

## 1: The Bathtub Mermaid | Listen via Stitcher Radio On Demand

*Travel with Lange to the woods as he takes a final hunting trip with an old man or explores a long-abandoned home site. It left me wishing for more of these contemplative word pictures of the New England woods.*

Expiration dates suspiciously missing from the canned goods like they were filed off years ago in some misguided attempt to control inventory turnover. Nobody ever complains about the aesthetic. By some providence bordering on the supernatural, the health inspector has repeatedly signed off on the business, always kindly ignoring the faint smell of some kind of mysterious chemical cocktail that is the defining characteristic of the establishment. More noticeable than the steady mechanical hum of the frozen drink machine that was installed in the seventies and never once serviced. More distracting than the random pockets of cold and warm air that seem to follow you around. And more annoying than the family of mutated raccoons that lives in the crawlspace behind the grease trap. At the very least, they must be inbred to the point of genetic deformity and mental retardation. If you were to go inside, you might also see the bathroom cowboy. He exists as a sort of urban legend, following a loose set of rules. He never hurts anyone. Even though he has never officially been confirmed to exist, we have security camera recordings of a man fitting his rough description entering the building and heading into the bathroom, but never leaving. What makes him truly legendary are the stories people tell after an alleged encounter. Like the guy last month who went to pee but changed his mind when he saw a man dressed as a cowboy duster, bandanna, boots, and chaps handing out balloon animals. Or a couple weeks later when another customer stepped into the bathroom to see a man wearing nothing but a cowboy hat, boxers, and boots with spurs, sitting at an old-fashioned stone sharpening wheel literally grinding an ax. Come on with it. Especially compared to some of the other things going on in that place. If you go inside, you might instantly get a tooth ache. That arrangement was cooked up by the owners and I have to actually enforce it because they do check the phone records. There were just so many. He insisted something was wrong with the product because, as he put it, all of his animals suddenly had human faces. We settled with him by charging a significant discount on his next couple purchases. He stopped coming in one day and they found what was left of his body inside a bedroom at his farmhouse that had been locked from the inside. Anyway, I guess I can come back and tell a story or two, but first I need to get ready for work.

### 2: A chicken named Stew and other tales from the coop – Edge of the Big Woods

*I simply loved reading Tales from the Edge of the Woods - every single one of them." – Judson D. Hale, Sr., Editor-in-Chief Yankee Magazine and The Old Farmer's Almanac Mr. Willem Lange is the perfect New England memoirist: experienced, curious, shrewd, self-deprecating, amused, and affectionate.*

I want to be myself. I will not deny that I have lions in me. I am the monster in the wood. I have wonders in my house of sugar. I have parts of myself I do not yet understand. Lost in the forest, you happen upon a small woman gathering meaty brown mushrooms from a decaying tree stump. At first, you feel relieved to find another human after hours of wandering desperately in search of civilization. That is, until you notice the knife in her belt with its bone handle, until you see the calloused soles of her bare feet as she reaches up for a swath of lichen hanging from a high tree branch, until you hear her speak soft, rhythmic words to tiny chattering mammal perched on her shoulder. If she is lost here, it has been many long years since she first walked off the known trail from the nearest village. This gives you pause as you wonder what you have stumbled into, and puzzle over what kind of creature might choose to live so far from the general population, and prefer the company of wild animals and weeds to those of her own kind. In fairy tales and folklore, very often the protagonist is notably social and is part of a specific fellowship, community, or group. On the other hand, the antagonists are often solitary and live away from others, most frequently deep in the wilderness or a vast wasteland. In all cases, otherness and potential maliciousness is frequently implied by a character being solitary. There are exceptions to this, with a number of helpful fae or fairly benign monsters also living alone, but they are rarely found at the center of the story, and tend to still be viewed with some trepidation and wariness. After all, what good person would actively choose to be alone? I do, however, notice that there tends to be a great deal of pressure placed on the less social to behave in an essentially extroverted way. Baba Yaga by Ivan Bilibin In my years of teaching, I have noticed that there is a significant percentage of herbalists who feel much more at home with plants than people. Some of them work in the capacity of a clinician simply because it feels like the reasonable extension of their obsession with plants, and a way of utilizing their growing knowledge while developing new skills. Most often these herbalists do care a great deal about the well being of others, but find frequent social interaction to be draining of difficult. There is nothing wrong with being an introvert. There is nothing wrong with not fitting in. It only becomes a problem when we struggle to accept our own otherness and introversion, and are thus unable to form our practice and our lives in a way that nurtures us and allows us to be ourselves. The term community herbalist brings to mind, quite reasonably, a healer working within a community, serving and at home within a group of other human beings. And yet, historically, herbalists have often been marginalized. They have frequently walked the borderlands of village and the wildwood, traveling between the civilized and the wild as emissaries of the forest, bringing healing to the townsfolk. We can say it was because they had no choice, that they were driven from their communities by religious zealots or opportunistic politics, and certainly that would be true – but only in part. The larger truth, is that many of us who have a gift for working with the plants also have great difficulty belonging among other humans. We may care a great deal about our community, but need the nourishment of solitude in order to do our work. Working with other people in a healing context can be difficult and exhausting at the best of times, and while many people feel recharged by spending time with family or community, the introvert needs to pull back and inwards in order to not be drained by their work. This can be difficult for clients, family, and friends to understand, since off duty time is usually considered to be time spent with others having fun. For myself, I most often need my time off to be by myself with the plants in order for it to be truly replenishing. I struggle with this at times, and have tried to find my nourishment in the company of others, but always I find myself straying back to the forest and desert for connection and communion. And yet, many herbalists still seem to feel inadequate for their very natures. Part of the issue lies in the expectation that a healer be a kind, welcoming person anxious to help and serve everyone around them while also serving as a social hub for those in need. There are certainly many wonderful herbalists who do so admirably, and thrive within the embrace of close knit community. Still others avoid large groups but feel

