

A new sign hung on the door of her mother's writing room: *Word Smithery. Do Not Disturb*. Upon entering she asks, "What does it mean?" Her mother replies, "This is a room where stories get written. Whoever enters without permission cannot stay without writing a good story." She removed and tore the note, taping her own replacement: *You can come in!*:) "You can, but at your own risk", says her mother.

Soon after, the door inches open. An apple rolls across the floor bearing two long-haired stick figures surrounded by hearts etched in its skin. A few minutes creep by, a banana with the message "I love you, mom." Then a potato followed by a napkin ... and the stories become longer, lusty and lasting.