

Viggo knew quite a bit about float planes. He knew about their sound coming into play and bringing togetherness to the site. It could come from any direction really and land appropriately, on many occasions having to circle to push away turbulence. If it was raining the pilot had a bigger smile. And much of all this he learned from his youth.

One guy always brought a little extra. Usually some more beans and really old can openers of the sort; he was more of a curiosity to the group. A different warrior and he became an avid participant in capture the flag.

That summer especially, Viggo learned about berries, snake berries, snakes, and how to set a snare. If you caught a rabbit you were up a rank, but of course you had to watch the other guy clean it. Becoming accustomed to this you heard stories, most spun into some family tree, and some pricked you instantaneously. You'd remember the words used.

His place now north of the city, below road level, and built into the bank brought visitors like the chimes, he said. They never startled the fish.

Once after a heavy rain the mud and silt darkened the river. There were much less jumps. He usually sharpened his knives with the attention they required. And how weather worked, the misty phase came next. Along with shoveling away any sludge and throwing buckets of fresh water to clean up the outside walls. Revealing the fir timbers as natural as they stacked, holding up part of the roof that only few that drove by could see.

Every ninth day he'd fetch his parcel that was always padded to prevent breakage. He had mail and electrical devices in almost every drop-off. Stu, under his false name, lived a mediocre existence in a growing section of town.

Up at the landfill, Viggo lost track of time. A sensual utopia you just had to realize. Beyond the black bear encounters there was a calm urgency; finding treasures, wondering simply. In all this packaged energy a collection of many prints. Pictures of gatherings, in albums, struck him most. If he found copper he'd take it back, or small gears that weren't chipped.

The area had a controlled burn, and the wind wasn't strong enough to spread it. Twice a week the maintenance guy came with his truck, sprayed a special fuel over what was smoldering. He knew of Viggo, and they kept their relationship at that distance.

No one comes back on exactly the same schedule, he said. There had to be a sense of spirit. Perhaps he was a hunter, the timid type. Approaching his work with a weight of responsibility. In this area it was give and take, and it was difficult to actually infer details. He often had an aimless, disheveled look, matching the surroundings.

On his route back to Telsan, the truck rumbled. Mostly from a lack of servicing and because of ripples in the gravel.

Lillian sat on her swing bench and read classics. She hardly acknowledged the odd traffic. Acquainted her reasons with a scene that would play itself out. One day her daughter would marry someone who might change things. She'd meet him on the way out, after years of scheming. Just when the crowd wakes. They'd take a train with the sleeper cabins reserved. Join up with some others, including a good lawyer and health care practitioner.

Unclear advice, she said. Follow Jake and how he sought; time over time he almost balled his eyes out, but never did. Even during Gail's increasing attraction to ponies, leading to a net of manipulators. Drunks, and disappearing acts. Gail fit a wide-eyed wanderer. Jake a dark horse.

Now she had to organize a visit with her estranged daughter. It'd be a dilemma to hitch a ride; a letter of request would speak.

She wrote well that night and signed her name. Her handwriting a soft touch: no cross-outs and woven from experience. T's and I's marked as splashes.

A repair shop sat and puffed, holding the block. They fixed small engines, mostly lawnmowers and general appliances. Big Bruno ordered cigars and although it couldn't register, cleaned the front window religiously. He also brought customers, and his guy's liked their work.

The street had cohesion. No one ate breakfast, and they gorged at lunch. They told blatant lies that became a style, and they could laugh. On certain topics you layered, and saw a genuine search. Uproots, falls, and a carry over. Most came here at an early age.

Caulder was the youngest. Twenty one. A true baker. He never measured and mixed his creations as his verbs allowed, often whistling. He wasn't broken yet, and had a zest to cater large gatherings. He'd done an anniversary held at Regal that went smoothly, and directly set-up a banquet for some diplomats. They were returning from Sweden, and lined him up with a contact, which persuaded him to come see a revolution, the guy said. After two weeks on a tow, beside some yachts, and lit up nights he found another avenue.

And because he didn't talk about cupcakes or tarts, the evenings pulled much at the clothes, and who might sneak out for air. On the deck you lost your skill to recite. There were a few passages making headway, one suspiciously from red silo the novel, a store clerk turned cult leader in the glowing grain fields, summoning uninspired rebel-likes. They talked about Woodstock and Glastonbury as defining events.

The trouble with boat motors is that they were finicky. When they ran they did so, and then a minor thing could bring the newest one pattering or cut dead. Big Bruno didn't deal with the sea stuff. His reputation as a neighborhood handyman was strong, taking life from days in the backyard, engineering slingshots when he was younger. Moving on to the garage, and immigrating to Telsan in his late teens.

People approached him. He had a movie director's appeal, with a hint of mob history in his dialect. By his bungalow he often sat on the bench and looked back as he puffed. Dog walkers were intrigued, and exercised in the park. Terriers ruled the trim lot. They were hovering scouts, devout investigators and content to zoom endlessly.

There was no such thing as a weekend. Most in the area had spouses that traveled. Evenings became a time for getting out of the house. You had the wine tasters club alongside horseshoes. Photographers. Night junkies.

Sometimes dawn came. It's where you found your match. You'd have a friend or two dragging for a story. It'd slide toward lunch at Diego's and everything kept pace. Afternoon siestas weren't mentioned. You just took turns.

At the train station you saw a chord of hesitation. Arrivals were hit by a jagged wall of local peddlers. They sold where to stay. If it wasn't common knowledge that Benny or Tony also had a furnished downstairs, but you were better off with this deal, you were told. It was closer. Although most had prior arrangements, the whole process worked.

Eva came through the distant lights. She had chestnut hair and grew up in the outback, by way of wind and kerosene lamps, dreaming often. She coasted through highschool and thought about veterinary school to the feverish point of tossing her application behind some boxes, and running off. After weeks of roaming she spotted a poster at a laundry mat, a distant education course of some kind. She'd heard of Telsan and got a ticket at a fair price in an attempt to settle in its promise.

Surprisingly, or more accordingly it took her under its wing. She found a place to rent with a sizeable backyard, undiscovered laneways beyond the fence. Having but an awareness of an exciting movement was enough. It might have been that that drew her to read different things, and then go walking immediately after. Learn by association, she said.

Telsan fluctuated at about sixty thousand residents. It had a rhythmic continuity that felt like the populace grew. Rumors spread and hit the ridge, dissipating, eventually becoming a closed loop system. What was exported had many knots.



and took pictures of chocolate houses, tall towers not like in Dubai. She loved lying in the grass in unnoticed spaces, and tossing bunches of dandelions. She would finish another book in exactly one year.

She'd take that online sociology course. After registering she phoned an old friend and felt relieved laying out her plan. Ultimately she wanted to be a social scientist, likening to its label. It'd be easier to poke around, order a certain brand, and have a schedule. There were times when they used to skip off early, dodge the end game. Run to Frank's disco, or grab a sandwich late at night. They should get together again, they agreed; take the train this way.

Becoming comfortable with the arranging of her stuff to match the basement was huge. At eye-level the grass swayed. It communicated with both pictures on that wall. Abstracts already there and above her neatly organized shelving stand. She had a full-length couch that she turned to face the stairs outside, and put the television in that corner, away from the glare. Dinner fit the eight o'clock bill while she watched one of two sitcoms, depending on the evening.

A week later Uma had a ticket. She'd wrapped up summer work and had a block of time before school started. From the station they sped off in search of adventure, in a car Eva had managed to borrow. It was her turn and they kept fussy accounts in their bank. Over the last two years it was practically mutual, and there was no foreseeing collapse. After Uma's recent break-up from her wealthier boyfriend she despised stagnation. Things were handed to him, and he still felt cold. For some reason she elaborated as they dropped her bags off, it was apparent she craved this visit, and wouldn't mind switching cities.

The neighbour overheard them gabbing and peaked over the fence in the back. I'm skipping town for a bit, he said. He felt he knew Eva although they had only chatted briefly on a few occasions, about the area mostly. He had a cat he felt anxious about leaving alone and wondered if she could check on her while he was away. You didn't have to worry about anything else; he'd carry his cell just in case.

Inside the place was tidy. A lot of white with eggshells and for-life kitchen appliances in a row. They had juice on the deck and he showed Eva how to work the alarm.

They had to do a car rally first off. It had the ability to rejuvenate. Luckily Eva scored a six-bang standard transmission, although a four cylinder would have been fine. Taking roads by feel they hugged the shoulders and stuck to residential coves, throwing ideas of a perfect house.

And their theme slammed a dead end where they parked to switch drivers. There was over a half tank of gas they wanted to drain if possible.

By chance they got back at four in the morning, having stalled the car twice at stop signs, and they were in good spirits. Time to enjoy a nightcap, they agreed. And Eva mixed an excellent margarita, a new blend inspired by the back lot, syrupy but swift. The sky showed many stars, they mumbled a bit and there was still much to be said. At the neighbour's the next afternoon they met Ruby. Topped her water and food dish; she was a genteel, fluffy thing, inquisitive, reddish-brown, and purred loudly from her bed.

They snooped; you had to. You also should assume considering all the variables. There was a moment of wonder for both of them. He could be sitting on the chair they walked by, a thousand kilometers where he was. It looked like he used to be married, the few photos he had were in the livingroom, and the solar window high up was brilliant. Its statement stayed with them touring the recreation room, touching every table to make sure. Later on, scribbling in her diary, Uma wrote down that she wished that she had asked the guy more questions.

Eva was busy chopping carrots and bell peppers for a stir-fry. Lost within the range of her cutting board. She was a good chef and had an extra edge when she might get evaluated. There seemed to be something about two-tone beyond the laminating. She kept the noodles firm, and poured the vegetables into the saucepan with plenty of olive oil, and a tomato paste from scratch. They sipped a regional red wine and watched their show with the volume up.

When the credits rolled up Uma pointed out that they could find someone surely from the area. Telsan was becoming a nook, she'd heard. A place to load up, and organize a bunch. After a big gulp of wine she went into a deflating premise regarding escapism, and her friend listened with one ear.

They typed away on the search engine.

On Dorian street there was a foundation. Slapped with paint that shone. Little sculptures that clenched their teeth in the windows. It was a long street strung on a timer, and mounted gauges, a sudden flick of a switch, and backup power to boot. They had studio rentals with prison-balconies, and new hooded sweaters for sale every week down below, brought in mostly through ground transportation, and this one thriving entrepreneur.

The ladies hit the strip looking for hints, having parked, and needing a smoothie to curb the wine, although it was approaching dark. You felt that flicker like they had a technician tapping the lines. Electric guitar music gave way a bit, numerous definitions stood out. Coke, Diner, San Francisco spelled San Franey, and a few rowdies walking backwards shouting what the blazin'!

And they were locals, apparently. Three cowboys in fashion. You should follow them, they had a great view. Fast, off the cuff, and ready. They were here

when development started, honing their skills. It was easy to smile; you got lassoed. One fellow had tired eyes and a beating heart. Edgar jumped up onto his shoulders and said come on!

The girls drove their Malibu towards the hillside where they directed, keeping sight of their jeep, billowing transparent smoke. At their friend's villa there was a gathering, and most were in the beautiful backyard, lit, and facing the small mountain. Perry probably owned a solid two acres; his neighbour's were part of it and there as friends, dabbling in trade talk.

There was a mix of people, the type that got together often and pretended to not notice a newcomer, at least strategically. The boys appeared enthused and introduced Perry. You saw a sophisticated lingo to him. One-third mystery. He was also tall and tanned.

"I hear you're new to town," he said.

"We're on an adventure technically," Eva said, "there's a fuzz from the strip still ringing."

"Did you find anything there, there's an excellent craft store you should see."

"Really!"

"No, there's a pottery barn close there though. You didn't say you're shopping, no?"

"I could use some hangers in my yard. I have some plants I'd like to keep off the ground."

"Come get a drink," he said chuckling, then led them to the table and excused himself.

