. She was saved! As a shadow passed over her, she looked up to see a Space Agency attack and rescue shuttle preparing to beam her up.<sup>3</sup> The Space Agency had sent an attack fleet, based on the scouting results that had been sent sooner than Holly expected, to battle the Radians and free slaves. Holly joined the cause aboard the shuttle that had beamed her up.

The battle was long and hard, and Holly sustained some injuries when a laser pierced the shuttle's hull, but many lives were saved and future dangers prevented as the Radians and Space Agents lost their lives. In the end, Holly was able to get home to her family and receive the Purple Heart. Her legend continues to pass down through the generations of her family, and many young Space Agents are inspired by her brave deeds and great perseverance.

---

<sup>3</sup> When putting the story in this document, I had to fix errors in this sentence.

## The Little Old Lady's Home<sup>4</sup>

by James Daniel McIntosh Jr.

Written on May 23, 2011

There was an little old lady who lived in a shoe

Until her tall landlord gave her the boot.

The word I used is not what you think,

for now she lives in a new boot with a sink.

"A new boot with a sink? That's weird," you may say,

But the little old lady seems to be doing okay.

---

<sup>4</sup> This poem is just for fun. It does not have any hidden message or anything.

## True Devotion

Presented by James D. McIntosh Jr.

In these desolate times, there is not much that can bring joy into the hearts of the people of this once glorious kingdom. And what can is outlawed. But I, William of Jorgetown<sup>5</sup>, am willing to take the risk of death to put down on paper a factual story of true devotion. I can no longer stand being a slave to our self-proclaimed king. I can no longer live without fine tales, especially such true tales as the one you are about to read. To write this feels like a feast for my starving soul. It has hungered for so long. I am sure you feel the same way reading this. That is, unless, you are one of the king's foolish pawns who has gotten your filthy, blood-soaked hands on this. Then again, perhaps this will change your heart. But I have said enough for now. Let me get on with the tale.

'Twas but a little over a year ago that Magnus took over the kingdom. As I am sure you remember well, he threw out of the kingdom all who were weak and left them to die in the wilderness. The only reason I remain is because of my intellect. One of the fine maidens who was being shoved away was Rose. Rose was beautiful, but she had weak bones. This made work hard for her. That is why she was pushed out and Magnus did not keep her for himself with all of his other women. Her husband, John, loved her deeply and took great care of her, for he was quite strong and well physically. Magnus kept him in the kingdom. However, John did not dare part with his wife. He pleaded with Magnus and made offers that would have devastated him financially. Magnus would not be moved.

Eventually, the day came when Rose, and all the others who were being thrown out, had no more time left here. John decided to sneak out with the crowd, for Magnus would not let him depart. John and Rose were dear friends of mine, so John told me of his plan and asked that I care for his horse. He arranged it to appear as if he had left the horse to my care without my knowledge so that I would have no pain from Magnus. I watched as John merged with the first layer of the crowd. I swear there was utter horror on his face when a lame man tripped and, grabbing anything for support, pulled off his cloak, revealing his face. The nearby soldiers did not hesitate to apprehend John, for they had strict orders not to let him leave. I did not hear how, for the sudden action caused much commotion and I was not very close, but John managed to convince the soldiers that Rose needed to be taken with him to the prison. But in hindsight, I believe this was a foolish thing for John to do. He should have let Rose stay with the crowd so that she would have some safety and care in the wilderness.

After two days, Magnus met with John and Rose. He ordered Rose thrown out of the kingdom immediately and John bound up for at least seven days so that he could not follow her. I believe the whole city could hear the cries and screams of Rose and John when they were forcefully torn apart. My ears never heard anything before, nor have they since, that sounded so horrible. The sounds brought eternal pain into my heart.

---

<sup>5</sup> I added the name of the place on September 27, 2012. I also made minor changes to some punctuation and words in the story.



The next day Magnus came to John to speak with him. "Listen to me, John," he said with the voice of the devil. "You know Lady Etheldred, do you not? Her husband is gone as well. You both have been rid of weaklings that were restricting you. John, you are now free of your bonds. You can accomplish great things and gain great riches. You can make a name for yourself. You can live out grand dreams. And Lady Etheldred is one of the most beautiful ladies in the land. I would take her for myself, but you are a better match." I believe there was another reason, but I do not wish to discuss it here. Magnus gave a sly grin as he continued, "Trust me, with her beauty and your handsomeness, you two will have very, very good times together." John hesitated not to spit in Magnus's face. Oh, I get such pleasure thinking about it! However, Magnus then did not hesitate to strike John and order him whipped with ten lashes while his wrists were tied to a pole.

