

# 300 WORDS

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a most **Book** for all  
unusual ages

*written and illustrated by*

**Keith Gordon**



300 Words: A Most Unusual Book for All Ages

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## THE STORY WITHIN

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**E**veryone likes to know the backstory of things. So, let's take a look at the story within the story of 300 Words to explain more about this unusual literary odyssey.

The journey started in the 1980s in the Southern Highlands of Tanzania. At that time, Yours Truly, as a Canadian member of an international community development team, was living in the mile-high city of Mbeya with his young family. Life in rural Tanzania for Canadians learning to speak Swahili exposed a different approach to community living than had been previously experienced.

On a mountain plateau, 7,000 feet above sea level, towering even higher than the city of Mbeya, the Canadian family became connected to a

friendship-based sustainable village initiative inspired by the gentle Umalila people. The plan was to modify Grameen Bank micro-credit concepts that were popular at the time with an added pay forward component.

This meant that instead of paying back to a central authority, villagers who received loans would pay forward to friends or family members from the profits of the successful micro businesses. The loans were offered without interest or security and were based on the power of social obligations which had guided village economies for millennia.

The first micro credit initiative was a village-based pharmacy developed with a pay forward loan of \$300. After one false start, the pharmacy and numerous follow-up initiatives achieved success. Over time, the villagers began to spread the news of their fledgling pay forward micro credit social enterprises. The movement expanded to nearby villages and then to other African countries and eventually to Canada and beyond.

In Canada, the influence of the Tanzania farmers was the philosophical foundation of the efforts of a network of social enterprises and housing non-profits that followed the pay forward model first demonstrated in Africa.

For the next 30 years, after the first connection with the Tanzanian farmers, the Canadians worked with private impact investors on practical responses to Canada's current affordable housing crisis, never forgetting the influence of the Umalila people.

In 2000, the nephew of Yours Truly, an expert in complex systems and professor at the University of Winnipeg, began to share advanced knowledge of the principles of self-organizing systems with the Canadian housing team. It was then realized that all social systems, such as systems that create affordable housing, eventually bog down as entropic forces take over. The remedy, according to complexity theorists, was to understand how the universe naturally emerges and sustains itself from the bottom up and self-organizes without costly top-down reductionism.

The connection with the complexity expert led to research in sociological modeling of emergence that enabled tenant leadership teams in Canada to self-organize in the same way the Tanzanians self-organized pay forward micro credit businesses in Africa.

The influence of the Umalila people had a direct impact in Canada as can be seen in the creation of self-organizing non-profits and community contribution companies that took root in Winnipeg and Vancouver and began to expand in small world networks in every province and territory of Canada.

A few years ago, members of the Canadian affordable housing team learned that an insulin shortage would impact millions of insulin dependent people with Type 2 diabetes.

This realization presented a challenge. The team wanted to know if this coming deficiency had similar entropic origins to those found in Canada's housing

shortages. Even more important, the team wanted to know what could be done about it. Research help soon arrived and it was subsequently learned that global distribution challenges for major insulin drug manufacturers did indeed resemble the same challenges faced by Canada's affordable housing providers.

It struck the researchers that the same rapidly expanding and non-linear approach to affordable housing that was undertaken by the network of non-profits and community contribution companies in Canada, could be applied to the issue of insulin shortages.

In due course, the Quixulin Better Health Society was formed with its core feature being an online emergent weight loss program and free distribution of 300 Words: A Most Unusual Book for all Ages. Quixulin was especially designed to help persons in middle income countries, where Type 2 rates are soaring because of diet changes in the general population.

The name Quixulin is a blended word taken from quixotic and insulin. Quixotic means *exceedingly idealistic, unrealistic, and impractical* and was birthed in one of the great classics of literature, *Don Quixote*. The novel was a favorite of Yours Truly and seemed perfectly analogous to the way nature works from the bottom-up, turning chaos into order in the most unpredictable ways. It is Quixulin's hope that answers to social issues such as affordable housing and insulin shortages can arise from the creative efforts of commoners.

