



**Release Your
Heart Song**



Diane Stanhope

*Connecting you
with Fragrance
that will "Warm
the heart, Enliven
the Senses and
Inspire the Soul"*

For more Info.

<https://dianestanhope.scentsy.ca>



BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!

Volume 3, Issue 4 April, 2022

A Passing of an Old Friend

An obituary printed in the London Times

– Interesting and sadly rather true.



Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend – Common Sense – who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old

he was since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as:

- Knowing when to come in out of the rain;
- Why the early bird gets the worm;
- Life isn't always fair;
- And maybe it was my fault.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies

(adults, not children, are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an aspirin to a student, but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the churches became businesses, and criminals received better treatment

than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap and was promptly awarded a huge settlement. Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents – Truth and Trust, by his wife – Discretion, and by his daughter – Responsibility, and by his son – Reason.

He is survived by his four stepbrothers: I Know My Rights, I Want It Now, Someone Else Is To Blame, and I'm a Victim.

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone.

**Weighting
On You!**

**What's Eating
You?**

**Working From The
Inside Out**

With
Aunt Lizzie

www.lifewithauntlizzie.com
519-520-2922



**Complete Ebook and
Flipbook Design,
Creation and Publishing**

Norah Deay

www.cloudpublishings.com

**YOUR ONE-STOP
FOR ALL YOUR
EBOOK AND
FLIPBOOK
NEEDS**

130 +
Books
Published



Connect, Learn Grow

Website Design, Training, Support
www.peopleinconnection.com
905-387-1883

Chatterbox News

Published monthly by
Red Barn Publishing

Editor/Publisher

Liz Underhill

Advertising

Liz Underhill

Contributors

Klara Kravitz
Aunt Lizzie
Poet Cal

Buzz Lightly (aka) Doug Lester

To contact

The Chatterbox News

Tel: (519) 520-2922

www.lifewithauntlizzie.com

liz@lizunderhill.com

Mailing address

Email or

To place an ad and support
uplifting and humorous news,
please email

liz@lizunderhill.com

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I know that soon the flowers will be poking their wee heads out for their first experience of Mother Nature. The sun is getting warmer every day and heating up the ground for their new cycle to begin.

Water replaces the snow and nurtures all the life that is busy underground allowing all the beautiful colours and smells that I breathe in with gusto every year at this time.

Easter is later in this month and we will see all the Easter bonnets parading around on a Sunday. People coming out in droves also experiencing their fluttering wings after hibernating all winter.

In our scramble for the "good" life, I think about all the things that are here and free for all of us to enjoy.

I had to print the story below reminding us all just how "rich" we really are.

When was the last time you really took the time to listen to the birds calling forth their own bit of nature, getting ready to populate their species once again, trying desperately to make a nest wherever they feel the safety for their little ones.

Hear the cricks running and maybe even throw in your fishing pole. Take the time to accumulate "Riches Beyond Your Wildest Dreams". Liz Underhill

The True Meaning of Being Poor

A rich parent wishing that his son learns what it means to lack the luxury he lived in, sent him to stay with farmers on their farm. The son spent three days and three nights on the farm.

Driving back to the city, the father enquired on his son's experiences, to which the son replied that his stay was a positive one.

"Have you learned anything?" asked the father.

"Oh yes", replied the son:

1. "We have one dog while they have four.
2. We have a swimming pool as large as our garden and is chemically treated; they have a river with crystal clear water, full of various types of fish and fauna.
3. We use electricity to light up our garden; they have the moon and the stars to brighten up their fields.
4. Our garden extends up to the boundary wall; their land up to the horizon.
5. We buy our food; they grow it in their fields, harvest it and cook it.
6. Our music comes from CDs; their lives are brightened by a continuous symphony of birds, crickets, animals and other sounds from nature...and which, on occasion, is also accompanied by the voices of neighbours working in the adjoining fields.
7. That we use microwaves and other modern appliances, but our food lacks the flavour of their food, which is cooked on a slow-burning fire.
8. That to protect ourselves, we live behind walls and burglar alarms while they live with doors wide open and protected by their neighbours' friendship.
9. That our lives are dependent on mobile phones, computers, television and theirs is enriched by life, the sun, the sky, the land, their livestock and their families."

