

sf101

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I'll try this one more thime..maybe this time I'll get it right

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The large stag's cry awoke me with a start. I knew he was there. Most mornings he was. He came down from the high country for what was left of my apple orchard. Hard times for all I thought. Looked cold out, maybe 20's, if that Gets so cold so fast up here, I thought. I loved the weekends, my time to get away from it all. However days such as that were the exception rather than the rule.

Mornings like this I wished John were still here. He wasn't the highest of intellects, but he had a little naive charm. Like a puppy saying, "That me home" SO I did. That however wasn't long lived. They...well he just wasn't here now. I didn't want to get out of bed. I knew good and well that the floor, as well as the house, was going to be good and cold, after the warmth of my bed. I'm not one for sleeping in, just don't like to get going with it so cold. One thing they couldn't do a thing about. Like nature's one last way of saying, "HA!" John would have had coffee ready for me, maybe even something to eat. I missed him so much at times like this. It wasn't right the way they did things.

The cure, at first, was better than the disease. The disease being the old way. You know, a lot of bureaucrats...heads of state, that sort of thing. Common folks just kinda got out and out fed up with it all. Had all they could that, so they took it all over. Not what you could call anarchy, just a quite little cue. "Get out or we'll show you the door." I'm quite sure it wasn't that civil, however it happened never the less. Then it, like any governing body, went sour. They all became like little Hitlers. Then they all got together. Somewhat like the days of Nazi Germany. Amusing how history keeps repeating itself. The horror of the thing was, as it became world wide. The old were let die, The, As they called them, "Inferior" were all done away with. Be it the rednecks, the dope heads, the mentally deficient, or just any of societies unconformists. Anyone that was not of high intellect, and could not contribute to society in a major way, was systematically done away with. Jails were a thing of the past. If you broke the law, public assassination was there looking you in the eye. They were however good enough to keep trials. However it was much like the high court of old, whereby a handful of appointees passed judgement on the accused. The one saving grace was in the knowing, if someone was up before the high court that said person was most likely guilty. The days of appeal were a thing of the past. The judgement of the high court was final. The high court found barely two percent not guilty. Of that two percent, most were set up by others, wanting them dead. More often than not that person was found out. That

is the person or persons trying to sat you up. Thep they in turn were brought be for the high court and put to death for their crimes. Most were now nothing more than obese blobs of cellulite. Fitness was a thing of the past. The only thing that mattered was the intellect and the advancement there for of. Due to the advancement in the medical field, most did not look after their outward appearance Those who did were saw as fanatics. Some were taken in for psychiatric evaluation. I however, being a historian, was just looked over as being an " old fashioned girl" as some like to call me. In this new society, for some unknown reason, looking to the past was the llthing". It was more just like a fad at first. then society became all but obsessed with it. Looking back on the world, as if never to make the same mistakes. I also often found it funny, knowing most were somewhat like the Nazis of the old world. I think most know what became of that silly lot of whacos. most of what I knew of history, or societal evolution as they called it, came from my grandfather. He however was dorie away with in the early days. They saw him as nothing more then a senile old man. And such was the normal in a society where "me" was the safeguard word. Much like the yuppies of the SO's. Noon made much of a fuss over such goings on. So long as it wasn't you. Most just looked the other way, or dismissed it as necessary. My fitness was looked on much as obesity was looked upon in the old days. However I was not given to becoming a slave to medicine, and machinery. That had become, for most, a part of normal everyday life. I prided myself on not being like most. In a world where big was the norm. This gave me some troubles. Much like the obese in the period of old. As such most of my clothes were from old military surplus and leftovers. Form a time long gone bye were such thing where needed. In a society where most thought in a pacifist manner, such things as a military were no longer needed. Most didn't have the agility, let along the knowledge to fight. Yes there was a police force of sorts. However they were hardly, if ever, called upon. And then usually only for medical emergencies. The knowledge of the fight had long since left society. Here was where some hope lied.

I being a historian had free to anything, weapons, clothing, or general knowledge. The few weapons I did have were collectors items, and nothing more.

It was all most ten am. time for some form of nourishment. In a world where all was done for you by machines, it was good to come up here and do things for my-self. Something most now knew little, or nothing, about. There too was where some hope lie. Coffee with eggs would be good. This to was one of the nice things about coming up here, small though it was, just 5 acres, most of which were wooded, but in a world of per this and pre that real food tasted oh so good. Telecom, that meant Dr. Petron. One of my supervisors. The man could not see how someone so small could come up here, or why I'd want too. Most who knew me shard his line of thinking. "Well you be in by 6:30"? he wanted to know. I told him I would, and that was the end of that.