comfortable in smaller groups or one on one. These people can often find a way of customizing their practice so that they meet their own needs for time alone while still having an active place in the larger community. Others of us remain in the dark forest, often preferring the company of ravens and nightshade to that of our fellow furless humans. In *The Dark Forest*: When you require a miracle, trust in a witch. For me, the fascination lay in the power of the plants and how their magic manifested in the human body. I doubt I was born with a higher than average level of compassion, but I did come into this world with my heart and spirit bound irrevocably to the green world. My desire to be an herbalist bloomed from the oldest of stories, those where a witch lives at the edge of a deep, dark wood. The people from the village fear her. The townsfolk cross themselves when she walks past them on her way to treat an ailing grandmother. She may serve the community, but no one would mistake her as one of them. This healer archetype speaks of otherness in a primal, and sometimes frightening way. We see pieces of it in the story of almost every witch to appear in European and North American fairy tales, from the hag-like visage of Baba Yaga to the beguiling beauty of the queen in *Snow White*. They stand, frequently alone, at the periphery of community and consciousness. Wrapped in a shadowy cloak, they embody the fierceness, hungers, and otherness that incites both interest and fear. It is the habit of human social groups to demonize what is outside of them, and thus it is of great importance for there to be interface between what is inside, familiar, and comfortable with that which is outside, unfamiliar, and potentially frightening. We need the witch in the forest for her healing is raw and close to the source of the First Forest, the archetypal darkness from which humanity was birthed. There is still a place in the story for the other, for the witch and the wildwood. Without these elements the story of healing in our cultures would lose both power and depth. We need those who live within the communities and heal through familiarity and kindness, and we need those who keep to themselves and bring something less known to the table. Above all, the earth needs diversity, and we all have a role to play as the story of life unfolds along the brambly, winding path. It meant they left her alone. Marya was not aimless, anyway. Living in the wilderness all year, and then seeing my friends at our annual Herbal Resurgence Rendezvous works great for me this way. I get to see everyone all at once and enjoy the full on festival experience! and then I can return to my tiny cabin in the mountains to recuperate and plan for the next time! For me, interacting with other people, even the nicest of people, requires significant energy and work. Those more social than we may understandably have a difficult time understanding our retiring habits, but there are certainly some ways in which we can create boundaries for ourselves while helping those around us have a deeper understanding of who we are and how we prefer to interact with the world. Below you will find a list of some of the tips that help me remember how to stay grounded in myself, and assist me in staying true to my own needs and nature. You are not obligated to treat the general public or people who upset you. It sounds obvious, but sometimes we all need to hear that we have choices and the ability to control who we interact with on a deep level. This is important for every practitioner, but doubly so for introverts who tend to be exceptionally drained by human interaction. Humans tend to be social by default and it often requires a shift in perspective for them to realize that some people need more time alone. To interact and appreciate with the green world can be enough all on its own. She hears the quiet patter of paws nearby and holds out a morsel of fruit for her furred friend. Her basket is full of the bark, leaves, and berries needed to treat the cough of an ailing child. All around are the muted sounds of birds settling into their roosts and the ripple of running water nearby. The trees lean in toward her as she passes by, straining to hear her quiet song, and holding her to this forest as its own.

