







Who
Owns the
Woods?

Emily Hibbs

Jess Mason







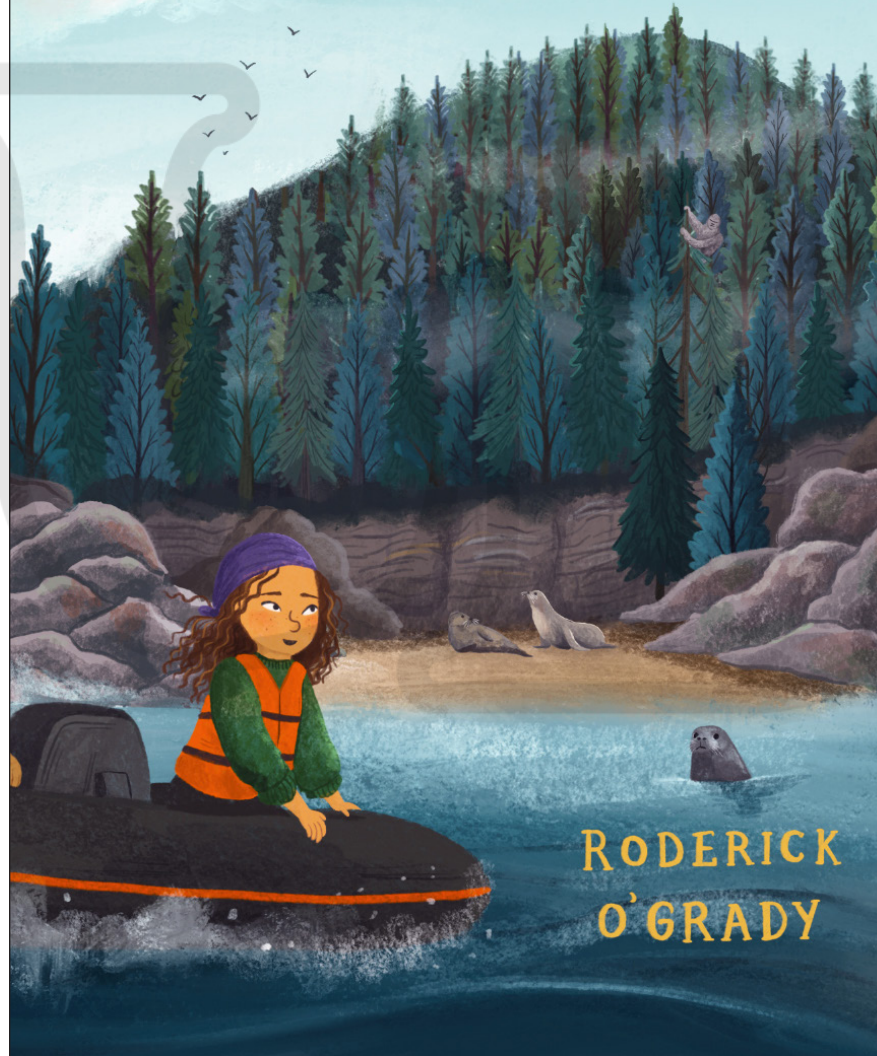






BIGFOOT

ISLAND