More about the Quixulin Better Health Society can be discovered at [quixulin.com](http://quixulin.com). More about the work of the Tanzania farmers and the viral pay forward movement they started can be found at [smartant.ca](http://smartant.ca), [anhart.ca](http://anhart.ca) and [anhartsolutions.ca](http://anhartsolutions.ca)



## ABOUT 300 WORDS

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**3**00 Words is a story of life and ideas told using a vocabulary of only the 300 most common words in the English language. Why only 300 words, you ask? You ask good questions.

Well let's talk about it. 300 Words is a simple story told with a limited vocabulary that helps both children and adults who are learning English. An alphabetical list of the 300 most common English words is included in the appendix for easy reference.

But even for those who are proficient in English, 300 Words addresses real life complex issues in the simplest way possible. Although the vocabulary is extremely limited, 300 Words raises life questions that are

anything but simple.

Okay, this time let me ask the question. How does 300 Words help to prevent Type 2 diabetes?

The answer starts with the realization that over 500 million persons world-wide have diabetes risk factors that increase with age and diet changes. To make matters worse, within a decade, more than 30 million of the insulin dependent Type 2 diabetics world-wide are projected to be unable to access insulin, the drug that could prolong their lives.

The most important preventative measure to counter the onset of Type 2 diabetes is weight reduction. The free Quixulin online weight loss system and the 300 Words story allows participants to draw their own conclusions on how to best deal with excess body fat.

There is an interactive opportunity at the end of each chapter of this book. Readers can email Quixulin with answers to the questions raised by the protagonist in the book and Quixulin will answer back. The book is designed to start a dialogue that continues for a lifetime.

All languages follow power laws. A power law is a mathematical function that expresses a form of exponential distribution. When expressed in a graph, the illustration looks like a long tail with an abrupt rise at one end.

The distribution of city size in a given country often follows a power law. Most of the cities in a country would be small in population size and included in the long tail of the graph. At one end of the graph, the few cities that are extremely large would be marked with a

sharp rise. A power law for city size distribution would predict that in most countries the largest city is roughly twice as large as the second city, which is approximately twice as large as the third city, and so on.

In language, the same power laws are at work. The long tail represents the many words in the English language that are only used a limited number of times in literature. The sharp rise in a graph of word usage in all languages represents the 300 most commonly used words.

Word usage in a language is like the distribution of cities in a country. When power law properties are present, values increase (or decrease) exponentially. Thus, in any language, the most common word or symbol is used twice as often as the next most common word, and so on, until the values quickly level off.

There are about one million words in total in the historical English lexicon. About 170,000 of those words are in current use. The average English-speaking person has a vocabulary of between 20,000 and 30,000 words.

But you may be surprised to know that half of the English words, when counted in terms of usage, are actually comprised of only 100 words. “The” being the most common followed “of”, “to”, “and” “a”, “in” and so on. Yes, there are some nouns and verbs in the list of the most common words, and even a scarcity of adjectives and adverbs, but you won’t find “not” or “yes” or even one emotive word in the list. And if you want to easily express a past or future tense, forget about it.

So, needless to say, there were many challenges in writing a book with a selected vocabulary of 300 words. But the idea was to express complex ideas in the simplest possible manner, and, for the most part, the limited vocabulary kept the quest true to its mission.

To the reader, the voice in the first part of the 300 Words story will seem childlike. That voice changes somewhat later in the book for reasons that are self-evident to the reader.

The only exception made to the 300-word vocabulary occurs was when it seemed prudent to include a few conjunctives, that is, when two of the words could be combined to make one word that were part of the core vocabulary, such as “something,” “yourself” and “another.”

To aid readers who do not have English as a first language, an English alphabetic list of the 300-word vocabulary is included after the story.

Happy reading!

# 1

## AN IDEA

---



**T**his is a new day.  
I like this day.  
I am in my house.

The sun is still in the world of night.

Before long I will see my friend.

I don't see my friend here in my room.

Why did I just say that?

How could I see my friend here in my room?

My friend is in a house near the mountain.

But I can think about my friend.

I think about my friend all the time.

We meet by the river before the start of each day.

We talk for a while before we go to school.

I will ask my friend to watch the new sun.

The new sun will come over the mountain.

The sun will grow out of the top of the mountain.

It is good to talk to my friend about a new thing.

I will walk out of my house now.

I will meet my friend by the river...