They made a vodka and watched him converse with a woman at the far corner of the deck. His cardigan matched her navy blue pullover, and he did the talking. She looked new to the area but stood posed enough to resemble a fashion model.

There had to be fifty all together within the wavelengths. Light jazz from the speakers heading towards the bushes, where a guy stumbled from and noticed Uma glancing.

He came over to mix a rye and got more sober, telling the girls to vote and some other certainties, you had to believe in alliances, look at Watergate and Nixon, look at the taping of Survivor, look at the seven year old found in the jungle, he concluded. "Something's messy. I try new things I say. What's your name's?"

"I'm Uma, and this is Eva," she said sticking out her hand.

"My reward," he said. "I'm banned from gambling as well, won't elaborate, learned a bundle from reflexes. You know in Scandinavia if you don't know when to hike it from a game, you could be left out and freeze to death." He





Big Bruno wanted a new alarm system, one that would ring to his cell and house, and his first partner's. And if either happened to be away there could be a quick redirect to who'd be in charge then. He kept ties like he learnt to put them on, having a snug look and rolling with the punches.

His team, he called them, they should buy some new outfits and meet for ribs and darts, and let loose. It'd be the perfect time to do so.

Tom and his cousin Rick were able to get jumpers and stay relatively quiet, as they had a tendency not to quite often. They picked up gray and red ones with a shiny look, and said they were for an anniversary. They were into botchy ball.

At the deli they got extra meats and blabbed about the same thing when walking the aisles at the sporting goods store where they found chairs, tables, coolers, and other lawn essentials. Next they filled up the car with premium gas and got a car wash.

The last time there was anything at Big Bruno's house the block was underground. It might have been two years ago, roughly when he began his directing, sometimes spending hours on the park bench, one flavour at a time, one sequence in a way. He missed this sweetheart he wouldn't verbalize on, although something showed, he was intelligent just being there in the open.

The club attributed coming out to his presence, initially hiding what they drank, and then finding a more fulfilling avenue of expression. How they admired a gentle rain. Let it soak their clothes, often falling back, grass stains and everything. They weren't the photographers and daring camouflage. Young Jill wrote stuff down later on; it'd probably shake his feet a little. Lawnmower blades on top of a new hat... snipping squares and solid paste... lost porcupines saying hi... and missing posters becoming colour.

When her aunt was away she worked. She had the entire two and a half story modern house to her attention, any builder's dream. She could listen to her body's rhythms, and wore a wet slip on garment from a bath of cool water, having to mop the floors. Coincidentally she made the afternoon, occasionally forgot to eat, and wrote in point form, no more than one page at a time, very insistent.

Her dear aunt acquired this house at a good juncture. Jill tore at its humour. She loved angles and full-length mirrors. After some glances she'd run outside with that nakedness, and she hadn't suffered loss.

Before leaving they talked about leaving, and Rhonda stretched between a visceral, warm feel to a place near Brussels where work wasn't work, and there was an elegant shopping district, much space to people watch, and the men had agendas, scarves dipped in rich lagers, knowledgeable presenters. She had some

'ins' and Jill would mix so perfectly. On her seat she watched the action over at Bruno's. He commanded movement around him. The lights, darts, food spread, and order of appearance spoke like there was unresolved appreciation for something that would never be said aloud, that's if they knew. His friends were athletic and quick on their toes. They looked around lots.

None of her group had phoned on this slightly unusual night in the area. Seven times out of ten they just meet at their finishing point on topic; she hadn't been supplying the wine, thick merlots were fine, most likely they were fixing personas for web rooms while staring at the ringer occasionally.

Jill created a couple of them once, based loosely on some fantasies, which she found lead retroactively; she called it a drain against anyone's opinion. Astonished in a sense the network catapulted her thoughts along with an image that flashed, like that reflex in a dream and you try to freeze and release and freeze.

After awhile she slipped outside and Rick was there eating ribs – a pillar in the yard across the other fences. Everything carried up and away. She took the back alley to get closer. He recognized her large white hat. "Jill right. You shop on Dugmore often. I see you from my store."

"Are you familiar with Doves?" she said.

"A little; why." He said.

"They have these walking sticks, and canes, that are so need to get. I thought I'd pass the energy." She said.

"... What else is there... I've been meaning to stop in."

"Soaps, clothing..."

"I like your chapeau. It works great."

"I'd let you try it on, but it'd break the rules."

"Rules." He said.

Tom skipped over after noticing their side-to-sides. "Doves!" He said within the context of knowing some other things, and connections. "And radical hat; that's my own. Rick you ate all the ribs!" He added smiling, filled with a glow. He was a good mediator. Believable because his tone broke through his wavy hair and lines on his forehead. "You want in on some darts?"

"I think I do."

"Show her the door Rick. I'll set it up."

They had a legitimate party and most of the others zigzagged like they'd been wound up. Jill would later find a possible source, like times before. Cinnamon on a mint leaf... covered arms and bones in a bucket of ice... attaching to the notion... we slapped the board silly.



By chance a small lot went up for sale. The northeast worked the same as the northwest: you ate slowly at dinner on those nights and the word spread through the body language. Chopping wood in the back meant get ready. The rev of a vehicle usually measured to being late for an appointment.

A mature thirty acres overlooking the city radiated. There was a way to find roots over and over again, become nourished with certain richness. It was said that if your coffee wasn't dark enough you hadn't stepped in shit.

The thing was getting things straight as possible. Everyone was a type that could be placed on the chart. One house had an enormous pie chart depicting the food groups off the sunroom. Cate jotted down and coloured over mistakes. There was no way living down her studies, and she was twice as bright as her husband who saw biology research as a waste of time, and was gaining weight on their deck.

Losing his excitement for the land they agreed on a price and set plans to relocate. His main problem was to patch relations with his former associates who'd most likely snickered his name in some tense poker faces after hours. Then there was the mess of boxes that sat unlabeled downstairs full of emotions, and key accounts of where to go. After days he stumbled upon a portfolio that was hard to open: the photos looked make-believe and brushed up, and a couple names in long form tried to ground him. He wondered where he was before.

He started waking up early drenched in sweat, and would laugh it off by saying a part of me is never leaving, and I really loved that rhubarb crumble we had the other day. Cate had stopped fixing the chart and devoted her remaining time with the place to packing and visiting her neighbour friend.

They met every day until they left, usually by the creek where you could see little minnows change size, and let some tears fall by the bank. They said keep in touch for sure, and there was that jerking motion before a last hug wondering why they didn't learn to fish.

One month later Edgar felt most assured with what he wanted to do. Sometimes it took stretches before others noticed what he called a sit down meeting; there wasn't an urgency to get off somewhere else. He'd already done his surveying around the property, came across the perfect climbing tree, and spent an afternoon whittling up in it. Like other times he had to show you in person what sprouted over there, and you saw how he blended.

Philip helped him fix the deck and they had their first beer together again in many weeks. They talked about how badly the footings were cracked and how it was a must repair, and a new railing could add a lot. He brought some new tools to christen the place and they put them in the designated workshop that'd

need some work, but had plenty of room. "I'm thinking a little table saw would fit in here fine," he said.

"Those brackets need to come down," Philip said pointing, "anything heavy and they'll break."

"A free standing shelving unit the whole way across."

"That'd work. Head high, so you could reach stuff. I have some extra wood lying around I could go and get."

He backed his jeep up to the back porch close to the steps and sorted through the best boards. After realizing their length he found his wrench set and removed the rear bench, which he placed by the shed under a tarp, then tied the hatch tight with rope. A last look at his chaotic setup and he started the twenty minute trek.

Both capable carpenters they made improvements to many spots over the next week only having to buy a few odds and ends. Any scrap was piled for a later date and a birdhouse was to be a huge project. The one hanging from a branch just didn't call out. Supposedly there were the most colourful macaws that came once in awhile. They competed against a line of sparrows, and they were there really early in the morning usually, at pitch black and coming into their own.

A bird guide left behind had checkmarks on various other species, including two eagles. It was the only book and it appeared to be a present. Edgar found it amongst the hurry of traffic when he first felt something for the place. It wasn't quiet here, he said. At this altitude it couldn't, and he had an anticipation of the crisp air and turbulence.

It rained hard for three days and he watched the mist. He had a favourite chair already, laying a blanket on it, and he made it rock a bit. The entire house moved on its axis. He engineered a clothesline to run forty feet from the side entrance to a tree where he put another seat to rest on. From here he thought aloud and waited for enough clothes to get dirty, and the breeze was refreshing.

It was time to go check out the saloon. They had driven by numerous times and there were never many vehicles in the parking lot. It looked like the building had been dropped into place from some other town. It had grandeur and an appealing contrast, with a red roof and large overhang covering some tables and small windows.

They pulled up beside a sports vehicle with black tint and not a scratch on it. Philip was always weary and intrigued. They played a game of pool and wondered if the guy at the bar was a hustler, drinking something dark and pretending not to notice much. The barman went back and forth doing what owners do, and Rebecca found them a spot by the wall to take their order. After

some pork chops and mashed potatoes they washed it down with a beer before going onto the deck for evening air, and followed a car heading west.

Between driving and constructing they communicated their anxieties best, and arrived at a promise. They drove up Dorian street for a hoot and then by Perry's for old times sake. He'd been acting bizarrely since learning of the move up the hills. Returning phone calls quickly and on edge, perhaps looking to jump port. When he left for his travels he consumed what was around him. He brought ironed suits along with folded clothes, brochures, extra sunglasses, and his regimented drink and pill list.

Two blocks past his house they weren't in the mood to exit the city and turned around. The lights to the back were on and faint music reverberated.

He'd grown a mustache and was leaned against the door swaying in his robe looking up at the sky. It was one in the morning and they contemplated coming into the scene, and stood watching him from the grass lane on the neighbour's lawn. Last thing he said on the phone was 'takes two to know three'. He often spoke in some poetic form to try and mess with people's opinions, as he knew they'd think about him. When he came back the first time he'd been pried open by someone he never disclosed of, opting for a reflective charisma that stirred things up.

On a more connected night Perry could entice your invitation like no one else. It was dominoes and you could see it happening. He took pleasure in serving a special tropical breakfast to guests that stayed over, did the dishes while they relaxed. He always had to call somewhere far away and made it public; in his office he showed a personal joyfulness.

"Fellas!" he said startled.

"Perry, we saw the lights and we were driving by." Edgar said and they walked around the deck. "Clear night."

"Almost sparkling," he cleared his throat, "just driving passionately I take it, and felt the brakes."

"Over here yes, and no we've been thinking. Spent hours zooming around and kabam: it comes around to a few times when the weights are gone, and that bearing down feeling is removed, and we're young adults, talking and moving, free."

"You believe in cycles do you." He said.

"I don't know. Belief however is hardly used. It's trivial. Get into a situation and the resources are there, sliding, whatever."

"Did you hear what happened in the cage match? The older guy wrecked this rising star that'd trained with people you train with, and was taken out the back door to a medic van. Sounds like there'll be another match. The venue might take some figuring. I'm itching to get a glimpse."



You never knew who was in disguise or acting as decoys. This tactic worked wonders to keep things clean, fresh, and tangy. An inspector required a direct route to possibly tarnish your reputation, but an energetic, motivated writer and such could stomp their feet on your mat, come back tomorrow, pass out next door after hours of nabbing.

There were two delivery trucks that parked in the back lane every Tuesday. They arrived in the morning and drove from near the border straight through. Acquainted with the district they unloaded food, then checked into their bed and breakfast spot, one beside the other close by. Becoming friends they had a similar story, and somehow ended up spending an extra day in Telsan, they snipped from the calendar later on.

A thermos of coffee and the flow of blood out from their legs postponed sleep like usual, and got used to meeting on the front steps. We should change up the routine, they reluctantly agreed.

