Girl of My Dreams

By

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Chapter 1

It was now the month of May in the year 2010 in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Brett Woods was thirty-one years old and with brown hair with the start of a mustache of which he was anxious for it to thicken up. He was married to Dorin Harris Woods also thirty-one years old, with shoulder-length auburn hair, pale skin. They got married during their junior year of college. They lived in Fort Wayne, and Brett agonized and hated every second of his married life.

For the past two years, Brett resumed having reoccurring dreams of being an Army pilot in France during World War I. During these dreams, he shot down twelve German Fokkers, and himself was shot down over France. He survived with a broken arm and was discharged then went back home to start his flying service in Indiana. He dreamed of making a living by crop dusting and maybe some barnstorming tours around the country.

But in his nighttime dreams, his name was Matthew Sims, and he was twenty-five years old. He was handsome with a mustache, and black hair parted down the middle. When he flew a plane, he always wore a brown leather jacket,
brown leather helmet, big goggles, and a scarf that flapped in the wind.

Even though his dreams stared in World War I, Brett somehow knew that Matthew was born on a farm outside Fort Wayne in 1893 to Jacob and Elizabeth Sims. Jacob and Elizabeth were both up in age when Matthew was born, and Jacob died just before Matthew joined the Army.

Two months after Matthew came home from the war, his mother moved to Gary, Indiana to live with her sister. Matthew took over his parent’s farm and started working on his aviation dreams.

In reality, Brett had always dreamt of becoming an Air Force pilot then flying for the airlines after retirement. But an unplanned event in college prevented that dream from coming alive. So he figured these dreams were the result of his flying dreams denied by his wife, Dorin.

It was Sunday night in his bedroom and Brett retired to bed after he watched the Flyboys movie. He watched it alone since Dorin was at her parents home, Sidney and Olive Harris. But he was at his happiest moments when she was not at home.

He closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

Then twenty minutes later, a satisfying smile developed on his face.

Brett had a sweet dream.

In Brett’s sweet dream of another world, it was a beautiful cloudless day in the summer in 1918, Indiana.

Matthew Sims drove his 1915 Ford pickup down to the farm that belonged to Homer Bar-
tholomew five miles outside Seymour, Indiana. He drove for days from Fort Wayne to see Homer, as Homer had something Matthew was anxious to purchase. It was a Curtis Jenny bi-wing airplane.

Homer’s son, Oscar, bought the Jenny after he came home from World War I with all the money he saved up while serving in the Army. Oscar was a pilot in the same unit as Matthew, and they were good friends. But Oscar had a flaw; he had an easily sparked temper. His temper got him tragically stabbed in a bar fight three months before coming home. Since Homer was a simple farmer and he was getting up in age, he did not have any use for an airplane but wanted one of those fancy pickup trucks.

Matthew arrived at the farm and parked his pickup by the barn where Homer waited while he smoked on a cigarette. He got out of the pickup and was soon greeted by Homer with a handshake.

“It’s in the barn,” Homer said while he dropped his cigarette to the ground and smashed it into the dirt.

He walked Matthew to the opened door of the barn. “Not a tear in the plane,” Homer told Matthew while they entered the barn.

Inside Homer’s barn Matthew saw the Jenny and immediately fell in love with the bi-wing marvel.

“She’s beautiful,” Matthew said while he walked around and admired the plane while he ran a finger along the fuselage. Then Matthew looked
sad. “I sure miss ole Oscar,” he sadly said while he ran a hand along the tail section of the plane.

“I told the boy he needed to get his temper under control, but he wouldn’t listen,” Homer replied from the barn door and wiped away a tear as he remembered all the good times he had with Oscar.

“I think his temper might have helped him shoot down a ton of Germans over France,” Matthew said while he peeked inside the cockpit.

Matthew walked back to Homer and removed fifty dollars from his pants pocket. “Like we agreed, you can have the pickup and fifty for the plane.”

Homer took the cash with a smile. “Yep. Just like we agreed in your letter,” Homer said and smiled, as he knew having the truck would make life on his farm much more comfortable.

Homer assisted Matthew while they wheeled the Jenny out of his barn, and they pushed it fifty feet away. They shook hands to seal the deal.

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 and was ready to fly.

He walked over to the Jenny and dropped his suitcase inside it then configured the cockpit. He walked over to the engine and flung the propeller around with his hand. After a couple of attempts, the engine finally started, then he quickly jumped inside the cockpit.
Homer walked over to the pickup and admired it while he kicked one of the tires. He sat in the seat and looked at this new marvel of technology.

Matthew taxied the Jenny through Homer’s field and headed into the wind. He gave it full throttle and rolled down the field.

He was soon airborne.

Up in the sky, Matthew banked his airplane and flew back toward the barn. He rocked the plane’s wings while he flew over the barn. Homer waved from the pickup down below on the ground.

Matthew ascended the Jenny and flew away and headed north. He was in heaven flying again.

Higher up in the Indiana sky, Matthew flew his Jenny over the countryside between Seymour and Columbus. He smiled as he loved being in the sky like a free bird. It was so peaceful, and this time, nobody tried to shoot him down.