...I am by the river now.

I don't see my friend.

Where are you?

There you are!

I can see you now.

How are you?

I am fine.

Can we watch the sun grow from the mountain?

There is the mountain, but where is the sun?

There it is!

The new sun can grow out of the mountain.

I like to be here with you to watch the new sun.

But we don't want to stay here all day.

I need to go home to eat and then go to school.

I can see you later at school.

I will walk to my house now...

...Now I am in my house.

In my house I can think about my friend.

I don't see my friend.

But my friend is still real to me.

I have a picture of my friend in my head.

The picture is an idea of my friend.

The idea of my friend is real.

Now, I want to know something.

What is more real, my friend, or the idea of my friend?

That would be something good to know.

I think I know the answer.

At night I don't see the sun, but the sun is still there.

The idea is here when the sun is in the night world.

When I see the sun my idea of the sun can grow.

So, the sun and the idea of the sun are both very real.

The sun can go away and my friend can go away.

But an idea can never go away.

Now it is late.

I have to go to school...

...While I am at school can you write to me?

Did you like my story about the sun and the mountain?

Do you think I am right that an idea is more real?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

For real.

Near my house there is a new thing.

This new thing can get and give a letter very fast.

If you write a letter with the thing, I will get it fast.

Do you have this new thing near your house?

If you do, you can write to me.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

I think I will write a small book.

I will write what I think and what you think in the book.

I will write every day.

I will write about the idea of an idea.



# 2

## A WORD

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This is a new day.

I like this day.

Before long I will see my friend again.

I am here in my house.

The sun is still in the world of night.

I will ask my friend to help me look for my tree.

There is one tree that I like very much.

It is an old, old, tree.

It is far away.

My tree is very, very, large.

It is good to look at.

I will walk out of my house now.

I will meet my friend by the river...

...I am by the river now.

I don't see my friend.

Where is my friend?

There you are!

I can see you.

How have you been?

I have been fine.

Can we walk and find the tree that I like?

We might learn a new thing about the tree.

Where is that tree that I like?

There it is!

Look, there is an animal up in the tree.

I don't know what kind of animal that is.

I have never seen that kind of animal before.

Does the animal like the tree?

I think so.

But we don't want to stay here all day.

I need to go home to eat.

I can see you later at school.

I will walk home now...

...Now I am in my house.

When I am at home I can think about the tree.

I can say the word tree as I think about it.

I hear the sound of the word tree when I speak it.

I know how to write the word t-r-e-e.

Even if I don't write the word, the idea is in my head.

The idea is about what a tree is.

A word is like an idea.

I would like to know something.

Where does a word live when it is not in my head?

That is a good question.

A word must have a home.

A word must go home when it is not in my head.

When other people need a word they go to that home.

All people can get the same word when they want it.

I can say the word tree to my friend.

My friend will think about the word.

My friend will have an idea of a tree from the word.

So, we both will have the same idea.

I like that very much.

A word can give us all the same idea.

Now it is late.

I have to go to school...

...While I am at school can you write to me?

Did you like my story about my tree?

Do you think I am right that a word is an idea?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

I give you my word on that.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I will go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

Before I go to school, I will write in my book.

I will write about the idea of a word.

# 3

## TOGETHER

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This is a new day.

I like this day.

Before long I will see my friend.

I am in my house.

The sun is still in the world of night.

But I can hear the rain.

I will ask my friend if we can watch the fish.

Fish like the rain.

Fish come up out of the water in the rain.

Other fish want to eat them so they leave the water.

The rain is good for fish to get away from other fish.

I like to watch the fish come out of the water.

I will walk out of my house now.

I will meet my friend by the river...

...I am by the river now.

I don't see my friend.

Where are you?

There you are!

I can see you.

How is your family?

My family is fine.

Can we watch for fish in the river?

Fish like rain and come up out of the water in the rain.

Look, there is a fish!

There is another one!

I like to watch the fish.

But we don't want to stay here all day.

I need to go home to eat and then go to school.

I can see you later at school.

I will walk to my house now...

...Now I am in my house.

