

# Girl of My Dreams

By

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# Chapter 1

It's a quiet Sunday morning.

Thirty-one-year-old Brett Woods kicked back in his Lazy Boy in the den watching the "Grand Designs" British show.

"Brett, I'm ready to head over to mommy and daddy's house for the afternoon," a woman's voice called out, entering the den.

Brett picked up the remote, pausing the Grand Designs show.

"Okay, Dorian," Brett replied, watching her head over to his Lazy Boy.

He stood up and met her halfway.

"You better keep the house clean while I'm gone," Dorian ordered.

"I will," Brett replied.

"Kiss," Dorian said, touching her right cheek with her index finger.

Brett kissed her on her cheek.

"I'll be home by seven," Dorian added and left the den heading into the kitchen.

"You better keep the house clean while I'm gone," he mocked her after she was a safe distance away.

Brett waited. The sound of the garage door opening was heard.

He jumped up from the Lazy Boy and rushed over to the living room curtains. He peeked out.

Dorian's shiny 1985 LTD backed down the driveway. The LTD drove away down the street.

"I'm free for five hours!" Brett sang and danced back to his Lazy Boy. "I'm free!"

He picked up the remote off the coffee table.

He sat down in his Lazy Boy and surfed the TV channels. He stopped on the 2006 "Flyboys" movie.

He kicked back in his Lazy Boy. "Dorian, I'm watching a movie about flying," he called out, chuckling.

He got off the Lazy Boy, rushing out of the den and into the kitchen.

He returned to the Lazy Boy with a bottle of beer.

Two hours and eighteen minutes passed. The "Flyboys" movie ended. Brett switched to the YouTube channel on his TV. He searched for flying instructions. He clicked on a Cessna 152 twenty-eight minutes instructional video. He kicked back, sipping his beer, and watched the video.

After this YouTube video, Brett watched numerous other flying instructional videos for hours.

"I'm home," Doran called out from the kitchen.

Brett scrambled, grabbing the remote. He turned off the YouTube video. He resumed the "Grand Designs" show.

“You’re home early.”

“Mom and dad had a bridge game with the Andersons,” Dorian said, entering the den. “Didn’t you watch that show earlier?” Dorian observed, frowning.

“Ah, yeah, ah, it was so good; I wanted to watch it again,” Brett fibbed.

“Okay, as long as you’re not watching flying shows,” she said, leaving the living room.

“As long as you’re not watching flying shows,” Brett softly mocked her.

It’s ten that night. Brett and Dorian are in bed. Brett closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

Twenty minutes passed, and a satisfying smile developed on his face. A dream commenced.

It’s a beautiful cloudless day in Brett’s dream.

He’s driving a 1915 Ford pickup down a dirt country road.

He pulled his pickup down the dirt driveway of a farm.

He drove his pickup to the two-story white with black shutters farmhouse. An older man in coveralls smokes a cigarette standing near the front wrap-around porch.

He parked the pickup near the older man.

“Are you Homer Bartholomew?” he asked, getting out of his pickup.

“Yep, are you Matthew Sims?”

“I am,” Matthew replied. “Where’s the Jenny?”

“She’s in the barn. Follow me,” Homer replied and walked with a limp to the faded red barn off to the right. Matthew tagged behind.

The barn doors were cracked open. Homer and Matthew slipped through the door opening.

Matthew smiled, noticing a Curtis Jenny bi-wing airplane parked in the middle of the barn.

“Not a tear in the plane,” Homer said.

“She’s beautiful,” Matthew observed, walking around inspecting the bi-plane. “Beautiful.”

“My son, Oscar, bought her after coming home from the war. He saved up his Army pay. But Oscar had one flaw. His temper. A bar fight and three knife wounds ended his young life four months ago,” Homer told, wiping tears from his eyes.

Matthew walked over to Homer. He removed his wallet. “As I wrote in my letter, fifty dollars and my pickup for the Jenny?”

“Yep. That’s what you wrote. I need a pickup for my farm, and the fifty dollars will also help pay the bills,” Homer replied, holding out his hand.

Matthew handed Homer the fifty dollars. Homer shoved the cash in his coveralls pocket. He assisted Matthew in pushing the Jenny out of his barn and over to a long field.

