

FORCED ENTRY - 2

Eye for an Eye

by komrade komura

Yeah I wrote this shit. Blame no one else.

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Dedications

Personal: To you, yes you, my favourite komrade. It makes more sense when you are around.

Political: To all women and men that come up from their knees with their fists clenched. Respect.

Pot lital: To everyone that grows the herb. Whether for profit, for medicine, or for fun, thank you.

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There isn't much to the act itself, just a few movements of the index finger, and then they stop — less than three inches of movement in total. It shouldn't be so simple, but it is -- then no more. Nothing. Mass and dimensions, again, become the most important attributes, as it was at their beginning. Where once were opinions, happiness, sadness, and, perhaps, love, there is nothing now except lifeless bulk. And it's not the act that offers the challenge. Humans long ago devised methods to make it easy and as impersonal as possible. We are no longer required to slash with a sword or cut with a knife in close quarters. We can remain at a distance, helping us, the wretched. Some are so far away that their victims show up as images on a satellite from a distant country. I was not that fortunate.

Pensacola, Florida is becoming like other beaches around the world: tall, high-rise towers at the edge of the water reach to the sky like huge stalagmites. With each new construction the view becomes more blocked, establishing ownership to the beauty of the sea. The few remaining low-rise buildings are the scattered houses of the wealthy or the older townhouse rows, waiting for their price point conversion into the next generation of high-rise buildings.

Papers' real name was Henry, Henry Ambrose. I had waited for hours for Henry to leave his townhouse. I had been waiting since morning. Two coffees, a bagel, and a salad later, he finally left. The problem with waiting so long is that it affords me time to think. Thinking leads to questions, questions about resolve. Could it be done? Did I have what was needed to pull the trigger? I never killed someone before. And every time I got to the question, I remembered my previous morning, burying Taylor's body out at the Barnett Reservoir. The limpness of her body, just a shell now, where once was a vibrant young girl. Then came the reminder of how my heart ached as I threw the first few shovels of earth onto her wrapped body, amplified by the sound of the dirt hitting the plastic sheet. Every time I closed my eyes the auditory hallucinations began again.

And with the memory came the animal again. The animal within demanded blood for blood. Blood for Taylor's, blood for selling me out, blood for unintended tragedies, and blood for being one of the lowest forms of life on the planet, a snitch. The animal

demanded revenge. The best my brain could do was work to keep the tragedy from including me. Reaching the conclusion to kill Henry was easy as it wasn't a matter of intellect and reason. The animal doesn't work that way. The animal stamped the action on my life like the lady at the post office, who stamps the front of a large manila business envelope. From that moment forward, the actions were assured, but the outcome was not. So my brain went to work on that problem alone.

It was just after 8PM and dark. I was glad for that. The motorcycle cruised a couple of car lengths behind Henry's. My leather coat fit tight in the shoulders. I responded by shrugging to stretch it out more. Henry was a large man, about 275 pounds. On a tall man, it wouldn't have seemed so gross, but Henry was only about five foot eight inches tall. This made him very obese with a middle circumference that dwarfed all of his other dimensions. It also made him prone to a career without requirements for significant activity. Providing fake identification was one of those careers. A decade earlier, Henry would have looked just right at a science fiction convention. Now, his long black hair was thinning and combed over the top of his head from the right to the left, a joke everyone got, except Henry.

I followed him on my motorcycle to the fast food place, between the Mexican restaurant and the service station, and waited on my bike at the service station, near the air pump and vacuum cleaner. It took almost eleven minutes before Henry came out from the other side of the line, his hand shoveling a pair of long French fries toward his mouth as he navigated toward the edge of Gulf Blvd. His early 1970s Mercedes stood majestic against the grain of the newer vehicles flying by him, a reminder of more elegant automotive times.

He moved into the right lane and turned onto the causeway bridge, heading off the island. I sighed in relief. This was exactly what I needed; an island escape was just too risky. I let several cars drift between us. He drove very carefully, using blinkers for each lane change and one mile per hour under the speed limit. He was the perfect criminal, making sure he broke no laws, suspicious only by his steady conformity. To a careful observer, he appeared to be either drive like a criminal or a saint, not that there's a big difference between the two.