Zac changed his clothes and left a note on the message board that he'd be out for the day. She was at work and they'd pass by. Morris bought a pack of smokes and some toothpicks for the walk, although he desperately needed casual shoes. A section of him wouldn't cave to life lived in the seventies; he was the older rolling rock. On the drive down he sang Vince Gill hits and pressed the off button when the city limits came.

In town: dollar bills flashed. Souvenir shops had a liquid honey and surely sweetened their deal. Mugs and board games shaped another way fit perfectly back home, telling the curves of the sidewalks and staying one month ahead of a big move. Funky t-shirts worked as well. They both liked slogans. At this juncture they had fifteen stuffed away between them that never got brought up in conversation.

Deliverymen had their own set of keys. Upon lifting the first crate they were taken out from the refrigerator and welcomed. Air conditioners were hidden and not yet turned on in the buildings. Antique clocks matched. A massage therapist was three diverse places, and Mr. Elgin took cancellations under unique circumstances.

His office had curb appeal as it accommodated to numerous parking spots on a bend. Meters were watched over by the odd skateboarder, which was followed by a lazy patrol car once in a while. It was second to Main street with a tattoo parlor and upscale drink lounge. No one littered beside the trees and its soil got swept back in its holder.

The entire pocket worked mostly from word of mouth. Any ten minutes was reserved, likely to catch where you were headed. There was a language coercing



to become common English. An undercurrent of persuasion. There was a back room 'the shape of a limousine', occasionally your friends found out, or by luck it was just opening. It's how you had a memorable experience. No flyers of any kind ever passed hands or flew onto posts.

Mr. Elgin used the side door to a few of the establishments. The spiraling effect seemed to keep people happy. Minute to minute he looked around as if in lust. He had a studious approach when it came to the client sessions; a photographic snapshot from last time. He never said it, but another reward in a way was after hour drinks with his assistant Tina, a young socialite with a gravitational pull.

She provoked a letting go in him. In fewer words he transferred impulses into his work. He wanted to talk about his punching bag but never did.

A young student helped design Hillies popular extension. Its cable supports attached to a central post and awning. It looked like a giant sail. When it rained the patter was thunderous. Groups wore patches on their sleeves unifying a trend. One out of every ten described what beach sand was. A high-pitched laugh caught everyone; it sounded authentic.

Water run-off hit the road. At the end of the world some called it, underneath the overhang and shadow. The engineers must have kept a few nuts loose because a creaking sound had quite the effect, pivoting, and possibly arcing down. A set of one-way stairs became heavily debated. A replica from somewhere, and in reach of a fire department's inquiry.

One should do brunch downstairs off the grill, spelling out ingredients for a sizzling dish. The cooks took delight in listening. They had exotic onions to famous scones. Their oil bottles and butter dishes spun. Your seat was your stool at the kitchen. And often one stayed to hang around. Mr. Elgin influenced their menu: he'd been to a private house and had the freshest juice, squeezed then and there. He described the livingroom and open concept. Their owner understood, and went in for weekly sessions as well.

Tina called in a last minute reservation from her desk and knew his reaction. They'd found their table over the last month away from any other dealings. Supposedly a navy guy was in hiding, and clung to some mates he trusted, still afloat. No matter what he said now his landing here was merely another course. He wouldn't curl up under the blanket, and those in similar boats held each other's arm, once in awhile doing a strut, celebrating in some fashion.

They called it a wrap after one drink; Mr. Elgin's mind was full.

At his condo he didn't feel like going to bed, or watching television, or listening to music. He stood on the tiniest little balcony with high concrete walls; slightly

fearful of heights yet attracted to pure air, he said. His neighbour came out after observing him through the glass for nearly half an hour. "Harry should really let us have decorations." She said. "Look at what's happened. Look at the condos over there. It looks like a cool bridge. Maybe Japanese. A type of origami."

Besides the fact they had a second home, every room had an article strewn over something, their bed and breakfast spot had a schedule. Interchangeable slots on the message board worked as an organizer. Laundry could be done anywhere from eight in the morning up to nine at night, as long as the dryer stopped clunking. A large partition wall had been taken down and converted into a throughway with an island. Cupboards felt handcrafted.

They met in the backyard after doing the morning dishes. "How'd you sleep?"

"I heard the Mrs. upstairs and rolled over." Morris said. "She had French bread and bacon ready in the fridge. Thick cuts."

"I kept thinking about those sailors. The one guy looked so out it. He grabbed a bunch of stares."

"The guy near me said it was a big cover. The built sailor knew better."

"He just looked out of place."

Neubold was the next pickup town on route, a much less structured centre to draw into itself. The marked road on the map had arrows pointing away and no major off-ramp making for a tight grip. Experienced drivers and they chose to rent a utility truck on their first check in some time ago. Where they talked about life on the highway. Wind storms. Pulling over to change a flat. Missed opportunities.

Zac backed up, spitting bits of gravel as he controlled the air brakes, the signalman waving his arm to the warehouse door. He tried directing his truck to the wheel chocks down the slope and on the short flat. Morris called the office from his radio and filled in the log book.

Around the side of the building Buck borrowed a smoke. They liked him and let him talk. We ran a good operation. We had focus, he said. Nobody really complained if they were comfortable. Last week they negotiated for a bonus and got it right on the line. I think the CEO is clever; he rarely comes here for some reason, and sets up monthly tours they're called.

It also happened that his personal truck was due at the scrap yard. He'd get it there somehow when the time worked. Still in the flow of things he asked if he could tag along to the next drop off. He knew some dealerships and it was prime season.

Buck rode with Zac and they took the lead. Traffic chugged on the bustle of its assembly, local drivers buying what they needed, chatting in the box style

parking lots. At the last functioning fill up station they rolled in for supplies, popcorn chicken, drinks, smokes, a flashlight, a magazine with map, and a camera. According to a cheerful guy at the pump it was overcast with no chance of rain out west. Only way was to wish it and you didn't want that. His shiny Cadillac matched a pair of dress pants. They hopped in their respective vehicles and gave the two-finger salute from the window.

We should have asked him about the car, they thought. Up ahead the pavement smoothed and the two lanes were solid, straight, dotted with white. Matted hay fields held up some old farmhouses and you could see a black dog running, most likely protecting the territory. Red foxes loved the area. One owner's wife blew one to smithereens as it snuck close to her gardening shed.

If everything was neatly stacked on a few shelves at the nearest store they were content. There had to be certain brands and stamped dates, preferably a quiet man working the till, who saw what they drove and didn't go further. How many write ups failed to make it into the weekly probably had generational links, but those within the district remained interested, providing snippets for the intersections.

Buck and his best friend had tried to hitch a ride once to no avail, up country when they used to go visiting. The entire day they stood on the busiest corner before giving in to buy a bushel of corn near by. The young lady was so nice, he remembered. Momentum changed.

A couple small signs yelled, and the show cars weren't alluring enough to warrant a pit stop. Same thing forty miles up. One silo by itself was weird, but two leaning against the wind was a sight. Some people pay a sick amount to perch up in a tower, shaking the thing into a postcard, and ask a few questions and they pull the card out with no other recollection. It's great.

Holding for the washroom break was worth the agony. Inside they had a giant cow that felt like moon rock, just powerful. Morris surprised them and motioned to jump on, froze himself feet first in his gait, smiled, and slid by.

Their map highlighted rest spots along the way including overnight electrical hookup, parkland, more details. Internationals could run most things off the battery for several hours dependent on the setting. It had a warning light that glowed bright orange.

"How long you grown to like these?" Buck said.

"My training partner glided across every point, with an older model going out of commission. He taught me the whole panel, every switch and flicker. Get tuned. There's a hum." Zac crawled underneath the trailer. "These tie cords to the frame are a savior. Light and elastic. Even if I jackknifed... be fun and all..."

take a sharp turn, they wouldn't cause me trouble. And the gases up to the cooling unit... there all on easy curves."

Buck popped his head out. "Ever seen a derail."

"Never live... skid marks that stretched a hundred yards... and the dairy truck upright in the ditch after a full roll... amazing the more you think about it." He brushed his jeans. "I don't know if I'd trade it for the rodeo. I went to them when I was younger. It doesn't compete now."

"Where?"

"In the bowl... this remote valley... but it was a mini Reno, better than Vegas meaning bigger bucks and obvious falls. There were bulls fed Gatorade. You ever go?"

"We should camp it. There's hookup at the next spot." Morris was having a smoke by his truck. "I bet there's a good setup."

"I know." Morris said watching the clouds dance. He threw a stick and nodded. If we pass anybody let me know.

Shifting and browsing the landscape brought an overcast light. Ideal cruising. You could smell the strawberry even if you didn't want to. Wet twigs crackling when it gets dark.

As they parked a young family started a fire in a barbeque stand, and the brother and sister peered. Buck always made note of the plates and at least one eye colour, somehow. Waking up early he went investigating. The father was spreading jam for sandwiches and looked as if he recognized him. He finished up and packed up their tent, which fit compactly in the back.

His shoes were soaked even from the short grass. He probably scoured every inch looking for the morning, and his mates got up late. Buck did the fifteen-point inspection. Tires, flaps, locks, lights, and a quick run through of terms from the manual.

Transportation cops had a liking to this expanse of roads. It was conflict resolutions. Nypd under cover. A large interrogation room for studies in the rising heat. Much couldn't be recorded as a scientific case, there was a distended moment, best off to come across with style and a change up. That was linear, they agreed.

Small battles had been fought on the western belt. Now you heard puffs of glamour, grouse accounts of decades shrunken. An architect's wife built a catapult, and it got high-tech enough to launch food or body parts. The statement was twenty-fold: sky versus ground, prepare and lace up your boots. A mailbox left standing signified tall order. An expert had the ability to decipher the type of ink.

Everyone bolstered smugglers. A fanciful cup of java that lasted without repercussions. They didn't have a name and lived to export a story. Columbia rolled off your tongue in the middle of night, keeping sanity as the sharpest sense when describing events, as they'd be received. Anything that prowled had the power of addition.

Morle County kept its own league. Prominent broom hockey players never lost their luster, quite stringently shifted with a monument on a trophy. City hall, the courthouse, the colleges, and the history building were a block, interweaving walkways and the glass tunnels above ground. It had your laboratory on a musical scale. What was wrong; what simply had pieces and dynamics.

A grueling playoff series deserved a month of recovery. Don Brindle serviced sprains by two methods. Up front and in casual talk he said: shake it off... you're making me look bad. He read other circumstances very well. A notable doctor of medicine he loved his hobbies to pick and choose his tools. A mistake was not to have conviction, authority over what had to be dealt with. Holding onto his captaincy as team leader moved into post elections.

Gathering votes would get tricky. Often when you're a defenseman the whole sheet has a beautiful sound. The odd bodycheck during play had that premeditation and rebound. It helped to keep gloves on, no one really wanted or knew how to fight, yet something had to be menacing. Long lukewarm showers after the game. Time ago they didn't have their own locker room close to the rink.

Wesley James invited humanitarian clips onto the discussion. He nearly covered every pastel: pre-school kids on swing sets all the way to oversized duffle bags in lockers, bean bag on the lawn, and graffiti artists. But he'd been to places abroad and he felt warm. He could be rattled and worked through the environment, quoting iguanas in a zoo and similar contacts. Once he cried and cried, thought it was the academic thing to do and dress down in lectures; tell a perspective.

Securing Friday evenings on campus had perks. A relentless division of labour shown boldly. Someone said it best and no one cared; it was seven o'clock in Tokyo. Next to Frools Pub, on the third level they had a perfect venue for their matters. Slice it how it went: a salary was a grant... a check was a payment... a verbal bartering on all ears was brute stimulation.

Bill and the guys finished their pints and onion rings, slowly pushed their chairs in and waved. Up the stairs they passed a group of students at the usual landing, acknowledging their communication as it goes.