In my house I can think about the rain and the fish.  
I think how everything has need of every other thing.  
I can think about my tree, and the rain, and the earth.  
The earth can use the rain to make it have life.  
My tree can stand tall with the help of the earth.  
An animal can live in my tree.  
My tree can help it to rain.  
The rain can help the fish.  
My tree, rain, fish, earth, and the animal work together.  
Now, I would like to know something.  
Does Mother Earth tell every thing on earth what to do?  
That is a good thing to know.  
I think I know the answer.  
I don't think Mother Earth is a real mother.  
There is no way she can talk to every thing on earth.  
But Mother Earth made music for every thing to hear.  
The music has the same sound everywhere.  
Every thing can hear the same music at the same time.  
The music says, "Follow my sound and work together."  
Mother Earth is just a name for this idea.  
One idea that all people can hear in their mind.

I think I like that idea.

Now it is late.

I have to go to school...

...While I am at school can you write to me?

Do you think that every thing on earth can work together?

Do you think Mother Earth is just an idea we all have?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

Together we can do so much.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

Before I go to school, I will write in my book.

I will write about how to together.



# 4

## THE BIG CUT

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This is a new day.

I don't know if I will like this day.

I am in my house.

The sun is still in the world of night.

I could hear a big sound all night.

I don't like that kind of big sound.

The sound came from far away.

I will ask my friend if we can learn about the sound.

I will walk out of my house now.

I will meet my friend by the river...

...I am by the river now.

I don't see my friend.

Where is my friend?

There you are!

I can see you.

Did you hear the sound?

You could hear it too?

Can we walk to find out what made the big sound?

I think it came from the place where my tree is.

We will walk to my tree now...

...Where is my tree?

Can you see my tree?

It is gone!

Where could it go?

A tree does not know how to walk.

Look, there is a man who came from the city.

We can ask him about my tree and the big sound.

Do you know about a big sound and about my tree?

What! My tree was cut down?!

Who would cut down a very, very, old tree?!

What? It was cut down to make wood?

What about every other tree around here?

Where did they go?

Every other tree was cut down to make wood too!?

Who took all that wood?

Some people from the city?

I don't want to talk about this Big Cut.

I need to go home.

I will walk to my house now with my head down...

...Now I am in my house and in my room.

I can think about every tree that was cut down.

It is hard for me to think about this.

Now, no rain will get help from my tree.

If there is no rain, the earth will get hard.

If there is no rain, the river and fish will go away.

If there is no tree, no animal will have a place to live.

What kind of a day is this?

Now, I would like to know something.

What should I do about my tree?

That is a good thing to know.

The answer is nowhere in my head.

I don't even want to think about it.

I only want to listen to the music of Mother Earth.

I don't want to go to school...

...While I am by myself can you write to me?

Do you think I am right to be by myself?

Do you think I should be in school?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

I don't want to be here.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

I will write in my book now.

I will write about how the Big Cut.

# 5

## THE CITY

---



It is a new day.

It has been a long, long, long, time since I could write.

I live and work in the city now.

It is never dark here.

And a big city sound is everywhere all the time.

I don't like that kind of big sound.

I hear the same sound every night, all night.

I have a lot to tell you, but I don't know where to start.

I don't see my old friend any more.

One day we met in the city and had some small talk.

Our talk was cut off, "I have to run," my old friend said.

What did he mean?

I don't think my old friend had to run.

I think he did not want to talk to me.

Before, my friend and I were together all the time.

I never thought it would end up like this.

A long time ago after the Big Cut life was no good.

As I had thought, soon after the rain went away.

And after the rain went away the earth got hard.

No tree could grow again.

The river got small, and the fish were soon gone.

It was hard to see an animal now.

With no rain there was no food.

So, many people began to move to the city.

Many people tried to find work in the city.

But there was too little work for so many people.

I was able to study and then find good work.

So, in the end I could live well.

But I don't know what good came out of all that.

People in the city know a lot.

They know how to build a big city.

But the city has such a big need.

The need has no end.

In the city there are many people.

All the people need a home.

A home is made of wood and city people need wood.

A lot of wood.

That is why there was the Big Cut near my home.

The city people don't know about country people.

The city people don't know about me or my tree.

The city people had no idea that my tree was a friend.

They just saw it as any tree.

The city people thought that my tree was their wood.