The father was utterly stunned by his son's reflections. His son then added: "In a nutshell, thank you for showing me how poor we are!"

Indeed, with every passing day, we tend to become poorer because we distance ourselves further from nature, the greatest gift to mankind, and we are more pre-occupied with accumulating possessions and riches rather than enjoying this wonderful gift of nature and being thankful for being alive and well.



**Holistic Medicine And
Energy Therapy**



www.takebackyourhealth.ca
Jen@takebackyourhealth.ca
519-280-0592

**Weighting
On You!**




**What's Eating
You?**

**Working From The
Inside Out**

**With
Aunt Lizzie**



www.lifewithauntlizzie.com
519-520-2922

**ST. THOMAS
HYPNOTHERAPY
& MORE**

**Helping Busy Women Achieve
A Less Stressed Life Through
Sacred Bliss Massage
Hypnosis**

www.stthomashypnototherapy.com
Phone: 226-289-5015

Two old ladies were attending a rather long church service. One leaned over and said, "My butt is going to sleep."
"I know," whispered her companion. "I heard it snore three times."

**PODCAST COVER
ART**



**TO REFLECT THE
DESIGNER IN YOU**

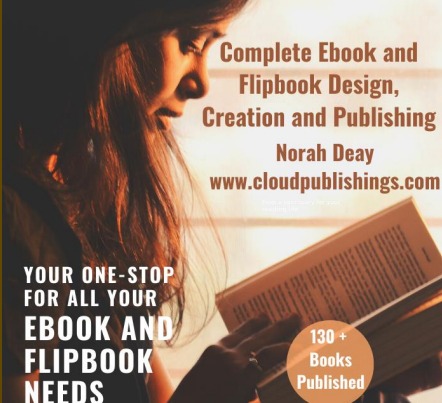
**For Your Quote:
519-520-2922**

**Complete Ebook and
Flipbook Design,
Creation and Publishing**

Norah Deay
www.cloudpublishings.com

**YOUR ONE-STOP
FOR ALL YOUR
EBOOK AND
FLIPBOOK
NEEDS**

**130+
Books
Published**



**IS YOUR
WOODSTOVE
SAFE?**

Inspect and clean your chimney regularly to prevent chimney fires.

Burn dry wood to reduce excessive creosote build-up.

Remove ashes safely only when cooled.



Grandparents—Ours and The Mouths of Babes



1. When my grandson Billy and I entered our vacation cabin, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects. Still, a few fireflies followed us in. Noticing them before I did, Billy whispered, "It's no use Grandpa, now the mosquitoes are coming after us with 'flashlight'."

2. A second-grader came home from school and said to her grand-

mother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today." The grandmother, more than a little surprised tried to keep her cool. "That's interesting," she said. "How do you make babies?" "It's simple," replied the girl. "You just change 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'."

3. A grandfather was delivering his grandchildren to their home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the fire truck was a Dalmatian dog. The children started discussing the dog's duties. "They use him to keep crowds back," said one child. "No," said another. "He's just for good luck." A third child brought the ar-

gument to a close. "They use the dogs," she said firmly, "to find the fire hydrants."

4. A 6-year-old was asked where his grandma lives. "Oh," he said, "she lives at the airport, and when we want her, we just go get her. Then, when we're done having her visit, we take her back to the airport."

5. My grandparents are funny, when they bend over, you hear gas leaks and they blame their dog.

I have metal fillings in my teeth. My frig magnets keep pulling me into the kitchen. That's why I can't lose weight!



"Soup ta Nuts"

Easter

I was rummaging through the old trunk the other day and came upon an old Easter Bonnet that I had when I was a wee one – wee being in years not size, well not that I'm not wee there too, well maybe not that wee but at least a wee cut above.

Easter is fast approaching and this year I have decided to take Clem and myself to church which could be quite a chore folks as Clem is stubborn about getting into his churchin duds. The last time I saw that man in a suit was when I used him for cut-outs. I cut out his picture and pasted a nice looking suit I found in an advertisement, just to see what he would look like. A gal can dream, can't she?