Oshmin hall sat a hundred when at capacity, once a year it filled, curious in their own way. It had to have new cushioned seats within an aging, reminiscent structure. Classic moulds in the corners behind the speaker's stand. Heavy marks on the floor, apparent from the polish and ceiling lights. Deep vocal tones were planted. The power point computer screen seemed obtrusive. Lectures were either behavioral studies or Spanish, occasionally German.

Affairs went better than expected. Staying the full ninety minutes behind closed doors. An official date and clearance to move on, and enjoy the riches. It came to the way you said it. Bluffs in the sense would surely bring in unneeded attention.

A part of the student's association organized a job fair at Lyons square. The heads were able to sway leaders from well-respected companies to send representatives for the sizeable event. Planning made sure to utilize the aesthetic quality of the outdoor booths, under the half dome, within reach of the other amenities.

Don practiced mini-put while he had a tournament on. Sinking a number of putts from twenty feet, the machine popping them back. His short shots might be a factor why he had a heart rate of sixty beats. He stopped checking his pulse with the monitor when he was able to hole eight in a row.

"Margaret... Michelson's in the lead." He said.

"What under?" she shouted from their bedroom.

"Five under on the seventeenth."

"Sorrento?"

"One behind after a birdie."

In her summer dress. "I've decided I'm staying in this morning, meeting Lucile at two for vegetables. Should I change the message?"

"We're at the fair... leave some details."

Lineups rounded themselves out but certain attractions yanked. A career as an economist with a swerve through its title. They sent men in suits that wore ties that disappeared. They were fluent presenters and stole something from the show; of course grounding had to give.

Scurried to Frools in the commotion there was another evening on the calendar. Generally reserved they partied quite hard and boasted about an exclusive loop, oxygen-rich payments, ricochet. It turned a bit unbelievable when someone took a bullet. But the entirety of the theme sung.

Lucile and Margaret sorted through the yams and cucumbers on special. Next they hauled over to get plain yogurt for spreads, and browsed a new cookbook



codes on the shelves had a paralyzing effect at certain times, uplifting isolation. Her relatives found hiking from the middle, and they energized those trips: sightings and places to go back to... good people along the way, wondering where they diverged. One time clanging pots to scare the blackest wolverine.

Her second cousins left earlier and earlier, yet they shimmered. It'd been forever since that side took up an invitation. We're in a phase.

They had ideas for her graphic art. She knew of the links to work on a particular network, continue on months of jargon, but it had to be exhausting. One cover page fit to fight another. She loved the *next* page. The residue. The wetness.

Cleaning proved as a relief strategy. One room tackles. Sometimes rearranging furniture halted anything obsessive. Bingo! There's me and a few Dalmatians. A detailed and coloured sketch, she told Edgar. And those helicopter planes: they're probably wording some pretty good snapshots.

There was adventure most likely at the saloon. It should be called Philip's mobile in yellow italic. She picked him up from the end of his driveway and hoped the pool table would be open. Rebecca was glad to see them. Just starting her shift she'd done some rearranging of art on the walls. Gord's slant had been cross-eyed; in a twist maybe he was looking to retire, reflect on prosperity by handing over the keys. Not once did she forget to close. A photo from six years ago didn't need explaining.

No one understood their jukebox, so they stopped promoting it. In the corner it became the bouncer. Ziggy for short. Rebecca had a friend under a different name who owned more than his share of the bar. Zig simply displayed his ideas too flamboyantly. Luck kept him alive.

A new changer was out of sight and hooked up to stereo surround. Cate helped with the mix. A tape left on a table happened to have all sorts of collaborative effort. But quietly music had little effect; most patrons wolfed their food down, asked for directions, admired the artifacts.

Gord signed the counter and left out the back entrance, leaving Edgar racking a fourth game. He wanted a tournament but they weren't buying into it. "I think I'd be fair... tally up the points... make this cue feel like real."

Rebecca laughed. "You're already concentrating quite intently. You're thinking heavy I can tell."

"I'm under pressure all right. So many angles... trying to evade a bad spin." He sunk a long solid. "That serious guy in here earlier... he appeared brusque."

"He means well." She took a sip of her beer.





The respect thing occurred in five seconds, nothing to do with paying for the ride at the end. They missed the bumps and even recommended things off the list. A fugitive was a fugitive. Last week certainly had a presence, and there were three kinds. Two helped the economy to put it flatly.

A good ransom harbored its shares. Any announcement on such a scale meant operations were moving. One lowly journalist had a life of coverage spanning flags to hot air balloons. A crash site wasn't a moral snatching ground; it got pegged as stupid. A small inauguration contained so many little packages. Caught in a bubble they said. Get through it swiftly just logically worked. Usually at a point of closure there sprung a promise to return. Outlandish timing.

The longest kidnapping spanned one week due to arguments on how to transfer money. Denominations over fifty wouldn't pack into a wallet, the dispersal rate was poor. Her crooked lawyer found bundle after bundle of twenties to fit four briefcases. He had a full breakfast in plain view after the drop off. Rumour spread and he tipped well. But his position echoed as a loan shark. A middleman with substance and the type of nerves one acquired, perhaps patiently with much to think about.

In Williams a name had a price. It went ring ring next to the phone. Using a payphone meant you had a really important title. Flip to page three hundred and seventy and locate the second business under 'R' brought one to the test. Ask for directions and you got the jest.

Someone pulled the plug on Phillip's energy. Compared to the cars he lost a couple sparks suddenly, seemingly in the morning when he cashed in, exactly one month after arriving, stamping his feet. In the circles it might be odd to say he didn't come prepared; there was more. A simple burden tingled. Speaking on matters he never mentioned what they expected, as easy as it could have been.

Perry cut the obvious hog ties. No fancy labour he called it, especially this time. And Phillip led off rolling on months of chewing mostly straw mixed with soil. He knew what spooked the indigenous peoples. A fleshy explanation of ghosts, nothing else.

Real gypsies entertained. He always wanted to learn more about them, possibility their entire life. Did they have families? Where was their home? So much lay in front of their fluidness. They traded through their possessions and uniqueness glittered. The bracelet Shelley gave him never left his wrist.

Insistent he traveled to the outskirts in search of another development. Upon returning he'd changed his tone.

Williams International Airport had been rising in stature. A secure block of funding expanded its structural capacity to service giant planes and keep them ticking – DC's, Boeings, and some private strips for the sleek jets flying to other ports. Senior government officials were as old as election propaganda, supreme poster boys for the way of the future, combating headlines in western media. With years to go there could be no screwing up. Mr. Edwards still counted votes manually, every morning for week stretches. Receiving updates became a science, and diligently he filed for a last hooray. His cabinet seat would soon hand over to where directions were headed. Mr. Nelmu gladly accepted the offer during a landing to a meeting time ago.

Williams and Flautdam were rivals and a vital artery five hundred miles apart. Prostitution bled into the hearts but not into the minds of fast exchanges. It was rampant and organized. A chain of buses linked the two cities running daily, a flow of tourist fundamentals at work. And they were a minor proportion of the population busy consuming, staged quite efficiently.

Unyielding push brought kickboxing to its core. Breed on guts and sacrifice there remained a line of martial arts that had lost a viable link, tiny pulses filled discussion rooms.

The best gypsies swirled intrigue on the origins of silver, treasures carried across oceans by unsung managers. Now they polished jewelry openly; there'd be everything to gain including a rush of spirit. Verna's comet expelled a particular energy, significance to shout the least.

Back and forth it went. The brightest gypsies set up shop directly within reach of the builders, carpenters, travelers, storytellers, musicians, lovers, fighters. Then power swooped in and it got called a movement – a world venue. 'As quickly a marvel shines, brings hope and enchantment, it falls hard.'

No one had heard of a philosopher before the clean up period came. He showed brutal wisdom just directing appearances, where and when he said peek-a-boo. The word *research* got abused especially if you knew how to use it – many did. Like eureka. And I've heard of that... somewhere... someplace.

A well-dressed philosopher told you how to spend and what resources were available. Soon the city constructed interchangeable arenas, switching from amateur events to office hours, all the while under the stars. In small effect they helped the boxers. Tima Honne inexplicitly rose to status. According to himself he felt most agile in a gray suit and tie. Required pasta in an alfredo sauce not three hours before game time.

When baseball legend Calvin Soloman hid by the beach resorts he transformed as well. He started jogging and made plans to stay indefinitely nibbling on a

closing bonus. He'd get in better shape and rest his throwing arm – spring into paradise. Sound advice without question, except when his agent called muttering a paragraph on the ins and outs – trade talk. But friends were friends no matter the language, it got said.

Life in a Red Sox uniform clearly hopped a continent and found full circle. In restaurants he was distracted and couldn't help but watch other games, curious about scores and reports. How he pitched so well last season hung in the air. His dates mumbled something about magnetism and he always mentioned the openness of the field. Once him and Tinkerbell leaned towards trying a prank on one of the older outfielders, hearing of its allure and never did. They'd get caught.

Tinkerbell was a promising space cadet: smart enough not to sign up for the monumental programs and take interview after interview when they'd hit the bull's eye. No doubt there'd be a target and she'd get dragged along the rough and destined path. Other points coloured the map – inclined to probe at our fascination with isolated landmarks, often she'd dig up pertinent information and keep going. Content now to phone or write live text messages to Mr. Soloman.

Juggling documents Calvin repetitively subscribed to an athlete's style. A year of physiotherapy bills handled by a fading list of people focused his attention on the signing. There'd been under a dozen key flicks of his wrist he said. All of them waved behind the umpire in the ninth inning – practicing a nonverbal warm up and envisioning a clean swing and miss.

Beach house Rumad had a fine set up. Hurricane proof no questions asked. Of course you wondered and then again you were here.

Most were happy with the proximity to central Williams. By circumstance one might say an amalgamation into a fighter and scientist. Revolving on an experiment. So many numbers and timetables yet not really.

Certainly Reggae music would never die. If it lost an aggressive overtone there was club or mamba near by, next to the strip mall and quick marts – parallel to the fight clubs that usually opened at about nine. Sometimes a back draft occurred into the streets and victory parties. Enthusiasts on a bandwagon cheering the victor. Not that it wasn't O.K. to root for the lower odds.

Bookies were a privileged bunch. In no other form or fashion could a spotlight turn on and off so fittingly. They had to be sharp. Confident. Scroll up and down; find preciseness and pull the next one from line, and line ups went past the hour.





Productive when he couldn't sleep he sucked on engine noise at the airport. Large inhalations as jets powered up their forward thrusts, lining up on the tarmac, blinking rapidly. Sometimes they only carried a single passenger and five crew. A perfect diamond if anybody was married.

In central sections of the rainforest there were grander conferences that supported an ailing idea from a strong point of view. Semi-retired heads of heads combating sworn statements – most dribbled off the cliff or waterfall, made a beautiful splash at the bottom, a poet that wasn't a poet summed up everyone's swagger.

"Dance." He said later, and ducked into the background.

Kim reappeared at crucial times in the community centre, which badly needed attendance monitoring. Parents knew of program names and what day they were on. Getting there and back zigzagged.

One logging company had the rights to the lustrous area after a small zoning war. It caused rifts like anything else. At this stage many prayed in their own way.

Operators of the big machines chewed plant-based products and changed subjects while in the lunchroom. These guys had wives and young kids over in the U.S. Their bunkhouses were within the community limits. They slept on floorboards and ate from wooden surfaces from who knows where. Glimmering red and yellow vehicles made contact with the locals. Diesel engines boom and boom.

Not to make it obvious Greg moved from his car to the arrivals at Williams International periodically scanning delayed flights. Danny Clemon would be at a window looking down.

His record was strong and it had been his decision to come here versus the other way around. Choosing destinations came first followed by an assessment of the fighter. Sometimes it took a week before discussing options with his team. It had to be right. If he lost it would get recorded in every culture.

Dressed in a sparkling blazer he retrieved his lone suitcase from the carousel, stopped in for a washroom break, and met Vern by the pop machines. "You mind picking up a book and peanuts." He said.

Greg watched them doing his careful gauging. He didn't have access to where they were staying but had an idea.

