

# HIGH ON JEFFERSON



# AIRPLANE LANE



ROBBY RICHARDSON

High On Jefferson Airplane

By

Robby Richardson

[A Tribute To Titans Edition]

Dedication

Aaron & Maciej

White Tea With Mad Hatter Rabbits

By

Robby Richardson

One dab leads you to inspire

One puff takes you higher

One cap makes colors brighter

One tab fulfills all your desires

Go ask Wonka about candy...I think he'd know

And if you want tea with mad hatters

Or book appointments with white rabbits

When a mad cat gives you mad directions

Has twisted your winding roads beyond repair

When the only way forward has got me going backwards

Has got me thinking and drinking

White Tea With Mad Hatter Rabbits

One pill makes you slower...melting you into the floor

One powder makes you faster...leading lives to shatter

And the one that doctors give you to help recover is no placebo

Despite feeling so high it couldn't make me more low

Any excuse to celebrate an unbirthday...a very, very unbirthday...on replay

When a mad cat sings you mad sonnets and offers "Drink Me" tonics

In the worst way got me backwards drinking

White Tea With Mad Hatter Rabbits

How can one finish their journey if one doesn't begin to wonder

Taking a journey to new heights to new highs to new lands

Whether reaching heights of an airplane or that of a starship  
My flight crew is quite a pair, a pilot of Chesire with a co-pilot of a March Hare  
A Mad Hatter pushed the drink cart with a queen after my own heart  
These flight attendants have a tendance to imbalance the balance drinking  
White Tea with Mad Hatter Rabbits

**THE END**

**ACT I**

“Here comes the airplane...” I felt my eyes give the faintest of flutters. The flicker of my lashes like light kisses from a butterfly’s wings. A voice over the airplane terminal’s intercom had awakened me from my deep slumber. “Ladies and Gentlemen, we thank you for your patience and understanding while we were waiting for the plane to arrive. In a few moments *Jefferson Airplane* flight #420 roundtrip from Puerto Rico to Miami, Florida will begin boarding the first rows now. Can those passengers please begin to line up behind the white line?” The white light from the bright sunshine and loud commotion of the crowd seemed like a breath of life. I ran my fingers over my eyes as the sun seared my retinas. Awakened with a little jostle, I felt the air nearly rush into me filling my lungs reinvigorating my body. Feeling renewed as if my body had recovered from a long battle with a cold. My eyes fluttered again trying to regain my memory. I quickly gazed around the airport terminal and the surrounding people waiting for flight #420. I saw sporadic sets of eyes glancing in my direction from various individual passengers. I began to wonder if I had been snoring. I hadn’t remembered drifting off to sleep. I sluggishly began to gaze around the terminal continuing to catch random glances and even the occasional pointing finger.

Despite my spotty memory, I rubbed my head and forehead trying to remember last night. Ignoring the people around me, I tried to recall any memories from the depths of my mind. Every memory was patchy like video running through a projector. I could see the pictures displayed in my mind. The voices and conversations were half remembered, sullied by the betrayal of my newlywed wife. My eyes landed on the sight of a happy couple in front of me returning home from their honeymoon. I tried to hide my longing jealousy of their committed love for each other. Her brown hair was tied back in a bun under a floppy sun hat. She giggled into her husband’s chiseled face appearing happy with the world. I turned to the empty seat next to me and remembered that I was leaving my honeymoon alone.

It took me a minute to gather myself straightening up in the hard plastic seat. The large windows that surrounded the terminal emphasized the tropical paradise awaiting outside. I pulled out



my boarding ticket catching a glimpse at my wedding band. I felt a knot twist my stomach trying not to relive the pain of last night. The attempt to not visualize my wife's face within the depths of my eyes was difficult. She was everything to me and I foolishly believed that I was everything to her. The gold circle of my wedding band squeezed my finger symbolizing a constant reminder of her betrayal.

