

Crazy-Penny

Dizzy Wrld

Ricky Taillefer

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www.friesenpress.com

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First Edition — 2015

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ISBN
978-1-4602-5022-8 (Hardcover)
978-1-4602-5023-5 (Paperback)
978-1-4602-5024-2 (eBook)

1. Fiction, Science Fiction

Distributed to the trade by The Ingram Book Company

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Additions

27.99 So $2 + 7 + 9 + 9 = \mathbf{27}$

19.656 So $1 + 9 + 6 + 5 + 6 = \mathbf{27}$

$27.99 + 19.656 = 47.646$ So $4 + 7 + 6 + 4 + 6 = \mathbf{27}$

$27 + 99 + 19 + 656 = 801$ Infinity in binaries.

Multiplications

$27.99 \times 19.656 = 550.17144$ So $5 + 5 + 0 + 1 + 7 + 1 + 4 + 4 = \mathbf{27}$

$27 \times 99 \times 19 \times 656 = 33316272$ So $3 + 3 + 3 + 1 + 6 + 2 + 7 + 2 = \mathbf{27}$

$2 \times 7 \times 9 \times 9 \times 1 \times 9 \times 6 \times 5 \times 6 = 1837080$

So $1 + 8 + 3 + 7 + 0 + 8 + 0 = \mathbf{27}$

Minus

$27.99 - 19.656 = 8.334$, if unit 4 in 8.334 is rounded results because of an invisible decimal on the price panel after the 27.99, what if the number expected would be 8.33 periodical and would mean eternal?

Divisions

Step one:

$$27.99 / 19.656 = 1.4239926739926739926739926739927$$

Step two:

$$19.656 / 27.99 = 0.702250803858520900321543408360$$

13

Step three:

1 God =

$$0.70225080385852090032154340836013$$

x

$$1.4239926739926739926739926739927$$

But this any division results the same way, got yaw.

Switching around digits 9&5 in half circle of the number six in 19.656. The 9 becomes a 6 but the 5 stays the same meaning an, "S". What if it gives the result of 15.666 under twenty seven point ninety nine? What is the meaning of 27 (.) 99 15 (.) 666 after that switch around? What if the dots changed to 27 (with) 99 IS (only) 666, or perhaps the number 27(human) at XX.99\$ is number 666. The main question in all of this is. How would God send a message to a human showing an essential number? But what is that famous 27 in this banal picture of a gas pump panel if these are the quantity number of books in the New Testament of the Holy Bible? And when God created man, Genesis 2:7 found in the Old Testament? Thereafter, what's number 99, would it be 99 cents for the goodness of giving a powerful invisible penny? The goal of this theology in theory, is having every habitant of this planet giving something, even if it's only a mawkish little lousy low penny. All of this intro sounds crazy, just like crazy penny is. So dear reader, please don't go crazy reading this challenging story, and I hope you can freely believe in the powerful invisible penny.

Acknowledgment

Countless thanks to God entirely. Thanks to my parents and sister for enduring me, and friends relatively. Numeric God for a lot of discoveries and giving me signs and massively helping me. Thanks to FriesenPress and staff passionately. Thanks to my mother for making me correct my work strategically. My grandma who forgot most of everything I told about my story. Steve Harrison for linking Voyage Media, Nat Mundel, and K.M. Weiland for answering me. A retired university teacher Mr. Killeen for motivating me into a better ending, also correcting my short story Alive Mouse.

Internet for accuracy, Google for reliability, articles and tips from everybody, Wikipedia instantly, Windows 8 and 8.1 momentarily, McAfee for top security, Microsoft Office 365 for its features and plenty, Stylewriter4 for a better English writing properly and Ginger for grammar confusingly.

Special thanks to the educations of Canada, and its government not forgetting Catholic people for colonising these countries dominated by religion. Also the gambling mafia oddly, and sharing the concept of Las Vegas' casinos. Furthermore, this hostile planet for a fair frugal forecast far from foe. Foregone in atmosphere, forth fathoms far-flung from flat, a loftiness frugally furrowed fluidly but unfortunate forest, and exclusively woodlands, for filling & filing fast fibers for paper fully supplied in tons. Also thanks to working humans importantly.

However, first and foremost, best thanks goes to you reader for making this reality happening into a better world timely, as times spaces time.

Thanks again

Crazy-Penny

Dizzy Wrld

Chapter “0”

Loser

Blackjack, poker, slots and some that many do not know so far, well unless you sat to every game in this place as the rows of machines separated the divisions for passages. Tones of bells rang in patterns of random chimes up and down the music staff in any given note. Melodies heard through this illusion screen in front. A spin to Toc; Toc; Toc; no alignment yet, another try although too many gotten, tries and tries. Not have matched. Never hundreds but thousands or perhaps more, however down a steep hill to a level approaching zero; then tries helped to end this game, but a few more spins.

He tried to win in this lake of cash but never had a valued shrimp. He felt like a fish and this machine was the hook, the wallet is the mouth. More like a pit or a giant funnel. Nevertheless, to a perverted big digestive concept to empty any pocket in this casino, this deluxe house, a matter of will and inarguably a question of time. This once pressed again button in the center of the boxy weirdo machine, reflected deformed lights from the ceiling, and a hand on the slanted panel. This surface, mirror like. Bar, bar but missed the last bar. “It’s always like that,” Jason said through murmurs. One more struggle after the pressed plastic round button, redundantly. It did not give credits on that round. Relentlessly to many rounds, no nothing.

To this moment, a bell rang continuously like a security alarm at the far end left side further down the row. Obviously someone had won a huge amount as a light flashed on top of the slot machine lit, glowed trivial. The topmost light dimmed off and faded on, simultaneously. All the surrounded people happily grinned, glued, showed toothy to their faces as if a comparable job of a taxidermist. Some folks sat on their chairs that had each a machine, turned their heads to crack their necks guessingly. "What a whiplash," thought Jason as he observed. Passing people turned to see the winners. The people passed by and smiled. Their face shined with glory, they won, and glad, content, delighted and pleased. The expressions Jason wanted, merely. "A big win I see, but none for me," Jason said, the starved player who cared only for his bet. Although bets he played. However begged as he blinked a bulky black beard blew to blast its blissfulness to the blabbered screen, sigh. Few drops of saliva flew as he wiped, used his forearm. "It's free but not this time," Jason said, the loser of the game. He turned to look, the two middle-aged women had won, and they had it. "They're happy but not me." This sickened mix, united varieties of sounds, tangled his thoughts. "Another last try to this hunk of junk," he thought. But then again, a small amount made him a winner from a few more tries, showed down at the square red numbers, credit counter on the machine, at the edge. An edge then a slope, a straight downhill, a free fall, a dive. "Those credits are low as the machine marries the floor to the precise ground," Jason thought. He was not to regain, but this last maybe try, for the heck of luck sakes.

Jason sat in front of a swindle slot machine, spent nearly all his money, the last unaligned fruit sagged low his face as this welsh purpose to pay failed, cheated. "Oh

my poop shit," he said, held a boredom face expression, gazed. His eyes turned and looked over at the brightened roulette sign, a few rows away. He observed around and noticed he had sat for a while. Last, he glanced at that one-way money going has-been dud bank machine, lifted off his seat, he got up and balanced, jugged the liquids inside his stomach, stumbled getting up, put one hand in his pocket. He turned to a clear way of the glimmered passage lit by strips down on each side. A main row he was to engage. The high ceiling as he looked, let air in his lungs and out, yawned and almost stretched.

It was time to leave this machine as his watch showed 2:10pm and held a glass viewed from a beautiful woman with long silvery white hair, he sipped his drink. No one in front, he moved forward a step to go in the walkway, carpet and strips of glossy lights, "Chromed money banks," he thought. Overall, his wallet summed one hundred sixty dollars. "I got to change my money into gambling chips," he thought. The purpose of a deal, although an exception for his lucky penny he kept in the back pocket of them black pants as a woman eyed, distant away walking the passage. At the end row of the blackjack machines, she had a drink, took a sip, and even so tasted, swallowed. She had long white silvery hair.

Once at the counter in a spot, a place to play roulette. He put all his chips on red, held high over his head and gulped to finish his glass as the dealer seen a confirm bet from everyone at the table. "All bets are clear," spoke the serious comrade who flung the ball in track and spun. The roulette swirled in circles as this insignificant sphere turned the slanted rail in echoes. Jason's mind thought of winning back the money lost as a fight boxing match

dollar in this pig dazzling illusion house. The small white ball bounced around six times then got into a box trapped to, "Seven red," called the comrade, slid on the carpet eight more chips to the winner's bet. "Yes, another one like that and I'm in business." He raised his arm up similar of a champion.

The long white silvery haired women had observed Jason at the roulette.

"How about another like that," Jason said, and faced impressed express to the fastest restless best bless. "All bets are cleared," the comrade said eyeing the table for cleared hands. Flung, the ball tossed rapidly motioned in surround centrifugal forces, around and turned, around in circles. Insight of the marble that spun, Jason turned to the left as he saw the woman with the long white silvery hair. He gazed at her; she walked and smiled at him. He now looked at a curvy slender delicate profile with a tight dress in the dark gray passage lit from glowed lights on each side, walked by as the dealer calls. "Three red, the winner is for the three red." No one had won except for the person with the lucky penny, Jason. He held and swung his arm, slightly bent to a quick crouch, "Yes," laughter, ended with the arm up like a punch at the ceiling happily. He looked for the white silvery hair woman as she vanished from his view. "Black lozenges," Jason thought. A Husband and wife stepped away from the table as they lost. The dealer added to Jason's pile six hundred and forty dollars. His bet had doubled again. Therefore, added to this sum, the rent taken care, cleared then the ambition was too great in this instant, another turn had he performed. "May be if I bet red, no it's black's turn now and sure of it," Jason thought systematically, the oddities have eliminated

in the player's mind. For sure, he was about to know if he spends the afternoon and night here, or just leaves in this preceded quench hustled as the dealer placed the marble ready for loops. He glanced at the table surrounded with an oak trim border and a carpet in blue felt. He eyed back at the roulette, flung the sphere. Jason stared at the ball, his elbows rested tense on the table, his fist into the other hand. For the moment of truth, the division of this sway, futile ignorance to worship back, the bet of bets. "It can't be red," Jason said, all his chips stayed on black. "Give me a black number," he said. Yet, the sound of the ball crisped in circles to lose speed as it left the slanted ramp to bounce and ricochet of the same inclination slope and jumped up, leaped, rebounded, sprang back to the red twenty one. The dealer looked at the only player, took the chips at the black lozenge. "Oh my guts," Jason thought and had the same expression face, flashed back though dropped his jaw.

He felt like there was no use of being in this cash house. Nevermore he'd step in this cooed casino ever again and headed for the exit. "That isn't far-off an inside walk," Jason thought. Eyes away from the roulette table, all the fancy machines positioned on each side reflected, he slightly hopped to a fast pace. "I think I better leave this place," Jason said. He felt a little dizzy as he walked through rows, but stared at the other end. "The twenty-one red, sigh. I better not think of that," he said, but solved three times seven. The environment darkened as he passed through machines, and at the hallway's end, lights and well bright. He saw the two women winners, they walked through the rows of machines, "Luck, they leave no cash to people similar me," said lowly. The restaurant in sight, "Appetizing meals, combo, single plate,

all you can eat, salad bar, and leftovers for me. I'd have to go out to the great big bin at the back, the garbage," thoughts. Seats with a canopy, aquariums, "What a nice place to rest, but I have to order something, money," Jason said. Music played as he approached the delighted odors. Hopelessly, slowed down the pace walking by a fountain, "Peaceful here and fine women to talk to, but I'm broke," as thought. The light shined through the exit doors down the alley. Passed under a large suspended tiger up the ceiling, he glanced, big green numbers at the top of a row of right hand side machines, "Banks, they're married, they actually don't show it." Some folks had tickets printed.

Arrived at the second set of doors, an orange metallic car showed in the middle of the solarium entry. Windows over the glass doors, sunshine did not glimmer from outside of the covered sky. The door closed behind him; the entrance's glass door. He realized all his goods are gone, no change left but this penny, "Oh my shit," Jason said and the same gazed boredom face. He enjoyed the view of all parked cars, the sky took a turn as he remembered in the morning, a grateful drowsy breeze. Trees carried leafs of dew as the drained mist pledged colors," Jason thought. And tried to stay positive like an optimistic bag of farts.

He left behind the lustrous modern infrastructure. How tall he felt this morning as of different from now. It was a fortune flushed in a short time frame, ashamed but fell all behind as his thoughts buried with rage. This last day was the very end of this week at the casino, nevermore would he come back in there.

Chapter 1

For The Plaintiff

The judge looked down at his gavel and knocked the justice hammer as it resonated through the wooden sound block on the bench's surface. "Next case please," the judge said and gawked unhappy at his papers. Diane stood up, set her purse's belt over her padded shoulder, and wore an off-white blouse with around her neck an ivory chiffon ruffled scarf and pants, there in black high heel shoes. From her bench, Diane faced the passage at her footsteps to also have in sight the defendant who sat still, faced the judge desk like a statue. "This person poorly dressed will only have to sell the table set to balance five grand for my business," Diane thought and engaged the alley down towards the large oak doors at the room entrance to this expensive justice hall. It was by a chance this place existed for her commerce to survive and make a fair living. Some clients quit paying to live better in their own ways. "They could contact me for lower payments," she thought. "Good day miss Krogers," a security guard said, and resonated the door closed behind her. She turned her head to face him behind, "Good day," and returned her eyes in front. Fewer steps down the hall, a clerk spoke. "Hey, how was it?"

"Like the usual," Diane said.

"How's boy Justin doing?"

"Missing his mother, I'm late."

"Right then good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," she replied.

Without any added words, the main door shut behind her, "How could I date him? He argued over a toy with my boy, pathetic," Diane thought, and looked down, nodded as

she replaced her band of the purse over her shoulder stepping outside the court.

They pulled on a transformer toy, Justin said, “Look,” he also said, “Look.” Well they both faced each other and said, “Look.” But no one let go until the mother broke this fight walking in the room with an unhappy face. They both faced up to her sitting on the floor, and Justin said, “There, you have it.” The man took the toy with great interest as his hands moved the joints and completed the change of shape, and in a short time-lapse. “What a guy, but funny he was, still is, but not with me anymore,” Diane thought.

Sidewalk, the justice court building, she sighted her car on the street near the court’s parking. An old seventies big fancy classic-car was her mobile shelter in this hostile continuous city circulation. She didn’t have a rectangular paper on her wiper like a few months ago.

