

*The*  
**BOOK**  
*of*  
**EMOTIONS**

*Or — how it feels to feel*

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# A heart project and an invitation

Sometimes we shut down, turn off our emotions. It might be our way to make it through. Our way to stay sane and keep some parts of ourselves safe.

Almost everybody do it, but some of us have felt the need to tune out for long periods, months or even years.

For me, it became years. The chaos around and within me was too complex to cope with. Without really noticing I pushed my feelings down and away and emotion after emotion was shut off.

And then the day came when I felt safe and secure enough to want to smile and I noticed that I lost the ability to freely feel.

## THE BOOK OF EMOTIONS

My wish is to create a book on emotions and feelings. A guide to everybody or anybody who have shut down or lost their own system of navigation.

It would give me, personally, a greater knowledge and support in my journey and I hope it can be of help to others.

## THE INVITATION

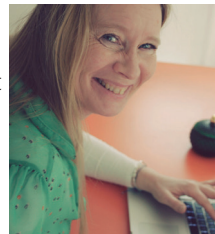
Each month during 2017 the door to explore one emotion will be opened. I will do it with my craft – graphic art and book design. But a books is nothing without words and I am not a writer.

My invitation goes out to all heart leaders, highly sensitives, empaths and survivors that feel called to write and contribute with their perspective on feelings and emotions.

Coming together we can create a small encyclopedia on emotions for anybody and everybody who needs guidance.

If you feel called to contribute you will find information on the website for the project: [bookofemotions/annalinder.com](http://bookofemotions/annalinder.com)

**ANNA LINDER** is a Swedish based graphic artist supporting heart leaders and soulful women to craft beautiful brands, books and web designs that align their vision and story. The Book of Emotions is her heart project. Website: [annalinder.com](http://annalinder.com)



**ANGER**





# Hello Anger. How Can I Help You?

AIMEE DUFRESNE

It raged like wildfire, unexpected across my chest, from right to left. A searing sensation I had not ever before experienced. As it raged to exit, it took my breath along with it.

We were filming a series of videos for my healthy eating coaching business. My hands had been plagued with an extreme case of eczema for the last month. I would wake up in the middle of the night to find myself scratching away at my skin, blood seeping out of dry, scaly and painful cracks. Trying all types of creams, lotions and products claiming to be magic potions proved ineffective. Everything from purely organic to completely synthetic and everything in between was applied to no avail.

Grateful it was contained to my hands, I made a request to the cameraman (who also happened to be my husband) to not film my hands directly and focus more on the food. After a few takes, he showed me the shots. Hands. Hands. And more hands. So many close-ups on what I had specifically asked him to avoid.

That's when it happened. As if someone had lit a match and dropped it in a trail of gasoline. It left me hunched over, gasping for air.

Tingling remained where the flames had passed through, tiny embers

still ignited. In the bathroom, I raised my shirt to reveal a bright red welt running the length of my chest.

Visits to doctors, allergists and naturopaths brought no conclusive diagnosis, nor treatment option.

No one knew how much anger I had stuffed down inside me. Not even me. So much that it had reached boiling point and was now bursting through my being.

Stuffing down my anger started innocently enough. Expressing anger as a child was overridden by my need to be liked, living up to my reputation as a 'good girl'. Good girls didn't get angry.

That need to be liked matured into an obsession as I got older.

The day after losing a great love of my life in an accident, a relative came up to me to say how they were scared they would lose their husband one day. *I can't help you with your fear*, I replied. *Not while I'm living the reality myself.*

I was angry. Very angry.

So very angry I expressed my anger at the interaction with a friend. *Give them a break. No one knows what to say, and we're all grieving in our own way.* No acknowledgment or validation of my anger. Still, it continued to simmer under the surface.

And I continued to see things through the eyes of others, completely ignoring myself, believing my views invalid and doing my best to answer questions with what whoever was asking actually wanted to hear, silencing my inner self. Until that day she screamed so loudly to be let out, it left a bright red welt across my body.

Anger had seared its way out of me. I was terrified it would overtake me.