He says he has a suit and if he could be there to control it, he would see to it that it wasn't on him when he croaked; he wants to go to heaven in his coveralls and that way everyone will know him. He is sure they will pass him by if he arrives in a suit.

I asked him what made him so sure he was on his way up and not going down when he passed on. He said he has always followed the golden rule "do unto others as you would have them do unto you". So when the town drunk Archie Baldwin landed on the farm and tried to ride our pet cow Croaker, why Clem offered him a gallon of his freshly-made corn whiskey.

I asked Clem why the heck he did that and he said why if he (Clem) was such a fool as to land on someone else's' property doing some fool thing, why he hoped he could get some free whiskey too.

"What goes around, comes around," he reminded me with a twinkle in his eye. "Do a good deed for someone and it expands 10 fold.

I just don't know if I have enough containers to receive it." I am re-thinking this thing about dragging him off to church. I just know it will be a huge fight to get him into nice clothes, and to coax him into getting a haircut. He just hates getting his hair cut and I am not going with his hair in a ponytail. I noticed the other day that the hair in his ears and nose will soon be matching the length of his grey locks.

Sometimes I look at old pictures of that hunk of a man of mine and look at more modern pictures and soon realize that the hunk has sunk. I am now wondering if what goes around comes around, he will do the same with me.

I am now picturing the most beautiful, muscular man with black wavy hair, a huge smile plastered on his face, and crystal-blue eyes looking at me adoringly, walking me into church on Easter Sunday. Do you think that would do it?


I will have to explore this more and report back to you; meanwhile, watch for me coming through your church door with the best looking guy there. Happy Easter. Klara



True Friendship!

Are you tired of those sissy 'friendship' poems that always sound good, but never actually come close to reality? Well, here is a series of promises that actually speak of true friendship. You will see no cute little smiley faces on this – just the stone-cold truth of a great friendship.

1. When you are sad, I will help you get drunk and plot revenge against the sorry jerk that made you sad.
2. When you are blue, I will try to dislodge whatever is choking you.
3. When you smile, I will know you are thinking of something that I would probably want to be involved in.
4. When you are scared, I will rag on you about it every chance I get until you're NOT.
5. When you are worried, I will tell you horrible stories about how much worse it could be until you quit whining.
6. When you are confused, I will try to use only little words.
7. When you are sick, stay the heck away from me until you are well again. I don't want whatever you have.
8. When you fall, I will laugh at your clumsy butt, but I'll help you up.
9. This is my other...I pledge it to the end. "Why?" you may ask – because you are my friend. Friendship is like peeing your pants, everyone can see it, but only you can feel the true warmth.



**ST. THOMAS
HYPNOTHERAPY
& MORE**

Helping Busy Women Achieve
A Less Stressed Life Through
Sacred Bliss Massage
Hypnosis

www.stthomashypnototherapy.com
Phone: 226-289-5015

**Holistic Medicine And
Energy Therapy**



www.takebackyourhealth.ca
Jen@takebackyourhealth.ca
519-280-0592



**Healing a
Heart's loss**

live. laugh. love again.

.....

Offering
Grief Counselling,
Resources and Courses
for
Individuals, Families,
and Counsellors

.....

www.healingaheartloss.com
bsaunders@healingaheartloss.com
519-637-8458



Those Were The Good Old Days!

You have to be a certain age to appreciate this. I can hear my mother now. THE BASIC RULES FOR CLOTHES-LINES. (If you don't know what clothes-lines are, better skip this).

1. You had to wash the clothesline before hanging any clothes – walk the entire lengths of each line with a damp cloth around the lines.
2. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order, and always hang “whites” with “whites”, and hang them first.
3. You never hung a shirt by the shoulders – always by the tail! What would the neighbours think?
4. Wash day on a Monday! Never hang clothes on the weekend, or Sunday for Heaven's sake.
5. Hang the sheets and towels on the outside lines so you could hide your “unmentionables” in the middle (perverts and busybodies, y'know!)
6. It didn't matter if it was sub-zero weather...clothes would “freeze-dry”.
7. Always gather the clothes pins when taking down dry clothes. Pins left on the lines were ‘tacky’.
8. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothes pins, but shared one of the clothes pins with the next washed item.
9. Clothes off of the line before dinner time, neatly folded in the clothes basket and ready to be ironed.
10. IRONED?

