

FATHER-SON DAY

By

D.S.Harford

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Part One

It had gotten dark as the train sped on its last leg, as Dennis stared out the window watching distant lights slowly move by. Lights in the train had been turned off, except for small ones lighting the aisle and one reading light was on over a man reading a newspaper.

"Are we there yet?" asked Dennis.

"I swear if you ask that one more time, I'm goin to croak," said Carl

"I'm sorry."

"Ah that's alright," Carl responded. "Actually we should be near the tunnel any minute now."

"What's the tunnel?"

"The train tunnel, it goes through the south side, and when you come out at the other end you'll be in town. Well almost, we have to cross the river first."

"Does the train go to Miss Tabor's house."

"No, we are being met by her driver at Penn station."

"How will we know him?"

"He will probably see us first; I'm sure he has our description."

"What is that?" Dennis asked.

A Bright red glow came from a hillside that they were passing. Just then an avalanche of red orange rocks came rolling down the hill toward the train.

"That's were they dump the hot coke from the furnaces," Carl responded. "Sometimes the sides of the train actually get hot from them."

"It looks like the sides of a volcano."

With out warning they entered the tunnel; it seemed that you could reach out and touch the wall as it flew by with an occasional yellow light flying by the windows. As suddenly as it had entered, the train burst out on the other side. The train lurched to the left giving Dennis a view of a black river reflecting hundreds of colored lights.

They found themselves turning back to the right and crossing a large bridge, with the dark waters below.

"That's the Monogahelia river we are crossing," Carl chirped.

"Boy, look at all those lights."

"That's the J and L steel mill, we will be driving right by it in the car."

"Look at the top of that building, its all lighted up."

"The Gulf building , it's the tallest building in Pittsburgh," said Carl.

"The buildings really are big , just like the pictures. Can we go

see them someday?"

"I don't see why not, You will no doubt get a complete tour of town, knowing Elizabeth."

The train started to slow down at the end of the bridge as it slowly turned again in the other direction. High walls on either side of them restricted Dutch's view. Then the screech of the brakes accompanied their slowing down as they pulled into Penn Station.

"OK, grab your coat and lets get our bags," said Carl.

"And find the driver," responded Dennis.

Stepping down off the train, the two of them crossed a busy platform and through a pair of doors. Dennis stopped and stared overhead at a large decorative dome.

"Really somethin, isn't it."

"Wow, how did they build it?"

"That I couldn't tell you."

"It looks like its going to fall on our heads."

"I don't think that will happen". C'mon , we can get our luggage over here."

"Why don't you see if you can find our driver."

"OK, Dennis responded , but he didn't know how he was to accomplish that; the place was full of people, either standing around or running somewhere.

Out of nowhere came his answer; there standing in front of him was a tall negro dressed in black, with the largest ears he had ever seen; smiling at him and holding a sign that said 'DUTCH '.

They sat in the back of the largest car Dennis had ever seen; busy

looking at all the activity in the streets. The ringing of a bell forced them to pull over as a street car went close by.

"Can we ride on one of them," asked Dennis.

"Sure first thing, when we come back to town," said their driver.

"Tell me, Charly," Carl asked. "Whatever happened to John?"

"Oh, sir he passed away a couple of years ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yes sir, Miss Tabor took it pretty hard. John had been her driver since she was a young woman."

"Yes I know". "How is she doing anyway?"

"Oh Miss Tabor's fine."

"Beautiful as ever"?

"Yes sir", She came north special, just to meet Mr. Dennis here."

"Elizabeth and I go back quite aways."

"Yes sir."

The limousine picked up speed as they left downtown. Street lights flew by as Dennis strained to see beyond their glare.

They were traveling on a wide highway that looked down on to the river. Dennis marveled at all the lights from the other side and their reflections in the water. There was a million paintings here, he thought, someday he will live someplace like this.

"I'll bet we could get a tour of the place, if you wanted, Dennis. How about it Charly?"

"Yes sir, there is very little, Miss Tabor couldn't do."

They drove in silence, as the limousine headed east out of town on route 30.

"How long before we get there?", Dennis asked.

Both men chuckled , " About 30 minutes", replied Charly.

"She actually lives in a town called Jeannette now."

"After her mother passed away she sold the old mansion and built a home on a high hill overlooking the town."

"You familiar with Jeannette, Mr. Carlson?"

"No I can't say that I am."

"Not a lot there, mostly glass factories and the like."

"Why did she move there?"

"Don't know exactly, maybe just to get away from it all."

Silence settled over them again as they approached the end of their journey.

The limo turned onto a gravel road that wended its way up a hill.

What had to be their destination came into view. It was as big as Dennis had imagined, with all it's lights on, it gave the appearance that a party was going on. As they drove around the circle drive, the front door immediately opened and coming towards them was obviously Miss Elizabeth Tabor.

Carl walked up the sidewalk to meet her halfway with Dennis close behind. They stopped at an arms length from each other; both of them smiling while staring at the other. Elizabeth made the first move, as always, throwing her arms around Carl's neck.

"My god your as beautiful as ever," said Carl.

"What did you expect an old hag of 46 years old. Dear Carl its so good to see you," kissing him on the cheek. Releasing him from her hug, she turned, "And this must be the famous Dennis."

"Yes mam....but I'm not famous."

"Well to some people you may soon be."

Placing her hand on Dutch's shoulder, "Come, you must tell me all about your drawing, I want to hear everything and I hope you brought some with you."

"Oh yes and I brought my first oil painting too."

"Oh, dear you are painting in oils already."

"Yep and I've started another one too."

"Is that your sketch pad?"

"Yes I take it everywhere."

"Could I see..... "

"Ya sure."

The two of them sat on a low brick wall in the snow, browsing through a sketch pad of an 8 year old child. She oohing and ahing, while he chattered a mile a minute, describing each drawing as she turned the pages, both ignoring the cold and the poor light.

"This looks kind of familiar", holding up the pad to the porch light."

"That was an old train station we stopped at."

"Oh yes, I know where that is."

Carl now being totally ignored, "John can I help with the bags?"

"Yes sir if you wish."

Retracing his steps back to the limo, Carl grabbed two bags and the two of them headed for the front door.

"You know you two could go inside where it might be a little more warmer," Carl said.

Elizabeth laughed as they all headed for the front door. Carl thinking to himself; you two are going to get along, just fine.

He sat in a leather chair in what was called the Sitting Room. Odd name for a room, he thought....the place looked more like a library. Conversation during dinner mostly centered around Dennis and his artwork. The place was big enough as he expected it would be. Elizabeth was one of the richest people in Pennsylvania and was never known as being cheap. Her reputation was more of the party girl with whispers of sexual perversion. He had helped himself to a scotch from the bar and sat down staring into the now roaring fireplace waiting for her. They hadn't had a chance to really talk during dinner. After they had all been given a tour of the house, with the exception of the basement. 'This is one area that stays closed off' he remembered her saying, while pointing at a locked black door. He wanted to ask her about that as well as a thousand other questions. He hadn't seen her in fifteen years, and she still looked the same. A little older, but not a whole lot. She always was very particular when it came to taking care of herself; apparently it has paid off. He found himself fantasizing about their relationship so long ago. Her sexual attitudes was more than he could handled. He couldn't understand how someone could separate the rest of their life from sexual pleasures. Their first encounter was simply her wanting to satisfy her curiosity or just satisfying her sexual appetite.

His mind drifted backwards in time as he closed his eyes and

remembered days so long ago, that they seemed unreal. How coincidental that one of the drawings of Dennis was the train station where they.....

"Carl, hey Carl, what are you staring at."

"Guess."

"Forget it pal, that's the Tabor kid."

"So."

"Out of your league. "

"Yeah, howso."

"Money, position and older than you for starts."

"I think I'll go over and introduce myself to her, you coming."

"No I think I'll just stay here and watch you make a fool of yourself."

The two of them had come to Greenville for the spring festival, that was held every year. It always coincided with the end of the term year at the University, and was known for as a place where one could meet members of the opposite sex.

The stories that circulated about the town and its spring festival where more than likely just that. However one never really knew and plus a lot went on during the week. The economy of the area was mostly the coal mining operations, as was the case of most towns along the Monogehalia river.

One week out of the year they shut down the mines for the festival. The local farmers came into town and set up booths giving a carnival like atmosphere to the place. Auctions were held

and every conceivable contest went on. In addition plant and flower displays were everywhere. It was no surprise to Carl that Elizabeth was there, with her obsession with flowers and the fact she now lived there. Something to do with wanting to get away from her father. He walked across the street leaving his companion behind. As he approached, she spotted him and a large smile greeted him.

"Why Carl what a pleasant surprize."

"Hello, Miss Tabor and how are you today."

I'm very well, thank you , but you don't have to be so formal Carl, call me Elizabeth."

"Ok , Elizabeth", smiling he offered her his hand.

"Is your mom and dad in town?" she asked.

"No we are here for the festival

"Well, if your companion doesn't mind; would you care to accompany me ?"

"Yes I would like that very much."

Turning to, what was obviously her driver, "John, Mr. Sempler will be coming with us".

"Yes mam," said a tall black man dressed in all black, except for a gold medallion hanging from his neck.

Getting out of the car from the driver's seat, he opened the rear door for them to enter.

"And your friend?"

"Oh he'll be alright."

Driving bye, Carl waved out the window to his past companion; who watched them drive by, with a curious expression on his face.

They were driven around town that morning taking in the sights. He remembered feeling as if he was on top of the world. Being chauffeured around with a beautiful rich woman, who sat very close, being more than a little attentive towards him. She was dressed in a bright green dress that she pulled up exposing her silk covered calves. And would open at the top whenever she leaned over. She held his hand between hers, while talking about her father, who's strictness and obsession with the church and its preaching; finally drove her to move away.

Moving closer to him, "Would you like some lunch."

"That would be great," he responded, "I know this place..."

Interrupting him, "Don't be silly, I have lunch in the back of the car, it's my treat."

"John, take us to the Falls."

"Yes mam, the Falls it is."

They drove out of town onto a two lane country road heading south

"Where are we going, exactly."

"To a special place I know about, that I go to. Usually I go there by myself. So consider yourself special," she responded laughing.

The car slowed down and turned on to a red-dog road. The narrow road led down a long grade into a woods. As they went further on, the road narrowed to almost a path, with shrubs and tree branches scraping the sides of the car.

"Where are we going?"

"Don't worry, you won't be disappointed, I promise you."

The driver slowed the car down to a crawl as tree branches rubbed

its sides and top. They came to a stop in a clearing, that was covered by branches of trees over head, keeping the sun hidden from view.

"Well here we are, come on lets get out."

He followed her out of the back seat; while John held the door open. They had stopped inside a forest of green. The brush all around them, gave a stillness to the air, except for a type of humming sound, that at first he couldn't identify.

"That sound is the falls, which is near by, and where we are going," she said.

Going to the rear of the car, John had opened the trunk.

"It's going to be a picnic at the most beautiful place in the world," she said, while smiling at him.

"Here you carry the basket, and I'll carry the blankets."

As they walked from the car, he turned, "What about John, it doesn't seem quite fair."

"Silly, he's a chauffeur, he's paid to wait here till we get back."

"Oh."

He followed her as she picked her way through an opening in the bushes, that at first, he couldn't see.

Once out of sight of the car, she stopped and laid the blankets down.

"Wait one minute, this dress isn't exactly the wear for hiking."

Reaching down she grabbed the side hem and pulled it up tucking it into her belt. Doing the same to the other side, he tried not to

stare at her exposed legs.

"Ok lets go," she said softly.

They walked down a path that had obviously been hand made. The noise got louder as they progressed, down a route that got steeper, to the point of making it a little difficult to stand upright. She stopped and catching up with her, he found himself standing over looking at a waterfall from above, with a wide creek above that was spotted with numerous large flat rocks.

"Lets go over there she pointed to a large flat rock in the middle of the flowing water.

"How do we get over there?" he asked.

"Just follow me, it's easy."

He followed her down to the waters edge. She set the blankets down and putting her back to him, removed her shoes and stockings.

"Now, that's better, these stones can ruin silk in no time."

Picking up the blankets she slowly stepped up onto one of the rocks and began to pick her way across the creek; with Carl close behind.

They sat on a heavy blanket eating tuna sandwiches and sipping a white wine. Sunlight filtered through the trees overhead creating designs on the numerous flat stones; while the water rushed past them on all sides and disappeared over the edge to somewhere below.

He had almost wished he had brought his field kit. The subject matter for painting was everywhere, especially the subject sitting next to him. That would be impossible, of course, ladies of her stature would never pose for some artist. With hard times as they

were; models were easy to get, but this seemed different. For one thing he kept getting an erection, every time he found himself staring at her bare legs. He doubted whether he could control himself if she were nude, let alone paint or sketch her.

"Isn't this the prettiest place that you've ever seen?" she asked, breaking the silence.

"Yes, yes it is quite lovely. How did you find it?"

"Oh I didn't really find it, my parents use to come here all the time on weekends during the summer. Actually the place that I found is a little ways from here. It's a place that I don't think anyone else knows about. At least I like to think that. Comon, finish your wine and I'll show you."

"Lets take it with us," he responded standing up.

Reaching down he took her by the hand and followed her as she led him over the rocks to the other side.

They traveled down a steep rocky incline that followed the rushing water as it fell into a pool below. After walking for about five minutes past the bottom of the falls, She took his hand, "Through here," saying it so softly, he could hardly hear her.

Pushing through the shrubs they came upon a small clearing. The trees and dense foliage blocking out the sun, giving the space the color of lush dark green. A small dark pond ran up to a bank of grass. The water a deep green as it reflected it's surroundings and totally still. The clearing gave the appearance that no one had ever been there, except for the grass.

"Where did the grass come from?"

"Why I planted it."

"Your kidding."

"No I'm not kidding, I half created this area."

"I cleared it and planted most of the bushes you see, as well as the grass."

"Well I'll be, It's beautiful. It looks like something out of a fairy tale."

"Yes, I come hear, when I have problems or just want to be alone. You are the only other person that knows about this aside from John."

"John!"

"Yes John! I trust him with my life, and he helped me with parts of it."

Lying back in the grass he gazed up into the thick branches above with her lying down next to him on her side, facing him.

"Have you ever screwed a women."

"I'm sorry" what?"

"You know, are you still a virgin."

"Why?"

"I'm just curious, that's all."

"I'm not going to tell you, that's private anyway."

"Don't be embarrassed, it's quite normal, you know."

"Which, screwing or being embarrassed."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to insult you."

"Your not insulting me. But most women don't ask those type of questions."

"I'm not as most women," as she rolled over on her back.

They laid there on their backs in silence for what seemed a long time.

Finally, Carl getting up on one elbow leaned over toward her and gazed at her. Her dress had slipped up to her hips exposing the full length of her bare slim legs and a touch of white at the side.

She laid there ignoring him, with her eyes closed as if sleeping.

"Do you have a girl friend?" she asked.

"No, not really."

"What does, not really mean?"

"Well I know a couple of girls who model at school."

"In the nude?"

"Sometimes."

"I've often fantasized about modeling in the nude. Sometimes when I come here alone, I go swimming in the pond naked, but that water is ice cold."

"Even in the summer."

"Yes, even in the summer.....would you like me to model for you someday?"

"Sure."

Lifting her arms over her head, she arched her back, her breast pushing at the green fabric.

"Do you find me attractive," she whispered.

"Yes, very much."

"Then why don't you do something?"

"Like what?"

"Like...kiss my ass."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean any thing by... I mean...."

"Best, you keep quite, before you stick your other foot in your mouth. By now most men would have at least tried to kiss me. Your not queer, are you?"

"NO, of course not."

Turning towards him she undid the top two buttons on her dress, exposing the tops of her breast. Then taking hold of his hand she placed it inside.

"Let me show you what a women likes," she said as their lips met.

Her soft moist lips, parted as she inserted her tongue into his mouth. His breathing increased as he caressed her breast and kissed her. He reached down with one hand and unbuttoned her dress to her waist, pulling the green cloth over her shoulders trapping her arms to her side. He lowered his face and buried it between her bare breast.

"Lick and suck on my nipples.....yes like thatharder..... now put your hand between my legs....rub itoh yes,.....keep rubbing.....Oh god that feels so good....no don't stop."

He could feel her warmth and wetness through the white silk.

Slipping his hand under her underwear he gently inserted a finger inside her as her breathing increased. Placing her hand over his,

"Rub here," she moaned, while moving his hand slightly upward.

"Yes there, fasterfaster. Oh god, oh god....yes."

She spread her legs further apart as her hips jerked up and down, her cry being muffled against his chest as she clung to him. He

continued to hold her tightly in both his arms, until her breathing slowly returned to normal.

A ray of sunlight broke through the trees overhead as a slight warm breeze moved the branches that separated them from the outside world.

"Stand up, she instructed him, and take off all your clothes."

He stood and removed his shirt, then his shoes and socks as she watched. Removing her dress and the white silk, she sat back on her feet in the nude. He stared at her; while he finished undressing. He stood there naked, unable to move. This was a dream, not the real world. Her long red hair fell over one shoulder almost covering her breast. Her nipples were a soft pink and a small patch of red hair showed between her thighs.

The contrast with her white skin and deep green surroundings gave the illusion, that he was viewing a painting.

He felt a combination of embarrassment and desire; while she stared at his now full erection. He started to take a step....

"Don't move," she said. "I just want to look at you for a moment."

An eternity seemed to past as he stood there while she looked at him. Her eyes half closed, staring at his midriff.

She slowly moved closer to him on her knees, until her face was almost touching him. Placing her hands on his thighs she continued to stare at his genitals. He reached for her...

"No, this is our first time, let me do just for you," as she pushed his hands back down to his sides.

