

Mom i wanted to make a political animation for your campaign. i want it to be a simple, American, family oriented, humorous cartoon to put a smile on the faces of your voters. it will have the quality of a south park episode. i was thinking that once it is made we can put a website together for you and post it there with any other information you would want to send to your voters. or send it to each voters e-mail. if that is even possible. i think a website is the way to go in this time and age..plus not many other candidates will have one im guessing. what do you think? if anyone has any ideas that fit any part of the format above do share (characters,situations,jokes,ect). the more fun we have with this the better it will work.

Brian

every morning i am abruptly awoken by the loud yells of a middle aged, obnoxious, french woman and her two boys who mimic her horrid voice very well.. this occurs at 7:30 in the morning. this morning i had had enough and yelled at her to be quiet. the noise stopped for about five minutes and then continued. I believe that her boys have been disciplined only by the yelling of their mother. the father is nonexistent except for the weekends when he picks up the kids. At that time their is a whole new version of angry, violent, profane, screaming between the mother and father. All in front of the kids. it goes with out saying these people are horrible parents. i am sick of listening to this and dont think i have to endure this any longer. i almost called the police this morning but am not sure its is the best way to solve my problem. how do i stop the insanity and still keep things civil?

Brian

adam this is why i need you here. i cant throw water balloons at the neighbors at 7:30 in the morning without a cousin. it just wouldnt be enjoyable! maybe we eventually could start up our own business called "the Bandit Ballooners" and take care of everyones neighbor problems without violence or police. it would be our way of giving back to society. are slogan will be " trouble with the neighbors? call A&B to water balloon the \*\*\*\* out of them." "keep things civil....thats our stand"

well id like to start by saying "thank you" to all who replied. I think uncle Pats idea is going to come out on top this time. But adam was very close. uncle dan i have to say i expected a little more from your end. however, i did enjoy the sarcastic response. one thing ive learned (out of many things) from growing up under you uncles and aunts is to never give up. And that most of the time there is a way to get the job done no matter how

crazy it is. I deeply thank you for that.  
Brian

it gives you wings for a bit but rots your insides. do not drink the stuff.  
its toxic. we have been setting up the emee award party for the last 48  
hours and i have to wake up at 2am on a sunday morning to break it all down.  
Hope all is well! goodnight ..sat. 7:30pm (a new personal record).  
Brian

the Delivery

(B-Core company)... primarily they work for red-bull setting up  
different sponsored events. mostly parties, and concerts. this upcoming  
weekend will be the band "Green-Day", performing at the Home Depot Center.  
Last month they did Dave Mathews Band. the answer is yes as im sure many of  
you are wondering if i get to go to the concerts. But there is a catch of  
course. At the time of the concert you must be on the good side of the head  
honcho, the big cahoon, the boss man. He is a pretty cool guy most of the  
time. you know, the kind of boss man who try's to be pals with everyone, who  
doesnt sit himself on a pedestal. but wow! during the bad times you dont  
want to be even in his line of vision!! he has that glare.. that firey, red  
faced, bulgey eyeball kind of fury. it amazes me how someone that down to  
earth and mellow can break into such a fit of anger. its really bizzar.

its my first day. i am told to make a delivery to orange county in a  
five ton truck. " here are the directions and key for the warehouse kid"  
says the boss with a smile, " do me proud." "ill do my best" i say while  
not knowing what i was getting myself into. As i climb into the huge truck  
and sit at the drivers wheel i realize... this is the largest and longest  
thing i have ever been behind the wheel of. i am hit with a feeling of both  
nervousness and excitement. i think to myself "how hard can it be?" i have  
trailed some pretty big

boats in my day. the manager of the truck rental place looks at me. i try to  
act calm and cool like i know what i am doing. somehow it works and off i  
go. Surprisingly enough i did fine. i hit no trees, street signs or cars.

