

## Southern Appalachian Young Friends (SAYF) Epistle Atlanta, September, 2008

The weather – beautiful. The time at the park – beautiful! The healing circle – BEYOND Beautiful. The Quaker lovin’ – as always, beautiful.

I dare say this was quite the beautiful retreat.

The absence of the mass of lovely SAYFers that graduated last year was non-verbally acknowledged throughout the weekend, but I felt that everyone dealt with it with much grace and ease. There will always be holes to fill & let evolve in a community, and it is neither a positive nor negative thing. It just IS. I love that even when much change occurs, this community & what it stands for never falters. The love & care & acceptance & trust remains a constant and I believe that that is the most beautiful thing of all.

Madeline Parker

*Wow yet another retreat come and gone with old friends and new friends. I have to say that planning committee did a good job, even if I am a part of that group. Life has been a bit hectic with all the school work and drama of high school. This retreat has brought peace into my life once again, even though on Saturday I seemed a bit out of it. (sorry). but I feel like my sayf battery has been only charged half way, because of the feeling this retreat went by fast. I'm glad that I got to see everyone old and new again or not again, but I hope to see newbies again (even if I see Kim everyday). The discussion yesterday with Lili helped me a bit to understand a lot more about people, I feel comfortable sharing stuff with people from that group. I learned some stuff about you guys that I could never imagine. This whole retreat I've had one song going through my head from chorus. It talks about gratefulness and the day we learned it my teacher said to think of many things you are grateful for and let it fill you up with that gratefulness and sing it. The first thing on my mind was you lovely people. I don't know what I'd do without you guys. You bring peace, community, love, understanding & all that amazing stuff into my life. I thank you for that. Well I think I have written enough.*

*I love you all.*

*? Samantha Lauren*

*pee-esJ: if you are a nurturer & have facebook please tell me so we can get the group completely together.(nurturers group for contact reasoning).*

How could anyone ever tell you  
You are anything less than beautiful?  
How could anyone ever tell you  
You are less than whole?  
How could anyone fail to notice  
That your loving is a miracle?  
How deeply you're connected to my soul.

So this is my first retreat besides Sayma and sayf is still pretty much the same, just the way I like it. The only difference is that I am a little more comfortable with the environment at sayf than I was this past June. All of the people are real cool and I get a laugh out of it all. I know I'm running out of time, and I don't know what else to say. So I guess I'll see you all in Asheville.

Taro

Before I forget:

\* Sayma newbies. As soon as I got the epistle from Sayma and started reading them, I was like: Oh crap. I didn't write about ya'll! You guys are the future of this magically delicious community. And with that, I am reassured that there is good in the world. Hooray newbs!

N-E-W-B-I-E-S! Newbies!

\* This meetinghouse should rally invest in some post-Renaissance brooms. Just sayin!

I don't rally have much to say really. This retreat was (insert adjective). Possibly because of home circumstances/school I was depleted, making me totally lame and sleepy-eyed the entire retreat. Like always, I have grown closer to those I knew before and met some awesome new people.

I miss the graduates.

I don't want to leave.

One really cool part was the alcoholism discussion group thing in the park. Thank you Lilly for leading it. This retreat seems like a strange dream. Most definitely not a nightmare, but as if it had the potential to be a much better one. That was, (to quote Led Zeppelin) Nobody's Fault But Mine. Usually when I first wake up from a dream, I remember details. Sloooow-ly it starts fading, and I just recall the feelings. Same thing with this retreat.

Feelings of this dream/retreat:

Bittersweet Love Laughing

Contemplation Temporary Peace Acceptance

My sleep deprivation is catching up to me. So one last thank you to all the people who put up with me this weekend and who were happy to see me even in my state of sleeplessness induced apathy. I love you all.

- To Lilli

- To the newbs

- To Sayf.

- Lekey

PS. I must be forgetting something, because this is how I feel very time I finish writing epistles, but then I remember something else 2 minutes after we've already passed them back. So whatever/whoever it is, I'm sorry. ?

X + 1

The Body plus One

All of us and the One

The One Spirit that guides us all

The Great Spirit is Present

The Great Comforter was, is and forever

will be.