### 3: Tales from the Edge of the Woods

*From to Will directed the Dartmouth Outward Bound Center. From until his retirement in , he was a building and remodeling contractor in Hanover. He's an adopted member of the Dartmouth Class of In he began writing a weekly column, A Yankee Notebook, which appears in.*

Life has played out along the edge of the North Maine Woods Toggle Sidebar September 16, A chicken named Stew and other tales from the coop In , the son of a long-time friend decided to go into the chicken business. For many years, my somewhat back-to-the-earth type friend and her family has raised chickens and sold eggs. Any visit with my boys to their place is not complete without a visit to the chicken coop or the numerous chicken tractors. Chickens seemed, well, easy. Their basic needs are few. Yet the list of benefits – eggs, natural manure, soil aeration, companionship, and return to our basic animal husbandry instincts and responsibilities – seemed so rudimentarily fulfilling. And so it began. She lent us a metal cage, a heat lamp, food and water dishes. My dad built us two chicken tractors. We put the tractors in the walking rows of our garden between the vegetable rows. They scratched, dug, pooped and did all that little chickens are supposed to do. We loved our chickens. In the first year, we learned that chickens have had any natural survival instincts completely bred out of them. There is no simpler or truer statement. Just as they tell you on the expensive egg cartons, free range makes for happy chickens. They wander, content with life, enjoying the sun upon their back, their little brains stimulated by the ever changing world around them, happily laying eggs that go beyond other eggs. Think of the Omega 3 just radiating out of the golden yellow yolks. And did I mention that they really like pecking gravel down by the white line on the road? Despite all the potential death traps, some of the chickens actually matured. We were a little less than that. We learned about chicken puberty. For roosters, that means sickly sounding, squeaky, off-key crowing at any hour. That is whenever the urge strikes. The real positive of this was that the crowing spurred Bob into chicken coop construction. We had kept the chicken tractors in our garage for a while before it warmed up enough to move the chicks to the garden. The head of our bed was about ten feet horizontally and about eight feet vertically from the adolescent roosters. Time to make a coop. As the roosters grew, I compared notes with my friend. She reported that one of her roosters was huge. Handsome, cocky, spurred, and huge. Stew earned his name by getting mean. His turf was the lawn. His home was the garage. His pastime was entertaining chicks. His sport was chasing down small children and firmly putting them in their place. When he started going after anyone who came in the yard, the decision was made that he was a short timer. Bob shoots partridge during the fall with no issue. He dispatches and cleans them. Its part of the fall. Chicken is a different story. They should have a happy, stress free dispatching. I talked to several friends. I had a plan. Well, reality is that there was no way that I was going to be the one dispatching the chicken but I had a good plan for Bob to follow. As fate would have it, Stew was not to follow the plan. It began with a grocery run to Presque Isle, an all-day outing for us. On returning home, I began unloading groceries from the truck, up two steps onto the deck and through the patio door into the kitchen. The boys ran hither and tither. Bob disappeared to the place husbands disappear to after all day grocery events – that would be the bathroom. Things went well for the first couple of trips in. I was making the next trip under full power. I athletically strode across the deck, impacted the middle step and launched myself in a youthful bound towards the truck. Unfortunately, there was something on the second step. Something that triggered an image in my mind of stepping on some foamy type of ball that the boys had around. Curiosity had me glance back over my shoulder. And there was Stew. The steps are pretty dinky. The chickens really liked going under there to scratch, snooze, dust bath, and chase bugs, whatever. All that I can surmise is that Stew must have stuck his head out from under the deck, between the two steps, just as I hit the middle step. Stew was not in good shape. Think drunken sailor who had spun around in too many circles. I rapidly roused Bob from the inner sanctum. He gave me that look. He checked out Stew. He gave me the look, again. He reappeared a few moments later with a wooden block and an ax. I rounded up the boys and put them in front of the t. Then we had some type of horror film moment as Bob ran laps around the pickup wielding an ax chasing a messed up, sideways chicken. Really, any number of unpleasant things could have