Diane opened the door after turned unlocked, sat in the driver’s seat, keys jingled. Her eyes kept wide open to barely blink. The engine started, glance at the mirrors, activated the blinker and pushed on the gas. At the stop sign she turned on the radio button, although her eyes never left the upper dashboard. Familiarised as she didn’t have to eye the dash. The only time she’d look for the gas needle, still a ring out of a warning bell. The channel symphony chorded naturally, pleased as raindrops fell down on the windshield, few more automobiles passed across; one turned frontward, on the left side. A shower permutated the rayed cumulus, ceiling of clouds, a blue sky far ahead. One more car and dressy Diane pushed the accelerator.

Justin immediately had the attention of the preschool teacher over other students, although he merely took the

occasion to ask. However, this time the students left as the teacher stayed with Justin, until his mother showed then stopped near the sidewalk as she saw him on the run. Justin ran to join the fancy large car as the teacher entered the school from a cement step, glass door entrance. Diane got out of her car as she barely had time to crouch down at Justin’s height as he rammed into her arms and cuddled. “How was your day mom,” Justin said like he missed his mother for days? “Good, how was yours,” Diane said? Although late a bit, Justin always cared for a hug. “Long and boring,” Justin said and tightened his hold. “I’m guessing it’s natural, I won at the court, alright now, let’s get in the car.” They both gapped apart as Justin walked to enter the car’s rear door as his mother opened. Justin sat still as his mother told him, “Soon you won’t need this seat, you’re getting taller and taller.” Then he asked, “Are we going to walk over the big bridge?”

“Goodness, I only forgot, but maybe not, it feels like rain,” the mother said as she pointed up. Her nail tapped the window twice on the rear car window and Justin sat and buckled.

The little six-year-old turned to see the clouds up the sky. “We can have an umbrella walk,” Justin said.

Diane laughed, “Sure we only can.”

She entered and sat in the driver’s seat, buckled and pushed the gas pedal. Justin picked up a monster in his left hand and a man in his other grasp. “Turn it up mah, I like this tune.” She glanced in the mirror a couple time and knew what he was doing as he sat in his seat. His head higher than his car seat. He sighted the monster as the music ebbed the atmosphere. Also viewed the man with the ax. He bowed to them and they faced him for a bow.

He returned the monster and men face-to-face. A combat to happen blissfully at blistered dance, nearly coordinated to the music. He bowed the contestants ready for battle. The monster kicked the man with his two feet in the face as the man backed. "To your wits, to your wits," Justin said arbitrating a voice. She glanced in the mirror a few times and her son played to the music. As the battle wriggled went on. The man got to his feet and kicked the monster in the face at his turn. The monster resisted and Justin's wrist turned as a punch to the man's face. "Hold on you can get powers." The timbales boomed in a group of four as the man stood taller. Came the monster's turn to have the punches. The monster fell flat on his back. "Arg, you got me," Justin said and did a fat lip and toned his voice deeper. Gasping monster got up, "This, this can't be happening," Justin said and held faraway the large figurines ready for the cymbals. Smashed on a series of kicks and timbales. Smashed them again.

Diane thought of her date and softly braked for the red light. "Why does he want to go at the expensive restaurant," she thought? In the rear-view mirror Justin smashed the figurines over and over. Cymbals smashed, cymbal smashed. Diane thought of the baby-sitter, how the mother could make her date wait for the time and called another one for Justin. "If only, but not just in time," Diane thought and smirked and quickly glimpsed in her mirror. "The second time with the same steady date. First it was a normal inexpensive restaurant, at lease everything was bountiful normal," she thought. The light greened, traffic moved as Justin put back the beat up contestants in the box next to his seat. The song switched. A few intersections passed as Justin stared up at the piercing sky, sun rays.

Chapter 2

Upset

Frustrated of steam alphabets, Jason walked out the casino. "It dared, how dare do my luck fail welsh like that, and to the last dollar? I played but luck played me, and head-on. From this arrogant law of odds, win or lose, heads or tails, rueful stuff and what pity to put a gladiator against hungry lions in the coliseum. Sure you can have my meat store kitty cats, then you can flush the crap down the gutter to pipes all the way to the zoo of microbes into the sewage, dung pebbles to the manure pile, and squash it all to the dump. So aim at me the humdinger piece of gushed defecation after a while, wickedness sludge down the ground, bag of again crazy dung simply feeble bent until broken, flung off, silly whack to, 'Oh my pissed off,' into this mess and a splash in almost kind of proxy then right into the deepest of my bank account to booger lick, swap nostril not enough, dig deeper and in the mouth also. Glued finger to the button like a zombie jammed and gummed spirit, an Armageddon rain of droppings to bury my honor. Tang me the insane bee who didn't know which flower to go on. With all the biodiversity to mountains of great bull fertilizer crushed crash to a crisp and cranked to crickets then chipped off chunks of money to hoax spins, bets of chaos to nothing else to spin," Jason said then gasped roughly and deeply breathed, sigh of steam.

Meanwhile, people in the opposite direction of the parking lot, walked towards the casino. They heard and stared at the expressed funny friend that flew a blistered walk by cars, vans, minivans and some RV. Did he appeared mad?

At the front center inside his car, viewed out the window of the driver's seat. Jason enters the key to unlock the door. His mouth moved to the other side. His keys jingled.

As the door opens, "... Through conflicts, out driven in a few words, it maddens me to nuts and bolts in this perpetrating ballad to moneymaking flocks, to annihilate angrily like a Tasmanian devil, snort and growl, aging skunk threw black and white greedy green mustard, vast poop excrement lacking reluctantly and awkwardly on a side order dish flak..."

Folks heard the sports car, they turned and recognized the guy who sat in the driver seat passing by trundling. One of them told the others, "Hey that's the winner." They watched the driver whose mouth didn't stop to gibber gabber guessingly, talked and nodded then shook head left and right. One drowsy old man said, "What's with him, is it some bet?"

"Or his wife stayed in," a Wiseman said. They laughed droopily to guffaws. Hands on their bellies and tilted their head back laughingly.

"... Lousy I and raging stool to utter out an immaterial turd. Jelly slog wangle shun geek of a sloppy rally pig in this mud, dirt. Wheelbarrow full of shiatsu barking a song of symphony going by a pack of wolves eating maggots until garbage revolted lids, fermented," he said aggravatingly.

"Well I better stop this wiggly fiddle," Jason said. His hands tensed down the steering. He stopped at the exit road of the casino, faced left and right and squirmed the wheel to the route as he pushed the radio on, set his favorite album. The lights ahead turned red as he braked to decelerate, and entirely immobilize, stopped. People

halfway in the middle of the intersection crossed. Few cars traversed. Stores, restaurants, on the other side a motel and a fast-food further ahead. Jason took a deep breath of air to this surrounding rap song. The moment stood still like at daytime he had waited for the go-ahead moment in the row of a much-solicited roller coaster ride.

Hiss, sizzle, crackle, sputter to gasp as Jason blurted a speech, "Burns of waggle for grief's sake this light is driving my patience down a silly wag, hey I'm here, can't you see my outstanding devoted foot to step off this pedal of rubberize lever in this box of pounds squashed, oh I better tie my seat belt. If I want to survive this week, month or a year without a pay. I have to seek a job, I'll maybe go to another journal house, or a Jailhouse, I hope not, eventually? Gully groove this music is hot like Habanero pepper sauce in a warm soup," Jason said.

"This light is about to go green I say." He guessed then said suddenly, "Now," as he stared at the red lights up the roads opposite side. "I got to say that again," he thought. This time he believed the light was about to change. "Now," Jason said, but it didn't change as he looked up, his chin on the steering. "How about another try," he thought. Then showed teeth, "Now, finally," Jason said like a mad boar at the driving wheel the idiot who had the deflated wallet and glimpsed to the dashboard, the indicator gauge neared an empty gas tank. Intersection lights passed over the windshield on left turn.

The radio randomly changed songs. His guts gargled, felt a growl, spews baffled and muffled, curled and, "Empty pipe in there," Jason said as he pulled over and remembered pocket change in his glove compartment. The car silently stopped. Opened the glove compartment and found

six bucks. “Ha-ha, I’m not that broke after all,” he said with whooping laughs of sarcastic rant.

He arrived in the fast-food eatery. The windowed door shut behind. At the cash counter he stood up in line and gawked at the high menu. “What can I get with these coins,” Jason thought?

On the left a female worker said, “Hi may I take your order?”

Jason moved sideways, a few steps up to the counter. “– what can I get for a meager six bucks,” Jason said?

She pointed over her shoulder, and on her cash register punched and told, “That, it adds to six-O-one,” the cashier woman said.

His lucky penny was the only last drop of change. “Okay, I’ll take that,” Jason said. He moved sideways to let another customer at the old register’s edge.

“Is it for takeout,” she said, eyes that magnetize willed words.

“Yes, it’s to go, no bag,” Jason said, “Please.”

He handed her the whole of it. She counted, “It’s okay for the penny,” the woman said. He put the penny in his rear pocket. A shouting large fry and a pop on the counter.

“Thank you, miss,” he said.

She said, “Have a good day sir.”

He grabbed his meal, carefully without losing a precious fry, turned around to head back to his car. Formally outdoor of the fast-food as he tasted the fries. “Yum-me-yum,” Jason said.

Once in his car, key to start, radio to sound, and gearbox to “D” and mobilize towards the road. There wasn’t much to say in this dull astray **Wednesday**, a way to the final pay. His last workday finished last Friday. His boss kept pressure as Jason didn’t like to work in that ambience. It crumbled him constrict, left in his almost finished article. No sheet of paper ripped although he sure fell in parts here and there. Barely a project finished and another started as the boss gave him more piles due done and for yesterday. He packed his stuff in a box as his patron saw, and without a word left this rush house for good, or was it for bad? Workers needed, however on the contrary an employee had left. Now labor had built them stacks of paper sheets to slumber as dust would accumulate in this non-productive publishing house. He thought of heading back to work at the same place but his choice was better than this idea as a relaxed atmosphere he appreciated and wanted that way. Nonetheless, all this plummets into a bad gambling dream.

He drove and parked near a bridge.

“A nice place to park and take a walk,” Jason thought as he pulled afield from the road.

Chapter 3

The lightning

A woman and her child halfway through the bridge, talked under light drizzled rain.

“Only if you try today,” Diane said, the mother.

“Try what,” Justin said, the child?

“To walk on that side,” she said.

“Um okay,” Justin agreed, “But not too long.”

“Walk only slow and take it easy like you want, have your moment, and keep looking in front, say when ready.”

“I can do it mom.” A gust of encouragement, he rose on his shoe tips and peaked down the bridge.

“Goodness sure you can,” Diane said and laughter, impressed the devotion and ambition of her child. “Only don’t look down.”

“Yeah I won’t look down mom.”

They swapped sides. The six-year-old paced near the railing and Diane to the sidewalk’s edge higher than the road as she stepped.

Down the bridge thus the same sidewalk, Jason saw the mother and child, far ahead. He sighted a bench near the bus cabin, before the bridge, fair to the right hand side. He walked towards the riverside parking. The roadway continued under this bridge. A garbage basket with a base of steel well placed as he dropped in the empty carton crate of fries. At least starvation calmed down. “Some gamble,” Jason said, wondered about how he would pay the rent, gas and food. “What have I done, why does that casino carry me away like that,” his thoughts twisted as the city bus went by, battled engine blared. Although no one waited in the cabin. “Luck, and some luck, so much for luck, but I almost had it, I had to overdo it,” Jason said with murmurs. “Stupid luck, a hopeless steep cash crashed,” he said as his eyes lowered and walked slow. “I relied on this luck, years of saving, I could of had a new car, I’m sick of this luck, ravaged me to ruins plus my job.”

He pinched and pulled the lucky penny out of his back pocket, deep in plus a yank out as his elbow abruptly jerked. Placed in open hand, he gazed and glared madly at the sky then threw it like a baseball pitcher shouting, “Oh,

my; this,” Jason said garishly and like scorching his voice. His face snarled at the foggy clouded sky. The tidily tossed wistful coin had left his hand that risen at the highest point, disappeared. The wind blew it out of its course, lost sight of it. Several seconds later after the penny had left the throwing hand, a lightning stroke a lightning rod nearby the ground on the bridge side. The instant blast hit the coin back down. Jason jumped at the natural flash bang.

Nevertheless, no one had seen or heard a sound from the coin that fell as the explosion dazzled a full viewed spark, white flash blind-fully and thunder roared deafeningly though harmonized dimly, through the outgoing drizzled rain. The whole city had feebly brightened a short fraction of time. At the foot of the bridge, the penny landed on the sidewalk near the border railing. Nicked from millions of watts, the coin remained intact. Once on the ground, from a brazed cherry red to dark rusty oxidized, the coin cooled quickly as the wet pavement underneath helped cooling. Vapors. The fog and drops lightly fell down on the surface. Insight of Diane and Justin, down at the ground level where the coin landed. The sidewalk led to the upper bridge, as this footpath’s way distanced, Diane and Justin had stopped walking.

Meanwhile the thunderous echo, Diane the mother blinked, and then slowed pace as she winked both eyes strongly twice and fluttered her eyelids, slowed down the walking, she heard. “Wow,” at low volume from her son, like he was distant, however, next to her. Staggered amazements, he had close eyelids as pink lit with veins covered his vision and had a hurtling crack that followed instantly. “Did you see that, mom,” Justin said? Voiced a bit louder than the ringing in his mother’s ears. Their ears

rang, highly pitched. She glanced at her son to see if he showed, and all okay, all there? He faced his mother with a smile as she didn't see him with all the white glow from the formidable natural spark that ghosted her vision. She saw white, the view couldn't have cleared from this sudden force, thunderstruck. Most cloudy, they stopped their walk, she unbalanced a little to Justin's side. "Mom, are you okay," Justin said and his face abruptly changed from the smile he once had? "I'm okay." Worried, the mother heard her child's voice, she crouched. "You're trembling, did you get scared," Diane said and her voice curled.

Justin gasped his words, "I'm okay mom." His breathy voice quickly had made the mother concerned, "It's okay, calm down, try to calm, calm. That thunder sure was loud," Diane said as she assured him and slowly talked.

He giggled through gasps, "Yeah mom, did you get afraid?"

She comforted herself when she squatted at Justin's height. The noise had been so piercing, a few cars had stopped after the deafening radiated radiance. "Mommy had a little panic." Admitted the mother, he grinned, "It's okay mama, your safe with me," Justin said.

She forced a laugh and said, "I'm going to be fine when you are." He bear hugged last, then let go.

On the bench the man shook his head, "I shouldn't be upset, it must be the rain or this bad weather," Jason said as tiny drops lightly fell from the sky. The casino top player had his hands on his cheeks and gazed down sadly at the ground.

A car passed from behind Jason, reaction of wheels slightly sheered. Trundled and drove down the street

towards the end way at the steaming river border railing. It rolled, turned to go under the bridge, the next road aside the bike trail. Diane saw the same car below as two cars passed by her and Justin. Another car passed in the opposite direction. The kid tilted his head to face up the sky.