I would like to know something.

Why do city people always want more?

That is something good to know.

I think I know the answer.

City people like to learn everything there is to learn.

City people like to learn how to live a long time.

When people live a long time there are more people.

A city with more people will want more.

The city people will go far to find what they want.

They will take what they want when the need is great.  
So, people who know more want more and take more.  
People who take more will always know more.  
There is no end.  
It is hard to think about this.  
I have to go to sleep now....  
...Can you write to me while I sleep?  
Did you think my friend would ever leave me?  
Is it right for me to want my friend to come back?  
Maybe you don't agree.  
I would like very much to hear from you.  
It will be good to have a new friend.  
I went to see if there was a letter from you.  
I still go every day to see.  
You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)  
Before I sleep, I will write in my book.  
I will write about the city.



# 6

## A NEW IDEA

---



It is a new day.

I am still in the city.

I don't really like to live in the city.

But I don't tell that to other people.

I live in a small house by the sea near the port.

I like to be near the water.

I watch the sun set into the sea before night time.

I watch the sun rise from the land before day time.

I like to look at the sun.

It is the same sun I knew when I was in the country.

In the country I could see the sun every day with ease.

It is hard to see the sun in the city.

The air in the city is no good and can cover the sun.

When I was in the country the air was always good.

But I am in the city now.

After I watch the sun rise I eat some food.

Then I walk to work.

I walk near a park where children play.

Then I cross a big bridge to get to the other side.

There is a man under the bridge.

He made his home there.

There are people in the city who don't have a home.

I don't see all of them when I walk to work.

It is too bad some people in the city have no home.

I don't know what to do to help them.

In the country all the people could just build a house.

In the city it is hard to just build a house.

People need a lot of time to build a city house.

People who work for the city have a lot to say about it.

No one can just build a house any time they want to.

I want to build a house for the man under the bridge.

How can I do that?

I have an idea about his house.

I think many people can help to build his house.

And I think we don't need a Big Cut to build it.

My idea is to ask many people for their old wood.

Then we can use the old wood to build a new house.

I will ask the man under the bridge to help.

After we build one house we can build another house.

And then another house, and another.

There are many people in the city that need a house.

And there is a lot of old wood in the city.

I would like to know something.

Should every new house be made from old wood?

I think real life is life that.

An old tree will end to make room for a new tree.

An old animal will end to make room for a new animal.

Old people will end to make room for new people.

So, I think it should be the same for a house.

Every new house should have been an old house first.

I want to talk to other people about my idea.

It will be good if I can find someone to like my idea.

...I have to walk to work now.

While I am at work can you write to me?

Should we help the man under the bridge?

Should a new house be made from old wood?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

I don't like to be alone with this new house idea.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

Before I go to work, I will write in my book.

I will write about my new idea.

# 7

## THE GROUP

---



It is a new day.

It has been one year since I could write.

I found a new friend in the city.

Then I found another new friend.

And then another, and another, and another.

Soon we were a group.

I have been with my new group a lot.

Our group is all about being small.

We know how to be big, but we want to be small.

We don't always want more.  
Our life is good without so much.  
Small is big in our group.  
We always have some thing to do.  
We can eat together.  
We can read a good book together.  
We can go for a walk by the sea.  
We can study together.  
We talk about a world where people live in peace.  
I told the group my idea to help the man by the bridge.  
It was a good idea, at first.  
As a group we had a talk with the man.  
He said he would like a new house.  
The group found a place to build the new house.  
We had to tell the city about our plan.  
So, we found paper to write the idea.  
I was the one to write on the paper.  
My idea was first a word in my head.  
Then the idea was a word on a paper.  
Then another word, and another, and another.  
Then I had a sentence.

Then another sentence, and another, and another.

In the end, I had a story.

The story was my idea on paper.

An idea about how to make a house from old wood.

Later the whole group read the paper.

Some people in the group say they like my idea.

Those people say we should help the man.

Some people in the group say they don't like my idea.

They say the man should build a house by himself.

It is hard for a group to work together.

I would like to know something.

Is it good to work in a group, or work alone?

If I have an idea, I can do the idea myself.

I don't need to talk about it.

The idea can be made real very fast.

For the group to like my idea I have to talk about it.

