

**GENEVIEVE;
THE SIXTH OF OCTOBER**



Edward Drobinski

GENEVIEVE; THE SIXTH OF OCTOBER

By

Edward Drobinski

Copyright © 2018 by Edward Drobinski
All rights reserved

Genevieve; The Sixth of October

Page 1

Something had woken Genevieve. She didn't know what it might have been, but she couldn't get back to sleep. She tossed and turned, each time producing a little "gropbopop" from Dillon, right next to her.



Genevieve; property of the author.

Rather than continue to disturb his slumber, she got up in the darkness. This was no small gesture, as the arrival of autumn had made the desire to remain under the covers much more attractive than it had been just a month prior.



Dillon; property of the author.

Dillon was actually awake, but pretended to further drowse as he didn't want Genevieve to feel badly about having woken him. He also preferred staying under the covers until the sun started to warm things up a bit.

Genevieve shivered her way into the kitchen on a cantankerous little back leg which apparently liked low temperatures as little as she did.



Genevieve; property of the author.

The little thing was just a nag which settled down after having gotten some attention, as usual. Genevieve did not remind the nag that it had the psychology of a criminal. It was just a victim of circumstance commonly seeking to mildly extend the reach of the discomfort; as without Genevieve's unknowing step into the rabbit hole things would be entirely different. That may be an insider's view point.



Insider's view from the rabbit hole; the kind courtesy of Pexels,com under their CC0 license.

The nag necessarily and efficiently appeased, Genevieve got the coffee machine going. This simple task became more difficult in the darkness. But just moving a bit slowly and making use of the sense of touch this was done in a few more seconds than it would have in the light. For some silly and difficult-to-explain reason, Genevieve did not want to turn on the electric lights and become highlighted to any unlikely stranger who might be passing by her kitchen window.

However, when she turned on the coffee apparatus, it exuded an unnatural soft light, which appeared much more significant than it was in the relative contrary contrast generated by the otherwise pitch black. When Genevieve put her head above the machine, the window reflected her face exceedingly dimly lit

Genevieve; The Sixth of October

Page 5

from below, much like she remembered Zacherle looking like, when he wanted to be spooky.



Coffee pot illuminated by surrounding apparatus; property of the author.

Dillon entered the room saying the usual "Good morning." But Genevieve jumped a foot as having Zacherle and spooks on the forefront of her mind, she said; "Good morning and thanks for the heart attack."

On a stage in 1980's Bris Angeles, Australia the seemingly unconnected Church did a moody take on their moody song; "Destination." They were told that it was required for the gig.



"Destination"

Our instruments have no way
of measuring this feeling.
Can never cut below the floor
or penetrate the ceiling.
In the space between our houses
some bones have been discovered.
But our procession lurches on
as if we have recovered.
Draconian winter unfortold.
One solar day, suddenly you're old.
Your little envelope
just makes me feel cold.

Makes destination start to unfold.
Our documents are useless
or forged beyond believing.
Page forty-seven is unsigned.
I need it by this evening.
In the space between our cities
a storm is slowly forming.
Something eating up our days,
I feed it every morning.
Destination, destination.
It's not a religion.
It's just a technique.
It's just a way
of making you speak.
When distance and speed
have left us too weak.
And destination
looks kind of bleak.
Our elements are burned out.
Our beasts have been mistreated,
I tell you it's the only way
we'll get this road completed.
In the space between our bodies
the air has grown small fingers.
Just one caress, you're powerless,
like all those clapped-out swingers
Destination, destination.

Night sky and "Destination" written by Koppes, Kilbey, Wilson-Piper, and Ploog; property of the author, the latter under both the "fair use" and "transformative" doctrines.

Dillon said; "What?"

Genevieve; The Sixth of October

Page 8

Genevieve sighed, smiled and said; "Nothing. You startled me; that's all. Look, I got the coffee going."

Dillon nuzzled her and said; "Great." He quickly backed away from her and pointing to the window, he said; "Spooks."

This being her second time through the allegedly haunted window reflection, Genevieve stood her ground effortlessly and replied; "Now that you're here."

Dillon nodded and reached for his mug, just as the sun destroyed any spooky impressions, with the beginning of its ascent over the Denial Mountains to the east.

Traffic came out of retirement to extend a largely undetected and perhaps generational nuance to their May 1967 debut rendition of "Paper Sun."



Paper Sun

Traffic

**So you think you're having good times
With the boy that you just met
Kicking sand from beach to beach
Your clothes are soaking wet
But if you look around and see
A shadow on the run (on the run)
Don't be too upset
because it's just a paper sun
Ah paper sun, ah paper sun
In the room where you've been sleeping
All our clothes are thrown about
Cigarettes burn window sills
Your meter's all run out**

**But there again it's nothing
You just split when day is done
(day is gone)
Hitching lift to nowhere,
hung up on the paper sun
Ah paper sun. ah paper sun
Standing in the cool of my room
Fresh cut flowers give me sweet perfume
(too much sun will burn)
Too much sun will burn
(too much sun will burn)
Too much sun will burn
In the paper sun. in the paper sun.
in the paper sun. in the paper sun**

Sun rising through the trees and "Paper Sun written by Jim Capaldi and Steve Winwood; property of the author, the latter under both the "fair use" and "transformative" doctrines.