The first stop was a warehouse near the airport. it was lunch time so the  
roads were packed. after getting lost for fifteen minutes i pulled into the  
first warehouse. The key didn't work..

i made the call "help is on the way" they said. i sat around for a half hour  
brutally needing to urinate. i squeeze into a bush surrounded by buildings  
and get the job done. i didnt care anymore. while fighting to be released  
from the thick leaves and branches of the waist high bush i look up and see  
two very attractive young ladies about my age, dressed in redbull attire,  
leaning against a red bull jeep. they were both looking at me with an  
awkward stare. these girls are paid (well) to drive around all day act cute  
and deliver red-bull,, just to fill you in.. iiggled loose from the last  
branch and brushed myself off. i look back up and they still stood there

with that expression. "im from ohio..." was the best thing i could think of to say... they both giggled a bit and rolled their eyes. we did the whole introduction thing i packed up my load (10 cases of RB, 9 RB refrigerators). i said goodbye to my new friends and was off to the next wear house.

to be continued.....

B

wow that took some guts uncle dan. your first stick shift being a flat bed truck! at work! thats gutsy..>From: Daniel Henry <[danh@serrc.org](mailto:danh@serrc.org)>  
>To: Dodie Lee <[dlee@co.geauga.oh.us](mailto:dlee@co.geauga.oh.us)>, BFL LEE  
><[brianflee@hotmail.com](mailto:brianflee@hotmail.com)>, <[behappy312@aol.com](mailto:behappy312@aol.com)>, <[bokonistic@yahoo.com](mailto:bokonistic@yahoo.com)>, <[clhenry@jmz.net](mailto:clhenry@jmz.net)>, <[henry\\_cynthia@asdk12.org](mailto:henry_cynthia@asdk12.org)>, <[Henry\\_Patrick@asdk12.org](mailto:Henry_Patrick@asdk12.org)>, <[henryca1@muohio.edu](mailto:henryca1@muohio.edu)>, <[HenryEM@hiram.edu](mailto:HenryEM@hiram.edu)>, <[henryig4@alltel.net](mailto:henryig4@alltel.net)>, <[jhenry8@alltel.net](mailto:jhenry8@alltel.net)>, <[kimh1788@yahoo.com](mailto:kimh1788@yahoo.com)>, <[lbhenry@qci.net](mailto:lbhenry@qci.net)>, <[leej@wra.net](mailto:leej@wra.net)>, <[leek@wra.net](mailto:leek@wra.net)>, <[leep@wra.net](mailto:leep@wra.net)>, <[pinkertons@adelphia.net](mailto:pinkertons@adelphia.net)>, <[plhenry@earthlink.net](mailto:plhenry@earthlink.net)>, <[rmhenry@alaska.net](mailto:rmhenry@alaska.net)>

>Subject: Trucker

>Date: Tue, 20 Sep 2005 09:06:23 -0800

>

>Brian,

>

>Sounds very exciting. My first experience driving a big truck that was too big for me was at Sea World. Someone had to drive the flat bed truck with the parking lot grunts (of which I was one) on the back. We would go out into the parking lots and and collect the garbage drums, through them up onto the back of the truck, and take them to the compactor. The regular driver transferred to a better job. When the supervisor asked who could drive stick, "3 on the tree", I raised me hand quickest. That truck was my first stick shift. By the end of the day, I was good at it. I lost both guys and barrels off the back of the truck during the initial learning process.

>

>Uncle Dan

>

wow that took some guts uncle dan. your first stick shift being a flat bed truck! at work! thats gutsy..>From: Daniel Henry <[danh@serrc.org](mailto:danh@serrc.org)>  
>To: Dodie Lee <[dlee@co.geauga.oh.us](mailto:dlee@co.geauga.oh.us)>, BFL LEE

>On 9/20/05 6:09 AM, "Lee, Dorothy" <[dlee@co.geauga.oh.us](mailto:dlee@co.geauga.oh.us)> wrote:

>

> > And you called Grandma while you were driving this huge truck.....I hope  
> > you did not have to have a commercial license or anything.....Good  
> > story Brian....I am glad it went okay.  
> >  
> > -----Original Message-----  
> > From: BFL LEE [<mailto:brianflee@hotmail.com>]  
> > Sent: Tuesday, September 20, 2005 3:51 AM  
> > To: [behappy312@aol.com](mailto:behappy312@aol.com); [bokonistic@yahoo.com](mailto:bokonistic@yahoo.com); [clhenry@jmz.net](mailto:clhenry@jmz.net);  
> > [danh@serrc.org](mailto:danh@serrc.org); [henry\\_cynthia@asdk12.org](mailto:henry_cynthia@asdk12.org); [Henry\\_Patrick@asdk12.org](mailto:Henry_Patrick@asdk12.org);  
> > [henryca1@muohio.edu](mailto:henryca1@muohio.edu); [HenryEM@hiram.edu](mailto:HenryEM@hiram.edu); [henryig4@alltel.net](mailto:henryig4@alltel.net);  
> > [jhenry8@alltel.net](mailto:jhenry8@alltel.net); [kimh1788@yahoo.com](mailto:kimh1788@yahoo.com); [lbhenry@gci.net](mailto:lbhenry@gci.net); Lee, Dorothy;  
> > [leej@wra.net](mailto:leej@wra.net); [leek@wra.net](mailto:leek@wra.net); [leep@wra.net](mailto:leep@wra.net); [pinkertons@adelphia.net](mailto:pinkertons@adelphia.net);  
> > [plhenry@earthlink.net](mailto:plhenry@earthlink.net); [rmhenry@alaska.net](mailto:rmhenry@alaska.net)  
> > Subject: cali update  
> >

sorry uncle dan im not in the ring of gossip with the celeb's yet. one thing i did do was i went to Shannon Elizabeths b-day party. A photographer invited me. most people know her as "Naudia" from American Pie. i met Carl (real name ?) from "the prince of bellair" he played willsmiths younger cousin. real crazy guy.

also the brunette from "that 70's show". really cute girl ive had a crush on for a while. i sat down at a poker table with her and her boyfriend. she's a wild one too. these young actresses get hooked up with boyfriends so fast. its a shame. didnt see catch the emmys unfortunately. i was sleeping i think..

as i pulled into the next warehouse i noticed a middle aged man with a beard hunched over smoking a cigarette at the loading dock. he looked very unhappy and uncomfortable. Somehow i new, this was'nt going to be a pleasant experience. Behind him was my load. 7 huge oversized bean bag chairs. we're talking about a bean bag chair designed for 10 people to share. my papers called them "love seats". climbing down from the truck i hear a grumpy deep and agitated voice. "where ya been? i been sitinear for overa hafare!" clearly he is from some deep, southern, far off land and had no patience for any "city folk." it makes me wonder what in the world a person like that would be doing anywhere near the city of L.A.. those of you who have been here or any major city can share my confusion im sure. i begin to give him my story when i realize that it is pointless. the expression on his face doesnt change-i dont even know if he was listening in the first place. the point is i ended up with an akeing back and an attitude by the time i was back in the drivers seat. you see, this man decided to reap his revenge on me by letting me carry the 7 large and awkward 50 pound bean balls on my own. from the loading dock 20 yards to the truck, then hoisting the bags up

to the truck bed. i let him know how displeased i was in his lazyness and then he so cleverly remarked "it aint my job." i shrugged the wickedly unfriendly remark off distantly knowing that Karma would get the best of him sooner or later. moral of the story: dont be late to heavy lifting with grumpy old southern men.

the truck is closed up with the entire shipment secured and ready for delivery to orange county. gas is a little low but boss man says, "you'll make it. no problem"..

to be continued...

anyone know a good way to go about salt water that has been deep in my ear for about two days now? i want to make sure it is disinfected properly. but dont have a doctor out here yet

B

long storry short ..i run out of gas 20 miles from the drop off point. im stuck on an offramp with a giant deisil truck in brooksdale, orange county. As these people maneuver around me i experience the most wickedly mean looks

i have ever seen. They look at me like I just blew up their house or kicked the family dog. They look at me like I could actually do something about the unfortunate situation. I have personally never experienced such disregard for the misfortune of another human being.