Matthew flew his Jenny into a loop.

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

He then flew his Jenny into a Cuban eight.

He flew his Jenny out of the Cuban eight about four feet above a field and headed at some trees.

Matthew pulled back on the stick and flew the Jenny just inches over the tops of the trees then ascended back into the sky.

Matthew flew his Jenny up higher then went into another loop. He dove the Jenny down to-
ward the ground. Then the annoying sound of an alarm clock filled the sky.

Inside the Jenny’s cockpit, Matthew looked around the sky for the source of that annoying sound. He thought his engine was having problems. He continued to look around the sky while that sound became extremely irritating.

Back to Brett’s reality and it was Monday morning in his bedroom. The alarm clock on Brett’s bedside table blared that annoying sound we all loathe, especially on a day like today where you have to return to work.

Brett woke up from his dream and saw Dorin sleeping next to him, and she snored. He reached over and turned off his alarm. Brett looked around the bedroom and realized his dream was over and was extremely disappointed. He looked at Dorin again and cringed. Monday sucks!

Dorin woke up and looked over at Brett. Brett quietly then rolled over and closed his eyes for a few additional minutes of sleep.

“You better get up, or you’ll be late for work,” Dorin nagged, as she did not feel him getting out of bed.

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 then shaved and left the growth on a mustache alone and admired it from the mirror. He could not wait for it to grow out thicker, just like in his dreams.
“You will shave above your lip,” Dorin nagged while she walked in the bathroom then sat down on the toilet.

Brett pretended he did not hear her and put his razor away in the medicine cabinet.

“I said, shave off that mustache. I hate those things on men,” Dorin demanded while she peed into the toilet.

Brett looked at Dorin, and she gave him her standard, “You better or else” look. He removed his razor from the cabinet while Dorin flushed the toilet.

She reached into the sink and washed her hands.

She left the bathroom.

Brett hated every second while he shaved off his mustache. He put his razor back in the cabinet and walked out of the bathroom.

Brett walked back into his bedroom. Dorin had already crawled back into bed and went back to sleep. She was not a morning person and would sleep until 10:00 a.m.

Brett walked over to his closet and got dressed in some shorts and tee-shirt.

He left their bedroom.

He entered Robert “Robbie’s” bedroom. He was their only child who died when he was seven years old.

Inside the room was a large crate that housed their dog, Abby. She was a golden retriever they got as a puppy for Robbie when he was six years
old. Dorin was not a dog person but let Brett keep her since Robbie loved Abby.

Abby wagged her tail inside her crate the second she saw Brett enter the room, as she was dying to get out.

“Good morning, Abby,” Brett said while he walked over and opened up the crate. Abby got out and stretched. She jumped up on Brett and licked his face.

Brett walked Abby out of the bedroom.

Brett took Abby outside to his backyard, where she sniffed around the grass for that perfect spot, and she finally found it. While Abby did her morning business, Brett looked back at his house and pondered how he could escape from his life of misery.

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

Brett went back inside his bedroom and quietly got dressed for work in his suit, which was the dress code strongly enforced by Sidney. He quietly walked out of the room so Dorin would not wake up and ruin his morning.

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

He fed her then made a pot of coffee and a bowl of cereal. He ate while Abby gulped down her breakfast.

After eating, he cleaned up, left the kitchen, and put Abby back in her crate in Robbie’s room.

Brett entered the bedroom and did his morning duty by giving Dorin a quick kiss on her cheek.
He walked off to the door.
“Did you put Abby back in her crate?” 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 light brown exterior with brown cloth seats in excellent condition. Brett hated the car.
It was parked next to a 1981 green Mercury Zephyr also in excellent condition.
Brett walked into the garage and cringed at the sight of the Fairmont.
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.
Whitestone Estates was an older upscale neighborhood, and for some unexplained reason, Brett hated the place. But Dorin loved it and insisted they buy the house after Robbie was born.
Chapter 2

After a twenty-minute drive through Fort Wayne, Bret pulled his car into the parking lot of Harris Enterprises.

Brett parked in the employees' parking lot and walked inside the six-story office building.

Winston Snidely originally founded Harris Enterprises back in 1948, and he started in real estate, but it was called Winston's.

Over the years, Winston branched out and bought other businesses like construction companies and various manufacturing plants.

Then in 1969, Winston's only daughter, Olive, married Sidney Harris right after he graduated from Harvard with a business degree. Sidney started in the mailroom and worked up Winston's corporate ladder. Winston loved Sidney and was impressed with his acute sense of running a business.

Then in 1979, Olive gave birth to Dorin.

In 1981, Winston retired and gave the reins of the company over to Sidney, but still let Olive have fifty-four percent of the company. But since Olive did not have any business sense or cared about running the company, she gave Sidney complete control of the company.

In 1999 Dorin married Brett.