Present

With Us

The Body

X

We Are One.

Chuck Jones

Watermelon, Guacamole!

Watch out for that stuff.

I ? Bonnie

As I am sure is the case with the rest of the Young Friends here today, Lilli has been on my mind all weekend. I know she would have graduated, wouldn't have been at this retreat, but still it feels a little like something is missing. So thanks to Leah who said during our Meeting for Healing last night that Lilli is still with us.

I'm sitting here on the cold wet ground trying to come up with any possible way to make a spiritual connection to the fact that a ground rattling train runs under the meetinghouse, loud airplanes fly overhead every 5 minutes and we're next to a relatively busy road and another train track. Since Quakers are supposed to sit in silence, it seems like maybe the people who built the meetinghouse didn't factor all this in during the planning of the building. But maybe it's a good thing. Maybe the Atlanta Quakers are just so good at being Quakers, at sitting in silence, that they figured it was time for a challenge. Maybe it's to see how centered you can truly become, even with the constant disruption of public transportation.

Thank you all for Meeting for Healing that we held last night. It was so wonderful to finally have a place where Lilli's spirit could be held in so much light, by so many people who loved her, all at the same time. It's amazing how comfortable we all are with each other even after knowing some of you for only 24 hours. Thanks for making this retreat so memorable and lovely.

Love always,

Emma T.

ps Barack Obama's lactose intolerant?!?

pps I always realize I have more to say, after I'm through writing the original epistle:

Since FGC this summer, I haven't been anywhere near this kind of community, with this many Quakers who were my age and whose beliefs and truths were so close to my own. Being with you all heightens my self-esteem, self-love and self-appreciation so much. Without the knowledge that I get to see you all once a month for an un-judged weekend where I can be myself and reach out and ask for help if I need it, I would be a lot worse for wear than I am. There's no real way to convey this without hugs, but I'm trying to tell you all how much you – every single one of you – mean to me.

Love, love love!

?

Look sayfers, that's ALL of you!

Ian, thanks for being wonderful in the healing circle – you're a jerk at wink though.

Alistair! I Looove you! kind of. But, like, not really.

Emily. I see you too much. Bah. phooey! Bard L

Dex & Leah: You're pretty cool, though coolness is slightly marred by Dex. Alas.

I fell asleep during epistle writing, thus ghetto paper scrap now.



There was once a guy named Todd, and one day he thought to himself, "Boy, I shur would like some peanut butter!"

~ The End

There was once a Beat Poet, and one day when he was in a coffee shop reading poetry, he read a poem that goes like this:

"Tire swings and...crooked things

Look into my sock drawer and find my Liver,  
and meanwhile as the fly becomes a Buffalo,

I sit and wonder why, why, why did I lend my toes out to that stuffed pig?"

and the crowd went:

click,  
click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click,  
click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click,  
click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click,  
click.  
~ The End

There was once a hot dog stand and she was owned by a guiy named Jimmy Dean and one day someone stole all the Mustard, and Jimmy had to close the stand.

~ The End

*All I got to say is, great retreat, and my other car is a Horse on wheels.*

*PS Ian is a God!*

*PPS I like ramon noodles. They're good!!!*

*PPPS One day I'll write a 50's style science fiction movie.*

*PPPPS And on that day I'll write the music for a 50's style science fiction movie.*

*PPPPPS At 11:00 everybody start screaming they're favorite quote from "A Fish called Wanda".*

*PPPPPPS This message will self destruct in                    5        4        3        2*

**PSYCH!**

*PPPPPPPS There was once a bird called Andy, and he had a wacky fun adventurous day, that I'm not going to tell you.        ~ The End*

*Phorest*

This weekend was fun. I had fun getting to know the newbies, and I rally enjoyed how we set this up. I wish that it could have been longer because three days is not enough. It was nice seeing the other SAYFers that have been here for a year or more. The Meeting for Healing was good, even though it was sad and some what depressing. Wink was fun, even though I got elbowed in the face and barely being able to go anywhere.