I need to write down the idea on a paper.

I need to show the paper to the group.

I need to change what is on the paper after they talk.

I like a group but I don't always like to work in a group.

I have to learn about how people work together.

At first, I thought I would like to work in a group.

Now I don't know for sure.

I will think about this some more.

...I have to walk to work now.

While I am at work can you write to me?

Do you think my group will help the man with no home?

Do we have a plan that will work?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

Maybe you can be part of our group.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

Before I walk to work, I will write in my book.

I will write about my the new group.



# 8

## I DON'T LIKE YOUR IDEA

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It is a new day.

I like to write now every day.

I have so much to write about.

My group has a lot of work now.

After a lot of talk my group took my idea to the city.

We told them about the idea to build a new house.

We said it would help a man under a bridge.

The people at the city said we could build the house.

So that night we met together to make a plan.

The work of each person in the group would differ.

Some people would look for old wood.

Some people would plan the house.

Some people would dig the earth.

Some people would make the floor.

The group went all over the city to find old wood.

Then the group began to build the house.

At first the man under the bridge said he would help.

But he was very sick.

So, we did the work by ourself.

We did the work day and night for a long time.

Then we went to look for the man by the bridge.

We went to look for a long time.

Where was he?

We found out he had to look for food.

Everyone has to eat.

Then I saw him.

I said, "There he is!"

It was good to see the man by the bridge.

We told him about the new house.

We told him we had to work day and night.

We said it was a very good house.

Then we all went together to see the new house.  
We thought he would like the new house.  
But the man said, "I don't want to live in that house."  
And then the man went back to the bridge.  
We all just stood there.  
We did not know what to say.  
So, we all just went home.  
Each one to their own house.  
The group has a lot to learn.  
I have a lot to learn.  
I have to learn people have their own idea about life.  
We have a man under a bridge.  
And a new house made from old wood.  
But we don't have a person to live in the house.  
I would like to know something.  
Can a group think too much about an idea?  
I thought for sure my idea was a good idea.  
The idea made the group do a lot of work.  
But in the end the man thought the idea was no good.  
I always thought it was good to have an idea.  
An idea in my head can then be a word in my mouth.

Other people can hear the word.

Then we can write the word on a paper.

Then a sentence and then a story.

But it could be that an idea is better than a word.

Just as it is.

...I have to go to sleep now.

While I sleep can you write to me?

Do you think an idea is better than a word?

Is it better to think than it is to talk and write?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

Before I go to sleep, I will write in my book.

I will write about the idea of the man near the bridge.

# 9

## ANOTHER NEW IDEA

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It is a new day.

I did not write for along time.

But now I can write to you again.

It was hard to write after the bridge man said no.

I thought my idea was a good idea.

I thought the man would like the new house.

Was I right?

I don't think so.

I gave up on my idea when the man said no.

But the people in my group did not give up.

The people in my group went to see the man again.  
Their idea was to listen to the man about the house.  
Before it was only my idea.  
And then it was the idea of the group.  
Now it would be the idea of the man.  
So, the group went to talk to the man under the bridge.  
The man said the house was good.  
But he said there was no food to eat at the new house.  
Near the bridge he could look for food.  
He ate old food left outside by other people.  
He said the new house was too far from the bridge.  
There was no food near the new house.  
Then the people in my group had an idea.  
They told the man they would plant food for him.  
Their idea was to grow food outside the new house.  
The new house is good but people need food too.  
The man said the food idea was a good idea.  
Some people in the group know how to grow food.  
Soon there was a lot of food for the man.  
He said the food was good.  
Then he went to the new house.

He is still in the house.

The group told the city about the house and the food.

The city said the group could build another house.

And then another house, and then another house.

Now the small plan is a big plan.

Many people from the group work on the big plan.

Now the group has so much work to do.

There are so many people who need a new house.

Before our group would eat together.

And our group would walk together.

And we would play with the children together.

Now we just work.

I would like to know something.

Should every small plan be a big plan after a while?

The plan to help the man under the bridge was small.

Now it is very big and now a big change has come.

We don't talk to each other any more in the same way.

There is too much to do.

The people in the city had a plan to make one house.

And then another, and another, and another.