But all Anger wanted was exactly what I wanted: Acknowledgement. Hey, I'm here, don't ignore me! I have something to say! I'm important too.

So now I give Anger the acknowledgment it wants. I know the Anger

*Anger comes to remind me of my dreams and intentions when I've lost my way. Anger is a compass leading me back on my path and purpose.*

isn't me, it's just a visitor that has shown up to give me a message. Rather than shoving it down, cramming up the space of my inner being, ignoring it until it shouts, or flicking it away with positive affirmations that don't feel true, I get curious. I sit down with it. *How can I help you? What do you need?* Listening intently to hear what Anger has to say.

Anger asks for different things. Sometimes it's a warm bath, a moment of silence, or a deep breath. Anger comes to remind me of my dreams and intentions when I've lost my way. Anger is a compass leading me back on my path and purpose.

My soul yearned to write, but the lifestyle I had created didn't allow me the time. Healthy eating was a big part of my life, but it was not my purpose. Writing, on the other hand, was soul-enriching. Anger came to deliver the message and reminder to get back on track.

Running a business where I was constantly in the kitchen making food was making my hands worse. A forced break from food prep and constant hand washing was in order. With more time on my hands, I finally gave myself the time and space to write.

Once I began writing, the itch in my hands began to subside. The redness calmed. The cracks healed. The dry scaly parts disappeared.

Anger's message was heard and adhered to, and thus, Anger left.

The next time Anger comes to visit you, take time to acknowledge it. Sit with it. Listen to the message it has come to bring you. Learn from it. Adjust your compass. And thank Anger as it leaves you more of who you are and closer to all you are meant to be.

**AIMEE DUFRESNE** is a Joy Catalyst and soul-shifting creator, coach, traveler, and latte-lover. She offers online guided JOYrides for women ready to shed their shoulders and reclaim their power. She's also the proud author of *Keep Going: From Grief to Growth*. Find out more at [aimeedufresne.com](http://aimeedufresne.com).





WHAT'S THE COLOR OF ANGER?

*Anger has no color, it's  
translucent and feels bland.*

EMMA

*Anger is dark vibrant burgundy  
or an ignoring white. It can  
also be a sharp furious hard to  
place yellow.*

ANNA

*Red!  
Like an exploding volcano.*

KARINA

*Anger is white at the center  
and intensifies through yellow,  
orange ending in a red edge.*

LOTTA

*Anger is a rolled up black  
tangled furry ball!*

SUSANNA

*Fiery red! Blood red.  
From a deep earthen space!*

ISABELLE

*The color of anger  
pulsates and changes..*

MARIA

# Anger

TRACY STAMPER

Anger has been vilified, and he's rather angry about it.

The only ones who have reason to be scared of Anger are those who haven't dared to look him in the eye. Anger shows up as an ally. Only when he is ignored does he call on Rage for backup. Anger comes as a protector. He takes his job quite seriously, and won't leave until satiated.

Anger is action; energy in action on a mission. Anger arrives to tell us that something is amiss. Anger sets us on guard, activating alertness, raising hackles and preparing us to defend our sacred selves from danger. He curls his fingers into fists of force. Knuckles. Angles. Elbows. Kicks. Jabs. Sharp bursts. Action. He grips jaws into a clench, catching breath as the body prepares for fight or flight. And Anger wants to fight. Lava churns, and turns into screaming, guttural vocalizations and talk drenched in vitriol.

This is how you know that Anger has shown up for you.

To show up for Anger means to feel him. See him. Dare to look him in the eye. Honor his divine masculine warrior self.

Anger's purpose is divine protection. The words 'divine' and 'anger' aren't typically found arm-in-arm. Not seeing Anger's divine purpose is

*My body's wisdom says that acknowledging and learning from Anger is the only way to authentically show up in the world with kindness for self and others.*

how he was vilified in the first place. Fear puts blinders on our eyes and a spoke in the wheel of the flow of emotions. Judging Anger as bad, unwelcome or undesirable leaves Anger no choice but to get bigger and louder and call on his bodyguard Rage. The only 'bad' emotions are those that aren't acknowledged or expressed consciously. Welcoming Anger as our wise guide and teacher opens the portal to accessing so much more of our sacred selves.