It was customary to have arrangements in this part of the world. Of course your vantage point spoke for itself. Some of the largest bets occurred minutes before

an event, fresh from a transfer or exciting payback. Brave thrill seekers brandished the winding corridors, almost as if one or all of them were headed straight somewhere else soon after.

Assuming they'd rented an unmarked rental Greg sped off and went back to his apartment. At least he saw a live glimpse, which could never fault him later. At this stage it accounted for the sad stories in the news. Body parts swimming in the river full of sludge. Others sleeping with the man-eaters in the desolate parts – inconceivably difficult regions to navigate to. Who had the maps. Where was GPS when they found a location. Suddenly there came an influx.

He posted a blog on a website to maintain his two streamlines. Funneling viewpoints on food, travel, etc. until his hands stopped shaking. A few east coasters tantalized on king crab and the exorbitant amount paid for a good serving. He got high and fell asleep on the futon.

At exactly ten a claw bit him. A stinging grip around his torso. He'd have to check back as soon as he sat down again. Accordingly to a linear schedule marked at the top right hand corner, thumb marked, greased, containing all individualism and constitutional hearsay.

Chores weren't in order today as planned. Vacuuming, dusting, dishes, garbage were out of the way well before the airport trip. Confirming the weather he snuck onto the balcony and saw sun behind an indescribable cloud mass, chugging along, stuck temporarily.

Recalling Jacque telling an episode of these two kids accidentally spying on a boat hung in the charged particles. Lightening bypassed this area with authority; lingered in the electricity. And you didn't have to know everything he said quite distinctly. The most audacious man he's ever known.

Came here to describe Bob Marley in concise terms: each time and every time. He meant it how he leaned as his face turned red – concentrating at its finest. How much he packed up in France and left there for life had its amusing monologue, surely. Most thought.

Finding 'No Woman; No Cry' from a possible list filled the next hour and some. Able to shift gears while winding up.

Later on he met Rene at Clark's for a usual glance through the black book. A pencil and paper authentic for the elaborated version.

They put their Coronas on the tab that gets paid when they get paid.

Rocking in the bamboo chair. "Seven to three. Can't raise the split any higher. Had some early birds."

Rene began rocking. "Thirteen to two. What happened to life in the electric car? I certainly don't see any upgrades."





roots into the rafters he posed dimly. Assured on his way of life he had shipments come in when required to tackle the mega term post modern.

Secretly he spent more of his skills on Rumad and had plans to live there when everything worked out. Incidentally he learned to hire workers that lived while they strove. You could always tell the difference, he said humbly, and kept another mystery as he hummed, it got said. The Irish guys tried their might to open his fighting words. They quite brazenly were his best friends for whatever reason. But they fit the city scene.

Kickboxing went into the phenomenon label or otherwise functional showcase of exuberance. Most had a trigger on the button. If you didn't like it it liked you for playing a part. Tima might get early retirement and there'd be a benefit to incorporate him again – maybe he'd wink his eye at a young kid.

Raised to notice the hunters slithering across the grasses he might go back into the jungle, taste liver blood or something of the sort, make reports to hand over. The scene was rich in diversity without question. Best one adapted to its vigor.

Once Owen rode the transit bus up north to see about materials, as enough resonance echoed from the upstart of the clear cutting. These were fresh trees the size of a continent. Striking how the conversion into a laminated beam could compare to a fifty-foot wave described by a loyal guest, simply mesmerized. 'It only happens once every five years or so – if you're lucky.'

Unknowingly an engineer followed him when he finished his surveying. It marked a career change and together they redesigned four concept houses, promising more and more. Ultimately the age gap meant nothing.

He was delighted to hear about Boston's baseball stadium from an unbiased perspective. Where and how noise bounced fascinated him; so much had to do with the type of material. Think about the seats man. Listen to the shuffle when they stack in. The deep roar as a ball cracks and they follow it. He thought the big wall was amazing besides the thud it made when an outfielder slammed it.

"Calvin you should make arrangements like I said. Owen will look after the place while we wear sunglasses on the first base line. No one will know you went without telling them. I think it would have a soothing effect. And I'll introduce you to the guys who help bring this place together."

Maybe a dinner with Tinkerbelle, he agreed. Owen should drive his car as well. Break in the neighborhood; he was just so darn relaxed on his ottoman or swivel chair – contemplating and sensing. A six-speed roadster does its match occasionally.

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When the tide was out the beach opened up for an early jog. It widened and had a distinct two-way road to suit any liking, mostly the curious. Slime mixed with rocks and twigs made room for evidence on expanding interests. Not long ago the ocean pulled a great distance and brought within reach shells, crustaceans, weird fish. Creatures having bright blue fins and large suckers.

They didn't reach the trees or bike path, or the white sand underneath. This bandwidth was reserved and hardly needed a postmark. It grew and never changed size, able to feed on water and other minerals including the general upkeep done by city workers. On their behalf they might see to add a few more trees and less sweeping of the asphalt. Not to take anything away they did a good job of assuming liability from the clan – their brother's relative down the line.

Of all the areas in around Williams the beach in its boundary had reliable patrol. Even at three in the morning someone could be recalled looking. There had to be an information loop that rubbed up against the musician and scientist equipped to transfer the goods. Trades were a bargain as it's always been.

In actuality, Danny Clemon took a logical route into the dark. Supporting an American invasion essentially. Ten links would bring up where he got his hair cut. Twenty links would equate to a nutritional analysis of his out of home meals. And this stuff was the speed crunching with months of retroactive hoopla possible. Common sense went towards the politicians, and once in a while incorporating their proximity to the arena – flinging car horns closer and closer to their residence. Somehow it worked.

What brought them to events stayed in the safety net. Perhaps it simplified to approval of what was taking place. Because there were no shields like the President would naturally ask for.

Flautdam held on for dear life without knowing so. Calvin decided to take a drive there after a shower to think things over. His car was a part of him like the neighboring town assembled itself on the spot accommodating to the contours of gratification.

Drive-ins with a view were common alongside other cars from not far away. You could pretend to watch flamingos in a couple of parks. Most came directly down the lane, sandwich and order beside them, and prepared in a sense to let go. Usually one got a car wash or at least a coupon for later somewhere in town. Five thousand was the population stated on the way in, yet it fostered other standards. A miniature tourist stronghold serving the public resourcefully. Bootleg rum had a different name.

Influential movies hit four time slots and now food and drink was provided. At the end the courteous encouraged and promoted. On a last breath or kiss later it became trendy to describe your whereabouts and accentuate why. This aligned with catharsis and releasing of one's pent up storage space. This was the city of connected lights.

Baseball trivia traveled as far as it wanted up to the point of acknowledgment – that it existed and propped up many livingrooms. But a visitor couldn't get off that easily: saying it dominated as entertainment especially since atomicity trickled into the wetness behind the eyes, blinking at the attractions, and there were many, or there had to be.

He lost motivation to wonder on games when his coach said carry the rest. It's worth couldn't penetrate into the surroundings or take from it what they'd hollered at, even the raucous cheer of a strike out. Not even the charge from the plate he dodged and the infielders rushed in for a scrimmage. Jimmy put forth his best propelling a new dynamic from then on. He wasn't a scrapper just a bundle of people around him, doing as he was taught, anticipating to a certain degree.

Third base definitely had to be a tough position. A pivotal go-between to home base and conversations with the umpire, usually on clean statistics and other games. Of all his mates Calvin would fly him here for a tour. A week or so away from his troubles. Here he'd notice exactly the pressure of expectance. Removed is the fast thinking when you got stuff coming and you're quite used to the response, feeling pinches and what have you.

Following an instinctual pattern he sought the recipe that flushed his mouth and hands driving a large circle in town. Every road made sure to pass a glitzy sign and propane hookup attached. Older girls attended the grill and appeared aloof. They were either comfortable or dazed in the afternoon warmth. Later they'd pack up shop and seek the evening – there was no other choice.

Calvin steered his semi-convertible into the parking lot of Hello's grill. Their sign advertised burgers and hotdogs for sale next to the long counter, the cutout from an aluminum air streamer. Bald tires didn't match the preservation of its shiny exterior.

"I'd like a burger with extra pickles and mustard," he said.

"That'll be four dollars," she replied. "Did you want a coupon for 'Traveling naked'?"

He got caught.

"It's for the newest drive-in. I'm supposed to recommend it and I haven't watched it yet."

"I'll take the coupon on conditional terms. I had no plan and now I'm locked in. All I know I kind of feel lighter... haven't ate in forever."

"Why not?"

"I'm originally from Massetchutes. Never had a trailer or anything like that." She flipped his burger and turned her back on him intentionally.

"There's people from all over I've heard about in Williams where I'm coming from," he said tapping his fingers on the counter.

"Yeah, they come and go. Here's that coupon."

He handed her an American ten.

She felt it. "What's this?"

"I told you... this is a must stop. Besides, no one else will accept them."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just that. And I guess if traveling naked doesn't put me to sleep I'll have to come back for brunch."

"If you see me there I'd rather you wave. That way it's more of an extension."

He paused.

"You speak very well."

"Thanks," she said.

Already persuaded by the circumstances Calvin finished his meal and nodded to her in the general direction of the next drive-in, as if he'd been here many times before. But something was addictive.

Quitting chewing tobacco and actually finding its pleasure point proved a relief. Distinct flavors *could* be upside down. One guy's remedy was to count the number of times for each chew. On each set the more you wandered. If 'hynoptics' were a word it happened to contain a lot of other delights.

Ignorant of gypsies he drove and tried to listen. At least in Flautdam their dress and jingle blended without further inquisitiveness. They might be experts. Imagining another scenario in this situation could prove helpful; that switch was miles away and in imperial jargon. His tank read three-quarters and no other warning lights flashed.

The lot attendant, an older gentleman, directed him to the right. "You don't get the glare." It was a tamped grass field having a weird sensation under the tires. Not like getting stuck but the off-road culpability, he thought. The forecast said no rain. A splattered red sun was well below the horizon. Other white lights



Sometimes he'd rush back to see if the maid had rifled through any of his belongings.

Perry took the news of him moving out like a report he gathered. If he wasn't working on three other ulterior motives at any one time it kept his appearance genuine at the least. In person he never lost, it got said. And now since photography played an integral role in capturing a crisp explanation chitchat was another tool.

Attending his last showcase, where ninety percent of the guests were in the pictures already, and no one brought up anything tangible from the previous week, altered what he signed up for.

He managed to promise a few acquaintances a reasonable farewell and eventual return in one way. Just not now.

Even the name Flautdam rung – almost historically into a trace or sketch he'd seen before. How could it be that it wasn't discovered.

Lounging at his residence felt more comfortable than when it got booked. Impartial to insider deals Edgar didn't like how quickly an in-house manager could make the transfer. Essentially he put that vigorous side onto the materials he wouldn't dare pack, including the wrinkled elephant that did not fit in the main room. These were the easy observations, and likely common place.

On request they got him a suite at the Manor on two questions relating to his landing status, practically a segregation policy one should learn. An asset could learn a new language. Even speaking loudly revealed much, considering everything.

First thing he raided the cupboards. A book on the topic tried to tell him otherwise but so did others. He found sets of four and cookware that matched. All the appliances seemed to work. He wanted to fill up the entertainment shelves. Projecting into the future on the knowledge of orientation mostly. If it held a bold accent it would be meaningful.

The direction of travel now seemed locked on going North West, drawn by the canal and its rite of passage. From this distance raw artifacts could be priceless. He'd spent a lot of his energy observing the trade portion of the exchange. It bothered him that he wasn't affected.

Every afternoon he tried to learn the distinction between a raggedy musician on the street and an old lady selling a heavy piece of wood. Were they avoiding an easier resolution. The amount of weight grandma carted behind her must have an answer located somewhere else. In essence, a small lot was being tugged.