Justin bounced hastily and his feet smirched soundly faster, dragged his mother. "Not so fast Justin, all I can see is blurry," Diane the mother said. Tangibly still warm, the penny caught the kid's eye as he picked it up. "What is it," she bluntly asked with her eyes nearly closed, fluttered? "Look mom I found a penny," Justin said and proudly held it, showed his mother momentarily, stunned visually and aurally.

She tried to focus Justin and the coin, her face gallingly stunned as the coin appeared dark and hazy, and she peeked. "I still see a white cloud from that flash, well I can only guess it's nice ha-ha," Diane said. They had slowed the slope, so still. Down the bridge, he saw a man who sat with his arms crossed like he was cold. Justin had let go his mother's fingers and ran as he jumped halfway over a pop can. His mother peered through gaps of her eyelids to see her son abandoning her, "Justin, what is it this time," Diane said casting her voice?

The short stuff hopped with dwarf strides to a still, "Here's your luck," Justin said in a serious manner, like he accomplished a task. The kid held the coin near his eyelid, and then straighten his arm and gave the penny into the stranger's hand. Jason gawked at the coin down and pinched it out of his palm. "This is my lucky coin." The penny appeared different, tarnish genre. Justin gone, had vanished. Jason slowly rose his head then turned behind.

Diane stood silent, the mother glared instinctively down to her son that appeared, but she was troubled, “Did you give him that coin,” she said, pitched up her voice?

He eyed his fingertips stained black from the penny, “Yeah, he looks like he needs luck,” Justin said and wiped tainted stain of dirt to his pants as the mother turned to face her front way. Smirked as she gazed happy.

“You’re very generous son,” Diane said.

“Thanks,” Jason said hollering over his shoulder.

Shouting, “You’re welcome,” Justin said facing behind.

When Jason turned his head, slowly to the city at the other side across the streaming river. “Like that’s going to make a difference in my life.” With mutters and spoken placidly, “One cent will give me my life back, make appear a load of money and pay my rent, give me a job too huh,” Jason said. He stood up with no pride as he nearly dropped the coin, bounced in the other hand, his face expressed a little compassion as he slid the coin in his back pocket. Doing so, he had noted the penny’s weight. Careless, he took a breath to a tiny smile. “Well, it’s a gift overall that,” Jason said and then decided to keep, that luck.

A boat gargled on the river, and the near reflecting buildings of the city to a partly clear sky covered of a few rays through the clouds. The luminary sun shimmered in the water for a short time, shadows cast, and rain shined view. Jason lost this bogus afternoon, and then he nearly shrugged, and then a long stare.

Viewed from the hood of a car, Jason entered, sat, barely changed emotion and dull face expression, he let the air out, sighed.

Entered his apartment and the door closed behind him, eyed inside his home. Still puffed out air from a pursed mouth, sighed.

He walked towards the bottle of whiskey so grasped and chugged few ounces of the clear brownish liquid floating bubbles to then funnel to none brashly. Tired of this lousy losing week, his arm went down as the empty bottle landed on the table with slight echoes. Held a relaxed arm to the bottle, clanged on the table though rocked stunned, released; dangled to the quickest then shook and stopped through quivers.

Chapter 4

Who’s talking?

To the couch, Jason got a hold of the remote, turned on the TV as he fell vapid like a feckless boulder, bounced, he sat. Just a moment before he pushed the button, a voice spoke. The screen faded in picture as the sound played. This time no air came out of his lungs as he turned off the television, widen eyes slightly. Listened a few seconds, thought he heard a radio. “It must be a noise from the hall,” he thought. Pushed the button of the remote, changed the channel and took a deep breath. Spider guy figurine on the receiver watched his boring face exhaling, blew air out, sigh.

He watched the show, “Just for laugh.” Although he heard through the sound. Increasingly, “*Hey, hey, hey,*” the voice said. It sounded like a young man, somewhat rough

and modular. He glimpsed at the door and pushed up the volume, watched the bad joke teller on-screen. “Hey,” the voice shouted for longer, “*Can’t anybody hear me,*” the voice insanely said, uttered his words but heard particularly at low volume. Jason’s eyes opened greater to clear his iris. The TV darkened suddenly as switched off and he heard detectably low. “*I remember a bunch of events, it’s unbelievable, my mom and dad, brothers and sisters all the way to my birth,*” the voice said. He heard the voice in his head, not on the side of his ears or in his mind, “*Hey, is there any one?*”

Unexpectedly, Jason stood then looked all over. Turned left, right checked behind him nothing. Quiet, merely soundless. Then sat on the couch and turned on the TV. The voice in his mind spoke, “*... and grandpa always watch the TV in his motor home.*” He pressed mute button of the TV remote. Soundlessly to clear he heard, “*Got-yaw.*”

Dropped the remote on the scraggy couch, “*Someone is listening right, I know there is someone?*”

Gulped and try to answer meticulously, “– well yes,” Jason said.

“*I knew it, I knew someone was there man,*” the voice said and assured.

His mouth was about to speak out words, he gazed saying, “I hear you but barely.” Stood up for the second time, the voice didn’t reply. Although he believed something different, “*Maybe it’s the couch,*” Jason said. Stepped closer and moved it. The voice he hadn’t heard, stepped to the other side of the couch, away back several feet. No voice heard, straightened up his pants sitting on the old couch.

“A-a,” the voice hollered as if he expressed lost. “Yes, yes I hear you now, a little better, I thought it was the couch,” Jason said while his eyes moved all around, also one hand on each leg, arms straight. “*I ain’t no couch what are you saying man, he thinks I’m a couch, I’m a couch huh,*” the voice said as pitched up and down? “I can’t see a dime thing and the man call’s me a couch,” the voice said in a ridiculous tone. “*I’m not even sure if he sees me ha-ha,*” the voice said then whooped slightly to laughter. “*Hey are you there?*”

“Then, how are you talking to me, I mean in my head,” Jason said?

“*I don’t know ask your couch, ha-ha,*” the voice said mockingly laughs followed by guffaws.

He stood up again and bounced to stridden, a little run at the patio door, pulled the curtain chain for the daylight to gleam inside. Dust sparked bright throughout the place as the sunlight glossed the old apartment’s varnished wooden floor. Jason thought of himself going crazy, returned starring at the couch uncertainly however, nothing he had heard in this actual silence. “*Maybe it’s out the passage,*” Jason said and walked to the door, still nothing he heard, opened, peeked out his apartment door, turned his head left down the hall then right, nonetheless no one, not a sound. “*Bombast, cracks!*” Not even a lousy infatuated flimsy fly. His neck and head fell in the door’s gap. He closed the door, and grabbed the security chain, slid to track. Turned around and eyed the couch, scrutiny to this strut frisked, “I hear talking, when I sit,” Jason said and wondered in front of the door, he took few steps forward and almost had reached the couch. Turned and sat in the same spot, but Spiderman never heard a voice or pin drop else than barrelled Jason. Back on the couch, “*I heard*

you fart you know?" The voice said and knew when to talk through eyeless time, and recognized the crackling noise from the springs of the couch. "What," Jason said and tried to make sense throughout this conversation? *"Aren't you supposed to say something?"* The voice said and boasted the unpleasant moment.

He felt victimized, "Is there something I can do?"

"You gassed man, you did that."

"Okay sorry wherever you are," Jason said looking left, right.

"You let it rip," the voice said.

"Maybe it's the couch," Jason said.

"You think I'm a couch, I don't feel like a couch, am not a slacker."

"A slacker?"

"Yeah someone that doesn't finish what he starts."

"Well I'm neither a slacker cause my gas don't slack."

"No kidding they blare out from what I heard," the voice said and laugh through.

"Where are you?"

Singing out, "I don't know I can't see and I'm not a couch."

"Maybe it's the penny," said Jason speculating.

"A penny, oh yeah a penny and a moment ago I was a couch, what's it gonna be next a banjo," the voice said?

"Yes, well nothing I thought of that lucky coin I threw earlier," Jason said.

"Heh, fetch the penny, fetch the couch and don't forget the banjo."

Paused, gaped straight ahead, then he widen eyes and stood up, reached for the coin in his back pocket. As he held and pulled the coin out, the voice sounded real

close with extra volume like a person stood in the same room. *"Hey man I'm talking to you who-ah,"* the voice said stunning loud and Jason's eyes rolled up to the ceiling then shook his head, leaned to the front. Almost loss of balance. Dropped the coin to rolls traced a large number nine on the floor then swirly circled in a spiral, then wags waves of wobbles to none and ended heads up, tails flat to the floor.

Meanwhile the penny rotated rolls on the floor and said a single syllable overly each turn, *"I-I-can-see-e-e-it's-a-mi-ra-cle-I'm-go-ing-in-aro-und-why-is-that-happen-ing,"* entered wiggle wag waves of wobbles then the penny stopped moving. *"Oh it's a ceiling, ha-ha, hey are you there, I can see woo-hoo, I can see I can see,"* said modularly, happy voice as he expressed in exclamations, *"I just thought I was blind, ha-ha I, amen I can see,"* the coin said through singing, *"I swirled in circles and I'm not dizzy, rolled, shook woo-yeah,"* the penny said.

The penny sighted the dome light on the ceiling. Below a stretched table leg to a lengthy perspective view, and a few chairs real tall, also sunrays came from the patio.

But then he realized panicking, *"Hey, hey I can't move, what is happening to me, hey, hey I can't get up?"* Shouted through but no one heard, *"I don't feel like I have arms, I can't stand, dime where are my arms, and legs, I can't look down at my feet,"* shouting, *"How am I supposed to get up man? I'm on the floor, I'm really on the floor, hey."*

An upset colossal stranger who stood tall appeared on the left side in sight, black pants and shirt, nostrils to a face, a chin. The nose's nostrils changed shape to move slightly back as an open mouth and teeth shown up and a large and wide forehead. The face expressed confusion

awkwardly. Jason eyed the coin, “How come I heard you so loud?” He stepped towards the coin to pick it up as he squatted. Eyes glared and stared down.

Meanwhile, “*You, you who are you I never seen you?*” The penny saw the face at the left, progressively enlarged as the stranger crouched down. The coin felt like a helpless miniature midget as the majestic gargantuan giant crossed inwardly until he centered. “*What are you going to do sit, or gas me?*” The penny feared the approach. He felt so flat and short, stubby.

Jason reached down the coin, his hand set to pinch, convinced this coin produced the voice he heard, he went to pick it slowly and uncertainly.

“*Hey what do you think you’re doing there eh?*” The penny had a rasped voice just before contact. The out viewed thumb carefully went at the bottom, the enormous index at top over the head. Got a sure grip grasping. Then gradually levitated, but when all horizon angled ninety degrees. The penny captured the floor in his front view and the flat table’s surface with the empty bottle of whiskey, then thought standing like a person would normally do. Although kept awareness of a free fall in the place hand-picked by the giant. No limbs, the penny started to shout badly. Jason kept the coin in the same distance from his huge face as tilting to his back. “*Ah!*” The penny blurted a continuous shout.

In a squat position, his back arched, and heels back on the floor, held the coin at eye level, the arm at an angle of ninety degrees. Jason tilted behind, also started a holler though held the shouting coin in the loudest piercing voice, throughout undulated his brain. Nonetheless, the

combination of voices interacted between tearing loud. Like tuning a radio on short waves. The connection between the coin and skin allowed energy to pass through nerve terminals. Jason’s thumb and finger squeezed the coin progressively and the voice increased intensity. His body stiffened as the screeched voice heard. For the period when Jason rolled on his back, his buttocks collapsed first, his lumbar followed therein straighten his spine flat to the floor. “*Wha-ah?*” Jason said with hollers and wondered why this small coin voiced so amplified. A mind-blowing voice affected his vision as he bumped his head.

As Jason bumped his skull, the obvious alignment of the coin to the mouth. He had let go the coin, dropped to free fall in his mouth spinning from heads to tails. While character yelled and entered the mouth, Jason hollered extravagantly. Jason felt roughly some object inside his large orifice. Meanwhile the penny in the damp humidity had bounced off the teeth and ricochet to the tongue’s left side. The coin gasped another breath, psychologically screamed even louder. Pathetically shrewd, as if the coin made the body feel heavier on the right side, caused to turn Jason as he crippled wrists inwards and his arms flexed, his tongue pushed the coin, then two other tries. He twisted his body, near a following seizure, turned his head, nose to the wooden floor and finally, the coin got out, waved wags of wobbles, flatten on the floor.

The penny’s view stayed blurry from mucus, on the floor faced up the ceiling, “*Ha-ha,*” shouted as chilling to this ride. “*Hey, I can’t focus, gross that’s slobber, drool I mean nasty saliva, I’m on the floor can someone get the mop out?*” Wipers were the penny’s needs to sponge out this

distorted view. The penny thrilled with joy but nonetheless felt anything.

Meanwhile on his back Jason held his forehead with his eyes closed. “Am, Em-a,” mourned. It wasn’t his ears as they never heard the coin. Resonated directly inside his mind, this was too much. “Am, E-m-a-oooh,” Jason nearly said something. Even though they separated, he still heard the coin’s voice, like echoes. Like an endless speech on the same syllable. Confusingly, the floor altered like he overturned, waved, dizziness and flagged his conscientiousness.

The penny next to him said, “*Hey, are you okay man?*” Technically, not even the apartment’s wooden floor could have heard the coin rightfully, not conductive.

Jason positioned on his back, returned and pushed him self-up and on his knees and palms, “Burp.” He looked at the darker coin as he felt a hasty sickened inspiration of his stomach. Frowned sick, guessed the penny. He gagged a sound of disgorged throat.

The coin said, “*Hey, hey you’re gonna get sick, move me, push me out-of-the-way.*”

Jason hurred but no liquids flowed.

“*Hey, hey man stop that, I can’t move outta the way for your sick sake.*” Nonetheless, there hadn’t existed a feckless way nor neither to shun out of this trap. It remained impossible to run away, a forbidden hostile possible mess. The stranger’s internal waltz urged inevitably. Shipwrecked.

Jason who did not hear any voice or not even an alerted hint, on his knees and hands, his belly flexed and his head

got closer to the floor. He forgot about the coin and his identity, his eyes closed, puked.

“*Na-ah,*” the coin revealed horror as he seen gushed liquids. Spatters in flakes to plumes and spurts as the penny found a one-way fluid fall, the vomit fell, the biomatter’s course as the only fountain flooded this unwanted site of a disaster, locally in the dining room.

Wiping his mouth, “*Sorry, it must be something I ate.*”

“*No kidding man you got me all over my, face,*” the penny said? Gaspd breath, although the penny laid in this mess, the coin remained visible. “*Or the worries,*” Jason said and gawked at the foamy swamp, “*My money at the casino.*” He saw his reflection, dully dim.