Off the truck and toward the gas station I walk with 20 dollars in pocket and an angry boss in ear speaking to me like this is my fault. I let him speak. One thing I have learned is to never argue with an old man, a child under the age of 13, an agitated female, or most importantly the boss man. It will get you know where but „the dog house‰ in one form or another. I tell him I,m near the gas station but that he should call triple A just incase. He says, „ No, 20 dollars of diesel will get the job done.‰ When I reach the nearest gas station I find that there is no diesel fuel and that the closest station is 3 miles away. I think to myself, „Just keeps getting better and better‰. I hitch a ride with this kid white as an egg about my age. Trailer park features such as pointless tattoos and loose clothes. He drives a red, ford, rusted out pick up truck. He has a bull dog looking half dead, laying in the bed of the truck. „yo, ill hook you up‰ he says in a black mans accent. I thank him and get in. the car smells of moldy cigarettes and wet dog. „We be bumpin‰ down the road as he blaes rap music with the base turned all the way up. We pull in and of course everyone there turns and looks. They are all African American except for the mexicano behind the register. You can imagine my discomfort as my ride peels away. They only sell 1-gallon gas containers. I don,t even bother asking for another ride.

I,m walking down suburban LA where all the homes are spaced two feet apart, all looking exactly the same in their one-acre lots with tiny grass patches as front yards. Little black children play in the sprinklers, stray dogs wonder around with noses to the ground sniffing out a possible food source. The sun beats down on the black pavement as reflections of the sun off passing cars make me squint. In each hand I carry gallon gas jugs that begin to uncomfortably stretch and strain my muscles. „I,m not even a mile „ I think to myself.. at about the two mile marker as I begin regretting ever signing up for this task a tiny car pulls over in front of me.. a little Chinese man, the kind you would see at Disney land with a camera and an amazed smile steps out and in very choppy English asks%„ you need wide?%„ I smile, „please!%„ I squeeze into his tiny rental car and he takes me to the truck.

A city tow truck was behind my rig. After putting what gas I had in the tank I tried it. It didn,t work. The large Mexican tow trucker say,s to me, „yewr gowing toneed moregasmeng%„ he tows me out of the intersection and to the side of the street. He calls triple A and leaves. I small hippy looking woman comes out of her house with her chunky blond daughter asking me what the deal is. I tell her what happened and she asks „ have you confessed your sins to the lord%„. „great%„, I think, „this is all I need right now.%„ I uncomfortably smile and say „not recently.%„ You can imagine where it went from there. There I was, stranded on the side of the street listening to a born again Christian extremist who used to be addicted to heroin and her brain washed daughter who kept giving me creepy looks. Nothing I said could make them leave so I ended up waiting in the company of loony,s for the triple A that would never come. After talking to the police, two more passing by tow trucks and my rock head of a boss somehow I managed to get the truck up and running, my load delivered and the truck returned.

I walked a mile back to where my car was parked at 1:30 a.m. and drove home. The bed never felt so good as I crawled into it exhausted. Boss man calls the next morning wanting me to work.

„I want a \$1.50 raise and today off!%„ I got it.

Moral: never rely on any ones instincts but your own.

> wow there is a category i have never thought about.. Eskimo

> girls..hmmmm.>

>>

>> What if the Red Bull girls are Eskimo?!? Look out, Brian!

>>

>> Lori Henry

>>

>>> You wouldn't have to worry about any ear nibbling with the Red  
>>> Bull girls.  
>>>  
>>>  
>>>> Oh yick...  
>>>>  
>>>>  
>>>> I'm in Kotzebue today and when I inquired about ear remedies . .  
>>> . was  
>>>> told that a couple drops of beluga whale oil will clear it right up!  
>>>>  
>>>> Lori Henry  
>>>>  
>>>>  
>>>>> I missed all the ear stuff while computer was down. I hope no one  
>>>>> is taking  
>>>>> Dan seriously.  
>>  
>>>>>  
>>>>>> If you take a steak knife and carefully put the tip in your ear  
>>>>>> just until  
>>>>>> you start to feel it on your ear drum, and then slowly rotate,  
>>>>>> that is the  
>>>>>> ticket. Long skinny ones work best. Peroxide is for woosies.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>> Good story. You got \$1.5 raise out of the deal. You keep  
>>>>> getting raises  
>>>>>> on  
>>>>>> bad days, and you will have your own place out there in no time.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>> On 9/26/05 5:03 AM, "plhenry@earthlink.net"  
>>>>> <plhenry@earthlink.net> wrote:  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>> I have used equal parts of glycerin and rubbing alcohol (both  
>>>>>>> very cheap  
>>>>>>> and  
>>>>>>> can be purchased at the pharmacy part of the drug store)...drip  
>>>>>>> that in  
>>>>>>> there.  
>>>>>>> ALSO, and this is no joke, stand on whichever foot that is on  
>>>>>>> the same  
>>>>>>> side as  
>>>>>>> the ear (example: left ear - stand on left foot, right ear -  
>>>>>>> stand on  
>>>>>>> right

