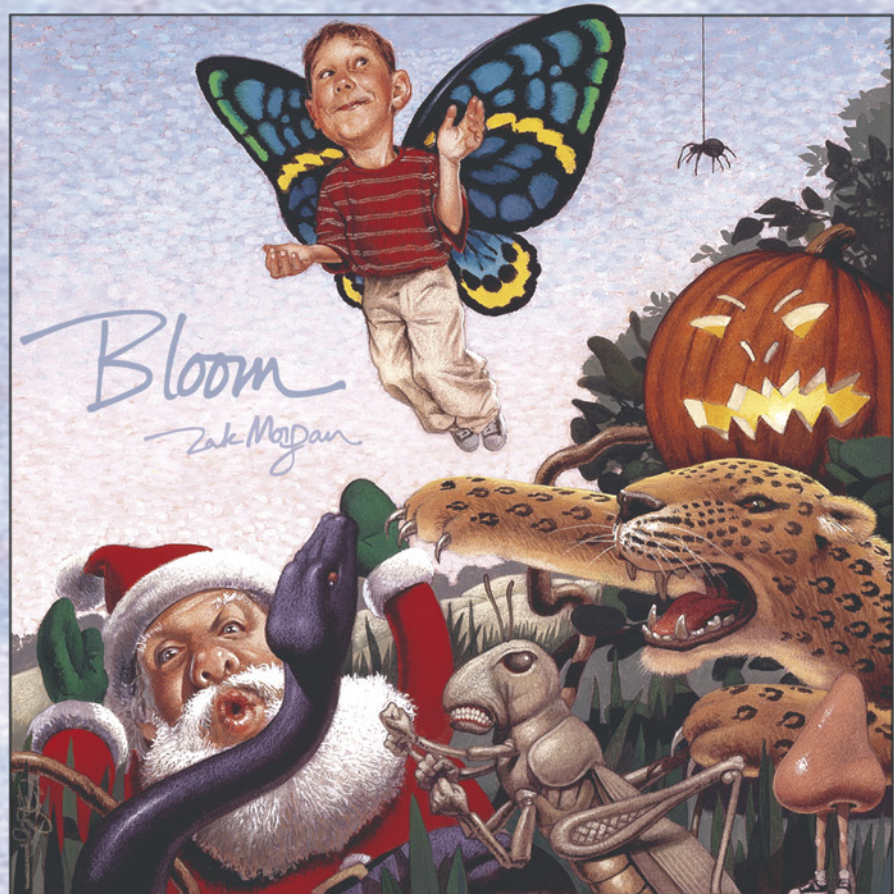


*No animals, children, noses, or Santas were devoured, exploded, picked, or exposed in the making of Bloom.





Bloom

Zak Morgan

Illustrated by C.F. Payne

Produced by Ric Hordinski

The Butterfly

Hungry Things

Proddingnagian Banana Blues

The Spider's Web

Ohio Halloween

Bill Fisher and his Running Nose

Santa and the Full Moon (as told by Blitzen)

I Hide My Muscles Well

Dream Song

Lullaby





The Butterfly

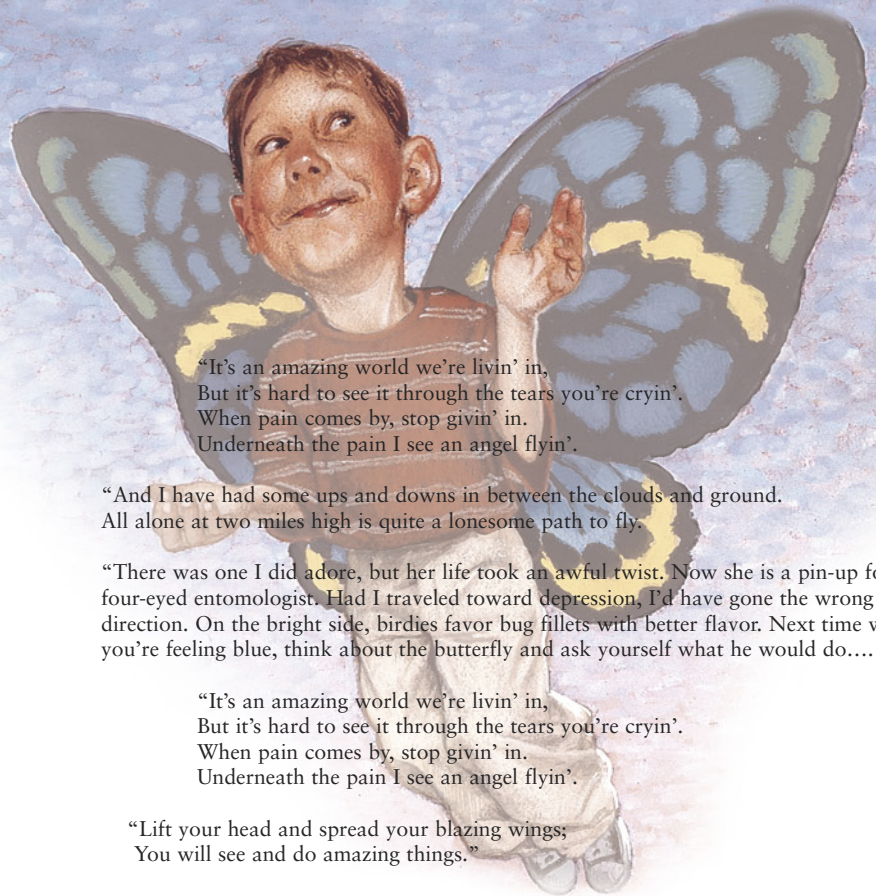
Once there was a little guy, ten years old and three feet high. He wasn't like the other folks, he was the butt of lots of jokes. They had clever names for him, like "Shorty," "Shrimp," and "Runt," shoring up a shame in him with bully-coward stunts.