Jason heard the coin moaned with disgust, his hand lingered flat to the floor covered with liquid squashed, which connected to the coin. Last no more, no further scourged voice, he didn’t want to hear crap as he felt enough. This sick vomit madden grimly, worsen as he didn’t want to see any of it either, in any way and anyhow scarcely. From this entire mess he turned then sat on the floor, legs straight, slanted to lean back, on his arms straight behind and hands opened. His head hurt from bumping the floor. Wiped his mouth using his forearm, lost balance, dizzy wooziness.

Meanwhile, “*Ha-ha,*” laughed did the penny, in this disgusted lake of yellow-brown cloudy galore. However no odors remained as he immersed in or immersed over. Besides, there wasn’t a way to tell from all of it. “*I smell nothing, well I don’t even breathe, that means I can’t take my breath. But, what am I? I can’t move, can’t smell, and feel?*” His wonders tripped down the wild of what specie.

“Maybe I’m an insect, no, no-no, I’d be floating, well if I were small in this lake, but if I were big I’d be struggling out like if I was in mud.” To have a clear awareness of his existence as it radically altered from his last life status. *“I’d have to be a large insect, like a tarantula, well if his puke is transparent.”* He guessed but legs would have helped him to move out-of-the-way from that immoral splatted shower. *“No, I’d be too spooky, I wouldn’t of got picked up like that. But a flower, or a cactus that would of made him shout in pain?”*

Chapter 5

At Diane’s Townhouse

Only furniture he was told; only furniture he had sold. Throughout the years to when worthy Diane inherited the store from her father in this modern economy fragrance. Up to this day the shop held a wealthy status fortunately because of a smart hustling mind. Talented as a down to earth person and strong relations with clients. Flexible deals as always, but this last statement applied to the poor. People with the fewer advantageous money, she always had better deals offered sincerely. In her teens she could sell a useless piece of cloth to a client who looked for something else, always extras. Without a lie, little Diane spoke enough words to voluptuously add an imaginary layer of gold to the item in her sketched allusions. In a short line, likely she could plate preciousness to things with only words. The place had kitchen sets of all kinds chosen from best-selling items of living room tables, chaise lounge and lazy boy chairs to broaden settee and sofas, daybed and futons, also rocking chairs. Nothing else occupied the floor like washers and dryers because too many brands would have taken all the room inside this two story building.

Everything from new and used sat in floors of the store with tag priced of retail and Diane’s special of ninety nine cent. If a known client wanted something else, the possibility to place the serviced order critically had done so. Gratefully said, they estimated enough room in the store for deliveries. Only if, clients wanted to include a deposit.

Diane gently braked and slowed to decelerate speed her vintage classic-car in front of her gorgeous large old townhouse, with Justin that appeared through the window in his rear seat. Insight of her townhouse, the paved street and the sidewalk farther, and then the lawn. The automobile had turned in the driveway as a garage door opened. The car entered straightforwardly as the lights neared the shelves against the wall and beams projected to concentrate white glows, passively shrank. Gradually, the garage tracked door on its way down. The car lights dimmed as the engine turned off rotation. The shelves at the hood’s height still visible, until the door shied sight passed, closed. Near the brightened cement, the-once bright gap changed to darken as the car beams deactivated current. Tall trees surrounded the brick vintage home. A foggy overcast covered and the sunlight mildly enlighten bordering supper time. One of the windows gleamed as the light shined inside, engulfed by curtains.

Everything in the house persisted vintage style, to taste selected by Diane who approached her oval mirror. Except for a large flat HDTV screen in the living room.

In reflection of herself, she could see extremities, the corner at far end and the door’s edges of the washroom. At the exit of the beauty room Justin sighed his mother who sat and got ready. “Why makeup, you’re fine mom,” Justin

said? He asked as she drops the eyeliner pencil down the marble desk sink. She looked down at its fall, spanned and bounced the tiny wooden pencil then stopped near the drain after a couple quick titter totters.

“You know what, maybe you’re right,” Diane said as she sat on her bench. The doorbell rang, Justin’s eyes rounded and said, “She’s here,” excitedly he ran to let the baby-sitter enter the townhouse. Diane shut the drawer and sighted her fine appearance to the mirror in front of her. She eyed her left cheek, then changed to right side. “It’s no big deal, it’s okay,” said to the oval mirror.

Justin held a green guy who showed teeth and black hair as he hangs on to the doorknob. Turned the handle downwards with his other small hand, opened to Nemni while she stood on the light gray cement step, gazed inside.

“Hi Justin,” Nemni said, she stepped inside from the dark lobby missing a light bulb, then turned to Diane that came in the passage.

“Come in Nemni,” Diane said.

After a glimpse at the mother, the baby-sitter crouched down. She knew the little rascal was about to dash with his muscular mad figurine as she watched the heavy rubber toy. Concluded, Justin had only been bad at that specific time, he came and urged like a baseball player who acclaimed his teammates, hands on each side. Instead of the base, it was Nemni, welcomed her to crash, his arms swung around her as a sudden stop. The green toy flew down sloppily, speed of Justin moved too great. She inclined back and replaced her stance. “Not too fast Justin,” the mother said in the same room.

He let go his bear hug clasped. Nemni looked at the face that smiled.

“I missed you,” Justin said, blurted out.

“You missed me, that’s nice,” Nemni said. Glance at the happy mother with a smirk.

“Yeah,” Justin said.

“I didn’t miss you,” Nemni said.

“You must of,” Justin said.

“Bah no,” Nemni’s eyes smiled at the child that needed to clear his throat.

“Not even a little,” gapped apart his index fingers that both pointed at the ceiling.

“Nope, not even a little,” she shook her head.

“Not a tiny bit,” he pitched up his voice as the space between the index fingers shrank.

“Maybe on Monday,” she admitted.

“Tsk, the whole day,” he dropped his index’s gap, arms hung down each side.

“No, not the whole day.”

“About an hour,” Justin said?

“A-no,” she shook her head.

“A minute,” he showed hope.

“A little, not even, maybe less,” Nemni said and grinned.

“One second,” he quickly glanced down and back at her face.

“Okay a little moment.”

“What about Sunday, a moment too,” it wasn’t enough?

“A little because of the church,” Nemni said and agreed.

“What about the day before,” he had to know more.

“I don’t know,” she shrugged.

“You don’t know what,” Justin said and gawked at her nose?

“How about I don’t remember,” she played an act as he improvised to their spectacle.

Diane enjoyed the show all along, watched her Romeo and Juliette.

“What about the other day before,” Justin said, however, ran out of ideas and the mother discerned?

“Close the door before trespassers enter inside the house watching you guys, or kidnap us,” Diane said.

Nemni raised up from her squat, Justin stepped a couple feet back as she walked in the house. “Wait, I get bulk,” Justin said and ran out. Nemni who stood but turned to the door then saw Justin with his green man walking in the house.

Diane had prepared herself and ready since early morning, grasped her purse and walked her way to the kitchen. They both followed Diane, order ready listeners. “If anyone calls tell them to call back at the same time tomorrow. Else, write down the message to the sticky pages here on the table,” Diane said and Justin’s face turned to Nemni as he heard his mother said, “Okay?”

Then again he looked at mother’s face as the babysitter said, “Sure miss Krogers, I’ll take the message and write it, stick it on the table there.”

“Mom, I can sleep on the table,” Justin said. Nemni turned down to him and said, “What happen to your bed?”

Justin sighted his mom said, “Nemni too.”

“What do you mean, Justin,” Diane said and frowned with Nemni?

“Nemni can sleep on the table too,” Justin said, the mother picked up Justin and walked to the garage door as the baby-sitter followed.

“You’re going to be a great message son only use your bed,” Diane said.

They had heard, “Honk,” the beep of her date’s car. Diane set Justin down.

“It is time for me to leave, an evening with Mr. Cegrasmoïss. I don’t know when I’ll be back.”

“Good luck Miss Krogers,” Nemni waved.

“Bye mom, see you on the table ha-ha,” Justin said.

“Good night,” Diane said and blew a kiss.

Chapter 6

Down the drain

Jason alleviated fast from his sickness of hurls. His faculties climbed high enough as he felt like moving, vertigo faded consciously. Then slowly at the coin he looked down to the stiltedness character. The penny bore in this mess covered with this flat colorful goo.

His hand moved to reposition flat in the liquids, connected to communicate.

“... *He leaves me like that,*” the penny said. Lifted his hand quickly as a silence. Jason replaced his finger like a poke down to the same spot. “... *Dime, yoo-hoo, yoo-hoo, I bet he’s ignoring me, he’s been like that for a while.*”

He looked down at the coin beside his hand distant a foot away as liquid between allowed a link, connection as Jason listened. “*It’s like wearing shades, everything is tinted, deformed and disgusting, some dirt bag.*”

“I heard that, what is your name?”

“*Okay, he hears me now awesome, Norman, Norman is the name.*”

“Jason here, why did you scream so loud,” Jason said, his other hand behind his head?

“*Did I scream? Did you hear a sound, not me, nope it wasn’t me. A fool screams like that and, this is some odd way to meet.*”

Jason stared at the coin.

“*Sure, sure I did shout a little,*” Norman said.

“It hurt, I’d leave you in this mess.”

“*Okay, okay,*” Norman said and assured his friend, “*I won’t even talk loud.*”

“*Hey, Jason it is right,*” Norman said?

“Yes it is Jason.”

“*Could you tell me what you’re looking at?* Norman mysteriously inquired how it could possibly had happened, shortened that much and stubby like, though fixed on the floor.

Jason said, “A coin in my plight vomit.”

Garishly, “*What,*” Norman said?

As a reflex, Jason lifted his finger from the liquid on the floor and leaned more weight to the other arm slightly bend. However noticed the volume wasn’t as loud, he plunged it back on the floor right away. During that time the penny saw distinguished drips on fingers and the palm of the hand. In the meantime Norman saw a hand that dripped.

“Say what,” Jason said?

“*Sorry,*” Norman said in whispers, thought of apologizing.

Shook his head, “No, say something loud,” Jason said as he stared at the chair. “*What, you want me to talk loud now?*”

“*Louder, speak louder,*” said Jason. “*What do you want me to say,*” the penny spoke louder as the hand lifted to put the index in the puddle.

“Talk louder,” Jason said.

“*Talk louder talk louder, what do you want me to say,*” Norman said. The penny saw the hand switch finger again but this time sunk the pinky on. Jason asked, “Well anything, scream and say my mother’s a jellyfish.”

“*Say what, my mother? You’re joking right,*” Norman said?

“It’s not real, say something louder.”

The penny took a deep breath of no air and shouted out, “*You’re couch is a jellyfish.*”

Jason noticed how the voice reduced intensity as he changed finger and touched away from the penny. Like an electric resistance. Also how he adapted quickly to the direct voice.

“*Excuse me, I mean walk me to a mirror so I can see myself you giant squid,*” and remained unconvinced, he had to see himself.

“Okay don’t scream,” Jason said and glanced, picked the coin from all this liquid that mannered splodging. Norman’s caption darkened as the thumb hid faces side, fingers on tails side. The penny shouted, “*Hey, you blind me,*” Norman said.

Right away Jason dropped the penny. “Keep it low,” Jason said.

“*Yeah man, I’ll keep it low, how is that,*” Norman said? Unheard until he picked up the coin.

“*So how’s the volume now?*” However Jason felt pulls from that sick condition and unhurriedly walked to the rest room, switched the lights, stepped in front of the sink. “Good, better than that last bond gossip.” He twisted the water tap as the small bubbles appeared, aquatic streamed down to splash the lightly stained sink. As the

penny still pinched, rinsed his hands and cleared heads and tails, each side of the coin.

In the hand, the penny could not see but the sink's bottom, finally Jason returned the coin under the rushing water in his whole view. "Whoa, what's all this," Norman said? The coin spread water and rinsed, as the tubular stream shaped water flowed to break from the hand and gushed down the sink and rushing drips. The sight of Norman covered with light gray to clearer white bubbles. Some parts of Jason's flakes stuck as a thumb rubbed on the view of Norman. Simultaneously, the direction displayed out the air bubbles that mannered down from up as the coin tilted. The stream changed to the other side and the bubbles' direction altered coming from the left to the right side. In all directions when leveled. The penny strangely saw this happening. For it slanted and angled changing direction of the gray bubbles, the view splashed in the display. The piece of food detached and left with the deflected streamed currant. Then a giant fly dabbed and drummed her legs across the view and dabbed acid, Norman unexpectedly shouted.

Meanwhile, "Great patterns of bubbles," Norman said and realized then commented through a prudently rinsed method. "Wow this is fascinating, oh what is this piece of whaah," Norman said when he sighted a fly with the straight long waterfall.

Jason let go and he saw the coin bounce a couple times. He tried to grapple his not only lucky coin, but a talking penny. He fell down in the sink tackled from the hands and bounced to land in the drain hole, flip flopped across that guard in the hole. Merely at the bottom sink, where the water drops to greater fall below in this gloomy opening.

"Ah-hee, it's dark here," Norman said and heard the water gush all around to frontward, he saw through the division, and a spaced hole from the cross quarter hole. "I can't move my arms, oh that's right I have no limbs a-a," Norman hollered.

"Hold on, I'll get you out of there if you'd keep it low," Jason said and his hand reached down the sinkhole to try to pick up the coin. It slipped and nails couldn't get a hold as Jason's face showed frustration, glared and a lined lip, frowned, guessed how to grip and pinch this tiny metal new friend.

Norman saw black, flickered against the drain guard, back and forth, randomly and altered in all directions. He bounced off the rounded walls in abrupt ways through flings. The penny tried to make any sense of this dark tube view, pushed however neither felt the movements. He heard noises that came from the rounded walls in this water guard, metal chafing friction.

"It sounds like you're diggin' gravel," Norman said.

"Keep it low coin I'm digging," Jason said but couldn't get a grip. "You can't fall, I'll get you out of there hang on." He got the tweezers, the nose pliers in the mirrored cabinet behind.

"Hey," Norman said, mildly yapped. Jason lifted his hand. "That's right that's right, I can't scream, don't panic myself, myself am okay." But none never heard and his voice resonated at the murky black hole, irrelevant waterfall, relentlessly.

Squeezed the tweezers that pinched the coin at the edge, slowly lifted out of the drain, Jason lain an elbow on the countertop, placed the rinsed coin in his hand to

head's side up. "I definitely have to do something about that loud voice," Jason said.

"Whatever man, just show me in front of the mirror please," Norman said.

"Okay, but don't raise you're," Jason said slowly.

"Yeah-yeah I'm cool, it's okay, um-huh," Norman nearly whispered.