RODERICK
O'GRADY

BIGFOOT MOUNTAIN

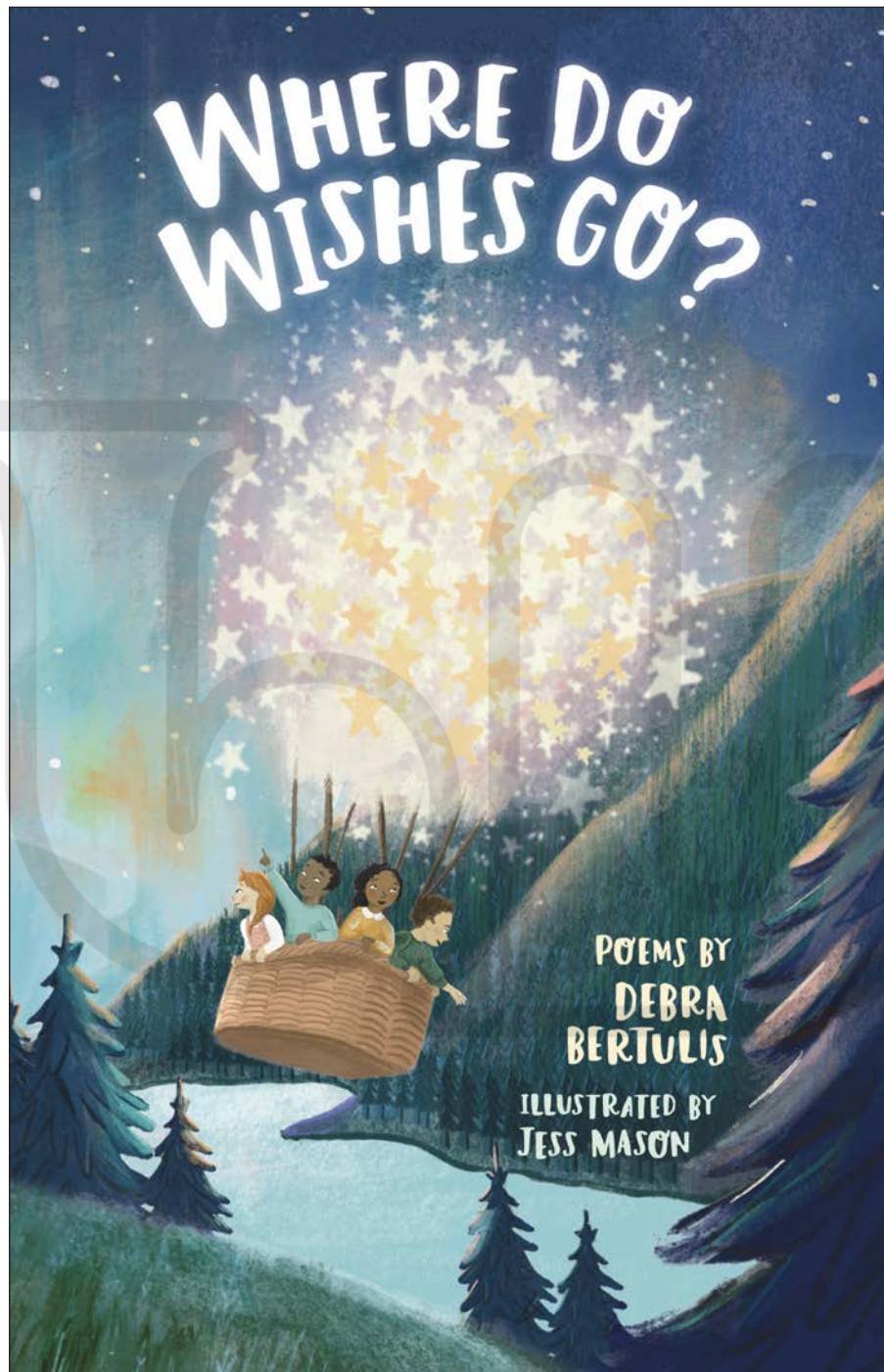


RODERICK O'GRADY

WHERE DO WISHES GO?