~ Your Friend from Atlanta

Once upon a time there was a hamster named George. He liked organic crunchy peanut butter, so he made himself a HUGE sandwich and sat down and ate it with his rabbit friend Kyle, who was allergic to that peanut butter. So he made himself a sandwich that had all sorts of toppings on it that grew to the sky. Where he had to climb to put the olive on top. So he climbed and climbed, past the ham & turkey & all. AT the top he met a whale named "whhhaaallea". Whhhaaallea got shortened to whalea. But Kyle did not like him because he was only trying to be his friend to eat his sandwich, but Kyle saw through this & used his Kung fu panda skills to frighten the whale. The whale got so scared that he blew out all his air & had to go back in the water. Kyle stood triumphantly on a nearby rock and started shouting "Who's your daddy?!?". George popped up and goes "uh....not you". with peanut butter covering his face. Kyle fell over laughing. He tried to tell George how messy his face was but found himself gasping for air when Lola the hippo sat on him.

Lola was a huge hippo but was still their friend. She told George he had PB on his face & offered to lick it off. Then she realizes, "Where's Kyle?". George looked down where Kyle's face was coming from & Lola got mad "Why are you looking at me like that?" & George pointed at Kyle with a smile on his face that turned into laughter. Lola was so embarrassed that she sat on him that when she got up, she ran home. George looked at Kyle & pulled out a BIG jar of peanut butter and a spoon. Kyle pulled out his sandwich from his back pocket & they started eating peacefully again. Then George pulls out a guitar & starts playing "Bad to the Bone". Kyle starts singing the lyrics so loud that the birds flew away, but they didn't care. They sang & laughed and played till they were acting so crazy people could mistake them for drunk. What can you say...they were best friends. ~ The End

School is tomorrow and I'm running on no energy. How am I gonna make it? But I liked this retreat. It took a lot of work to pull it off...but I personally think that it was successful...SO welcome newbies J. I loved meeting you all and I hope to see you again! UGH....IDK what else to say. I love you all!! C you later.

Stay beautiful,

Christina T

PS Na KU penda ? That's I love you in Swahili.

Well that was cool. My first actual retreat a success (ow). except I broke my toe.... Well, I think this retreat was not as bad as I thought it would b without the grads. I finally got to pheel JE-SUS under my feet! Willmae is a koala!!! Ok Shoutouts!!

Phorest: Bald???

Lekey: Like Becky!!

Taylor: Wassuo ma sistah?

Tim: We be related.

Terra: JOO NEVR straightened my hair!!

Xavier: Xavier not exaiver.

DeLaney: Go be a nymph. \* give DeLaney nymph like qualities \*

Bonnie: Hey there. I like your hair.

Alex: HI!!

Autumn: It's the unicorns!!!

Love from, Lincoln

Well I'd have to say that this weekend turned out better than I thought it would be. Of course I came to this retreat thinking it wouldn't be so great since last retreat I never hung out with many people. Things were different though, I got lots'o hugs from sayfers I've known for a while and I started to realize the weekend was gonna be nice. Well Saturday started out okay. Breakfast was nice and we got to play trust games at 10. The games were fun to play. I loved the elephant game (I was a butterfly and someone sang a song for me) and I loved telephone mainly because it never ended with anything relatively close to what it started out as. I enjoyed the park and Dex teaching me his mad backhand throw with the Frisbee. After the park it was a bit uneventful due to me being tired. Chrissy, I had a great time talking with you about yo ghetto neighborhood and the things that go on, while waiting for dinner. The healing circle was astonishing. It was so nice to hear everyone express how much one person could affect your life. I know I have people like that. \* cough \* \* cough \*. At first I felt jealous of those who were crying, those who were able to show they cared while I just sat there expressionless, but then at the end is when everything hit me and I couldn't help but cry. Of course everyone left so no hugs L but then I got some from Lekey, Terra and Bonnie, so things turned out OK. As far as major factors go in making my weekend great I would have to say Taylor, and my Berea friends were the biggest ones. Still I'd love to thank all those who hung out with me and talked. That's about it as far as my weekend goes. I'm sure it will be no time at all before Asheville.