He stayed in the right lane most of the trip. I waited for an opportunity to move in beside him, shoot, and then quickly turn right and speed away. I was ready to go at one of the stoplights. I lowered the zipper of my jacket to make the gun easy to grab. Just as I began to release the clutch to move beside Henry's car, I noticed a police cruiser enter the back of the queue at the cross street. I kept the clutch engaged and zipped up my jacket a little. The black helmet restricted my peripheral vision a little, and I cursed it for that. I would need to turn my head and look both ways before acting, lest I risk an unseen cop car.

Henry eventually turned onto Creighton Road. He drove for almost a mile before he slowed down and turned into a parking lot. The building was made of cinder blocks with a sheet metal roof and two glass doors at the front. There were four other cars in the parking lot on this particular night. The large sign out by the road said "Pensacola Cyber Mart." It was one of those computer stores run by local geeks. They would be able to tell numerous stories about the Atlanta gaming convention from two years ago: the high scores, the tragic defeats. But they had no stories about the girl who spent the night. I moved quickly toward the entrance of the parking lot. I entered no less than three seconds after Henry. His big black car handled the transition from the road to the lower parking lot surface smoothly. My rice machine motorcycle dropped from the road with a thud. I slowed down until Henry was turning into a parking space.

Then I sped up beside the driver's door of the car. He was reaching to turn off the car and didn't initially understand the event. That changed less than a second later when he saw the gun. The Ruger SR9 extended from my arm as the arc of my movement aimed it. Fortunately there was nowhere for him to go with his seat belt on.

My previous concern regarding my own preparedness seemed to have been overestimated. My finger traveled the brief distance without hesitation when the monster in me flashed images of Taylor's lifeless body. This was justice, hard and swift, the monster told me.

The first bullet went through the glass window and then Henry's outstretched hand before hitting him in the face. It didn't kill him. He began twitching and jerking like he was having a seizure. The second bullet hit him in the throat and he responded by slowing down the jerking, but clawing at his throat, as if he were choking. Finally, I

aimed carefully with the sight, and then shot him in the forehead. He slumped down on the front seat at last. I saw one of the geeks from inside the building run to the front door as if to come outside. I aimed above his head and shot into the glass. The bullet shattered the glass and it rained down onto him. He was sufficiently discouraged.

Shoving the gun inside my black leather jacket, I jammed the motorcycle hard, and it leapt forward. It jumped over the edge of the road and slid sideways slightly as my back tire searched for a grip on Creighton Road's asphalt. It found it, and I shot forward again, as if from a slingshot. The first four blocks went by in less than thirty seconds. I turned onto North Davis Highway and headed toward Interstate 10. The smooth concrete of the interstate took me to the Scenic Highway exit. I pulled into the Dairy Queen parking lot and drove to the back, near the dumpster and a parked BMW. I removed the helmet and the leather riders, jacket, and pants. Underneath was a pair of cut off denim shorts and a t-shirt. I kept on the gloves. I threw the boots into the dumpster and slipped on some leather sandals. In less than 30 seconds, I had changed my clothes and my appearance. I slipped the motorcycle keys into my pocket and the gun into the front of my shorts. I opened the door to my car, got in quickly, and started the engine. In less than forty-five seconds, I was pulling out the parking lot as just another anonymous soul. Two minutes later I was crossing the bridge over Escambia Bay. I lowered the window and threw the keys to the motorcycle into the bay. Less than a mile later, I tossed the gun into the water, followed by the gloves. Justice for Taylor Oswald had begun.

The distance from Pensacola to Biloxi, Mississippi is approximately 120 miles. All of it can be done on Interstate 10, that long Atlantic to Pacific cross-country road with some of the most mundane scenery ever imagined, an autistic paradise. I drove back to the grow house with the cruise control set three miles an hour below the speed limit. My mind was rushing with paranoid thoughts of things I had forgotten. I had parked the car away from the view of the CCTV cameras at the Dairy Queen. I had changed with my car between me and the restaurant. A baseball cap had been fitted less than a second

after the helmet was removed. What had I forgotten? Were there other CCTV cameras I hadn't found beforehand? What did the man at the computer store see? I was dressed like a black Power Ranger, no facial features were available. I reminded myself of this several times as I drove back to the fiftieth out of fifty states in many vital categories.

Paranoia (noia) is a wicked affliction. For commercial cannabis growers it's a way of life. Looking out from behind the curtains is normal. The use of wireless IP web cameras helped reduce the "noia," but not as much as I had hoped. Two cameras were hidden in the front yard, providing good coverage of the neighbors. Two in the back yard let me know how my neighbors on the street behind me were doing. Still, the "noia" was always strong. I had morphed from someone who could and had slept through a hurricane, to someone who woke at the slightest sound. The wife had noticed that when I woke up startled, I had begun to automatically reach for a weapon, a dangerous reflex, even in full consciousness.