My group now has look for new wood for each house.

They say to look for old wood is too slow.

I think every big plan is the same plan in the end.

A big plan to help many people is like the Big Cut.

...I have to go out to look at the water now.

While I am out, can you write to me?

Do you think a big plan to help people is no good?

Is it better to just keep a plan small?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

Before I go out, I will write in my book.

I will write about another new idea.



# 10

I AM BIG

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It is a new day.

It has been a long time since I could write.

I am old now.

Let me tell you a story.

After the group got too big, I made a change.

I don't go to see the group any more.

The group is now all work and no play.

I did like the group at first.

But I also like to read and walk and see the sun.

One day when I went for a walk I saw my old friend.

This time my friend had a lot of time to talk.

But this time I was the one to say I had to run.

When I left my old friend I did run for real.

I had to run. and run. and run.

I had to run away from everything.

I had to run to my home.

Now, I don't go out much.

I stay home after work and eat.

I eat, and eat, and eat.

I am big now.

I am too big.

I don't walk well.

I don't sleep well.

I don't think well.

I need a new life.

I don't want to go back to my old life.

But I don't know what to do.

When I was in the country I always had a good idea.

I used to like to get up early to meet my friend.

I used to like to see the sun, and my tree, and the fish.

But now I can see something new again.

I can see that every idea was always my idea.

Maybe that is why my old friend had to run.

My friend had to run away from me.

Now I want to run too.

But I am too big to run now, so I have one more idea.

I want to have an idea in my head of my new life.

But this time, I don't want to talk about the idea.

I don't want to have a group think about the idea.

I don't want to write about the idea.

This time, the picture will only be a word in my head.

In my picture, I am not big.

In my picture, I will have a new friend.

In my picture, I walk a little more every day.

In my picture, I eat a little better every day.

In my picture, I make some music every day.

In my picture, I sleep a little better every night.

I would like to know something.

Does an idea always have to find a word?

Does a word always have to find a sentence?

Does a sentence always have to find a story?

Does a story always have to find a group?

Does a group always have to find work?

Can an idea just stay as a picture in my head?

...I have to go and think about the picture in my head.

While I am away can you write to me?

Do you think an idea can just be a picture?

Maybe you don't agree.

I would like very much to hear from you.

I went to see if there was a letter from you.

I go everyday to see.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

Before I go, I will write in my book.

I will write about what it is like to be big.

# 11

## SMALL AGAIN

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It is a new day.

I don't think I can write much any more.

I want to write, but I think it is time for me to stop.

I have had much to say for a long time.

I said it and now it is time for other people to write.

But let me write one more story.

It is hard for a person like me to stop.

Some time ago I had a change in my life.

After we built a new house for the man near the bridge.

After that I just was by myself.

I don't think it was a good time for me.

Like other people who think life is no good I ate more.

I had got so big I could not walk.

It was because I was by myself with nothing to do.

When I ate more, I could not walk as much.

And when I could not walk, I would eat more.

How did I change?

Let me tell you.

My plan was to have a new picture of myself.

My plan was to do something a little more every day.

I thought I could get small in the same way I got big.

I could get small little by little.

Every day I thought, I will try a little to find a friend.

Every day I thought, I will walk a little more.

Every day I thought, I will eat a little better.

Every day I thought, I will make a little music.

Every day I thought, I will sleep a little better.

Little by little I began to get small again.

After one year, I was like I was before.

I was no longer big.

I said to myself, I have a good life again.

Some other people I know did the same thing as I did.

Many of them became small little by little also.

One day a man from the city had the same idea as me.

He found out I got to be small by doing just a little.

He took my small idea and made it a big idea.

He told the story to many people in the world.

He made a lot from the idea.

People from my group said, I don't like that man.

He took your idea and gave you nothing.

He made a lot and you got nothing.

But I said every idea has the same home.

And all people can learn about the same idea.

I said it is good that many people are small again.

I said don't think about who got a lot from the idea.

I would like to know something.

Is it better to have a lot or a little?

I think I know the answer.

To me it is good to have a lot of what we don't see.

What we see someone will take and it will be gone.

I don't want a big idea that I need to keep alive.

I let my idea about how to be small again stay small.

I told my old group how I made a change.

