

# WILBUR



Edward Drobinski

# **WILBUR**

by

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## Table of Contents

#1- Wilbur- The Day After.....	1
#2- Wilbur- The Day.....	5
#3- The Room - Past, Present, and Future Illusions.....	16
#4- Cable and Barb; A Few Months Ago.....	24
#5- The Cheesy Status Symbol- Timeless.....	30
#6- The Cheese Rolling Trophy- 1920 - Present.....	34
#7- The Epicurean Dyad Cheeseball Trophy Market.....	40
#8- Wilbur Tries Some Pointless Silliness.....	44
#9- The Crockers- Two Seasons Prior.....	49
#10-Crocker Proven Mechanics.....	56
#11-The Motorcycles - Time Stands Still in 1903.....	61
#12-Mad Monty's Lonely Abstention.....	65
#13-On the Outskirts of Both Upper and Lower Darby.....	73
#14-Wilbur Later That Day.....	85
#15-An AM Trip to the Business District A/K/A Mission.....	93
#16-A "Friendly" Snake Imparts Supposedly Useful Information to Its Desperate Constituency.....	101
#17-Wilbur's Friends are Taken Away.....	104
#18-Monty Tries to Manifest Memories.....	108
#19-Sanctuary By Way of Trophies? - Day Plus - Isn't "Ostensibly" a Smart, Super-Cool Word?.....	118
#20-A Directed Aside.....	122
#21-Back to an Ostensible Sanctuary.....	124
#22-Monty Moves.....	132
#23-Speculative Prophecy in Retrospect.....	136
#24-An Unplanned Gathering Pre-Destined?.....	138

## #1- Wilbur- The Day After

He was in his room with his friends just like always; all the "always" he was able to remember, anyhow. In this particular morning segment of "Always" the host was up prior to his fifty-eight buddies. He must have been jarred awake by the thunder and lightning outside. Inside, a driving rain pelted through the partially open window. His instinct to be scared was placated through seeing that he was still surrounded by all of his little friends.

Actually, some of them might have been a bit larger than him. But, they all were more or less equal in stature and that was his main consideration. Any possible "conclusive" determination of the differentiating and ultimately uninteresting minutiae was the job for someone with some sort of likely to be improperly calibrated instrument which in an arrogance endemic to flashy technology, pretended to be capable of accurately measuring shapes, while an absolute zero on the irregular varieties.

In that flashy regard, as in-a-pan, "state-of-the-art," battery-powered lasers proved to have had some deficiencies in comparison to what remained of the "archaic," frayed, and stretch prone cloth rulers. But, their speed and instantaneous

readout in bold red squares, utilizing omissions here and there in an attempt to resemble numbers, rounded to a tenth of a percent was just so "cool," one would not dare approach Kardashian "art" without a few apps and gadgets.

Just like that which resulted from the wonders displayed by a digital electronic clock, it apparently had become gauche to question their abilities to go around the corners. The necessitated deferences to modern mass commerciality and style served to dictate the short run altering of natural style in the worthy and compelling social pursuit of being liked and making a living. Bolstered by the growing, addictive force of "social media" it became both an irresistible force and an un-movable object; Derrida and Foucault considerations consistent, but the subject of a long-winded PhD thesis not even read by the lit professor. "Unity" was finally achieved ..... by and for the well-skimmed "progressives." All politically "correct" people were equally not paying any attention to anything other than their bumper sticker dogma and what they had written on their blog, which boasted 2,308 friends and 118 "likes," indicative of a new budding star. But, oddly this dynamic also served to heighten the desirability of Doonesbury's Walden Puddle in the long run, as diving still posed some immediate risks.

It didn't ring any of his bells, but if Quasimodo needed to yank on the cords to get attention, it really had zero effect on

his life, and consequently he could care even less than a plasticized "precise-to-one-decimal-place," red beamer at the insoluble crossroads of rarely accurate calibration and a blind inability to measure anything not perfectly straight.

Rather, it was the unpredictable actions and crashes coming from the sky which as always, had gotten the bird brain's attention. The thunder tried to imitate the surround-sound-reverberating-echo of a lion laying claim to his territory, successful at obliterating the work of the best of d-jays, Dr. Dre's, and blue jays. The flashing intermittent lightning looked and sounded as if it had struck nearby; of possible consequence to those sufficiently reckless or imprudent to remain in an unprotected field during that inclement sort of weather, as well as those dependent upon the uninterrupted, frying flow of electricity.

He was all right ..... for the most part. He was with his friends, and as long as that driving rain did not pick up a "convenient," northern gust it would not reach his wooden body. Sometimes Wilbur worried that the rain might catch up to him as drops of water allowed to sit and dry out on wood does the wood no good; causing discoloration at the least and rot at the worst. The majority of the time he thought; "Since it never has previously done so, the odds are strongly in my favor that it never will. I'm okay ..... more or less."