I ignored my wife's calls and text messages until almost Pascagoula, Mississippi. She was still expecting me to be heading back home with Taylor in the seat next to me. Some things about myself I have never liked, and when I confront them I respect myself more. I returned her call through the Bluetooth connection in the car.

Narrator: Hi, darling, sorry. I guess I had my phone on silent. I turned it down when I went into the restaurant for lunch and never turned it back on again.

Her voice came booming out of the speakers way too loud. I urgently pressed the volume button on the steering wheel. Her voice had a syrupy tone to it that I knew too well from watching her interact with kids.

Wife: Well, it's about time I heard from you two. And I look forward to meeting you, young lady. I want to know so much about you. What's your favorite food, your favorite color, movie star, and television show? There's so much to get to know about you, my dear.

There are moments when life comes apart at the seams. The fabric is torn and can't be sewn back together -- ever. My mind recalled the thud of the dirt on the plastic sheet. I pride myself on not being sentimental, but an obsessed planner with no regard for such trivial weaknesses. I was wrong. I'm as weak as the next person. My wife's voice, again, broke me from my grief.

Wife: There's no need to be shy, dearie. Let's start with your favorite food.

Narrator: Darling, Taylor isn't with me.

Wife: What? Why Not? (in a surprised tone)

Narrator: I'm sorry, but I can't talk about it right now.

The tone of a voice can change on a dime. Hers was no exception. It quickly went from surprise to demand.

Wife: Why not?

I wasn't doing well and was fighting a little-girl urge to start fucking crying. I heard the thud of the dirt. Fuck this shit! I cleared my throat and tried to speak clearly and without a hint of what I was feeling. My confident tone came out as desperate and scared.

Narrator: There was a problem.

There was no reply for almost a second. Then she replied with the concern I had heard before.

Wife: Is she OK?

Narrator: I'm sorry; I can't talk about it now.

There was another short pause on the other end. She processed that something bad had happened.

Wife: Are *you* OK, darling?

Narrator: Physically fine, just upset right now.

Wife: Is she hurt?

Narrator: Listen, darling, I really can't talk about it now.

Wife: But you said she was coming home with you. I've made up the upstairs bedroom. I even put up the Bob Marley posters back up.

Narrator: I'm truly sorry, darling. I wish she were coming with me.

And in my mind the dirt hit the plastic sheet again. I needed the monster now; I needed his resolve. But he had abandoned me to the emotional hell I was descending into.

My wife's tone swung to the dark side.

Wife: You didn't do anything to her, did you?

Narrator: No! Of course not!

My wife's reply held a tone of relief.

Wife: Good, just checking. I know you're good in a crisis, but sometimes crises turn out bad.

My tone of voice snapped with anger.

Narrator: How many fucking times do I have to say that I can't fucking talk about it right now?

I pressed the Bluetooth button on the steering wheel and disconnected the call. Less than four seconds later it rang again. I turned down the ringer volume. Fifty-two seconds after that, it rang again. Two minutes and twelve seconds after that a text message arrived.

Wife: I'm sorry Please talk to me #loveyou.

I didn't have a response. I was empty like a spilled bottle of soda, now just a vessel with nothing inside. I was being consumed in my own horror show. The fucking sound of the dirt played on a continuous loop in my head. Sometimes it felt like I was being shoved when the dirt hit. It wasn't just a physical shove; I felt the shove across all levels of my being: my psyche, my reason, my history, my soul. It was the kind of shove that makes your whole life stumble.

"Get your FUCKING shit together," I yelled aloud to myself as I sped down I-10 past the Gautier Van Cleve exit. "RIGHT! What're the options? What're the constraints? Evaluate the circumstances, ASSHOLE!" I screamed the words. "You are a project manager. Fucking act like one!" I slapped my face hard and yelled, "Fuck," because it hurt. My left cheek was stinging and beginning to feel warm. Sometimes pain works to break a thought pattern, and this time it was successful. I began to shout out loud the assessment and conclusions.

Narrator: CONSTRAINT - must not discuss details of any illegality on an open fucking cell line. Not even TOR browser session this time.