A Clothesline Poem

A clothesline was a news forecast
To neighbors passing by,
There were no secrets you could keep
When clothes were hung to dry.

It also was a friendly link
For neighbors always knew
If company had stopped on by
To spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the “fancy sheets”
And towels upon the line;
You'd see the “company table cloths”
With intricate designs.

The line announced a baby's birth
From folks who lived inside
As brand new infant clothes
were hung,
So carefully with pride!

The ages of the children could
So readily be known
By watching how the sizes changed,
You'd know how much they'd grown!

It also told when illness struck,
As extra sheets were hung;
Then nightclothes,
and a bathrobe, too,
Haphazardly were strung.

It also said, “Gone on vacation now”
When lines hung limp and bare.
It told, “We're back!” when full lines
sagged
With not an inch to spare!

New folks in town were scorned up-
on
If wash was dingy and gray,
As neighbours carefully
raised their brows,
And looked the other way...

But clotheslines now are of the past,
For dryers make work much less.
Now what goes on inside a home
Is anybody's guess!

I really miss that way of life.
It was a friendly sign
When neighbors knew each other
best
By what hung on the line.

Author Unknown

Dog and People Business

Quotable Quotes

"Happy Tails To
You"

If there are no dogs
in Heaven, when I
die I want to go
where they went.
Will Rogers

One reason a dog can be such a
comfort when you're feeling blue is
that he doesn't try to find out why.
Author unknown

The average dog is a nicer person
than the average person. *Andy Rooney*

Everything I need to know I learned
from my dog. When loved ones come
home, always run to greet them. Never
pass up the opportunity to go for a
joyride. Allow the experience of fresh
air and the wind in your face to be
pure ecstasy. *Author unknown*

If you pick up a starving dog and
make him prosperous, he will not bite
you; that is the principal difference
between a dog and a man. *Mark
Twain*

A man many smile and bid you hello,
yet wish you to the devil; but when a
good dog wags his tail, you know he's
on the level. *Author unknown*

There is no psychiatrist in the world
like a puppy licking your face. *Ben
Williams*

Scratch a dog and you'll find a per-
manent job. *Franklin P. Jones*

Don't accept your dog's admiration
as conclusive evidence that you are
wonderful. *Ann Landers*

Properly trained, a man can be dog's
best friend. *Corey Ford*

I wonder if other dogs think poodles
are members of a weird religious cult.
Rita Rudner

Ever consider what our dogs must
think of us? I mean here we come
back from a grocery store with the
most amazing haul – chicken, pork,
half a cow. They must think we're the
greatest hunters on earth! *Ann Tyler*



Anybody who doesn't know what
soap tastes like never washed a dog.
Franklin P. Jones

If I have any beliefs about immortali-
ty, it is that certain dogs I have known
will go to heaven – and very, very few
persons. *James Thurber*

The most affectionate creature in
the world is a wet dog. *Ambrose
Bierce*

My dog is worried about the econo-
my because Alpo is up to \$3 a can.
That's almost \$21. in dog money. *Joe
Weinstein*

If your dog is fat, you aren't getting
enough exercise. *Author unknown*

My goal in life is to be as good a per-
son as my dog already thinks I am.
Author unknown

Dogs love their friends and bite their
enemies, quite unlike people, who are
incapable of pure love and always,
have to mix love and hate. *Sigmund
Freud*

Dogs are not our whole life, but they
make our lives whole. *Roger Caras*

The reason a dog has so many
friends is that he wags his tail instead
of his tongue. *Author unknown*

Women and cats will do as they
please, and men and dogs should re-
lax and get used to the idea. *Robert
A. Heinlein*

Children's Logic

"Give me a sentence about a
public servant," said the
teacher. The small boy wrote:
"The fireman came down the
ladder pregnant." The teacher
took the lad aside to correct
him. "Don't you know what
pregnant means?" she asked.
"Sure," said the young boy
confidently. "It means carrying
a child."