Matthew walked over to the pickup and got out his small suitcase, leather jacket, leather flight cap, scarf, and goggles. He got dressed in his pilot gear.

He walked over to the Jenny and dropped his suitcase on the forward cockpit seat.

He walked over to the engine and flung the propeller around with his hand. After a couple of attempts, the engine finally started. He rushed over and climbed up, sitting in the rear seat.

Matthew taxied the Jenny through Homer's field. He gave it full throttle and rolled down the field.

The Jenny lifted off the ground and soared away.

Matthew banked Jenny flying back toward the barn. He rocked the plane's wings flying over the barn. Homer waved from the ground standing by his new pickup.

Matthew ascended Jenny into the sky. He glanced at the compass. He's heading north.

Matthew flew his Jenny over the beautiful countryside higher up in the Indiana sky.

"Let's see, I'm between Seymour and Columbus," he said, observing the two cities from the air.

Matthew flew his Jenny into a loop.

After he came out of the loop, he flew his Jenny into a roll.

"Yahoo!" he yelled, flying his Jenny into a Cuban eight.

He flew his Jenny into a Cuban eight.

He flew his Jenny out of the Cuban eighty-four feet above a field. He headed straight at a line of trees.

Matthew pulled back on the stick, flying the wheels of the Jenny scrapping the tops of the trees. He ascended back into the sky.

Matthew flew his Jenny higher. “Yahoo!” he yelled again, performing another loop.

He flew into another loop. “Yahooooo!”

He dove the Jenny down toward the ground.

The annoying snoring sound filled the sky.

The annoying sound of an alarm clock filled the sky.

“What the hell is that sound?” he asked, scanning the sky. He glanced at the few gages on the console. “Everything looks good.”

Back to Brett’s reality. It’s Monday morning in his bedroom. The alarm clock on Brett’s bedside table blared that annoying sound we loathe.

Brett woke up from his dream. He noticed Dorian snoring next to him. He reached over and turned off his alarm.

“Man, what a realistic dream,” he said. He glanced at Dorian. “Too bad it wasn’t for real,” he said. “Monday sucks!” he said, closing his eyes.

“You better get up, or you’ll be late for work,” Dorian nagged.

Brett opened his eyes and got out of bed. He moped out of the bedroom.

He went inside their bathroom and brushed his teeth. He shaved and left the growth of a mustache alone. “Looking good,” he admired the start of his mustache.

“You will shave above your lip,” Dorian demanded, walking into the bathroom. She sat down on the toilet.

Brett ignored her.

“I said, shave off that mustache. I hate those prickly things,” Dorian barked, peeing into the toilet.

“Yes, dear,” he caved. He lathered his upper lip.

Dorian flushed the toilet. She got up and reached into the sink, and washed her hands.

She left the bathroom.

“I’d have more freedom if I lived in nineteen seventeen,” Brett whispered, shaving off his mustache. It’s gone. He put his razor in the cabinet and walked out of the bathroom.

Brett walked back into his bedroom.

Dorian had crawled back under the covers going back to sleep.

Brett walked over to his closet and got dressed in shorts and a T-shirt.

He left their bedroom.

He walked into another bedroom. Inside that room are a child's bed and a large kennel housing a golden retriever.

“Good morning, Abby,” he said, walking up to the kennel.

Abby scratched at the gate of the kennel.

Brett unlocked the gate of the kennel. Abby got out and stretched. She jumped up on Brett and licked his face.

Brett walked Abby out of the bedroom.

Brett walked Abby outside to his backyard.

She sniffed around the grass. She found the perfect spot and went to the bathroom.

Brett walked Abby around the backyard for some exercise.

Five minutes passed, and they went back inside the house.

Brett returned to his bedroom and quietly dressed for work in his suit.

Brett walked inside his kitchen, and Abby followed, wagging her tail.

He fed her. He made a pot of coffee and a bowl of cereal.

He ate his breakfast. Abby gulped down her breakfast.

After eating, he cleaned up, left the kitchen, and put Abby back in her bedroom kennel.

Brett entered the bedroom.

He gave Dorian a quick kiss on her cheek.