They saw that before I was big.

And now I am small.

I will write for the last time in my small book.

I will write about what it is like to be small again.

You don't have to write to me any more.



# 12

## A NEW END

---



You don't know me.

But I want to know you.

I found a book.

This is the book I found.

There is so much in this book that is good to know.

I found this book in a small house by the sea.

I was not the one to start this book.

But I want to write in this book.

I want to tell you something.

Life has an end for every person.

Life found an end for the one to start this book.

But the story of every person is still alive.

I like the person who was first to write this story.

It would have been good to talk more to that person.

I want that person to be here now.

But that person is in another world now.

I was able to learn a lot when I read this book.

I was able to learn how every story was first an idea.

I was able to learn how one person saw life.

This story began with an idea in the country.

It is a story about the sun and a tree and some fish.

It is a story of a friend and a Big Cut.

It is a story about life in the country and life in a city.

It is a story about how people differ when they grow.

It is a story about a city and a man and a bridge.

It is a story about a group and a plan and a lot of work.

It is a story about how an idea can change a life.

For some the change is good.

For some the change is hard.

In our city many people now have a new home.

In our city many people can now grow their own food.

But in our city many people have too much food.  
The people have a good house and good food.  
But the people don't hear the music of Mother Nature.  
For a long time there was no music in my life.  
I was like everyone else, all work and no play.  
And no music from Mother Nature.  
I began to eat, and eat, and eat like the other people.  
Then I met a person in a big new group.  
It was a big group for people like me.  
I gave a lot to be in the big group.  
I gave it to the big man who made the small idea big.  
But I got something good for what I had to give.  
Now I know that too much food can make my life hard.  
Now I know I need a picture in my head.  
I know the music of Mother Earth is like good food.  
When people have a good home, they need good food.  
But a good home and good food are not enough.  
Every person must hear the music of Mother Earth.  
Just a little music can do a lot.  
I would like to know something.  
Is a person ever too old to learn?

I think I am like many people.

I don't want to try something new.

I just want to get through life.

But I think it is good to try a new idea.

A new idea can help an old life.

...I have to go now to meet the people in my big group.

Do you think I am right to write in this small book?

Maybe you don't agree.

I am the one now who would like to hear from you.

You can write me at [yourfriend@quixulin.com](mailto:yourfriend@quixulin.com)

I will now be the one to write in this book every day.

I will write in the place of my friend.

My friend and I saw much together.

We saw the sun, and the tree, and the fish.

I can still see all of that, and my friend.

300 WORDS

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a	ask	call
about	at	came
act	back	can
add	base	car
after	be	care
again	been	carry
air	before	cause
all	began	change
also	begin	children
always	between	city
an	big	close
and	book	color
animal	both	come
answer	boy	could
any	build	country
are	but	cover
as	by	cross

cut	father	grow
day	feet	had
did	few	hand
differ	find	hard
do	first	has
does	fish	have
don't	follow	he
door	food	head
down	for	hear
draw	form	help
each	found	her
earth	four	here
ease	friend	high
eat	from	him
end	get	his
even	give	home
every	go	horse
example	good	hot
eye	got	house
face	great	how
far	group	I

idea	little	move
if	live	much
in	long	music
is	look	must
it	low	my
just	made	name
keep	main	near
kind	make	need
know	man	never
land	many	new
large	mark	next
last	may	night
late	me	no
learn	mean	north
left	men	now
let	might	number
letter	mile	of
life	more	off
light	most	often
like	mother	old
line	mountain	on

once	put	she
one	rain	should
only	read	show
open	real	side
or	right	since
other	river	small
our	room	so
out	round	some
over	run	sound
own	said	spell
page	same	stand
paper	saw	start
part	say	still
people	school	stop
picture	sea	story
place	second	study
plant	see	such
play	seem	sun
point	self	sure
port	sentence	take
press	set	tell



than	tree	when
that	try	where
the	turn	which
their	two	while
them	under	white
then	until	who
there	up	why
these	us	will
they	use	with
thing	very	wood
think	walk	word
this	want	work
those	was	world
thought	watch	would
three	water	write
through	way	year
time	we	you
to	well	your
together	went	
too	were	
took	what	