Walking home and feeling glum, he could feel the teardrops come. Sniffing and kicking stones, feeling small and all alone.... Then he saw a butterfly flutter by a flower bed. While he was having quite a cry, this is what the monarch said:

"It's an amazing world we're livin' in,
But it's hard to see it through the tears you're cryin'.
When pain comes by, stop givin' in.
Underneath the pain I see an angel flyin'.

"For instance, when you look at me, I wasn't always what you see. First I was a tiny egg, then I was fat with sixteen legs, and there were other awkward stages as my body changed. Life is always turning pages, some of them are strange.

"But when I slept in my cocoon, my awkward little body bloomed. I blossomed at the break of dawn, just like the rose I'm resting on. And now I am a butterfly who flutters by a flower bed. With my wings, I paint the sky. I have loved the life I've led.



"It's an amazing world we're livin' in,
But it's hard to see it through the tears you're cryin'.
When pain comes by, stop givin' in.
Underneath the pain I see an angel flyin'.

"And I have had some ups and downs in between the clouds and ground.
All alone at two miles high is quite a lonesome path to fly.

"There was one I did adore, but her life took an awful twist. Now she is a pin-up for a four-eyed entomologist. Had I traveled toward depression, I'd have gone the wrong direction. On the bright side, birdies favor bug fillets with better flavor. Next time when you're feeling blue, think about the butterfly and ask yourself what he would do....

"It's an amazing world we're livin' in,
But it's hard to see it through the tears you're cryin'.
When pain comes by, stop givin' in.
Underneath the pain I see an angel flyin'.

"Lift your head and spread your blazing wings;
You will see and do amazing things."



The hungry things live in the Animal Kingdom.
The jungle brings plenty of places to spring from.
Still as a statue, waiting to catch you,
The hungry things who live in the Animal Kingdom.

The leopard leapt on the geezer gazelle, and was lunching. I heard the roar and the sound of bones crunching. Can you imagine this scene? *Je sens une jungle cuisine.*
The hunter attacking, the leopard lips smacking, I'm glad I'm not who he is munching!

The hungry things live in the Animal Kingdom.
The jungle brings plenty of places to spring from.
The leopard's pernicious, and you look delicious
To the hungry things who live in the Animal Kingdom.

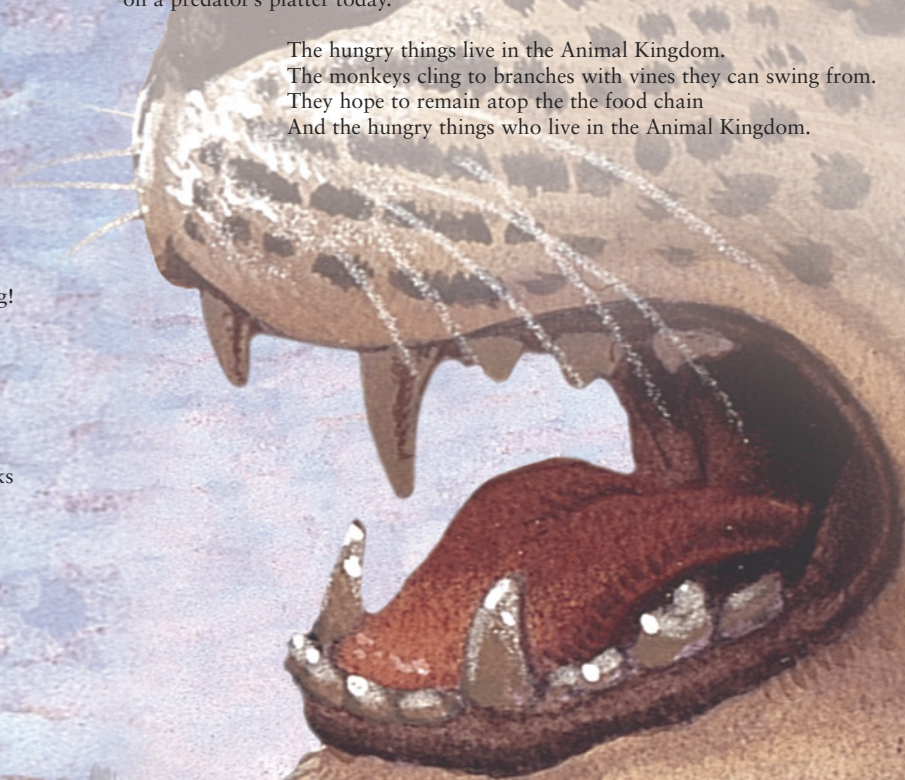
The snake's a sneak as she slithers along, unsuspected. She takes a peak and then flicks her forked tongue, undetected. Then, at high noon, she grabs a baboon.
First she'll constrict him, then swallow her victim, I'm glad I'm not who she selected!