She slid one hand up his leg. Moving it between his legs and

rubbing his buttocks. He felt her fingers probing as she slowly pulled it forward and deeper until she held his testicles. Fondling them with one hand, she took his penis with the other. Lifting it she slowly ran her tongue from it's base to the tip. She licked and kissed it, grasping it firmly at the base she inserted it into her mouth.

He gasped with surprise and pleasure as her head moved back and forth beneath him. It built up in him to where he felt totally out of control. Placing his hands in her hair he forced himself into her as the silence of this hidden world was shattered by his moans.

Their affair didn't last a year before he broke it off. Their love making became more and more bizarre, until finally when she insisted on getting into bed with himself and another man; he walked out. Unfortunately he had also fallen deeply in love with her, making the decision to break it off, the most difficult thing he had ever done.

She simply didn't believe in any rules when it came to bedtime. Yet her morals and beliefs in all other areas was always beyond reproach.

He thought, almost like a Jekyll and Hyde type of thing....maybe she had this secret potion....that..

"Now we can sit down and do some catching up, my dearest Carl." Startled he stood and observed her standing in the doorway. She had changed into a emerald green robe that dragged on the floor as she walked toward him. Her long red hair falling over her shoulders. She held out her hand, taking his.

"Come lets sit down over here, I have so much to ask you."

They sat on a small sofa facing the fire, with her still holding his hand in both of hers.

"God, it's good to see you," she whispered.

"Same here...and you haven't changed a bit."

"Don't say that, please."

Smiling, he stared at his past, as all the old feelings began to return. Her robe was a luxurious velvet and the contrast with her hair was breath taking. A white foot slipped out at it's bottom with its nails and her finger nails painted to match the robe. He took a deep breath, while she looked up at him, smiling.

"Who goes first," he heard himself saying.

She laughed, "It was usually me."

"Yes that's true."

"You don't have to agree with me."

Carl putting on a more serious expression, "What do ya think of Dennis?"

"Christ, she responded, That's one way of starting a conversation. You said you've been teaching him for four years?"

"Yes since he was four years old. When his mother brought him to me, I thought it was some kind of hoax."

"You have done an amazing job teach."

"Actually I haven't done much of anything. You show him something once and he masters it. Nothing surprises me anymore with him."

"A pure genius"?

"I'm not sure that's the term to use."

"What else would you call it."

"I don't know ..., but you know how you think of most genius people. They are usually odd or stupid in practical ways."

"Dennis on the other hand is quite normal in all other respects.

He's very bright, makes all A's in school, gets along with others, although he seems to prefer older people."

"Just like a normal kid, huh."

"Sometime I think that maybe he is some kind of jump in human evolution. I know, I'm sounding a little strange, myself."

"Maybe not, we really know very little about the human brain," she added. "I think it was Eistein who said that we only use about 10% of our brain."

"No, Einstein said that genius is only 10% talent and 90% hard work; but then he hadn't met Dennis."

"You say he is like other children?"

"Yes and no. Outwardly he doesn't give any particular ahh... kind of oddness. If you were to meet him as a stranger you would think he is just another eight year old kid."

"Yes he seemed quite normal."

"I expect anytime to start seeing some type of eccentric behavior, but nothing out of the ordinary so far. Except for the nightmares."

"Nightmares?"

"Since he was little", apparently he used to wake up in the middle of the night screaming."

"And now?"

"Not sure, that is, his dad thinks that he is still having them, but that he keeps quite about them."

"Have you ever had him examined by a psychiatrist?"

"No, the dreams seem to be going away; and the expense, plus we are trying to keep him out of the public eye . Also I think it best that he be treated as a normal person rather than some freak."

"The tree will grow as the twig is bent, huh"?

"Something like that."

"When you first called, me about him, I was suspicious."

"About what?"

"Well dear, I hadn't heard from you in almost ten years."

Leaning back Carl sipped his scotch, staring at her.

"What did you think of his artwork"? he asked.

"Unbelievable really, especially the snow river sketches. So light and subtle for his age."

"In my opinion their the best think he's done so far."

"Better than the oil?"

"Yes, the oil is technically,well almost beyond belief. However its an exercise by a gigantic ego. Something I'm trying to keep an eye on."

"I thought it was painted as a gift to his mother?"

"True, but the tree is him, overlooking the rest of the world."

"It might be a symbol of his mother , you know."

"I don't think so. He has started on another one, the same tree, but viewed from below."

"That's interesting....don't read to much into it Carl, keep in mind that he is only eight."

"I know."

Getting up, Liz headed for the bar, "While you are here I want Dennis to meet someone."

"Who's that?"

"A ten year old that I know that lives here in Jeannette. He had polio and uses a wheelchair. He also has an I.Q. of over 180."

"Now that would be an interesting meeting."

"Yes I thought it might. This boys interest is more in the science area...however..they may have a lot in common. I spoke with his mother and told her, what you had informed me about Dennis. She was very interested, so we set up a visit this weekend . Dennis can go over to their place and sleep over , if that's ok with you."

"Ya that sounds fine. It will do him some good to have someone his age to play with, while we are here. Are they far from here?"

"No as a matter of fact they live in a house that is a couple of blocks away from the bottom of the hill. It's actually walking distance."

"What made you decide to move and build here?"

"Mostly for privacy. After mom died I wanted to start out all over, kind of thing. Sort of to get away from the social scene in town and be able to pursue other interest."

"Other interest?"

"Those of pleasures, my dear. But lets not talk of that right this minute. First I want to know what you have done."

Returning with a drink, she sat down, with her hip pressing against his.

"Now enough about your prodigy, tell me about you. Where have you

been and what have you done?"

"Well after wea..broke up."

"After you walked out, you mean."

"Sorry", I'm really sorry."

"I forgave you, a long time ago."

"Aaa..let's see, I had a successful exhibit, where I showed some of the nudes I did of you"

"Yes I know, I bought two of them."

"I had no idea."

"I thought it best you didn't know."

"You still have them?"

"Yes I do, as a matter of fact their here."

"Then after the exhibit I traveled and spent almost ten years out west, mostly in Arizona. Finally I ended up back here and was offered the position at the School."

"What no love life?"

"Nothing serious."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be, it was my choice, and I had a good time these last years."

"And during the war?"

"I was classified as 4fheart problems."

"Lucky you."

"I didn't see it that way."

"No you wouldn't."

They sat in silence sipping their drinks. Carl got up and went

over to the fire. Taking a log from the box he placed it in the fire.

As the fire came back to life , he looked at her sitting on the couch, while the flames flickered light off her robe and face. She smiled at him.

"Would you like another?" she asked.

"Yes please."

Getting up she reached for his glass, standing close until her head rested on his shouldered.

"Dear, dear Carl I've never stopped thinking of you."

Placing his hand on her small waist, "I know....leaving you was the most difficult thing I've ever done."

"It really wasn't your fault, I was being selfish and moved too fast."

"You still don't understand.....I couldn't share you with anyone else, let alone watch you make love with another person."

"Would it have been alright if that other person was another women?"

"I don't know. Ten years ago? It would have been the same."

Pulling away she went to the bar getting him his scotch. Returning she sat down on the couch.

"Would you like me to remove this robe?"

Walking over to her he took his drink.

"Of course I would, but please don't."

Throwing her head up she smiled widely at him.

"I'm still yours for the taking, anytime you want."

Sitting down close to her he placed his arm around her shoulder, pulling her toward him. They held each other in silence again, only the fire making a sound. He laid his face in her hair and felt her warmth as an old arousal swept over him.

"I'm having one of my events this weekend. I very much wish you would attend."

"Events?"

"It's sort of like a party."

"Here?"

"Downstairs."

"The black door?"

"Yes."

"What's downstairs?"

"Why don't I take you down there and you can see for yourself."

Getting up she extended her hand.

"Bring your drink. I promise you, you won't be bored."

"I can just imagine."

Smiling at him. "Always so serious, come on."

Leading him by the hand, they proceeded down the hall to the rear of the house.

Reaching the door, he asked. "Isn't this an outside wall?"

"Yes as a matter of fact it is. The downstairs is actually under the greenhouse out back."

Reaching into her robe, she took out a key and opened the door.

To his amazement. "Its an elevator."

"Push the bottom button and see what happens."

Pressing the button, the door closed and they started descending.

"We are going down about twenty feet underground. I spent a small fortune on this place," she added.

Stopping, another door opened and she led him into a small living room .

"Wait right here, while I turn everything on."

A humming noise started up as he felt a slight draft At the same time table lamps came on in the room.

"Follow me," she said.

She led him through an arch. "This is the bar," she said, pointing to a large unlit room on his right as they walked down a dimly lit corridor. At the end of the corridor they walked into a totally dark room.

Reaching over to the wall she turned on a light switch.

He found himself standing in another very large round room, with a round stage in the middle that was lit by a small overhead light. A runway connected the stage to a bank of black curtains on the wall.

The stage was surrounded by a variety of couches and chairs all in black with colored pillows thrown everywhere. He noted that everywhere you looked was black, except for the stage floor and that was a plush white carpet. The carpet also covered a grouping of three box like shapes at different heights on the stage.

"Your decorator had a thing for black, didn't he."

"Actually the he is a she, and the black was my idea. It sort of draws your attention to the stage. Don't you think?"

On the outside wall of the space where numerous dark arched

openings.

"Where do they all go?"

"Why don't you go see for yourself."

Moving to his left with Elizabeth close behind, he entered the first of the arches.

"The light switch is to your right."

Flipping the switch, he looked into a dimly lit room, the lighting coming from the ceiling; a room with a curved rear wall and about twenty feet across in both directions. The entire room was a series of levels from a few inches high to about waist height. All covered with various colored sheets that were loosely thrown around.

"Jesus"

"Jesus is hardly the word here.....We call this the family room."

"I can just imagine."

"If you join us this Friday, you won't have to imagine it."

"How many people attend these events, as you call them."

"What would you like me to call them?"

"That would depend on what goes on."

"And what do you think goes on?"

"Could it possibly be of a sexual nature?"

"Why Carl, I'm surprised at you."

"Bad guess," he replied.

"Actually no, you hit the bulls eye."

"Your having an orgy.....which would be a more honest description, wouldn't it."

"Not really. There are strict rules here."

"Oh, like what."

"Well in the first place, no one does anything they don't want to.

You could come and just watch, if you wanted. No one is forced into anything that isn't acceptable to them. This is not a place where the human is debased, it is a place for pleasure and enlightenment. It is a time when you can fulfil your inner most desires, as long as it is between two or more consenting adults. As to your question, ...about forty people."

"Anyone I know?"

"I don't think so. It wouldn't matter anyway, the events are never discussed by anyone outside of here or the place I have in Florida."

"You have a place like this in Florida too?"

"Not exactly, it is more of a type of ranch."

"What bothers me the most...is that you invited me here with Dennis, for Christ sakes."

Moving closer to him and placing her hand in his, "Dennis will never know about this, what do you take me for, some kind of child molester? Dennis won't even be here Friday..... If you want I'll cancel it."

"Had it all planned out uh."

"Yes, we always plan these things with a great deal of caution. Some of the guests are important people and have to travel quite a way."

"And you would cancel it."

"If you say so."

"Who are some of these important people?"

"Right now, never mind. Besides you have to attend to find out. And even if you do, its forbidden to discuss the outside or recognize anyone." The guest are not a bunch of perverts or slobs. They are for the most part successful individuals, such as judges, doctors, business men and the like."

"You said for the most part...what about the least part?"

"Ok, some are hired for entertainment, some are hired as waiters and waitresses....., we call them servants. Some are hired to balance the group."

"In other words, you hire a bunch of whores."

"What a provincial term to use. I can assure you that the servants that we hire do not consider themselves as whores, nor does anyone else. We screen everyone quite closely before their included, whether they give money or receive it doesn't matter."

"So some pay for this party."

"Only the amount to cover the servants we hire. Tell me do you really think it is evil for a woman or man to sell their time in giving someone else pleasure. These individuals are not street walking and selling themselves to anyone who comes along. They are on equal footing with the guest to say yes or no depending on their desires and wants. They are also free to leave at anytime. Everyone comes because they want to, because they enjoy themselves, without social stigma or threats of disapproval."

"How long does this event last?"

"Twenty four hours, starting Friday afternoon."

Turning, he left the room and entered the second arch. Turning on the dim lights he stood in front of a small pool. The lighting coming out of the water. Around three sides of the pool were more mattress like mats. At the far end a water fall started with water falling out of rock wall a good ten feet high.

"I can guess what inspired this."

"Your so perceptive."

"The water is heated and is quite shallow, here let me show you."

Reaching over she turned some handles, and the pool jumped to life with bubbles.

"It's something new, Air is forced out these holes and gives a wonderful massage."

"I'll bet, Obviously not a swimming hole."

"Silly, come on I'll show you the rest of the place."

Walking out and toward another arched opening,
"The whole place is round and is totally under the round greenhouse. All the fresh air vents are concealed in the greenhouse above. There are only two ways to get down here. The elevator and a concealed entrance upstairs at the rear of the greenhouse. Guest are not permitted upstairs, except in the garden and will use the rear entrance. I went to a great expense to keep it as hidden as possible."

"Yes I can see that."

Entering the next room, it was empty except for a table and a stool with a very small seat in the shape of a U. The table had odd openings in the top, and was padded. Under it were various shaped

pillows.

"I'll give you three guesses."

"Massage"?

"Very good", the more the merrier they say."

"And the stool?"

"It's called Lady Godiva", usually a blind fold is included."

"Oh"

"Yes, it's quite exciting, with the oil, blue lights and not knowing who is there."

Taking him by the hand she led him out of the room.

"This opening leads to small private bedrooms six of them to be exact. And the next one is a hall that has private rest rooms off of it, with a john, shower and sink."

"I'll bet they get a lot of use."

"Now don't be naughty."

"ME NAUGHTY, Jesus Christ....I know, not the word here."

"And this leads to the outside," she said.

"Where does that go?" he asked.

"Oh just to the back of the stage."

Entering yet another arched opening, she reached for the wall and a bright light came on over a round stage in the middle of the room. The stage was surrounded by various couch like seats that seemed to be part of the floor, for everything was carpeted in white, including the walls.

"Another stage? he asked"

"Haven't you ever wanted to perform in front of a crowd?"

"No, can't say that I have."

"It's a very normal fantasy, especially for a woman, you know."

"Have you ever been up there?"

She came to him and burying her head in his chest, "Yes...many times..... I' can't help it.....I love it when everyone is watching me. It's like total freedom, total abandonment, total acceptance, if you like."

She wrapped her arms around him holding him tightly. "Will you come Friday, I'll do anything you want.....anything. I really need you to be here."

Quietly he whispered. "Yes I'll be here."

Pulling back, the broad smile returned to her face. "I promise, you won't regret it."

Leaving the room he walked toward the dimly lit stage. And there on the wall was two of the nudes he had done of her so long ago. He stood staring at them, they seemed so amateurish.

"I've always had them hanging somewhere," she said as she walked up behind him.

"They look strange, seeing them hanging here."

"It's called growing up."

"Yes, I guess.....You have some place here.....Money does buy everything, doesn't it."

"I couldn't buy you."

"It wasn't that."

"Lets not get moody, either of us. Come on I'll fix you a nightcap."

"To be honest I'm dead tired."

"Ok, I'll give you a rain check, maybe Friday night?"

"Yes, maybe Friday night."

"Come on I'll walk you to your bedroom."

As they stepped out of the elevator, she took him by the hand and led him down the corridor to the front hall.

"I've made arrangements for you and Dennis to visit the Carnegie art gallery tomorrow. The curator is a friend and he will open the place for the two of you in the morning. That way Dennis can browse without a lot of distraction."

"That would be really great. Does Dennis know?"

"No, I'll leave that up to you."

"Are you coming?"

"No I have prior commitments, I won't see you till dinner. Well here we are, my rooms across the hall in case you need anything."

Kissing him on the cheek she turned and opened the door to her room. Turning in the doorway she looked at him and sticking her tongue out at him, "Night love."

He literally died when he hit the bed. During the night he dreamed of someone else coming into the room, the someone else turned out to be himself as a young man. Exhaustion had him sleeping in to past 8:00. Something he hadn't done in years. After getting dressed he headed downstairs, noting that the sun was out against a bright blue sky. At the bottom of the stairs , a voice said, "Good morning sir."

Turning he answered. "Good morning Norma."

"We are serving breakfast in the kitchen, if that is alright?"

"Yes that's fine. Is Elizabeth here?"

"Oh, no she left real early. She left a note for you on the table there."

"And Dennis?"

"Master Dennis, has already had breakfast and is out in the greenhouse. If you would care for something to eat, the kitchen is down there and is open all the time."

"That must be hard on you."

"Oh, I love cooking."

"Last nights dinner was excellent."

"Thank you, very much. What would you like this morning?"

"How about some scrambled eggs and bacon."

"With toast and coffee?"

"Yes definitely."

Walking into the kitchen he was surprised. A large bay window with a table and chairs had been built at one end of the room and it extended above and into the green house, which was huge. All the bay windows were opened. The whole effect was like a spring day.

Looking down onto the greenery below through the branches of a tree that was still green with leaves. The bright sunlight poured through the glass of the greenhouse roof above. Looking out through its glass walls at the winter woods beyond made him feel as if he was on some other planet. He spotted Dennis, who was studying something and with him was a large Collie.

"Who's dog, he asked?"

"Oh that's Bently," Norma responded. "Miss Tabor found him out back a few years ago, halved starved. So she took him in. We sort of let him run loose around here, and he never runs off.....kind of a watch dog. He worships miss Tabor, Will follow her around everywhere she goes. The two of them hit it off first thing this morning. Bently's been staying close to Master Dennis just like with Miss Tabor. Miss Tabor say's Bently is one smart dog. Maybe that's why he likes Dennis, huh?"

