

The soft, white presses against the tongue, run it over the lips, taste it. At first it feels firm, then slightly yielding, slightly salty. Roll it around the mouth. The lips stretch wider to take more inside its dark, wetness, packing it almost to overflowing. Breathe through the nose. Deeply. The teeth tease carefully on the mass, finally closing with an even up and down, up and down motion. Pleasure. Savor the taste.

Thoughts slowly return to other times of experiencing such pleasure, often in the dark.

Breathe. Swallow.

Usually it starts out small, then, grows, larger and larger. It becomes hard to ignore. One wants to put their hands on it, run their fingers over it.

It's been done in the dark and in the light of day, been done in front of huge screens and small ones. In cars parked in secluded places and in cars speeding down the Interstate, behind closed shutters, down by the beach, up in the mountains, in another town and in another country, in no-tell motels and fancy hotels. At your parent's house, your friends house, at school, at the park, with friends, the kids and total strangers, sometimes two or three people - groups. Often one needs a little something to improve the enjoyment, a beer, a cocktail, a coke - with rum.

Sometimes one has to pay for it, others times, it's free.

Popcorn.

by,  
Marilee Stang



A man named Kaldi was a goatherd who lived in Ethiopia around 850 AD. He usually set his goats on the hills and let them graze. The goats were so loyal and always returned home by themselves when night fell. But one day they didn't come back home and stayed all night out. Kaldi set out in the morning to see what happened to them just to find them on the hills beside a shrub with shiny green leaves and red berries. They were jumping around, acting wild and strange. He couldn't figure out what the cause was. Finally his eyes were drawn to the shrub. The goats were still snipping the

berries with great pleasure. He decided to try the berries himself to see if they would have the same effect on him. Just after a moment he was filled with ecstasy and started dancing with delight around the leafy shrub. A monk passing by noticed this strange behavior and asked Kaldi what it was all about. He was shown the shrub and he took some leaves and went home to taste it. He and his fellow monks discovered the beans in the berries, roasted, ground and boiled them in water and drunk their finding. They found themselves awake the whole night without having to fight their sleep back during their nocturnal religious duties. The place where this happened is said to be Kaffa, a province in the then Abyssinia -the present day Ethiopia.

This is a story that has been told in Ethiopia for years and years. What kept the goats and Kaldi madly excited and the monks non-asleep is coffee or the green gold as we call it in Ethiopia.



Ethiopian Coffee Ceremony

Ethiopian Coffee Ceremony  
by, babasteve on Flickr!  
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Coffee Ceremony  
by, DamienHR on Flickr!  
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Ethiopia prides itself of being the first place that grew coffee. The English word for this beverage drink-coffee- is believed to have derived from this particular place where it is believed to have been discovered in-Kaffa. And it is said that it was taken to Arab in 1000 AD and then to the rest of the world.

Besides playing a role of a backbone in the Ethiopian economy, coffee also plays an important part in the social life of the Ethiopian society with its peculiar ceremonious preparation. It accompanies moments of happiness and sadness and it also sets the stage of discussing serious social matters and solving them. It is the first thing you offer to serve in Ethiopia when a guest

comes to your home. It takes at least an hour to make coffee with all of its traditional slow ways going through the different cycle of process from roasting the raw beans to making aromatic, steaming cup of coffee.

There are three things that come with coffee in Ethiopia. There is the green freshly cut grass that the serving tray where the cups are placed will sit on-this gives a sense of freshness and a feeling of being at home. Then there is frankincense to give a sweet smell especially when it blends with the divine aroma of the boiling coffee from the clay pot. In Ethiopia, you are not supposed to drink coffee without eating something first, so you will be served with roasted grains of different variety or in most cases popcorn. It is preferred as a snack to go with coffee because it is easy to cook-you can do it while you are making your coffee and it is also used as a decorative agent to the coffee ceremony.



Popcorn with sugar on it is always part of the ceremony  
by, Linda on Picasa  
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<http://picasaweb.google.com/lh/photo/KHAsV1gSIqL9XoWJ8GNLFg>

For most Ethiopians the word coffee brings a

nostalgic memory of smell, taste and sound. The smell of coffee beans being roasted, frankincense and popcorn, the taste of fresh organic coffee and popcorn and the sound of the popping of popcorn and the pounding of the roasted coffee beans. It also brings memory of people sitting together talking and laughing or having a hot discussion and arguments on topics. This is what coffee is for an Ethiopian -not just a cup of hot, brown, stimulant drink.

popcorn  
by,  
Tigist Defaru



The following is Scene 2 of *Where's Waldman*, a play about life working at a grocery store. Scene 1 can be read in *The Uncertainty Principle* Issue 4 "Reality".

#### Scene Two

(The trio walks off stage and reappears in the break room, which consists of a table, a few chairs, a soda machine and a snack machine. Seated at the table is a middle aged woman, JOYCE, reading the paper. She is a veteran manager at Waldman's who has likely just returned from a cigarette break As they walk in, DREW is in the lead, followed by JAY and then JEFF a few steps behind. )

DREW: And here we have the break room. Furnished by Danny Waldman himself, our luxurious facilities include this lovely table, a few chairs that fold up for easy storage, and a soda machine with your choice of Waldman's Cola, Waldman's Dew, Orange Waldman or Waldman Up.