Jason reached closing the mirror as he turned insight to this pharmacy cabinet. Norman captured the ceiling and at the top view partly a chest, nostrils at a face as the hand placed in, flatly opened. Jason's face centered. An index finger went across Norman's sight and to the top a thumb.

Jason faced the mirror and he lifted while held the coin. "Yeah I recognize you, you look mighty funny upside down like that man," Norman said, captioned an enlarged face.

"Oh sorry there wait a second," Jason said, laid the tweezers on the counter, and flipped the coin, slowly carefully as his hand in front while pinched the top and bottom turning. Jason's face left the view as Norman panned like a camera through and sighted the door, a picture on the wall and finally the mirror.

Meanwhile turning, "Don't shout when you see yourself," Jason said.

"No problem," Norman said as an old pharmacy cabinet over-the-counter appeared in the penny's caption, took a second of conscience to realize his new identity. "I believed I was you for a moment, Jason I'm still upside down but I can see that I'm that, penny."

Jason delicately turned him right-side-up, as he steadily pinched the coin, "Hold on I'll get you the right way in a little less time."

Meanwhile viewed to the right Norman said, "I'm just a penny, a one-cent check this out?" The penny thought he was once a human, intimidation because he was powerless and the reflexion on the face didn't match the tone. "Hmm, well, I see and hear good, I don't feel or smell and I'm probably indestructible. I'm just too darn black, I used to be brown."

Suggested, "I could polish you," Jason said.

"Yeah, yeah, I could shine, and then get lost in a bunch of change." And discovered gloriously.

"Probable," Jason said.

"No," shook his tone of voice, "If I'd get stolen, I'd get worse than puke, maybe stuck in this coin for a long-time or forever," Norman said and apprehended for a flashed second. "Hey," astounded and stunned, "Hey, listen man, if I got here in this coin, it's magical right?"

"Right, if you say," Jason said.

"I'm a lucky penny right?"

"Yes practically," Jason reflected in the mirror.

"You believe me," Norman said.

"Yes sort of yes."

"Then let's get rich."

Exclaimed avidly, "Yes. But how are we going to do that," Jason said frowningly?

"Just with money, you've got some don't you?"

"Yes well, um, I'm broke."

Desperately, "Then sell stuff man I gotta get outta here, I can't stay like this just look at me, I can't move I'm a token man, can't you see my remains somewhere," Norman said mentally affected and entirely coinish?

"Alright-alright, I'll help you whatever you say but all's I have is a car," Jason's eyes moved sideways and gazed a moment.

While, “*Sell it, sell it man you have to do something to get me outta here.*” Though urged a suggestion. “*Hey, I’m speaking normally now.*”

“Yes that’s good,” replied Jason.

“*Man, are you gonna sell your car?*”

“—, am, I’d,” Jason hesitated.

“*Then give me to someone else, I can’t stay in this coin forever just take a look at me there.*”

While, “Okay I’ll sell my car.”

“*Thanks man you won’t regret it.*”

Jason walked out of the bathroom, switched off the light while Norman felt like a million, “*I know where you can have the meanest luck in the Casino, roulette,*” Norman said creepily.

Jason didn’t say anything and walked out of his apartment and headed down to the underground parking. Halfway in the stairs, “Wait, wait-wait-wait-wait-wait.” Slowed and step-by-step and stopped. “Where should I wear you, I mean I can’t walk around like this?”

Chapter 7

Classy Time

Therefore a shaded wooden apartment door closed behind Jason. Norman appeared down on a large silver necklace chain over his blue shirt. Like a pearl out of shine as flat black brownish, a personal dull spot. A bling bling chain without a glimmer with a mindless mind of its own, previously seen in the cabinet mirror. Jason used superglue to stick Norman on this chain over a cross. His face showed hope, courage and some ambition to this new present adventure with worthy discovery.

The coin’s caption angled high, low and wide as his boundaries of sight panned like a camera when Jason moved. Norman the penny saw the stairs below, the exit door slowly shut behind them as Jason stepped down. They turned around halfway of the level through stairway at a brick wall, lead to more stairs as stunts performed the coin. “*I hope your car is worth a lot,*” Norman said and his view shook down the steps, like the pirate ship ride at a carnival but in fast-forward. It made him think of big classic cars with smoother suspension to this restless wiggle down this level, but in that moment, how he imagined something else than these bumps.

“Don’t worry about the price,” Jason said and wanted to surprise his friend.

Norman flew thoughts, remembered his old time, how it was only yesterday. He had a choice of a fifty-nine pink Cadillac or a Buick convertible. Around a cruise for a party with the young women and their lovely hair blew in the wind, way through town, the terminal stop, the snack bar club.

The last step of the stairway, Jason opened the fire door that accessed the underground parking. “*Let me guess the car.*” The coin sighted the wild and unfamiliar cars. “*Huh, what are these huge polished stones on wheels, on what planet am I?*”

Jason paused, a halt while his auto was visible. He froze, ask disturbed, “Tell me Norman, what year were you born in,” Jason said? “*In forty two why?*”

“You’re from the past, I mean how old are you?” Normally, “*Sixteen, man are you alright,*” Norman said?

Impressed face, “Yes, I’m okay,” Jason said.

Resumed pacing in the underground parking, they approached a Monterey maroon color Car

Two-Thousand-and-three. It grew in the center of the penny's view as Jason walked, reflection in the driver's window. *"That's it, this is your car? Man, it looks like a smashed coffee bean, are you sure it's worth the cup?"*

Jason laughed as he gripped the handle, "Get serious."

Jason drove with the music on frequency modulation (F.M.) radio harmonized the air throughout the groove roughly ended, although a chained program got along to tangle another song. Norman had to ask, *"Hey, is there any James Brown rhythm around this sky, on my planet he ruled and played in all Jukebox?"* The Car turned to the left at a first intersection. *"Come on you gotta like that, this bompawompa beat there, I, I can't get that music, it sounds like puke,"* Norman said and panned the view to left, and then the steering wheel turned back to the center.

"It's rap music, you got to like that," Jason said, pressed scan.

Norman saw a hand, pushed a button at the dashboard's middle console. *"Rap, it sounds like ripping farts just better than yours."* The radio chirped down to the "Beatles, Drive My Car faded as Chuck Berry Maybelline sounds in." The maroon vehicle changed the lane merging the freeway.

"Hey, leave it there, let this song play, it came out when I turned sixteen man." And tried to dance to this rhythm but no limbs moved as a result he imagined how well he did, a few days ago. To him that's the way it felt, and even more, like a few moments passed. He rediscovered a feel of vivid thoughts, like a surrounding video in this memory. There was no way and not a chance he drove alone to that dance, cheers were merely necessary, a must. He talked

lovely Sherry into going. They all found a lift in his big fancy shiny-chromed wheel convertible machine. He could have driven the Cady but chosen the convertible Buick as he carried nine cheerful passengers. Some sat higher at the backseat. This beautiful splendid red automobile glided gravel roads but navigated pavement like a vessel as wind smoothly had blown to none. They slowed effortlessly, and the tires brighten as they rolled off the white road's line, rocks crumbled and resonated under fenders. Like a basketball on the dribble, the reverberations and resonances in air chambers.

The spirited gang arrived in the smoky gravel parkway as half of the people were missing to fill the club. Inside, the jukebox had an extension speaker set, endlessly music embellished the atmosphere to, "Tutti Fruitti," this song collapsed everybody with furiousness. Some danced mellow, integrity movements, some rushed rage to an outstanding voice. In the club, dancing Sherry sighted her supposedly boyfriend who entered with two bullies behind him. She moved forward to the middle bully near the dance floor. He grabbed her thin arms and talked loud as Norman overheard throughout the energetic song. He turned around to Sherry, though she quaked of tremors, her hair moved from shoulder to shoulder. She shook shakily. A fight had rightfully set, introduced by the presumable hero who came in that bully's face with a punch to the side. Norman had punched the bully. He definitely let go the lovely Sherry as he went down the glossy gray-white floor. His two companions stepped back to look at their leader sleeping on the floor, knocked out. They picked him up and exited through the opened doors. Norman turned to Sherry and saw her beautiful eyes that never changed expression. They danced through these songs of rhythm and slow dances as

they got close. The bad trio knew what car the gentlemen drove as they did a bloody scar paint job. One of Norman's friends barged in to separate them, "Your dad's new car is damaged man," Skape said. Norman's face changed staring at his best friend.

Norman experienced a memory that took several seconds, like he was there, as real as it gets. However, interiorly back in the present sports car.

"So in forty two you say," Jason said, found the character in the penny, adolescent for his age, as he would be aged over seventy years old. They each had thoughts as the song faded to another classical sweet little sixteen from Chuck Berry.

"This song is a hit," Norman said. The radio station kept playing demos.

"Yes it must have been, it plays today."

"It's going number one man and it just came out a few days ago."

"It's twenty thousand times that," Jason frowned goofily.

"One of the best songs out there."

"Yes a classic from the good old days."

"A classic, nah this is my favorite song."

"My father used to listen to Chuck way back then," Jason smiled.

"Ha-ha, you sound like a classic, antique and sure not a relic ha-ha," Norman said with short guffaws.

"Well, this song dates from a long time ago."

"Na-ah, just a few days ago, it came out on my birthday," Norman said with grumbled mockery.

"No, I tell you it's old," Jason said frustrated.

"What planet is this?"

"What planet do you think it is?"

"Beats me man, cars look like women's shoes or soap bars, large pavement everywhere, hey your radio looks like a device in my comic book, hey wait a minute, it's like I'm dreaming. Dime, what planet did you say?"

"Earth, we are on the same planet and this song is fifty some years old," Jason said.

"What year are you living in, I mean we, now?"

"This-is-two-thousand-fifth-teen."

Shouted, "What!"

Half of his face grimaced, Jason's arms abruptly turned the steering wheel enough to tilt the car in a sheer, and squeal of tires. His hand to the steering swung back to the opposite way preventing the skid, slanted left, right. The car replaced.

Meanwhile, Norman balanced a few slopes and apologized saying, "Oops sorry man."

"It's okay I mean not okay just don't do it again," Jason's eyes had stunning size.

"I completely forgot I'm a sci-fi guy but this is big."

"What did you say?"

"I completely forgot I'm a sci..." Norman said.

"Yes that's okay, you said something about a dream," Jason said.

"Yeah, it's like I'm still in a dream."

"What do you remember?"

"Hmm, for sure I didn't go to heaven, a dance then. – I can't think of it now," Norman said.

Jason widen eyes meanwhile a silence mastered the buried car noises, hummed and bumps of the road heard overwhelmed the music that ended the song.

Norman said, "You know what? Go back to that tumble Jack on his ass music that bomp-wompa thing please."

“No problem bomp-wompa,” Jason said.

The penny saw a hand that reached the radio. A car passed on the left side of the double lane road.

Chuck Berry converted to some hip-hop song.

Jason shifted a retro gear and hit down the gas pedal, the engine growled air thoroughly. He had glisten teeth and pinched his shades. He changed lanes to pass the car in front, the one that just passed as he replace the transmission back and then let go the gas lever to a rest as the motor revved down, calmed. He puts the black glossy glasses over his nose.

“Woo-hoo, dime that is good music, I’m rattling with this bass.”

“Groovy,” Jason stated.

“Gravy you say?”

“Grooves, the music has the grooves so we say groovy.”

“Graven carnival I feel like a round candy in a small box, you know that collides with others,” Norman said though his sight blurred from beat to beat, cycled of the blasted bass. Plunged out threw a vociferous and practically hurtled down the lowest tone, down the bottom of the pit quivered in vibrations. Supremely, the mere experience to live with music.

“Louder man, louder if it can,” Norman said through-out guffaws.

Jason turned up the volume to a safe maximum as all the effects Norman experienced previously increased radically and everything in the coin’s view thickened as trembling bass. In the penny’s caption, the sound and sight matched perfectly. When the bass stopped the coin fuzzed

no more and with a normal view, the coin vibrated with the bass notes.

The sports car exited the highway.

Chapter 8

The thrill deal

The sports car turned left into a car garage driveway where a few parked cars lingered for sale. Norman noticed a logo panel over the windshield window arriving at, “Thrill Sales, what’ so thrilling’ about this place?”

Then Jason had his word, “It’s a garage like any other.” He braked and stopped at the first parking next to the entrance office.

Meanwhile, enlarging the pin name plate with the engravings logo of, “Garage man,” on garage man’s coat. Behind his desk on his chair, garage man eyed through the window followed the sports car from the entrance’s flat curb. Jason’s car suspension crouched, door slammed, heard indoors and garage man’s ear perked up. “Perfect,” garage man said with sharp echoes. The glass door pushed to open then a bell rang and Jason peered.

“Welcome to Thrill Sales, how may I help you,” garage man said?

“Hi yes, I would like to sell my car,” Jason said.

“Is it here?”

“Yes parked there at the door,” Jason said and flexed his forearm then pointed behind.

Weirdly, garage man held a smile then looked out the door, back to Jason a several times quickly.

“Perfect, let’s have a look,” garage man said, and finished his words as he got up, placed his jacket with a hit of flat thumbs in opened hand under each armpit. Looked at Jason and stepped largely passing in front, another step and he reached the door. Jason and his acolyte around his neck turned jointly, they had watched that businessperson who passed by and found the door before them in two large steps. “I’m garage man and what is your name?”

“Jason, please to meet you?”

“Garage man, call me garage man.”

Garage man glanced here and there at the paint and checked from place to place, inspected the car. Jason walked out and observed the evaluation personnel at work. He quickly glanced under the car as his smile showed across. This garage stayed open until eight o’clock, near sunset. He lifted the car and peeked under. “Perfect, let’s see the engine,” garage man said, and kept eyes to Jason while he walked with long strides at the car’s front. Jason at the driver’s door opened to pull the hood release lever then popped it open. Already in the front garage man’s hand clenched the latch and lifted the crackly noisy hood. His eyes followed the owner that came out of the car and pushed shut the screechy and noisy door, the metal hinges trembled in garage man’s hand. Jason, painless and care-less, this admirable carrying box had no grease gunk to the moving parts.

“Three and a half grand,” garage man said firmly.

“I’m thrilled man,” Norman said who modulated his voice.

Jason outrageously frowned as the information heard from the odd person who stood there and made his winner’s dream vanish. He gulped to mutiny plus revolt.

“That’s it, that’s all you’re giving me,” Jason said as his eyes widened?

“Hey, what are you doing man,” Norman said?

The view zoomed to garage man’s mouth, without a deep breath spoke quickly. “The car next to me is a two-thousand three Car Z27 mildly rusted and nice from a lacquer applied three years ago. Although the doors and hood hinges grind open, therefore this car eventually had poor care enough to question the engine and transmission since they are original and that includes corroded wheels from brake dust, held humidity to therefore the owner lived near the ocean where the sea mist increases the aging process. Not mentioning set of tires as they remain worn,” garage man said and didn’t gasped for air.