"Possibly....although it's probably more due to the fact that Dennis is a child. I understand that Collies are very protective of kids, they are sheep dogs you know."

He sat there sipping his coffee watching the two of them explore, disappear and reappear in the protected woods below.

He couldn't ever remember seeing a greenhouse like this one. It looked more like a natural woods with paths and benches. More like a park, a green one in the middle of winter. He then realized that he didn't recognize most of the foliage either. Totally amazing, he thought, as he opened her note and a set of keys fell out.

DEAREST CARL,
SORRY I WASN'T HERE WHEN YOU GOT UP. AS I TOLD YOU LAST NIGHT, I'VE MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE CURATOR AT CARNEGIE TO LET THE TWO OF YOU IN THIS MORNING. I'D SAY AROUND 10:00, WHICH SHOULD GIVE YOU ABOUT THREE HOURS BY YOURSELVES.
IF YOU WANT JOHN WILL TAKE YOU OR KNOWING YOU , YOU CAN USE THE FORD. HAVE FUN AND SEE YOU TONIGHT.

WITH TENDER LOVE ALWAYS

LIZ

Sitting there he ate his breakfast in silence, thinking over what they had walked into.

"You want some more coffee Mr. Carl?"

"No thank you, Norma. I think I'll go down stairs and join Master Dennis."

"Ok, if you need anything just yell."

Thinking to himself, 'where the hell did she get the master Dennis jazz. Probably Liz put her up to it. Getting up from the table he lit a Camel and headed for the back door.

Standing on the rear porch he studied the view in front of him. One thing for sure it wasn't winter. Sweater weather maybe, but not the 20 degrees that was beyond the glass wall on his left. The porch extended from the bay window for about 30 feet and was somewhat higher than the park. A long set of steps took you down into the lush foliage below. He sat on the top step smoking and admiring a view of a world that few ever see, let alone have. It wasn't too surprising, when you thought about it . She was always modifying nature to suit her needs and desires. The Falls where they first made love was a prime example. She had even gone as far as to attempt to reroute the waterfall itself; however the State found out and quickly put a stop to her "Improper use of State property".

Little did they know, what really went on in those beautiful woods, so long ago. He heard that it was the parties that were happening there, more than wanting to move the falls; that brought

in the authorities, so to speak.

Maybe they did know. whatever it all kind of fits. One thing for sure Elizabeth Tabor isn't your usual rich human being.

Aside from being one of the richer people in the country, she's absolutely beautiful and a sexual pervert. What else could any man ask for?.....'TOTALLY FUCKING UNREAL", he thought. He sat back against the step and laughed softly to himself. Mom you never told me about this. Hell! those two worlds aren't even in the same universe. Moisture filled his eyes as he briefly thought of her. Somethings you never get used to, especially the lose of your parents. He day dreamed of her working in their kitchen and the yard. He had admired her the most of all, as a child and as a young man. She gave him a sense of never letting up or giving up, no matter what: an unbelievable stubbornness. She was the one who never lost faith that her son someday, would amount to something. How tragic that he would lose both of them so soon. She would have been very proud about his position at the Institute.....

The growling awoke him from his daydreaming as a full size Collie charged up the steps straight for him. Quickly half standing and half backing up the steps, he watched in horror as the distance between him and this charging animal shrunk at an alarming speed. Bracing himself for the impact as the dog quickly closed in;... it stopped , dead in its tracks right in front of him.

"Woof", it quietly spoke, as it sat down on its hind legs, looking at him. Cocking its head to one side with it's tongue hanging out. The fucking dog stood there staring at him as if to say, 'your

move'.

"Scared you didn't he," Dennis yelled from the bottom of the steps as he ran up them. "That's just something he always does. Miss Tabor warned me first, so I was kind of prepared. You sure looked funny trying to run up those steps backwards."

"Does the damn thing bite?"

"Miss Tabor says that he's always been that way. His name is Bently."

"Well good-morning Bently."

The Collie sat quite still and watched Carl with considerable interest and without moving.

"What do I do now?" Carl asked.

"Why don't you just go up and pet him."

"Somehow I get the feeling, that he may not be interested in my petting him."

"He won't hurt you, its just his way of announcing himself."

Slowly Carl approached the dog, as it watched every move he made. Holding his breath he put out a hand and began to scratch behind his ear. Bently Whined and their introduction was complete.

"Come on let me show you the garden," Dennis yelled.

The three of them proceeded down the steps, into a garden of another world, two at home and one a stranger.

Bently led the way, charging forward at a dead run and then stopping, sitting down and waiting for them to catch up.

"Does he always act like this, I mean can he walk like a normal dog."

"Yes, of course, he's just excited over us being here."

"Yea, well I hope he doesn't get too excited."

As they caught up with the dog again, he bolted down the path and stopped, sat back on his rear legs and watched them walk towards him.

"You know I'm not sure I want to catch up with him."

Coming up to Bently, this time he stayed put. Carl, reaching down to pet him , the dog bolted....

"Sonova..."

"He's just playing, probably wants us to chase him," Dennis smiling, remarked, as they watched him disappear around a bend.

Turning the bend he heard Bently whining. There surrounding a perfect pond was a variety of plants and a chain link fence. Bently on his hind legs was leaning on it.

"What's with the fence?" Carl asked.

"Well Miss Tabor had to do it, to keep him out."

"Why?"

"Well it seems he has a thing about water.....sort of goes nuts."

"How do you mean nuts?"

"According to Miss Tabor he would jump in and make a lot of splashes, then attack the splashes, which made more splashing and it got to be a real problem, cause you then couldn't get him out. She said it was a real wild sight and she was afraid that he was going to bite himself in all the confusion."

"Maybe something happened to him when he was a pup with water."

"Yea, that's what Miss Tabor said, anyway he sure hates splashing water."

"Even his own?"

"Yep, that's what she says."

Coaxing Bently to leave the pond alone, they continued their stroll, as the collie raced ahead, through a magical garden, on a hill in Pennsylvania, in the dead of winter.

Walking on Carl noted that it had gotten a little warm. Dennis pointed at flowering plants that Elizabeth had called azaleas. Their conversation drifted into comments on the variety of plants and trees. Stopping and feeling someone was watching them, Carl turned around...

"Woof," said Bently, no more than five feet away.

"Jesus," jumped Carl. "How did he do that?"

"Don't know, but that is a real smart dog," Dennis responded.

"Comere boy," encouraged Dennis, and Bently with tail wagging joined them, walking between them.

"Oh Miss Tabor calls him Mr Bent for short."

"I'm beginning to see why."

"Well we had better get going , it's a good 45 minutes into town."

"Where are we going?"

I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you. with all this dog stuff."

"Woof"

"Yes Bently, we are talking about you," Carl remarked.

"We have been given the run of the Carnegie art museum, this morning,"

"Your kidding."

"Nope , apparently Elizabeth is a close friend of the curator and he is going to let us in before opening."

"Oh, wow, lets go."

"Lets get our coats and we'll be off."

Climbing the steps to the porch. "Can Bent go?"

"I don't think that would be a good idea."

"It's ok," Norma calls from the swing. "Miss Tabor takes him along all the time."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes sir, I'm quite sure. He could probably give you a tour by himself."

Carl turning to Bently, "Well looks like your going to remain as part of the group."

"Woof"

"I'll get your coats and meet you at the front door," Norma orders.

Part Two

"Good morning, Dennis," Liz calls from the bay window.

"Woof"

"And you too Mr Mr.Bent."

"Oh hi," Dennis calls back from the garden.

With that, Bently charges up the stairs and through the open door. Moments later the two of them return coming down the steps

"May we join you?"

"Yes, of course."

"We usually take a walk around the garden after breakfast; Mr. Bent here and myself."

"The place is sure beautiful."

"Why thank you Dennis. It's my pride a joy, you know." I call it my garden of Eden."

"What gave you the idea for it?"

"I don't know for sure. I guess I have always loved the outdoors, especially the summer time."

"Yea, me too."

"Let's walk" , ok Mr. Bent."

"How did Mr. Bent behave himself yesterday?"

"Fine, he is sure a different kind of dog."

"What do you mean?"

"Well he stood right beside me the whole time we were at the gallery, and he would stop and look at the paintings too, Now THAT is strange for a dog."

"It's not strange. I taught him to be that way, when I take him to the gallery with me."

"Oh....yea, but how about the way he charges up to people and then stops right in front of them?...He scared the hell out of Carl."

"Yes...well that is a little different. He does have his ways,

I'll admit."

"Especially with water."

"That's true. What did you think of the gallery?"

"Wow! that place was somethin, I never thought I would see all those artist in one place like that , at the same time."

"Who is your favorite?"

"I don't know, ..I really don't have a favorite, like Mr. Semple says, 'you can learn something from everyone'.

"You think a great deal of him, don't you," liz comments.

"Oh yes, he's taught me everything I know...And somethings he doesn't know about."

"And what is that."

"You got to keep it a secret if I tell you."

"Ok scouts honor,I won't tell a soul; as a matter of fact why don't we make this whole conversation just between you and me."

"Ok agreed, but I prefer a handshake."

"You've got it," extending her hand.

They shook hands and sat down on a bench, with Mr.Bent right along side.

"Now what did he teach you that he doesn't know about?"

"I saw the painting that he did that he keeps hidden."

"Why's he hiding it? Is it that bad?"

"No it's fantastic, you should see it....."

"Well."

"Well it's a scene of the river in the real early morning, kind of misty and quiet.... "

"Sounds lovely...."

"Well it is, except there is a nude man coming out of the water. And the man is painted very real looking, almost like a photo. The contrast between the man and his surroundings is very ...a.....striking?"

"It's sounds like a very interesting piece."

"Well that ain't all."

"Oh"?

"The man in the painting is Ralph."

"Who is Ralph?"

"Just some guy, who hangs around the Institute all the time; it's really kind of funny."

They sat in silence with Dennis smiling to himself. The humor he found in the painting eluded her, she expected she would need to see it or meet Ralph.

Dennis looked up. "Did Jesus know that he was Jesus?"

"I don't know," Liz responded..I expect he did."

"I mean, like does Einstein know that he's a genius or Beethoven or Van Gogh. "Do famous people know what they are?"

"I don't think it's that simple, Dennis."

He thought for a moment...."If someone can play Bach's fugues at seven years old. then he must know that he is a genius."

"Or do oil paintings", she added. "Dennis, it's alright to be gifted and to know it at the same time."

"I think that some of the other kids hate me because of it and are sometimes selfish and mean."

"I doubt that they actually hate you; selfish yes, but then we all are selfish."

"I'm not selfish."

"All living things are selfish, dear. Even a blade of grass as it pushes its way toward the sunlight."

"My mom says that mean people are selfish, like Hitler who wanted the whole world for himself."

"In that sense your mom is right, but the word is often misused and in it's self is not bad."

"I don't understand."

"Let me try to explain. If you paint a painting and decide to keep it for yourself, even though a lot of other people may want it ; are you being selfish?"

"It's my painting."

"Ok, suppose that you feel that way about all your paintings are you being selfish."

"Every single one?"

"All of them."

"I guess I then would be selfish."

"Do you think that, then you would be evil and mean?"

"I guess so."

"Like Hitler?"

"Hitler didn't make the whole world."

"Very good, That's right Hitler didn't make the world. Let me put it this way to you. If you create something on your own; whether it is a painting an idea or a fortune. No one else has any right to any

of it with out your permission. When that happens its called slavery; with you being the slave. We are all selfish, it is the inherent nature of the human for his survival. The difference between evil and good is, not how others think YOU should share, but rather; whether we live at our own expense, or at the expense of others.

"Like a person who steals?"

"Yes exactly, when someone takes what is not theirs, they are voting for slavery, and they want to be the master. If you are a very rich person..."

"Like you."

"Yes like me ...and you decide to keep every red cent for yourself, because you earned it yourself..then you have the right to do so. Although that person would probably have a mental problem. Others do not have the right to force you to give up what is yours...OK?"

"Do you give money to charities"

"Of course".

"Why?"

"Because I want to have an impact on the world that I live in".

"That's kind of selfish?"

"Very, but it's all mine and I can do with it as I see fit; Also, the more you have of something, the less its worth."

"How can that be?" he asked.

"If a person only has 100 dollars, then 10 dollars means a great deal to them; but if a person has a million dollars then 10 dollars

doesn't mean that much."

"Do rich people give a lot of money to charities?"

"Yes, contrary to popular belief, the vast majority of wealthy people give a great deal to charities."

Placing an arm around his shoulder, "Maybe the other kids who you say are being mean, just want to be rich like you."

"I'm not rich."

"In a child's world you are very rich. Think about it ...what you have compared to your friends. You have been given a tremendous talent, an advantage over everyone else.

"I guess ,I never thought much about it."

"It will be up to you, to offer the understanding of them. For you see; you have been given so much, that what is very valuable to them, is of a small sacrifice to you.

"I'm not sure...sort of like the money thing."

"Yes sort of like the money thing."

"What about Jesus?"

"You don't fool around do you"? Jesus was talking about charity to your fellow man and our relationship with God.

"Do you think he was the son of God"?

"I don't know, however I do know that he started a revolution with how we regard our fellow man and ourselves."

"How?"

"He taught that everyone can speak to God...that everyone is as important as everyone else..he taught us the value of the individual human being and we all can go to heaven, that in the eyes of god we

are all equal ; which makes everyone as powerful as everyone else in controlling their own final destiny. Enough of that, how about a picnic for lunch."

"Ok, this place is perfect."

"Oh no, not here, out there."

"In the snow."

"Yes in the snow." We'll build a bond fire and you and Norma and Carl and John, we'll have a great time."

"Dennis , could I ask you something personal."

"Yea, sure."

"Do you dream very much?"

"I don't know , I guess, Why?"

"I'm just curious...Are they in black and white."

"No of course not."

"Their in color?"

"Yes, exactly like the real thing."

"You don't mean exactly. do you?"

"Yea, exactlyjust like right now."

"Then this could be a dream."

"NO ...I always know when I'm dreaming."

"How, if it's the same?"

"I just do, I always know what is going on around me."

"Everything?"

"Yes , everything.....sometimes it becomes a problem."

"How so."

"Well if there is too much going on, it is hard to think of only one

thing."

"You mean your distracted by everything else."

"Not exactly , it is just a little harder ... like to read and listen to someone at the same time."

"Let's see you are telling me that you can read and listen to someone talk to you at the same time and understand both."

"Sure, can't you?"

"NO. I can't. Is this true of other things too."

"Yea, it's no big deal. Like since we have been talking, I've watched those clouds roll in. Watched Bently look at whoever is talking, listened to all the sounds in this garden, and watched the shadow of the bench move closer to that crack in the walk."

"Does this go on all the time?"

"As long as I can remember."

"How far back can you remember."

"Ahh...when I was born."

"You can remember when you were born?"

"Yea, it's not real definite like dreams....sort of vague and a lot of light and shadows."

"That's amazing."

"Really?"

"Doesn't all that's going on around you sometime get confusing....most people shut out what they don't want to hear or see."

"No different parts of me handle different things at the same time."

"Like your more than one person."

"No, don't be silly". I just see and hear it all, that's all."

"When you draw, doesn't other things interfere?"

"No, it all helps."

"I see , that is truly amazing."

Standing up she began to move away, come on lets see more of my pride and joy."

"Are some of your dreams bad?" she asked.

"I'd rather not talk about those."

"Ok, you don't have too..... How would you like to meet a young man who is considered to be a genius."

"I guess so, who is he."

"His name is Richard and he lives not far from here."

"Does he paint?"

"Oh no, his talent seems to be in the electronic field. Built his own ham radio and also has a television."

"A television, wow. I've only seen one once and that was yesterday downtown in a store..... What's a ham radio?"

"It's a radio that you can talk to people with."

"Now that would be something."

"I think he talks with people all over the country. There's one thing though."

"What's that?"

"He spends most of the time in a wheel chair, with something called polio."

"How did he get that?"

"They don't know." Anyway ,you have been invited there tomorrow and your to spend the night."

"Can Bently come."

"Yes as long as it's ok with his mother; I'll call her to find out."

Part Three

He watched them from the breakfast bay window, with a cup of coffee and Norma humming in the background. They were to take Dennis down the hill to stay with some friends of hers, who supposedly had a genius of their own. He wished that he could be a fly on the wall during that meeting.

One was enough, but two together? Lord only knows what the two of them will dream up. Then again, maybe nothing special, just two kids playing together; hope they get along.

Watching her walk in what had to be a summer dress of very pale green, and fairly transparent, come to think of it; only added to the overall unreal quality of their visit.

He had spoken with his mother last night on the phone. assuring her that everything was fine. Then Dennis talked at length with his mother. Most of the conversation centering around the picnic in the snow. His parents must think Liz is some kind of kook. Which

probably isn't too far from the truth. He had to admit though that the picnic was a lot of fun. Especially for Dennis and Liz. There constant throwing of wood on the bond fire , prompted Norma to call the Fire Department; to be sure, in case someone turned in an alarm.

Walking out on to the porch, he called them.

"Hey you guys about ready to go?"

"Coming," Liz yelled back. "Hey why don't we walk, it really isn't very far."

"Fine with me," Carl responded.

Both of them reached the top of the stair at the same time. The sunlight outlining her legs thru the thin summer dress.

"Hadn't you better change?" Carl asked.

"Don't be silly, besides I have a mink that could keep us both warm. I'll meet both of you at the front door."