JAY: I don't really drink soda.

DREW: Smart man. That stuff'll kill ya. Right, Joyce?

JOYCE: Sure. (Folds her paper, and looks up at Drew) So... is it true what I here? The famous Drew Henderson is leaving us?

DREW: It is indeed.

JEFF: I just don't know how we're gonna get by.

DREW: (To JAY) JAY, meet Joyce. Chronic smoker and manager extraordinaire. Known by many, and feared by... well, most of them.

JOYCE: Oh, Drew, I'll miss these tender moments. Quite a coincidence though, huh? Danny Waldman deciding to show up on your last day?

DREW: C'mon Joyce, when was the last time the Big Man actually descended from his ivory tower to mingle with us po' folk. They're just trying to scare us all into cleaning up. He'll never show.

JOYCE: I don't know... they say ever since the old man died he's been all about "hands on" management. He's supposed to be revising the mission statement.

JEFF: What's he changing it to, "All for one, and anything for a bump?" (Laughs and hits JAY, wondering why he's not laughing)

DREW: That's really more of a slogan than a mission statement.

JEFF: Like that coke monkey knows the difference, Right? (Hits JAY again, who musters a strained laugh)

JOYCE: Settle down, Jeff. Go have a smoke... or five.

JEFF: Ay ay, sir. (Salutes Joyce, turns sharply,

and walks off stage)

JOYCE: Anyway Drew, you should get back to your register. Everyone should be getting things ready for the boss... and that means you, too. It'll be good chance to show this kid how things are supposed to run around here.

DREW: You got it, skipper. (to JAY) Let's hit the bricks, kid.

JAY: Ah... hit what? I was told there'd be no hard labor.

DREW: C'mon.

*Scene Three will be published in the upcoming issue of The Uncertainty Principle to be published on October 13<sup>th</sup>, 2010.*

Where's Waldman  
by, Dave Kilpatrick



The Artwork of  
Larry D.  
Alexander 007

by, Larry D.  
Alexander on the  
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Alexander\\_  
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## シーン一

There would be a group of four on a journey.

What I had proposed for my popcorn submission was a collection of my old action figures arranged in a way that they were making popcorn. The popcorn probably stood for something else, but I didn't really know. In any event social circumstances and others over the previous weeks have proven my choice over the diorama.

In the possibility that it does not get made, I wanted to sketch out my unrealized vision.

The key of the piece would be the hand pop corn maker. Some might say that's only because the topic of the issue is popcorn, and I would agree.





## シーン二



At some point they'd come across this big bucket. It'd be like ancients coming up upon Angkor Wat, they wouldn't know what to do.

All of a sudden, various natives would appear. A possibility of hostilities would ensue.



### シーン三

Fortunately for all involved they'd be resolved as the local elder would raise his hand and begin the popping ritual. Seeds would be poured in as the foreigners watched in awe. Eventually, they'd pop. It's possible one or two locals and/or foreigners would die along the way.

すみません

text, photos and diorama by,  
Charles Jeffrey Danoff  
edited by,  
Jeffrey Edwin Danoff Junior

The last bucketful of slush and mud came at last for Jason Squiff. He squinted at the bottom. Something was shining. He reached his fingers down through the slush and mud and took out what was shining.

It was the gold buckskin whincher Blixie Bimber lost from the gold chain around her neck the week before when she was looking down into the cistern to see what she could see. It was exactly the same gold buckskin whincher shining and glittering like a sign of happiness.

"It's luck," said Jason Squiff, wiping his fingers on his greenish yellowish hair. Then he put the gold buckskin whincher in his vest pocket and spoke to himself again, "It's luck."

A little after six o'clock that night Jason 82 Squiff stepped into his house and home and said hello to his wife and daughters. They all began to laugh. Their laughter was a ticklish laughter.

"Something funny is happening," he said.

"And you are it," they all laughed at him again with ticklish laughter.

Then they showed him. His hat was popcorn, his mittens popcorn and his shoes popcorn. He didn't know the gold buckskin whincher had a power and was working all the time. He didn't know the whincher in his vest pocket was saying, "You have a letter Q in your name and because you have the pleasure and happiness of having a Q in your name you must have a popcorn hat, popcorn mittens and popcorn shoes."

The next morning he put on another hat, another pair of mittens and another pair of shoes. And the minute he put them on they changed to popcorn.



From [Rootabaga Stories](#)  
Text & Illustration by, Carl Sandberg on Project Gutenberg  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/27085>  
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My orthodontist told me that I'm not allowed to eat popcorn while I'm wearing my braces, which is okay because I don't even like popcorn that much. Sometimes I get it when I go to the movies, but usually I just get Sour Patch Kids. Sour Patch Kids also stick to your braces so the thing about braces is that when you go to the movies, you pretty much can't eat anything.