Narrator: PRINCIPLE - Honesty. I must tell her what happened to Taylor. There is no way I can concoct a story good enough to cover it, and I shouldn't. She's my wife. She'll find out in the end anyway. Face to face is best for bad news.

Narrator: PRINCIPLE - Honesty. I must tell her about Henry. But fuck, wait a minute. That means I'll be telling her she's married to a murderer. Fuck that. No, Henry is my secret. Take that shit to the grave. Rat bastard deserved it.

Narrator: TIMELINE – She'll start the questions again. I can spend all day tomorrow working in Biloxi, and then go home for thirty-two hours tomorrow night. That'll work. Just gotta keep her on hold until I get home tomorrow night.

Narrator: NEXT STEPS - Get to the house. Begin flushing the nutrients from the plants. Clean the trim machine and the spin bowl. Scope the plants for pests. Grind the garbage.

Problem evaluation restored my confidence some but mostly calmed me down enough to where I began to think about the weed growing in the house. It was approximately 1,700 square feet of a 2,300+ square foot house. Two strains were growing in the house: Black Widow from Mr. Nice Seeds and Blue Dream from Humboldt. Both strains needed at least ten weeks of flowering, which meant having the lights on for twelve hours and then off for twelve hours. Ten days before harvest, the plants start getting a diet of just plain, reverse-osmosis filtered water. If you've ever tasted weed that seemed nasty or left a hard, not quite right taste when you exhaled, then it either wasn't flushed well or cured long enough. Flushing ensures that all of the fertilizers are removed by the plants.

I concerned myself with the task at hand, lost myself in my work. I turned off of I-10 and headed south on 110 to Rodriguez then toward Popp's Ferry Road. The ranch house was on just over two acres, near the back bay of Biloxi. The house sat a hundred feet from the road with several large trees shielding it from view. The attached two-car garage ensured that supplies and harvests could be transported safely. The red brick house had a large living room and kitchen. The entry foyer was open to the living room, and the garage was attached to the kitchen. Only the foyer and living room were visible from the front door, and thus were the only spaces not full of plants. Even bathrooms and closets had plants. This was my first complete DWC house. DWC stands for Deep Water Culture and it's the largest yielding method of growing cannabis I've found. It's not for those devoid of technical skills. There's no soil, only bubbling buckets of very

precise liquids as the plants grow in small orange clay balls that look like small ancient bullets from a musket pistol.

I eventually reached Savannah Estates Road and turned left. As soon as I made the turn, I wished I hadn't. The blue lights were down the road near my house. OH FUCK! I smashed the panic button with my fist. No, No, it can't be about Henry. It can't be! That's impossible. If I turn around and run, they'll come after me. I'll die on the side of the road, another unarmed victim of police violence. FUCK! Henry sold me out completely, gave them everything. I should never go back to any of the houses, except the Georgia farmhouse. I reminded myself that there was a large stack of cash I could use for bail, legal expenses, and becoming a fugitive. Fuck, this is not how it's supposed to end. 'I am unarmed,' I said aloud in the quiet of the car, preparing myself.

I slowly let the car move toward my fate. As I got closer, I could see three police cars, all with their blue lights on, like beacons in the night for the lost. There was one in my driveway and another in my neighbor's, who was directly across the street. There was also one parked on the side of the road, on my neighbor's side of the street. Nearing the houses, I forced myself to take a deep breath and said to myself, "Don't get shot. Can't become a numerator." There was one cop at the car parked across the street from my house. What the fuck were they doing? There seemed to be too few for a bust on my house. I discounted this as my ego talking; cops will take it anyway they can get it. But as I drew closer, I noticed the three cops were standing two outside and one inside the front door of my neighbor's house. In the driveway, a female cop had the woman who lived there in front of the garage door and was examining her face. She pushed the hair from the woman's face. The woman acted embarrassed by the attention, like she wasn't worthy.

I barely know my neighbors. The family on the side of me had a teenage son, Conrad, with a new Dodge Challenger and a heavy foot. He had introduced himself early on. But the others across the street were just faces without names. He looked like corporate mid-management (yeah, takes one to know one). She looked like the childless stay at home mom. They were a two SUV family: a Ford for him, a Porsche for her. His Ford had two Ole Miss stickers on it. There were none on the Porsche. I had seen her once at the grocery store. She had upmarket idleness written all over her.