Shoutouts:

Ian and Xavier: dada...da...da..ta Sugar!!!

Chrissy: Ghetto neighborhoods and odd deathly things

Lekey: \* after the shower dialogue \*

Terra: hug..

Samantha: Thanxs for letting me us awesome women body wash. I love smelling like cucumbers...very tasty!

Tay-Tay: I think with practice I'll be able to give you never ending great back rubs forever!!! Not really but I can try. Love you and thanks for using new word to be included in my day to day vocabulary.

And that about sums up everything I have to say.

Love, yo friend,

Tim

My time at SAYF: I laughed. I cried. I fell from high places. And I got beat up at Wink (NOT). I learned a little bit of Swahili. I made new friends. And suffered yoga. I have been to seven retreats. I still haven't entirely lost my slight nervousness with being with some really nice people but with every retreat I grow more comfortable with SAYF. You guys and gals are awesome. Arrr. I am going to Oregon in six months (moving). I'll be gon for a year or so and will miss all of you but will visit. I will be a part in helping SAYF and Quakers. Sorry about my bad spelling. Bye.

Pat

If only I could tell each and every one of you how much you mean to me. I wish I could find the words to say I love you.

This SAYF felt so empty without Sam, Austin, George and all the other wonderful graduates. But it was nice seeing others step up. Another thing that felt weird was Lilli's absence. She wouldn't be at SAYF anyways, but at least she would have been some where. I think the healing circle we had for her was beautiful and so was she. I didn't think I'd cry, but I cried a lot. It's just so strange how she was here one moment, and now she is gone. But, crying wasn't a bad thing. I had such a great time being crazy with friends and enjoying all the beautiful music. Right now I just heard a super cute laugh and it makes me smile.

LOVE YOU GUYS!

I feel very detached right now. My train of thought is constantly being derailed. I wonder what happens when a subway is derailed? Like the one under us. Oh wait. That's Jesus. Never mind. During our circle last night, it seemed like Jesus would come by every time someone got done talking, and it was like the train/Jesus was agreeing with them.

Also during circle, I got this...I don't know, feeling, that Lilli was in the circle with us, and she was giving everyone hugs and comforting the ones who were crying, and then when the candle went out I could imagine her slipping out the door. Did anyone else have a feeling like that?

So there are tiny ants on the sidewalk and I think they might bite me. Those trust games were quite fun....especially the elephant game Pinch Pinch....SHARK! And I discovered I can drink massive amounts of tea if it's in a cut little teacup. I seriously had like 4 or 5 cups last night. Yumm.... Plus, doing dishes isn't as bad. Especially if you have a faucet that squirts like the one here. JESUS!!! I wonder how you know it's thundering. I feel like if it thundered, people would be like, "Oh that's just Jesus" and you would never know if it was a real storm. \* random alert \*.

Whoever invented that spinny thing at the playground was funny in the head. And I like to climb up slides >:)

Well, I s'pose I'll see y'all in Asheville. ??? Much love,  
Tay Tay?

The first retreat of the new year is already over and I still don't know all the names!  
Welcome to all our new Friends from Burundi. Thank you for joining us and please keep coming.  
I loved to see the new SAYF community coming together and getting to know one another.  
Hope to see all of you in a few weeks.

Love,  
Ceal

I'd rather have a bottle in front of me, than a frontal lobotomy.

Thank you all so much for the meeting for worship in memory of Lilli. This is an amazing community.

George not here today  
George has been graduated  
Not here for haikus.

Sam not here either  
Sam a super lame lame-o  
Jules haiku alone.

Twould be wrong  
to battle with them absent  
I will anyway.

Begin with lame face  
Yes Sam boy this one's for you  
My god you're sucky.

I mean what the hell?  
I enlist help to express  
my outrage, your lameness.

*Sam Fisher much like  
Blabbering baby when he  
Fails to come to SAYF.*

*No! That is insult  
To blabbering baby; he  
is much more lame butt.*

*Why so difficult?  
Bon lacks her inspiration.  
Jorge is deceased.*

Jules gets creative  
Oh Sam. Oh Sammy Sam boy  
You smell like goat rot.