What Do Seniors Do All Day?

Working people frequently ask retired
people what they do to make their
days interesting. Well, for example, the
other day, Bev, my wife, and I went into
town and visited a shop. When we
came out, there was a cop writing out
a parking ticket.

We went up to him and I said, "Come
on man, how about giving a senior citi-
zen a break?"

He ignored us and continued writing
the ticket. I called him a jerk. He glared
at me and started writing another tick-
et for having worn-out tires.

So Bev called him a smart ass. He
finished the second ticket and put it on
the windshield with the first. Then he
started writing more tickets. This went
on for about twenty minutes. The more
we abused him, the more tickets he
wrote.

Just then our bus arrived and we got
on it and went home. We try to have a
little fun each day now that we're re-
tired. It's important at our age.



PREPARED BY
April LaRoche

TAXSMART
30 Year's Experience

Personal to Business

NO TASK TOO LARGE!

apriltaxsmart@gmail.com
519-871-2017

Excerpts from a Dog's Diary

8:00 am – Dog food! My favourite thing!
 9:30 am – A car ride! My favourite thing!
 9:40 am – A walk in the park! My favourite thing!
 10:30am – Got rubbed and petted! My favourite thing!
 12:00pm – Lunch! My favourite thing!
 1:00pm – Played in the yard! My favourite thing
 3:00pm – Wagged my tail! My favourite thing!
 5:00pm – Milk bones! My favourite thing!
 7:00pm – Got to play ball! My favourite thing!
 8:00pm – Wow! Watched TV with the people! My favourite thing!
 11:00pm – Sleeping on the bed! My favourite thing!



Excerpts from a Cat's Diary



Day 983 of my captivity...

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets.

Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength. In an attempt to disgust them, I once again vomit on the carpet. The only thing that keeps me going is my dream of escape.

Today I decapitated a mouse and dropped its headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into

their hearts since it clearly demonstrates what I am capable of; however, they merely made condescending comments about what a 'good little hunter' I am. Dummies!

There was some sort of assembly of their accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event; however, I could hear the noises and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of 'allergies'. I must learn what this means and how to use it to my advantage.

Today I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow – but at the top of the stairs.

I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released – and seems to be more than willing to return. He is obviously has some screws loose.

The bird has got to be an informant. I observe him communicating with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe. For now.

Traffic Camera

My husband (who is convinced he is a better driver than anyone) was driving when he saw the flash of a traffic camera. He figured that his picture had been taken for exceeding the limit even though he knew that he was not speeding.

Just to be sure, he went around the block and passed the same spot, driving even more slowly, but again the camera flashed.

Now he began to think that this was quite funny, so he drove even slower

as he passed the area once more, but the traffic camera again flashed.

He tried a fourth and fifth time with the same results and was now laughing as the camera flashed while he rolled past at a snail's pace.

Two weeks later he got five tickets in the mail for driving without a seat belt. You can't fix stupid.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY!

Never hold your gas in because it travels up your spine to your brain and then you have crappy ideas!

The Kids



Theodore: What is the best way to paint a rabbit?

Thaddeus: I'm in the dark.

Theodore: With hare spray.

Q. Why does your hand get tired after writing with a pencil for a long time

A. Because the pencil is full of lead.

Q. Why did Jack and Jill roll down the hill?

A They got tired of walking.

Q. Why is it impossible to have rain for two nights in a row?

A Because there is a day between.

Q. Why did the man go off the side of the cliff with his truck?

A He wanted to test his air brakes.

Q. Why is no one allowed to touch live wires?

A It's too shocking.

Q. Why did they let the turkey join the band?

A Because it had the drumsticks.

Q. Why did a, e, i, o, and u get in trouble?

A They used vowel language.