They followed her outside, to the back and into the woods. The walk took them down the hill at an angle leading away from the house. Sunlight filtered through the barren trees on to a snow covered path. He had forgotten winter since they had arrived, due in part to the greenhouse. It was, again as if he had stepped from one planet on to another. His mind drifted off as he fantasized about what this evening would be like....How the hell do you dress for an orgy, he wondered?

Suit and tie, do you wear underwear? Maybe a bathing suit, now that 's kind of silly, Nevertheless, I don't think showing up in just a towel would look to good. After all I have to go thru the house to get there....which brings up a question..does Norma or John

know, will they be there? He just couldn't visualize Norma running around in the nude or making it with some.....

They arrived at a modest row house and after kicking the snow off their boots, on the front porch, Liz knocked on the door.

A heavy set woman opened the door. "Oh Miss Tabor, how nice, won't you all come in."

"Mrs. Cotton, I would like to introduce you to Carl Semple and this, of course is Dennis."

Oh, Richard will be so pleased, that's all he's talked about.
RICHARD their here."

"Coming mom."

Into the living room, where they were all standing, wheeled Richard a splitting image of his mom, brown hair and large brown eyes.

"Richard this is MR. Carl Semple and Dennis. Miss Tabor you already know."

"Hey Dennis"

"Hi, how ya doin"

"Comon lets go to my room."

"Richard, that isn't very polite."

"Sorry."

"Ahh that's alright, you guys go ahead and take off," Carl joined in.

"Children, I swear, they are so impatient," added his mother.

"Why don't we go into the kitchen, I've just made some fresh coffee."

He stood in front of the mirror in his room, trying on both ties that he owned. Neither seemed to fit the occasion. Now that's an original word for it..'.The Occasion', he thought. 'The Fucking Occasion'.....now that's an even better phrase for it.

He had showered and dressed in slacks and a white shirt.

I'm going to a F.O....an Fucocc....a friggen.... Christ. He wondered what the people would be like, all drolling and grunting all over the place. This has got to be a fucking dream..but no, it was a.....fucking occasion.

"A FUCKING OCCASSION," he yelled out.

A knock at his door, followed by, "You ok in there," turned him around.

Going to the door, he opened it and there stood Liz.

"Yes, I'm fine."

She was dressed in one of those clinging black gowns, with only thin strings holding it up over her bare arms and shoulders. Her unsupported breasts pushing at the fabric.

"God you look beautiful."

"Thank you, I've got to go downstairs, and I'll see you later...promise?"

"Yes I promise."

Turning she walked down the hall. The back of the dress missing as far down as you could go and still be decent.

"Wait up," he called. "I'll walk you as far as the family room."

Smiling, she held out her hand. "You can come down now if you

wish."

"No that's alright, I can wait."

"That nervous huh?"

"Umm a little."

"Well have a drink and relax, I have a thousand things to do anyway."

"Is John or Norma here?"

"Of course not, God."

"I didn't know, just asking."

"I couldn't get involved with the servants on any sexual level..... They both were given the weekend off."

"Ok, ok."

"Did you get something to eat,"

"Yes I helped myself to the refrig, when I couldn't find Norma."

"Good, well here we are , go relax, and remember the main show is at 7:30."

Watching her walk away he thought under his breath, don't worry I'll be there.....

Mixing himself a scotch and ice, he sat down in front of the fireplace, now dark and cold. Sipping his drink, he thought, hell I'll build one. Finding paper, wood and matches in a box next to it. It wasn't long before he had a pretty good size fire going. Sitting there staring into the fire his mind wondered back in time, to days when life was simpler. A time when you were good or bad, rich or poor.....

A snapping noise from the fire woke him up. He had dozed off

from the scotch and warmth . Looking at his watch and noting that it was almost 7:00, he quickly got up and headed for the elevator. Getting on and pushing the button, he thought how quite the house seemed. The notion was dispelled the instant the door opened at the bottom floor. Stepping into the lobby he noticed a couple sitting on the couch in each others arms, who completely ignored him. Deciding to head for the bar, he slipped by as smoothly as he could. Walking slowly down the short hall he could hear the noises coming from the bar.

Talking, clinking of glasses, someone laughing; all sounding quite normal. Turning to his right he stood in the entrance, observing that there was a fairly large crowd in the place.

He also noted that everyone was dressed up , at least as far as he could see.

"May I help you," said a very pretty brunette in a black teeshirt and holding a tray.

"Yes I'm a friend of Miss Tabors and ..

"Oh you must be Carl. She said to keep an eye out for you and give you anything you want." The last words said with a smile.

"Well for now a scotch and ice would suffice."

"Let me find you a table."

"Actually the bar looks fine."

"Ok , but if you need anything just call, my name is Sally."

"I will Sally and thanks."

He watched her turn and walk away, then realizing that she was totally nude from the waist down. He stared at her slim bare legs

and buttocks; thinking how young she looked.

She turned and smiling at him, "Later alligator."

He made his way through the tables, standing people and found a stool at a fairly deserted bar..

"What'll ya have," asked a bartender in a black teeshirt.

"Scotch on the rocks."

"Comin right up."

He thought to himself, I wonder if he was the same as....
yep, he noticed as the man stooped over to get some ice.

Taking about one forth of the drink with his first sip, he studied the room and the crowd. Their were a number of waitresses all dressed in nothing but black tee-shirts, including a couple of males dressed the same , both he noticed looked very young; more like teenagers. What Liz called the servants. As his eyes became more used to the low light he noted that the hired help wasn't the only ones missing pieces of essential clothing. He couldn't help but stare at a very young woman at a table near by. She was topless and the smallness of her breast only added to her innocent appearance. Her nipples were small dark and protruding; which matched her dark hair and complexion. He thought, she looked like a small Indian girl, with a beautiful face.

She noticed his gaze and smiled at him, holding up her glass to him.

Half embarrassed, like a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar, he smiled back.

"Man do you believe this place", a voice said next to him.

"I'm sorry, what?"

This party man...I ain't never seen so much poontang in all my life, I mean..... this is unbelievable."

"Yes their are a lot of pretty women here."

"Yea, like I don't know....ahh.. where to start man.... Like you can screw anyone you want to,... ya know. I ain't never seen anything like it man."

"Yes I know its sort of like the two bulls on the road," Carl responded.

"The what?"

"The two bulls on the road. A young bull and an old bull are taking this walk down a road...ok. And they come around a bend and there is a huge herd of cows down in a field. So the young bull says ' Lets run down there and fuck one of those cows' and the old bull says' na, lets walk down there and fuck em all."

"Yea...that's kind of funny. You ever been here before."

"No this is my first time."

"Yea me too. My girl friend is in the show, and insisted that I be here."

"Lucky for you."

"I don't know; don't know whether I can watch the show or not."

"Hows that."

"Well she's ...like my date..ya know."

"Inotherwords your not in the show".

"Hell no, are you crazy, get up in front of all them people and

screw someone. I'm only here, cause she insisted."

"Is that what the performance is?"

"Whadaya think, there doing an Arthur Godfrey SHOW".

"I didn't really know, didn't think about it much, I guess."

Movement out of the corner of his eye caused him to turn in the direction of the entrance.

In walked Liz with two tall slim blondes, one on each arm. They stopped and talked with a group at one of the tables. The blondes were dressed in identical dark red dresses. Their dresses were more like small skirts that fell to just below their hips exposing a part of their buttocks and had a vee type plunge between their small breast. He noted that their long blonde hair was same as well as everything else about them; obviously identical twins.

Slowly the three of them headed in his direction, stopping and chatting as they moved from one table to another.

"How you doin" a voice said from behind.

"Hey.. Sally.. just fine."

She pushed up against him as he placed an arm around her waist, resting his hand on her bare skin."

"Find me after the show," she whispered.

"Ok I will."

She walked away and stopped to speak with the threesome, that had gotten to the adjoining table.

A heavy set man stood up, dressed in shirt, coat and tie. and spoke to Liz , that brought laughter from the table.

You couldn't help noticing that he was nude from the waist down

and aroused. Probably from the little Indian girl that was at the same table.

A few people began to get up and head for the door. Many were dressed as the heavy set man; nude from the waist down. Obviously these events had a dress code of their own.

"Dearest Carl," said Liz, as she approached.

Putting her arms around his neck. "I'm so happy that you came."

"You should have told me about the dress code, dear."

"Don't be silly, you dress exactly the way you want to."

"Let me introduce you to Jean and Jane."

"How do you do," said Carl.

Extending his hand, shaking both their hands, "You both are quite lovely."

"Well as they say...", the one said, followed by..

"Two heads are better than one," said the other.

"Now girls," interrupted Liz. "I've saved a seat for you for the show. You are to sit with us, ok?"

The lights in the place began to flicker on and off.

"That's our cue," said Liz, while everyone started to get up and head for the entrance.

"After you," Carl motioning with his hand.

It was a strange sight standing in the line as everyone made their way thru the entrance to the stage area. Above the waist it gave the appearance of any other normal formal party. However as soon as you glanced down; which was hard not to do, it was a mixture of shoes, bare feet, legs, pants skirts and buttocks.

Turning around the twin closes to him asks, "Why don't you take off your pants, you'll feel more comfortable."

"Ah, well, later might be better."

"Oh come on, I'll help you."

Stooping in front of him she unfastened his belt and pants; pulling them down ;leaving his underwear on. Then removing his shoes and pants from his feet in one swift motion. Kneeling there in front of him, she started pulling on his his boxer shorts. "This is really what we girls want to see, you know."

"Later dear,...not while I'm standing in line in a bar."

Standing up, she pressed against him, " You have to promise me to let me see before we all have to go home."

"We'll see," he replied.

"A promise is a promise," she said.

"Lets go," said her sister smiling. "You guys are getting a little ahead of everyone."

They sat on a couch, in the front row dead center of the stage. The twins had gone off to somewhere else in the room, much to his disappointment.

"You can have them both at the same time if you wish," Liz said smiling.

"Your kidding...,but their sisters."

"With them it doesn't matter. They love each other very much."

"Jesus."

"Don't be too shocked, loving another woman isn't that rare, it's just hidden."

Quite conversation filled the air of the fifty or more audience.

The only source of light came from a bright spot over the glaring white stage. Liz had laid her head on his shoulder.

"I hope you enjoy this," said Liz.

Turning her head up they kissed. Her warm moist tongue pushing it's way between his lips. Reaching over with his free hand he pulled the strap of her dress down, exposing one breast. They kissed urgently as he cupped her breast in his hand. The light over the stage then began to dim and the audience humm followed its path, until he sat in total silence and darkness. He could hear movement on the stage as someone was obviously setting it up..

Liz's hand moved over his bare leg, and taking his hand away from her breast, placed it in her lap.

"After the show, anything you want is yours," she whispered.

A lamp began to glow on the stage. The scene had been turned into a bedroom, with a brass rail bed, dresser, night table and a large mirror setting on the floor. Some other lights came on from above and a soft spot light showed a naked girl lying face down, sleeping on the bed. Her white skin contrasting with the rumpled black sheets. The audience became silent, all waiting for whatever was to happen.

Liz squeezed his hand and then placed her hand over his genitals.

A slim arm reached into the air and reflected in the mirror, as the nude started to wake up. Slowly rolling over on to her back, she stretched her arms overhead, taking hold of the brass railings on the headboard and stretching her legs apart; slowly thrust her

hips into the air revealing a small patch of blonde hair. Placing a hand between her legs she gently caressed herself as she lowered her hips into the sheets. Then reaching for the nightstand she turned on a small radio that was on it. Soft music began to fill the room; coming from all around. Rolling over on to her side.....

"I'll be damned," he whispered, for he was looking at one of the twins.

She sat up on the edge of the bed, pushing her hands through her long blonde hair. Her small breast pushing outward as she arched her back and stretched out one leg. He couldn't remember ever seeing someone so tall and slim.

"Isn't she beautiful," whispered Liz.

"Yes," he replied.

She dropped her hands to her waist and slowly ran them over her, upward until she was holding her breast. Taking the nipples between her fingers she pulled on them while her head fell backward with it's long blonde hair and a quite moan left her lips. Massaging one breast, her other hand fell to between her thighs. Moving it upward as her slim smooth legs fell apart. Caressing herself with her hands; she laid back onto the bed. Spreading her legs further apart, she placed one foot up on the bed and continued to caress herself, moving her hips at the same time. Then inserting a finger into herself, her breathing got heavier as her masturbating increased in intensity. Stopping she stretched and sat up in the bed; her chest rising and falling and turned and stared at the mirror; as if it were calling her. Putting her feet on the floor she

sat for a moment on the edge of the bed, looking down at herself, her long hair touching her lap. Sitting there without moving as her breathing returned to normal. Taking a deep breath, she stood up, showing her tall lean form and walked over to the large floor mirror. Standing in front of the mirror looking at her reflection of flawless skin, she cupped both her breast in her hands and began to gently massage them. Rolling the nipples between her fingers she closed her eyes, while again arching her back and spreading her feet apart so far, she almost lost her balance. Placing one hand on the surface of the mirror for support, the other moved down from her breast to find her small patch of blonde hair. Staring at herself in the mirror she inserted two fingers inside herself, and slowly moved them in and out, grinding her hips in slow circular motions at the same time. Her motions increased in speed as her moans fell on the silent audience. Someone behind them gasped as the tall slim blonde approached her climax..... Then without warning; she threw herself at the mirror and she and her reflection slammed into each other. Wrapping their arms around each other, they kissed passionately. One of the reflection's hand buried itself in her hair while the other hand slid around her waist and tightly grasped her buttock, yanking her forward. Their bodies tightly pressed against each other; further and further she was pulled into the world of reflection. Slowly, ever so slowly, an attraction that couldn't be stopped.

"Oh god," they heard her say.

She dropped to her knees in front of her reflection and buried her

face between it's thighs. Then gradually they both fell to the floor,..... dropping out of sight inside the mirror, while the lights dimmed to darkness. The audience burst into applause, amidst a few bravo's.

The spot light came on and out from the mirror the twins, walked holding hands, walked to the edge of the stage. Both still totally nude, they took their bows.

"They are a perfect match aren't they," Carl remarked.

"Very much so", Liz responded.

"Did you ever...you know with them?"

"Does it matter...?"

"There will be a two minute intermission and.....thank you," one of the twins announced.

"How did they get the reflection to look so real?" Carl asked.

"Lots of practice and something to do with the lighting," Liz responded. "If you will excuse me for a moment, I need to introduce the next act."

"Yes ,of course."

Getting up she pulled the strap to her dress back up onto her shoulder, then crossing her arms she pulled the dress over her head. Standing there in the nude, she handed him the dress. "Hold this for me."

Walking around to the side of the stage she went up some steps and proceeded to the center. An immediate applause came from the guest.

Standing there naked, with her hands folded in front of her
"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you very much. The next act is really

quite unique, the young lady is a beautiful person I met last year and convinced her to participate in the show.

She is very young and really quite nervous. The performance due to the nature of it, is being done without rehearsal; except for some verbal instruction. What you are about to see will be strictly spontaneous. Last, but not least; Rule One, as always is in force. I hope you all enjoy the show."

Leaving the stage she came over and sat back down with Carl.

Placing his arm around her bare shoulders, "What is rule one?"

"Rule One is that no matter what happens on the stage, no one from the audience can interfere."

The lights dimmed to darkness. He felt her hand reach under his shorts, "Why don't you let me take these off?" she asked.

Lifting himself, she pulled his shorts down over his legs and feet.

"There isn't that better," she said as she then unbuttoned his shirt. Laying her head on his bare chest, she took his erect penis in her hand.

"Careful," he said.

"Don't worry," she answered back. "I just want to hold it."

The overhead lights slowly came on; the bed room scene had been removed and in it's place the three carpeted rectangles where back. On the floor a small girl was lying on her back with what appeared as a leather collar around her neck. She couldn't have been more than five feet tall, and he doubted whether she weighed 100 pounds.

Her black hair had been cut almost as short as a boys. The lack of any hair between her legs, gave an unreal impression to the scene.

"She's so young," Carl remarked softly.

Squeezing his penis with her hand, "Not really my dear, remember we are dealing with illusion here."

Rolling on to her side she tried to stand up, but was held down by a silver chain that was attached to the collar and the floor.

Grabbing the chain she yanked on it, trying to free it from the floor. Sitting with her legs straight and apart with the chain between them she pulled with all her strength trying to free herself. Giving up, tears began to fall down her cheek as she rested back on her hands.

She then laid back down and curled her naked self into a fetal position with her back to the audience. Lying there she began to cry her body shaking with her sobs.

Suddenly the lights went out plunging everyone into total darkness, causing some unrest from the audience. As suddenly as they went out they came back on.

Standing over the girl, stood the largest man, Carl had ever seen; staring down at the small girl curled on the floor. Naked except for a white wrap around his waist, his muscular body had a shine as if he was covered in oil. She looked up and tried to crawl away pulling the chain tight. Stepping closer he knelt down on one knee and placed his hand on her bare shoulder. She turned and looked up at him, tears in her eyes. Reaching back with his other hand he swung it forward, hitting her in the face. The sound of the smack

echoing in the room. The force of the blow jerking her head back as she cried out.

Carl started to move forward; "It's alright," Liz said, while tightening her grip on his penis.

