

37 Short Stories

a Fed Starving book

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May 6th, May 10th, 2020 CORRECTED VERSION

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<http://www.usmessageboard.com>

INTRODUCTION

I wrote this book in a hurried manner, the main source being partial sketches and outlines of stories that I wrote in 2015 and 2016 anonymously published on another message board. At that time I was re-drafting my second novel that I just finished. That book took a full year from conception through to the end of my first final draft and ultimately it wasn't published. I experimented with using the message board where I published the short sketches to see what the resulting effects would be and wasn't that keen on quality, half-interested in writing them, so those sketches didn't turn out so well. I did learn though the power of social media through that task.

Now, a few years later, I decided to give those old sketches I carelessly tossed to the message board a second chance and this time I sprinted all the way through them, starting on April 16th, 2020 and finishing on April 30th, 2020, rewriting them on my laptop computer. Then, on May 1st, 2020, I did a hurried proof-reading, using Word 10 as an editor guide, fixing a lot of the mistakes but there were many more. Personal reasons persuaded me to publish that poorly edited version immediately. The whole thing was done with my utmost top speed.

This version here, is the done and final version, edited slowly starting on May 3rd, 2020 and ending on May 6th, 2020. I found some errors that I missed yet once again and so re-edited this book a second time with higher care from May 7th, 2020 through the early morning hours of May 10th, 2020 well before sunrise. I am fairly sure nearly all of the mistakes are now fixed. 248 pages and 90,000 words long, this book is about the same size as that unpublished novel I finished in 2015.

This book here “37 Short Stories: the correct version” is done and I won't be re-editing it anymore unless it is a matter of saving the Earth or something similar. Considering that this book took 16 days to write and 5 days to edit, I think this some sort of personal record. Keep this book free, a souvenir. I liked all the compliments and encouragement along the way, thank you.

Signed,

Fed Starving

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A Mighty Leap Immortal

This legend has lived secretly on the tongues of the elite, within the palaces of time worn, originally recorded on leather pages. The words burnt onto them carefully, discreetly, beyond the eyes of the prying throng, beyond their knowledge, held in confidence and protected. Valued like gold deposits, saved through the generations. Within the content of this ancient tome a wondrous immortal of godly power is verified true in life now as he was then and shall ever be. Telling his life as it was, all great things done with his hands, the world he lifted out of decay and turmoil. How this notion of benevolence was bestowed upon him through the actions of his adventures.

I was a shop smith when I came into possession of this relic, the legend of Kritzen written on leather. I was much younger than I am now, riding my trusty horse to Protrueton, I departed Auditon early right before sunrise. The journey was a half day of travel at my leisurely meter, not hurried though not lazy. With time on my side I was going to enjoy myself. Goods that I was going to sell in Protrueton were tied onto my horse. At the market there I would sell off a stock of metal-worked items that I'd built and some items that I acquired in trades. I promised my wife and two children a surprise when I returned and that promise was what occupied my mind through much of my trip.

At eighteen years old my eldest son was apprenticed to my shop. A strong and tall young man of purity and honor, trained on sword and shield, I trusted that he could stand in as protectorate of the house in my absence. We lived in a borough of high character and such need of a boy's protection would be so rare that we needn't worry. The knights around our vicinity were sharp and fair and our lot secure. I pay my taxes, twice that of the next man.

I was adaze in a sunlit dream, hypnotized unto the peace of the meadow that the road I was riding upon crossed. Beyond the halfway marker post that measured Protrueton's distance, an acre or

so through the meadow, the scented air of flowers and dewed leaves drying under the heated sun reminded me of my wife.

At that moment of mental abandon a quick shape hobbled out of the tree line on the edge of the meadow. "Sir! I beg thee pardon, sir! We've been attacked! Halt, dear God, halt!"

He was an old man dressed in a thick wool gown tied at the waist with a fine belt. His white hair long and frizzy and his white beard covering his chest. His shoes were fine much like his gown, but as he neared I started to see the stain of bright red blood that marked his fine clothing. He clutched the leather tome with both arms, eyes lost in sorrow, a face that overcame horror.

I swung my leg around and slid off my horse. The old man, huffing hard, took my shoulder with one hand and coughed onto the dirt road. I saw a few tears kick up the summer dust.

"Old man." I said, "What terrifies you?"

