Genevieve Goes Back to School on the Tenth

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“You have to write the book that wants to be written. And if the book will be too difficult for grown-ups, then you write it for children."

-Madeleine L’ Engle-

“I can only explain it to you. I can’t understand it for you.”

-Kayleigh McEnany-

Contents

Genevieve; Back Stepping.....
The Legend of Dogoda .....
Dogoda's Aftermath .....
Lenore's Story; Back Stepping, Once Removed .....
Louhi.....
As You Said .....
My Back Pages .....

Genevieve; Back Stepping

Genevieve was walking uptown with two of her puppyhood friends. That’s easy to say, thereby tending strongly toward the popular, oversimplified and clipped story, though it does not convey the complexity of Genevieve’s endeavor. Truth be told, Genevieve had not been a puppy, nor had she seen these two puppyhood “friends” in decades. One in particular was hardly remembered at all; much like that “disappeared,” velveteen, bunny rabbit she slept with before her age could be measured in years.

Genevieve

She was also in a part of Poochville she had not seen for many years, and was thereby not able to unequivocally discern whether she was walking uptown, downtown, crosstown, or some composite. Perhaps of more personal significance, Genevieve had some

reservations about whether she wanted to be in this strange and packed territory at all; the degree of desired canine accompaniment another issue, perhaps more or less, one marginally lesser under her current circumstances of Michael-Jackson-type moonwalking, but in the early morning, angled sun; this particular one coming in at a one-fifty from the lower right quadrant, with a demonstrated tendency to furtively slink; like a discreetly unbalanced, though “state-of-the-art,” semi-automated, mechanical, descender of mid-height stairs.

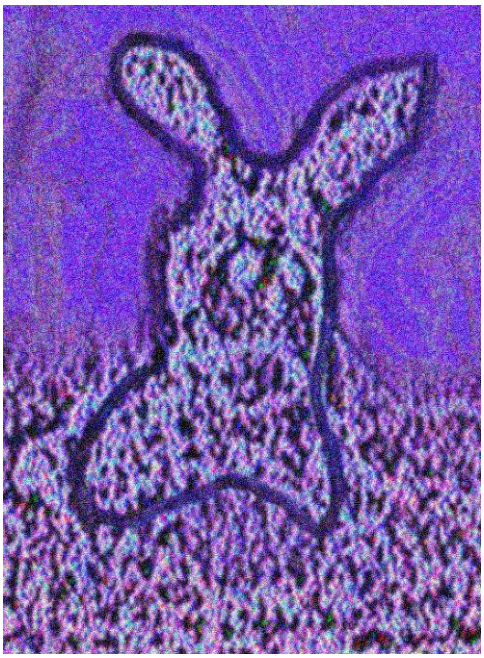
You can see the problem, and know that it is best to ignore it. Under those circumstances it quietly goes away.

Genevieve

The generous countenance to which Genevieve was strongly predisposed could find no compelling cause to murmur, while

simultaneously maintaining her long defaulted, cordial manner; any “issue,” one of potential interest only to those content and approvingly secure within the limitations effectively imposed upon those trapped by the browser of their monopolized “choice.”

Still, it didn’t hurt Genevieve’s outlook to not be at the true epicenter, any such view a cursory, olfactory based deficiency of the mistaken viewer; that viewer’s irrelevant and uninteresting problem. Genevieve’s left flank was removed from any possible immediate contact with Louhi; a periodically pugnacious, purported pooch pot-pourri. When Louhi was not present, some pooches registered the opinion that she overuses the Cosmetic Gorilla Glue on her knowledge knot, making her braids appear wingish.



Louhi

Genevieve’s right was protected as well as any NFL quarterback, more or less, as in the dilution dictated by the avaricious league; more expansion than competency or interest driven, now having twice as many teams and players than they did a few years back, thereby making current NFL pros of the half who would previously have been classified as unheralded, factory rejects. This was quietly compensated for by Genevieve’s instinctively trusted Lenore on her right flank.