Getting down on both knees. the muscular form reached over and grabbed the girl by the back of her head; pulling her up, he covered her closed lips with his. Getting back up on one knee he grabbed her with both arms and yanking her upward he draped her over his thigh. She laid there helpless looking up at him as his free hand caressed her leg. Running it up her leg over the inside of her thigh, he covered her bare crotch with it. Pushing her legs further apart he began to massage her pink flesh, while leaning down and gently kissing her. His tongue forcing its way between her lips. He ran his lips and tongue over her cheek to her ear and down to her throat. A cry could be heard coming from her as he then roughly inserted his fingers into her without mercy. Crudely pushing them in and out, her body rocking with their rhythm over his extended thigh. He covered her mouth again with his kissing her roughly. Her arm came up from it's draped position and went around his neck as she parted her lips taking his tongue inside her. They kissed passionately while he continued to push his fingers deeply into her, She let her legs fall further apart and began to move her hips with their motion ; surrendering to natures demands

Suddenly, he reached over her and grabbing the chain, ripped it out of the floor in one motion. Then he stood up letting her fall to the white floor. She turned on her side against his feet grasping

his leg with one hand, while he looked down at her. Pulling herself up to a sitting position with her legs under her. She wrapped both arms around his legs, her cheek on his lower thigh, like a child at the feet of a giant. Standing there looking down on his prize he reached for the white wrap that hung from his waist.

Grabbing it in his fist he ripped it off. A gasp went out from someone in the audience at the sight of his large genitals. His half erect penis larger than any Carl had ever seen.

"God", Liz whispered.

The girl looked up, leaning away from him at their sight. Taking his penis in his hand the giant began to stroke it as it gained in size and extension. Then pulling it up and against his groin, he grasped the girl by the hair pulling her upward and pressed her mouth against his testicles. Adjusting his stand, he moved his legs apart forcing her under him. Holding on to her hair he bent her head backwards, while her lips and then tongue found their way over his testicles. Letting go of his penis he reached behind him grabbing her at the throat. Holding on to her hair with one hand and the throat with the other he stepped forward, arching her backwards and pressing her mouth between his buttocks. Her mouth and tongue moved over him as he closed his eyes in pleasure.

Releasing her he turned; reaching down he easily picked her up in his arms. Carrying her over to one of the carpeted rectangles, he sat down and draped her face down over his knees. Laying a hand on her small buttocks, he began to massage them. Running his hand down between her legs and back up pushing a finger into her rectum.

"Please..don't" the girl begged.

With that he removed his hand from her, and returned it with a force, that caused her to cry out. Again and again the hand was raised and fell with a loud smack, the blows directed between her parted buttocks. Her crying again filled the room, which caused a stirring through out the audience. He lifted her to her feet and then stood next to her, with his hands on her shoulders. She just barely came up to his chest. Lifting her up again he placed her on the higher carpeted rectangle. On her back with her head hanging over the far edge. Taking an ankle in each hand he spread her legs apart and pushed them up into the air.

Leaning forward he laid his erect penis on her groin and began to move it over her, downward until it stopped at her small wet entrance. Probing at her, pushing gently at first, to fit it in; then he plunged it deeply inside her, causing a loud moan of pain to escape from her. Pulling back slowly until it was almost free, he plunged it hard into her as she cried out. Again and again he repeated the violation, pushing it harder and harder, faster and faster. Her small girl like body shaking with each thrust. Carl found himself looking away, into the audience. A woman was masturbating a young man while he watched the show. Another older women was fondling her bare breast as a younger woman had her head buried in her lap face down.

Yanking back he released her and stood up, standing there and watching her; leaving her lying there spread eagle alone. Walking around to her head he placed a hand on her stretched back neck.

Grabbing his penis in the other he forced it between her lips; parting them as far as she could to take his hugeness. Grabbing it in her hands she stroked it, while he pushed it back and forth trying to get it deeper with each push. Leaning forward the giant took hold of her ankles in each hand; pulling her toward him arching her back and spreading her legs. Falling on her he buried his face in her crouch, while wrapping his arms around her thighs and pulling her buttocks apart. Urgently he ran his tongue back and forth over her, pushing it inside her, she screamed as she thrust her hips violently, against his mouth; while semen shot out of his penis on to the face and into the open mouth of the flushed young girl.

Instantly there was darkness again.

For a moment there was total silence from the audience; then applause started slowly and gained strength as the lights came back on.

They stood stage center the small young girl being carried by the shiny muscular giant. She smiled as he bowed, while holding her in both arms; with both arms around his neck she smiled and kissed him on the cheek. Carl, thought that the giant actually blushed.

"God damndest thing I've ever seen," Carl said

"They are both extraordinary people," Liz replied.

Letting go of his private parts, Liz sat up waving to someone across the room.

"What now"? Carl asked.

"Basically anything you want to do as long as the other person agrees."

"How about if I just sit here for a bit?"

"Of course," dear, however I can't sit here with you; I made some promises."

"No, I didn't mean that I wanted to keep you from your guests. I just would like to sit here for awhile."

"Carl there are no demands here, the whole idea is to do exactly what you want, ok."

He smiled at her as she stood up.

"I'll check in with you later," she said, smiling back.

He watched her thread her way through the couches in the direction of the bar and noted one of the twins who was obviously waiting for her. Reaching her they held each other in their arms and kissed. He felt a stirring inside himself as he watched them. Closing his eyes he laid his head backwards on the couch, while views of what he had just witnessed, kept flashing before him. Slowly opening his eyes he watched the two women that he noticed during the performance. The older had laid down on the couch , while the other had removed her clothing and was lost between her heavy thighs.

Another couple was doing a similar activity except the one sitting was a male and the others head that continually bobbed up and down.....and ,shit, was also a male.

On that note he picked himself up off the couch, downing the scotch and headed for the bar area. This time the place was almost deserted, except for a women laying on a table with three naked men running their hands all over her.

"Care to join us?" one of the men said.

"Thanks, not just now."

"Scotch?" the bartender asked.

"Yes please."

Sitting there sipping his scotch he watched, while the three males continued to caress the naked face down form on the table. They took turns rubbing her back or legs as each took a turn pushing there hands and fingers between her legs. Turning over, she kissed each man as they continued to rotate around the table. She squirmed and moaned as each male placed his mouth between her thighs while another sucked on a breast, and a third would be kissing her or licking an ear.

Being totally nude, well except for the opened shirt that he still had on, and watching the quartet in the corner had him about as erect as a man could get. He thought to himself, that if this kept up, he was going to wear himself out walking around with an erection all night. Setting the drink down he headed out of the bar to the sound of the prone member of the quartet's; moans of passion. He whistled to himself "The bear went over the mountain, the bear went over.....to see what he could see....."

Stopping at the entrance to the family room, he stood squinting into the room, looking at bodies on bodies. It being hard to see due to the lack of light.

"Carl," he heard a female voice call. "Over here."

Staring into the semi darkness he noticed a hand raised at the far end in the corner.

Gingerly he picked his way through the heavy breathing and noises,

some of which he couldn't identify.

Tripping over someone. "Excuse me," he said.

"It's ok honey," a voice replied.

A hand wrapped itself around his ankle; stopping him in midstride.

Reaching down he pulled the woman's hand away, saying;

"Later dear."

"Promise?"

"Yes I promise."

Finally reaching the raised hand, he smiled for it was Sally, sitting nude and alone with her knees pulled up to her chest, leaning against the wall.

"Hi," he said as he sat down next to her on the floor.

"I was hoping you would show up."

"Is that why you are sitting here all alone?"

"You could hardly call this room as being alone, but no, I just got here myself."

They both sat there while watching the activity around them. Allowing his eyes to get used to the darkness, He noted that most were couples in various stages of love making, including various positions. A group of four or five occupied the far corner, how many for sure he couldn't say. But they all seemed very active.

"What is happening over there," he asked pointing to the group.

"You have to be kidding," Sally responded half laughing.

"NO, I mean how do you become part of the group?"

"You want to join in, just go on over."

He moved closer to her, touching their shoulders together.

He felt his manliness gaining in size again. Reaching over he placed an arm over her shoulders, pulling her toward him. She laid her cheek on his chest and began to kiss him, running her tongue over his nipple.

"You want to make love?" he asked.

"No," she responded. "I'd rather just fuck the shit out of you."

Turning to face her as she extended her legs, their lips met. Kissing gently at first then with greater urgency, he grasped her full warm breast in his hand. Falling backwards he pulled her over on top of him. Straddling him she began to rotate her hips, grinding down on his erect penis. She covered his face with her open mouth, kisses and tongue. Pushing her upward he rolled her over on to her back and laying roughly on top of her, pressed himself into her warm flesh. He smothered himself in her smell, warmth and softness.

Drowning in a pool of desire, he probed for her entrance as she wrapped her slim legs around his sides.

"Oh god," she said. "Fuck me, please fuck me."

He started to slowly push himself into her warm wetness....

"Woof"

Startled, he froze. In that split second he felt himself yanked from one universe into....

"Oh look... a doggiee," a girl's voice cries out.

Carl spinning his head around...saw him in his usual pose, looking at him, with his head cocked to one side.

"JESUS, Bently, what the hell are you doin here?"

"Woof"

"DOG what DOG," someone yells out.

"A doggiee," the girl says again.

"A DOG," another voice adds.

"That's a fuckin dog."

"What dog."

"What the shit."

"Over there."

"Get that fuckin dog out of here."

"A DOG?"

Someone yelled something in a foreign language.

Carefully and with great reluctance Carl slowly gets up, turns and reaches for him. True to fashion just as he is about to grab him, Bently bolted, leaping over bodies and dashing out of the room through the entrance. Carl half stumbling over nude bodies, in pursuit, yelling, "Bently stop.... god damn it."

Oddly, the thing he remembered the most that night was his running with his erect penis sticking straight out and bouncing up and down; sort of leading the way in pursuit of one fast dog. Hitting the entrance at full speed he ran full force into a naked young male, who was totally hairless, including his head.

"Which way did he go," Carl yells.

"Why, who do you mean," the effeminate male replies.

"The fucking dog...idiot."

"Well really, you don't have to be so unpleasant about it."

Pushing the fellow aside he headed into the main room.

Spinning around; he heard the air jets come on in the pool room.

"Jesus," he murmured, as a growl and a blur flashed by him.

"BENTLY," he yelled.

Charging into the pool area among screams from it's occupants; he hesitated and watched as a mad dog attacked every splash it could bite, which of course created more splashing accompanied by numerous guests, exiting the water as fast as they could. It was truly a sight to behold, A crazy dog churning the water and biting at what seemed nothing; leaping into the air spinning in all directions, teeth bared , growling and continuously snapping at phantoms from the past. One young man was climbing the water fall and his bottom was hanging perilously close to all the turmoil.

He had never witnessed anything so bizarre; sitting down on a ledge among all the confusion, the yells, screams and fast moving nudes running by him, some stumbling, all searching for safety. Bently was truly going bezirk, attacking and out to get revenge on a memory from a past, a hatred of splashing water that no one understood. Only Mr Bent knew. Sitting there watching this scene he thought; if that is what you need boy go to it. It took but a few minutes for the room to empty, including the figure on the falls, that leapt off to the side hitting the floor at a run.

Only Bently with him as an audience were left; then feeling someone next to him he turned and a pair of white breast with lovely pink nipples began to speak...

"You know.... all you have to do is turn it off."

Looking up at the dogs owner, "Yea aahh, sorry, I guess I wasn't thinkin."

Walking in front of him Liz reached over and turned off the water jets. Coming back and sitting down next to him in the now deserted room.

"We will have to wait a few moments until he settles down".

They sat and watched, as in a strange rage, Bently continued to jump and bite at every ripple of water. Gradually the jumps got smaller and the snaps lost there strength. Slowly, but finally he stopped, from total exhaustion. Standing in the water that came up to his chest; head low with his nose just above the water. His long hair straight and wet, breathing hard as he tried to catch his breath; the sorriest of sights.

Getting up Liz approached the edge of the water,

"Mr. Bent," she said.

Not moving an inch he rolled his eyes upward to see her and let out a quiet whine, almost as if asking for help.

"Come on boy, over here, real slow now," she whispered, coaxing him.

Moving toward her, caused the water to move, followed by a deep growl.

"SHHH," she said, as she then held out her hand.

Stopping, he whined again, then ever so slowly he inched his way to the side of the pool. Finally reaching it's side, Liz knelt down and grabbed him by his collar, pulling him out of the water.

A sigh was heard from a small group that had gathered at the entrance to watch. Liz walked out into the crowd with Bently staying

close to her side.

"Oh the poor doggie," a familiar voice was heard.

Carl followed them into the main room and watched as a naked Liz led the exhausted wet collie to the rear exit.

"Shit, after all that, I need a drink," said Sally, taking Carl by surprise.

"I don't know if I can handle another, but who's counting," Carl responded.

Taking his hand she led him into the bar area.

"Lets go sit in a booth, it's a little more private," Sally directed. "You have a seat here and I'll be the waitress."

He watched as she headed for the bar, admiring her slim nude body move around the tables. Over in the corner the quartet had taken a break; being that they were all now just sitting around the same table. Sally stopped and spoke with them for a minute, Probably telling them what happened, he thought as one of them started laughing.

Leaning back staring at her, he started to get aroused again. Looking away he pulled out and lit up a cigarette.

One good thing about an orgy, he thought , it sure cuts back on your smoking. I've haven't had one since I first got here and it tasted better than usual.

He watched her behind the bar, her shoulder length hair reflecting the subdued lighting.

Putting their drinks on a tray she picked it up and walked toward him. He realized that he hadn't really seen her in the total nude up

front. He didn't know otherwise how he would have missed the fact that she was hairless, between her legs. She gave the illusion of being a very young innocent girl as she approached their table, smiling.

"Here we go, a scotch with ice for you and a bourbon for me. And I decided to bring the bottles," as she unloaded the tray. "And of course a bucket of ice. How's that?"

"Would you care to join me?"

"Try to keep me away," as she sat down next to him, sliding over until her hips were pressed against his.

"Do something for me," she asked.

"Yes of course, what?"

"Take off your shirt."

"Why"

"Cause you look weird."

"Ok, if you say so. It was the only place I could keep my cigarettes in."

Slipping off the shirt, she leaned against his bare arm.

"Now isn't that better?" she asked.

"If you like it," he said smiling.

They sat in silence for a moment, both sipping on their drinks.

"I'm curious about something?" he asked.

"Sure what?"

"Well.....it's sort of a personal question."

"I'm at your service, dear."

"Ahh..well I noticed that a lot of the women here shave.....so to

speak."

"You mean , why do you shave your pussy?"

"Yes.... that's an other way of putting it."

"I like it that way and most of my partners prefer it; in particular during oral sex. Haven't you ever had sex with a shaved woman...so to speak?"

"No I haven't.. so to speak."

Laughing, she took his hand with hers and spreading her thighs placed it on her bare crotch. "Well we will see if we can't expand your experiences."

"Tell me about your partners....if that's ok."

"Oh basically their is only one. We have lived together now for almost two years."

"Not married ?"

"No of course not. We actually met here at a one of the parties. Ohh I may as well tell you..... We were one of the acts on stage. We hadn't met before that night...Which really makes it difficult, yet in a way it is the best way."

"Liz put you together on stage , having never seen each other before?"

"Yes she does that quite often. Anyway we ran into each other sometime later and.....sort of love at first sight."

"What does he do, for a living ,I mean".

"Her name is Pamala, and she is a physical therapist."

"Oh"

"She has had a pretty rough life and worked her way up from a lot

of dragons."

"I don't understand, Dragons."

"It's a term we use to describe mental fears, hatreds, you know emotional problems. She was sexually abused as a child."

"You mean raped?"

"Yes.....and by her father."

"Dear god..that's sick."

"Very, she had and still has problems with it.. the memories, you know. It's been like almost ten years and she still has nightmares.

She became an alcoholic as a teenager; eventually running away from home at seventeen. She ended up in some massage parlor, where I guess the owner took an interest in her."

"Was the owner a female?"

"Yes, they became lovers, until, something happened and Pam left.

Anyway she ended up in Miami, working the beaches as a prostitute.

That's where Liz met her. Elizabeth sort of took her under her wing, and helped her to get her life straightened out."

"You said Miami, is that were you are all from."

"No, we actually live in Orlando, as Liz does, well outside of the city."

"And what about you?"

"There's not much to tell. I was raised in Orlando, in a small area called Lockhart. I got a job at Liz's ranch as a sort of Jack of all trades around the house. She took a liking to me and simply asked if I'd be interested in 'joining her group of friends', was the way she put it. The next thing I know I'm in bed with her and a

guy I was attracted to."

"I got the impression that she didn't mingle with the hired help."

"That's up here; on the ranch it's a different scene. My parents were very poor and we needed the money; so I went to Liz and asked for help."

"So you got paid for making it with this Pamala."

"Yes, and it was quite a lot. Everyone, almost everyone that appears on her stage is paid. I had never made love to another woman before, except with Liz and Bob."

"Bob was the fellow you liked?"

"Yes, of course Pamala was very experienced...I think I fell in love with her that night."

She moved his hand from her lap.

"If you want to be with someone else, it's ok."

"Don't be silly," placing an arm over her shoulders.

She looked up at him and he lowered his lips to hers, while stroking the inside of her soft bare leg.

"Is it my imagination or are some of the people missing?" he asked. "They couldn't all have fit in those rooms."

"A lot of them go up stairs," she replied.

"I didn't think they were aloud upstairs."

"In the garden, silly." C'mon lets take a tour and see what's going on."

Getting up they walked holding hands out of the bar towards the perimeter rooms. They passed the room were they had met earlier and stopped to glance in on the pool room.

The water jets had been turned back on and the pool had two couples lounging in it. He noted that water was running down the falls, creating a very relaxing atmosphere.

"Kind of peaceful, isn't it," Sally remarked

"Everyone resting up for the next round", Carl said. "C'mon I need to see something."

Walking to the entrance of the massage room, they stood at the entrance way. A woman was sitting on the small U shaped seat, her hands were tied together and strung from the ceiling. A black blindfold had been placed on her. Her legs were held apart at the ankles that were tied to rings in the floor.

An attractive man was standing behind her massaging both her breast; while a heavy set woman knelt in front of her, massaging her genitals and inserting a finger inside her.