The hungry things live in the Animal Kingdom.
The jungle brings plenty of places to spring from.
The boa's the victor, a baboon constrictor,
A hungry thing who lives in the Animal Kingdom.

H u n g r y T h i n g s

The sun's going down, and high up from the ground, millions of monkeys can chatter and play. On this nightly roundup, not one monkey wound up on a predator's platter today.

The hungry things live in the Animal Kingdom.
The monkeys cling to branches with vines they can swing from.
They hope to remain atop the the food chain
And the hungry things who live in the Animal Kingdom.





ave you heard about the boy who ate bananas 'til his belly blew?
He ate 'em by the bushel, by the bunch, and by the bundle, too.
To get his hand on a banana, there was nothing that he wouldn't do.

Then he met a stranger who said, "Son, I'll make a deal with you."
He had pointed ears, a pitchfork, and a body with a reddish hue.
"Any banana you imagine, Buster, I can make your wish come true."

He was a fan of banana, now he's opened up a can of the rues.
The boy is bobbin' in the Brobdingnagian banana blues.

The banana he imagined was ten feet up and two feet wide. He had to use an axe
to get the peel off of the fruit inside. But once he started eating, he couldn't stop
(although he tried).



He gobbled and his belly grew.
He wobbled and he slobbered at his boo-boo.
He did it even though he knew
He was a bad boy when he made a deal with
you know who....

Brobdingnagian Banana Blues

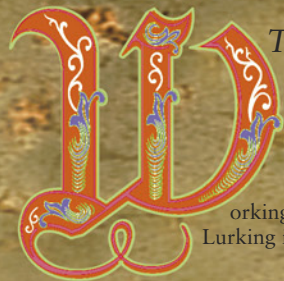
He was a fan of banana, now he's opened up a can of the rues.
The boy is bobbin' in the Brobdingnagian banana blues.

The neighbors heard a rumble, then it stopped, and then a rooster crowed.
Then like a clap of thunder, they heard Banana Boy explode.
The boy got his banana, and the devil got the debt he owed.

He was a fan of banana, now he's opened up a can of the rues.
The boy is bobbin' in the Brobdingnagian banana blues.

He was a fan of a banana, now he's opened up a can of the rues.
Now bits of him are blowin' in the wind,
His fate was Swift and it was Faustian,
He's bobbin' in the Brobdingnagian banana blues.





The Spider's Web

Working up late in wee hours, spinning this marvelous jewel.
Lurking in wait to devour the harvest of insects she fools.

Her web was a wobbling frenzy, as Marty Moth tried to break free.
He soon found with fright that the more that you fight,
the tighter the bondage will be!

And Marty Moth wasn't the first, and he certainly wasn't the last,
for out of the sky came Miss Fannie Fly, and suddenly she was stuck fast.

And then Mr. Grasshopper Green
made a valiant jump off the ground.
His date was impressed,
but extremely perplexed,
when her boyfriend
never came down!



There was Marty Moth,

and Fannie Fly,

and good Mr. Grasshopper Green
in the **prettiest, trickiest, shiniest, stickiest**
spider's web I've ever seen!

There were beads of dew like diamonds, clinging and sparkling and dancing,
when the first sunlight of the morning came over the glorious hill.
The birdies were chirping and singing,
and acorns, the squirrels were bringing,
while the spiderweb fabric was clinging
the neighborhood's goriest kill.

All of those insects were friendly,
and we're certainly sad they are gone,
but the farm they all bought
on the day they were caught
is the reason the spider lives on.

Yes, the farm they all bought
on the day they were caught
is the reason the spider lives on.



O h i o H a l l o w e e n

n Halloween, Dad brings us home a pumpkin
That he picked from a patch in the Ohio hills.
He bought it from a hairy country-bumpkin
Who's famous for his pumpkins and his whiskey still.

We make our dad reach in and scoop out the goop,
But when it comes to carving, we all work as a group,
And when the carving's complete, we put a candle inside,
And when we light the wick, the scary face comes alive!

When it gets dark, we go out trick-or-treating
In costumes that are scary and look very real,
Collecting all the candy we'll be eating
For months and months, before and after every meal!