>>>>>> foot) and tip that ear sideways toward the ground, and hop on  
>>>>>> that foot.  
>>>>>> It  
>>>>>> works to get the water out.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>> Okay Brian, I have never tried this but understand it works.  
>>>>> Pour a  
>>>>>> little  
>>>>>> Hydrogen Peroxide (warmed up a little) into your ear and let it  
>>>>> sit a  
>>>>>> bit.  
>>>>>> It will fizz and sound horrible but is a good disinfectant.  
>>>>> You can get  
>>>>>> the  
>>>>>> Hydrogen Peroxide at any drug store, very cheap and useful  
>>> stuff.>> >> I enjoyed the End of the Story very much and have to  
>>> say that I  
>>>>> was  
>>>>>> reminded  
>>>>>> of being your age and a Peace Corp Volunteer and experiencing  
>>>>> so many  
>>>>>> crazy  
>>>>>> situations. As they say what doesn't kill you makes you  
>>>>> stronger and of  
>>>>>> course much much smarter. Keep up you good nature and I hope  
>>>>> this isn't  
>>>>>> the  
>>>>>> last of the stories we hear from you. AUNT LINDA  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>> anyone know a good way to go about salt water that has been  
>>>>> deep in my  
>>>>>> ear  
>>>>>> for about two days now? i want to make sure it is disinfected  
>>>>> properly.  
>>>>>> but  
>>>>>> dont have a doctor out here yet  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>> B  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>



thank you for the tips everyone. its amazing to get such good advice so easily. ill be sure to try them all. the summersalt one sounds like fun. and the knife one will be a learning experience as well.i was thinking, a fallet knife would probably work well, maybe even a fish hook what do you think uncle D?

well i live in a two bed room apartement in west hollywood about 10 minutes from venice and santamonica beach. i drive a cream colored 87 montero. takes about twenty minutes to get to work and 10 to get to school. i couldnt ask for a better location. in my spare time i enjoy long walks on the beach candle light dinners and rose petal baths. no but really, i dont get much spare time. i do love the beach and playing guitar and drawing in the time i do get. it keeps me buisy and motivated. i hear that last christmas it was 83 degrees here! can you believe that? ill work on getting some pictures of my life to everyone. how is the photography going Paula?>From: "Pinkertons"

here are a couple shots from my amazing trip to big sur over the weekend. this girl is amazing. could be trouble..

thank you all for reminding me.... never thought the day would come that i would be 23 and still feel like i was 18. its kinda freaking me out alittle. I keep telling myself its just another day. but i swear people look at me differently than they did last week when i told them 22. Especially little kids, even teenagers say "wow your old." Im sure its only the beggining of that sorta feeling of rejection. Rejection from the fun, cool, and hip. Rejection from the trust, the secrets, and the team that always stuck together to battle the adults wacky way of viewing the world, with their crazy made up rules and their bad sense of humor. i guess it's when you start to understand their rules, and laugh at their strange humor, that you know you've become one of them. I'm really not to worried about it though. Just look at uncle dan... he's still five years old.  
Thanks for giving me hope uncle. Brian

im really excited to see everyone. i hope someone has a winter coat for me to borrow because i am going to be freezing my butt off while im home. looking at 90 degrees by monday here (not to brag or nothin). to those im not going to see, i love you guys. somehow we need to pull everyone together again for a reunion. i really miss those giant family cookouts we had. its a

challenge but i have faith that we can do it. Brian

the wet suit has not gone into the ocean yet. i am awaiting the affordability for a surf board. still not sure if i should buy a long board or a short. apparently the long board is best to learn on but once you get a grasp with that then you have to go buy a short board. so im thinking about just cutting out the middle man and learning on the short board.