Having bought into Fear's fearmongering, I used to want to reason my way out of Anger. I misunderstood and judged him, believing him to be a dangerous stranger hell-bent on doing me and / or others harm. I didn't trust him, and I didn't trust myself in his company. I wished him away when I wasn't busy denying he was there. I had swallowed Fear's lies that Anger wasn't welcome or appropriate or polite. 'Polite society' says that Anger is not acceptable, especially for girls and women. My body's wisdom says that acknowledging and learning from Anger is the only way to authentically show up in the world with kindness for self and others.



Give me the truth of kindness over the phoniness of politeness any day. Expressed Anger guides. Stuffed Anger implodes.

Body wisdom says that what is unwelcome is stifling the expression of Anger by sweeping him under the rug. There, hidden from view and denied the TLC he is begging for, he festers and becomes prey to Rage's unpredictable ways. Rage is caustic, red hot and feisty with an unforgiving smoldering that lights the rug on fire. And when those flames creeping up through the carpet are ignored? Rage burns the house down like a wild-fire that won't be contained, leaving the scene pummeled. Rage abhors being ignored. It's far better to befriend Anger as soon as he knocks on the door, before he calls for backup.

Ignoring Anger until he erupts into a destructive dance of Rage is where the problem lies.

Allowing Anger to consciously move through us is how we rise.

Give Anger space and permission to move through you. This is your relationship with Anger, no one else's. Regardless of the cause of the Anger or the reason that he showed up in the first place, he showed up solely for your benefit. Carve out time for just you and Anger. This is how to keep Anger's expression conscious and safe. Let him in. Let his heightened pulse throb down into the tips of your fingers. Feel him beat inside your ribcage. Don't keep him caged. Scream. Blow off steam. Turn on some music with a driving beat and build up heat. Kick. Punch. Yell. Dance mad. Stomp. Pound on a mattress. Grimace, growl, scowl and

*Let Anger's heightened pulse  
throb down into the tips of your  
fingers. Feel him beat inside your  
ribcage. Don't keep him caged.*

snarl. Move the emotion's energy through you until Anger's angst begins to unfurl its fingers and release its grip. And then... then it's time to listen and learn.

When Anger arises, ask him...

*Why are you here?*

*Why do you feel a need to protect me?*

*How can you serve me?*

*How can I serve you?*

*How can I safely and appropriately express you for the highest good of all?*

*What boundaries do I need to draw to protect myself?*

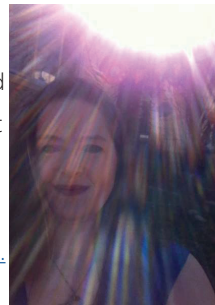
*How can I bring water to the embers rather than fuel to the flame?*

*Anger, how can we dance our way through this together?*

*Here. Take my hand. Let's dance. I trust you. I will follow your lead.*

Eye to eye, with palm to palm in front of your grateful heart, welcome Anger's wisdom and thank him for the sacred service and divine dance.

**TRACY STAMPER** is a dancer at heart, in mind, of body, and with words. Her writing has been featured in *Rebelle Society* and *Elephant Journal*. Her current favorite colors are purple, orange and glitter. She likes her chocolate dark, her inspiration flowing and her car dances to be uninhibited. Website: [facebook.com/shinesistarshine/](https://www.facebook.com/shinesistarshine/)



**FREEDOM**



# Chasing Birds

BRETTON KEATING

I've been struggling to write about freedom.

Writing of it feels, in many regards, the opposite of freeing.

True freedom is something I've only caught a glimpse of a handful of times. In my experience, it sneaks up when we aren't looking. And then just as soon as we notice it there, it's gone.

Freedom comes the thousandth time we try to meditate or when we unintentionally fall in love. Out between who I think I am and whomever I think the world wants me to be, there is a momentary lightness of being. This, in essence, is freedom.