He raised his eyes to mine and said, "Invasion from the sea. Barbarians." Tears streamed down his face. "They slaughtered everyone. The peasants were no match but stand hard they do and verily they continue to fight a losing battle as we speak. I was ordered to save the tome and the king, queen and their knights prepared to guard the inner castle. We were outnumbered. The king's advisors implored of him that he retreat and allow the barbarians to sack the palace but he feared not and drew his sword, saying that he would fight the barbarians and not be cowardiced into exile off his own land."

A terrible scream shot out of the trees at the direction that the old man appeared. I could see lines of smoke drifting above the wooded canopy and thought of the town beyond them, a town I'd yet to see. A barbarian shouted something nonsensical.

I told the old man, "There, that large stone, hide there, I will return." I went to mount my horse and the old man yanked my shirt, pleading, "No! The barbarians are vicious and bloodthirsty! We must escape and warn others! The risk is too great!"

I said, "No, old man. I can fight. I will win. You mark my words." I yanked myself out of his grip and mounted my horse.

I drew my sword and the old man lost his breath, "My, what sword shines with the light of angels that a man such as you could behold?" I replied, "The light of God slices the heart of evil open and blessings endure through the blood in honor of he that cuts apart

the goblin, the witch and the barbarian. And I am he that hath done so. My sword swims through the light of Godliness. Go now, beyond that large stone and I shall make a quick end of this barbarian.” The old man scurried away, clutching his tome.

The barbarian was ugly. His body thick and bulging, mud caked his half bare legs. Blood wetted the crude uneven tunic that hung out of his breastplate. His hair was tangled and wiry, his beard thick and mangy. His sword was dull and blunt in appearance. His small shield no more than a dinner plate made of wood. A lack of leg protection allowed him to sprint quickly. I wore a thick leather tunic and leather pads on my forearms. His armor outclassed mine with his breastplate and skullcap being made of iron.

I didn't fear him.

I rushed the barbarian full speed, my medium shield and my horses' reign held tightly in my left hand, sword raised in my right hand. He attempted to parry my attack but my reach too great and my sword too long. I caught his arm behind his pathetic shield with a downward swing, cutting his hand clean off as my horse kicked clods of dirt into his face. The barbarian howled in agony, trying to chase me but there wasn't a chance. The insane look in the barbarian's eyes was that of a passionate beast, uncouth and feral, living on the underpinnings of nature. His scrunching face filled with the lines of hardship.

I circled my horse around on a second attack, this time with my sword across my left, ready to swipe the barbarian's head off. The barbarian was desperate, blood oozing out of his stub arm. He tried to charge the middle of my horse, thrusting his dirty sword out, but once again my reach was greater and my sword easily sliced his neck at the collar bone. His head stayed attached but his charge ended. His legs shook and onto one knee he bent, letting his sword go. A trickle of blood soaked into his breastplate out of the slice in his neck, he would choke and gasp like he couldn't breathe. I stayed my horse and watched the barbarian till he smacked face first into the dirt.

My sword was almost clean. I retrieved a cloth out of my saddlebag and shined my sword up, throwing the bloody cloth onto the back of the dead barbarian, and then re-hilted my sword in its sheath.

The barbarian smelled foul. Not of death, but of the life he lived.

I returned to the old man and dismounted my horse. I said, “See! I am a swordsman as well as a shopkeeper. Must every man be wise in the ways of protection and war? 'Aye.' says my Lord his Majesty. Not every man can be a knight, in spite of this, let every man stand and fight.”

The old man held a look of renewed faith. “Bless thee, sir. We must warn the people of Protrueton as soon as possible!”

I was urgent in the need to continue my campaign into the barbarian horde seizing this countryside castle but knew that I was outnumbered and so dire was the old man with defeat I dared not risk losing my life and in turn the townspeople of Protrueton. It was our duty to warn them to prepare their defenses. And verily, the old man and I made it to Protrueton many hours ahead of the barbarians, saving the town and leading to the ambush and slaughter of the whole hideous lot of them.

