



**GENEVIEVE**  
**SPRING RUSHES FORTH**

**Edward Drobinski**

# **GENEVIEVE; SPRING RUSHES FORTH**

By

**Edward Drobinski**

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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-

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## **Chapter 1**

Genevieve was at her home. It was a pleasant indoor time for her; in effect a compensation not quite necessitated by the dictate of a boorish winter which really wasn't anywhere near as long or important as it seemed to think. It just seemed cordial to let it believe as such. It had a habit of returning uninvited.



**Genevieve;** the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license.

Cheerfully, she had kitten visitors with her, all five of the babies; Sunshine, Tippy, Puff-Puff, Wailer, and Teddy.



**The kittens;** the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license.

Momma Sheba and Clement were getting a well-deserved break. Genevieve was telling the kittens stories which they probably didn't fully believe. They had grown a bit since their autumnal arrival on Pacific Lane, and they couldn't help but have gotten more versed and accustomed to most things there by now; even the ones which were discourteously resident. They were not yet aware that their first spring was impending; and how this might jeopardize their lesser-of-evil time spent with computers, the internet, and an infinite supply of uninteresting programming and websites among the list of insistent iniquities.

Led by their knowledge of the hominid "advancements," the pooches and tabbies had gotten a bit comfortably languid. As a consequence they had allowed the chipped plastic time wasters to become "necessary" in certain respects. Sometimes they even stared at the screen pushing buttons for much more than those

daily required five minutes; that seeming to generally be in a degree directly disproportional to age and IQ.

This strange, continually unrewarding dynamic had to have been an electronically induced manifestation of one variety of a foolishly addicting sort of canine-feline optimism; the perpetrating pushers successfully having masqueraded as exciting and "new," initially capitalizing on an ingrained pooch tendency to mimic the more "advanced" hominids. Now, in a continuation of the inevitability of further "advancement," through co-habitation this advancement had been inflicted upon the cats; just as it was inflicted on the pooches by the hominids; some of them now as much a casualty as a hominid drug addict with superficially incurable inter-species transferrable STD's.



**Cat exhibiting classic computer withdrawal symptoms;** the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license.

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In a seeming defiance of the previously mentioned non-existent statistics; one ironical aspect was that middle-aged Maureen was the most "advanced" Pacific Lane CPU addict. Her predilection was reinforced by a network of "cool" techies, who had thus far been fruitful in converting the word "nerdy" to "cool," quite the accomplishment.



**Maureen;** the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license.

This compulsion to keep poking at the keys, thereby changing the screen was insidious in a way; as it appealed to their unconscious thought that if they kept at it long enough something good would just have to emerge. Even if taken in the other direction, if consciously considered, mathematical odds strongly suggested an eventual hit, if one just kept at it long enough.



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Further serving to suppress any possible dissent, the happy optimists found it to be something other than cheery, and in most cases even objectionable, to mention or display early manifestations of hominid corpses still sitting in front of their computer setups. The invasion worked extremely well from all fronts; especially in that it invisibly appealed to small necessities, mass entertainment, and a virtual requirement not to be detrimentally mentioned during the toddiest of times.



**Hominid in the terminal stage of computer addiction;** the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their  
CC0 license.

These were not the concerns of Genevieve or the kittens today. Her old stories were taking them as well as she into the past; like a time machine which makes you think that you went somewhere else, but in actuality merely remains in place.



Genevieve and the kittens; property of the author.

**Chapter 2**

Genevieve said to her skeptical, but politely captivated audience; "One of my earliest memories is of the time when my Uncle Schaller exploded our television set. When I first became aware of the detonation he was crouched in the back .....

Sunshine interrupted her to ask; "What's a television?"

Genevieve didn't immediately have an easily handy way of describing something which she had never previously realized that the kittens had not seen. "Oh, dear," she thought. "Okay. Picture your computer screen housed in a boxy cabinet on legs. Rather than keys, it has four or five knobs to control what it plays; which was only in real time." Genevieve was proud of herself for having coolly said the "real time" part, as it sounded tech savvy to her. "There were thirteen website choices, five of which were perennially blank. The other eight generally received poor reception, if any."



**Early television set; property of the author.**

Tippy said; "That doesn't sound very good. Why didn't you just use your computer?"