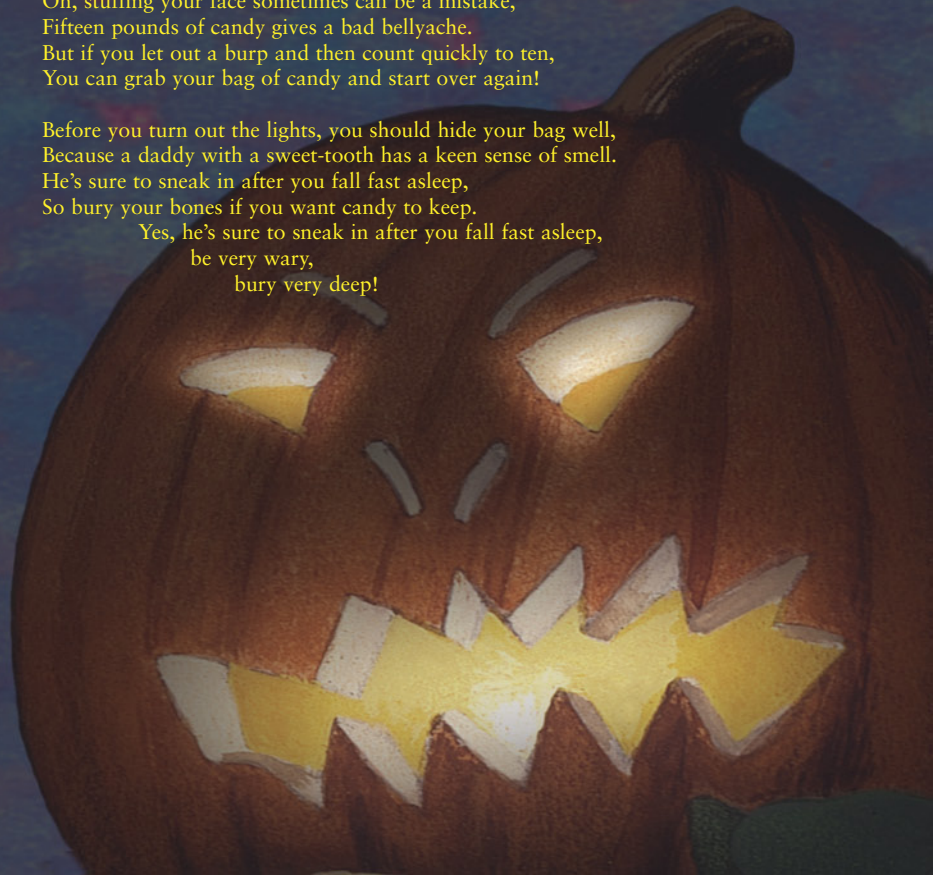
You walk up to the house, and then you ring the bell.
When the door swings open, give your scariest yell.
And when they jump in the air, be sure to say "trick-or-treat,"
And always thank them kindly if they give you a sweet!

After we have gathered all the goodies,
We head for home so we can put them on display.
We keep an eye on Dad and Uncle Woody,
Since they saw our candy they have not looked away!

Oh, stuffing your face sometimes can be a mistake,
Fifteen pounds of candy gives a bad bellyache.
But if you let out a burp and then count quickly to ten,
You can grab your bag of candy and start over again!

Before you turn out the lights, you should hide your bag well,
Because a daddy with a sweet-tooth has a keen sense of smell.
He's sure to sneak in after you fall fast asleep,
So bury your bones if you want candy to keep.

Yes, he's sure to sneak in after you fall fast asleep,
be very wary,
bury very deep!





Bill Fisher and His Running Nose

Everyone knew of Bill Fisher's continuous, infamous nose escapades. All of his friends were well-wishers who prayed for the nose Fisher loved to invade.

He picked it from dawn until nighttime, and kept right on picking in bed while he slept. It seemed to be always the right time, but that was too much for his nose to accept. Then came, on a hot summer morning, a perilous prodding from Bill's poking paw. No knock on the snot-drum or warning, and that final dig was the very last straw. His beak made a plot that was clever, his desperate plan was complete by midday, for to keep any snot whatsoever, the only hope he had was running away.

He packed up his trunk and was ready to breathe deep and blow out of town on the sly. He had to be quiet and steady while crossing the bridge that his nostrils unpried. Bill Fisher was such a sound sleeper that through the commotion he wasn't the wiser. If woken, he would have dug deeper, but during the summer Bill was a late riser. The next time he looked in the mirror, he leapt and he let out a petrified shriek. In between his left and right ear, from eyeballs to mouth, there was nothing but cheek. He searched high and low in a panic and scoured his old house from attic to cellar. Bill Fisher was growing more frantic, for fear that he'd never again see his smeller.

Don't be like Bill Fisher and fish in your bill. Your face ain't a funnel for fingers to fill. Shout, "Fingers, get out!" or be without a snout, and what will you do if it goes? Don't be like Bill Fisher and his running nose.

The hunt for his honker was hopeless, for heaven knows honkers can hide

anywhere. His sad face was seemingly slopeless, a barren plain, empty and full of despair. He looked at his fingers and shouted emphatically, "You, at the end of my limb; if my face is ever re-snouted I vow that I'll never stick you into him!" When Bill Fisher fell asleep sobbing, his cunning nose knew that the lesson was learned. While Bill's heart and flat face were throbbing, his running nose made its triumphant return. And ye who've been nostril spelunking so frequently you've forced your red nose to roam; when you stop your digital dunking, your running nose always forgives and heads home.

Don't be like Bill Fisher and fish in your bill. Felonious fingers force sputum to spill. Don't coat it with sugar, block bad, nosy boogers. Be firm with those finger foes, or be like Bill Fisher and his running nose. Don't be like Bill Fisher and his running nose.

Don't be like Bill Fisher and fish in your bill. Your nose ain't a mine for your digits to drill. And if you are weak and give your beak a tweak, promise that you will refrain, and your running nose will come back home again.

Your running nose will come back home again.





Santa and the Full Moon
(as told by Blitzen)

We thought we'd eaten too much hay, our reindeer bellies full,
And this was why the magic sleigh seemed very hard to pull.
We blamed it on the moonlit snow, it made our eyes strain hard.
Our eyes played tricks, and that was why he seemed a tub of lard.