The warm air brought a feeling of calm relaxation to spread over me. My hands lowered and I found my brown leather-bound notebook in my lap. I shifted in my seat and watched it topple to the airport floor with a *THUD!* The noise sent a sharp pain through my head. I rubbed my forehead with a little wince as the flight attendant spoke again into the intercom. "*Jefferson Airplanes* Flight #420 will continue its boarding of first and second priority seating guests." I reached over picking up my notebook from the floor. I heard a man in front of me mutter in the faintest of whispers, "And so it begins."

I raised my head with my notebook clutched in my hand. "Did you say something sir?" I felt a slight chill pass over me at the sight of the old man dressed in a dark brown suit. Sitting perfectly straight he appeared to be patiently waiting clenching a brown Bowler hat in his wrinkled hands. He peered at me with tired eyes sunken into his thinning face. His pale skin matched his white hair. He gave a contentious glower and placed the brown Bowler hat on his head. He grabbed his brown attaché case from the floor and immediately rose from his seat without answering my question. He began walking towards an older woman crying into her husband's arms. His fingertips consolingly grazed over her red scarf. She pulled her head away from his chest, "I can't do it. I just can't do it again! I can't keep doing it!"

The eyes of a few passengers followed him like hungry lions in the brush. I did my best to ignore the stares and finger pointing. I watched the old man in the brown suit additionally consoling the crying woman. I clutched my leather-bound notebook to my chest before I rose to my feet preparing to enter the boarding line. A few pairs of eyes followed me. I saw fluttering conversations between a couple of them. I tried to ignore it, stepping behind the last person in line. As the line

continued to move forward, I noticed the old man trying to comfort the woman. His hand consolingly tracing over the woman's back as the husband glared at me. I tried to turn away in time, but I had caught a look of utter hatred in his face. A hatred as if my very presence had sent the woman into mild hysterics. I followed the line as I heard old man muttering, "I know it's scary, but hopefully this will be the last time." I approached closer to them as the old man turned back to me. His weathered face covered in gray stubble twitching slightly. The old man's piercing stare and the husband's glowering look forced an awkward comment from me. "She's afraid of flying huh?" The old man snapped in pure resentment, "Geez, I wonder why that is?"

I rolled my eyes ignoring the old man and his scathing looks. Subconsciously, I spun my ring on my finger waiting for the line to continue forward. I could feel eyes burning into the back of my head. "I can't...I-I-I just can't..." The woman began again but her words faded from me. I felt a soft jolt of pain in my head as my hand ran over it. *CREAK...CREAK...* I heard the squeaking of metal and saw a nurse dressed in pristine white pushing a white gowned patient in a wheelchair. Undeterred from her task, she uninterestingly passed by everybody without a turn of her head. The red-haired woman maneuvered between the hurried passengers as if emerged from out of a dream. Slow with her steps as the people around them passed in a blur.

I watched as she turned her head towards the small crowd of people. I felt my heart drop for a moment. The world seemed to fall away from me. Her red hair tied in a bun underneath her white nurse's hat. "Gina..." I whispered to myself, preparing to take a step towards my supposed wife. I stopped myself noticing the absence of a brown freckle under her nose. A freckle that we had nicknamed, "The Caterpillar" due to its shape and resemblance. I watched a possible relative of my wife disappear behind a large cart of bags.

"Ticket..." My attention returned to discovering the space in front of me empty. I walked forward and presented my ticket to the attendant. It was the same attendant that had made the announcement. I read her name tag, T. Dormouse. She took my ticket with an odd expression on her

mousey face. She held it letting her blue eyes search mine almost dreamily. “Is there a problem?” I heard the curiosity in her voice as she tore the ticket. “H-have we met before?” I shook my head, “I...I don’t think so?” She handed the ticket inspecting me a final time. Her face furrowed in confusion, “Are you sure? I feel like we have met before.” I chuckled lightly, “I think that I would remember talking or meeting a beautiful woman like you.” She gave a friendly and girlish little smirk letting me walk past her towards the gangway.