Your musicianship  
is mediocre at best  
skills overrated.

Your punishment Sam  
Sam who won't condescend to  
grace us with his presence

of mo's-shapen head  
misplaced sarcasm and "wit"  
inflated ego

personality  
in short, just really sucky  
can't defend yourself

*Cause you not here fool!  
Feel the wrath of a thousand  
Smiting you with hate!*

Mad Quakah hate yo  
Can Sam boy take the pressure?  
probably too weak.

*Snaps in half like frail  
Middle school girl with pigtails  
and much frilliness*

Damn Sam boy you should  
toughen up for seriousness  
you so weak and laaaame.

*Warm fuzzy time...Sam  
Smells nice. Usually, but  
Not today. He stanks.*

Also has nice voice.  
especially when silent.  
sadly that is rare.

Love you Sammie boy.  
missed you this weekend retreat  
love you so much....naaaat.

Bonnie and Julie  
pretty haiku warriors ~  
Bonnie and Julie.

? ? Dear Friends, dear friends,

You have given me such treasures!, I thank you so. ? ?

Thank you to the Atlanta teens, for giving of yourselves so well, for leading us with graces, for taking this planning & doing into your own hands. It was wonderful to know you would make it happen, & make it good from your own gifts and dedication to SAYF.

Thank you all, especially for the Meeting for Healing, for extending your love to one another & lifting us up in a time of need. We will have an incredible year, from this place of loving that you initiated this weekend. Your hugs, leaning on one another, words & helping with CLEANING knocked my socks off (no those weren't my dirty socks in the lost and found).

Love to you all, & holding ya in the Light until!

FAP Laura (Grace)

Can you fix this, It's a broken heart. It was fin but it just fell apart, It was mine, but now I give it to you, you can fix it, if you know what to do, crying, let your love cover me.

Like a pair of angel wings

You are my family, you are my family.

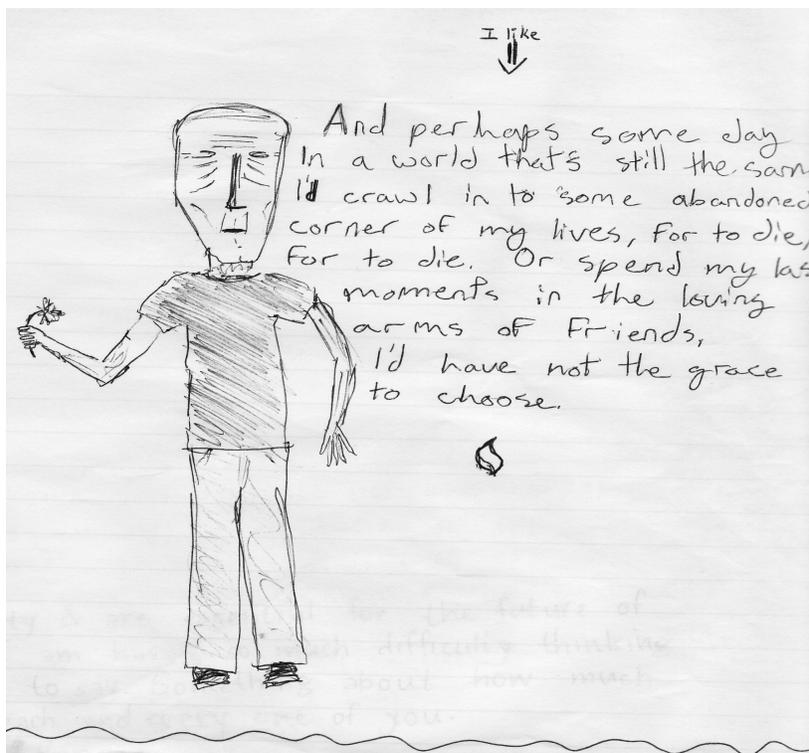
~ Dar Williams

### More Love, More Love

Words and music: Shaker hymn

More Love, more love,  
The heavens are blessing,  
The angels are calling,  
O Zion more love.  
If ye love not each other  
In daily communion,  
How can ye love God,  
Whom ye have not seen

More Love, More love,  
Alone by its power  
The world we will conquer,  
For true love is God.  
If ye love one another,  
Then God dwelleth within you,  
And ye are made strong,  
To live by his word.