These excuses made good sense to us, they seemed sufficient proof,
But they did not explain what happened on that last Atlanta roof.

Was it fate, or was it fat that gave us this hard luck?
Never in our wildest dreams did we think that he'd get stuck!
We couldn't fly (who would steer?), or call for help, or disappear,
And it scared us to think of what might transpire....
"In the morning they'll set his fat fanny on fire!"
Who would've thought such a ripe, healthy gut
Would result in the burning of that magnificent butt?

We knew we must devise a plan to somehow free his dimpled can.
We brainstormed, but were truly stumped on how to scoot the mighty rump,
Until little Danny's fishing pole slid onto Dudley's lump of coal.
"We'll fish," said I, "For Santa's suit, and strip him, save his silted boots,
And when he's nude with lots of space, he'll fall into the fireplace!"
We dropped the hook and took firm stance,
We caught his coat, and then his pants.

And as I'd thought, the plan worked well, down the chimney Santa fell.
He hurriedly tiptoed toward the tree, but in his haste he did not see
Little Seymour, crouched down low, as he pushed his horn-rims up his nose.
All the songs he'd heard had taught 'im 'bout a little red nose,
Not a grand pale bottom.

His jaw dropped low and, flabbergasted,
He watched as Santa's tremendous mass did
Wobble like jello, to and fro, and brush against some mistletoe.
He bit his lip as Santa jiggled, he tried to stop, but slipped a giggle.
Santa swiftly whirled around, and with a quick and mighty bound,
Was in the chimney, his hand on his nose.

(Santa moves quicker when he goes without clothes!)

And he smiled at Seymour, and gave him a wink,
Before rising up fast with a laugh and a blink.
And Seymour stood silent until the sun rose,
While thinking of Santa, pale rear and red nose.
Seymour told his family and all of Atlanta
That on Christmas Eve,
he'd been mooned by Santa!

Can, you boys and girls, imagine what you'd do
If something this nifty happened to you?





I Hide My Muscles Well

I ate my spinach when I was a kid.
I did everything all of the other
boys did. Now they've got big
muscles that bulge from their clothes,
while the muscles God gave me will not seem to grow.

My biceps look skimpy, but it's just an illusion.
The girls think I'm wimpy, chalk it up to confusion.
Pectorals are perking beneath my lapels.
Like a lion, I'm lurking but hide my muscles well.

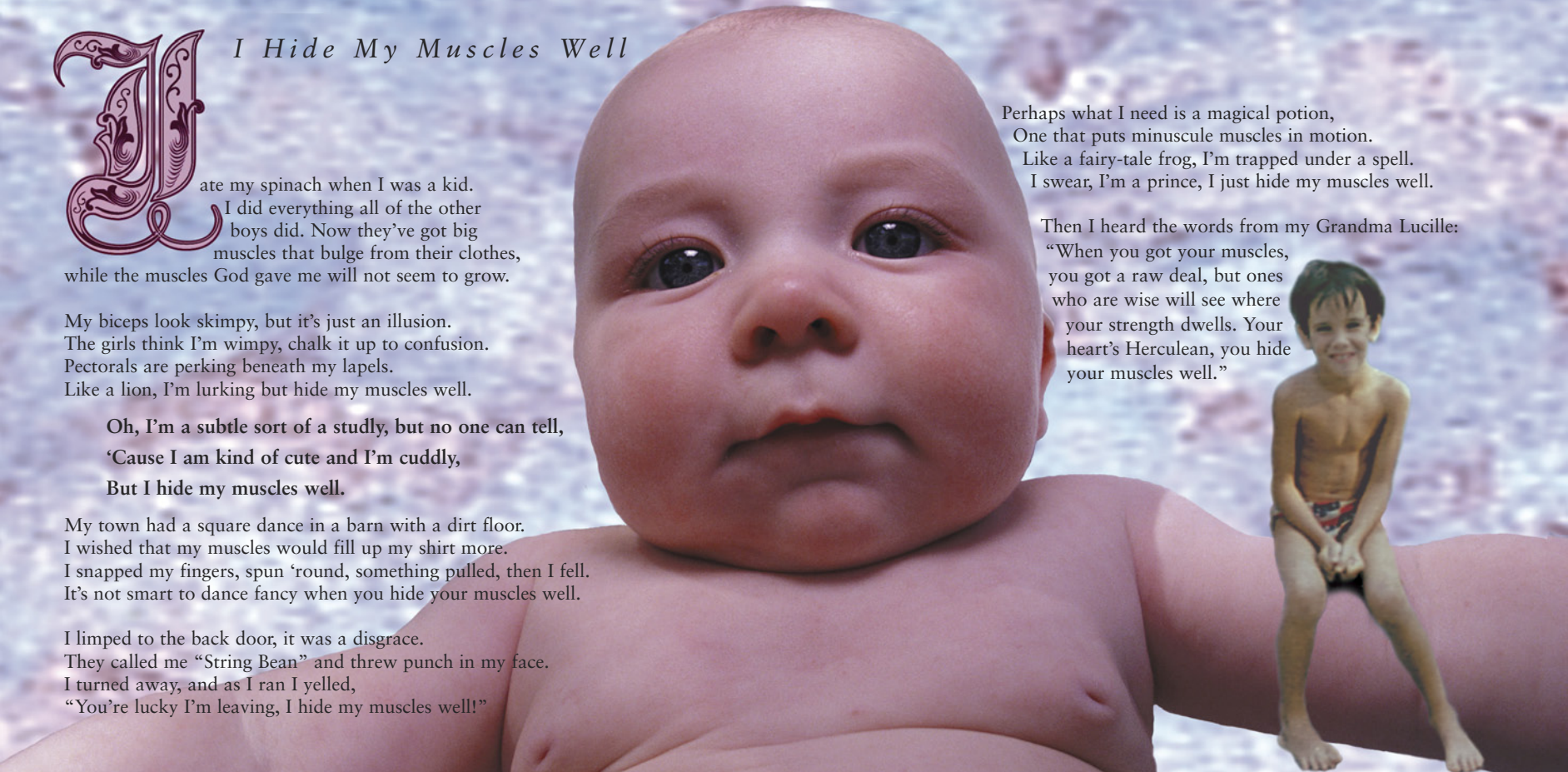
Oh, I'm a subtle sort of a studly, but no one can tell,
'Cause I am kind of cute and I'm cuddly,
But I hide my muscles well.