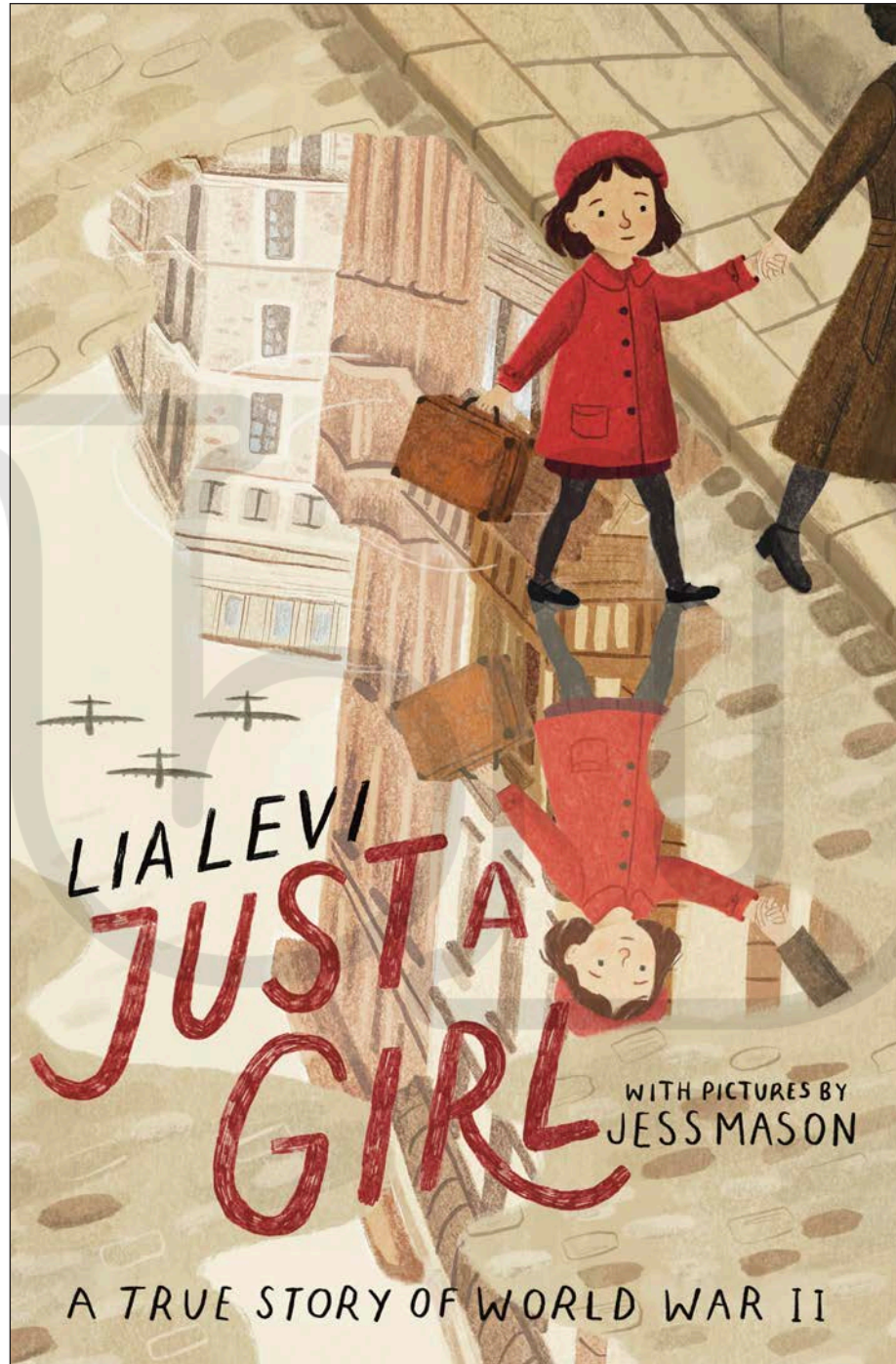
POEMS BY
DEBRA
BERTULIS

ILLUSTRATED BY
JESS MASON



Prana



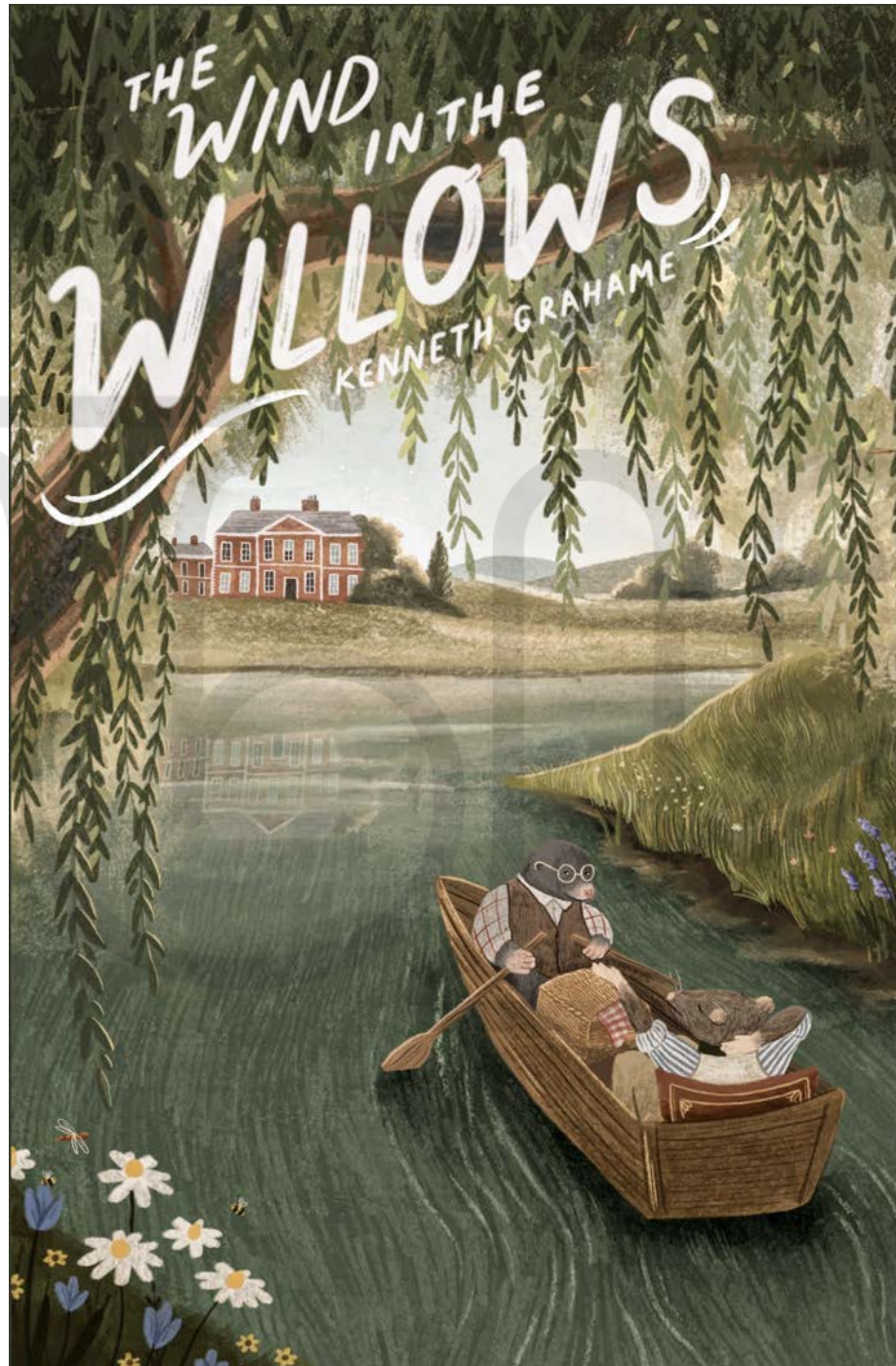


LIA LEVI

JUST A GIRL

WITH PICTURES BY
JESS MASON

A TRUE STORY OF WORLD WAR II

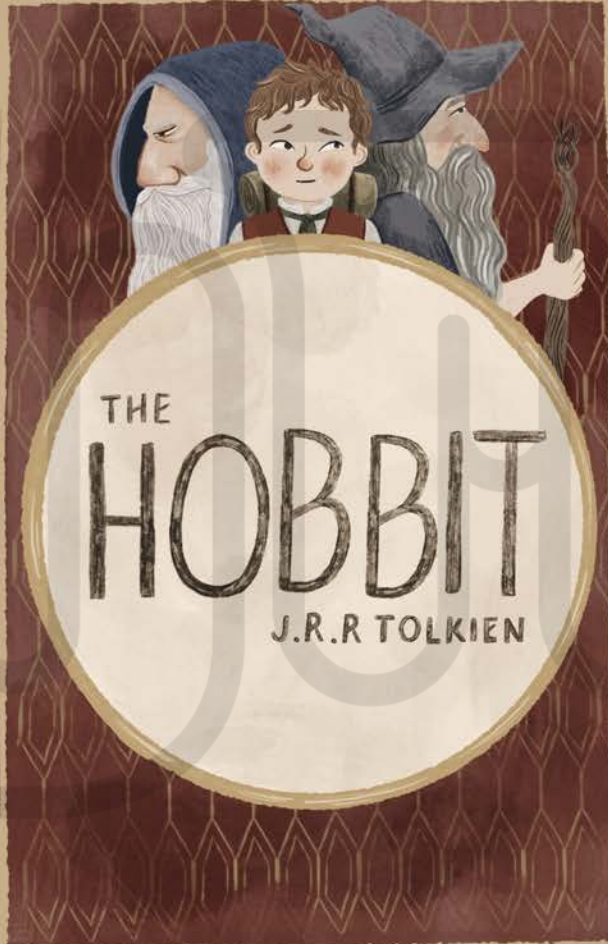




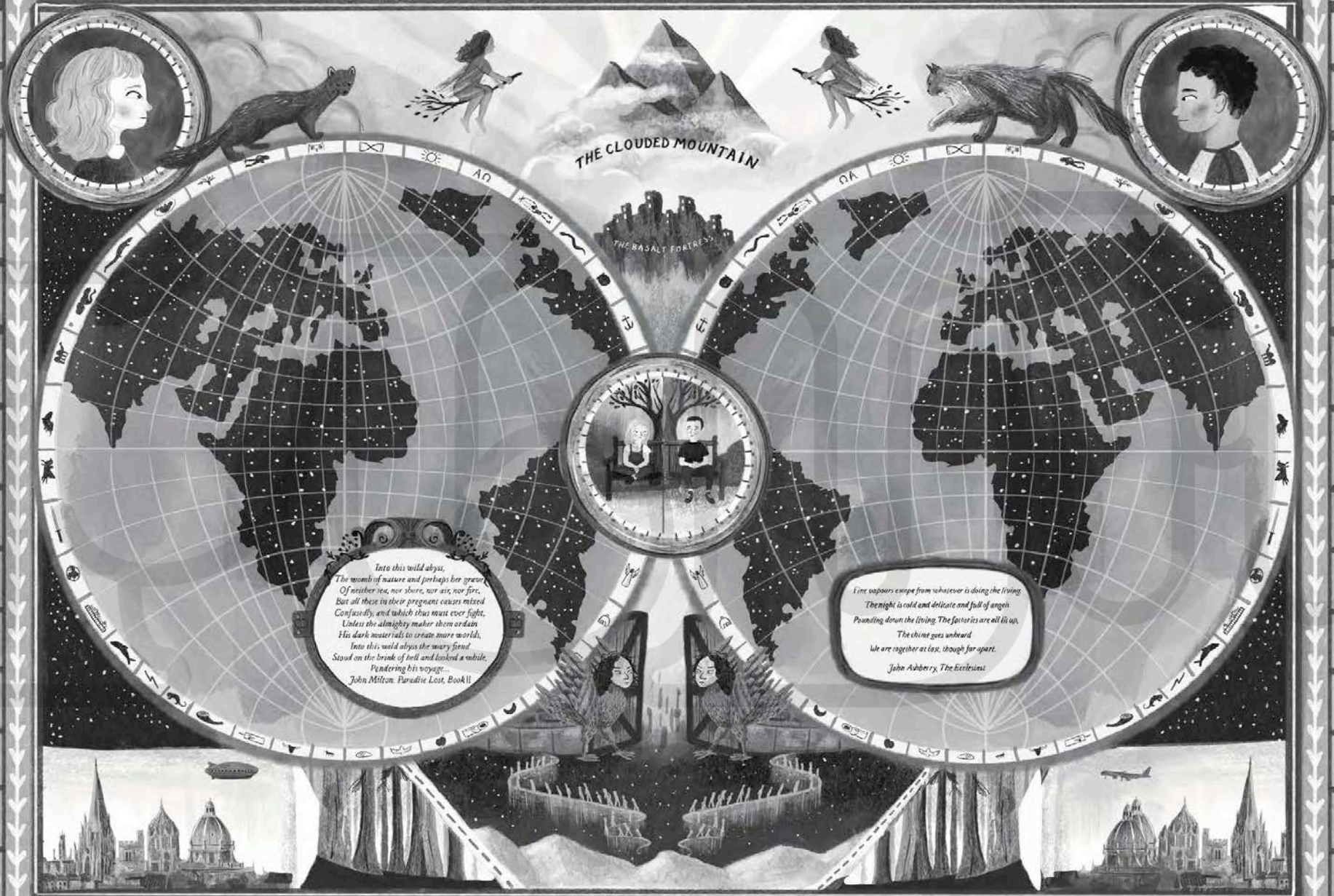




THE HOBBIT
J.R.R. TOLKIEN



WAS THERE ONLY ONE WORLD, AFTER ALL, THAT SPENT ITS TIME DREAMING OF OTHERS?



Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the almighty maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds,
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage:
John Milton: Paradise Lost, Book II

Fire vapours escape from whosoever is doing the living.
The night is cold and delicate and full of angels
Pounding down the living. The factories are all lit up.
The thine goes unheard
We are together at last, though far apart.
John Ashberry, The Ecclesiast

WE HAVE TO BUILD THE REPUBLIC OF HEAVEN WHERE WE ARE.