How do we find freedom, elusive bird that she is? She is found in the most contradictory of ways.

I met a man once who said to me, "You will find yourself in a box."

I found the idea interesting, from a distance. At the time, it was not immediately apparent that it was myself I was looking for. But now I believe differently; I think we're on a constant quest for our true selves here. It's a never-ending process of discovery.

When we met, I was looking for a yoga teacher. I had been practicing for over a decade, and my then-current approach to practice largely

entailed doing whatever I felt in my body on a given day. I wanted to be free to move however I wanted to, and so I bounced between teachers and styles according to my schedule and preferences. Any and everyone became a teacher for me.

This man saw through what I appeared to be chasing, to what I was truly seeking. On the outside, we appear to be seeking freedom. We reject whatever it is that feels constricting, only to then wind up more bound than ever. We're bound by our desire for freedom, which we can never, truly, be rid of, until we stop letting it run our lives and make our decisions for us. There is no freedom on the path of relentlessly chasing liberation. In the pursuit, we become bound by our perception of what freedom is and means. We choose only that which will leave us open ended, which is really no choice at all.

In yoga practice we explore the concept of binding. The physical bind appears in certain postures in the form of catching parts of the body, often with the hands. Doing so has purposes unique to each individual posture, but one thread between them is that it creates a closed circuit through which energy can move.

I've heard it said, "Allow the bind to liberate you." The paradox of this notion struck me. Binds don't always feel liberating when you're in them. In my experience, they can feel quite the opposite.

So how does liberation come from a bind, either physical or mental or otherwise? I believe it has to do with that closed circuit, and the movement of energy within. It cannot be forced. The element of surrender to whatever's happening and allowing the energy to flow is absolutely essential. And then, with surrender, eventually, an opening happens. Normally the physical body mirrors our emotional and mental state. There are no fine lines or borders when it comes to the human being. Each of us exists as one connected entity: physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. When we understand this, we can experience something like a deep release in the

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hip, and comprehend that it directly correlates to the emotional breakthrough we happen to be undergoing at the same time. We can break down crying and embrace the tears as a sign that something that needs to go is being released from our story. We are ready to move on.

And in that movement of energy, we find that eventually we stop thinking so damn much and we start to simply be. Until we think about the being and it becomes an analyzed state yet again.

The snippet of time without analysis—for me, that is freedom.

Considering binds as an external construct for creating freedom, I believe that what the man said to me is accurate. Finding ourselves equates freedom. So freedom comes in a box.

A friend of mine pointed out that for evidence of this we can turn to nature. Everything in nature is designed with precise mathematical intricacy. Within the exactness of form and structure, creation happens. We

humans, as part of that very nature, are no different. Everything, when broken down, is composed of fractals, our selves included.

I believe we turn to boxes as forms in which we can understand our true nature and our place in the world. If we see no immediate, external box, we will usually create one with our minds. We humans are incredibly complex, so we're always finding ourselves "stuck" in something. And then we break free of whatever that something was, only to find ourselves knee-deep in something else. But when we can feel free despite the something, we can live with the many something's we encounter, which ultimately equates living with our selves, in our current state or form. And in the living with ourselves, just as we are, we experience lightness of being.

The feeling of true freedom in lightness of being initially came to me the first time I fell in love.

With him, it wasn't so much a falling, as a slow and steady, internal growing. I initially resisted the relationship. I wasn't interested. I didn't want to be "tied down" by him.

But then life happened and I found myself in the relationship, and

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ourselves, as we are.*



when I realized I loved him, we were cycling along the boardwalk of a white-sand beach in the United States. Dusk was twinkling a blanketed arrival, with the fiery ball of a Southern sun having made her decent over the bay on the opposite shore. We were shouting all kinds of crazy-weird things, no care in mind who heard or what anyone else thought. Wrapped in the bubble of a world of our own, I couldn't feel my legs pedaling. My entire body became light. This ability to be, freely, myself, with another person, was something I knew I had experienced before, but not for many years, since childhood, most likely.