My town had a square dance in a barn with a dirt floor.
I wished that my muscles would fill up my shirt more.
I snapped my fingers, spun 'round, something pulled, then I fell.
It's not smart to dance fancy when you hide your muscles well.

I limped to the back door, it was a disgrace.
They called me "String Bean" and threw punch in my face.
I turned away, and as I ran I yelled,
"You're lucky I'm leaving, I hide my muscles well!"

Perhaps what I need is a magical potion,
One that puts minuscule muscles in motion.
Like a fairy-tale frog, I'm trapped under a spell.
I swear, I'm a prince, I just hide my muscles well.

Then I heard the words from my Grandma Lucille:
"When you got your muscles,
you got a raw deal, but ones
who are wise will see where
your strength dwells. Your
heart's Herculean, you hide
your muscles well."





Dream Song

ream, little one, dream.
Two trees by a garden stream.
One of the trees bears a rose,
On the other, an apricot grows.

A king walks through the garden green
And plucks the rose to give his queen.
Rose at her breast, she reaches out
And picks her king an apricot.

The king then breaks the fruit apart,
And gives her half back with his heart.
They eat the apricot with pleasure,
And save its kernel like a treasure.

They save the little stone they found inside
And plant it in the ground.
Wrapped in rose leaves by the queen,
The prettiest rose leaves ever seen.

Wrapped in rose leaves, safe from harm,
Tucked in the ground, cozy and warm.
It sleeps there long and takes its rest,
Like a bird, snug in its nest.

Dream, little one, dream.
Two trees by a garden stream.
One of the trees bears a rose.
On the other, an apricot grows.

Dream, little one, dream...

Bloomland's Unabridged Dictionary, 1st edition

Ain't: Slang for "is not." If you use this word too often, people will think you are a boob. (See "boob.")

Apparatus: A complicated machine designed for a particular purpose.

Barren: Unable to interest or attract.

Beak: Slang for a person's nose.

Biceps: The muscles on the front of your arms, between your elbows and your shoulders.

Bloom: To thrive in growth.

Blossomed: Developed; opened.

Bobbing: Moving around with jerky motions.

Boo-boo: Slang for silly mistake or blunder.

Boob: Fool.



Boogers: 1. Slang for children. 2. Slang for hardened mucus, usually found inside the nose or under school desks.

Broddingnagian: Gigantic; *Broddingnag* is the region in Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* where everything is huge.

Burp: Relieves flatulence after eating. Can you think of another way to relieve flatulence? (See flatulence.)

Bushel: A unit of dry measure containing four pecks, equivalent in the U.S. to 2,150.42 cubic inches.

Butt: 1. Slang for buttocks.

2. The person the joke is about.

Can: Slang for buttocks.

Cocoon: A silky envelope spun by the larvae of many insects. The monarch butterfly actually transforms from a caterpillar to a butterfly in a *chrysalis*, which is similar to a cocoon, but has a harder surface. Unfortunately, "chrysalis" doesn't rhyme with "bloomed."

Constrictor: A snake that kills its prey by squeezing and suffocating.

Country-bumpkin: An awkward, clumsy person who lives out in the country.

Cunning: Sneaky.

Debt: Something that one person owes another person.

Devour: To swallow up or eat hungrily.

Diminutive: Tiny.

Dimpled: Description for a soft, chubby part of a body covered with little indentations.

Emphatically: With a firm belief.

Entomologist: A person who studies insects.

Escapades: Reckless adventures.

Faust: A person in a medieval legend who sold his soul to the devil in exchange for knowledge and power.

Faustian: Going against what you know is right to get something you want (See Faust.)

Felonious: Wicked.

Fillet: A boneless cut or slice of meat.

I don't think I'd like *any* kind of *bug* fillet, thank you very much!

Flabbergasted: Overcome with surprise and bewilderment.

Flatulence: Gas gathering inside you, usually after you eat too quickly.

Foes: Enemies.

Food chain: The smallest animal gets eaten by a larger one, which gets eaten by an even larger one, and so on.

Four-eyed: An insulting name for someone who wears eyeglasses (no one said butterflies were saints).

Gazelle: A small antelope noted for graceful movements and big, beautiful eyes.

