

Genevieve: The Ninth Compound Dissonance



Edward Drobinski

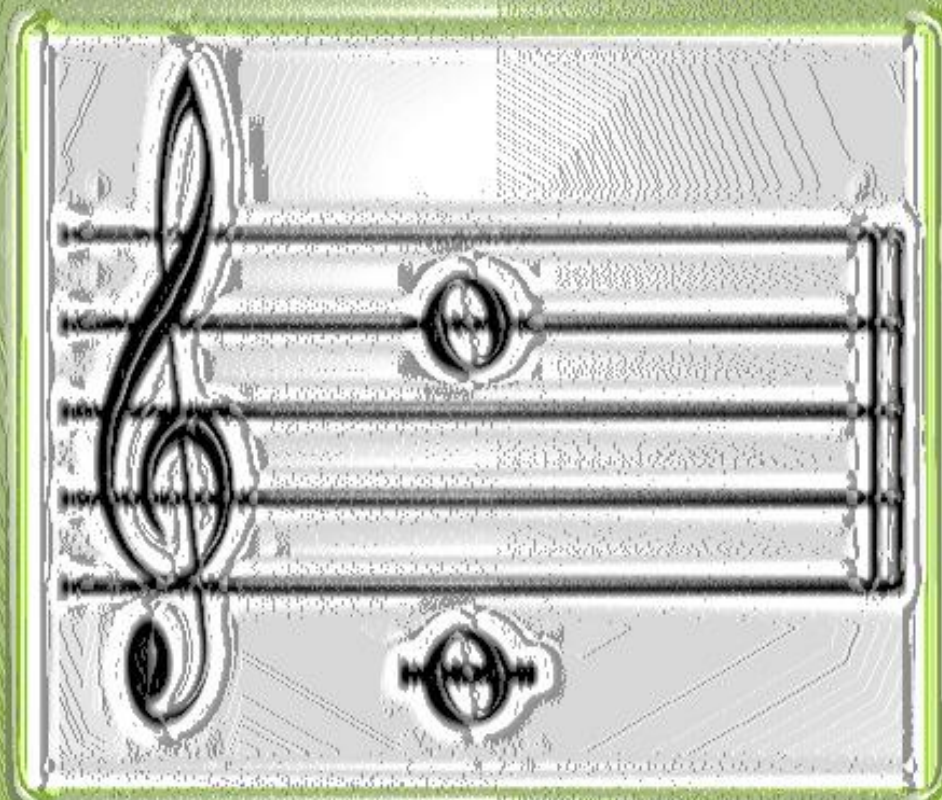
**GENEVIEVE; THE NINTH
COMPOUND DISSONANCE**



EDWARD DROBINSKI

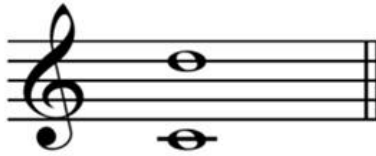
Genevieve; the Ninth

Compound Dissonance



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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-

"Q: When will the second ferocious wave of the Chinese
flu hit?

A: Whenever Trump re-commences his mega rallies."

-Anonymous-

"I can only explain it to you. I can't understand it
for you."

