



1953 Miniature Grandfather Clock

## Everything has a **Story...**

And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff -- frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away -- they have endured byt an instant -- and a light, half subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night and one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall.

***And the life of the clock went out  
with that of the last of the gay.***

*The Masque of the Red Death*  
Edgar Allen Poe  
1842

# Everything has a Story...



1967 Oak Carved Chess Piece with Cherry Varnish

**"The sixteen of us, soldier, are the chessmen I'll be playing with."**

"The former tenants had those handsome man sized chessmen before you built so that they and their friends could sit up here and order servants to move them about. Today, of course, we will use only the black chessman, my pieces. The Americans have furnished their own chessmen. Fascinating idea. If the coronel is clever enough to win, then all of you who are still with us when I am checkmated will get safe transport out of my territory. If he loses--" Pi Ying shrugged. "As Coronel Kelly can tell you, a chess game can very rarely be won--any more than a battle can be won...

**without sacrifices."**

"All the King's Horses"  
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.  
1951