Geezer: Slang for old and weak.

Goop: Goopy stuff. In this case, the pulp of the pumpkin. (See pulp.)

Harvest: A crop or yield

(usually on a farm).

Herculean: Hercules is a mythological hero who has incredible strength. If something is herculean, it is very strong.

Honker: Slang for nose. Some people, like my dad and sister, have noses that honk when they blow them.

Horn-rims: Glasses that have frames or rims made of horn or turtle shell.

Hue: A gradation or variety of a color.

Infamous: Shamefully bad.

Keen: Extremely sensitive or responsive.

Lard: Melted hog fat.

Lapels: Parts of a jacket that fold back on the chest.

Magnificent: Very big and beautiful.

Marvelous: Amazing.

Minuscule: Very small.

Mistletoe: A plant with white berries used in Christmas decorations, or as an excuse to smooch.

Monarch: A large, reddish-brown butterfly that has black and white markings.



Mooned: Slang for exposing your rear-end to someone.



Paw: Hand.

Perilous: Hazardous; dangerous.

Pernicious: Causing injury; hurtful.

Perplexed: Bewildered, puzzled, confused.

Petrified: Paralyzed with shock or horror.

Pin-up: 1. Entomologists pin bugs to flat surfaces. 2. A picture of a pretty girl pinned to the wall.

Pitchfork: A gigantic, long-handled fork, used for lifting and pitching hay (or naughty people).

Plain: A flat area of land.

Platter: A large, shallow dish used for serving food.

Predator: An animal that hunts and eats other animals.

Prodding: Poking or jabbing with something pointed.

Pulp: Soft, soggy, slightly sticky stuff (talk to Bill Fisher for more detail).

Rues: Regrets.

Runt: 1. A small person. 2. The smallest or weakest of a litter, especially of piglets or puppies.

Scoured: Rapidly searched for something.

Shrimp: A diminutive person.
(See diminutive.)

Skimpy: Small.

Slopeless: Flat, without hills or slopes.

Snot-drum: Slang for nose. *Snot:* Mucus from the nose. *Drum:* A barrel-like container for storing liquids.

Snout: Slang for nose ("pig snout").

Spelunking: Exploring caves.

Sputum: Saliva mixed with mucus (spit mixed with snot).

Studly: Strong; macho; manly.

Stunt: 1. An act performed to attract attention. 2. To stop or slow down the growth or development of.

Subtle: Likely to escape the awareness of most people.

Sufficient: Enough.

Sweet tooth: A craving for candy and other sweets.

Swift: Fast, quick. This is also a reference to Jonathan Swift, who wrote Gulliver's Travels. (See Brobdingnagian.)

Throbbing: Pulsating painfully.

Transpire: To occur; to happen; to take place.

Triumphant: Victorious or successful.

Trunk: 1. Slang for nose ("elephant trunk"). 2. A large, sturdy box or chest that holds clothes (or boogers).



Tweak: To pull or pinch a nose.

Undetected: Not caught, not discovered.

Unsuspected: Without arousing suspicion.

Valiant: Worthy; excellent.

Victor: A winner in any struggle or contest.

Wary: Watchful; on one's guard.

Well-wishers: 1. People who hope good things happen to someone else (in this case, Bill Fisher's nose). 2. People who throw coins into a magic well (or nose) and make a wish.

Whiskey Still: Distilling machine. The country-bumpkin in *Ohio Halloween* is a "moonshiner," or a person who distills liquor illegally up in the hills of Ohio.

Wick: The string at the top of a candle.

Phrases

All alone at two miles high: Butterflies have been sighted two miles high. When I told this to my friend Ric, he said, "It's an amazing world we're living in, isn't it?" And that's how we got the chorus of *The Butterfly*.

Blow out of town: Slang for "leave quickly." "Blow out" is also a good way to empty a stuffed-up nose.

Break of dawn: The first appearance of daylight in the morning.

Bug fillets with better flavor: Monarch butterflies taste terrible because they eat leaves from milkweed plants. This stops birds from eating them. Gazelles, baboons, moths, flies, and grasshoppers aren't so lucky.

Bury your bones: Hide your treasure, like a dog hides a bone.

Digital dunking: Dipping a digit, or finger, in a nostril.

Farm they all bought: "Bought the farm" is a slang way of saying "died."

Fat with sixteen legs: Reference to when the butterfly was a caterpillar.

Je sens une jungle cuisine: French for "I smell a jungle kitchen."

Shoring up: Reinforcing.

The Butterfly (Morgan/Hordinski)

Words ©1999 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

Music ©1999 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

and Monk ICI Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals, piano, whistling

Ric Hordinski – guitars, back-up vocals

Steve Davis – slide guitar

David LaBruyere – bass

Brian Kelley – drums

Rebekah Wells – back-up vocals

The Hungry Things (Morgan)

©1999 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals

Ric Hordinski – guitars

David LaBruyere – bass

Chris Glen – Drums

The Brobdingnagian Banana Blues

(Morgan/Hordinski)

©1999 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC and

Monk ICI Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals, harmonica

Ric Hordinski – guitars

David LaBruyere – bass

Brian Kelley – drums

The Spider's Web (Morgan)

©1997 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals, piano swells, acoustic guitar

Ric Hordinski – guitars

Brahm Sheray – bass

Chris Glen – drums

Ohio Halloween (Morgan)