-Kayleigh McEnany-

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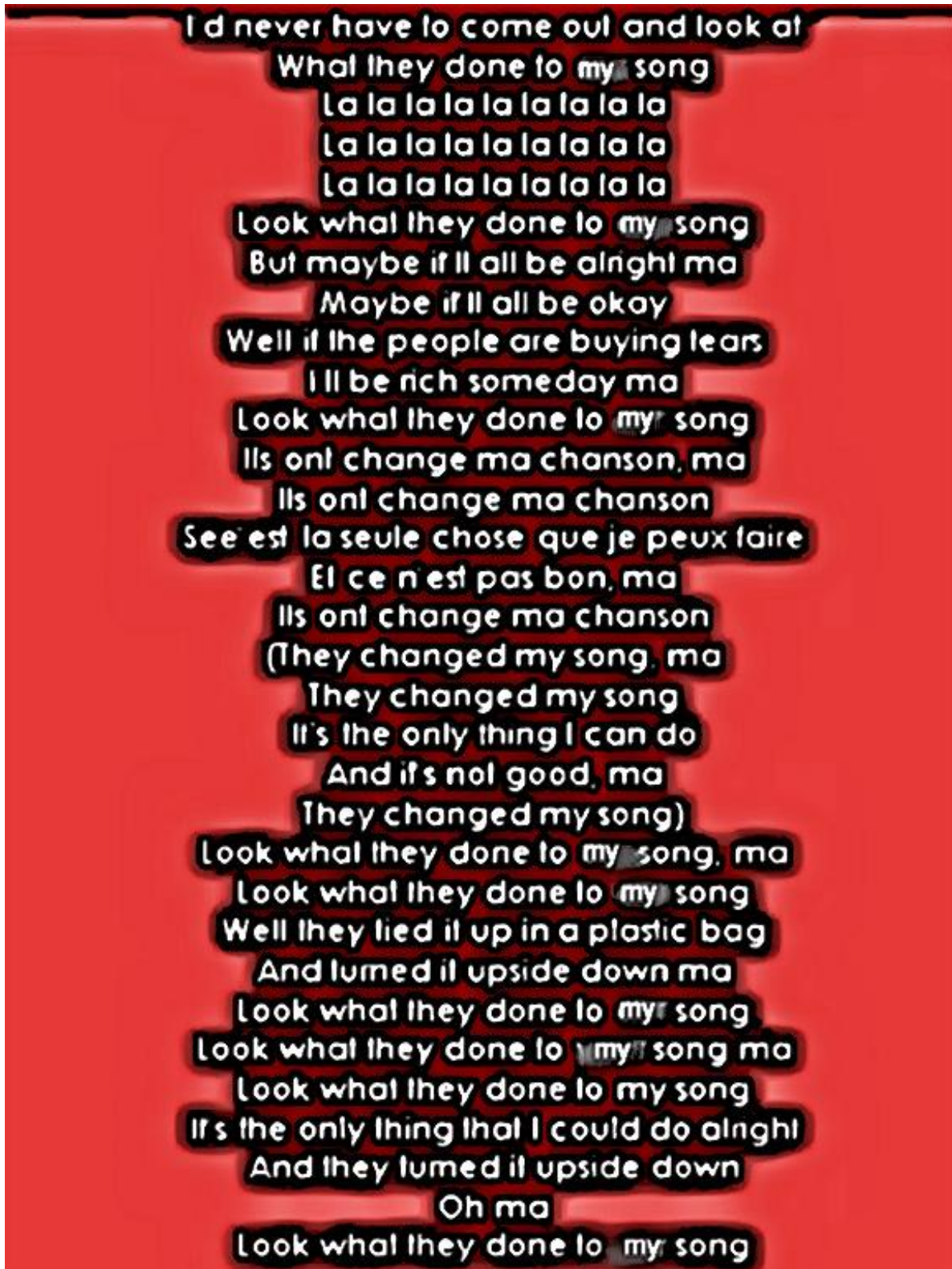
1 - The "New" Light