happened. In the end, Bob won. I do think, given the spray patterns decorating the pickup, that the truck was in imminent danger. It was a near thing. The next scene was Bob sitting on an overturned black hydraulic oil bucket plucking the chicken. I suggested boiling and dipping as delicately as I could. I got the look again. I retreated to the kitchen. We did stew Stew. He turned out ok. The lesson here was that free range is all well and good until someone gets their head stepped on. But the conversation seemed to be spiraling downward. Handsome John is one of our roosters. Yup, chickens are great. We still have one disgruntled hen from our first batch. That gives her a whiskery look near her beak and the ability to lay green eggs. Hens should start slowing down after years so I figured she was going through the change. Then they all spent one full day in the coop and lo and behold a green egg. We went on the hunt for the green egg trove. We found 29 green eggs underneath the chicken coop. We have dispatched other roosters over the last couple of years. Bob did try blanching one to get the feathers off. That worked much better than hand picking every feather off. He tried breasting one out like he does with partridge. That was by far the easiest. Somehow though, we just never seem that hungry when it comes to chicken night. Our second batch of chickens went very heavy to roosters. By winter, they were just over half the population. That was an ok idea until we started opening the coop up on warm days in March. Bob dispatched the overabundance of roosters leaving only one who appears very mild and timid. I was at work and the boys were at their grandparents when Bob decided the bulk of the roosters needed to go.

### 4: Tales from the edge of the woods ( edition) | Open Library

*Glorious. Simply glorious. Willem Lange is an amazing man, who's living an extraordinary, rich and vivid, varied life. In his 80's with replaced knees and other joints, Willem continues to hike, climb and paddle his way through the very best of the Adirondacks of NY state, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of NH, Baxter State Park and the very highest mountain in Maine (Mt.*

Most only spend a day hiking a portion of the AT, while the more adventurous visitors have traversed the entire mile span of the AT. Around 2, people per year hike the full trail. Over the years, the AT has been the subject of many frightening legends. Made of stone, her feet crash like thunder as she walks through the forest. When he turned around, he was startled by a man standing next to his fire. His body was not only completely burnt but was still smoldering. The hiker quickly packed up his gear and ran back towards his car. Frightened, he lost his way and emerged from the woods on a strange road. Along the edge of the road, he saw a recently burnt house and a fire chief standing outside making notes on a clipboard. He told the fire chief what he saw thinking it may have been one of the fires victims. The chief told him that was impossible since the entire family that lived in the house had all burned to death. As twilight set in, the man saw the silhouette of someone approaching his campsite, walking along the edge of the water. Not thinking much of it, the fisherman ate his meal and went to sleep. The next night the fisherman saw the strange figure approaching once again. The next night the same thing happen, only this time the figure was even closer, so close that the fisherman could almost make out his blurred facial features. He paused even longer this time. The fisherman could see that there was a sinister expression on his shadowy face. Then, just like the last two nights, the strange man disappeared into the darkness. That night the fisherman stayed awake, huddled next to the perceived safety of his fire. The next morning, not wanting to see how close the stranger would get on the forth night, the fisherman packed up his gear and headed home. He never went back to Pierce Pond again. So many lives were lost during these battles that it is rumored that many of their spirits still haunt this section of the trail. To this day hikers report seeing the eyes of the dead staring through the trees during the night. There are also those who say they can hear the screams of wounded soldiers crying out for help. The town was founded around The town lasted for roughly sixty-years and struggled the entire time until it was abandoned for good around Only a few buildings remain and those are on private property just off the AT where access is strictly forbidden.