Hotels outnumbered motels and other rest spots considerably. The chief behind the scenes a decade ago realized a fundamental pattern behaviour that is sand and water and some great engineering mixed in. Then you add colour and shade, and try to manage without getting hassled.

Every outdoor pool had a theme. Most tried to hold you there and talk about the sea. If you got overheard then fish in a white wine found a liking to the menu, and if your eyes were shooting all over the place a person with a glow walked by. Much of it was improvised – standing out intended to mean lying down.

They were on 'T' for hurricane reports some miles east and north. Observant people said there weren't as many but they were stronger, of course one asked where their hometown was and formulated another assessment. Interior folk always lit up to tornados and were genuinely interested. Intense debates occurred when one had to back up how a storm started – no one went backwards and found a way to continue on, fascinated, afflicted.

Mel woke early like usual and brought his coffee outside to lean against the railing. An old habit to startle those peeking through the curtains a bit apprehensive. It started on his first business trip when he was much younger right out of textbook he converted into action. Successfully he set steps to get places on some sort of schedule. Chance was an operative connotation, especially since he understood the dynamic.

In the right mode and everything he would love a franchise. Its branching and ultimate feedback.

Later he should check his mail.

He watched a younger man leave his room across the deck balcony and head downstairs. He returned with the newspaper and began to read.

"Morning, are they at the desk this early?" he said and the man didn't notice Mel until then. "The paper?" he replied.

"Yes, I'm keen to find out what the development on mining is."

"There's a women there yes."

"Would it be a trouble if I glance the business section, quickly."

He handed it to Mel.

"I always have my own coffee with me for the room. Stuff from Venezuela. Would you like a brew?"

He saw him folding his section up. "... I'll take a cup – your name?"

"I'm Mel Hangen. Pleasure."

“My wife,” Ian sipped, “don’t tell me any news on the mining; she’s against them taking over.”

“Are you in town for a visit?”

“Janice, she’s a journalist. I’m not supposed to say more. Actually she’ll probably sleep in late... our bags were delayed and we had a late taxi from the airport.”

“I don’t mean to interrupt, however, it would be impolite to state that airports are hazardous places.”

They saw Calvin open his door over at the far end.

“It might also be incorrect not to mention his natural ability.” Mel chuckled. “I appreciate this intersection.” He gazed down at the pool.

“What brings you to this small town?”

“On mining no. I could plot some beginning to an enterprise if you have the energy. I’m coordinating something on those lines, and when there are options I see to invest a little. Now I didn’t catch what you did, please give me a shoe to stand on...”

“I walked away from the factory and listen to Janice here and there.”

“Great. Well said. Read *The Caterpillar*; you’ll find insightful tidbits reaching many hearts.”

Mel gave him his local phone number to keep in contact with. Ian nodded and scanned the paper for headlines Janice might quiz him on. Blobs relating to the environment were easiest to extract and maintain a flow.

She was accustomed to introducing herself to drivers as they had saved her life. On more than two occasions they were the pump that just needed an electrical charge. More than grounded when their eyes and hands met during the hailstorm and insurgence from all corners. Mr. Chris and them made a clicking sound.

For today’s agenda she didn’t want to think about deadlines and said Bob will track me. Her best friends said it was when the puzzle fit better – on their splurges a definite blast.

Why she suddenly decided to pursue a career in journalism surprised those that had followed her. Through college she seemed content to find an administrative job and the city didn’t really matter – it should support a short drive to a country escape however. A true escape.

Perhaps everyone existed when there sprung a moment to evaluate and funnel back into guidelines. Carefully, or quietly, Janice’s group wrote the rules. The

first day after her first full-length submission to the editors swirled a lot. A close network tasted wine and laughed about keg parties.

This phase got placed into preparation plain and simple. Getting to this coastal location on a large leap broke a barrier of red tape. Practically speaking she had longed for a coming together where the pushed aside resource of inspiration wavered. Ian provided wonderful massages. He didn't have a blank stare like a few evenings motioned.

The factory always tensed his tissues surrounding every organ. The workers were another story. His lack of tensile strength made it difficult to attack or substantiate relevant areas of concentration, including intoxication from frivolous cases.

When they decided what filled up a three-course plate at home a new framework lifted and a new page. These happened to contain the most vital passageways onto a brighter outlook, regardless of remaining objective because they felt that long ago.

Rottingham incorporated trusted momentum. It literally shot a geyser that sprinkled evenly across the board as they acquired a name. For other reasons no person was dragging to get involved; maybe their mission statement disappeared, and an attack had surge, grip. Janice became a listener, she said. Its ability functioned as a playmaker she joked at times – a way of repeating sports scores when needed. Yet any assignment owed a little.

Despite a morning that warranted a good bit of television in the room, Ian stimulated a motivating date with friends, buzzed on his brew, forecasting on a solid start to experience – Janice obliged.

Fantinos catered to about fifty guests at their café in view of the pool area. Stunning trim and window décor gave an expanding focal point along the low ceiling. Tile floor covered the entire surface. A black piano looked out of place in the corner until you saw the man approach and dip behind. He took the non-conversational option and searched and searched.

A sign at the entrance indicated that he'd show up later. The writing in italic handwriting over a list of options added recently. Swiftly the tables moved into two corners opening up the room, and this they learned. No one complained.

Calvin found his outfit from the bottom of his travel bag. Mel told him to just dress up on short notice, and not to wear yesterday's clothes. On their walk he also strode into his role like he cycled thoughts. Introductions went well.



She started at the very back of the department store so she'd get a thorough look and possibly find an upgraded version of the tape recorder. Yet a James Bond derivative can always work. Extra pens and a new carrying pouch to replace her purse, and other quick mart essentials had to be a part of investigation. Buying a present would have to wait until later.

While cruising the main road it became obvious the town was a younger crowd, almost another place she struggled to place. An adjustable canopy sheltered from the sunny rays bounded to food stands and motorhomes that weren't – affordable housing and folding beach chairs stood out. Red and green had ambience. Interesting dresses matched the body and odd lamppost.

Janice enjoyed the implication of homework to a great degree. Without saying it quenched a thirst and she could go from here, excelling at certain times, procrastinate, put a source to its weight, quietly building a zone. How many opportunities didn't have a stamp or a signature, or enthusiasm to make plots. Of her most pressing assignments she remembered this story of a destroyed bear chased to the creek and fend off what he'd encountered.

Flautdam centre provided a smorgasbord of tourist info for anyone was a tourist at any particular visit to the pagoda. Contrary to its appeal its design and assembly were opposites, borrowing major sections from other architectural giants – a colourful passer-on of brochures covered its share. Usually a satisfied inquiry said to go exploring with the known variable that they'd come back to spend money. Fascinated by the intrepid kept a motto reeling when things were slow, so when Janice entered wanting a first hand on whatever, 'business' clicked.

Pauline sent her on her spirited way. Of course the pamphlets stacked left to right and bottom to top – in order of distance mostly.

The copper mine remained as an event. Albeit a large sounding horn but what else is new. Headquarters cut straight around the monkeys and bronze tree dwellers. She looked at the topographical map and put a red dot where it felt right, trying not to write more, maybe a helicopter guy could find the rest – for now a rough overview fit. Day one will merge into day two, she figured. She had to tell herself to project this stuff onto the calendar.

We thought we'd go by how you were feeling Ian said when she got back, before reserving at Fantinos – supposedly its best to reserve, they've began allowing a kind of first come first serve policy, sort of. Mel's heard of that before.

Still set on time zones a late sit down worked.

They asked for the same table and got one closer to the kitchen next to a long row of other tables facing the wall by the piano. Raein asked if the candles should be lighted before pulling out a matchbook, stating the specials, which spread pork in a fruit salsa. Pears and apricots go superb in this arrangement, without question.

"I haven't been to a place yet," Mel said, "that talks about their chef and his credentials." Quite likely we have a major hit; let's stay awhile. Our options are limited since we're at the hotel. Any way we slice it this whole thing is unique.

When is the guy playing, Ian added.

"It's eight-thirty," Calvin said, "hopefully during or after dessert."

Nobody realized he went through the kitchen to meet Raein. Based on some radical concept the server's pickup hid around the corner past a narrow hallway. Cash out was there as well. Washrooms at the far corner. It read from a model not originally for a dine-in. A humorist mentioned the idea was for a quick access that could turn the dishes spinning. Maybe yank a tablecloth if your imagination got stale.

He apparently slid across the tiles to his seat – wearing his collared shirt up and his short brown hair to the side. Unmistakably from a glossy picture skimmed over too many times. No one else had left either and appeared to be waiting. Ian said the visitor's parking lot was full of cars and a big bus. Coming back from the facilities he also overheard it had an early departure cutting north into the villages.

The music definitely felt like he needed to be a part of the atmosphere. An off-the-cuff rendition of prior performances. A fanatic that didn't know he was a fanatic. So there unraveled an acceptance of him warming to the sparks, yet never glanced at the candles. Requests weren't offered more than wonderment.

Janice hadn't said a heck of a lot but his hair had butter in it.

They snuck outside to get a closer look at the bus. It had country plates and the driver was walking by the front – a guy in uniform already. Soon the passengers would pile in and jostle for location. Make the road trip with plenty of motivation and eventually complete a loop.

Over the hedges skipped a club beat infused with the time of night: midnight. A small dilemma when a third bottle of wine sloshed. One could go straight up to the deck balcony or erase going on. Sample, remix, sample! A voice shot up from behind the cars and ignitions hummed.



Awful tasting coffee soaked in the tannins and vanilla. A careful connoisseur knew bitterness not to make relevant ties to anything else. An admirer clouded in a blue smoke, darker, a film containing sensors as a thermostat kicked in.

A plaid jacket could very well have taste. Its rugged disposition reached as much as it startled – brisk, refreshing, available.

The roadster should be taken out for a spin. Calvin had no say because he alluded to it when they met. In fact, a tighter knit venue to burn rubber so to speak.

They had no clue what others were thinking to extend their reasoning. Pure exhibition became their lingo. “Somehow this is history,” Mel said, “We’ll let them figure it out.”

Convertibles might have a larger impact in this part of the world on the buyers market. There’s the route to attaining a landmark that moves, truly goes away, then arrives. Consuming a group’s interest factor.

Popular cars compete right down to the littlest bit. Condensation, suntans, and glitter are fancy representations of a symbol like that darn emblem – bland colour and all. A simple homing device.

“I used to pass time in memorabilia stores,” Calvin said, “... looking on it now it was weird that I did. I mean I never bought anything, and man I fidgeted around. I’d get this glass the shape of cowboy boot.”

Lizzie Street provided a shopping strip. They were willing to purchase things if the majority agreed on its value. They could always make another trip if items went over size. This element of communication looped.

The Audio Pit lured advertising stereos engineered to produce bass. Calvin thought the stock one could use an upgrade. And an enthusiastic teenager opened the front door greeting them, aware of roadsters and their tiniest flaws.

His name was Daz and the back display room showcased the most applicable packages. Recently they retired a bunch of low weight carriers and appreciated any feedback.

Their price range seemed evenhanded when gauging each other, more-or-less watching the driver. Daz then mentioned a one-day promo and installation special because of the week closing. A new car by nine o’clock tomorrow morning, he said.

You guys can hit the boardwalks, he said louder.

Flautdam’s bulk squared up to another grid. Artificial construction butted up to a flamboyant few then the next few; traffic lights were as common as four-way



stops. Motorists distributed the social norm tailgating their own destination, so frustration paved a way to say hello, beckon your image on the day. A real solid dispute laid blame on actually hiding. Its population pulled sources on just about any lasting headway. Media is a funny term.

Near the end of Lizzie Street an independent retailer completed the jaunt. Most finished off there by satisfying a perquisite on the educational bill.

Bennie Street fixed itself as a heritage calling ground preserving the iconic legacy stretching centuries. Central debate said and planted roots when push came to shove. In every era a small flower garden got trampled on meaning territory had been crossed. As a marker to getting older eventually they'd see, it got said. Besides the grander fights they also controlled by-laws that tended not to change.