Through agony, Jason felt this reality demolished from his expectations, but kept up his positive side. “Look at the windows how nice they are, I’ve put a new mp3 system that takes old CD and DVD’s, and you can’t say this is a bad paint, it needs a bit of wax I guess,” Jason said.

Norman briefly said, “Look, the man’s an ace, you can’t beat him, were gonna have money lots of money.”

Garage man lifted an eyebrow, “My ear tells me of a loose chassis rather sounding hollow from shutting the vehicle’s door and absorbs restitutions rippled street conditions. When you arrived in the parking, the suspension crouched noticeably enough, a sudden brake when stopping. Parts get affected while stress builds to loosen,” garage man said.

“It loosens them,” Jason said?

“Slackened relax reduce decrease reduction discounts,” garage man said.

“Alright alright I get it,” Jason said.

“Perfect,” garage man said.

Meanwhile Norman said, “Just throw me in his mouth that would teach him a good lesson.”

“This cheaper version model lacks insulation differently and ideally from the manufacturer, which usually was the idea for a better drive. You sir should at least appreciate my offer since I didn’t talk about mileage, quality of gas to ruin the overhaul and injectors to neither have your leaking engine start. Do you want me to take an exhaust sample, it’s free in case you think your engine can bring more value?” Raised an eyebrow.

“Sure, go ahead things can get worse from here,” Jason said.

“Perfect, I will demonstrate young gentlemen start the engine mister would you please,” garage man said and walked to the rear, turned squarely ninety degrees. Jason pressed the button start on his car key remote, also walked on the other side as he passed by the driver’s window. The engine started as they both stood at the rear. Garage man did not show any facial expression what’s so ever as Jason saw him go down on his knees, and his mouth to the exhaust pipe. Like garage man had sounds in him. Then noises, a cabinet railing from a drawer heard, then a fridge’s door closed.

“What’s he doing there, it’s like he’s got a garage in him,” Norman said?

Jason could not believe the happening as his eyes enlarged facing down to this thrilled seller. The exhaust air bypassed to resound contained through garage man’s body, tumult to muffle a couple seconds then changed to this engulfed vast ripple of gas. Interrupted several times as Jason frowned but no one thought of sewers.

“He can do that test, my dad pondered of a machine like that,” Norman said and guffawed. This air test made Jason scowled and held a mouth of grimace, disgust.

Clearly, struggled to have none, for the mouth kept connected to the pipe, pompously. The blare whacked flatulently and uttered out the rear seller’s end. His jacket enlarged, slightly stressed tensioned buttons as a few popped. Jason wondered if this had an end to this rushing bombast, and how much time he needs to puff polluted air down on his knees with opened hands on the pavement without a struggle. Like an extra trade or a bio mechanic greenish test.

Norman slanged out, “Dime man, is that gonna wreak?” Some whirring converter uproars.

Garage man stood and looked at Jason straight in the face seriously. A slim stain mustache on his lips. Cabinet rails noises and fridge door shut, mechanic drill, impact sound and ratchet.

Soon an analyst result was about to hopefully report. Jason gasped through a smelly breath. Blinked strongly. While garage man deflated from the mouth like a hair blower, he reached at his back pocket and gave him the results but toilet paper he clanged. “Perfect, sorry wrong pocket,” garage man said, and then turned to look the other side, a journal on the left, a plunger then a list. “Perfect

the calculator must of jammed, hold a minute please.” He pulled a lengthy weary paper from his back pocket. His arm crumbled the banner full of numbers. “Hold on I’ll get to the results,” garage man said. He looked at the strip of fifteen feet and he slapped the little machine on the side. “Perfect, got it, no that’s not the actual date.” Scrolling the list, “I’ll tell you what my taste buds are stimulating,” garage man said.

“Oil, you have to replace overhauls tsk tsk tsk,” garage man said. The noises sharply came out of his mouth, he guessed while he looked up. “The engine carbonates, it needs to replace spark plugs. This car would need a new engine according to the law,” garage man said then coughed a breath of mixed gas pollution in Jason’s face. These last words said, struck truth in the client’s mind.

The penny exclaimed, “I told you the man’s an ace,” Norman said deliriously pronounced. Within this deal Norman knew to keep quiet and not to say a word, his dad was the best car dealer in the city.

Jason realized to no chance, this seller’s price bargain impossible. Perhaps he would have given fewer dollars up but some blabbed, “Deal, we have a deal, it’s a deal,” Jason said persuaded, astronomically, “I seen enough, and smelled to,” he thought.

Garage man stared at the upset alike person then spoke. “I could taste the oils then give you a full brief report of your car,” garage man said and lifted an eyebrow, lightly tilted his head back, and held his hand on his belt. “Perhaps you won’t get the results today because of my printer.” Garage man’s eyes blinked for the first time snapping.

Meanwhile, “Yirck, he does that too,” Norman talked oily disgust.

“It’s okay, okay I’m happy you see-e,” Jason said while sarcastically smiled.

“Perfect then lets deal the money.”

“Look at that fellow on the go,” Norman said.

After the optimistic deal, Jason walked out the opened office and waited for the cab in the driveway with an envelope in hand and filled of money, inserted his pocket. “I felt like this when I got out the casino that last time, and now I...”

“Dime we had a good deal,” Norman said.

“You swear a lot,” Jason said and walking away from the garage.

“Hey, why you chewed on the garage man’s price, he offered a lot for your flatten dull brown shoe,” Norman said?

“It’s listed more than two times that price, I was hoping at lease over five.”

“Five grand? Five grand, that’s a deluxe mastodon trip to the Vegas automobile.”

“Oh,” Jason rolled his eyes and stopped walking.

“What, did you forget something?”

“No, it’s the inflation, back in your time to this year the dollar’s value multiplied many times like over fifteen times, I’m not too sure,” Jason said.

“Price adjustments.”

Chapter 9

The taxi driver

The cabdriver pulled in the large dark gloomy paved driveway of, "Thrill Sale." The taxi car braked solidly to a sudden stop. Few cars in the parking reflected from the cab's head lights. The painted yellow car with black and white checkered strips freshly done. Certain had edges not on the yellow body's lustered surface. "Some hasty work had to be on time," Jason thought.

The door opened and Jason entered himself tempestuously. His hand grasped his shirt at chest level and his elbow pointed down to the seat then pulled. Like someone grasped him by the collar and shoved him in the back seat, once sat he bounced and his fist let go. Replaced his shirt and shut the door.

The taxi rode then turned around the entry. "Thrill sale, they should add to this panel, you never get your money's worth," Jason thought and expected a lot more. "You should answer the driver," Norman said.

The driver asked a second time, "Where to mister," Khile Argentae said, he wore a beret hat, bulky with a belly and a rough voice, and seemed tall.

"The casino," Jason said, the gone astray man who gazed unhappily, a deal similar to the total lost in the gambling house, stroked some chords in an off key.

Garage man saw the yellow car leave the parking. Robotic blitz noises and a degassed carbon monoxide on the chair.

Now and through, Jason had surely doubted possibilities, yet not a great positive idea lit in his mind, a hand in front of his mouth, "What if I lose all?"

"Nah, I'll make the luck you never had," Norman said.

Down in the dumps, his emotions butted as his sold car subdued to another acknowledgment of his feelings. "But it's not much," Jason said and watched the advertisements on the seat's headrest. A screen showed a trip to the Bahamas. Jason took a deep breath, sigh.

The taxi driver heard Jason spoke, "Sorry sir, I didn't understand," Khile said and lowered the volume of his radio.

"Oh, nothing, I was talking to myself," Jason said. The taxi chauffeur switched hands on the steering as his left arm touched the door on the elbow rest, his fore arm and hand lain on the armrest metal part. Ground connected.

"Yeah man you could win a lot because of me, you can stand a chance," Norman said.

The taxi driver heard part of Norman's speaking, "What did you say sir?"

Jason's eyes widened and glimpsed left and right, "— Nothing, I was talking to myself?"

"Another voice," Khile thought, squinted at the mirror a few times. "What just happen?"

While Norman spoke, "In a comic book I had a story of a gambler that won in a casino gambling the roulette."

Meanwhile the driver had looked at Jason's face in the rear-view mirror but his mouth did not move, glanced over that reflection, his eyes viewed the road then the mirror alternatively, simultaneously and several times. The voice spoke in the taxi driver's head, not behind and to the right

similar to what appeared in the mirror, the volume transferred low.

“This is no comic book,” Jason said quietly, though faced the tinted window and gazed over the right lane, fields, houses and fences with his hand over his mouth, silently.

“Hey man, why are you whispering,” Norman said?

Khile had lifted his arm to pull down the blinker, he got ready to turn.

“But if you win Jason, you’ll play even more at the casino.”

“We’re going to the casino,” Jason said within hidden whispers.

“You whisper,” Norman said.

“I whisper,” Jason said.

The penny viewed the driver that turned the wheel and said, “We’ll play the roulette for sure, and we’ll win something I promise.”

Khile replaced his arm on the door’s console.

In whispers, “Nope, I’m not playing that swirl in circle game and hope for the ball to fall for the color I’ve bet,” Jason said with his hand covering his mouth.

“Why not, it’s a good game,” Norman said and overestimated his fluke?

“My last bet was on the roulette and I lost,” Jason said with murmurs and glanced at the cab timer counter, “There in a couple hundred cents,” he thought seeing the taxi meter. He gazed out the window after he glanced at the driver’s rear-view mirror. Bright and well lit commerce’s, some restaurants, cars parked on the street side, etc...

Khile the cabdriver had suspicions on what he witnessed. He felt confused, hump thoughts, and a bump on the road passed. How unlikely one man could have two

different voices sourced. However, the voice resounded like a radio in his head. As he looked in the rear-view mirror, the passenger in the backseat with his hand covering his mouth and talked like a normal client. The second voice directly audible and from a different scope, oddly spoken to the center and in the head, not to the right hand side from Jason’s appearance in the mirror. Khile’s eyes altered, then glared at the road as he noted the instance.

Buildings on each side had viewed the coin, “Urban infrastructures ha-ha, they changed, they appeared blockier than in my time, well feels like it was just yesterday,” Norman said. People’s clothes quarreled from the wind gusts, walked on sidewalks, wiggled like flags. Bicycle followed the traffic and some flew by passing. A city bus had stopped to pick up apparent windblown passengers. Their clothes battled like the windy grass. The penny had a great time as he compared the cars, clothes of the folks, houses and entries, the road’s pavement. He compared with what he known in his time. “It was just a few days ago, incredible,” the penny thought. The largest and wonderful pavement covered the ground evenly which he had never seen.

Jason thought of his luck, how easy it hit him down fortune less. A job, a weekly pay he needed to compensate this way of life. This could not go on, his head turned and glimpsed to the rear view mirror and passed a stare through the window. Gas stations, few old cars, folks walked everywhere, bikes, and a huge store, grand parking for customers, passed through the view.

After all, the penny roundly shaped and formed to a coin, although confidence he always had inside, he never felt tiredness in his few senses. Source of energy to outwit any watch, car or truck battery. He had consciousness

since the first minute's couch talk with grimaced Jason, also merely nothing barely bored him at the moment. The unique coin of all the worthy golden treasures to the ground-breaking intelligence of this economic raged era. The well-kept secret of any magician known to this world as the most wanted gambling tool, he felt. The keyed up coin of the most avid being. The one and only, Norman. "So, are we almost there yet," Norman said?

The driver instinctively replied, "There in a short minute sir," Khile said though realized as a reflex he answered to the other voice rather than the passenger in the backseat. Jason realized he had not spoken but the driver answered.

Jason's hand went back to his mouth and whispered, "Quiet, be quiet I think he hears you."

The coin misbelieved and sang, "The road is beautiful, and everybody knows how the sun shows, it's not just a prose, but I fell on my nose, and broken my rose, for this girl always morose."

Meanwhile, Jason's hands reached behind his neck, the silver chain's hook open clip and removed the necklace. He shoved the coin in his torso pocket.

The casino showed the smallest appearance in the windshield as Jason and Khile noticed. On each side of the terrain the grass had more caring, obviously for the allured gambling house. A large panel advertised as they entered the casino's zone. Parking ahead, three thousand feet remained.

During this ride, each time Jason leaned on the arm rest and Khile too, the connection let heard the penny's voice.

Chapter 10

Her Date

At mid supper, Diane and Mr. Cegrassymoïss which is her date, had nothing to say and both of their mouths were far from empty. The wine wasn't on the table humbly, nevertheless time had come. They sat on fancy shrilled whistle chairs, a glass table with candles. They looked all over. In Diane's plate there was three oysters, potatoes and vegetables. He had agreed to the same plate order as Diane. Music played through melodies like violins, a soft classical environment filled the listeners, with an accordion. Portraits in paintings pinned on parapets of this pleasant partaking place.

Viewed from the ceiling, held by two hands with white gloves, a bottle of table wine appeared as the carpet of the floor scrolled to find the couple that sat at their romantic spot, arriving at the table. "Here's for the wine," the waiter said and had deposited two glasses then opened a red wine bottle. He tilted the wine bottle to brook in a few ounces poured in the wineglasses and moved towards the kitchen bar. They thanked him. They glanced at each other a few seconds. Eyes like marshmallows, about to urge on fire from the heat. They kept the flames for a brief moment and then turned away exaggeratedly. They were victims of a wall of truth as arrogant bonfires passionately kick started their emotions.

"I'm so hungry," Diane said.

"Your right, I agree with your statement," her date replied judiciously.

Diane went to get a hold of her wineglass as she swirled the red wine in the glass reflecting lights from the luster above their table.

“Someday it was,” her date said.

After a sip, “We had this storm crossing the bridge,” Diane said.

“All-day sunny and a passing overcast, strange weather,” her date said.

“A lightning blinded me under drizzles of rain, it struck real close,” Diane said.

Ideally, a toast tempted her date who emerged a thought but decided not, for the kindness, or idealistic event. He glanced at his wineglass, although changed his mind. Undecidedly and hesitantly. “I would like to make a toast to this incontestable strange day,” her date said. They clinked wineglasses in the Tchin-Tchin cheers. They sipped few ounces. He grasped the bottle and brooked the wine in her glass while she held it up, and his too instantly after hers. He firmly gripped that bottle. A few drops of wine spilled, he placed the bottle on it, hiding the possible stain. The classical tune changed. “I like my dish,” he said.

But same wise, “Some spices they found to flourish them,” Diane said.