I was a spectator for the lashings as support for my dear friend, who I know saw me in the crowd. Ten lashes did not make it to John's back. I have never seen such a feat as he performed. A moment before the sixth lash was to be brought down to strike John's broken flesh, he kicked the lasher, causing him to fall from the platform, and cried, "Dear God, help me!" As a soldier ran over to John, John pushed him with his body and, as the soldier fell from loss of balance, reached and took his sword from its sheath. John managed to cut the bonds holding his wrists before more soldiers were able to rush over and take the sword from him. John jumped from the platform and ran to a nearby horse, which he untied and swiftly mounted. He rode out of the yard and past guards who were still on foot. Magnus, who was also a spectator for the lashings, ordered his guards and soldiers to apprehend John, but not kill him or injure him too extensively. I believe Magnus believed that John, once tamed, could be quite useful for labor and other such things.

Once Magnus's men mounted horses, an exciting chase took place. The men shot arrows at the horse John was upon, but only one arrow buried itself in the horse's flesh. Somehow, the horse did not even cry when it was struck. Strength from God it must have been. Magnus's men split off in many directions to surround John as he raced towards one of the city gates. Many wonderful stunts were performed by John and his mount, and they managed to outrun the men and get to the gate. However, the gate was shut and more men were on the walls with arrows aimed at them.

"This is your only warning!" shouted a captain from a wall. "Dismount the horse and surrender!" John sat for a few moments, pondering what to do next. "Prepare to fire!" ordered the captain to his men. "Remember, shoot the horse and not the man, or it will be your head on a spike! If you must shoot the man, do it where he will easily heal." John dismounted and began walking away. "Stop where you are!" the captain demanded.

John stopped, turned to look the captain in the eyes, and said, "Come to me then." The captain climbed off the wall and walked up to John.

"No sudden moves now," the captain warned.

"Are you married, captain?" John asked. I believe John knew the captain, but the captain did not know him.

"Yes, why should you care?" harshly replied the captain while some anger seemed to come into him.

"I am married as well. My wife needs me, and a man who loves the devil is keeping me from her."

"What has this to do with anything?"

"That man is Magnus, the man who falsely claims to be our new king. Do you really support him? Where is your wife?"

Hatred and rage flared in the eyes of the captain. They distorted his face. He swore and said, "Magnus has taken her for his own. He stole her from me so that she may entertain him in his bedchamber! Has he taken your wife as well?"

"Yes, but in a different way. He removed her from the kingdom."

The face and eyes of the captain softened as he said, "I see. I was a fool to serve Magnus in any way. Who am I to stand in your way? You have a wife to care for, and I have one to liberate before Magnus defiles her. I will save her and run from this place. Perhaps we will meet again. Now, wait here. I am going to open the gate just far enough for you to slip through. When I do, run!"

The captain turned, went to the gatehouse, and did as he said he would. John ran out. Arrows flew at him as he ran into some trees and sight of him became lost. No arrows struck him. The gate closed. The captain ran from the gatehouse and towards the castle. Some of his men climbed from the walls and pursued him. Whether to apprehend or assist I know not. I also do not know what became of the captain or his wife. Magnus's men tried to pursue John, but they lost his tracks.

No one knows what became of John and Rose. Some people say that when the wolves howled that night, it was because they were making a meal out of John, and Rose surely died shortly after she was sent out. Others say they saw the silhouettes of two horses with riders gallop off into the sunset with a bright flash of light as they entered the realm of God. Whatever truly happened to Rose and John, their tale shows us what marriage is really supposed to mean, and that is why, even though it is quite sorrowful, it brings joy.

## What Will You Say?

by James D. McIntosh Jr.

Heaven. You have finally made it! You have been waiting for this most of your life. A new body. Wonderful sites. The presence of God! You meet Jesus. What will you say?

Before you say anything, Jesus says, "There is someone I would like you to meet." You walk a ways, amazed by the fact your are doing so next to Jesus.

Suddenly, you hear a voice nearby say, "Mother." You turn and see a child. You never did see this child on earth, but you know at once who it is. It is your aborted child. What will you say?

Thank you for reading the 2011 works of James D. McIntosh, Jr. Please be sure to read the others as well.