Brett was also an only child. His parents died in 2009 when an aggressive driver on I-70 in Mis-
souri clipped the rear end of their car when the jerk tailgated and passed them in a hurry. Their car spun around and was creamed by a semi-trailer truck. They were on their way back to Muncie from visiting Brett's aunt in St. Louis.

Brett soon became the assistant to the finance manager of Harris Enterprises, and that came with his private office.

Inside Harris Enterprises, Brett got off the elevator, walked through the maze of cubicles, and finally got to his office located on the 6th floor.

All the employees hit it hard the second they arrived at their desks, as Sidney would never tolerate any of his employees socializing on his dollar. It was an atmosphere of serious business. No fun was allowed and could result in disciplinary action.

Brett went inside his office and started his usual routine; he got a cup of coffee and read the newest edition of the Aircraft Owners and Pilot's Association (AOPA's) Flight Training magazine.

Twenty minutes passed, and Brett was already on his second cup of black coffee and almost finished with 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 Brett's phone.

Brett immediately dropped the article. "Yes Manfred," Brett replied with a gleam in his eyes as he had been praying Manfred would call him.
"I got your resume, and I think we could use you in our organization."
Brett danced in his chair with excitement.
"Thank you, Mister Wilson," Brett replied with a huge smile.
"Listen, I have to head out to our office in Los Angeles for a week, so when I get back, I would like for you to head down to our facility here in Columbus for an interview," Manfred offered.
"I would love that," Brett said then wondered what kind of believable excuse he could come up with to drive down to Columbus.
"Great. I'll contact you at this number," Manfred said.
"On second thought, why don't you call my cell?" Brett quickly added as he wanted this to keep this discreet.
"Okay."
"It's five five five, sixty forty-two," Brett quietly spoke into his phone.
Brett's office door slammed opened with a bang, and it scared the crap out of him. He looked over and cringed when he saw Sidney Harris standing in his doorway with some papers in his hand. Sidney was now sixty-six years old and had a constant grouchy look with his square jaw. He stood six feet four inches tall and was three hundred and fifty pounds of mostly fat. But his colossal size intimidated people, and he believed that helped him become a successful businessman.
Brett freaked out when he remembered who was on the phone, and his AOPA magazine was in view of Sidney. "I have an impromptu meeting to attend. I'll be waiting for your call," Brett said and discreetly slid the magazine across his desk and let it drop 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, then quickly hung up his phone.

Sidney marched over to Brett's desk with some papers in his hand.

"How's that report coming along?" Sidney asked with a stern tone.

"Why it's coming along great, Sidney," Brett replied while he held up some Excel spreadsheets.

Sidney glanced at one of the spreadsheets. "Here's some more data and I want this report turned into me at the end of the day," Sidney said then tossed Brett the papers and they drifted down to his desktop.

"That won't be a problem, sir," Brett replied while he scooped up the papers.

"Good," Sidney said then he turned around and marched out of Brett's office.

Brett looked at the papers then plopped them down on his desk.

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 then dropped to the floor.
Brett picked up his Flight Training magazine off the floor and found a new article to read. It was an article about weight and balance.

Brett spent the rest of his workday with his head buried in his Flight Training magazine, and he also spent roughly twenty-five minutes on Sidney's report. But he did not concentrate on the report and hurried it along.

It was finally time to leave for the day. Brett chucked the magazine in his desk drawer where he kept some other back issues.

He grabbed the report and left his office.

Brett walked through the maze of cubicles in the office area and finally reached Sidney's office. But first, he had to pass the first checkpoint of Sidney's secretary.

Her name was Agnes Francis, and she was sixty-two years old, with blonde hair and still looked attractive for her age. But she was as mean as Sidney and could be the reason she's kept this job for the past thirty years.

At her desk was Carl Francis, her twenty-eight-year-old son, who still lived at home. Carl graduated from Yale with a business degree, and he impressed the hell out of Sidney. But if the truth was known, Sidney secretly paid for Carl's tuition with a promise of a job after he graduated. Carl was now the manager of the payroll department.

Brett walked up to Agnes' desk where she typed out a letter on her computer.
"How may I help you, Brett?" she said while she peeked up from her monitor.

"Here's the report Sidney requested," Brett replied then handed Agnes the report.

"Hi Carl, how are things down in payroll?" Brett asked, being polite.

"We're doing great counting all the millions of dollars Sidney's bringing into the company," Carl replied and looked away as he could care less about Brett.

Brett gave Carl a fake smile that he cared about his response.

Agnes laid the report on her desk. "I'll make sure Mister Harris gets this after his meeting tomorrow morning," Agnes said then went back to her computer. Brett walked away, glad his boring workday was over.

Brett walked through the company parking lot, then the sound of an airplane caught his attention. He looked up at the sky and saw a Boeing PT Stearman while it flew in a southerly heading. He stopped and drooled at the sight of that beautiful airplane.

He continued to walk through the parking lot. Brett walked up to his dull and boring car and got inside.

He started it up and drove out of the parking lot.

He turned down the street and drove off. Brett drove through the streets of Fort Wayne and stopped off at a nearby Wal-Mart off Whit-
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