The old man gifted the tome to me and said, “Keep this sacred tome in the hands of the righteous. Secrets are within it that will beset a power unto you over man and nature and an advantage upon life's perils. You will learn of an immortal man that is Godly who makes kings of men. It is he that hath the knowledge and the lifesblood of the Gods. Go to him and return this relic to him.” The old man produced a yellow gemstone that glowed with a neon fluorescence. “You see, this relic was his and is his key to return to his people. Without this relic, he is bound to Earth for eternity. If you should not find him when you are as I am now, elderly and whitened, you must pass this relic and this tome on to someone whom you trust will never let these items become lost in the ditch of time and forgotten. Save this Godman for us, for the world, for all existence.”

I'd taken the tome and the relic as he requested and swore to him that I would honor his concerns no matter what the price could be.

I kept the tome secret, not telling my sons or wife about the old man's request. My family was mouthy and word would get out quickly. Here are the contents of that tome.

* * * * *

KRITZEN, GODMAN of the HEAVENS

Kritzen, man half a god, within him beholden a power that he couldn't see. Nature in his hands, the creatures knelt to him, and they listened to him, and he they. Man and his woman amazed at Kritzen, his control over forces we cannot influence.

Kritzen born son of stargods out of the heavens above. Landed onto Earth inside a machine that flied along stars. His father stargod and mother threw Kritzen onto the dirt, naked. Stargod father said, "We are warring. Let my gemstone prove thee a Marsgod. In absence of this gemstone, wild spirits shall strangle the heart of Mars. And the war cannot be won. Go, Kritzen, build thee up!"

Kritzen learned the Earth and the ways of mankind. He traveled a distance great. His years were kind and Kritzen did not age. He knew a great many things. Because Kritzen could not die a natural death and he did not age, his knowledge was vast. He was with a tower of intellect, that no man could match him in science. He turned his father's gemstone in his hand and dreamt that Mars above was his.

Tortured was Kritzen with his noble immortality that the world died yet he lived. Centuries he lived in secret, hiding his eternal youth. He learnt his powers. He starved himself and couldn't die and many things he did to test his powers. He traveled and kept wealth, living fine and sharing his knowledge on occasion.

With science Kritzen held power and crushed kingdoms and saved kingdoms. Humanity was short lived and petty in temper and his science couldn't save them. Humanity was foolish he judged and he would avoid the humans. Poor humans made Kritzen suspect whenever they couldn't understand.

Kritzen, man half a god, born children of a wife born noble, who kept his secret. Then he faked his death to save him the suspicions of their society. His wife met him in secret till death parted them. Kritzen fell into sadness.

Heavy hearted and wounded, Kritzen fled to a country castle. Locking himself in. He tracked his children and their children and their children. He tracked his descendants until they no longer

resembled him and his memory was forgotten. Only Kritzen would remember his wife and their children through eternity.

Inside his riverside castle Kritzen practiced science. His knowledge was greater than any man. Kritzen wanted to return to his true home, Mars. He cared not of his gemstone, of Godliness. Decades burnt off his calendar in his pursuit of building a starship to sail into heaven. He deepened his knowledge greatly with an obsessive hypnosis overtaking him. Man was no challenge against Kritzen the man half god. His science proved pan-ultimate. And his starship was done. Built with the help of men who knew not of what they were building. Kritzen would not tell them. They despised him and his wealth and stole the gemstone. Kritzen's helpers left and he paid them well but he could not find the gemstone. Without his gemstone his starship could not leave the Earth. He could fly all over the Earth but could not leave.

While flying high into the heavens Kritzen met a starman like his father. Starman warned Kritzen that without his gemstone he would die. Kritzen requested another gemstone. Starman said, "I cannot give you mine." Starman left Kritzen alone. Kritzen was too late to ask the Starman to take him home. He never saw another Starman.

Kritzen's grievance became so great that he is said to lie at the depth of the greatest canyon. Kritzen starves eternally and does not move. He watches the horizon with one eye. His cheek on a pillow, his only luxury. He cries for his gemstone.

* * * * *

All my life I kept this ancient leather book inside a secret vault behind a bookcase in my house. At times I would stare at the pages and roll the gemstone in my hand well past dusk, attempting to solve the puzzle. Truth this must be. What king would save a lie with death upon his head? Kritzen must be real. I pondered that Kritzen was alive somewhere in the world. That his immortal flesh lay covered in moss and dirt clinging to his everlasting animate body, sucked dry like smokehouse beef, an eternity of sorrow.