Once again y'all have shown me how to be loving, kind and nurturing in a big group of people. You SAYfers define compassion love and community. Thanks for letting me be a FAP with you!

With love,

Mary from Nashville

*My name is Reiben Nderegimona. Today is Sunday, 9/21/08. I like Quaker Meeting.*

My name is Divine Mpawnimana. I am happy because I see some thing this church but I want to be able to the meeting friends oral directions. ?I LOVE

*This Ruth. I want to say hi, for everyone. So, I like friends meeting, because I have to many young friends. bye everybody. I LOVE!!*

This Emmanueline Nizaiyimana. I have time to say good morning for everyone. I am very happy because I see many young people for this group at friends meeting. I like this program because I have many friends for this group. Thanks for everyone and God bless everybody.

This retreat was exactly what I needed this weekend. Not only did I catch up on the lack of sleep I got prior to my arrival (surprising I know), but I also found myself in the arms of the most loving and supportive community I've ever had the fortune of being a part of. Thank you all during the healing circle for letting me cry my heart out, especially those of you who let me cry on you and wouldn't leave until I was calm. It was just the thing to get me back on a more positive train of thought. As usual, I dread leaving, because it means I have to return to cruel, unrelenting reality. I hope to see all of you in Asheville in October, as well as the people who couldn't show up for one reason or another.

Love,

Autumn

PS "Mormons are like unicorns".

- as said by Lekey (like Becky).

Dear friends, dear friends,

Let me tell you how I feel.

You have given me such treasures.

I love you so.

This was a little bitty retreat. But super-tastey. I am so excited to see how SAYF will evolve in the years to come. You hardcore newbs are vital to this community & are essential for the future of SAYF. I am having so much difficulty thinking of what to say. Something about how much I love each and every one of you.

?Bonnie

*hunny bunches! love always, Booshaquita AKA Kim*

This was a great way to start another SAYF year. Thanks to Laura and the planning committee! It was great to have so many newbies and two-bies, as well as all the experienced SAYfers. Thanks for being who you are!

With love,  
Mark W

Why did the woman cross the road?

*Who cares, why was she out of the kitchen?*

Why did the girl fall of the swing?

*She got hit in the face with a brick.*

What is a cow with 3 legs?

*Lean beef*

And no legs?

*Ground beef*

I enjoyed this retreat and the neat people I met. I feel relived from stress and at a spiritual state with the cool ground rumbling of subways. And the healthy food! ? !

Leah

Why did the chicken cross the road?

To get to the other side.

*So this was an extremely cool retreat. Despite the mysterious missing of certain Quakers, others brand-new and new-to-me people made up for it. The best part was sitting outside in the warm sunshine and musicing.*

*Love, kisses, chocolate kisses, warm sunshine, cool breezes, and comfy people to lay on, ? Ellen*

*PS Phorest egg ? cool.*

*PPS Leah = good luck w/ module dance.*

*PPPS Joseph – you're cool & I miss you already. Thanks for playing Wink with me,*

*PPPPS Bon Bon = Bon = Bonnie! Yay!*

*PPPPPS Delaney, my love, my platypus, my partner- in- crime, eat cereal!*

*This was a fun SAYF. Now I gotta go home and do homework. Soccer indoors was fun. I met new people. I got a new name but I don't know why. I loved wink. Wink = fun, except when Ian just bulldozes everyone. My favorite part was when me and Xavier were fighting to get Phorest. Happy llama, drama llama, big fat mama llama, fish, fish, more fish, lots of fish, turtle.... Uh...*

*Cat Woman AKA Chris*

*PS Don't you hate it when you're running and about to jump on the couch and there is someone there already?*

*PPS We need more goldfish regular.*

*PPPS And those sugar cookies.*

*PPPPs Kim was here and she's amazing! She is a newbie.*

Dear Mr. Ian Greenshirt,

I would like to thank you for your immense help and caring services, which were beautifully exhibited during the Healing Circle last night. (Anyone who did not take note of them then, should do so now). Thanks for the attention & comfort you gave to anyone who ya could see needed it. It was fabulous, and you're a cool Quaker. We need more people like that. That Healing Circle could not have been the same without you. ?'s.

