

# ADVENTURES OF MAX & MAXINE



# SKIP FOX

## And all the temperature changes

Now well within whistle distance of the mills' clamor and soot filled the darkening sky, *Autumn is what the 3-year old asked for her birthday* with its "pearly" leaves and swarms of leavings. The silverback took to staying out late, hanging with the guys (about the tire swing), pushing Maxine away as though she was a bad joke or the prize you got for reading so many books over the summer. Besides, she wouldn't understand. Yaka-yaka. So her smiles to Max came increasingly ready to her face, she grew less mannered or, at least, achieved a Grace that Max, given his isolation and desires, could believe accurately portrayed the disposition of whatever being resided in or beneath her face. "I was the dreamer they took to the Nazi prison," he sang.

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