AND THERE WAS THE HI-DEF  
HUMONGOUS 4096KB 4DS SCREEN FOR  
A MAXIMUM FOUR SCREEN VISUAL  
EXPERIENCE ENHANCED WITH A BUILT  
IN 2048KB BLASTER CARD SOUND  
WHICH JOELLE VAN DYNE WOULD HAVE  
ENJOYED PLAYING WITH. OR NOT.

#2- Wilbur- The Day

Wilbur sat as calmly and contentedly in his room as one can do that surrounded by the heavenly cacophony, insurgent water, and fifty-eight soon-to-be, chatty Cheeseball trophies. Actually, he might have been standing. But he was a bird, and with birds it is often as hard to tell the difference as it is to bite into hard cheese; beak testing Double Gloucester only one of many possible manifestations. When he attempted to look down he couldn't see his feet, and it didn't matter as at each side he had a wing of every color of the rainbow; blues, greens, reds, blacks, whites, yellows, browns, purples, and every mixture he could imagine. Were Wilbur to travel, he was no pedestrian and would take to the sky. But, he had no plans of going anywhere else.

Though, out of politeness, he never articulated it, he suspected that he had accumulated the highest number of Cheeseball trophies. Wilbur could not be 100% certain of that as he had no access to the "*Guinness Book of World Records*" or The Official Cheeseball Records.com.

Tragically, Wilbur also did not know how to read or operate a computer. He didn't even have a smart phone. Worse, even if he had such equipment and skills, he possessed no fingers with which he might navigate through cyber screens or manipulate a



keyboard; a severe impediment to participation in the post truth era. Even wings had their built-in limitations; and he had absolutely no intention of utilizing his great and colorful beak to sift through and turn sheets of paper, or like a chicken pecks at the ground, poke at the squiggly-decorated-mechanical-levers as if he were a typewriter's assistant enabler. This rarely bothered him much, and his bouts with anxiety tended to center around the times when he obsessed about his stature in the world of Cheeseball or had an itch. The majority of the time he was contented to believe that he was one of the Cheeseball greats, now retired and resting near his laurels. Deep down, he had always thought that the trophies were his. That just had to be. Wilbur had little or no memory of anything other than the room in which he now resided, but the physical evidence of his Cheeseball acumen was sufficiently overwhelming to satisfy any investigation performed by either a grouchy physicist who graduated with a B cum (pronounced kyoom) or a legal maven spouting; "Possession is nine tenths of the law."

Maybe it was that doubting one tenth which would foster in his protrusive beak, an elusive, existentially brain based agony, desirous of complete certitude. Wilbur would probably have constantly been the most happy of properly sized, colorful, immobile, balsa wood toucans if he was smart enough to know that he had no brain and acted accordingly.

**Wilbur**

**Page 7**

Of course, if Wilbur knew all that, then he'd also know that he had not won any of his Cheeseball trophies. It's one of those double bind things they often mention on that "Bookworm" show, apparently unaware that a lobotomy would solve their despondency at least ninety percent of the time.



**Wilbur;** property of the author.

The storm abated, taking its earthly intrusion back where it came from until the next unscheduled and random show. The light filtered through the eastern window, gingerly at first and steadily increasing by the second. Wilbur wondered why no one

was talking. Usually the trophies began their silly chatter as soon as the light came through the room's one window which some currently faced. The coterie of frontal skylight interfacers switched each time they were moved, providing an eclecticism of sorts, a kaleidoscopic point of view. He never previously realized how much he depended on prompting, hearing, seeing, and participating with the trophies, as they carried on with their impassioned discussions until it was now gone.

They'd chatter on and on about whether Trump, presumably the one with the prevailing suit this hand, first or second said that he'd fired the little club opportunist, because of his actions which heavily, and how heavily is eminently debatable; contributed to the diamond-masquerading-as-a-heart's electoral triumph. From a wobbly, uncertain point of view this seemed semi-highly reasonable. That is, excepting the possible flaw in that it is strange to fire someone for the attempted "fix" of a card game, whether Bridge or Pinochle, in your favor. To do otherwise one must assume that it is possible for a Trump card to weigh the possible and indeterminate values of personally game detrimental principles. Most would agree that if any values higher than personal aggrandizement and the unreported cash revenue attendant to the trick taking play exist, it is capable of hiding at a Grandmaster level.

But then the Trump card compounded the complexity by turning around and giving yet another version of the story. In this one he seemed to illogically choose to enter dangerous territory, when he said that he had really fired the little club opportunist because he wouldn't be cooperative about the extra-cards-in-the-old-sock investigation. The direct and seemingly predictable result was that No Trump was appointed to find out what was going on, which could possibly result in getting Trump over-ridden or at least put in a position where in order to win, the value of his cards had to exceed the value of No Trump's cards; quite a comeuppance for one accustomed to ruling the board.