©1999 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals, electric piano

Ric Hordinski – guitars

Brahm Sheray – bass

Brian Kelley – drums

Joe Lucasik – clarinet

Bill Fisher and His Running Nose (Morgan)

©1997 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals

Ric Hordinski – guitars

Brahm Sheray – bass

Brian Kelley – drums

Paul Paterson – violin

Santa and the Full Moon (as told by Blitzen)

(Morgan/Hordinski)

Words ©1990 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

Music ©1999 by Monk ICI Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals

Ric Hordinski – guitars

I Hide My Muscles Well (Morgan)

©1999 by Subtly Studly Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals

Ric Hordinski – guitars

David LaBruyere – bass

Brian Kelley – drums

Paul Paterson – violin

Lucy Rooney – vocals

Dream Song

Lyrics from Christian Morganstern: Lullabies,

Lyrics and Gallows Songs by Christian

Morganstern, illustrated by Lisbeth Zweger, and translated by Anthea Bell. Copyright © 1992 by Michael Neugebauer Verlag AG, Gossau Zurich, Switzerland. Used with permission of North-South Books, Inc., New York.

Music by Ric Hordinski. ©1999 by Monk ICI Music/SESAC

Zak Morgan – vocals

Ric Hordinski – guitars

David LaBruyere – bass

Chris Glen – drums

Rebekah Wells – back-up vocals

Shawn Shiveley – assistant engineer

Lullaby (Hordinski)

©1997 by Monk ICI Music/SESAC

Ric Hordinski – guitars



Bloom is dedicated to;

my grandma, Mary Lucille “Lucy” Rooney,
and to Madeleine Zoe Hordinski.

Thanks to the following for love, friendship, support, and inspiration:

God, Mom, Dad, Alex, Katharine, Grandma, Walt, the Rooney family, the Mortimer family, Dan Adel, Mostafa Baalbaki, Stephanie Bartel, the Beech family, Marnie Black, Evelyn Bogner, Diane, Alan, Matthew, and Michael Breier, Brian Brenner, Owen Brock, Tim and Pia Cahill, Barb Calvin, Donna Carnahan, Pete, Peter, Patrick, and Tricia Corrigan, Steve Davis, Michelle Dell, Brian Downing, Joe, Deanna, Alec, and Morrigan Drew, Barbara Dupee, David, Michael, and Samantha Englender, Jack Finnefrock, Art and Elaine Fisher, Bill Fisher, Kirsten and the Gardner family, Jim Gaunt, Ferkó Goldinger, Delia Gottlieb, Howie Gottlieb, Amy Greiner, Anne Griffin, Wendy Gruenberg, Tom Heitzman and family, Johnny Heller, Linda Hirshman and family, Matt, Julie, and the Hobart family, Karen Jean Hordinski, Claudia Howard, Joe Hryvniak, David Hussey, Rebecca Innocent, Suzanne Johnson, Eve Keys, Kathy Boller Koch, Deborah Laycock, John and Leslie Leffler, Katie Leis, Perry Lentz, Samantha Lintott, Robert, Mary, and Joseph LoBianco, Siska Manoppo, Jeff and Ellen Marcus, Jeff McCord, Katie McDill, Jennie Osborne, Carol Paige, Susie Paige, Kathryn Patterson, Chris Payne, the Rahimi family, Ann Marie Reichert, Gail, Garnet, and Valerie Rogers, Barbara Rosenblat, Greg and Audra Ruben, Maha Rushie, Lisa Shriver, Roxanne Steinke, Scott Steinke, Jay Sternberg, Tiffany Myers and Dave Spanier, Nancy Wagner, Michael Wilson, Austin Wright, and Micah Zender.

Special thanks to Thanks to the musicians:

Steve Davis, Chris Glen, Ric Hordinski,
Brian Kelley, David LaBruyere, Joe Lucasik,
Paul Paterson, Lucy Rooney, Brahm Sheray,
and Rebekah Wells.

Hordinski, whose My biggest creative inspirers:

vision, hard work, and Roald Dahl, John Gorka, Monk, Garnet Rogers,
Stan Rogers, Grandpa George “Bud” Rooney,
Dr. Seuss, Shel Silverstein, and Cat Stevens.

awesome talent Ric Hordinski uses D’Addario strings, James Olson
acoustic guitars, and Rick Turner Renaissance Guitars.

brought this record Visit the web site!

www.zakmorgan.com

to life. e-mail bloom@zakmorgan.com

Bloom was written by
Produced, Recorded, Mixed by

Zak Morgan and Ric Hordinski
Ric Hordinski

Mastered by

Mersey Beat Studio, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mark Hood and Grey Larsen
Echo Park Studios, Bloomington, Indiana
Grey Larsen

Edited by

Sleepy Creek Recording, Unionville, Indiana
C.F. Payne

Illustrated by
Photography by
Designed by

Michael Wilson
Micah Zender

Zender and Associates Inc.

Bloomland Map Art
Bloomland Map Design
Childhood Photos of Zak

Zak Morgan and Michael Englender
Russell Mantarro and Micah Zender
Carol and Drew Morgan, circa 1974

Bloom sound recording ©1999 by Zak Morgan



Grandma Lucille



Bill



Ric



Zak



Zak's felonious fingers!