

No Smooshing!

This Free E-Book is brought to you by Natural-Aging.com.

100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment
Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!

No Smooshing!

By Gary E. Anderson

No Smooshing!

by: **Gary E. Anderson**

From the book No Smooshing!

Gary E. Anderson

www.abciowa.com

High school football is in full swing, and it's fun to sit in the stands on a crisp autumn night and watch our kids play. It can also be the source of some pretty funny comments by the fans, especially mothers who may be watching the only football games they'll ever witness—or care to witness, for that matter.

For instance, during one recent game, our cheerleaders were standing with their backs to the field, leading a cheer of "hold `em, hold `em!" when one of the fathers in the stands yelled out, "Girls! I think that's illegal!"

He was right, of course, since our team happened to be on offense at the time.

But the real gem of that night was an observation made by the halfback's mother. After watching her son trying to run off-tackle twice in a row, only to get caught up in a tangled pile of bodies at the line of scrimmage, she said, "You know, it seems to me they'd do a lot better if they wouldn't all just smoosh together like that."

Although her comment brought gales of laughter from everyone around her, and the rest of the night was punctuated by various people yelling "no smooshing!" toward the players on the field, I had to admit—the lady was right. Our plays would have gone better if everyone just stopped smooshing.

All the next week, that "no smooshing" comment kept playing through my mind, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized that life itself is like that football game. The key to success often lies in our ability to avoid getting caught up in the tangle of everyday problems and to break into the open

No Smooshing!

field—in other words, to avoid smooshing.

That unintentionally profound statement also proved to be the kind of wisdom that only comes about when a person doesn't know enough about a situation to know that something is "impossible." There were perfectly logical reasons for all the smooshing going on out there on the field, but that mom didn't know about any of them—so she came up with a simple solution to the problem. I could relate, since I'd experienced a perfect example of that when my friend Digger and I were still in high school.

We had decided that we wanted to write and sell jingles for the radio commercials. Filled with youthful enthusiasm, we threw ourselves into our quest and before a month had passed, we'd already sold three. Then one night, during the recording session for our third jingle, an advertising executive happened to tell us how amazing it was that two kids could have done the impossible by selling jingles—when everyone knew it could only be done by the most accomplished, professional musicians.

That was the last jingle we ever sold.

We'd stopped running in the open field and bogged down in the tangle of bodies at the line of scrimmage—we smooshed.

So if you have a dream, hold it up to the light, keep your eyes on it at all times, and above all—never let anyone tell you that what you're trying to do is impossible.

And whenever you find yourself beginning to lose heart—stop, take a deep breath, and repeat these words: "No smooshing!"

© Gary E. Anderson. All rights reserved.

Gary Anderson is a freelance writer, editor, ghostwriter, and manuscript analyst, living on a small Iowa farm. He's published more than 500 articles and four books. He's also ghosted a dozen books, edited more than 30 full-length manuscripts, produced seven newsletters, and has done more than 800 manuscript reviews for various publishers around the nation. If you need writing or editing help, visit Gary's website at

www.abciowa.com

.

abciowa@alpinecom.net

The Sadness of Old Buildings

By Gary E. Anderson

From the book No Smooshing!

No Smooshing!

Gary E. Anderson

www.abciowa.com

For years, I've carried on a not-so-friendly debate with some of my artist friends from the West Coast about their ideas of what constitutes a good subject. We seem to be able to agree on certain things, like apples and oranges—and even certain landscapes. But when it comes to their paintings of dilapidated old farm buildings, we part company.

Some folks see rundown farmhouses and caved-in barns as romantic. Artists paint pictures of buildings with weathered boards, leaning at impossible angles—and people take those paintings home and hang them on their walls.

But for me, I see those same abandoned farmsteads as unspeakably sad. After all, each one of those boarded up farmhouses represents the death of someone's hopes and dreams for the future of their children and themselves.

I get the same sad feeling whenever I pass through a small town that was once a thriving place, full of life and activity, but now sits empty and lifeless, slowly crumbling back into the black earth from which it sprang. Last week, I was lost on some back road (not an unusual situation for me) when I came across just such a ghost town.

There was no name that I could see, but there were three buildings, huddled next to each other against the prairie wind, and I could still make out some faded letters above their doors. The first one had been a general store, the second a garage, but it was the third building that captured my imagination. On its side was printed the word "Hotel."

Hotel? The word seemed so incongruous. After all, what could have been the attraction in this little town that would have warranted a hotel? There didn't seem to be anything of interest in the area, and if any place in the world could have been said to be in the middle of nowhere, this little town was it!

And how did people get to this village in order to stay in this mysterious hotel? I saw no railroad tracks, and there's only one road running through town.

The garage implied the town was still alive when cars came into general use, but cars have been around a long time, and that still didn't explain the need for a hotel in a town with only two other buildings.

Perhaps that's why my artist friends find old buildings and farmsteads so intriguing. There's definitely a sense of mystery about them—stories that will never be known. On that much, we can agree. But no one can convince me those lonely scenes are picturesque.

I can hardly look at old towns like that without being overcome with a sadness that's difficult to explain. What are the stories of those forlorn storefronts? Why did people come to that little town and stay in their little hotel? What about the rusty skeleton of a combine on the edge of town, its bones bleaching

in the sun?

I don't know, and I never will--and ghosts don't talk. Just don't try to tell me that such a scene is something I'd want to hang on my wall and look at every day.

© 2004. Gary E. Anderson. All rights reserved.

Gary Anderson is a freelance writer, editor, ghostwriter, and manuscript analyst, living on a small Iowa farm. He's published more than 500 articles and four books. He's also ghosted a dozen books, edited more than 30 full-length manuscripts, produced seven newsletters, and has done more than 800 manuscript reviews for various publishers around the nation. If you need writing or editing help, visit Gary's website at

www.abciowa.com

.

abciowa@alpinecom.net

Related Content:

[The Sadness of Old Buildings](#)

Read more Content at

[: A genuine resource center for Quality Ebooks and Softwares](#)

No Smooshing!



This Free E-Book has been brought to you by Natural-Aging.com.

[100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment](#)
Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!