That would be cool, but today I'm at the movies with this boy I like. We're out on a date. We're with like twenty people and he keeps trying to hold my hand. He's pretty nice but I don't understand why he wants to hold my hand so much. The whole thing seems a little silly to me. He has a nice hand. It's not too sweaty. He also just started shaving. I'm happy he did because about a month ago he had a really gross boy moustache that looked like someone wiped mud on his upper lip.

So he offers to buy me some snacks. I told him okay, and I got Sour Patch Kids and figured maybe I would just suck on them and not chew them so that they wouldn't get stuck to my teeth. We're seeing this movie that nobody really wants to see, but there isn't really anything to do because we're only thirteen and it's better than hanging around in the food court. I get my Sour Patch Kids and he gets some Snow Caps. I don't really like Snow Caps, they don't taste like anything.

We get into the movie theater and as soon as the movie starts, he puts his arm around me, which is really uncomfortable and he starts staring at me. I'm trying to watch the movie, but he is just staring at me. We're sitting with all our friends, and everyone is kind of watching the movie and kind of joking around. I turn to my friend next to me and I say something to her about how cute the guy on screen is. He's not even that cute, but I just don't know what to do about this boy staring at me.

I decide to focus everything I have on opening up the pack of Sour Patch Kids. I carefully unwrap it. I take as much time as I can, but unfortunately it doesn't take that much time to open up a pack of Sour Patch Kids. They actually make it pretty easy and you don't really have to be careful about it. So I open up the pack of Sour Patch Kids and I sort of stare into it. I can't really see what color any of them are because it's a dark movie theater. But I make a big to do of choosing which color Sour Patch Kid I want. All the while, the boy I like is still staring at me like what I'm doing could be the most important thing on the earth. If you asked me on any other day, I would tell you that I don't have a favorite flavor of Sour Patch Kid. They all taste exactly the same; sour. People that have a favorite flavor of Sour Patch Kid are the type of people that usually just do things to seem important. The only thing is, I usually don't eat yellow Sour Patch Kids because they have Yellow 5 in them. There is a rumor at school that Yellow 5 shrinks boys' balls. It's gross to think about, and if it's true, it probably does something bad to girls, so I generally avoid it. It's not hard because there usually aren't that many yellow Sour Patch Kids, and I don't really like Mountain Dew which is basically the only other thing that has Yellow 5 in it.

So after some thoughtful digging, I put a (not yellow) Sour Patch Kid in my mouth. It is really sour and I sort of make a face to myself because that's the most fun part about eating Sour Patch Kids. I look at the boy I like for like a second and smile while making the sour face to be funny. But literally this is all the time he needs because he just launches into my face and starts kissing me, which is okay I guess but I have this Sour Patch Kid in my mouth and I don't know what to do with it. So this is weird but he is like really sticking his tongue into my mouth so somehow the Sour Patch Kid ends up in his mouth. He gets this funny look on his face and pulls back

and starts chewing while looking at me. I smile back at him- what else is there to do?

He leans into my ear and says "that was really hot." Then he looks at me again. I smile at him. I don't mind doing something really hot, it just honestly seems kind of weird. I'm okay with kissing but you taking food out of my mouth just seems weird to me. When I look at him again he starts kissing me again. I can feel his hand touching my stomach. Then all of a sudden he pulls back and says "is this okay?" then he tries to put his hand on my boob. I don't really have boobs, and I don't want to freak out, but I just say "no!" not too loud, but maybe a few people heard it, I don't know. Maybe some other day, like if we were at his house or something in the basement, after dating for like three months, but in a movie theater with all my friends around no!

So a few people look at us, and then he starts saying I'm sorry over and over again in my ear. Then he starts making out with me again. I make out with him because I can tell he feels really bad about the boob thing.

That Monday at school, everyone is talking about it. I heard from my friend that all the guys at school are saying that I'm a "cock-tease" and all the girls are saying that I'm a slut, but I didn't do anything. At lunch I feel really weird sitting at my normal table even though people are being nice mostly.

That night that boy calls me and he just keeps saying he's sorry in a really gentlemanly way, that he didn't mean to do anything, he feels really weird. And now I'm feeling really weird, I keep thinking about it, and now I feel really embarrassed about the whole thing. Basically, now I say to him, because I have to really, that I don't want to see him again and he's not my boyfriend any more. I really wish I had just gotten popcorn. I don't know what my problem is,

that's the normal thing to get, from now on I'm getting popcorn and this just won't happen again. I wish I didn't have to go to school tomorrow, I'm afraid he's going to write me a note or something to get me back.

My Orthodontist Told Me Not to Eat Popcorn  
by, J. Lunney

# The Uncertainty Principle

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Dancing so much had made everyone hungry; so Father Meadow-Mouse got the corn popper and they popped, and popped, and popped, and ate, and ate, and ate! I don't dare to tell you how much they ate. Especially the four youngsters. The Fairies, too, seemed very fond of the popcorn.

"It's such a nice change from rose pollen and honeysuckle juice," Thistle-Whistle remarked.

From *Grasshopper Green and the Meadow Mice*  
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illustration by, Maud and Miska Petersham  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/24237>