AH! Another year of stinky socks, puppy piles, and crushed body parts during wink is here! Feeling rather drained from coming from the football game at my high school, I was ready for my first "safe" nap of the year. However, when Christopher saw my soccer ball, it was game on. I enjoyed the food a lot this retreat (maybe because I helped plan this!) and kudos to those who made an excellent Saturday dinner, which I am sure I will be running off in PE this week. This was my first retreat as a nurturer, I enjoyed the new found responsibilities great. So here I sit outside on cloudy Sunday morning, with bags under my eyes and a headache, Ah, its good the retreats are back again.

PS Sorry, felt lik I needed a PS, now back to the show.

written by ? Rey Mesterio

PPS BONGO BUTT!

*Was it really just a year ago that I climbed out of the van at the Knox/Nashville Meeting house for my first retreat? It seems like so much less. I still remember that horrifying ride down, to people in the back singing Panic! At the Disco all the way there, that moment when I walked in and –*

*Phorest (not yet bald): Catch me!*

*Me: \* catch \* Oops! \* drop \**

*Dex: I like this kid.*

*I still remember the cheese, with all its embrasive power.*

*And to think this is only my fourth retreat. This was fun, though I was kind of distant whn I arrived, my mind adjusting to the SAUF atmosphere of which it had been deprived. By the way, Doug isn't allowed to graduate this year. Or ever for that mattr. And now that graduation - (A Therese the Editor note here: The page is ripped and words are missing ~ Sorry) \_\_\_\_\_ sentence brings me to the people I miss.*

<i>Will</i>	<i>Rachel</i>
<i>George</i>	<i>Philip</i>
<i>Conrad</i>	<i>Lilly</i>
<i>Sophie</i>	

*At the healing circle last night, it was very moving to see how large an impact Lily had had on SAYFers. Several of the things shared were choked with tears and sobs. When I went around massaging and hugging, simply patting some on the shoulder, I realized that this is very satisfying, to be a shoulder to lean on. Hence, my decision to join Nurturing Committee next year if possible. But I don't want to end my epistle on a sad note. It was a very satisfying game of Wink last night. Consider yourselves redeemed for your lack of Wink-age at Hard Labor Creek.*