Genevieve responded in an odd tone; somewhat amused and somewhat exasperated; "I didn't say that it was very good and computers had not yet been invented."

The five kittens whispered things to each other which were out of the range of Genevieve's ears; though she thought their faces cute for seemingly sympathizing with her "deprived," youthful plight.

The hushed tones ended when Puff-Puff eventually issued a decipherable; "Please go on."

Genevieve continued her story; "Thank you, Puff-Puff. Though I couldn't see him at first, Uncle Schaller was crouched in the back of the blonde wooded, four legged floor model when I

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entered the room. I heard a faint noise much like that one usually doesn't detect when a particularly vociferous lightbulb blows and then I saw a spiraling urn of thick black smoke dancing on top of the television. As it dissipated, Uncle Schaller rose with a blackened face; his white bulged eyes saying something like; 'Uh oh. Am I still alive?'"

Wailer said; "That's kind of a dumb question."

Genevieve replied; "I think he was joking, but am not completely certain of that, as he was not smiling. Having had the advantage of being what some might call a precocious pup, the ostensible result of having already read a few books, I sensed that this was one of those tragic times not intended for conversation. So, I left the room, lied on the bed, put my face tightly in the pillow to muffle the sound, and proceeded to laugh my little butt off." Genevieve digressed from her story when she looked through the window and excitedly added; "Oh, look the flowers have started to bloom."



**Genevieve**; property of the author.

The kittens had no immediate interest in the window or the allegedly blooming flowers, perhaps a result of their never having previously seen any real ones. Instead, Teddy bleated; "You were a surreptitious troll!"

**Chapter 3**

Though she found that funny, since Teddy seemed serious and critical, Genevieve again temporarily abandoned her central story, went off-topic and said; "You might think my mirth ill-mannered, inconsiderate or something else in that vein thought politically incorrect in the enlightened year of 2018. Please consider the fact that I had sufficient grace to leave the room before confining my vulgar display to a well-used pillow. I can assure you that at the time my mirth was not prompted by any sort of cruel disregard. What was going on in my young mind was that the smoke had cleared and it seemed very likely that 1945 Hiroshima was not going to replay in 1954 Poochville and I wasn't going to miss having access to an electronic device which chose to crackle at me. Maybe you can relate to this. Schaller was fine. He just needed a bath. He looked like the negative of a Juggalo with about as many interesting things to say. My Dad was likely soon going to provide some action unavailable on TV when he kicked Schaller's dumb butt.

Don't get me wrong. I was no television hater. I don't think there were any of those yet. But, regarding my blasé attitude toward our set being exploded, you might not know that in those early days of consumer TV's they spent most of their time 'on the blink,' running interference OJ would have given a

spousal life for, rolling like the waves in a drunkard's ceiling, or simply being otherwise uncooperative. My young mind couldn't help but wonder if the reception modus operandi was an insidious indication of a conspiracy as the television always just happened to be contrary when 'I Love Lucy' and 'The Honeymooners' were supposed to be on; while all systems were 'go' whenever 'Ozzie and Harriet' displayed the joys of suburban hominid USA. The uninvited guests would offer an array of uninvited suggestions while they ate. In other words, early television had its drawbacks."



"The Honeymooners"; property of the author.



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Sunshine said; "I kind of lost you back somewhere around 'on the blink.' And Juggalo?" The other kittens were silently nodding.

Genevieve said; "'On the blink' means not working and for now the rest of what I said just meant that it always seemed to be 'on the blink' whenever my favorite programs were on. In those ancient times TV's were an expensive item and most people didn't have one. That encouraged one's long lost 'friends' and relatives to reacquaint themselves with you in the comfort of your living room without prior announcement. And of course all the shows were about white hominids. A Juggalo is a particularly bothersome, mercifully small subset of white hominids. If you don't know exactly what they are you would do best to keep it that way. You're not missing anything."

Tippy said; "No dogs or cats on television?"

Genevieve answered; "Not one."

The kittens again mumbled to each other. Their furrowed brows made Genevieve think that they found her story hard to believe.

Genevieve said; "Schaller was my Mom's only brother; and Dad was not overly fond of him. Neither was Mom, but in her case it was because he was her mom's favorite; the only "precious" boy among three girls. I think I have a picture to show you."

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