In this glimpse of time, words didn't matter, nor did his reciprocity of the notion. Sure, I wanted him to say it, because, like other people, I have attachment to the cold comfort of words. But there are infinity ways to communicate and my heart felt something deeper, and so I didn't feel the need to express any of this. I was fully comfortable in just being. For the first time, certainly in my adult life, but possibly ever.

For me, this is the essence of freedom: fully comfortable in just being. Exactly as we are, with no need to alter or change a thing.

And I would never have found this feeling without some kind of constraint or structure. Within the binds of our relationship, I found freedom.

We do not find freedom chasing after possibility. We find it through commitment. Through facing ourselves, as we are. Through making a choice, and sticking with it. Through the binds that tie us.

I used to think the color of freedom was white. A blank canvas, an empty slate of full potential.

But now I feel differently. White isn't open-ended. White carries a full body of its own.

To me, freedom is the color of the ocean. To one person, it may appear blue, to another green, or purple, or even black, but in reality it's a reflection. It's true color is clear.

Because only when we are able to look at ourselves, honestly and truly,

can we find freedom. And from there, we have the ability to endlessly create, utilizing the fractal forms that we see.

Freedom happens when you can feel free despite being stuck with yourself, in human form, and all the beautiful intricacy and messiness that entails.

Freedom is chasing after birds you know you will never catch, and being okay with that. The chase is what you're after, anyway. Not the birds.

**BRETTON KEATING** is a yoga instructor for adults and children, barre instructor, Reiki healer, writer, and artist. For her heart-centered writings, please visit her blog ([brettonkeating.com](http://brettonkeating.com)). For creative work, including poetry and your fairy tale within, here is her website ([whitecottonrose.com](http://whitecottonrose.com)).



# Freedom

TRACY STAMPER

Freedom has wings and lands in the chest. She befriends, melts into and melds with the heart. She sprouts wings that grow the heart deeper, wider, higher.

To make room for this winged one perched in the heart space, we must expand. Expansion is a telltale sign that Freedom has arrived. Breath expands, creating more room. Like blinds on a window, our ribcage opens up to let in more sunlight and fresh air, and to give Freedom's wings space in which to unfurl.

When made visible, Freedom is a gorgeous, captivating display of streaming light, always moving. Freedom's light show radiates from the center out in rays of clear, bright white light. Sometimes, when the rays catch and reflect the light of the sun, moon and stars, they take on the yellow color of sunshine, moon rays and starlight. Freedom's light sparkles, at times with starburst glints of purple and aqua.

As Freedom's wings first begin to flutter, they can be sensed as tingles, tickles, sparkles, goosebumps, and an uplifted heart soaring. Happy dances, smiles, euphoria and jumping for joy often accompany Freedom's arrival. A sure sign that Freedom has landed is the sensation of our heart

rising. Suddenly, our breath becomes fuller than we can remember since Freedom last left the premises.

Our breath is always a potent barometer of our emotional landscape, moving in different ways when we experience different nuances of emotions. The emotion of Freedom can be sensed quite differently, depending on how she finds us. Freedom can flow towards us from upstream of the emotional river, or we can work our way towards her from downstream. When she flows towards us from upstream, all we have to do is sense the crystal clear water flowing our way. These are the times when uplifting news arrives or opportunity finds us. Imagine receiving the phone call that you got the dream job that allows you to leave a job that is soul-stifling. Imagine the moment of realizing that you are holding a winning lottery ticket that will pay off all your bank notes and still leave you with abundantly ample resources. This Freedom flowing from upstream is the happy dancing Freedom. This is the Freedom that wants to celebrate with fireworks and jumping for joy. She is action-oriented. The thrust of energy is upward. The upper lungs feel as though they have been infused with helium.