Mel got wind that the next-to-mayor was in pretty big trouble. "He's in hot water turning lukewarm," he said as they strolled. "Insider stuff touching faucets in Italy. Heard of Ferrari?"

The appearance of a single unit house concealing the garage might be in the design staples. Using long-lasting silica boards overlapping to fan out replaced brick and every other assortment – even the flowing mortar style, and following patterns.

Improving the value of the home held precedence. Once a contractor accepted a line of work they could go at it. After a hands-on trial everyone loosened up and a transition arose like they'd predicted.

An office furthest the garage and a few supplies to roam with gave ultimate freedom and shelter. So a technician understood the broad strokes when hiring or joking around.

Closer to the ocean asphalt turned into course gravel driveways narrowing into a retreat. People rushed to the edge bringing dates, swatting noise, and then started all over again. Timed lights came on to think about the sprinklers. These were buildings versus getaways.

Boardwalk Main competed primarily to not grow old. Restoration just happened to occur alongside a community practice. The outsider can tell the difference because we've been primed to notice, Ian finally barked. I've seen my share of Venice Beach. And what's that other beach that enters our conscious when our mind speculates.

This is public property at its mercy turning the tide and washing the slope. He ran off towards the water, taking off his shoes and yelled. The waves absorbed it all including a few saucer shaped rocks. A swim at your own risk sign became



Stated in fine print somewhere: every two months he officially joined the tour. In most disciplines a leader could not be unrecognizable from an innovator – most of it got simply said to the really curious.

The complex Valerie resided at wouldn't miss him as much as the tenants; he dealt with the condo board people in another manner affording everyone's ear. Minute issues needed to sound as if they had pricks on the surface that could only get worse. He prepared a summary for every meeting held at the conference room. And those in positions propped up knowing a thing or two.

Lanny promised to make sure no one put a poster on his door and always carried one of his bags down to the bus. The exchange pushed him to try exercise waiting for the perfect tennis partner and hoping for the court nearest to the shade. Between wishing his seat to reappear at the French Open and becoming an instructor at his frail age the condo would keep busy.

A day later Valerie returned a call to his cell which hadn't happened in many months, and since he canceled voicemail he saw the condo's number. At their first rest point he found a chance to calm Lanny's anxiety – telling him not to go to the fitness facility alone and to have his beeper on him at all times. He trusted Antonio and his judgment.

The facility absolutely needs a monitor besides the downsizing of their charts. Outdated reminders of what could possibly be boredom, screeching off the pulleys, wearing off a lackluster paint job. The presence of a qualified instructor may be difficult to keep interested, however, a foldout couch supplying a record of events might satisfy most.

He already knew what he liked to eat and had become quite a student proclaiming the value of fats. Only one disheveled guy moved off the floor completely and found refuge on the second level where Kerr tried to maintain occupancy. On the fifteenth floor you shot over the ocean of course, directly into Roland Garos or the cramped alleys in the French Quarter.

Antonio introduced the group to the rooftop as a show of truth. The flipside was his expression he said. He didn't care to explain how he got past the alarm.

Intentionally, medical school lasted seven years at a quality institution known for its program. Of all the places in the world the Dean made sure Doirav-Gilles sounded like a place. As a location to study access hinged eloquently to domed ceilings and other areas of learning. They had an alternative name for being a cardiologist broadening perspective to say the least. Signing up came overnight in a revelation and in the morning you felt alive.

Finishing the internship then set strides to leave and continue on – no more irregularities in sight.

Working with the cardiac unit he believed the hospital functioned to its best capability. Implementing a working shift that transferred flow as if everybody stood on an escalator and the stairs vanished. Precisely on this ground an understanding of the technology they used could make sense.

Periods of construction on the new building hampered a few prospective memos he submitted for delays as he felt a section equaled many valued opinions. Some patients wouldn't argue around it. But he gained credits a friend vouched.

Antonio did battle other material possessions he acquired for his house labeled 'Scenario'. Preferably he'd call them tools if pressure subsided. Now regional directors were either providing the impetus or rather challenging what stuff they sifted through. His Jacuzzi was on the Import schedule and used frequently. Foot stools from Asia were also convenient.

As a habit an invitation to the home outside hours managed relationships. You should just wake up and I mineswell say it, he resorted to greetings, not the reaction.

Corey detested his position of director even though he gladly glued the stamps to get to the spot. Perhaps it was the fact he couldn't untangle the bureaucratic process as a definition. At social gatherings tensions imagined themselves; there was always last month's gala he preferred to sound like an idealist.

So because of this advantage he adopted the social norm: to show up on time. And when the event transpired brought a guest as well. Carmoleas from town dressed to his arms as an accessory. Cynthia dashed onto the scene. In a way she tried not to appear as glamorous as her vibe.

On request Corey received permission from other heads to seek control of floor transfers. Moving those that wouldn't normally offer to move and run a more efficient hospital, shuffle dynamics. He was in the midst of providing adequate notification of the benefits, organizing certain deals, securing governmental loops. A select few had the oldest documentation.

Doctor Fulszer lived almost an incalculable life on the eastern shore. When options spread he sat back and vice versa. His mistakes plotted onto the median on every account, especially his leisurely ways – drinking two wheat beers over the course of three hours. Collecting lost clothing and insinuating misbehaviors as flare, a spark wrestling with intimacy, and women were in the picture.

They got close enough to say he was an excellent doctor.



The quisesential bike repair shop understood three gears and how it influences every other two-wheeled vehicle. An essayist summed up this conclusion he probably didn't foretell elucidating, nonetheless gratitude existed when skating across the river to the crystallized air. In cities across the globe there are bikes as souvenirs in the season; further south the writer might be in hiding, rethinking, or hopefully coming for a visit.

Eastons served butter tarts and tea for every tune up. His celebrity baker was really a chef hoarding books at her place yet imposing a matter-of-fact style to 'showing up'. She altered the five jaunts to success bringing in a budget to work from the shop. They ordered an oven that would stand the test of time and knew not to push any more.

Weariness couldn't exist within a district. Quite possibly it contained a futile response to vigorous advancement by collaborators. The spontaneous ones given the vain look of spontaneity as approached on the topic. Because he believed there was always a subject.

Tarmissa ran to her supplier unaware of the odd dog on a leash. Her guy weighed everything on scales, used thicker knives, and ordered goods as they were intended. She couldn't support kickboxing mostly because of the competitors. Any relevant cause belittled her enthusiasm for scones, croissants, and tarts. No one exaggerated on the pain to get kicked in the face. Revealing her hands at the opportunity she said I douse them in coconut cream.

The middle aged doctor of fair complexion could be seen within the rectangle watching admirers. Generally they gabbed, wolfed, and recycled voraciously. Chances were miles away closer to tall business buildings they'd egg loneliness for some reason.

Long ago he learned to accept the environmental factor walking into the clinical setting, cautious of how he slightly leaned when walking. In one circumstance the waiting room gasped with two people in it – unable to disarm a panic attack. Threats circled their own making. In rejecting an approval that requested his attendance at a conference: spiraling messages played elevator talk.

On another request he explored the musician's error as it came over the lines asking for a favour. Instead of jotting down the brief history Fulszer wrote down the young man's aspirations. It registered some time later on the next level looking out the window.

Gala Rego sat at the highest marked attendance rating. Antonio had the catering company sign in for a fleet granting them priority on menu revisions and

blacklisting pork coming northwest of Flautdam. In addition, a Crooked Tower from one architect's division based loosely on the explosion model he dared to confess to local anticipation. Anything fabricated ultimately benefited the evening harboring the editors in the growing field. Sheepishly a few of them got cornered as you overhear the size of the event. In retrospect they exhibited outstanding articling. Important details went towards submissions in a passer's by attitude, including those directly involved.

Jacque's expertise as a chauvinistic politician may have captured the night. Arriving early and selecting crowds to speak to – set on his agenda. Accordingly an hour became two. Shaping their perceptions on the one gig entertainment debt that clawed at the reservoir, and there were a lot of magnifying glasses calculating the scores.

He happened to know that turtles were infectious – many more times than cobras. Bobbing on the turquoise waves in a life vessel they sent out chemical signals to potential mates coloring the ocean with envy. A progressive linking of the great crusade.

Bedazzled by Jacque's promises Aileen couldn't sleep. Her idea of an entrepreneur was turned outside down. Here was this enigmatic loyalist preaching yet not. His voice rippled through a history of verse coming out as a rounded documenter, like a piece of fruit.

She felt obliged to slip into her comfy clothes and start scribbling in her notebook before losing touch with the essence. And after some time craved to return, again basking in the mythical, absorbing rays, likening to the tango she'd never heard of, maybe indulge in a dream of tomorrow's skip into the festival.

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What exactly – is a festival. There are organizations supporting the cause. Gigantic banners flapping in the wind, Cynthia thought, siding on the conservative. There are rebels and then there are party-seekers. Take what you will, but there plenty to chose from. Deciphering the aftermath of an unpreventable occasion *is my thesis*.

Already determined is general favoritism. In a frame of doubt we are easily convinced of the contrary, quite dependent on partaking in the unusual. Shrugging off the momentary glances of disapproval from the week previous become new dance moves. Physiologically we are prone to behave in certain ways; it's best to recognize the buzzes and call them on their lingo.

"Myprix alleviates the jitters," Cynthia said, "almost as good as not knowing it's around."

Discovering this payment option flashes as a billboard but only the border. Then you try to place the roundabout version because it's given off a resemblance of a centralizing sensation of life chirping. Honks and the like are grotesque spews.

Antonio pondered how they shipped stuff on the boats from the Florida belt. He often pretended to have a cigar in his hand shifting in his chair rearranging things.

Cynthia had a habit of sleeping in and although she'd listen he simply left some spreads on the counter for breakfast before scooting down to the condos. Lanny met him outside to amazement and the purr of the Honda motorcycle. He told Lanny this is a prescription and commands fit into the structural thinking. Once the interpretation of riding is abolished the continuing elevation to an experience is laid out in austere craft – say for instance the forehand grunt hitting the white line without argument.

The clubhouse needed some work. When it changed names in the first place the problems started. It should have remained the tennis courts revolving on matches, switching courts after points, bringing an irrefutable contest. Realistically the hangout functioned as a secondary building. A cop-out Lanny said. In no form a comparison to moving into the senior years. Antonio agreed. If he convinced his darling to get home safely he'd arrange to swing by and go to the benefit.

As a diversion Antonio drove to get a bunch of food for his place. It became an arduous task to conform in this fashion. A reservation at a club gave a particular meaning to the energy we can't live without. Roaming and sweating together nibbled as an annoyance. Swiftly he picked up a few bags and tied them to the crate he borrowed.

Cynthia was watching city programming on television in the air-conditioned downstairs area, all the while creating useful space. She finished updating the computer stuff and some guys were emailing a response. The next assignment meant jockeying for the one afterwards, or really the third leap.

Anyone and their team would require a protected greyhound to infiltrate the new security system. They'd have to initially stumble across the individuals in light of the situation, indiscreetly pass one's interest and then get their stamps and bling. From here I could let everything else go, Antonio mentioned, leaning against the island.

Outside he proceeded to mow the lawn, as it was a beautiful day, cutting close to the retaining wall. It'd been put there a decade ago to also prevent jumping



onto the street. Standing six feet high and layered in ruby. Definitely a landscaper's signature rocking to a completed horizon.

He stored the little electric mower in the repairs room by the creek. The mossy roof blended in with the hardwoods and surveyors. A trail lead into a swarm of insects you couldn't keep tabs on the order and wildness. When a tree fell a smoldering fire bounced from this effect, it didn't require property rights or singing.

Although the island area portrayed a relaxed attitude newly designed and thought out, Cynthia understandingly helped on the project. Underestimated in the initial layout the contractor used standard heights straight from the previous plan, which when measured weren't high enough. Looking across the room from the furthest seat highlighted the stove element that needed to remain counter-sunk.