He walked off to the door.

“Did you put Abby back in her kennel?” she asked from the bed.

“Yes, I did,” Brett replied and rushed out of their room.

Inside their garage was a brown 1982 Ford Fairmont with a light brown exterior with brown cloth seats in excellent condition.

It was parked next to Dorian’s LTD.

Brett walked into the garage. “I loathe this piece of crap,” he said, eying the Fairmont. “I wish someone would steal it!”

He opened up the garage door and got inside the Fairmont.

He backed out of the garage, closed the garage door then drove off down his street.

Brett drove his Fairmont out of the Whitestone Estates neighborhood. The Whitestone Estates was an older upscale neighborhood.

“Why the hell does Dorian want to live in that stuff neighborhood?” Brett grumbled, driving down the street.

He turned on the radio. “Good morning, Fort Wayne,” a disc jockey said from the radio. “Welcome to the Morning Rockers show. Here’s Deja Vu by Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young,” the disc jockey added.

## Chapter 2

After a twenty-minute drive through the streets of Fort Wayne, Bret parked his Fairmont in the employee's parking lot of Harris Enterprises.

He got out of the Fairmont, leaving the keys in the ignition and the door unlocked.

He moped to the front entrance of the six-story office building.

Brett entered the foyer, observing the gaudy gold "Harris Enterprises, Founded in 1948" sign on the wall behind the receptionist's desk.

"Good morning," Brett said to the female receptionist. She gave a little wave.

Brett went to the elevators getting inside the next available one.

Brett got off the elevator on the top floor.

He walked through the maze of cubicles.

The atmosphere's grave in the city of cubicles.

Brett went inside his office. He grabbed his coffee cup off his desk and left.

He returned with a full cup of black coffee. He sat at his desk. He stared at a stack of paper-work underneath a printed Excel spreadsheet.

He opened up a desk drawer removing the newest edition of the Aircraft Owners and Pilot's Association (AOPA's) Flight Training magazine.

He kicked back, drank coffee, and read the magazine.

Twenty minutes passed, and Brett was on his second cup of black coffee, finishing an article on the art of landing an airplane. His desk phone rang.

"Brett Woods," he answered.

"Brett, it's Manfred Wilson from Sky King Aviation down in Columbus," Manfred said from the phone.

Brett immediately dropped the AOPA magazine. "Yes Manfred," Brett beamed.

"I got your resume, and I feel you would make a good fit in our organization."

Brett danced in his chair with excitement.

"Thank you, Mister Wilson," Brett smiled.

"Listen, I have to head out to our main office in Los Angeles for a week, so when I get back, I would like you to head down to our facility here in Columbus for an interview," Manfred offered.

"It would be a pleasure," Brett said.

"Great. I'll contact you at this number," Manfred said.

"On second thought, why don't you call my cell?" Brett quickly added.

"Okay."

"It's five five five, sixty forty-two," Brett quietly spoke into his phone.

Brett's office door slammed open with a bang. He jumped, fumbling with his phone.

A flabby older man with permanent grouchy features, and a hideous comb-over, marched in with some papers in hand.

“Ah, hi, Sidney,” said Brett. His eyes widened.

“I have an impromptu meeting to attend. I'll be waiting for your call,” Brett said and discreetly slid the magazine across his desk, dropping it to the floor by his shoes.

“Not a problem, and I'm looking forward to meeting you,” Manfred replied.

“Me too. Good day,” Brett said. He hung up his phone.

“How's that report coming along?” Sidney asked.

“Why, it's coming along great, Sidney,” Brett replied. He held up some Excel spreadsheets.

Sidney glanced at one of the spreadsheets. “Here's additional data, and I want this report turned in to me at the end of the day,” Sidney demanded. He tossed the papers at Brett. They floated down to the top of his desk.

“That won't be a problem, sir,” Brett replied, scooping up the papers.

“Good,” Sidney said. He turned around and marched out of Brett's office.

Brett looked at the papers. He grabbed one of the papers and folded it into a paper airplane. He threw the plane across the room.

The paper airplane sailed in the air, smacked into a wall, and dropped to the floor.

Brett picked up his AOPA magazine off the floor and found a new article to read. It was an

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