Look What They've Done to My Song

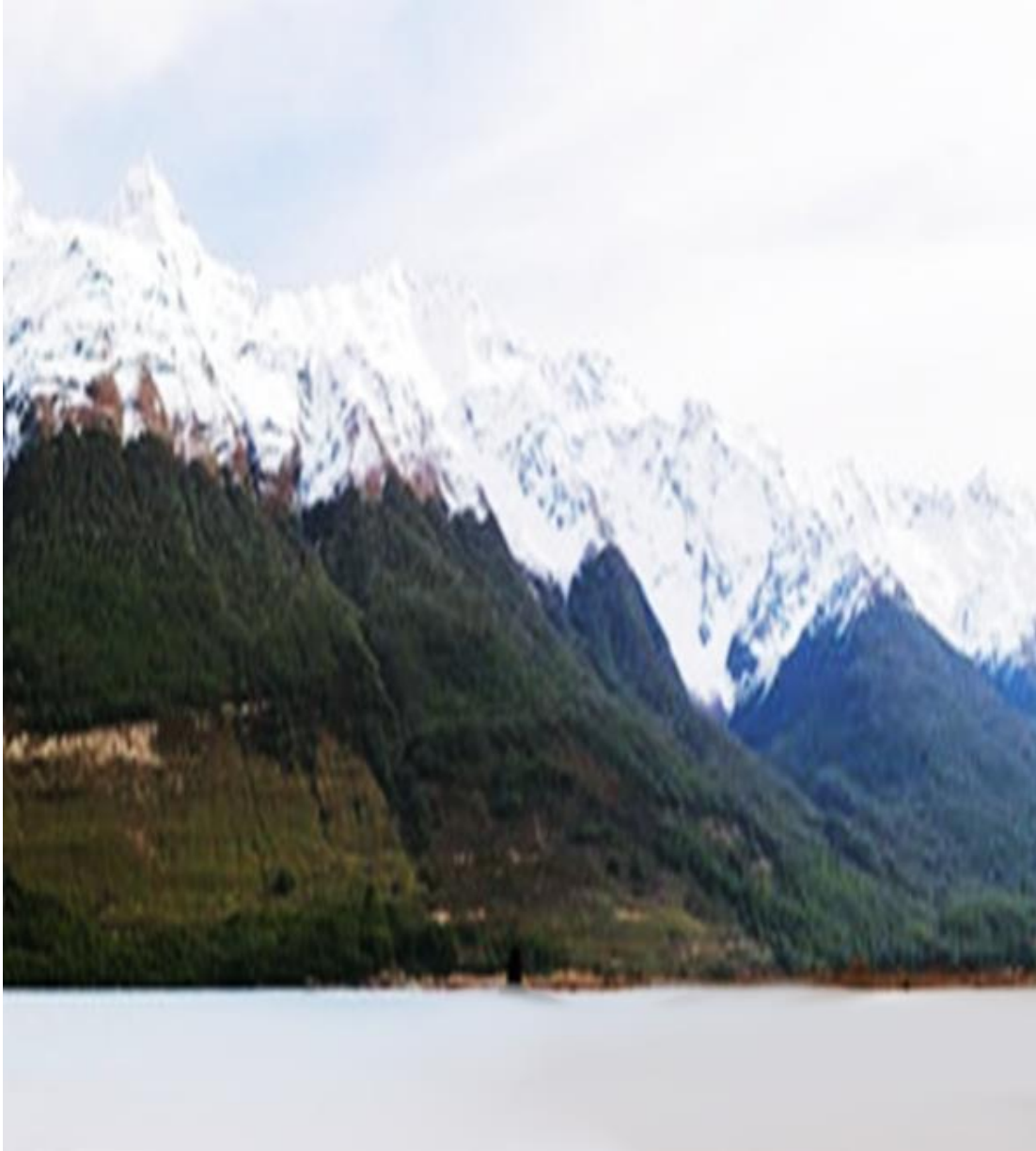
Melanie

Look what they done to my song ma
Look what they done to my song
Well it's the only thing
That I could do half nght
And it's tuming out all wrong ma
Look what they done to my song
Look what they done to my brain ma
Look what they done to my brain
Well they picked it like a chicken bone
And I think I m hall insane ma
Look what they done to my song
I wish I could find a good book to live in
Wish I could find a good book
Well if I could find a real good book



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Genevieve's eyes turned toward the mountains.



Denial Mountains over the Boggy Cleave River; the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their
CC0 license; modified.

The difficult to pass Denial Mountains, and to a lesser extent the shallow Boggy Cleave River was all that separated

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Genevieve's peaceful Poochville from the loud violence that was standard on in the other side, some forgotten hominid had named Rapidtown.

No matter the season, the Denials always maintained their snow cap. Since it never completely melted off, the pristine white covering got deeper and taller with each winter's snow fall.

Genevieve could not recall having left her house. But here she was traipsing down Pacific Lane. Stranger than that, on this pleasant summery afternoon she was alone on the road where she had lived for so many years.



Genevieve; property of the author.