Lenore

Genevieve was again in the trio she more or less, half wanted in a “No Exit” fashion; 2/3 an infinite imprecision in anything other than simplistic, though yet to be improved upon, fractional conceptual conveyance. Ostensibly limited point; 6-6-6, or 6-6-6-6-6-6, or 6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6, ad infinitum is ultimately just a series of redundancies, until someone dares to

end the sequence with the installation of a concluding 7 digit, arguably installed in an attempt to avoid the tedious, Franzenian type pedanticism prevalent in current disciplines, crowned with a aleph-nought or omega topped squiggly, often incorrectly referred to as a tilde, which actually does not signify any particular expansion, other than "I think I've had enough."

Not her problem. Right now Genevieve's only goal was to lope and pace in safe tranquility near the row-houses, which lined the avenue in as much diversity as a set of row-houses can supply. There were even degraded, northern Italianette reprises here and there.

Row-houses on the avenue

It might be more annoyingly accurate to characterize Genevieve's walking companions as one vague friend and an all too frequent

associate, but the reader doesn’t want to hear all that stuff inadequately explained at length, as in a western European novel. Either he/she has been there and done that needing no further detail, or they have not been there nor done that; in which case no volume of written detail could be sufficient.

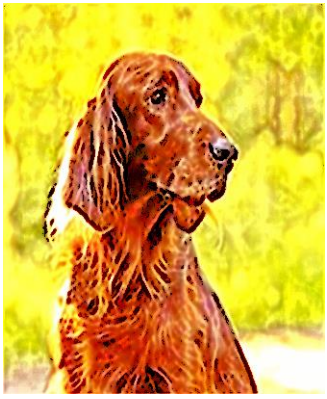
Unburdened by any such silly expectations, Genevieve mindlessly loped and paced as well as a Dylan-esque fabrication of an anti-heroine with bit parts in the middle of several movies she had begun remotely viewing some personally indeterminate time after her somnambulistic walkthrough and the production’s overstated opening credits replete with the emblematic recapitulative overture destined for MD waiting rooms. It was quite relaxing in a most pleasant manner, making Genevieve’s most immediate of attentions turn to her desire not to doze while still on her feet. She was no sacred cow. At least she didn’t think so.

Poochville High School came into view. It was the first day of a new school year. Many pooches were already there.

Poochville High School

Genevieve and her group sat in an area which seemed to have been occupied by a dining service which had departed. Coins which were probably tips left by the dining service employees sat in three piles. Genevieve wasn't sure if it was okay to take them, but since no one else was going to, she did.

She saw Dillon, left the group, and joined him.



Dillon

He said; "Come with me freshman. I'll show you the ropes. What took you so long?"

“Freshmman? What are you?”

“Sophomore, silly.”

The bell rang. Genevieve didn’t know what classes, if any, to go to. So she followed Dillon’s lead to the second floor of the Gothic revival structure, and into room number 205. They were as yet, the only students in the class, and took adjacent seats in the back. The teacher, a studious looking pooch, was fussing with some papers up front, after having chalked the blackboard with “Mr. Collie,” followed by “Mythology II.”

Mr. Collie

Genevieve asked Dillon; “Is this an elective?”

“More or less. It was either this, Book-keeping, or Critical Pooch Theory.”

“I hope more students show up. I hate being scrutinized by the studious types.”

“Me too. If few show up today, we can always drop the course and transfer to Book-keeping.”

“Omigod. There must be some other choice available.”

“Yeah, a worse one.”

“I guess. At least Book-keeping makes you employable.”

Dillon said; “Look! Here they come. Some of these pooches only do things when the group does. Betcha they all sit together. ..... Ha! Told you.”

“Safety in numbers.”

“Dismal boredom too.”

Mr. Collie cleared his throat and said; “I’m Mr. Collie and this is Mythology II, an elective you have chosen to take.”

Genevieve and Dillon eyed each other and shrugged.

Mr. Collie continued; “If this is incorrect, please bring your cards up to the desk, and we’ll straighten this out.”

Genevieve whispered to Dillon; “I don’t have any cards.”

Genevieve

Dillon whispered back; “Then you’re not invited to the desk. Just sit tight.”

Dillon

Genevieve sat tight.