I shall always keep my promise. Let a hero inherit these items, to bestow upon him the responsibility of saving the heart of an immortal cursed and doomed to live among us. I swore on my

livesblood and my children's livelihood. I am not the man that has power enough to return the gemstone to Kritzen. I know a man though that is a great warrior and adventurer. And tomorrow I shall gift him these items and inherit unto him this responsibility.

One Way Misplacer

All Geoff could remember was his side yard barbecuer sizzling. He went out to flip his chicken breasts and steaks, next thing you know he was confused and his sight was blurry. There was an ethereal glow about everything, like reality was melting around the edges. A swirly blurriness dissipating the colors of what he saw became vividly bright, like tangy drink powder or a squeeze tube of paint. He was grilling himself a barbecue dinner and then he wasn't there.

He felt numbish like he was half conscious and his limbs were made of paper weights. His senses were dulled. "Where am I?" Geoff said, searching for someone else. He somehow knew that he wasn't alone. There was someone there, his senses were too confused to actually see them.

When his eyesight resharpened to normal and he looked around him, the sky was a light red with orange highlights, almost pink in some areas. The sun was huge but not as bright as he remembered the sun being. He could stare right into the sun and his eyes didn't hurt.

He was standing on a hill and when he looked down he saw his first wife sitting there not far away. Geoff was married, but to a different woman, his second wife Aletta. This woman on the hill was his first wife, Fedora. She was probably the last woman he would anticipate seeing and considering the circumstance he wondered were he sane at all.

Geoff said, "Fedora? Why are you here and where is it are we?"

Fedora turned her head around to see him, surprised, "I was wondering the same thing." She said, "I was washing my laundry,

pulling clothes out of my dryer, then all of the sudden I am here. I didn't know you were here. I'm not asleep am I, Geoff?"

Geoff said, "I don't know. I was wondering the same thing."

He breathed deeply and smacked his mouth. The air contained an odd flavor, like damp mold. Not thick and pungent, but ever so faint that you barely knew the odd flavor was there. He went down the hill to sit next to Fedora and he felt lighter in the sense of weight, slower too.

As Geoff sat next to Fedora he asked, "Are you frightened Fedora?"

"Not at all." She said, "I feel strange. That is all. This place. I don't know. It all seems kind of odd and unnatural."

Geoff was leaning on one hand as he sat next to her. He looked at the growing vegetation beneath them and felt some of what was under his hand. He said, "Got a slippery texture. Sort of like wet paint but doesn't stick to your fingers. Soft, eel like."

Fedora said, "Yeah, look at this stuff, growing on everything. There's no trees here. And no sound. No sound at all. You can't see that far, like the air is thick with something but I don't choke on it." She rolled onto her right side to face him, setting her head on her left hand. "At least you're here with me, real or not. You know I missed you a lot once we were divorced. I couldn't get over you. Now look at us. Getting older and quieter. I wonder what would have become of us if we stayed together through it all."

Geoff laughed, "We would be two nuts in a pea pod, completely out of style."

Fedora got on her feet with a small thump. She said, "We should look around and see what's going on."

Geoff said, "See those buildings down the road there beyond the bottom of the hill? Let us go there and see if we can find someone to tell us where we are. This first though." He pinched Fedora unexpectedly, surprising her. She smirked and pinched him back. "See, Fedora, we aren't sleeping."

They held hands while they slowly made their way down to the bottom of the hill. There was no sense of urgency or stress. They didn't know where they were or what was going on but somehow they were calm and collected and well strengthened with each other's presence.

Each building looked the same. No trim, no windows, no decorations, no distinctive features. No entrances or doors or numbers. Nothing to distinguish one building from the other and no discernable way to enter or leave them. They also looked perfectly new. No wear or tear, no weathering, no dirt. Nothing. And everything was silent. Not a single sound aside of their feet on the pathway, a pathway made of some sort of clearish plastic.

The path seemed to cut through a symmetrical center where buildings mirrored each other on either side. The pathways between the buildings were identical in their positions and the buildings were of a distance equal to each other.

Geoff and Fedora couldn't see any people anywhere, yet all these buildings. No animals. No bugs, birds, bunnies, nothing.

They reached a building that ended the center path that they walked along. They walked the path around it and saw that in each direction outward, the town looked precisely the same. What made this center building different was the larger size of it, appearing about three stories tall while all the other buildings were a single story tall.

Geoff went to the center building and tried to see inside of it. With his face pressed into the wall he said, "Fedora, look! Can you see that? The walls are see-through."