When we have to push the river from downstream in order to achieve Freedom, however, the sensation can be different. Imagine having been in a place of angst for weeks while awaiting results of a serious medical test, then receiving the phone call affirming your health. Imagine waiting days to get word that a loved one who was in a natural disaster is found safe and sound. This is Freedom that had to be fought for or earned through the effort of pushing the river from downstream. When we finally arrive into Freedom from downstream, the lower belly floods with breath which then rises up into the upper lungs. Shoulders drop at the same time that the heart lifts. A burst of relief floats up and is then sometimes released through tears trickling down. Our spirit may wish to jump up, but our body suddenly longs to sit or lie down, understanding fully for the first

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expansion and release.*

time how much effort has been expended only once the effort is finally over. The energetic pattern is upward, downward and radial, as breath expands 360 degrees.

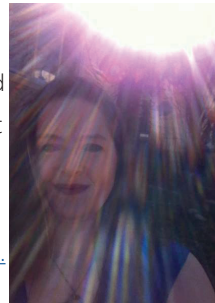
Regardless of the flavor of Freedom, and whether she arrives from upstream with glee or from downstream with relief, she resides in the heart. This is fitting, as whenever Freedom shows up, we are entering into a new relationship with Self. The wings of Freedom move from within to create more room. The movement fans us from within to open up the spaciousness of new energy. Within this open crystalline space is an invitation for a blossoming relationship with Self. There is more room for breath, and whenever our breath deepens, we create more room for inspiration. Freedom helps us breathe our way into heightened creativity. As she flows into us, breath flows through us.

The longer Freedom stays, the more relaxed her signature becomes. Once her wings have unfurled and fully breathed us, she energetically expands into invisible but felt wings wrapping around the body in still-

ness, coaxing the body into the rhythmic pulse of life's cycle of expansion and release. After the initial rush felt when Freedom first lands, her lingering presence is sensed as openness. Spaciousness. Alignment with the truth of who we are and what we want. Relaxed Freedom is sensed as a vertical alignment rooted in the secure foundation of standing in one's truth, presence and power. She takes deep, full breaths, resting in muscles and joints as a sensation of ease that can give way to play at a moment's notice. She is joyous comfort felt deep down on a cellular level. Freedom delights in seeing your vitality grow.

Freedom is sometimes an unexpected yet always welcome guest. She enjoys showing up unannounced and throwing wide open all of the windows and doors. She gives no clue as to how long she plans to stay. The only thing to do when she walks in is to celebrate her arrival, let her know how thankful you are for her presence, and deeply breathe her fresh, nourishing air.

**TRACY STAMPER** is a dancer at heart, in mind, of body, and with words. Her writing has been featured in *Rebelle Society* and *Elephant Journal*. Her current favorite colors are purple, orange and glitter. She likes her chocolate dark, her inspiration flowing and her car dances to be uninhibited. Website: [facebook.com/shinesistarshine/](https://www.facebook.com/shinesistarshine/)





WERE IN THE BODY DOES FREEDOM LIVE?





*In the belly, allowing the belly  
to billow freely, without any  
restrictions.*

SUSANNA

*In the soul.*

NIINA

*My lungs - breathing deeply.  
The front of my lungs feeling  
the freedom in my heart, the  
back of my lungs with a  
feeling like wings spreading  
out on each exhale.*

JACKIE

*It lives in your chest and  
you feel it in the breath.*

MAYA

*In the solar plexus, sometimes  
the heart.*

KARINA

*In the eyes.*

ANNA



# Next chapter

The Book of Emotions is an ongoing project and every month will be focused around one feeling and become one chapter in the upcoming book. Each month a digital sneak peak of each chapter will be released – free for everyone to share with the world.

## UPCOMING EMOTIONS

Anger and freedom was the focus for Janaury and Feburary. These are the feelings for the upcoming months:

*March:* Support

*April:* Vulnerability

*May:* Trust

## CONTRIBUTE

If you feel called to contribute you will find information on the website for the project: [bookofemotions/annalinder.com](http://bookofemotions/annalinder.com)

# The Authors

**AIMEE DUFRESNE** is a Joy Catalyst and soul-shifting creator, coach, traveler, and latte-lover. She offers online guided JOYrides for women ready to shed their shoulds and reclaim their power. She's also the proud author of *Keep Going: From Grief to Growth*. Find out more at [aimeedufresne.com](http://aimeedufresne.com).

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