In the beginning they tried to get all people with ESP, telekenitcs, ect. together. They had it in their heads, that by breeding us they could somehow raise the intellect of everyone. Fortunately for us no substantial evidence was ever collected, and the program was disbanded. The good thing about all this was a lot of people there taught each other how to do things. And we all came out of it with a new insight on ourselves and others. As for me, well let's just say my phone never rings twice, and my dog doesn't know how to play fetch.

will my dog was more like a wolf, but he didn't know that. with a cabin deep in the woods of the high country, our neighbors were few if at all. In that day and aged country living just was not heard of. I

however was by no means going to let that stop me. So it came to me as some what of a shock to see the old ford of my understudy coming up the drive. Will lets face it the thing was more like a path in the woods. It was Malcom that clued me in to who was in the truck. Malcom being my wolf.

-Clifton had been my research assistant for some yrs. A young men about 25 or so. A very lonely, but head working boy was he. In some ways he reminded me of John. May be that's why I did not encourage his interest in my person. It was like a playful infatuation he had with me. I found amusement with it. However he was trying to spend as much time with me as he could. I well say it was quite flattering, he being some what attractive to me both intellectually and physically.

It was good to see, at lest one of the new generation, looking to the ways of old. He like my-self loved coming up here to the high country. and I didn't mind his company for the day; So long as he kept the flirtations to a minimum. Besides he was a grate help to me with little things like cutting wood, or shoveling the sown off the walk. Not that we had had a bad sown yet this yr.. I think the thing I liked best about having him up there was he could work on engines as good, if not better, thin I. Case in point one of my old snowmobiles. Gasoline was a thing of the past, so trying to keep the things running was oh so fun. We had to use fuel made from corn. What they used to call Moon-Shine. With a little juice the stuff wasn't bad. Not the I'm a lush, but a little belt now and then, well we all do that.

The horn blast about made me droop my the tea I had made, No coffee, The kid loved doing that to me. No need for that dammed thing out here. Still it was good to see that old truck working. Like a little trip down memory lane win I hard that thing. like a look back on how things ones where. Things we all never knew. "Good morning Dr." he said as he came up the walk. "Hi Malcom" he yell when he was all but tackled by the wolf. The two of them where old friends. It was clif who had fOund Malcom as a pup. The wolf had become lost and was all but dead. Clifton had spent three weeks nursing him back to health. With the on set of winter Clif's Visit up there had become fewer. The time the two of them spent was priceless, at list to the boy. Malcom,now 4 yrs. old, could look after him-self. With no hunters, or farmers to kill him off, it was all to easy for him to hunt for his food. As for my-self my small farm did quite well at this. putting a way a little here and some there though out the summer and fall would all but insure I had all the food I needed will I was up there. Malcom was now running down the path after a rabbit., "Malcom !" I called to him, "You let that rabbit be." nope it made it's burl. I knew that was his food, however I did not like seeing the kill. Funny I could kill the chickens at the end of the summer by chopping off there heads. Yet something about seeing Malcom killing a rabbit, or what ever was unsettling to me.

"So Clifton are we going to get some work done, or are the two of you going to play all the day long ?" If the truth be told, I was the one given to playin' .I knew.

the answer to what I had ask him. He didn't say a thing. He just headed off to the shed with Malcom hot on he's heel.

Seelng the two of them llke that made me wlsH I had a son. That was not to be however. No off spring for me. "Ok

I'll where did you put the go juice for this thing Dr.?" Clifton Inquired. He indeed wonted to go for a spin.

"Not much

snow." I told him. "So, I'd still like to see this thing running." Kid was persistent, I'd give him that. "Look if your in that big of a rush it's still in the steel." That didn't pales him at all. He said some thing under his

breath, "I didn't get that." "Never mind." he said as he made his way down the hill to where I kept an old steel. I thought of the old days how people would hide such things. Now here we were making the stuff to run my toys. "Wont a cup ?" he yelled up the hill. "NO, I think not, and don't you be getting my wolf drunk." "Now would I do a thing like that ?" I knew all too well Cilf would never think of such a thing. I did however like to see the look on his face. Kept the boy on his feet. "So is this thing going to run ?" "Of curs, I billet it." I told him, with a pit of mock concede. "Oh I forgot." He said. the kid was getting as cocky as me. I hoped it would not carryover to the lab. The old snowmobile did start up with some bit of brooding, and a lot of off color names by the both of us. "Go for a ride with me Doc. ?" "NO, you and Malcom go ahead. It's a pit to cold out here for me." The both of them went over the hill. I then made my way back to the house. There I knew my tea would be ready. My hands were like ice. "yhoooo!" I yipped as I took up the cup. Much to hot. That was bright. I knew better then that. I was doing that more and more often. Must be getting old I though. As I went out too the wood box. I about lost it when I head the gun do off. "What the.." I yelled at the top of my lungs, running for the door with a 357 in hand. I'd garbed it form it's place on the end table. It was for more show. I had not fired it in will over ten yrs. By the time I hit the end of the walk I knew I had visitors. I was picking up three. about that time they came up the drive. Three men, not at all of the new world. "Malcon.", I yelled. I knew all too well Clifton would not hear me over the running engine of the snowmobile. The wolf on the other hand, will maybe.