Fedora joined him, pressing her eyes close into the strange plastic feeling wall. She said, "Yes. And when you walk to another position the shapes inside change dimension!"

Geoff was fascinated with the alien structure. There seemed to be vast numbers of rows and columns of cubicles but they merged into each other at each perspective so severely they couldn't possibly fit in a real three dimensional space of the same size. And as he moved around to get different angles of observation the same kaleidoscope effect would continually warp the images together so that he could see them all fine, he knew inside his mind that what he saw wasn't possible in normal reality.

"Hey look!" exclaimed Fedora, "Someone walked through the wall over there! Did you see that?!"

Geoff missed the miracle but he didn't get skeptical like he normally would have done. He said, "Well, you know what, I'm going to go in there. Care to accompany me, dear Fedora?"

She smiled and they linked arms at the elbows. “Ready?” said Geoff, “One, two, three.”

They took a step directly into the wall together simultaneously and went through without resistance. They didn't feel a thing. Through the other side of the wall the inside of the building was humungous. It was so much larger than it appeared on the outside. Such an impossible cavern, they might as well have walked into a stadium. The cubicles were there in the way that they appeared on the outside; endless rows of cubicles, except now Geoff and Fedora saw them in three dimensions.

Geoff said, “This place is either a stadium sized call center or the most colossal office building in the universe.”

Fedora said, “You see their computers? No keyboards, no mouse, they must use their minds to use them.”

The people that they saw in there were definitely alien. They were similar with humans although with odd qualities. Their craniums were swollen, slightly bulging behind the ears and crowning out several inches beyond the normal human capacity. Their ears were small, embedded into the bulges without lobes or cartilage flaps. Their hair was a thin and small tuft on the tops of their large heads. They didn't have much hair, enough to make their extra-large heads look sort of funny. Their lips thin and straight across their faces, small ridged and pointy noses, fair complexion, sort of flour-peachy cream colored like a sponge cake or a lemonade.

They were taller than normal, with arms that stretched out of proportion to the ratio of Earth human limbs on Earth humans. Their legs though seemed the same, you'd think if their arms were extra-long so would be their legs but that wasn't so with these people. They wore snug fitting sweater-like long sleeve shirts with various colored tints to them. Nothing extra bright. Their pants looked like dress pants like you'd see on Earth. Their shoes were more like water socks than real shoes.

All of them displayed the same dull look on their faces and they all moved in the same manner and they all sort of looked like clones of one another. The lack of individuality amongst them was what truly unsettled Geoff the most.

His stomach sank. They were suddenly under close watch. One of these alien humans started following them as they walked

around and followed uncomfortably close to them. Fedora said, “I wonder if this weirdo has ever heard of personal space?”

Every step they took he seemed to copy their footwork. It was like being photocopied and they didn't like it at all. They wanted this alien being to stop but they were way outside of their element and for all they knew he could have been severely dangerous. They weren't sure what action they should take.

Then Geoff and Fedora decided to stop and wait there motionless. They turned around to face the humanoid follower. The alien humanoid stared at them face to face over an extended amount of time. His eyes were unusually large and blue. There were no lines on his face at all yet he appeared to be much older than them. His skin sort of looked like dough, real fair and delicate, though without pores or hair. Smooth. His breathing seemed much fainter than theirs and the calm about him was almost lifeless.

Yes, these people were definitely alien. Geoff wanted to ask this humanoid something but knew that saying something would be futile. How could such an alien know his language?

The alien abruptly interrupted the silence when he spoke to them both in perfect mechanical English. He said, “What is your intention here? I do not recognize your type.”

Geoff said, “We are humans and we were born on Earth. What is this place and what sort of people are you and how do you know how to speak our language?”

The alien spoke, “And we all know all languages.”

Geoff said, “Yes? Where is this that we are right now and how did we get here?”

The alien spoke, “I must contact our prime intelligence before I can continue with both you two. Do not move out of your positions. If you move I will disintegrate you. I shall return.”

Geoff said, “Sir. No harm intended. We don't know how we got here or even where here is. Please, understand, we mean you no harm.”

The alien spoke, “Do not move. I warned you.”