The "strangeness" was not the least bit disconcerting to her. Well, maybe a little bit. This warm afternoon was the perfect time for pooches to be contentedly relaxing into it with a snooze.

With no hazards to block her path, Genevieve looked up at the gentle sky.



Sky; the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CCO license, very modified.

The firmament was pervasive, but posed no hazard to her eyes. The white clouds obscured just enough of the sun to present no ocular discomfort, while still allowing a generous level of light and warmth.

Fifty-eight tiny steps forward, Genevieve's snout encountered an obstacle, necessitating four steps back. She looked at it to see that it was a dog; but not one she knew. The bespectacled dog was not smiling when he said; "You really should watch where you're going."

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Genevieve thought that was a bit rude for a collision which did no damage to either party. She refrained from saying that, and instead replied; "Are you all right?"

While adjusting his glasses, the other dog said; "Do I look alright to you?"

"I couldn't possibly know. Since I've never seen you before, I have no idea of how your current appearance compares to the previous. That's sort of why I asked."

"In other words you admit to having had no consideration of or interest in my past."

Annoyed, and perhaps taking some liberties with the other dog's scholarly, thereby innocuous appearance, provided by its goggles and cantankerous attitude, she said; "Look. Likely slightly more than you have had in mine. I've lived here a long time. You haven't."

The scholarly looking dog chuckled to itself, as if it had some insight it did not wish to currently convey: instead saying; "I've lived here as long as you."



Scholarly pooch; property of the author.

Based on her lengthy experience, Genevieve didn't believe him, but not seeking a burgeoning confrontation over what she considered to have emanated from a petty incident, she shrugged the draw of a disinterested blank, during which time she noticed that he sported a loose, dark brown collar. She felt prompted to pragmatically say; "..... Bye."

Her three letters were countered or not with a nearly identical; ".....," though accompanied by that icy one-eyed stare commonly seen in tanked tropical fish.

Against her better judgement, rather than walking away, Genevieve said; "Let's try to start over." She pointed toward her house which was actually not in sight because of the

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blooming trees and bushes between it and the road, adding; "I'm Genevieve and I live over there. Pleased to meet you."

It visibly sighed, that a clue to its level of pretense, and said; "I'm Rousseau. Please don't be impressed. Someone else who didn't know me chose that name. Pleased to meet you, too."

Genevieve wasn't impressed, but considered that best kept under her hat for a few reasons, inclusive of Rousseau being ostensibly sufficiently impressed with himself, to render her impression inconsequential. "Good then. More or less." Thinking that she had sized this Rousseau up, thereby not being interested in any further chit-chat, collisions, collusions, or elaborations he obviously and fatuously considered 'impressive,' Genevieve appended; "Shall we be on with it then?"

Thereby effectively denied the opportunity to babble, Rousseau was reticent to break away without having done the entirety of his spiel. He was in a quandary produced through the misunderstanding of his own desire. He didn't consider himself to be a bad guy the majority of the time. It was not any more his fault than the many "expertly" conditioned to abandon common sense, as he had been trained to be the teacher of non-elective courses. His mother had made a good recommendation and this proved to be a wise decision as it

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ensured a continual flow of students, whether they liked it or not, ensuring him of a continual captive audience.

Rousseau's snout was directed toward what seemed to be Pacific Lane's culmination/fruition/cul de sac woods; while Genevieve's was pointed toward Pacific Lane's entrance/exit/intersection at Poochville Road. They both continued on their paths just fine, but each now the slightest bit uncertain of their destinations.

As might seem odd to the uninitiated, from opposite directions, they both heard the same song.



STELLA BLUE

GRATEFUL DEAD

ALL THE YEARS COMBINE
THEY MELT INTO A DREAM
A BROKEN ANGEL SINGS
FROM A GUITAR

IN THE END THERE'S JUST A SONG
COMES CRYING LIKE THE NIGHT WIND
THROUGH ALL THE BROKEN DREAMS
AND VANISHED YEARS

STELLA BLUE

WHEN ALL THE CARDS ARE DOWN
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO SEE
THERE'S JUST THE PAYMENT LEFT
AND BROKEN DREAMS

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