"Have you ever been there?", Carl whispered.

"No, but I've been there," Sally whispered back while nodding in the direction of the table.

An older man was lying nude face down on the table. A pillow had been placed under his lower groin that lifted his buttocks into the air. One woman was standing at the head of the table massaging his neck and shoulders. Another was busy between his buttocks. The third was under the table caressing what obviously was hanging through the hole in the table.

Others in the room were sitting around watching.

"You should try it."

"Maybe later," Carl said smiling.

Squeezing his hand, she led him out into the main room, "Lets see what's going on in the stage room."

Walking past the hall that led to rest rooms, Sally stopped.

"Excuse me for a minute," she said.

Waiting there, he decided to check out the so called stage room on his own. The room was crowded with what appeared as mostly women, On stage a young trim male stood with his back to him and legs apart. A pair of hands were gripping his buttocks, moving him back and forth.

The view of the figure in front of him was partly blocked. Walking further into the area, he realized that the figure was kneeling in front of him and was the young fellow he had met at the bar.

A hand grabbed his, pulling him. Looking down a women smiled up at him.

"Please sit down with me and watch," she said.

Sitting down next to her he watched ; partly in disgust, partly in curiosity. The male standing pushed his hips back and forth as his penis moved inside the mouth of the kneeling figure.

"The one on his knees is a virgin", whispered the woman next to him.

The standing man pulled back , lifting his partner to his feet. Then turning him around he pushed him forward over a large padded roll like object, that position his bottom upward and his upper torso hanging downward on the other side of it. Reaching from behind and spreading his legs, he began rubbing the others erect penis. Reaching down to the floor he picked up a bottle of some kind of lotion. Tipping the bottle the white substance fell onto the prone

figure, running down between his smooth buttocks. Placing more on his hand he rubbed it first on to his own genitals and then over the raised virgin bottom. Pushing his hand between the raised cheeks and inserting a finger into him, slowly moving it in and out. A soft moan could be heard, as two fingers were then eased inside him. Again slowly being pushed in and out, while his other hand caressed his penis.

"I wondered were you went," a voice said next to him.

Sally sat down next to him, placing a hand on his thigh. Taking her hand in his he gave it a gentle squeeze.

The standing male placed both hands on his partner's buttocks, pushing them apart. Stepping forward he pressed himself against them, running his hard penis against the exposed buttocks.

Then gently probing it's way to the entrance, pushing until he started penetrating into the prone body. He leaned over him grabbing his shoulders and kissing his curved back, as he firmly thrust himself inside. Cries of pleasure or pain filled the room, as he continued to thrust himself inside.

"Dear god," said the woman sitting next to him.

Squeezing Sally's hand and getting up. "Let's get out of here."

As they left the room he couldn't believe that he had been aroused by that scene, but his again erect penis didn't lie.

Heading for the stair still holding hands, "Don't be to upset with yourself," Sally said.

"I don't know," he added.

"Haven't you ever screwed a woman in the ass?"

"No, as a matter of fact."

"Haven't you ever wanted to?"

"That's beside the point."

"A rear end is a rear end."

"There's a difference."

"Not with that bottom we just saw. Men are beautiful too you know."

"Men are not beautiful...Men were built to kill the lion."

"Oh..and what were women built for?"

"Why...too do everything else, of course."

"Very funny."

"I need some air," Carl said.

"Everyone is in some degree homosexual."

"I'm not."

"If you have ever masturbated then you are also."

"That's not the same thing as wanting to get it on with another man. I can appreciate the male body in particular from an artist point of view, but I have no desire to seduce another man. As a matter of fact I find it rather disgusting."

"I'm not a queer."

"I didn't say you were a queer. I said we are all a little homosexual. If you masturbate that's a man giving pleasure to a man, namely yourself in both cases; and that goes for women too."

"What makes a person become a queer or a lesbian?" Carl asked.

"Don't know the answer to that one, if there is one answer."

"I think some are created that way, which isn't too hard to

imagine. Some simply chose it as a better way for them."

"Like your friend Pamala."

"Yes like Pamala."

"And you?"

"I was taught or conditioned in that direction, but I still like men too. I guess that makes me.. ac.. dc."

They became silent and closer in that moment, climbing the steps to the garden above. Reaching the top they pushed open the door and entered another world. The air smelled of flowers and was warm. The lighting was sparse, letting the moon light show through the glass barrier overhead.

They walked along the path, feeling yet knowing they weren't alone. Small path lights were placed lighting the way.

He now understood the small grass areas off of the pathway, some with back-less benches.

They passed one, were a couple laid on the grass in each others arms, appearing as if they were sleeping, their sex he couldn't see. He also now understood why Liz called it 'my garden of Eden'.

A faint whine stopped them. Peering into the bushes he heard it again.

"Bently?"

Again the almost inaudible whine reached them. Pushing aside the branches; their lying on a blanket, was the star of the evening. They moved closer and found themselves in what was obviously mr Bent's area. He wagged his tail while still lying there.

"The poor dog, he is so upset," Sally said, kneeling down next to

him. Placing a hand on his wet head and petting him. Sitting down also at the dog's head Carl reached over scratching the wet hair.

"I know how you feel buddy."

Bently gingerly crept forward and placed his jaw on Carl's thigh, letting out a deep breath like a sigh.

"What do you think happened to him?" asked Sally.

"Lord only knows. If he could talk I'm sure he would have a story to tell, and I doubt it would be a pleasant one."

"Do you think he was abused in some way?"

"More in likely. I knew this dog once that's name was Blacky. He had been thrown out of a fast moving car, when he was a puppy. You know that dog would chase cars all the time, barking and growling at them. His owners were always scared that some day he would get run over. Maybe someone tormented Mr Bent here when he was small, with water. Who knows, we well probably never know, but Mr Bent here knows, don't ya boy."

"Well lets go and see more of Eden at night," Carl said, getting up.

They walked with their arms around each other following the path lights that lit their way. At each small clearing they noted that it was occupied, usually with two, sometimes three.

"I haven't seen Liz, I wonder where she is at."

"She's in one of the private rooms with one or more of tonight's performers," Sally answered.

"How do you know that?"

"Trust me I know, it's always the same, I suspect she's with the

blonde and Jack and his bean stock."

"Look over there," she said, while pointing to a small covered foot bridge that crossed the pond. It was a miniature of the kind you see out in the country side. Crossing the bridge they entered a small clearing of grass and a bench. Taking a blanket that had been draped over the bench, Sally spread it on to the ground. Lying down on her back on the blanket, she stared at Carl in the dim light. Stretching her arms over her head and spreading her legs.

"Fuck me now," she softly said.

He fell on her with desire and passion, burying his face between her thighs; his mouth covering her warm wet flesh. Placing both hands under her thighs he pushed her legs up, exposing her soft buttocks.

He ran his mouth and tongue over them, kissing her and then pushing it between her cheeks until he found her small opening.

Slowly he moved over her not missing a spot as he dragged his tongue upward over her body until he found her lips.

"Oh god, fuck me hard, I need to feel you come inside me," she cried.

He found her and pushed himself into her as hard as he could, again and again. It built up slowly inside him gradually gathering momentum until he could hold back no longer. His insides exploded as he gave to her all that he had.

All the poisons, all the problems, all the pressures he released into this beautiful warm women; where they were dissolved and disappeared forever.

They laid in each others arms in peace and calm, staring upward through the glass overhead at a bright full moon.

"Do you think this is what it was like with Adam and Eve," asked Sally.

"The garden of Eden is a fairy tale for children."

"You really think so?"

"Of course, at best it describes man as an animal with out any ability of reason. Or rather Adam and Eve represent how animals are. And that is how mankind started out, some kind of hairy monkey living in total ignorant animalistic bliss; totally oblivious to death, right, wrong, and even to themselves. The so called forbidden fruit.. "

"The apple."

"OK, the apple or whatever....was a symbol of the ability to think and thus to be something better than an animal. To become as God. So he or they were thrown out of the garden of eden, in other words you can't have your cake and eat it too."

"You think we came from apes?"

"Why not, what's wrong with apes, some of my best friends are apes."

"C'mon be serious."

"What's the big problem with everyone, afraid that their might be a Cheetah in their family tree. Is it because we think we are so important... or is it because we think so little of other life. All scientific evidence points to the fact that life changes and evolves. Hell just look around you and you can see this process

happening daily. We all are changing even you and I as we talk, or whatever..."

She sat up and leaning over him, placed her cheek on his lap, kissing and caressing his now soft penis with her tongue and lips.

All of a sudden he could hear noises all around him, then realizing that it was beginning to rain. "How the hell can it be raining," Carl said sitting up.

"Shit, Liz must have forgotten to turn off the sprinklers," replied Sally.

Laughing they both leapt to their feet and grabbing the blanket jumped on to the covered bridge. They could hear hollering and laughter thru out the garden as people ran for the entrance to downstairs. It started to come down quite hard as they sat down under the bridge roof.

"I'm getting hungry," said Carl.

"Don't worry a buffet is being set up in the bar right now."

"Shall we make a dash for it..like what can get wet."

"My hair for one and for twolets just sit here and watch it sprinkle... or rain if you like."

They sat down on the blanket, in each others arms on the wood floor and watched, as the water began to run off the edges of the roof. Drops of water dripped from overhead, creating rings in the dark water of the pond that was spanned by a small covered wooden bridge, where two humans sat naked in each other's arms, in a magical garden, on a hill in Pennsylvania; in the dead of winter.

Part Four

"Come on lets go outside, you can't stay cooped up in this room all the time."

"What's wrong, you don't like television or the radio?"

"Hey there both fantastic but it's fun outside too."

"I can't push the wheelchair through the snow, And my mom would kill me if she saw me out there."

"Not if your with me and I can push you through the snow."

"Besides I saw Bently on the front porch."

"Who?"

"Bently..he's Miss Tabor's dog."

"Your kidding."

"NO, look for yourself."

Wheeling over to the window, Richard leaned over and sitting at the top step was the biggest Collie he had ever seen. It sat there looking back at him with it's head cocked at a strange angle to one side.

"That's funny," Richard remarked.

"Yea, he always sits that way. Come on lets go."

"OK, get my coat out of the closet."

Putting on their coats, they slowly opened the door to the room.

"The coast is clear," Dennis whispered.

Quickly and as quiet as they could, the two of them headed for the front door. Easing open the door, Dennis pushed the wheelchair through it and pulled the door shut quietly behind them.

Wheeling the chair over to Bently, Richard held out his hand.

"Hi boy," just as he was about to pet him, Bently true as ever to form, bolted down the steps. This time he stopped short at the bottom step and turned looking up sideways at Richard.

"Don't mind him he does that to everyone," Dennis said.

"He does that because he wants you to show him affection by chasing after him."

"Affection?"

"Sure, if I was another dog we would be running down the street together. If I didn't care I would ignore him...Right."

"I guess so."

Bently then came up the stairs and laid his head in Richard's lap, as if they were life long friends.

"Well I'll be," Dennis remarked.

"How can we get you down the steps?" Dennis asked.

"OH that's easy, let me show you."

Sliding forward Richard slid from the chair down onto the porch floor.

"Now if you could take the chair down there."

"Gotcha."

Then sliding forward taking each step at a time; at the bottom step he lifted himself into the chair. Dennis got behind and started pushing, while Richard pushed on the wheels.

"You know if we could put this thing on skies it would fly," Dennis commented between breaths.

"I know where some are."

"You're kidding, where?"

"In our garage."

Making a sharp right hand turn the three of them headed up the driveway that ran along the side of the house.

Going around to the side, to the single door.

"Lets hope it's opened," Richard said.

Dennis pushed on the door knob, "We are in luck."

"Woof"

"Shhhh Bently," they both chimed in.

"Over there I think," Richard pointed.

"I see them," Dennis said. "Now all we need is some string or rope."

"Try in that wooden box."

"Lucky again."

Richard slid again out of the chair into the snow. Dennis placed the skies under the wheels and the two of them sat there staring at it.

"You think this is going to work?" Richard asked laughing.

"I don't know, but it's worth the try, answered Dennis. Settle down Bently", as the dog began nervously pacing around.

"He thinks we're goin to get caught."

"Yea sure."

Dennis picked up the roll of thick string.

"Well lets tie them on.... like this. You get the other one. Hook the string around these straps and then around these bars on the chair, see."

"Yea, front and back."

"Better tie them together like a x."

"Gotcha."

The three of them, one standing, two sitting in the snow, stared at their handywork.

"That is strange looking," said Richard.

"That's for sure," said Dennis.

"Woof," said Bently, while wagging his tail nervously.

"What's the rope for?" asked Richard.

Picking it up, Dennis turned to Bently, "What do you think boy?"
"WOOF,WOOF, WOOF" as he started jumping around.

"What we have made here, is one fine dogsled, Sergeant Preston of the Yukon," Dennis announced. "And this is your trusting companion King."

"WOOF, WOOF"

"Shhhhh."

"Now lets get you back into the chair."

"Here, lets tie one of the ropes to these bars down here. And then

I'll tie the other piece to it like this."

"With a loop in it?"

"Right."

"You think he can pull me?"

"Sure, the question is where. You need a long stick or somethin."

Dennis disappeared into the garage and emerged a few minutes later. "How about this?"

"That's my Dad's good fishing rod."

"Oh...how about if we took off the reel."

"OK."

"BRADLEY"

"What, for Christsake."

"Come look at this."

"Look at what?"

"Across the street, it's that Richard kid and someone else. They've done somthin funny with his wheelchair, and they've tied some big dog to it."

"What are you mumbling about."

"I'm NOT MUMBLING and get your FAT ASS over here, and see for yourself."

They sat there looking down the driveway. A sitting Collie with it's head cocked to one side, tied to a wheelchair on skies, with a boy sitting in it and holding a fishing pole in one hand.

"Now what do we do?" asked Richard

"Just like Sergeant Preston, I guess," answered Dennis,

"MUSH KING"

With that Bently exploded down the driveway, yanking the chair behind him.

"DENNIS", yelled Richard, while he and a dogsled with wheels seemed to fly down the driveway. Dennis stumbling in the snow as the chair was yanked out of his hands.

"LEAN hard right", Dennis yelled after them, a second before Bently made a strong right turn down the street. The dogsled having a mind of it's own, decided to continued on it's path across the street.

He felt himself airborne as the chair disappeared out from under him; followed by the impact of him hitting the snow covered pavement.

"Are you alright?" yelled Dennis as he ran up to the heap in the snow.

"Yea I think so, my face feels funny though."

"Let me see....yea you kind of scraped it up.....I'll go get your mom."

"Noway, she'd have a fit, and then we would have to go inside."

"Brad, you need to go out there and see if he's ok."

"He's fine, look he's moving ain't he."

"He might be hurt, Bradley."

"It's none of our business, if he was hurt the other kid would be running for his mother, ok."

"I guess, but I....."

The dog and his sled had come to a halt after losing his passenger. Bently was sitting in his usual pose next to the overturned chair as if waiting for a command.

"Bently", yelled Dennis, and the dog came toward them dragging the chair on it's side as if it wasn't even there.

"Here let me help you back up," said Dennis while upraising the chair.

"No, that's alright, I'm fine."

Lifting himself up into the chair, "One thing I got is strong arms."

"Yea I guess you would, lifting yourself around all the time" Dennis shaking a finger at Bently, " You got to take it a little slower."

Picking up the fishing pole and handing it to Richard, "Ok where to?"

"That way, ok Bently lets go aaaaamuuuush," said Richard.

"Yea if you say it a little softer," Dennis said.

The dog leaned into the rope and off they went down the street with Dennis trotting behind.

"Where are we going?" Dennis asked.

"I'm not sure , but I heard that there was to be the big snowball fight with the gang from Grapeville. It's somethin that happens every year at this time."

Reaching an intersection Rich touched Bently with the pole on his

left side and the dog turned left down the street.

"Wow, how did he know to do that?"

"I think he's done this before."

"You mean pull a dog sled."

"It wouldn't surprize me."

The grade increased as they picked up speed. Dennis jumped up on the back off the chair as Bently picked up the pace. They could see at the bottom of the hill a fire was burning in a metal barrel. It was surrounded by a dozen or so people. As they approached at a pretty fast pace now, Dennis could hear their comments.

"Hey check this out."

"Jesus Christ it's Richard."

Laughing, "He's got his fuckin chair on skies."

"Hey man, your mother finally let you out of the house?"

"There is one thing bothering me." Richard asked.

"What's that?"

"How do you stop this thing?"

"I guess that's up to me," Dennis responded.

Hanging on to the handles Dennis ran behind dragging his feet attempting to slow them down.

"Whoa Bent whoaaaa," they both started yelling.

As they passed the group, two broke out of the group and took out after them. Catching up, Dennis was joined by two obviously older kids. Grabbing a hold on to the chair, with Dennis yelling "Slow down Bent", the three of them pulled the scene to a halt.

"Hey Richard, how ya doin man?"

"Pretty good Pat", Richard answered.

"What is this man, pretty wild."

"Oh this here is Dennis and that is Bently. They are visiting for a while."

"You guys come for the war."

"War?"

"Yea," the other teen responded. "We are taking on the gang from Grapeville."

"What kind of war?, asked Dennis.

"The war over the fort at Buzzy's place."

"Fort?" he asked.

They turned the chair and with some coaxing of Bently headed up to the rest , who were standing around the burning barrel. As they approached the rest, One of the group started to explain.

"We built the snow fort out at Buzzy and we challenged anyone to take it."

"Right", another joined in. "And a bunch of guys who live in Grapeville took us up on our challenge."

A heavy set boy continued, "They will begin the attack at 2:00, we are waiting here for the rest to show up."

"The rest"? asked Dennis.