i had a great class today. character and object design. our professor is in his late twenties and has already received many jobs with teams like pixar, designing "the incredibles" and others. we share the same passion for epic battles, tactics, and motion (also known as "live action"), so i trust his judgement so far. he tells me i should try to get interned with steven speilburghs team after hearing of my interests. But first i need to be able to spell stevens last name. he lives here in hollywood and is consistently seen riding his bike around universal studios going from set to set. i wish for a meeting

sharks arent that much of a threat around these parts. the water is usually to warm. however i have seen a few seals poking their heads around and i once heard that "where there are seals, there are sharks". im not sure on the truth of that but it is enough to be weary about. besides, a wise man once said, "fortune sides with him who dares".

>From: [plhenry@earthlink.net](mailto:plhenry@earthlink.net)

>Reply-To: [plhenry@earthlink.net](mailto:plhenry@earthlink.net)

>To: BFL LEE <[brianflee@hotmail.com](mailto:brianflee@hotmail.com)>, [behappy312@aol.com](mailto:behappy312@aol.com),

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>[pinkertons@adelphia.net](mailto:pinkertons@adelphia.net), [robwest@yahoo.com](mailto:robwest@yahoo.com)

>Subject: Re: cali-update

>Date: Tue, 10 Jan 2006 11:43:39 -0500 (GMT-05:00)

>

>Hey Brian. Your life sounds so interesting. I love reading and sharing

>your emails with Gordon. One thing that I worry about is you surfing. I

>heard that surfers get attacked by Great White sharks because when they are

>lying on their board, paddling out to catch a wave, a shark thinks he or

>she looks like a seal...and CHOMP! Are you worried at all about sharks. I

>would be terrified.

>

nice pics of the cat! i can use those.

sorry i havent been around lately. keeping up with everything is a challenge to say the least. saturday i went with our friend Frank to a car auction that he new about(all due to my car braking down a few days previous). we surveyed the parking lot filled with possible new rides and popped the hood on a few. Frank seemed to know what he was talking about so i didnt ask many questions. for the most part i just wanted something that could get me from place to place with out draining my funds all the time.

we stood in the tent near the front of the crazed crowd that to my surprise was fighting for everyinch to be closer to the runway. I must have stood out like an apple mixed with grapes. my face must have been priceless as i stood there looking around very confused. The first car pulled up and the auctioneer went wild...blipity blah blah. it took me a while to understand him. by the time i caught on five cars had already been sold and Frank had bought one of them! i didnt understand how he could even see the darn things. i couldnt tell a car from a great dane, there were so many people infront of me. Frank leaned into my ear and shouted "alright," "lets go pick up your car." i nodded while speachless and fallowed him through the crazed crowd. i turned around and saw two mexicans fight for positioning in the spot we had just left. long story short we wait in the waiting areafor ten minutes and my new convertable pulls up. i smiled.

the next time around we shop for frank. Back in the auction tent Frank anfd i stand . a good looking black bmw beemer pulls up and i look at frank. his eyes are fixed on it like a bird dog that just caught the sent of its prey. i watched him as he waited impatiently as the bids got higher and higher. thre was a pause in the bidding and frank went for it. once twice sold! Frank got his convertable. I looked down at his hand and noticed that it was uncontrollably shaking. "you alright Frank?" Frank, being a man of few words replied "Yeah, im alright." He was so shaken i had to laugh at him. we did a final engine check on our new babes and drove off into the painted sun set with our tops down....

the next day i went on a cruz down the "Pacific1" through malibu. Between the wind through my hair, the smell of ocean and seeing the waves crash into the shoreline. i had a feeling that is undescribable to anyone who hasnt fealt it. Basically, i love the new wheels.

feel better uncle jim! hope you all are doing well. Wish me lick on the midterms next week.