Hindsight and under-the-table-leg-kicking had certainly revealed a great deal of trouble for Trump already, and there remained a few more tricks to be played. The degree of the aforementioned which has been taken from "fake news" channels is indeterminate if one considers "Fox" and "MSNBC" to be real, reasonably competent, and desirous of retaining their customary degree of partisan "credibility." Hey, look. No one is applying for the opening at Saint.com. Everyone stresses their side of the story, but to be caught in a direct lie is detrimental to the entity's market value and the liar's job. Checks and balances are immortal.

## Wilbur

### Page 10

Taken as it may have been unclearly stated, this is the best ersatz evidence yet to support the claim that Trump isn't following some kind of deep strategy, unless it is the equivalent of something AlphaGo has not yet been capable of imagining, no less outplaying. At least that was as close to Wilbur's understanding of what the previously incessant trophy chatter was about; the shifting sands in the shifty world of politics, power, and money.

Had he the heartlessness to tell the truth, Wilbur didn't care about the headache inducing current details of the timeless game of politics, power, and money. He had absolutely no understanding of the morality questions the trophies attached to a hairbrained card game. But he pretended that he did, as he found that he was addicted to the animated noise that the trophies made. Now, this silent morning made him feel like a cold turkey, rather than the warm, vividly colored, wooden, and friendly toucan with artistic pretensions, which he truly was.

After Wilbur's fifth chirp, one trophy, customarily less vocal, said something off-key; "We trophies have never been so neglected and depressed. We used to be well admired parts of a nice place. This place is dingy and neglected, as now are we too."

In a choked voice, Rodney, another trophy added; "One of my pillars was broken in that bag, and no one has even tried to fix it for me."



Rodney and his broken pillar; property of the author.

Wilbur said; "Bag?"

Rodney said; "You don't remember the bag? You have absolutely no memory or concept of time. You have been exceedingly blessed."

Wilbur didn't feel so blessed at that moment, as the silence which made him uncomfortable returned.

Wilbur had nothing to distract him, and he consequently focussed on what the two trophies had said, as it both disturbed him and raised questions for which he had no answer. Both of the trophies had alluded to having been somewhere else before they were in this room one had called dingy of all things. Dingy was a relative term, and he had nothing to compare this place to. It is what it is. As far as he was concerned, one could call it dingy or one could call it sublime. The word chosen to characterize the room was merely a reflection of the characterizer's imperfect personal outlook and usually indicative of his unrecognized value judgements; and not much of a reflection upon the room itself. Wilbur only had memories of this space, though it didn't seem likely to him that he could have won the trophies here. There were no games going on, but he couldn't be sure if he had just forgotten them.

He said; "What nice place? What bag?" He got no answer. Not even a reference to a card game. Card game? What card game? No one had played cards here. So, there must have been an elsewhere, at least for his pals, the trophies. But, he was again reminded that he could have forgotten it.

The trophies were utterly resolute that day. He called out to them, and finally one replied saying; "It's not you Wilbur. It's not personal. It's this place."

Being told that it wasn't personal, Wilbur felt better. Then he didn't. Whichever direction he mentally took it, the effect was the same. Silence. A silence he couldn't stand. He decided that he had to pass the quiet day in reverie, but couldn't think of what to rever about. It was troubling, and in that state of discombobulation he wound up revering about what he recalled of the past.

That didn't occupy Wilbur's neurons or synapses for more than a few seconds, as his recollection of the past was not much different from his recollection of the present. Sure, the present was louder and there were different displays of light, dark, and gradations in between. They always managed to return to where they once were, but all in all the only meaningful change was the current verbal tranquility and the degree of wind and rain which had come through the window at his back.

"Hmnnnn," Wilbur thought. He had used the word "tranquility" to describe a situation which had made him feel disturbed, and he had thought "window;" something neither he, nor some of the trophies had ever seen, having had their backs to it.

But he could not deny from time to time having felt the breeze; heard the rain, thunder, and lightning; as well as the sounds of vehicles, voices and the inebriated screams and exultations of those not in his room, and apparently in some kind of intoxicated and intoxicating state of consciousness.



Wilbur was feeling a bit better, as he realized that he had just accidentally broached a series of implied questions, which could potentially occupy his neurons and synapses, if any, for quite some time. In an effort to avoid personal confusion and/or the impersonal mixing of differing displays, he decided to start at the beginning; the window in his estimation. Why had he called this unseen item a window? Why not a portal? Why not an opening? Aperture, breach, cavity, gateway, gap, notch, lead-in, inauguration? A few of the possibilities had negative or positive connotations, and indeed sometimes the wind, sounds, and rain allowed in by this ..... "thing" were not always pleasant; though most of the time they were.

Wilbur liked the neutrality of "window" which to him simply meant an opening made for the admission of air, light, water, or all three, commonly fitted with a frame in which are set movable sashes containing panes of glass. While it was nonaligned, hopefully only in a meta sense, it was also put there purposely. It had to be the work of Cable and Barb.

Having now contentedly solved the primary questions of existence, he had forgotten what it was which prompted his discovery. Innocently suggestive of epistemology's three round, split decision triumph over the ontological approach, Wilbur decided to rest his neurons and synapses, before dabbling with

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