## 5: Tales from the Edge of the Woods by Willem Lange

*Tales from the Edge of the Woods "If you live here by choice," Willem Lange writes of the northern New England he's called home for half a century, "you pay your dues, take what you can get, and endure what you have to.*

The Old Man at Solstice 75 79 Two excerpts from "Favor Johnson" One early winter afternoon -- on a Christmas Eve -- Hercules failed for the first time in his life to show up at the barn door during the evening milking. Concerned, Favor went to the door and called and whistled. So after milking he took a flashlight and started for the swamp. It was dark and beginning to snow. As he headed down the hill, he heard Doc Jennings downshift for the driveway, and remembered that it was Friday. Hours later, after wandering all through the swamp calling for his dog, he heard a whine coming from a tangle of alders, and found Hercules. Favor scooped him up and headed back toward the house, stumbling in the thick brush. His flashlight finally faded and died. The car skidded to a stop in the gravel and Doc jumped out. Snow was falling softly past the street lamps in the village, muffling the sounds of the occasional car and the rattle of the brook down behind the post office and the general store. It was just past suppertime, and folks were settled in for the evening. From almost every chimney, smoke drifted up through the falling snow. A few houses were hung with wreaths and colored lights around the front doors. Through the front windows gleamed lights on Christmas trees. The truck stopped at the first house. A man in overalls and rubber boots got out, reached back into the front seat for a small package, and trudged up through the snow to the kitchen door of the house. He knocked, the door opened, and he went inside. A few minutes later he came back out again, with the sound of voices following him. He got back into his truck, drove to the next house, and repeated the routine. Then to the next, and the next, all the way down through the village. At some houses he stopped briefly, at others quite a few minutes. Shortly after ten, having visited them all, he turned the old truck around, drove back up through the village, and disappeared into the night, his single red taillight glowing dimly through the snow. Favor Johnson had delivered his Christmas presents again. When these packages were unwrapped later, they would reveal tin cans with one end removed and a fruitcake baked inside. For single folks and couples, it was a soup can; for families of up to five, a vegetable can; and for larger establishments, a tomato can--all of them full to the brim with the most succulent fruitcake you could imagine. Parents often would use that as an excuse to keep kids from eating more than their share of it. An always some child would ask, "Why did Mr. Johnson bring us a fruitcake? And so the story of Favor Johnson and the flatlander doctor and the origin of the fruitcake would be told again. As the reader, you feel completely drawn into the scene of this Christmas tale See how this tale ends

## 6: Tales from the Gas Station (Part One) - Creepypasta

*Tales from the edge of the woods by Willem Lange Published by University Press of New England in Hanover, NH.*

## 7: [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com): Customer reviews: Tales From the Edge of the Woods

*Free 2-day shipping on qualified orders over \$ Buy Tales from the Edge of the Woods at [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)*

## 8: Tales from the Edge of the Woods | Green Writers Press

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

## 9: The Witch at the Edge of the Woods: Introversion and Otherness In The Herbalist "Enchantments

*Tales from the Edge of the Woods avg rating " 21 ratings " published " 2 editions Want to Read saving.*

*The evolution and history of religion Harvey Whitehouse Hostage to khomeini book Political institutions : participation and representation Look what I see quilts Edwardian windows: prelude to art nouveau Living With Sarcoidosis Other Chronic Health Conditions The Financial Crisis in Asia and Foreign Direct Investment Theodore Roosevelt National Park Encyclopedia of diasporas Integrating morphogenesis with underlying mechanics and cell biology Lance A. Davidson Dragon city breeding list Riddley Walker (Picador Books) Saddle Up, Tumbleweeds! 2 Fathoming the Oceans Secrets Perception, cognition, and language The social context of professional nursing Mary W. Stewart The Elaine race massacres Mechanical engineering conversion factors Goodnight, Little Critter, Level 3 (Little Critter First Readers) Metropolitan Opera Good Choices for Cat and Dog (Learn to Read, Read to Learn) Charlie Brown Crossword Puzzle Study Helps in Point and Figure Technique Rebecca (Classic, 20th-Century, Audio) Multicultural Theatre 2 Ending School Violence Ecology and Restoration of Northern California Coastal Dunes Contributions of Arab and Islamic scholars to modern pharmacology Techniques enabled : (pro)fusions after poetry computerized Unraveling the White Cocoon The Shrine (Night Hunter, No 4) The odyssey book 14 Getting started with the TI-86/85 graphing calculator Tamiya avante 2001 manual Maria Sharapova (Amazing Athletes) Business mathematics in a changing world Burning of Monterey Clinical lectures on stricture of the urethra and other disorders of the urinary organs Nuclear Energy (Essential Energy/2nd Edition) Animal eyes with mirror*