B

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it was done with paper. 240 pieces to be exact. and then shot with a digital

camera that is connected to a computer program called "flipbook". it was longer and made more sense but the teacher only accepted 240 frames. i had to delete the rest. unfortunately, there will be more to come. that was my first which makes me an official "animator". i kinda feel bad when using so much paper. i must have killed a tree. therefore i am looking forward to getting started with the computer animation.

sorry no long story this time. just wanted to say hello. the last few months have been pretty crazy for me. Not much time on my hands between work, school and study. My school is the only friend i have around here for lack of time. i hope that is not too unhealthy.... the only reason i have time for this right now is because im getting paid. sssshhhh dont tell the boss! today is an exciting day because we get to see what the graduating students have done. "demo reel day". this extra job i have for the school now allows me to receive money for learning rather than always having to pay for it. the other job is slow but we did put up a really cool set at the Directors Guild association. some kind of party for a movie coming out. anywa. hope all is well with yall. miiiiisssyoooouu. im plannin on canada trip this summer

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I will be missing the canada trip this year as well. but i get back to ohio the same day you all get back from canada. i look forward to seeing everyone very very much. i want to see some really good pictures when yall get back. watch out for those waterfalls this time

this was a pool party over memorial day. it was an Ancient Roman theme. mom the top picture is for you. i thought you might like this one for some reason. can anyone find what is missing in picture number 3? sorry they are so big. dont know why that is

i really didn't even notice that one. i was just pointing at the clothes and the party. i only noticed her when i viewed the picture and saw that i just happened to be pointing right at her. besides she was not the only one missing clothing. it was a very common occurrence. thats hollywood for you. im really looking forward to taking a break from this place for a while. sometimes it gets to be too much. i tend to crawl into a shell everyone in a while to escape the madness. . sometimes its a little bit like "alice in the wonderland" when she is sitting at the mad hatter' table. but most times i

fit right in.

yes well she took a year off of idol. she was sick of it. apparently she had no time to herself and they worked her 24/7. she had to live with the cast. she took the year off to meet some people and do what she always wanted to do which is act(tv and soaps). so its looking pretty promising for her she knows alot of people high up in the L.A. scene. she has gotten me 3 different agents now and when we go out together on the weekends it is usually strickly business. i was hanging with cuba gooding jr a couple weeks ago at roberto caballi' mansion where he was throwing a private party. Roberto caballi runs and designs his exteremely succesfull clothing line. all the people from "the OC" were there among other celebs so it was quite interesting. didnt want to look like a tourist so no pictures, sorry. i am becoming very grounded in that world. I'm being schooled very well by very succesful people. as far as the animation is going lets just say i wish i had more time to work with it. i am totally infatuated with it. everymoment of spare time i have is going towards drawing new characters. and thinking of different ways to animate them. unfortunatly there is little time to actually sit down and animate with all these other classes.i feel i am in the midst of a very complicated juggling match. this break will feel very nice.

hey everyone. just wanted to say hello. things have been moving fast here.

Finals just ended, im looking at a couple possible internships with some small

3-D animation STUDIOS/COMPANIES, just to start to learn more on what to expect

and how to better prepare for the real thing. nothing final yet . they are both

longshots at this point. when people say they are going to do something out

here that doesnt necessarily mean they are going to do it. very different from

what im used to. unfortunatly its another thing i have to get used to. hope all

is going great for all of you. sounds like the shed was a fun and succesful event. love u miss u

Brian

what about when the page comes we see a giant tree . On each branch a name of a specific family (ex. Chip Henry's). when clicked we would go to that person or familys own space. for example we click on the "Chip henrys" . we go to that link and we see Chip,Linda,Adam,Kim,Darsey. when you click on the individual names we can see what each individual is doing. i dont know if there is enough space for this or not. just throwing it out there. let me know and i'll begin tree designs.....

Hello everyone. please send me pictures. i can use any that are "IN ACTION" shots. for example, cliff jumps(canada), shale slides, rope swings, diving boards, sledding, Africa(peace corp), Alaska, uncle dan running naked for a drifting boat in mid-winter Alaska (GEEEEZ im so angry i didnt take that shot, the camera was IN MY POCKET!!!!). but really anything in motion from any voyages yall have taken.

im making a movie for my midterm similar to todods but with a few more special effects and different story line. the more photos the better. dont be the one that didnt turn anything in..... thank you for your help!