He pinched an oyster in his plate for a taste and brought near his mouth, he ogled Diane’s eyes blooming his heart. Meanwhile the waiter passed. Her date squeezed the oyster a little too much as his thumb and index added more grip to the pinch but slipped vigorously. Drops spattered in air with the shell landing over the waiter’s white shirt. Diane widen eyes and saw the waiter with an eye shut, and wiped his face. “Perhaps done from a few drops that flew up,” she thought. The shell bounced off the waiter, and then fell on the floor.

While wiping his face, the waiter slanted his platter then the lobster slipped and fell on her date’s lap. Still alive, the large crustacean claw closed as her date stood, standing

still, then he looked down at the live sea creature stuck hanging to his slacks, and faced the waiter. Diane saw the lobster gripped on her date’s pants in the middle of the zipper, over the table.

Meanwhile, “Humph,” the waiter expressed arrogance, turned to head back to the cuisine. While the waiter stepped the opposite way to return to the kitchen. The waiter froze as the lobster swung, clamped on the waiter’s hand, pinched the other claw did. The waiter froze his step, and the lobster’s claws straighten to each side. Diane realized this was problematic. Her date saw the platter tilting his way as the caviar pudding overflowed the edges of the dish. The waiter’s face expressed pain as he took back his step, and then turned below to see the lobster clamped. Leveling the platter over his head, “Ouch,” the waiter said. Diane saw the lobster joined the two men face-to-face, pants and fingers each clawed and stretched out near straight, like a tensioned rope. The lobster held the two ends.

The waiter pulled. Her date looked at Diane as his pants coned pointy in the lobsters vice. Her date looked at the lobster. Her date stepped towards the waiter. The waiter stepped back. Her date took back his step. The waiter still stuck raised his arm. “Perhaps a dance or maybe a tango,” Diane thought.

The lobster slanted attached. Persisted, still in pain the waiter lifted his arm with fingers stuck in the claw. Her date’s pants coned higher. They moved. Diane wished to help but there was no easy way out of these pliers. The lobster wasn’t red like the usual, perhaps uncooked as forgotten. The antennae of the lobster moved visibly, it’s alive. Diane hid her laughs. The waiter approached his platter under the lobster, as both of his hands occupied and tortured. One held a platter with dishes and the other

hand had fingers between the lobsters vice. People curiously looked.

The lobster let the pants go, her date once unclamped from the lobster's claw stepped away from the waiter. With the platter above his head, turned but the lobster pinched next table cloth's corner, clearing clean as the waiter pulled. Yet the waiter didn't finish his critic, crouched. Laid the lobster in the platter with plates. For a moment he seemed like playing in food. His arm moved up and down simultaneously, fingers stuck and didn't let go. Her date stepped back closer to his chair and looked down at the lobster bouncing on and on. The waiter's hand in the vice slapped continually in his platter as the lobster kept a grip on the fingers. Diane gazed at the lobster. She glanced at her date who did not move but watched the waiter.

The other claw of the lobster gripped the food in the plate and catapulted upwards to the waiter's face. Like the lobster had a food fight with the waiter. He closed his eyes once in a while and struggled down the furious sad mixed meal. The waiter put on safety glasses. The omelette flew close to his nose. In the next plate on the platter, chicken wings bounced off the waiter's forehead.

Some people stood up to see the food fight of the lobster versus the waiter. The waiter's hand upper and down up and down while the lobster bounced in the platter and gripped some foodstuff with his other claw, and threw pieces of noodles too, like a scrambling wheel in dirt, perhaps a motocross. Fountain of food. Last a large cabbage piece.

The platter onto the carpeted floor as the foot of the waiter crushed the crustaceous abdomen, then set the finger free. The waiter stood with the platter, as he regained his honor stance with crooked goggles. Wiped his face from this cluttered food fight. People clapped while he

smears his face with a cloth. The waiter lifted the platter higher and returned seriously towards the kitchen. He kept his pride high and greeted the people that applauded his battle while walking. His head and his body slightly bowed to the people on the left and then the right.

Diane stopped applauding, "So, that smooth's the atmosphere doesn't it," she said to her date sitting?

"Definitely, I wonder if that waiter is okay," her date said and gulped his wine.

"Only look out the next oyster, kidding," Diane said.

"I better empty those oysters in my dish," her date said.

A voice heard from next table, "You better, if you don't want to lose your head," an old bad-tempered man said who faced her date with a large piece of cabbage on his head like a helmet. "Kidding yaw lousy oyster eater," the old man said and laughed, gasps then choked.

Inside the townhouse Diane sighted Justin and Nemni asleep on the couch.

Chapter 11

Norman's idea

Jason pulled out the necklace from his pocket which had Norman the penny, they entered the Casino as the glass door closed behind. Clipped the necklace on the side of his neck. Orange car in the lobby behind. "Sorry about that but I was sure the cabdriver could hear you speaking," Jason said.

"Whoa, would you take a look at all that, I'm in paradise or what, yahoo for sure I'm puberty less, but what are they," Norman said capturing slot machines?

"They're slump games, nothing to be amazed, oh that's right you're from the past and this is new stuff," Jason said.

Then the chain set and dropped on Jason's shirt. An upset woman passed by and walked to the doors behind from them video slot machines insight adjoining the entrance.

"Hey-hey-wow, I can't believe my eye," Norman said and amazed by the view, though felt lucky already. They moved forward and air freshened as conditioned. Jason turned as he walked nearer machines.

"If I had a face I would show a grin, everyone would see me, plus I would smile until my teeth dry. Not a single microbe would survive my desert grin," Norman said as he saw the video slot machine' screens, "Are you smiling up there, all I can see is a chin?"

Jason smirked, "Yes, yes."

Norman saw a cheek formed, "How about the other half?"

"There, are you happy now," Jason said?

"Smile man I have nothing to show them beautiful ahem," Norman said, cheered his status, trapped in the penny.

"Yes games, I guess you're right," Jason said and showed a little grin.

"Excuse me, what did you say," a woman said?

"Nothing dear woman I'm talking to myself, it happens," Jason said. The woman turned and walked away towards the lobby with the orange car.

It was hard holding a steady toothy grin and an up mood as he kept the casino spirit aside. "I'm back at the same place where I lost every penny but that last one down my neck. Persuadably who convinces me to keep the good work on this free dive, soon I'll be in debt," Jason thought.

"What game should we try," Jason said?

"Ha-ha, you got me on that one, I imagined the roulette but with the attractive screens so colorful. It's gettin' to

me and I change my mind right away, look at them wow," Norman said and felt comparable to a lid that would cover any pot or container. Never in his life had he felt that way. They were only games, square video appliances. The presence of the machines caught Norman's sight like sexy women he had seen in some vintage magazine. The intensity impressively pulled graphics to the wild. "Jason, that one, just go to that one," Norman said and modulated his voice.

"There are slot machines down that row too," Jason said.

"Just pick any one, their all pretty."

"The one on the left," Jason said while he stopped?

"- No, on second thought go to the one beside."

"That one there," Jason said?

"No, maybe the other one on the other side."

"Make up your mind."

"Quit pointing it's embarrassing."

"Yes tell me which one."

"I'd have anyone, okay I got it, that one."

"Which one?"

"The one I'm looking at."

"Well where are you looking at," Jason said ridiculously?

"I don't know, it's like more than trophies that all look the same just not in bikini, what am I saying, you pick her?"

Scoff, "Enough, I'm moving in, bikini ahem," Jason said while an old man few machines away looked at him arriving.

"Yeah man, just go to it," Norman said.

Drinks and refreshments passed down the alley. Jason stood in front of the machine and asked before playing, "Are you sure that's the one?"

"Yeah man, that has to be the one," Norman said arriving closer to the screen.

Jason's interest hung elsewhere drastically and had played that game in previous times. He lost his grin to a regular smile. "We could go beside, I lost to that one."

"Okay man, you know them more than me," Norman said.

Jason moved to a machine, "Here, same game."

"Do they talk, hi my name is Norman what's yours," Norman said?

"I don't think you'll get an answer," Jason said. The old man who sat next to him turned and peeked behind, wondered if he came alone or with someone, and who did he talked to?

The coin had a little moment of shyness. "So, are you gonna spin that or stare at it all-day man, I can't wait to get it spinning wild, yeah?"

"Hold on, I've got to set the machine if I don't want to lose all at once," Jason said while he touched and tapped the screen.

"Be careful, you might hurt it," Norman began to feel defensive for no reason.

"Excuse me sir," an attendee said. Jason turned to the worker, he held a green casino card. "Here's a free card with ten bucks for a lucky player," the attendee said.

"Thanks," Jason said as he glanced and clang the card.

"Have a good game sir," the attendee said then left.

"I guess it's a card for you my friend," Jason said.

The old man said, "Huh, it happened to me when I didn't have enough sleep. I talked to the machines like my best friend," he nodded, "I almost had feelings for it, until my wallet thinned to then have no money and I had no more bets. But I came back, on next pay," the old man said curving a smile then left.

"Take care," Jason said to the old man, "I guess he'll be back next pay."

After a few spins, "Bet-bet-bet, you have to win-win-win," Norman said.

Jason laughed sarcastically, "If I listen to you I'll be getting out of here, and in no time."

"Come on, just try it once at the highest bet."

"Yes okay, I'll try it once because you believe in, your luck," Jason said without overextended generosity, slapped the bets.

A hand tapped the window and adjusted the most profitable win or Payless, win or lose.

"Be nice to her, easy on the glass man," Norman said then the screen prompted to the extreme settings available at that game. Jason hit spin then skimmed skeptically the screen. "Like this is the real deal, were about to win lots today," Jason said a heavy sarcastic way.

The view zoomed in to the screen with all colors, filled five columns as they moved downwards. Soon the last column suddenly stopped sequenced from the first column.

Later the coin convinced his host for the highest bet possible through and always. However, he nearly spent half of the car's money. Drastically, that didn't even thrilled Jason at all. A break he needed. Meanwhile he thought of all this foolish dumbness before it worsen to dim the cash out the trash.

During he played, he had flopped the ten buck green casino card but timely dropped down along the machine's side. While the columns still spun, the necklace touched the machine's metal. Some unusual sound as he pinches the plastic casino card and straightens up. Stared at the gibberish screen. He didn't understand what displayed on the window until he got a good look. "Well, that is two fifty," Jason said.

“Ah-ha, I knew this could be your day,” Norman said with gladness as they had won. He inserted the green card collecting credits. “I’m going to the restaurant are you coming?”

“Ha-ha funny, no I’ll stay, we must continue,” Norman said hypnotically. “Hey, hey play.” While Jason walked along the row of games as he sighted the place then turned to face a restaurant’ sign panel. He heard, “Sniff, and sniff.”

“Norman?”

“What man,” Norman said?

“You have no nose.”

“Yeah that’s right, I don’t, this is ‘sniff’, happening that’s all I can say, ‘Sniff’,” Norman said sobbing. The coin didn’t know or for what reason this emotion bared over him. He felt sad, like the loss of something, perhaps a close friend as of loneliness. He thought in his mind plain lonely, depressed and blue, or a rejection of such. How public school wasn’t fair as many excluded him for how wealthy he was.

Jason frowned, tried to make sense of this and asked, “What are you sad about?”

“I don’t know, I just feel hodgepodge,” Norman said through and the sniffles stopped after another sniff.

“You what,” Jason said?

“Mishmash, mixture or pastiche yeah a batter,” Norman said.

“I see that’s a pot problem.”

“Where are my comic books, I had one of a TV crying, a radio howled, everything sounded like their hearts were unhappy. I listened while in the house, and my mom’s kitchenware hummed low then back to normal many times, it somehow noised out sad, and the vacuum struggled too,” Norman said.

Meanwhile Jason didn’t know what to say to this weeping coin. It was illogical that an object could cry absurdly or have feelings. The circumstance oddly thought, it was most unlikely.

“Cool it, books, books, it was a story Norman, they are imaginary,” Jason said.

“Man, we must return, if I could walk I’d go back to that honey piece of credits with the colorful window.”

“There simply stupid electronics.”

“I love stupid electronics,” Norman said.

“Alright, we’re going right back after this,” Jason said as they entered the restaurant.

“You didn’t turn around Jason.”

“Well, let me get something first.” He approached the lady at the cash counter, “I have to get something to drink.”

Walking forth, “Hi there how may I help you sir?” She had wide open eyes, a hat around her hair, also looked down at his necklace a few times.

“Yes, I would like a large coffee.”

“Is there something else you’d like?” She looked down at Norman.

“Him take him I’m not your man I like machines today, what am I saying there,” Norman said?

“That’s it, a coffee,” Jason said. She faced the burner’s carafe, poured a cup.

Jason’s hand straight opened and hid his mouth saying, “Would you shut up please,” he whispered with his hand over mouth.

The lady had a fine ear and said, “Is that a lucky charm on your necklace?”

His hand lowered his lips and spoke, “Yes, it is, I thought I’d be luckier,” Jason said.

“Is it working,” she said, deposited the cup on the counter?

“Well, sort of, I think, I hope,” Jason said.

“Yeah, yes say yes,” Norman said with a continuous long snort. But Jason was the only one hearing that snorting penny.

“Yes, last it worked, but a mind of its own, luck happened there, perhaps at the last moment,” Jason said. Norman perceived a blush from the lady’s face. And the snort continued.

“It’s five ninety nine,” she said.

“Yes, well I don’t have change, I have to use the debit card,” Jason said.

“Hold on, that’s not a problem, here,” she said and gave the remote. Used his credit card, pressed account checking, then hit okay. Jason saw an extra button named, “Donation,” the device displayed as he pressed the remote that gave a penny to round six dollar. Picked up his coffee.

“Good luck out there, oh the sugar and cream are over there,” she pointed over the counter.

The continuous snort from Norman stopped. Also, he viewed partially the row of games. In the living blood, it would have compared and called a chemistry thing. However, Norman’s great desperations, or sadness’s disordered, he felt like he needed the machines. Jason heard a continuous sniff.

“Well thanks, I’m sure going to need it,” Jason said though has seen a smile from the young woman, and the intermittent sniff stopped.

“Hey man, bring the remote and the cash register they’re so sweet looking, what am I saying there,” Norman said?

He had emptied a ripped sugar pack, and stirred the cup, he turned around, walking out of the restaurant. Instantaneously, the coin admired the machines insight. “Ooo-yeah here I am remember me ha-ha oh-yeah,” Norman said from the saddest to the happiest without a doubt.

“Don’t you think she’s a bit young,” Jason said as he walked down the alley toward the same row of games and noted the penny’s mood.

“Age don’t matter, if she loves you, she’ll stay no matter what,” Norman said as they got closer to the slot machines. The coin had lost interest in this subject. He felt like reality turned as a warm welcome. The important attraction greatly balanced insight of the machines. Nothing but this presence advised the eminence, beautiful electronics.

