

TESTIFY  
— A TRUE STORY —



*Welcome.*

*We hope you are enjoying your stay.*

*Now is the time to sit back,  
relax and reflect.*

*We are pleased to provide this true story.*

*Perhaps after reading this piece  
you will want to pick up a pen  
and write your own personal story.*

*A story that shaped and embraced you.*

*Possibly, you'll want to share it with others.  
An invitation to submit your piece  
for future Testify books is offered.*

*It is not complicated.  
Just write from your heart.*

*Even if you decide not to pick up a pen,  
we trust the story you read in this little book  
will give you a moment of reflection.*

*Enjoy.*

**tes·ti|fy** (tes'te fi') 1) to make a declaration to substantiate a fact; to bear witness or give evidence, esp. under oath; 2) to bear witness to; affirm; declare or proclaim publicly; 3) to serve as evidence

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—STELLA—

I WAS NAVIGATING AN UNFAMILIAR STREET TEEMING WITH 9 A.M. WORKERS ON AN 8 A.M. SCHEDULE. It wasn't easy. Throngs circle, dodge, jostle, wind and whine pass.

It's already a hectic day.

A quick glance toward a street sign when reaching the curb seems to be the only time a breath of air is ever really taken.

Then a roar, more agonizing than proud, erupts.

Straining my neck I can see him half a block down.

He stands over 6'5".

Enormous.

Brown skanky hair falls shoulder length onto clothes that have had two too many owners and a body which has seen too few showers.

Settling on his reflection in a store window, people are giving this man wide berth as they reposition the flow of pedestrian traffic.

"This is just my luck."

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I lower my head, take a half step onto the curb and walk along its edge.

'Figures.'

Placing one foot in front of the other to ensure no misstep into traffic, my attention focuses on the task at hand.

Considering the width of the sidewalk and the sheer number of people jostling for position, it would take a miracle for him to see me but *'chuckle'*, it would take a miracle for him not to see me.

No matter the time, place or setting it seems a certain type of person is attracted to me.

No problem.

It's just a few of them—like the roarer up ahead—make me squirm.

"Stella!" "Darling Stella!"

A mammoth hand is placed on my shoulder.

I look to see what it is attached to (as if I don't know) and follow the tattered arm sleeve of an old army jacket to this hulk of a man.

His pleading features house a pair of eyes that search for recognition or at the very least, a connection.

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Given a line of passersby still twist between us, it's incredible how far his reach extends.

"Stella, Stella where did you go to?"

"Um, I had to go see my folks. I'll catch up with you later okay?"

"I've missed ya Stella."

"I've missed you too. Okay, see ya later."

The stream of passersby ensures the contact is short and sweet. I hurry along propelled by a tad of apprehension that this chap might not let "Stella" go so easily.

Then, a smile crosses my face—once again, I was chosen.

Not to be conceited or anything, but it's nice to be considered approachable.

Certainly I do not want to be seen as approachable to telemarketers or serial killers, but surely this guy doesn't fall into either one of these categories.

Oh alright, I'll admit if it were dark with barely a soul around the encounter would have had a lot more tension and bite to it, yet there was no harm done all and all.

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And that is how the encounter gets chalked up.

No harm done.

All and all.

All in all.



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STELLA

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or share our Collection with others,  
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Testify books, please send them to:*

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*Writing style isn't as important  
as long as you are thoughtful and  
genuine in the telling of your story.*

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