Bob Phillips

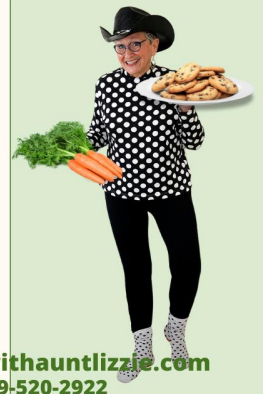
Weighting On You!

What's Eating You?

Working From The Inside Out

With Aunt Lizzie

www.lifewithauntlizzie.com
 519-520-2922



Be Careful Where Ya Hang Ye're Hat Hat



Murphy showed up at Mass one Sunday and the priest almost fell down when he saw him. He'd never been to church in his life.

After Mass, the priest caught up with him and said, "Murphy, I am so glad ya decided to come to Mass. What made ya come?"

Murphy said, "I got to be honest with ya Father. A while back, I misplaced me hat and I really, really, loved me hat.

I know that McGlynn has a hat just like mine and I know he comes to church every Sunday. I also know that he'd take off his hat during Mass. So, I was going to steal McGlynn's hat and leave after Communion."

The priest said, "Well, Murphy, I notice that ya didn't steal McGlynn's hat. What changed your mind?"

Murphy replied, "Well after I heard your sermon on the 10 Commandments, I decided that I didn't need to steal McGlynn's hat after all."

With a tear in his eye, the priest gave Murphy a big smile and said: "So after 'Thou Shalt Not Steal' ya decided you'd rather do without your hat than burn in Hell?"

Murphy slowly shook his head. "No, Father, after 'Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery', I remembered where I left me hat."

WEIGHTY MATTERS!

I'm going to order a broiled chicken breast but I want you to bring me lasagna and garlic bread by mistake.

The handle on your recliner does not qualify as an exercise machine.

With a little Bit of Luck

Lessons from Life's Journey by Buzz Lightly (aka) Doug Lester

Sucker Fishing

As an adult, I find the sucker a repulsive fish. As a boy it provided many hours of entertainment and delight.

The white sucker or *Catostomus commersonii* as it is called in scientific circles is a bottom-feeding fish that inhabits shallow streams and rivers.

As a boy, the true beginning of Spring was Easter weekend, especially when Easter came late in April. We had a long weekend and Easter Monday was the day we lived for. We would dig in the edge of the garden for worms and fill a can with long juicy earthworms. With our fishing poles and a bag lunch we would set out for the creek.

Our favourite spot was on a river under a trestle bridge. Part of the day involved walking across the trestle bridge. High above the river we walked the ties listening for the possibility of a train. Once that drama was completed we would get down to the serious business of fishing. With a little bit of luck the suckers would be spawning and the water would be filled with them.

Although we eventually had a pole with a reel, our early poles were simply a six-foot sapling trimmed with 30 feet of line, a sinker, and a hook. We baited our hooks and the fun began.

Suckers don't fight a lot but they are big and when their torpedo-shaped body came writhing toward the surface, we were wild with excitement.

At our favourite fishing hole the water was shallow and the bank was often muddy so it wouldn't be long before one of us would fall in. Soon we were all standing waist-deep in the cool water trying to catch suckers with our hands. We were all good swimmers so we never feared losing one of us.

After a water romp we would sit in the warm spring sunshine eating our lunches and basking in the freedom. Although we usually took home a string of fish to brag about, they were never on our mother's cook list. Instead they ended up as garden fertilizer.

Each spring as I watch children along the creek banks I remember sunny boyhood days and wish them luck.



POETIC ENDEAVOURS

FRESH SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN

What is so bright as sun-washed light
when the clouds have shed their load.

When all is clean, just rain washed
clean

when no dust comes from the road.

See roadside gravels, in your travels
asphalt sprinkled with small stones.

Where the overflow, from ditch did go
flattened grasses, many tones.

When rains came through, what did we
do

we scooted fast to shelter

The end await, see the storm abate
watch the clouds go helter-skelter.

So often we don't pause to see
take note the beauty side
When our lands are fresh, cleanliness
we simply rains abide.

Tis Nature's way, to rinse away
the smog and mankind's litter.
When we next have rain, have no pain
see our fresh world all a-glitter!