Geoff and Fedora stood there waiting as ordered. Eventually another alien that looked much like the one that was following them looked like appeared and said, “I am the prime intelligence and you are stage three humans. You asked who we were, we are also human. We are not the same. Where are you? Nowhere close to

Earth I can assure you. Earth is out there along the edges of the galaxy, hidden away like a private park. You two have arrived near the center of the galaxy and we humans pre-exist you with a half million years. I am sorry that you didn't know that before you came here. That is quite the distance to travel. Most humans wouldn't have made it.”

Fedora said, “Can you send us home? I want to go home. All I want to do is go home really bad.” Distress upon her face, she looked like she was about to break down in tears.

The alien spoke, “I am sorry but you cannot return to Earth. We do not have the technology to send you home. There is only one way and at this time that method is impossible.”

Geoff said, “What do you mean you can't send us to Earth?! How do you think we got here to your planet to begin with?! You can't bring us here and then say oh I'm sorry there is no way to go this far! Look! Here we fuckin' are! If you got us here then dammit you can get us to Earth.”

The alien spoke, “We do not know who brought you here. I am sorry that you can't return. I will have a sleeping quarters prepared for you and we can discuss important matters following your meal. Please accept my hospitality.”

Geoff said, “Yes sir. Thank you for peacefully listening to us. We would be very happy to accept.”

Fedora said with a twinkle in her eye, “I can't believe this.”

Geoff said, “We must be careful. We've got each other and that is much more than nothing. Don't worry, we'll make the most of this.”

Fedora said, “You think we'll be alright?”

With a determined nod Geoff said, “I know so.”

Bar of the Olden Tyme

I was sore on a wednesday with the next three days off. My girlfriend was waiting at our apartment. I was going to take her out. Hurrying myself along I didn't stop anywhere and found her impatiently waiting and getting ready.

I thought about how empty our place was without children. We didn't make any kids yet and I wasn't so keen on having one before I owned a house. I was probably going to get her pregnant before then but I tell myself each and every day, not now, now isn't the time. We can wait. She seemed to agree.

When she finally left the bathroom she was squeezed into a cherry red mini-skirt and a soft skintight top. Her makeup was perfect and was at her shoe display trying to decide what shoes she wanted to wear.

I asked her, "Are you ready yet?" She said, "Almost, give me another minute." I swear sometimes she spends more time getting ready than we spend being out.

When she was ready I hurried her to my car, a two seater. I restored the thing all myself and got the classic car vanity plate as a sort of reward for my hard work. The next car we get is going to be hers and she doesn't want anything special. She wants something

low key and new. Whatever. I guess it would look sort of funny if we were both driving around classic restored cars. That's my fantasy. She doesn't have to like it.

I started the engine and hit the accelerator deep. The damn thing roared like a lion. Impressive.

Kae is my girlfriend's name in case I didn't already tell you.

So Kae says with a fake whine, "Alvin, where are we going? I told you that I didn't want to go to the rock bar this time. We should go somewhere that none of your friends are going to be. If we go to the rock bar I will end up sitting there all alone talking to some girl I don't know while you run around playing pool and darts with your friends and then go disappear like you always do for an hour. This time I want it to be you and me and that is all."

"Whatever you want, Kae." I said, "Don't you tell me I drank too much, I'm getting plastered. You can be the designated driver."

Kae said, "Alvin, did you make a wrong turn? I don't recognize this area."

"Kae, same route to the bridge as usual." I said.

Kae said, "Look how old the houses are. Looks like they were built in the 1800's."

I said, "You're right about that. Hey look, see that bar? We should check that bar out. Even got a horse tied up, see that?"

"Hmm. Okay." Kae said.

I parked the car in the dirt lot and opened the door for Kae. She looked too hot for clothing. Man, I can't believe how fortunate I am to have her. I don't know what I would do without her. In fact, I think I'm addicted to her.

We looked at the sign outside the bar and it said, "Our Drinker's Bar of the Now Tyme."

I said, "Funny name for a bar, isn't it?" Kae shook her head in agreement. "At least this bar is nice." I said.

The inside of the bar was as olden time as it appeared on the outside. No electricity. Everything was lit up with lanterns. I swear these folks went the extra mile to make this thing seem authentic. Fancy everything. Top notch craftsmanship. Probably the best bar I ever walked into. Happy to find the place.

Kae and I sat at the bar and I ordered us some drinks. She went on about her sister and her parents and her day. I swear that woman can talk. I listened and talked some but not much. We got

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