"Well maybe another five or so," Pat answered.

"Can we come?" asked Richard.

"He's a little young," responded another.

"He doesn't come neither do I," Richard said. "Besides if it weren't for Dennis here or Bently, I wouldn't be here at all."

"Now that ain't fair Rich."

"Look I don't have to go," said Dennis quietly.

"Forget it," Richard said in a loud voice.

"Ok, ok, voices were heard all three of you can join in."

"Don't you go crying home to mommy if you get hurt," one of the group whined.

"Don't worry I won't," Dennis responded.

"Hows the arm Rich?"

"The best pal, the best," Richard answered while smiling. "Throw me a snow ball."

A snowball came lobbing out of the group. It seemed to light in Richard's hand but for a split second and then was rocketing thru the tree branches overhead, kicking off bits off snow from the branches as it disappeared thru the tree.

"Wow!" Dennis explained.

"Now you see why we want the greatest arm in Jeannette."

"You mean the greatist arm in Pennsylvania," another said.

"Richard here was a baseball pitcher before the polio," said a tall lean fellow standing behind Dennis. "He had a fast ball that was unbelievable."

Just then calls were heard from further down the street.

"Here comes the rest of us."

"Two," said Pat.

"Jesus," someone said.

"We are going to get killed."

"How many are there of them," asked Rich.

"I hear about thirty," the tall lean kid answered.

"THIRTY?"

"Well more or less."

"I going home," a voice was heard.

"Jim you get your ass back here," another voice responded.

"Comon you guys, we don't know for sure how many will show, we just can't not show up."

"Your right," as voices chimed in, lets get going."

"Yea its almost 12:00 now."

"Christ."

"We're goin ta get our asses beat today."

"Maybe," Richard speaking out "Come on... Mush Bently."

With that, the gang of warriors set out trotting to keep up with one large Collie pulling a wheelchair on skies and a genius hanging on the back and grinning from ear to ear.

They met up with the additional two, but didn't break pace as they joined in. One of them was seen shaking his head, as he was given the news of the day.

They traveled for about 15 minutes through various streets, then on to a rural road, finally reaching a large vacant field. It sloped upwards and stopped at a steep cliff. At the base of the cliff was what could only be the fort. A wall of snow had been formed about seven feet high. It had been built in a half circle, against the cliff.

Richard turned to Dennis, "Every year this has gone on for as long as I can remember."

"Yea and every year the fort is taken," the tall lean boy said.

"And bytheway I'm William."

"Bill for short," a voice said.

"But I only answer to William."

"You got it William," Dennis said smiling.

"Anyway," William continued. "Pat here decided that this year we would take this annual battle a little more serious ...and win."

They entered the fort, where it joined the cliff. A door had been placed in ice slots on either side, it took two people to lift it up out of the way. They passed into the fort through an opening that the chair could barely get through. The wall inside was a series of steps with wooden boards on top of them. The outside of the wall had a steep slope to it that you could probably climb up; if it hadn't been covered with ice.

"Man this is somethin," Dennis said.

"Yea, we've been soaking it with water on the outside for a week now. The platforms were put in just yesterday. Davy here has been watering all the snow around the place."

"That's where all the ice came from," Dennis remarked.

"Yep we ain't goin to make it easy for them," Davy answered.

"While they are slipping and sliding we will be pounding down on them with snowballs from them there platforms, pretty neat, huh."

"Yea it sure is," but how can Richard throw snowballs from down here?"

"He doesn't, we will fix him somethin up there, right in the center."

Getting up on the platform, Dennis could just see over the walls edge. They definitely had a height advantage as well as a full view of the entire field down to the road.

"What is that?" Dennis asked pointing to a long smooth arched path that went around the fort about fifty feet out.

"Oh that's our moat."

"A moat?" Dennis laughingly asked. "That's what the boards were for when we came here."

"Yea.... it's about eight feet wide and two feet deep, filled with water and has just barely frozen over. Those two with brooms are trying to hide it ...until it's too late.. natch. After we remove that bridge, there ain't no way to cross it, unless you can broad jump a good 10 feet on ice."

A platform was being constructed in the middle on top of the one in place. Dennis getting down went over to Richard, "Are you going to be able to get up there?"

"Just watch me, one thing I was taught ...There ain't no such thing as can't."

Lifting himself from the chair onto the first platform, he then lifted himself up backwards to the higher platform; where two boxes were and lifted himself backwards until he was the highest figure there. A couple of the gang began carrying snowballs from a huge pile in the center and placing them around Rich.

"Make them as hard as you can," Richard ordered.

"Let's see how good you are, Rich," someone yelled out.

"You see that sign down there....watch."

Picking up a snowball he let it fly. Dennis jumped up on to the platform to watch.

"You can't hit every time," Richard said.

Picking up a second, it whizzed through the air and connected with the polled sign, with a thump.

"That's amazing," cried Dennis. "I couldn't even throw that far."

"Most of us can't throw that far," Pat remarked from below.

"And they don't know he's hear. Everyone thinks he is sick; another surprize for them this afternoon."

Dennis got down and going over to Bently, who was calmly sitting in the snow taking in all of the goings on.

Sitting down next to him, "You know Bently I ain't ever seen anything like this before. And they sure like Richard a lot. It's really a shame what happened to him; one of the kids told me that everyone thought that someday he would be a famous pitcher, he throws so good."

The only thing missing here, is that they don't have any cannons. unless you consider Richard of course. I wish there was something I could do."

Cannons, cannons..... he thought to himself, pulling out his sketch pad. Making a quick drawing of Richard on his perch....

"Come on Bent, lets go for a walk."

The two of them left the fort and headed for an old shack, that was near the road. The door had been broken into once and was half hanging off it's hinges. Pushing the door open they peered inside. The place was full of loose wood, cans and an assortment of junk.

Over in one corner was a pile of tin plates. Dennis set to work, while Bently sat curiously watching his every move. After a few minutes of work, he held up his handy work to Bently.

"Comon boy ,let's see if this works"

Bently followed him out onto the snow; Dennis carrying a long stick with a plate tied to one end. Stooping down he compacted a fairly large snowball. Placing it in the plate and grabbing the stick at the other end, he flung the snowball as hard as he could, straight into the ground in front of him.

"I can see this is going to take a little practice," he said to himself. "Here Bently , lets go down around the bend so no one will see us."

Pat stepped up on to the platform next to Rich, "Have you seen your little friend lately?"

"No, and I'm getting a little worried, he's been gone for almost twenty minutes now."

"Where did he come from?"

"Oh he's a genius friend of Miss Tabor. She thought we should meet so he's visiting over the weekend.

"Kind of a meeting of the Minds, huh," Pat remarked.

"Yea, I guess. You should see his drawings."

"Pretty good?"

"Pretty good?. Their amazing."

They sensed it's presence first, sort of a feeling that you get when someone is staring at you; as it smashed off the top of the wall splattering the both of them with snow.

"What the shit," Pat yelled while ducking down.

They both peered over the wall. "Where the hell did that come from?" someone asked.

"There ain't no one out there," another voice responded.

Everyone stepped up on to the platforms and peered over the wall at a vacant white field below, except for Charlie who was still trying to cover up the ditch, with a broom.

"Hey Charlie, you throw that?"

"What?"

"What my ass, that snowball," Pat yelled back.

It appeared from out of the grey sky, hurtling down upon them, it seemed to be about the size of a mans head.

"Jesus" some one said as they all ducked and again it smashed on top of the wall, splattering snow everywhere.

"It came from behind that shack," Rich said.

"Now who could throw somethin that big from there," Davy asked.

Just then Bently came out from behind the shack.

"The friggen dog did it," someone cried.

"Close, close," answered Richard.

Following Bently came a grinning Dennis carrying over his shoulder a long stick with something on one end.

Out of the fort went Pat followed by a half dozen others. As they approached Dennis, he loaded up his creation with a large snowball and let it fly over the wall into the cliff behind.

"What did you make?" Pat asked as he got near.

"I call it a snow cannon, and I made one of these also."

Reaching into a pocket he pulled out what was obviously a sling.

"Those things really work?" asked William.

"Sure if you know how", let me show you".

Making a snowball and then putting it in the cup of the sling.....

"Aren't you going to spin it around", asked Davy.

"No that's not how you use them, you throw just like normal, watch."

With that Dennis drew back and taking two running steps whipped the snowball at the fort smacking it off the wall.

"Whoa," Pat said, Let me see that."

"They are real easy to make", Dennis added. "I got all the stuff out of that there shack."

Pat loaded up the sling and drove a snowball into the ground.

"Not so hard at first, it takes a little practice, but once you get the hang of it."

Pat turning to the others, " Why don't you all go down there and clean out that shack."

They all were quiet, as they peered over the wall at the road below. It was after 3:00 and not a sign of the enemy.

"Maybe no one is going to show up."

"Sure Eddy sure," Pat responded.

Most of them had learned the sling and the rest had practice with the cannons; of which, one had been made for every hand except Richard and Dennis. A fire had been built in the middle of the fort and two large piles of snowballs stood waiting for flight.

They had officially appointed Pat as commander; although there was never any doubt in any ones mind that he was the boss from the start. He stood next to Richard watching the road for the first sign.

"They will come up the road from that direction and will probably set up on the other side of the road. What they don't know is, they will be in range of you and the slings. Lets keep them ignorant of that until I say other wise ok?

"You got it boss," Rich said while mocking a salute.

"They got a real surprize coming," someone said.

"Here they come," Dennis announced.

About a dozen came up the road carrying snowballs. They half ran in a straight line one behind the other.

"Only twelve?" said Jim. "This is going to be a breeze."

Getting abreast of the fort they did a 90 degree turn towards them and charged.

"That twelve doesn't look right", said Pat.

"No slings or cannons or you either Richard; just straight throwing," ordered Pat.

They ran across the field toward them ; stopping short of the now hidden moat. letting there snowballs fly; That came in with speed and were returned as fast as everyone could throw.

Numerous scores were made on the dozen who stood in the middle of the open field. The defenders didn't let up with there throwing.

It continued for some time the attack staying at a defined distance and being peppered with what was by now more iceballs than

snowballs. On signal they retreated back to the road followed by a continuous barrage of missiles. Falling back to the other side of the road, out of range.

"Now Mary don't go jumping to conclusions, they couldn't have gone far."

"I don't know how they got out of the house without me seeing them".....I think we should call the police."

"Mary be realistic, for crying outloud. They probably just went for a walk."

"He can't walk, Tom."

"Look, I'll go out and get them. You can't expect him to be the way you want all the time."

"That's unfair, he's crippled and could get hurt, especially in this weather."

"Yea, yea. I'll be right back, try to relax."

Closing the door behind him, he admitted to himself that he was a little more than concerned. It wasn't like Richard to simply go off somewhere without them knowing about it. And in this snow you couldn't navigate worth a damn in a wheelchair. Even if you could push it. Hence they.... they couldn't be far. Standing at the top step, he noticed tracks in the snow, that could only have been made by the chair, going off to the right. Following them down the walk and up the driveway, he noted that that there was only one set of tracks and they seemed to go to the garage. "That's where they must be," thinking out loud.

Reaching the garage door, he opened it and peered inside. The place was empty; although they definitely had been here. Walking around, he noted that his skies were missing. Also his prize fishing pole was gone, the reel had been removed and placed on the shelf. Now what the hell, he thought could Richard and an eight year old be doing with one set of skies and a fishing pole. There ain't no place to fish around here.

Standing outside and looking down the driveway he could see the tracks that the skies made, but where the hell did the wheelchair go? He tried to imagine every possibility that there was; The two of them on the skies, carrying a wheelchair and a fishing pole?.

Shit, Richard couldn't even stand on his own. He knew there had to be a rational explanation, but at the moment he was dumbfounded. Maybe we should call the police.

Hollering and hooting came at them from across the road, as one or the other would run toward them and let fly a snowball that would hit off the wall of the fort. He was usually met by a half dozen return throws.

"Huh oh" said some one on the wall. Coming around the bend in the road were more attackers, all carrying arm fulls of snowballs.

"How many are there?" asked Dennis.

"I'll answer that when they stop appearing." answered Pat.

They line seemed to go on forever; one after another appeared in singles and two's.

"Hey Richard. you recognize your buddy," Pat pointing.

"Yea, I saw him."

"Who are the rest of these people?" Davy asked.

"I know a few of them and there not from Grapeville."

"Where from"

"Greensburg"

"GREENSBURG?" asked Pat.

"Yep And guess who's leading them," Richard said.

"Crazy Harry, who else," a voice said.

"Weren't you guys all close friends once," Davy asked.

"Once."

"Yea they called them the three musketeers," Jim said "One for all and all for one; right Rich."

"That seemed a long time ago," Richard answered.

"Have they stopped coming yet," Dennis asked from below.

"Stop drawing for a minute and come on up here and see for yourself," Richard said.

Climbing up on to the boards, Dennis stood on his toes and looking over the wall, "I want to go home."

"Yep..... their are that many," someone behind him remarked.

"Has any one counted them"

"I counted 46," said William.

"Well we are only out numbered four to one"

"But we have the fort"

"And they want it."

"Small detail guys, a small detail."

"We should call it Custards last stand."

Pat leaned on to the wall next to Richard, "You know why we all call him Crazy Harry, don't you."

"Sure, because he gets irritated real easy."

"You think you could hit him from here?"

"Sure."

"How many times?"

"Many as you want."

They had all moved up the slope on the other side of the road. Most were busy making snowballs, while Crazy Harry and a few others stood at the road's near edge studying the fort.

"When you think he ain't looking ...bean him," Pat said.

"Get me some more of these icy ones," Rich asked.

"And just keep throwing at him ok," Pat added.

"Gotcha."

Everyone stood staring over the wall, watching the red ball cap that Harry always wore.

"He's turning," someone whispered.

It seemed to leave the fort wall at a hundred miles an hour.

Dennis could have sworn that it didn't drop twelve inches in it's entire flight. A flight that ended just below Harry's ballcap.

The target stumbled forward swearing loudly as laughter could be heard from the missiles source.

"Now keep it up, Pat said, lets drive him really crazy,"

Richard let fly with another, easily finding it's mark on the shoulder of a now hat-less Harry.

Two could have possibly been lucky, but when the third slammed

home, "RICHARD YOU FUCKEN BASTARD" was heard.

Another and another flew at the now moving target. One barely missed, the next two connected squarely. Harry ran back and forth as laughter was heard from both sides of the road.

Trying to hide behind others he was rejected as one after another hard packed snowball found its mark.

Dennis stood in a trance as did many others; watching the path of the missiles as they left Richard's hand and consistently found it's mark.

Finally the red hat crossed the road and hid behind the wooden shack.

"Keep him there," Pat said.

"My pleasure," Richard answered with a grin.

"Ok girls, what you all been waiting for," Pat announced.

"Sling time."

Everyone took there newly made slings and moved out of the side entrance of the fort.

"Fire at will and have fun," Pat announced.

At first most of the snowballs just got across the road, but within a few minutes, most along with Richard's, began to hit on the slope, and in the groups gathered there. More yelling was heard as a few tried to lob them up the hill to the fort.

A few would cross the road to get closer, throwing as they approached, but would paid the price from the deadliest defender of them all.

He followed the ski trail down the driveway to the street, where it disappeared in all the ruts made by traffic. Then staring up the street he saw where it picked up again. Following the trail for a block he soon noticed that they were being followed by what appeared as a large dog.

The tracks occurring in the middle of the ski trail, "This is getting more complicated as it goes," he thought.

The trail led down the hill and again was lost amongst numerous foot steps. He went over to a barrel that was smoking, "Obviously someone or ones had a fire going here and not too long ago."

His imagination began to run as he tried to figure out what was going on or what had gone on. Could Richard have been kidnapped.

Maybe placed in a car and one of the skum simply took his skies. Maybe this was where he was to be picked up, or meet up with the others. Walking down to the other street, he hoped the trail would pick up again. Aside from ruts in the snow that was caused by cars, the only other marks in the snow showed a large group on foot, heading away from downtown. Pulling up his collar he headed off in the same direction.

Sporadic groups would rush across the road and head up the slope, towards them throwing snowballs that they carried.

Each time they were beaten back after they ran out of snowballs. A few would stand there making more and throwing them wildly, which presented easy targets for the slings as well as Richard.

"What do you think Pat?" asked Richard

"Well so far everyone is having a good time down there," I'm waiting for them to get serious. Then our problems will really start."

"The 5:00 rule still stands."

"Yep, for what it's worth, they have almost two hours yet."

"Think we can hold them off till then."

"Nope."

Movement was seen near the shack. A few others had joined Harry, who had stayed hidden to the point where; Richard wondered if he was still there.

Coming out from behind the shack a door appeared. Behind and carrying it was six legs, one pair having to belong to Harry.

"Shit", said Pat, they're starting to think."

Turning to those outside the fort, who had stopped harassing the groups across the road. "Everyone let lose at that door," yelled Pat.

The slings started whipping again as missile after missile flew by or busted off the carried door.

"Man what a great target," someone yelled as laughter came from the fort defenders.

The door stopped in the middle of the road and hollering was coming from it, that was definitely the voice of Harry.

The 46 began to move about on the slope, dividing into two groups.

The door started to move again; this time, up the slope straight towards them.

The thuds could be heard as snowballs connected with the moving

shield. The first group followed the door, spreading out as they crossed the road.

"Cease firing," Pat ordered. "Everyone inside".

Dennis put down his sketch pad and climbed up onto the wall next to Richard.

He continued to follow the footsteps, wondering if he would be better off calling the police. Maybe Mary was right. They had led him out a country road that eventually ended up in Irwin. What would anyone be doing walking out here. Coming around a bend in the road he saw numerous parked cars off the road. Something was definitely happening here. He knew Buzzy's was just around the bend.