Genevieve and Dillon were blessed with the shimmering of a nascent, but real sun, which they saw through a window clear of both imagined and unimagined spooks, the latter possibly an incongruity resulting from shifting light.



Rising sun in the window; the kind courtesy of Pexels,com under their CC0 license.

Dillon said; "Looks a bit like a computer or TV screen. Doesn't it?"

Genevieve replied; "Sometimes your humor attempts are not the least bit funny. That is just stupid. Did you ever see a screen with curtains?"

Dillon said; "Not of the physical sort. Come on. You know that if you try sometimes it doesn't work. But that's no excuse to quit."

Nuzzle, nuzzle, as cups were overflowing during their transport to the kitchen table.

Stevie Winwood was re-incarnated as a member of the short lived Blind Faith of 1969, and was temporarily quite joyful.

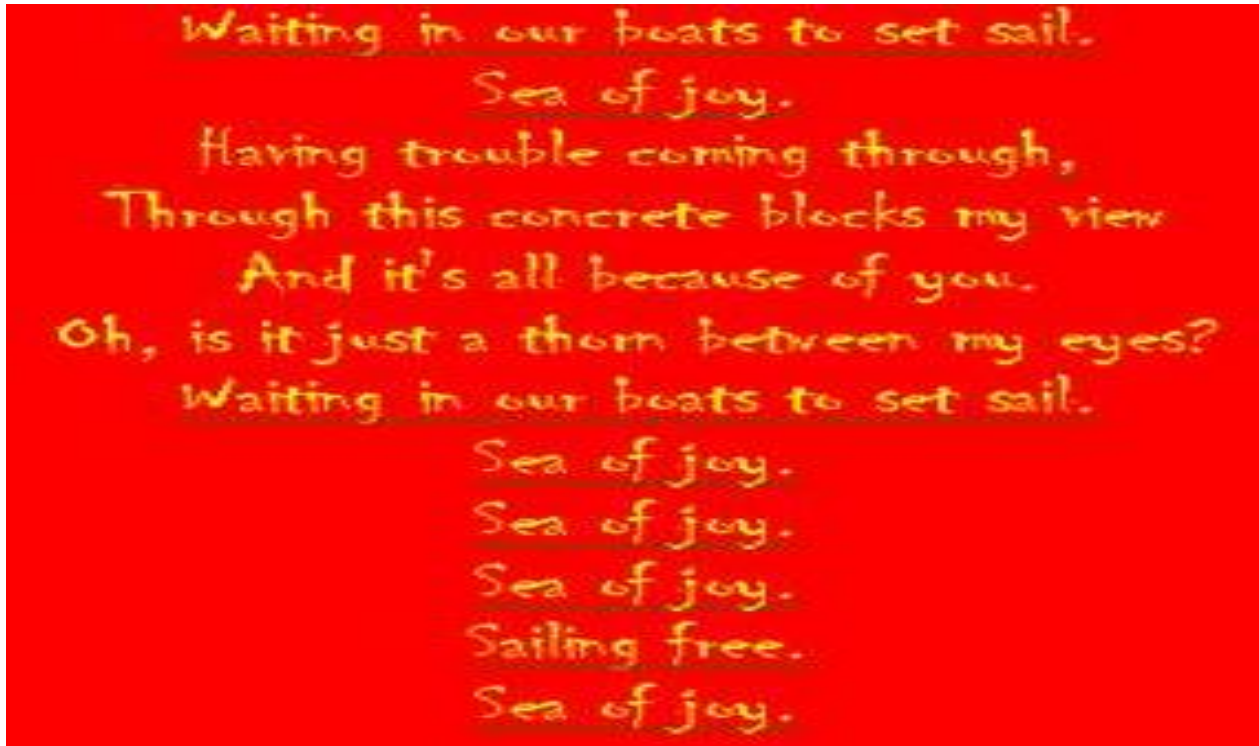


Sea Of Joy
Blind Faith

Following the shadows of the skies,
Or are they only figments of my eyes?
And I'm feeling close to when the race is run.
Waiting in our boats to set sail.

Sea of joy.

Once the door swings open into space,
And I'm already waiting in disguise.
Is it just a thorn between my eyes?



Sunrise at the sea and "Sea of Joy" written by Steve Winwood; property of the author, the latter under both the "fair use" and "transformative" doctrines.

Dillon's expressionless, poker face belied his natural sensation of joy, conceivably as the result of an expectation for precisely such or more likely it was just one of those post-lexical letdowns discussed in the likes of "The Paris Review," and said to have been experienced by poll respondents seeking to enhance their incomes while at university. Genevieve thought that her old passive dog's posture was as cute as a font still archaically characterized as being unsuitable for printing, closest match to be substituted.



Dillon; property of the author.

Giggling the slightest, Genevieve said; "Up to another?"

Dillon replied; "Not just yet, hon. 'Against the Day' is quite a lengthy, meandering trip, and that ending just blows one away."



Fabricated cover of "Against the Day" by Thomas Pynchon; property of the author.

Genevieve said; "Don't get me wrong. That heavy duty stuff is quite fine with me. But, it doesn't always have to be that way. In fact, if it was, it would become monotonous and boring, like those hominid repeats all over the media. Let me suggest the next one. Okay?"

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