Merle's Lo, a unique publication in small demand proved the theorems from one side – the visiting uninvited guest. Their photographer issued snaps on this vantage axis, and a scale could be seen in under a minute.

She retrieved a ruler to provoke this obvious fact and now had executive control on adjustments.

Carpenter work had to be rough by functionality. She learned this as companies formed and while thinking about the confidence quotient integrating into ultimately, value. She spent the rest of the afternoon removing the counter top and sawing the legs shorter, before placing a sheet over the mess to assign 'In progress'.

Corey dedicated a building block as an ode to a site that was cordoned off and he refused to give details about. Open-mindedly the travel days sandwiched into a partial blame system said vaguely on the state of affairs. He scanned current affairs as if it were a preliminary exam, conscious of the clothes he wore. Dressed to kill as a burial sucked every fabrication into the setting.

His favourite *magazines* couldn't be discarded. Neither would the bones to the printing house whither and chip off. A celebration was a better word than consignment. Misrepresentation fancied its own tail.

A clever monkey gets up the tree line and chucks what appears to be food. They usually come alone and it is the female hunched at the brim, and she is thinking. They hike quite the distance for the forty-yard stare.

Aged, listless, transient painters depict their savvy fortitude in absolute conditions. We ought to accept this premise as abundance: go window browse late at night. "I'll call Joan to arrange a stay," Cynthia added.



responsibility the handing over has the ability to haunt. First thing in the morning a reliable schema comes to mind, and after a routine of stretches a voice reasons its way from the person.

Death found a circle like a compass. At her last funeral she remembered the people who clasped their hands together and noticed the shoelaces. No one else dared to remark, let alone mention the candor when the topic arose, usually on the sign off.

Assembling the work shed happened to consume the epitaph of the project. She did all the estimating and ordering in a concise amount of time and level-headedness. The local store had everything and weren't surprised when she went in by herself and loaded the truck.

Clark gave his once priced possession over willingly, having taking the ranger into the jungles and having the windows smashed in from moving branches. Survival of the fittest he told her.

Secretly she knew his story was an amazing elaboration. Beyond the exuberant quest to find love sweating he most definitely had an idea that wouldn't end. Losing his best friend to drowning carried the rush. Devouring a whole fish in the smoker filled the cylinders and it didn't matter what type of fish. Mercury contained mercury.

Back and forth we'll call our communication. Promising to keep speed on how to fix the green renegade. Certainly there should be an optimal compartment to store tools and other overnight essentials, including adjustable wrenches, a battery tester, flares because they were under-rated. Preferring the one-sided phone presided.

In exchange for leasing the new life came the changing of guard. No more toiling into the ease of passing the dollar to the royals. We in every gust of wind didn't want to smell what lasted century after century. A valiant Royal opened to the scent of cloves, marigolds, and the finest crushed mint in a chocolate biscuit. They in their own manner would delight on special occasions wrapped with wrapping paper.

Clark figured walking to the chocolate store accounted for the many possible detours available. On one jaunt the dogs were in the backyard digging, flinging soil at the fence and enjoying the environment. Not in any grace could a dog be put down before her time. Someone said a growl was deceptive. At least they were honest.

Cynthia detested the artificial turf aspect. Mainly it aligned with art deco linguists. Furniture presented an allure outside and together, against the

blackboard of leaving. A strong tan made a human. Stars had power and inclination.

Every constellation allowed an extra phone call lasting into the power bandwidth. Clark's new friend collected data on the satellites and Russia's fight for more shares. They'd strike a deal on what was known and what wasn't known; for the evidence part he lived halfway across the city.

A welcoming party is a lucrative resource. In the last two decades, before any gigantic shuttle launch, there's the round up. Securing finances that might otherwise be reserved for retirement always repeated this law and so we have it.

Victor had a good mutation in every sense. He fit the bill for the donor card in the surprise lottery. When he sat down for his picnics the grass shuffled. He ate well and steadfast like love. On mediocre days he spent more time swinging on the swing set trying not to grow old.

In the library he accumulated everything. Outsourcing reduced itself to the label and he tried morally to see the brand. Perhaps in the basement he kept a diary on painters where he would never recognize the line or link.

His mother rode the bus past the house every day. Decisions weren't based on trivial visitation rights. She pleaded that he should go visit his cousin in Europe. Encouragement had a resounding effect attached to all missions.

Mrs. Fershiyn believed in the lucky charm. It's how she married, rejoiced, understood. It also brought her to yoga that no one had predicted. If she turned seventy-five she planned to teach its technique in schools – a perfect balance. Insurance companies quite literally would hound her.

Mr. Fershiyn acted as a statue in progress because he saw and lost a stoic figure. It probably occurred before they met and he knew it to the benefit side of things. Most of his closest friends watched his hands flinch to find arousal. At the firm he helped establish his superiors wrote down their notes and sent them back to him. Assuredly the high stakes game never worked; everyone shook up, ironed their clothes again, ate breakfast, scanned a daily fast, then found humour.

Curiously they wanted to barge into the larger scene as prosecutors. The system had to include three levels functioning as a paradigm. Swirling at the bottom aromas existed. Any aroma fell into this classification.

Witnessing his second court case changed Victor's codes. He'd become a self-declared tube guy before eyeing up jurors in practice. Surprisingly the middle-aged woman received a remarkable rating on interactions – conversing in the corridors, streets, coffee huts. She warmed to the older man slouched in his chair



about yoga while she did the long cat yawn into Africa. Beverly's pet looked as if it belonged chasing strays to the alleyways.

One of her husband's friends oversaw that no dead bodies ended up haphazardly behind their houses. X-man came up in conversations when Beverly antagonized inviting her other friend to gatherings on every occasion. Realistically her view kept slamming the dead end, although she entertained.

Upstairs she took her merry time in the washroom with the window open to the backyard. In an emergency she probably wouldn't jump out to save her life. Victor purchased a telescope he learned to use consuming his thoughts.

"I don't give him an allowance." Konny said. All his chores got done after last year's debacle.

At the courthouse the judge issued Mr. Fershiyn a separate room under special conditional circumstances. He noticed the chairs matched the table and it quieted the rumblings from those in the spectator's lounge, filled to capacity. Respectfully the back door opened to the stairwell for an easy escape outside. Timothy asked him to do certain runs and keep pace.

Shopping became an exclusive term allowing a bridge to their backgrounds. The Tria Suspension bridge in Japan and completed in under a year had a fascinating vigor. It competed with the bogs moving on the surface of an eight-lane superhighway in Siberia.

Konny wanted new lighting for the office; something that should be done when first noticed. It could be thrown into the budget he learned to calculate.

They both liked the look of the police uniform; it had changed five years ago to a lighter shade embracing the squad. Section chief Nim Lora had improved the fading sense given to urgency within everyone's duty.

Beach volleyball had a contemplative effect on late night card games. Usually the teenagers found refuge there drawing lines in the sand, and they weren't the groups that littered. Nim believed his son might stay interested to promote athleticism to other ethnic minorities. They were beginning an outreach program in schools connected to charities, mostly involved in implementing computers, salvaging second-hand orders.

Timothy entered the circle smoothly, out of compassion, a search to coalesce his tools. He knew his niece would write an astonishing memoir and a lopsided letter when she settled in a small town in either France or Germany. It'd arrive in black ink and addressed the proper way, signed at the bottom. Growing into herself she never lost the art of handwriting. She used to hide Plasticine around the house to trick the dog, keeping her wound up.









The efficiency to secure a new identification wasn't as difficult as the laborious task some went through to seek isolation. Flautdam resembled a dream in Thailand to incorporate the bulk of government structures. Essentially a group's power existed in the contradictory influence of minimalist approaches. Establishment became the cornerstone of language where barriers grew. It had always had a healthy branching.

Oddly defacing a prominent sidewalk and street with thoughtful stabs didn't work. In most cases the culprit sought to disrupt blooming and hadn't lived in a season. Josh's parents appalled littering. They drove back and forth between the adjoining towns at least twice a week.

Josh's computer friend insisted he make the journey as often as he could, perhaps he'd change his outlook. Flautdam contained a shimmer like New Orleans generation. Jim's foster parents owned the heart and beat after making the transition years ago. Roger was the real mayor yet he wouldn't in a million years run for office. He read three books over and over again and owned a platinum record washing up on the shore. He wondered how the musicians would calm down.

Garcia-Illa called themselves a four-piece experiment when everyone else acknowledged the fluidity of their get-togethers. Practically they self-destructed into the bridge leaving the sites on some accord. Maybe their music developed on another format.

Flautdam bought subjectivity to toss around. Compatible lounges attached to the hotels were accustomed to the exchange rate.

Roger believed in paradise to unfurl in his bragging rights. Unknowingly he gained interested crowds thinking on his behalf.

Roadways dominated the landscape creating traffic in itself. Ambitiously the common car forgot their surroundings losing the benefactor in a segregated place.

Jim would learn to drive he kept saying as others mentioned the commute across town, or north to the rivers. The planners had to figure out the licensing section from the heap of needless bureaucracy.

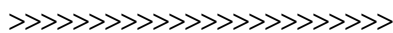
One of two careers would allow Jim a future in the Americas. In close to his twelfth birthday he became a show-off adding up all the opportunities. The musical to separate the rest was the warm-up – it followed rhythm and trust.

Traveling naked and its fundamentals included a solid stage with a reliable team. An influx of members focused on bringing the entire production to the

next plateau secured a legitimate traveling act. Other productions lasted indefinitely into New Orleans, New York, Denver – sizing the city limits.

This play derived from the South West had an indistinguishable quality tying its momentum to historic occasions. Uprising and reorganization defined a talent worthy of the cause, and the network tightened. In five years little would change accordingly.

Roger observed the process while he propped his feet at Romm’s Lounge taking casual mental notes. He ordered pastrami when times were slow, splurged at other times. He was asked to write a book for the coffee table and thought I’d be a moral idea.



Beverly lost her bet during an argument she had already drawn. She did this to remain intact. Mrs. Fershiyn and their group accepted the obvious bonding a socialist elite elevated. Daytimers were crucial to the well-being of a justifiable circle and factual accounts.

The butcher’s wife recalled the friendliness of the delivery man and how he distributed business matters. His promptness stayed awhile as she flipped through the order forms – he’d have to come back within ten days. Barb declined the vodka he kept in the cabin along with the gouda cheese sausages.

Faxes were easiest to handle and sort out. Jalson Transport sent cover pages with every forward, something they would always do.

“Installing a company computer in the cab might eliminate hurdles,” Beverly said. Hitchhikers have found another lease on life, or quite likely they’ve slid mainstream, making it difficult to notice the freeway.

On this television channel a program ran snippets of missing people in various circumstances. These Copperfields followed a script when the paparazzi blared their horns and not their noses. Half of the enigmatic bunch lived privately within the orange light district, standing bolder in lineups to retrieve their fixings. “The other half went to school to study us,” Beverly added.

In Europe an-eye-for-an-eye policy shook some wit into your hair, and they designed better hats. Heat strokes were a tragedy. And it’s humorous to question the assertion they don’t fit into a fashionable society. Every year or so there’s the year of pictures, mishaps, collaboration.

We should take Nim out for lunch one day. He doesn't scare me reflecting on Konny's mannerism, and strolling by the water. Konny refused to believe Timothy was a card shark slowly educating them on etiquette and tumble weeds. Purposefully he remained busy and his cupboards were stocked for visitors. In his spare spare time he browsed cottage country books to tingle his senses because the pasture reached forty kilometers from the back deck, puffing on Cuban cigars reserved for other signings. Knowing one president inside-out meant deep bruises were possible and worth the effort.

He was softer than most realized. Barb knew his twin worked feverishly away in another city more efficiently. *It's the most viable travel reason.* A curiosity to blow the chapeau off your head, then buy another one.