As a young man, Buzzy's was the spot for the annual snowball fight. Literally everyone in town would come and square off into two groups for one hell of a snowball fight. He thought that, that had died off during the war. Could it be starting again?

Approaching one of the cars he noted that some one was sitting in it. Walking up to it, "Excuse me, could you tell me what is going on, with all the cars?"

Looking inside a young teen was sitting holding his cheek.

"Oh, hi," the young man answered.

"What happened to you?" Tom asked.

"Ahh they got some hotshot thrower up there and I got in his way."

"Thrower?"

"Yea, at the fort"

"What fort?"

"Man don't you know anything, It's the battle at Buzzy's, today. Like it happens every year and has been going on since time stood still.

"Oh, right I sort of forgot. I think I'll go up and take a look."

"Well you can't interfere or help anyone, your too old, you can't be over eighteen."

"I won't be a bother, I'll just watch."

Crossing over the road he headed up a hill that he knew would lead to a good view of the field. It was a place he and some friends had found years ago, when he was too young for the annual snowball fight. They would sneak to the spot to watch the adults have their fun in the snow. In those days you had to be over eighteen to join in; times do change he thought.

"Ok guys, when they get in range, it might be a good time to introduce them to the Dutchcannon. Dennis here will spot where the shots are hitting," Pat announced.

"Man this is going to be one fuckin surprize," as laughter spread through out the defenders.

Everyone including Pat got down off the wall and loaded up there weapon. Dennis and Richard watched as the mob moved up the slope toward them with a door leading the way.

"Hey chicken shit, show your face," Richard yelled.

A red hat with a face below it appeared from behind the door.

The snowball was released so fast, Dennis wasn't sure Richard had

thrown it, until it exploded on the edge of the door next to the red hat.

"Ok Dennis your in command now", Richard whispered.

"Ready"

"Aim "

"FIRE," Dennis yelled.

Twelve large chunks of hard snow flew, in an arch over the wall.

As luck would have it, the mob had started it's running charge at the same time. One chunk made a direct hit on the door, causing one of it's carriers to stumble. One end of the door fell as it started to twist it's way out of the others hands. Richard followed up with fast throws at it's now exposed leaders. Other chunks fell in the midst of those charging, knocking one fellow off his feet.

"Keep firing the same way you and you, you fire further... as Dennis gave orders to each individual as fast as he could.

The charge was momentarily halted as monstrous snowballs hit all around them.

"CHARGE, CHARGE," Harry started yelling, as Richard continued to pelt him with one strike after another.

As if on a signal the entire 46 took off running towards them.

"Here they come yelled Richard."

"Woof, WOOF."

"You four stay here and don't let up," ordered Pat. "The rest of you man the walls."

The first group of the 46 started throwing and running toward

them. Snowballs were hitting everywhere, as they got to the wall and began to return the throwing.

For some reason everyone, in the excitement, forgot about the moat. "Jesus" said someone in the fort, when the first of the 46 fell flat on his face into the icy water in the middle of a dead run, followed by two more.

"Hit em, hit em, yelled Pat".

The throwing increased in intensity as everyone started throwing snowballs as hard and as fast as they could.

"Little further" Dennis yelled still giving instructions.

"Woof."

The second group, which had followed the first came up on to their rear, stopping, while everyone milled around trying to figure how to cross the water, which appeared to surround the fort. All of this going on, while a meager band, behind a wall of ice and snow, had a field day bombarding 46 standing targets.

"Get him, Get him," laughed Pat, as Richard continued to pick on the red hat.

Dennis started laughing, as the red hat began to jump up and down, swearing and yelling incoherent orders.

"How many times have you knocked that fucking hat off his head?" asked Pat

"Let's say I'm trying for three," responded Richard.

Again and again the tireless arm raised up and drove a bullet throw at him.

"God I love this," explained Richard. "The dumb shits just stay

there, it's like shooting fish in a barrel."

Gradually the 46 decided to retreat across the road, with the red hat now in hand, leading the way at a dead run. A few stayed around the edge of the moat, throwing snowballs at the fort. One by one Richard and the others would concentrate on one of them, until he was driven off.

"Thank god," explained Pat, I don't know about you, but I'm getting bushed."

Tom reached the area overlooking the field. Walking stooped over he came up behind a large tree and stared down at the unfolding battle. A large group of teenagers were charging up Buzzy's slope toward the cliff. Snowballs were raining everywhere. At the bottom of the cliff they had built a wall; not the little snow walls he used to see, but this was a structure, that must have taken a great deal of effort. Inside it appeared to have steps on the wall and outside the walls sloped and where covered with ice. Dead center inside on the wall was Richard, thank god. He could see the wheelchair on the skies and hiding behind a pile of snowballs was a Collie. It all became clear in a second; they had come and gotten Richard for the fight. His throwing arm an asset to the day. His Richard, the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to him. He was the perfect child, never got into trouble, never sassed back, a straight A student, an I.Q. of a genius, they said. He loved sports, especially baseball, and he had the gift of perfect hand-eye coordination. Even as a small child he displayed this uncanny

ability. He encouraged it in him, maybe too much. Before the polio hit, everyone was saying he was headed for the pro's.

A scout from the Pirates had come out to see him pitch, and had told them that when he got through highschool, to come see him. He remembered how devastated he and Mary were when he got sick; being told that he would never walk again.

All the dreams gone, in one swift moment. Tears filled his eyes as he watched from his hidden position.

The cold dozen stood in a line behind the wall, all smiling and laughing.

"Did you see that guy go down"

"I had forgotten about the moat"

"How could you have forgotten it"

"I don't know"

"Man where they confused"

"I ain't had so much fucking fun..."

"Yea ..they just stood there"

"Dumbfounded"

"The funniest was Harry"

"Man was he pissed"

"I know.. ..man did you see him jumping up and down"

"Richard you, you got one awesome throw"

"Don't forget the dutchcannon"

"One of those shots knocked a guy right of his feet"

"Did you see that dumbshit try and jump the moat"

"Yea Richard hit him three times while he was still in the water"

"Ok ok guys, it ain't over yet."

Three people crossed the road and headed up the slope, towards them; one was Harry.

A white rag had been tied to a stick, and was being waved back and forth.

"Looks like they want to talk, Pat," a voice remarked.

"I want to be part of this," Richard said turning to Pat.

"You sure?" asked Pat.

"Yep."

"Dennis, get your dog hooked up to the chair."

The door was lifted out of its place and four came out from their refuge. Their leader, a wheelchair on skis, an eight year old; carrying a fishing pole with a white cloth on it's end and of course, one large Collie.

"Now I know where My fishing pole is," said Tom to himself.

The two groups approached each other, both stopping on their respected side of the moat.

"Well, well", said Harry. "If it isn't the smart ass and the cripple with a little kid."

"Who's beating your ass," blurted out Dennis.

"Oh wow," Harry replies.

"And what's with that dog, he hurt his neck or somethin?" Harry ask's.

"Naa he ain't ever seen somone as weird as you," Dennis replies.

"Listen you little punk..."

"Comon Harry,"...Pat interrupts.

"You guys are kind of breakin some of the rules ain't ya, with this here ditch," Harry says.

"And you ain't, with all those clowns from Greensburg," Pat responds.

"Watch who you are calling a clown," says a large boy with Harry.

"We are coming up there and take that place, pal, there ain't no way you can stop fifty of us forever," Harry remarks.

"Maybe, but if you can't do it by, 5:00, we'll give it to you and walk away the victors," Pat says smiling.

"Agreed," replies Harry. " Unless you want to surrender now."

"We ain't as crazy as you," Pat says.

"That remark is goin to cost you pal."

"Now girls," Richard says "It's only a friendly snowball fight."

"That's true," Pat adds smiling. "Lets get back."

"You don't mind," Harry asks. "I'd like to talk to Richard here alone."

"Sure, see you back at the fort. Dennis you help him back, when their through."

"Ok"

He walked part of the way back to the fort so he was out of ear shot. Pulling his sketch pad out he began to draw the scene in front of him. One person in a wheelchair, the other standing with a baseball cap, talking to each other over a water filled ditch. What

would they be talking about, he wondered, as he quickly sketched.

They leaned on the wall, wondering what was next.

"Why don't they all just rush us."

"Who knows."

"Wait till they find out the real reason for the sloped walls."

"Yea we tested it for a whole day until we got it just right."

"I know, Pat and us worked on that one for a long time."

"Maybe their stupid."

"They ain't stupid guys," Pat interrupts. "A little too cautious maybe, but not stupid; and their getting smarten as the day wears on. Take a look."

The shack that had been so kind to them, providing the dutchcannon, had changed sides, as it's wooden board sides were being torn off.

"Planks," said Jim.

"Fraid so," answered Richard.

With that a snowball left the fort at top speed, it ended it's flight splattering a red hat into the air.

Harry spun around raising his hand with three fingers extended.

"At least he didn't show you just one," Pat said laughing.

"Yea he's keeping count too," Richard.

Half of the 46 jumped into action, charging across the field toward them, each with a arm full of snowballs. They came to a stop at the ditch. throwing as fast as they could. A barrage of snowballs began slamming all around them. After each individual threw his armload he was replaced by another, while he ran back to the piles

on the other side of the road. It rained snowballs on the band that day and continued unrelenting.

"I think their catching on," said Richard ducking down to avoid from being hit.

"It had to happen, sooner or later, "Pat replied. "TO THE CANNONS", he shouted.

Everyone took their position and the fight went on.

For every dozen large snowballs that left the fort in low but graceful arches. Thirty high speed smaller ones pounded the walls and cliff over their heads showering them with their pieces.

"Wow" yelled Dennis, The only thing missing is a flag.

"Here use my shirt", I'm Steve.

"You sure you ain't going to get cold?"

"Nah, the coats good enough"

Taking the black and green shirt, Dennis tied it to the fishing pole. Running over to the center of the wall next to Richard

"What do you think", asked Dennis.

"Looks great, bury it into the wall."

Pat getting back up on to the walkway.

"Ok, Lets see if we can concentrate all our fire into one spot. All you guys come up here on the wall"

They all manned the wall ducking as snow balls exploded on the walls top.

"They are going to put that big plank over the ditch and then all 50 of them are going to TRY to cross it," said Pat. "Each one of you use what you think is best, cannon , sling or..."

Turning to Richard, "straight throwing."

Snowballs were hitting all around them, few connecting fully. Six of them ran across the field toward the fort carrying the door and its extension, with 46 waiting in anticipation, but still bombarding the icy mass in front of them.

"Here they come," yelled Pat. "Now when they put that thing over the ditch, I want everyone to throw as hard and as accurate as they can....At the plank, got it."

"Richard"?

"Yes Davy"

"Here I made some special snowballs for you."

"Special...like real hard huh."

"Well...yea their hard alright, but well.. there really from Bently."

"Bently?"

"Well... sort of like inside them...we could only make three though. He's been hiding behind the snowpile, you know.. Kind of scared, and he's really a neat dog...."

"Let me see those," said Richard.

"What's that smell?" asked Pat.

"I don't smell anything," Richard answered. "Do you Davy?"

"Ahh, no I don't smell anything."

"What are you smiling at Davy?" asked Pat.

"Oh nuthin much," except well.....this is going to be an afternoon to remember."

It fell across the ditch with a thud.

The first thing to pass over it was a throw from Richard that missed a ducking head , but connected with the second in line. Yells went up as a mob headed for the bridge, Followed by a wall of flying snow from the fort. Only pity could have been felt for the first in line now on the homemade bridge, as they were repeatedly struck with snowball after snow ball. Even a cannon shot connected with one of them as he stumbled to his knees, getting back up and being hit three more times before he traveled the 10 feet, to the other side.

They couldn't be stopped now. The 46 swarmed over the bridge and up the icy slope, that was part of the wall.

"OK", yelled Pat, " bring them out."

Half of the wall defenders jumped down from the boards and reaching under them, began lifting gigantic packed balls of snow and ice. Lifting them up to another on the boards; it wasn't ,but a few moments that the boards were sagging from the weight of the new snow and it's occupants.

The 46 continued it's onslaught of throwing and trying to run up the slopping walls, sliding on it's slick surface and being forced to move on all fours up the slope. The heroic defenders on command picked up the giant snowballs and lifting them over their heads; threw them down the slope. Some jumped or rolled out of the way, others didn't even see them coming, only feeling their impact. The 46 struggled for a moment on that slope that day, but eventually they were seen crawling over the top.

Richard threw as hard and fast as he could, but it wasn't enough to stop the mob below that tasted victory at last.

A large kid threw himself over the top and landed on Richard, knocking him off of his perch to the ground. Pounding could be heard at the door as it's iced slotted jambs gave way.

First one reached the top, then two, then a rush of the 46 found it's way over the top. Two had jumped on Richard, one holding his arms the other rubbing snow in his face. Dennis ran to help, but was knocked over by someone from the rear.

It was a sound..... the kind of sound that is recognized by all. The type of sound that instantly strikes caution and fear in the ears of men.

The fellow on Richard froze, with his arm in the air as others stopped and turned. A halves arm length away, his lips curled back, his teeth exposed. Bently emitting a low Growl; his head low and his shoulders haunched. He stared directly at Richard's attacker, growling and slowly moving closer. The attacker pulled back just as slowly, but the distance between the dog and the attacker remained exact.

"Easy boy, easy." he said as he pulled slowly off of Richard. The other that had been holding his arms had pulled back and froze, watching the dogs attention to the first.

Bently stopped his forward movement, half standing over Richard, but still staring and quietly growling his warning.

Dennis, moved forward towards them.

"Hey bent, take it easy, it was just in fun, right guys."

The dog's eyes rolled toward Dennis, while his head and body remained motionless, as happens right before an attack. Richard

slowly sat up and placed his hand on the dog's back. And with that Bently sat back on his hind legs, his tongue fell out of the side of his mouth, and of course cocked his head to one side.

"Gentleman it is 4:45 and I believe this fort is ours", said the red hat.

"Yea you did it Harry all 50 of you," Pat remarked.

"True true, it took 50 of us. I tell you, and I hate to say this, but this was one hell of a fort."

Everyone began to talk at once, as all began describing and reliving the events of the day to each other.

"YOU I don't believe, how could you just get up and leave without letting us know where the HELL you were going.

"We didn't plan to go anywhere special, it just sort of happened."

"SORTOFHAPPEN?" Tom yelled incoherently at the top of his voice."

"Now dear," Mary interrupted.

"We were about to call the police, thought you were kidnapped or somethin."

"It's really my fault," Dennis said.

"No body asked YOU."

"Yes sir."

"We were really worried Richard."

"I'm sorry mom."

Tom turning back to Dennis, "And would you stop that dog from whining."

"He's just upset Dad, the dog's real sensitive."

"Shut him up."

"Yes sir," said Dennis, as he went out on to the porch.

Kneeling down and petting Bently, "Boy are we in trouble, wait till Carl finds out."

The door opened, and out came Richard's dad.

Walking over to them, "In away I probably should thank that dog."

"Yes sir, I saw you on the hill"

"Does Richard know."

"No I figured if you wanted him to know, you'd tell him. Real glad you didn't let him know you was there," Dennis said.

"And why is that young man?"

"It would really have embarrassed him, if his Daddy had showed up."

"Yea, that's sort of the way I saw it too. Except when that bully jumped him, I started to come down."

"That kid wasn't a bully, he had his reasons."

"Oh, like name one."

"Well he was one of the first over the plank that they built."

"So."

"Well some of the first snowballs thrown were...like..donated by Bently here."

"By Bently.....oh...I see."

"And to make matters worse, Richard was laughing at the kid...while he was on top of him.....I mean he smelled real bad," Dennis explained trying not to laugh.

Tom smiling, "Most things have there reasons, don't they."

"Yes sir , they sure do."

"Look you better come inside.....And bring the dog with you, it's really getting cold."

They all sat facing each other in the living room.

"Ok maybe I'm getting a little too excited over this, but Richard you let us know from now on ok."

"I promise Dad."

"Now tell us all about what happened," his mother asked.

For the next twenty minutes they went through the events of the day, leaving out the incident at the end. Bently sat through the whole dissertation sitting in his usual pose, looking at who ever was speaking, as if he understood every word that was being said.

"You know that dog is really well behaved," Tom said.

Getting up from the couch he walked over and leaned down to pet him; as both Dennis and Richard closed their eyes.....

* * *

"Well do you two enjoy the father son special?" asked the attendant.

"Oh wow, did I...There was this dog called Bently and this here snowfight..."

"Yes it was quite interesting," interrupted the older.

"Most who try the Interlink are very excited by it," said the attendant.

"Have you ever had more than two at a time?" the elder asked.

"Ahh... no, not yet, but you never really know.....someday."

"Well comon son, we better get on home...mom will start to worry."

Thinking to himself as they left the Trip Station, at least he has met his real mother...maybe when he is older, he'll tell him who Miss Tabor was; or at least the image that his mind gave to their Trip.

"Hey, where's Daisy?" asked the younger.

"He's right here," said the attendant, as he handed him his toy poodle.

"He wasn't any trouble I hope." said the older.

"Oh no, he was very well behaved."

"Hey Dad, what was your Trip about?"

"Ahh well..... son it was sort ahh,..of meeting a lot of interesting people....."

"Grown up stuff huh."

"Yes,....sort of like that,...ahhh, come on, lets get home."

"And how are you doing Daisy?" he asked the poodle.

"Woof," it replied back, as the three of them walked down the sidewalk.

"Man that was close."

"Tell me about it. If any one ever finds out that a fuking dog was on a trip with people, it would be our asses."

"Well ain't no one goin to hear it from me."

"Yea, and thank God the dog can't talk."