The bright sunshine forced my hands to immediately hit my face relieving me with needed shade. I hesitated for a moment, letting my hand wave in front of my face. My eyes searched for the way forward as the large unobstructed windows blinded my route. I regained my composure, but felt an odd feeling come over me. I could only ponder for a moment when a voice behind me snapped, “Dear God man at least move aside if you’re just going to stand there!” I turned and saw to my displeasure the old man in the brown suit. His thinning leathery face seemed hardened with annoyance. I nodded moving forward feeling as if each step was on wheels. Each window I passed would draw my attention reminding me of the paradise I was running from. I followed the line of people and removed my phone from my pocket. I saw random text messages from Gina. What had once lifted my heart to see now brought me disgust and anger.

[Gina “Wifey” Manson]

*Please Matt come back to the resort and don't leave...don't leave me like this!*

*Darby and I wanted to tell you. We can work through this, please answer me!*

*I don't want to be with Darby, I want to be with you! He loves me but I don't love him. I love you.*

I closed the phone with a *SNAP* and an angry grumble. Moving down the gangway, I followed the trail of people boarding the airplane. However, I noticed several pairs of eyes continuously flick towards me. I felt myself giving a nervous little smirk returning my vision to glance out the window.

The bright light seemed too good for the world that had crumpled around me. My hand went out to my wrist as my fingers traced my wife's tattooed letters on my skin, G-I-N-A. I had let her become such a part of me that I had foolishly let her on my skin. I felt as if I would never be rid of her now, never be rid of her betrayal.

[10 Hours Earlier]

*CLINK...* The bottle of wine spun in my hand landing in my grasp. I gave a content little smirk heading down the resort hallway. The open hotel atmosphere was a true paradise. The warm breeze played across the stretch of hallway as I made my way back to my room. I felt almost euphoric when my eyes landed on the flowered numbers of room number 4-2-0 intertwined with tropical feathers. I clenched the bottle of wine as I raised my fist to the door.

Knuckles halted as I heard strange sounds coming from behind the door. Sounds that I was familiar with but had not heard in quite some time. Sounds Gina had promised to share with me every day on our honeymoon. The gut groans she made sounded like she was being attacked. I swiped my keycard and heard the lock *CLICK!* I entered the honeymoon suite to the full volume of my new wife's passion. Their attention did not detour nor waver as I made my way into the room. I saw a lumbering body between two flaying legs poking out from underneath a sheet. "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?" I screamed at the top of my lungs as my heart dropped into my chest. I saw the pale skin and wild-eyed look from my best man at our wedding.

"DARBY..." I felt the wine bottle fall to my side with a *CRASH!* I watched my wife's tussled red hair spring out from underneath the bed covers. Her olive skin could not be hidden behind the white bed sheet. They began to tug over it trying desperately to cover themselves up at the same time. I could feel my eyes bulging witnessing them as if I was seeing them for who they really were. I saw the guilty look spread across their faces. Gina's olive skin was covered in their mutual sweat as she began "B-baby it's not what it..." "Spare me Gina..." I exclaimed, staring at my best friend who

shook his head. “I-it all just sort of happened.” “So, you flew all the way down here to...” His eyes gave the lightest of twinkles, turning fondly back to Gina. “Y-you love her Darby?” His brown eyes grew watery as he clung to the white bedsheet.”

I turned to Gina who gazed up at me with her scared doe eyes. Her fingers between her lips and sensing my question. “I-I wanted to tell you...come clean but...WAIT baby please don’t go!” I heard Gina yell as she attempted to scramble over the bed. “Please don’t, w-we c-can talk about this?” I stormed down the hallway leaving everything behind.

[Present Level]

I entered the airplane as two stewardesses greeted me. One plump little woman with rosy cheeks spoke first, “Welcome to *Jefferson Airplane!*” I nodded at her false little smile reading her golden name tag, “Q. Hart”. The other stewardess a tall stringy woman with long brown hair gave me a look and immediately diverted her gaze. I read her golden name tag, “M. Hare”. She gave polite nods to the other passengers with a tired expression clenching her trembling arm against her. I moved between the rows of seats feeling eyes turn to me. Random passengers placed their luggage away as others began to take their seats. A trembling came over my skin as I began to wonder why the occasional pair of eyes would glance towards me. I patted my disheveled brown hair down making my way to my seat. I read the worn silver sign above my row, “D-C-B-A 25”. I placed my bag into the overhead bin and gripped my leather-bound notebook.