*Ireland was amazing,                      The Magical Massage Fairy*

# Mama Willamae's Activity Book for Bald Folk

by Mama Willama, Delaney, Emily, Ian, Phorest, Jordan



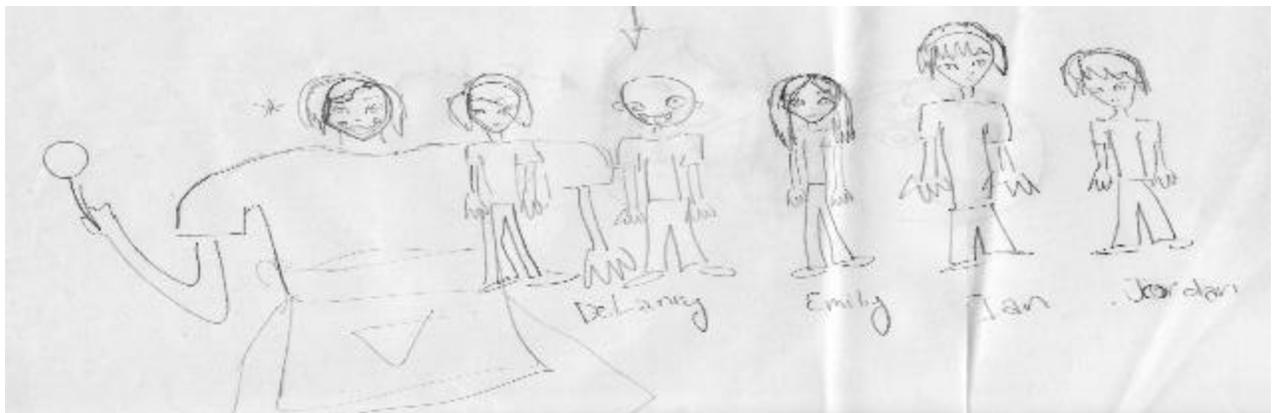
**So you're bald, what now?**

**If you are a(n)...newborn baby, male with male pattern baldness, female with male pattern baldness, person with bad impulse control, person afraid of lice, a cancer patient, or just plain bald....This book is for you!**

*copyright 2008 Mama Willamae inc in cooperation with baldy McBald heads.  
In loving memory of phorest's hair (R.I.P.)*

## Introduction

So you are bald and you have no friends, what now? First you must accept that your lack of hair is special and unique just like you J. Next, you must understand that you CAN have friends and even use baldness to your advantage. That's what this book is for. Let's get started!

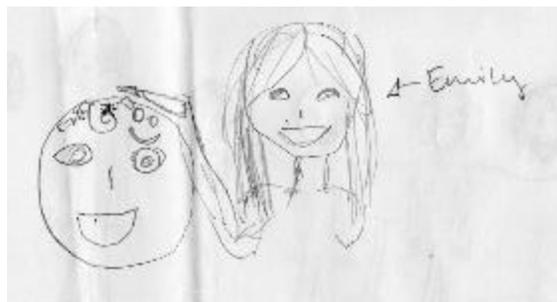


### Activity 1: Scalp Drawing

This activity is for the bald person with artistic friends. Someone out of paper?

Let them use you head.

Materials: sharpie or marker



### Activity 2: Becoming a Stegosarus

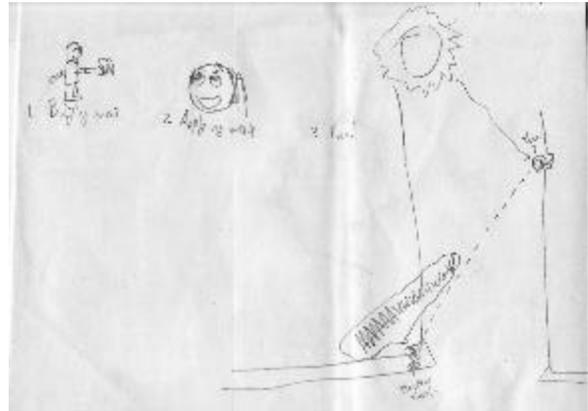
Nothing is sexier than a dinosaur, unless it's YOU!

That's right, with just some colored foam or cardboard and glue, you too can be a sexy, sexy dino-man!



### Activity Tres: Blinding People

All of the previous activities have been for on or two people. This one takes one! With some wax and a sunny day, you can have lots of fun from your lonesome apartment!



### Activity Four: Discovering the musical potential of your baldness!

Did you know that Tibetan monks would often use their bald heads as drums in order to summon the spirits of their ancestors? No? That's because they didn't! But with this easy diagram, you can fulfill the tremendous musical potential that the Tibetan monks never managed (or tried) to achieve.



### Activity #5:

If you're bald, and you miss your bi-weekly decision of choosing what hair style to get.....Draw a hair style on with a sharpie! So don't be Maz Baldy - Be glad!

### Activity # 6: Make a face on the back of your head!

In some ancient cultures, hunters would paint faces on the back of their heads so that the animal wouldn't know which side their real face was. Now that you are bald you can do that too!

1. paint eyes, nose and mouth on the back of your head (you might have to ask a friend for help)  
It's really the back of your head ?
2. Make a moustache out of your friends hair and glue it right above your lip



### About the authors:

Willamae Boling (mamma Willamae): is a Baller for life!  
Emily: is also pretty cool.  
Phorest: is our guinea pig/lab rat, because he is BALD!  
Ian: is pretty much too good at Wink. We love you!  
Delaney: is a wonderful nymph, and basically the bomb!  
Jordan: is the coolest newbie. You're a cuti.