Seeing her against the garage door, relief poured over me like a waterfall. I slowly drove my car with my new crap-stained underwear past the cop cars. The woman looked up from her feet viewing useless cunt stance, and watched as I passed my own driveway. I continued around the curve in the road, and then back up the other side of the horseshoe shaped road. There were two houses with 'for sale' signs in front of them around the backside of our street. One of them had the realtor lockbox on the front door. I parked in the driveway of that one. I walked back on the road and toward my house. The neighborhood had never been completely built. There were still some wooded lots full of trees. I carefully moved to the one that was down the road, but offered the best-protected view.

For the next fifty-three minutes, I watched as the black policewoman spoke to the female occupant. The woman with the badge motioned with her arms often. The movements were emphatic, and most of them involved a chopping like action. Still, the woman stood there as if she were a teenage kid being lectured performing a quiet shuffle from side to side. Most questions were answered with a nod of the head. Every few minutes, an older male cop would come talk to the policewoman. Each time the woman with the badge would shake her head NO. The other cop would then go back inside while the policewoman continued talking to the woman with the bruises on her face.

Domestic violence is foreign to me. I've never been around it or understood it. It seems illogical to me, so I always put it on the long list of things that don't make any sense in this world, like religion and government. It must require a special sort of weakness to be a man who beats a woman or a woman who beats up a man. I'm willing to allow that anyone whom we share our lives with will, on occasion, be annoying, an idiot, and will piss us off, but violence? I love my wife so much that violence would never, ever be considered. If you don't feel the same way about the person you share your life with, then you best just pack your fucking bags and get the fuck out. Nevertheless, I don't understand it.

After one final shake of NO, the older cop went back inside and brought the man out of the house. I watched the fear on the bruised woman's face as he moved down the driveway to the police car. The policewoman took the injured female back inside and

closed the front door. The silver haired cop leaned against the front of his cruiser as he talked to the man in his gray and black striped pajama pants and blue t-shirt. The man hung his head down like a kid wilting under authority at a Catholic school. The two men spoke for about twenty-five minutes more. Again, the old cop used hand motions, except he pointed his finger sharply and in an accusatory manner directly at the man.

There was one final discussion via radio, and then the female cop inside and her colleagues exited the house. They got into their cars and left. The last to leave was the old cop. He put his hand on the man's shoulder in the way a father would talk to his son. After a few seconds of parting words, he shook the man's hand, and then walked to his car. I watched as the husband-thug walked to his front door. He pressed the doorbell and, after a few seconds, the door opened ever so slightly. He went inside, closing the door behind him.

I waited a few minutes, and then walked back out to the road from the safety of the trees. A couple of minutes later, I was back at the empty, for sale house and my car. Feeling that it was safe, I got into my car drove over to the grow house. The remote opened the garage door and the dark gray BMW slid smoothly into the garage. There was something that prevented me from getting out of the car. The timer on the garage light turned it off. I sat in the dark, the peaceful dark, the safe dark, with its quiet and its cold counsel.

Which day of the week is garbage day? It's one of the most important considerations when selecting a grow house. To maintain an adequate cover, there must always be garbage set out for collection. It doesn't need to be a lot. And the rolling garbage bin can't be put out days early, only the night before. So which day of the week is a casual question, but the response has high importance. It's best to confirm it with the folks who operate the trucks. I would've said call the sanitation department, but like many other vital government jobs, it's been outsourced to a private company these

days. Of course the company is non-union most of the time because a middle-class job is now a luxury in our new economy. I transported garbage in the trunk of the BMW four times a week. To prevent the trunk of the car from smelling like a French Quarter dumpster after a couple of hours in the sun, I triple bagged the garbage. The outer most bags are those heavy walled contractor bags. It would be removed and used at harvest time for collecting stalks and stems for grinding and disposal.

That night, I hardly slept at all because of the nightmares that flooded my unconscious mind like a tsunami hitting an island village. Carrying Taylor's body from the car kept replaying over and over. Then the glass of the Mercedes shattering from the bullet headed for Henry's face. At 2:52AM I woke up, gasping for air, as if suddenly there was none left in the entire world for me to breathe. My hands were trembling. I got out of bed and walked over to the stash box I kept in the largest flower room.