An unshakeable feeling of constantly being watched crept over me. I turned examining the plane quickly before taking my seat in A. Several pairs of eyes stared at me, but quickly turned when I caught their gaze. Unable to ponder on whether my mind was playing tricks on me. I heard a woman in front of me beginning to protest. I saw that it was the same red scarfed woman that I had seen in the airport terminal. I saw the old man in the brown suit next to her. Her eyes were wide in petrified terrified, “I can’t...I-I just can’t anymore. Please, I want to stay back.” She whispered to him before

the old man replied. “We can’t do that Edith. Everyone must make the journey...the FULL journey or else it will just continue to play out.” Edith nodded her head wiping the tears from her eyes. “Yes, yes, you’re right. I just...I just can’t sit in THAT seat anymore. C-can you switch me?” The ancient man patted her on the shoulder nodding sympathetically.

I silently groaned as I watched the old man’s sunken eyes turn to me. Silently begging he would sit anywhere else. I felt that hope disintegrate with a final leading wave from his hand towards his seat. Edith gave an appreciative nod heading towards the middle row of seats. He held his brown attaché case in front of him as he made his way towards me. I heard him mutter as I let him pass me “finally catching on there.” I shook my head and replied, “Catching on to what exactly, sir?” The old man answered back. “That I sit in the middle.” “I didn’t...” I paused and rolled my eyes, deciding to ignore him.

I buckled myself in and prepared for departure. I took a deep breath as the old man didn’t bother buckling himself in. His penetrating eyes had noticed me looking at his unbuckled seatbelt. He leaned his head back and gazed at the call buttons above him. “It doesn’t matter at this point anymore.” I turned my head realizing the newlywed couple from the terminal was pointing directly at me. Upon catching my attention, they quickly diverted their gaze. The plane gave a slight rumble as the engines began to come to life. The power of the plane began to awaken from within its depths.

I saw the old man trying to peer over the seats in front of him possibly checking on his friend Edith. His Bowler hat returned to his hands as he saw me staring at his concerned look. His eyes met mine and I gave an awkward little smirk. “I know what it’s like to travel with someone who is afraid of flying. The worst part is taking off. Once we are in the air, I am sure she will be okay. Has she always been afraid of flying?” The old man eyed me with an eerie gaze as if he was examining my words. After a few seconds, he replied with a simple, “no.” “So, she just developed a fear of flying like recently?” The old man again hesitated gripping his Bowler hat tighter and replied, “Dying will always do that to a person.”

I was not sure if I had heard the old man clearly. I watched him place his Bowler hat back on his head. He turned facing forward staring into the nothingness and lost in his own thoughts. The force of takeoff pinned me back in my seat as the plane rattled to full speed. I heard the old man next to me whisper to himself, "Here we go again." I felt an odd and uncomfortable sensation of discomfort come over me.

The plane leveled out and the cabin returned to normal. I breathed a sigh of relief realizing I was heading home. I had a couple hours to agonize about picking up my life from the shambles it was currently in. I thought about Gina and the day that I had planned. Scuba diving, a day on the beach, a candlelight dinner, and a bottle of wine to top it off. I knew that Gina would have loved it. How could I have missed the affair between my best friend and wife? Unanswered questions spiraled through my head, "Pen?"

My concentration was broken by the old man in the brown suit. His wide eyes were cold as his weathered hand outstretched towards me. "I don't have a..." "You do it's in your inside pocket there." I saw his eyes motion to the white hotel pen in my leather notebook. I handed it to him with an odd expression. He took it uncapping it and immediately rolled up the sleeve to his suit jacket. He inscribed a single dark line on it. I turned catching the newlywed couple staring at me again. No awkward smirk crossed my face with another pair of eyes on me. A tan man dressed in a bright yellow shirt. I watched and caught the woman Edith periodically peering over her seat at me.

