

Phil the Postage Stamp Chapter 2
By Randall P.

The year is 19____, well now you see why I must write this down before it is all gone.

Where do I begin? Let me just tell you what I remember and maybe that will tell my story. Who am I, and how did I get here?

I am a used postage stamp, that is resting on an album page in a large book put on a shelf, and at this time very lonely.

Let me go back and tell you some of my adventures along the way.

In thinking about my long ago past, my first recollection is not one of my favorites (the paper factory).

One day I find myself stuffed into a box with many others like me. We have all traveled from many different places, so why are we all here?

Then one day someone removes the box from the self, and my friends and I are dumped onto a table. There seems to be a lot of commotion at one end of the pile of envelopes we are in. Soon I am removed from the pile and to my surprise, the corner of the envelope where I am attached, is cut off. I have now been placed into a pile with some of my friends. Upon closer examination I notice that 2 of my friends are missing a corner of their face. The sad look on their face says it all.

Next a group of us are placed into a container. When all of a sudden, I have a flash back. This takes me back to my earliest memory, the paper factory. I now realize that we are in a container of water soaking. Just when I thought that I would start to fall apart, if I stayed any longer in water, I am removed. Now to my pleasant surprise I am now free of all that sticky stuff on my back. I am then dried and pressed and boy do I feel good.

I am now sitting on a table with my friends, who, except for the lines across our faces, we are looking our best.

On one side of the table is a book with page after page of pictures of, as best as I can tell from my vantage point, many of my friends along with others that I have never seen before.

After I have been checked over, front and back, I am measured for size. As we are moved around on the table, there is one more thing I must tell you about.

It is how we are moved around. I first saw the steel jaws coming after me. At least that is what it looked like to me. When the jaws clamped around me I thought, either they will take a chunk out of me, or at least, leave me with teeth marks on my face. However to my surprise, there were no teeth marks and the ride did not hurt at all.

This inspection is the most attention that any one has ever given me. Boy do I feel special.

Next I am placed into a small see-through envelope, along with some of my friends, who look just like me.

One of my new friends, Hank, tells a very interesting story:

To be continued.....

Chapter 3

One of my new friends, Hank, tells a very interesting story:

This is Hank's story:

"My beginning was much the same as most of you. The trip from the Post Office is where I must begin.

A large group of us are put in a nice clean envelope for a trip to a place, where everything changes.

Rather than just being placed into a drawer as others have told me of there experiences. My friends and I are taken to a special room. In this room we are placed in a machine that, without any warning, we are punched with holes across our faces. After the shock and pain of being drilled with many holes, my

friend says, 'It looks like they have put letters across your face, made with holes'. As it turns out we all got holes punched in our faces. For sometime most of my friends and myself were ashamed to be with others, because of the way we looked. I have now accepted that we are just different from some of the others and that is ok. In my travels from book to box and box to book, I find that there are many others whose face has been disfigured by holes."

Hank's story is just one of the many that I have heard.

While listing to another story from a new addition to our group, when all of a sudden it got very bright. After my eyes adjusted to the light, my friends and I are dumped onto the table. We are spread out and once again I am moved about by the steel jaws. We are spread out and soon I look around and notice that we have been, once again, separated into different kinds. The pile that I find myself in, is how the center of attraction. I have a big glass of some kind placed right over my face. As my eyes refocus, I look out and ever thing I see is very out of focus. For a moment I think, my eyes are failing and I am going blind. Just then the big glass is taken off my face, I blink, and as if by magic my eyes have returned to normal.

At this point I have been selected to be removed from my friends. I am inspected one more time and then the strangest thing happens. I am put face down and something is attached to my back. I can feel it, however I do not know what it is for.

Next I am placed, face up, on a page in a large book. Checking out my surroundings, I find that I have joined 5 others on the page.

Visiting with the others I discover that we are all about the same age. Our adventures are different but also very similar.

I have no idea how long I have been on the page in the large book. I have talked it over with my friends and we all agree, it has been longer than we can remember.

One day the book is removed from the self where it has been for so long. It seems that we are going on a trip.

When we arrive at our destination, the book we are in, is being gone through over and over. The pages are turning, every so often our page is opened to and the bright light hurts my eyes. Soon the book is closed and pushed to the side, I now must wait for the next adventure.

After another trip I am once again put on a shelf and quiet is restored, for a while.

Sleeping late is something I do as often as I can. However today started earlier than I had wanted. There was a lot of activity, and soon the book that I am in, is pulled from the shelf and placed on a table. As I realize the pages are being turned, the movement soon stops and by friends and I have been the chosen page.

Now the question is: What is of interest on our page?

Is it my friends? Is it me?

The next thing I know, the page that I am attached to is removed from the book. The why is not clear?

Just a few hours ago I was asleep and snug and also felt safe. Now I am lying on a table and feeling a little exposed.

I notice that there are other pages, from books just like the one I was in. The pages are spread out, but I cannot see all of the other stamps. As I am straining to get a look at the others, the pages are gathered up into a stack. The page I am on has what looks like 3 other pages. The pages are removed from the stack one at a time. Soon it comes our turn.

To be continued.....