Purple Kush is a hard-hitting Indica that always gives me couch lock followed soon after by sleep. I ground up some and put it into my lolite vaporizer. The taste was floral as always; the effects hit quickly after only the third long draw and exhale. I felt the muscles in my body begin to relax. It was then I realized that I had spent most of the time since the death of Taylor Oswald with my shoulders so high as to be seen as a perpetual shrug. It felt good for them to finally return to a more natural position. I didn't need to be a psychologist to recognize PTSD -- Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

I took three more draws from the vaporizer. Then turned it off. Yawning took hold of me. Once again, I lay down on the bed. Not a real bed, but rather a futon with a fancy thermo-elastic mattress on top of it. The choice of a futon was entirely decided by the need to maximize grow space. There wasn't a real bed in any of the grow houses. This was as good as it got.

The next morning, I woke with a start as the timer on the television turned it on, and the morning traffic report for an area without much traffic filled my ears. From my nights staying at this house, I had learned that the local traffic jams never seemed to be caused by the rush of too many toward the same destination with a capacity constraint of the roads and volume. Rather, it was caused by those at the bottom of the ladder, whose cars were not as reliable as the driver's intention. The morning traffic report was

reduced to a listing of all of the local vehicle breakdowns. Poor people and tow truck drivers form a parasitic ecosystem like a suckerfish on a whale.

I walked into the kitchen and past the eight-pack of DWC containers with their beautiful, budding, Black Widow plants. The colored spectrum from the Black Dog LED lights always looked pretty in the mornings to my bleary eyes. It would be another hour before lights out in this part of the house for the next 12 hours. Within a couple of minutes, coffee was brewing. My phone showed me that I had missed a call from my wife while I was in the only bathroom with a functioning shower that wasn't full of plants. I dialed the number without knowing what to say. It rang only one time before she picked it up.

Wife: Good morning, honey. Did you sleep well?

Narrator: Good morning, darling. No, not at all. Fucking nightmares.

Wife: Oh my. You usually don't remember your dreams. We'll have to work on getting you a good night's sleep when you get home. Get you so tired that you'll sleep like a baby.

One thing my wife knows well, is me. She knows that I adore making love with her and that my psyche is most in balance when I have three things: good sleep, good exercise, and a low sperm count.

Narrator: I'll be home tonight. Just gotta do my work here; then I'll get home for a day.

Wife: Wonderful. I'll make the eggplant dish you like so much.

I took my coffee back into the smallest grow room upstairs. I turned the little valve at the bottom of the first reservoir to the off position and checked the fluid levels before I disconnected the line from the reservoir to the DWC buckets.

Narrator: Thanks. I need something like that right now.

Wife: Then I'm just the girl to take care of it.

Narrator: We'll have a long talk when I get home. You need to know about Taylor.

Wife: Is there anything we can do to help her?

Narrator: No.

Each reservoir had eight DWC buckets attached to it, and each bucket had a small float valve inside. The float valve was attached to a pump inside the reservoir and ensured that each bucket had a sufficient level of nutrient-rich water bubbling up onto the roots. The eight-pack system was repeated over and over in the house. Where possible, each square meter of the grow space had an eight-pack with eight plants. With room for moving around, I had right at 1600 square feet of space under cultivation. With the right strains, this would yield well over 200 pounds per harvest. Black Widow and Blue Dream were the right strains. Bathrooms, closets, and the pantry, they all had been used as grow space. In spaces where an eight-pack of buckets wouldn't fit, a smaller number were attached to a reservoir.

Wife: I almost forgot. Number two is coming home this weekend. She's bringing Andy with her.

Andy was a nice enough fellow, a business major with a penchant for success. His career goal was to become a serial entrepreneur, starting businesses from his great ideas, bringing them to fruition, and then selling them for a lot of money and starting all over again. I had mentioned to him on several occasions that the linchpin of his ambition were the ideas. So far I hadn't heard any I liked. But he did have a gift, a gift for finding and refurbishing real estate. He had three rental houses near the university by the time he reached his senior year, and they provided him a modest, but adequate, income.

Narrator: Oh, great (sarcasm). I look forward to time spent with Mr. Not Worthy.

This is my name for any man who thought he was good enough for my daughters.

I hooked up the hose to the eight-line manifold to a new reservoir, containing only reverse-osmosis water. I rolled the old reservoir to the hallway bathroom. I stopped to adjust the earphone and clip the microphone wire to my t-shirt.

Wife: I hope you're sitting down.

Narrator: I'm not, but I don't think anything can shock me anymore.

Wife: Number two says that Andy wants to have a chat with you.

I was shocked, but shouldn't have been.

Narrator: What the fuck?! Does this mean what I think it does?

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