I narrowed my eyes in growing suspicion as I leaned back in my seat muttering, "Am I crazy or are people looking at me?" "You're not crazy..." The old man handed me back my pen. "They ARE looking at you Matt I turned to him feeling my heart drop in my chest. "H-h-how did you know..." I began but the old man interjected. "Can we dispense with the pleasantries? I have grown tired of it and of this." "What are you talking about? How do you know my name?" The old man removed his Bowler hat and placed it in his lap. "At this point, I know everything about you Matt. I am afraid I am the one that knows the most about you." "This is messed up! How do you..." "Oh, you have NO idea

what messed up really is Matt! Now, I will be frank with you. I am so tired of doing this and going through this that I don't care about taking my time anymore. I don't care about easing you into it the unusual predicament we are all in."

I sat speechless as I watched those familiar sets of eyes continue to look in my general direction. The discomforting feeling inside me continued to intensify inside. "What are you talking about?" The old man's eyes widened as if he was fighting an internal conflict. "How do you know my name?" The old man's brain seemed to reconnect. "Oh, I know more than you think, and I am growing tired of continuously reminding you of it." "What does that even mean?" "Tea..." I turned to see the lanky stewardess next to me. I saw the golden name tag glint in my face, *M. Hare*. "No thank you," I said and turned back to the old man. "I'm sorry," replied the stewardess. I returned back to her as she appeared to have a mental glitch. Her eyes fluttered wildly as they refocused on me. She asked again, "You want tea, correct?" "No, I don't want tea thank you!" I exclaimed again but this time she snapped back. "But...but you always have tea!" The stewardess Hare dropped a cup of tea in front of me with a *CLUMP!*

My hand shot to my forehead as my brain seemed unable to process everything that was going on around me. "You should probably have the tea Matt." "STOP, I don't even know who the hell you are! How do you know me? How do you know my name?" The old man in the brown suit gripped his Bowler hat concern growing in his face. "We should probably try to keep everything the same Matt. That will probably stop all this." "Stop what and I don't want any damn tea!" "You should have the tea!" I saw the tan man in yellow raise from his seat. His face red with utter rage, "DRINK THE DAMN TEA!" The newlywed woman exclaimed, "He needs to drink the tea!" Edith rose from behind her seat with tears streaming down her face. "Please...p-please drink the tea. We need to keep everything the same!"

I stared at them all as I handed the cup of tea back to stewardess Hare. I nearly spilled it when another passenger from further down the aisles yelled "Will you people shut the hell up! I'm trying to



sleep here!” The old man in the brown suit ignored the passenger. “The truth is Matt...” “Stop just stop and tell me how you know my name?” The old man waved his hand as if the question was unnecessary. “I know you are on or should I say were on your honeymoon with your new wife Gina. You’ve shown me her picture plenty of times, beautiful woman with olive skin and red hair, correct?” Whatever I had expected to hear that was not it. I felt a cold flash of fear envelope my body. I tried to move further away from him. “I know that you are a writer and columnist for *News One*. I know that you are heading home alone because you had walked in on your wife cheating on you with another resort guest.” I felt my mouth drop open in shock. “How...how do you know all that?” “I told you Matt I know a lot about you because we have done this before. We have had this conversation many times before. We KEEP having to have this conversation repeatedly. Although with each cycle more and more passengers are becoming more enlightened. It’s only a matter of time before every passenger notices what the few of us already know. How could I know everything about you when you think we are meeting for the first time?”

I could feel the ticking cogs in my mental comprehension beginning to jam in my head. “You don’t know EVERYTHING! My wife wasn’t cheating on me with another guest. So, I-I don’t understand.” “Matt please try to understand! Some of the smaller details might change but the basic transpiring of events stay the same. Whether your wife cheats on you with resort staff, another guest, your father, bus boy, or one of your brothers. The point is that every cycle, EVERY cycle she cheats, and it brings you back here. I am tired of this and my patience each time we cycle back here grows thinner. Tired of that same dumb look that you keep putting on your face every time I bring this up. I want this to end now! You need to believe what I am telling you because we believe you are the key to making this all stop!”

I turned from the old man in the brown suit and saw the continued stares of several passengers. I held my hand to my temples and rubbed it for a second. I unbuckled my seatbelt which gave a faint *CLICK!* “You’re insane...” I rose from my seat and repeated, “You’re insane... all utterly insane!”

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