"What the hell do you wont, and were do you get off shooting a gun on my land ?" The fact that I too had a gun was intimidating. At any rate one of them spoke up. By the way, I did have the gun aimed at one of the mens' crouch. "Would you be so kind as to lower that Ms. .?" "Not tell I get some answers." I told them. "We didn't. know there where people living here Ms. " the younger one of them said. This I did not believe for so much as an instant. For I was up there all most every weekend. "Nice try kid." I told them. "But I'm up here all the time." About that time Malcorn came out of the woods at my side. Clifton pulled up beheld them. "You people should tell the Doc. here what she would like to know. She's not all there. I've seen her shoot some one just for the fun of it." What a crock. I was thinking. They did however end up going. Great I thought, now I've got to think about them when I'm not here. I could just see them trying to go throw all my things. Not that they'd have much luck with the way I keep the shed. They would be lucky to find a thing. The remainder of the weekend went with out incident. So I took it that they would not be coming back.

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Clifton returned to the city med day sunday afternoon. I monday at about six am. Only to find Dr. Peterson there. He had it in his head that Clifton and I had something going on more then just a good working friendship. "I Don't think it a good thing..." He said as I walked in . "What's that ?" I played dumb. "You and the boy spending your off time together." "What I do outside this office is nun of your concern." Not that I would of cared if it where. "Affair is that not what people of old would call it ?" "You seeing the boy is not at all becoming

of you, and it is interfering with his work efficiency. That we will not have." By "WE" he meant him-self. The man would of loved to have his way with me. The way he saw it by getting Clif. out of the way, that just maybe, that could come to be. Not likely. ILJellies are we Dr. Peterson ?" "NO, certainly not, however if the boy can not cut it here he well be gone. I don't think I have to tell you of all people what would become of him if that where to happen.. Now do I ?" "Oh you'd like that now wouldn't you ?" I told him as I showed him out the door.

The man was a pompous @\$\$\$. So full of him-self. Little did he know, that I knew where his job lie. If it were not for my department, to make him look good, he'd of been gone yrs. ago. So when Clifton was not in the next week I knew what was up. I did not think Dr. Peterson so low as to have Clifton dismissed. By mid week .it' was all over the office. Clifton was dead, and I knew all to well why. Dr. peterson had, in my way of thinking, killed him. It was at that pant I had all I was going to take of this "New world". I told the management with Clif's death I needed some time off to look for a replacement. I'd never taken any time off to speak of. So I had a substantial amount on the books. I would of though some one would of seen to it I took some time off be for this.

I was of course devastated by the laos of clifton. I however, was not about to let the good Dr. know this. Nor was I going to give him the satisfaction of knowing I was at a laos. After all I had loved Clif, but it was more of a motherly love I had for him. He was, after all like a son to me.

Malcom was understandably puzzled when Clifton did not show up on the weekend. This went on for about two weeks, then one day he just went off into the woods. For days I did not see him. When he did finely return most of his time was spent on the porch. With out Clifton he was content to stay there. He would just set and look at me working on this, and that. The first such thing to be done was the making of a tombstone for Clifton. That was something people just didn't do now. You where simple cremated, and your ashes done away with.

What to do with my-self with on one left to disturb me. No one to come "play" with my toys. No Clifton meant no rides in the woods. Knowing that there was now other people up there made me a little uneasy about that.

After what seem like forever, to me, it come to me that I didn't much care to live in this new world. The time I lived in was a time long past, and there was no place for me in the new one that had taken it's place. What with John & Clifton gone. Malcom coughed look after him-self, but there was Dr. Peterson. I could not let what he did go unanswered after all.

Getting the 357 in was no big thing for me, I just told people it was for one of the local museums, and that I was restoring it for them. I then walked in to the good Dr. office. It was at that time I told the man his time on this earth was at it's end. A 357 to the head is a most affective way of doing away with ones adversaries. I knew I could of gotten away, however I did not wont to.

They tried me, and did so find me guilty. So here I am. !IDo you have any thing to say for your-self ?!! Boy does that ever sound like the old days. I am not one for obscenities, so here goes. F\*\*\* Y\*\* !! It's the only thing I can think of. Now know what the condemned must fell like. New intellect, I think not. Fattiest pig is more like it. Doing ever thing allover again. IT'S SO COLD ...