Chapter 12

What a Friend

Jason sipped his drink while he neared the game, found a place to put his cup on a black shelf-like machine’ side. “C’mon c’mon c’mon, let’s game on yeah,” cheered the coin as he sighted the screen. Jason pulled the bench and sat in reach of the buttons. Inserted the casino’s credit card in the machine’s card reader. The game’s setting at a fair bet. Imprudently, it wasn’t enough for Norman, the extremist. He would of bet on the highest bid as he worked persuasions.

“Come on Jason you gotta bet.”

“It’s spinning, you see, and I have every line selected.”

“Bet higher, you’ll win some more.”

“Yes, and dive faster,” Jason said.

“Just try a few turns then set it back.”

“I’ve already tried that and many times.”

“You’ve got to bet and bet just bet through bets and bet all you can,” Norman sang.

“Alright, a couple and that is it.”

“You’ve gotta yeah, here, yeah uh-huh that’s it,” Norman said.

“A couple more than a couple right.”

“This window is awesome,” Norman said and had thrilled remarks.

Behind Jason, a coordinated group of twenty folks of all ages had entered as tourists and the guide explained instructions in which direction to go in the casino. First they visited the decorated machines, and then they moved towards players that sat at their machines in the row. Jason peaked at the group approaching.

“This is no use Norman, we happened to hit a lucky turn for that two fifty win.”

“I can feel it, we’re gonna win big yeah man,” Norman said, modulated his voice.

“I’ll lower bets this is too much,” Jason said.

“Wait. Just a little more, look man it’s happening.”

As the group got closer to the first row of machines where Jason sat, they watched him and his distant neighbors. He turned to see behind him. “Hey, what are you doing again,” the coin ask?

“Relax I’m simply looking back there, you’re really into that casino stuff,” Jason said. Then his eyes returned on the display as preoccupied of worries to lose wearily.

Norman called, “I can feel it, I can smell it oh that’s right I have no nose but I know we’re gonna win,” spiritedly. The game gave free spins, “Free spins yeah free spins she’s set on free spins and I’m on a free fall, ooh.”

He reached down to get his cup narrowly between machines. The necklace dragged on the machine’s chromed metal. Meanwhile Norman slurped luscious dry licks but sounded juicy and slyly heard Jason, then Norman talked about the day, “It’s a lovely day out and the sun shines on me, may my dear ooh-mwah mwah,” Norman said as his emotions pulled novelties to those words outrageously with vicious softness. The game spun to stop at five items

matched identically. A bell rang for a longer moment and Jason’s machine distinguished from lights above. He straightens, gazed at the screen. He reads, “Jackpot,” in the window, a display glistened and glowed. Jason kept a gawk at the screen to know how much he had won.

“I told yaw man, I felt it ha-ha yeah,” Norman said like he picked the right moment to word it in. Jason couldn’t believe this was the definite realism. The eventual winner of the entrance. Plus, almost everyone saw his success. “It was just a matter of time,” Norman laughed to guffaws, “Hah-ha, now you see and you believe me.”

“I, I have near the double of my car’s worth,” Jason said that largely grinned in the gambling house, “How could this be,” he said and laughed? People behind applauded at his win. The top lights flashed, a happy moment. Jason widen eyes turning slowly behind and saw the folks clapping.

As a worker, an attendee on his way in strides across the passage beside the bars and restaurants. His steps were legitimately long as he sighted the winning machine and the chair with the winner who sat content with a grin. His task was to make sure of the game’s health as a checkup and to see if everything normalized, he eyed and keys jingled walking.

“With five gees like that you could get something big out of the roulette,” Norman said.

“Yes whatever, I’ll lose all,” Jason said discretely.

“You have to try, just bet anywhere, it’s so easy.”

“Okay buddy, you can’t tell when red or black will come next,” Jason said.

“You can bet all on one number and win a-bigger,” Norman said.

“Now listen, there are so many numbers and it is easy enough to lose with two colors.”

“But I can feel that we’re gonna win big.”

“We can’t be that lucky,” Jason said.

“Hi sir,” an attendee said at arrival, he inserted his key to the machine’ side.

“Hi there,” Jason greeted. “Is there something wrong with the game,” Norman asked?

Jason slightly rolled eyes and nodded a couple times then asked the attendee, “Did I break something?”

“Yes you didn’t, it’s a routine check, you’ve won the Jackpot, I’m verifying that you’re in front of a none defective stratagem telling a lie, but you won, everything is normal,” the attendee said. He closed the side, then turned keys. “You can keep your green casino card or use this golden one.” He showed the card held in his hand.

“It’s okay,” said Jason, “I’ll keep using this green card.”

“Most winners take that card because of a free meal at any restaurant in the casino.”

“Yes, we’ll I mean I’ll take it.” Jason reached and clang the golden card from the worker, “Here you go sir,” the attendee said.

“Great,” Jason said.

“Have a good play,” the attendee said.

“Same to you,” Jason said.

Norman had roulette in his thoughts, the only way to win big. “I don’t know what he is afraid of, it is so easy to win at this game. I’m the lucky one after all.”

Norman remembered at his uncle’s house. In the cellar they had gambled all-night. The room filled halfway from the ceiling with smoke over Norman’s head. Everyone had their drinks, babes perfumes distinguished nearby. At lease the cellar had different odors, aromas and scents, stuff to repel

smoke, cigars and cigarettes even pipes, odors beside the moistened molded mold. A roulette table remained in the middle of the room. Fun time for everybody. They had let little Norman play and he placed his bet on any number, randomly. At his height, everything was clear, but smoke over his head as he held his mother’s hand. Only his bet targeted the luck. They had asked him numbers to be as lucky as him but it was impossible to acquirer equivalence of his bet. The win had to be from his hand. He had gazed at the table numbers, forward his hand to the right spot and placed his bet. He had won all the time. Once, a player added his chips on Norman’ square of a number, thought he’d get the same luck. It couldn’t be that way. Only little Norman could have had mastered a grateful bet for a win. Sometimes people noticed the ball had magnetized to that numbered box on the spun roulette. Some had believed his uncle tricked the roulette. It happened uniquely when the boy played. Everything was normal when little Norm absented. Later they had banned him to play during their parties. He only could play when his uncle had time. That was barely never.

Norman merged reality to the slot’ screen, he saw a golden card pinched and pulled out the machine. “Now we’re going roulette right?”

“I’m getting the hell out,” Jason said, stood, turned then walked towards the doors, the exit and entrance. Instantaneously leaving sight of machines, Norman miserably sorrowed, his heart sad, “Sniffed,” continuously.

“Maybe you have coin allergies or something?”

Querulous, “No, yes, I don’t know man.”

“Can you stop Norman?”

“I can’t help it, it’s like glued in my feelings.”

“No, this can’t be coin flu, that won’t work on me, I’m leaving while I still can move on with my life. Oh, my coffee,

my money too,” Jason said walking and then turned around as he faced the winner’s game for his drink down the left machine’ side. He walked to get his cup and heard Norman who got better suddenly. Childishly, like he frolicked around to stay with his toys?

“Hey there are the babes, man it’s gone now and I don’t feel like I have something up my fake nose, eyes and the throat.”

“Really?” Gripped his cardboard cup and turned for the entrance’s glass doors.

“Yeah man, I’m okay Jason, truly,” Norman said.

“Oh-yes, that’s strange,” Jason said. He walked away from machines, Norman somehow had sad symptoms or a bug resurfaced. Sobbing, “I can’t believe it, it’s doing it again.”

“Where am I going? I have to change these credits to cash,” Jason said and turned around for a second time. Not after a few paces but instantly, “Unbelievable, ha-ha it’s the babes yeah,” Norman said and guffawed.

Jason walked into the main hall to the cash counter as he smiled, “You’re okay now, but when I do this,” Jason said and returned towards the exit doors energetically?

“Just, just no I, turn, go around, turn back I’m dismissed,” Norman said with an outbreak unhappily.

“What,” Jason said, “You want me to turn back?”

His voice trembled like a terrible event occur, “Quit that will yaw, yeah go back, you, you gotta get cash remember sniff.” The penny sounded like he gushed tears in a container, “Return, I beg you please,” Norman said.

“This is strange totally,” Jason said and turned back to face the hall where the coin viewed the machines. “Ha!”

Turned-cried; turned-laughed; turned-cried; turned-laughed. “This is crazy,” Jason said intonating.

Norman switched back to his wits and like a gentlemen saying, “What do you say, that green card’s worth of credits for the roulette?”

“Alright,” replied Jason, “But then that’s it, no more.”

“Yeah alright it’s arousal time.”

The roulette had four players with bets on. Track and spun in circles as Jason sighted distantly. At the table there, recognising the woman with long white silvery hair, she cheered delicately.

Jason appeared close to the table. The dealer called seven red. Two players lost their bets and turned to leave. Norman exclaimed, “Hot, this table is hotter than I ever saw man but where are the machines?”

Viewed from the back Jason arrived beside the women with the long white silvery hair. She eyed Jason, “Are you next player up?”

Jason recognized the woman he had seen in the afternoon, when he lost all leftovers, before the fit. “Hi, well I don’t have much but this is what I have to do, I’m next up,” Jason said with glances. Norman saw a hand deposit ten chips of twenty on the table.

“That’s not bad,” said the woman, she leered then turned and stared on her next bet. Jason puts five chips on red, the tiny place left. Her bet spread over limits across the zone.

“Go for the six, I’m sure it’s the six,” Norman said, he had listened the coin and replace the bet. “You’re gonna have as much as her in no time I tell yaw.”

And the woman smiled, and curiously spoke without moving her lips, “Shut up and put him on the monitor so I can hear him,” she said. Norman heard but unsure.

He turned away from sight of the other players with his hand in front of his mouth. "Are you sure of that number," Jason said to the coin?

"Hey yeah I'm sure, asking me if I'm sure, huh of course I'm sure what are you saying there," Norman said?

At the far end corner of his sight, the woman turned to have a look at Jason. Returned, she held a slight smile.

"How are yaw," the silvery white hair woman said?

"Great -, how about you," Jason said?

"It's always the same, good," she smiled.

He then added five more chips to the, "Six," square of the grid. The dealer seen the three bets. He tracked and spun the ball then swirls in the slanted ramp, the meager marble moments away and bounced. The ball turned around swirls.

"Come on gimmy that color," said the woman. The other player cheered and clapped.

Jason stood as he awaited Norman to speak. Quiet he was, almost like at his uncle's cellar, concentrated on something he didn't know. The roulette's rotation constantly in the same speed, the ball bounced many times and landed in the enclosure of ten black.

The women uttered, "It's black now heh-heh," she said and had a rapid laugh. She was lucky, many chips doubled.

Norman complained, "Hey Jason, it doesn't work like before."

He turned with the hand hiding his mouth, "Try again and pick out any Number," Jason said.

The woman faced Jason with a smile, then slowly returned to face the table. While smiled back at her as he set his hand back on the table.

"Twenty black," Norman said. Five last chips took Jason and placed.

The woman removed half of her chips from the winning lozenge. "I better take them back for cash," she said. The rest stayed on black. Then the dealer flung the white ball.

"Maybe you should cash out and get yourself ready, invite him," a voice said.

"There is a party at the motel' side on the sixth floor if you wanna come," the woman said.

"I'm not sure, this is my last play and I'm gone before I spend my life away," Jason said then the woman laughed ogling.

"Hey we gotta go to celebrate that little win at lease," Norman said.

"But I'll try to make it," Jason said.

"It's a big room for two hundred people, it's a lot of fun," she said. The dealer calls fifteen black.

"Well game over," he said, turned to her, "My name is Jason by the way."

"Shaylia, please to meet you, I won again," the long white silvery hair woman greeted and they reached into a hand shake.

"I'll try, see you later," Jason said and walked backwards a few steps.

Smilingly, "Be there, bye," Shaylia said.

Turned in the alley as she ogled him leaving.

"So how's the mood Norman?"

"I felt extra good the whole time," Norman said, though not impartial from the machine' sight. Not only that, he sensed his mind enlarged subsequently. Somewhat something happen near that woman, perhaps a maintenance despite the fact the roulette deceived him. Perhaps a flawed game or tricked, but enjoyed losing, oddly.

"Well, a dance to go to, I got to find something to do, I feel like poker."

"Try it Jason, you're the man of the house."

“You know, you keep persuading me,” Jason said and noted how Norman was positive to take a chance. He turned to a machine and sat in front of the holiday video poker game.

Chapter 13

Dear Relativity

They halved the small bunch of credits in the poker game. Norman viewed the screen of a stunning satisfying game. How fast this window drove cards. A few wild cards displayed on the flip-flopped quintet dealt throughout the time of the first draws. “These trumps usually drop in at a better rate,” Jason thought as he kept a positive feckless sign shown to his face. Like a solemn golem gambler, he pushed the buttons on the machine’s slanted panel.

“Do you have a better bet,” Norman said?

“Never mind that, this game has a mind of its own,” Jason said.

“Man, you never know a woman.”

“A woman ha-ha, what do they relate to a machine like that?”

“My father always said that line,” Norman said and tried to shade words previously alleged.

“This is a piece of electronics Norman, you’re silly,” Jason said and scoffed.

“That isn’t what I mean, sorry I’m mixed up,” Norman said as his thoughts confused to cool dank. To him, women and machines related the same in this present presence. Through the insight of the cleared glistened screen. He thought about it carefully as it made no sense. “How could I get mixed up,” Norman thought? And remembered his past, how women had caught his heart. Throughout

the moment caught the attention of the conscientious coined mind.

After all, he remained the only most advance part on this money angry planet. As he wondered, nonetheless would have compared women, and they were different from a person to another, characters. Some had plenty of comparisons.

They had said, some are tiny or big, tall or short. Skinny or fat, slim and huge, however these descriptions went for men too. Some compared them to objects or sport equipment’s. That one is like a bowling ball or shaped like a bowling pin. Any kind of insulting boastful stuff. Then some are like angels or similar egotistically and maybe simply on the outside speculatively.

This machine built of sophisticated electronics, seemingly compared with women from just a day ago, made Norman the penny, the coin as others seen him, wanted to be part of this technology. He found the environment with attraction to the illusion in front of him like he was to women, back to when he existed as a human. As men are attracted to women, this coin had a direct kick to machines, electronics. They all looked the same. Hence was the fascination, and now a draw? In this issue, size surely don’t matter, definitively and supremely, well obviously.

A young man began, “Now I’m into this coin, it’s like an extension of my beginning,” he thought. An object as he realized, uttered feelings. “How lucky I am to still be able to communicate.” The smartest in the world and his friend would step grandly into the possibilities altering into a god. He’d master money, then health, as he would have adjusted his body. He’d have the most advanced technologies, labs and industries. He would have driven the world. However, balance would have lacked unfairly. Their

rich wealthy selfish existence deals the rest of the population in suffering to their livings with less money to support themselves. This dream only possible in a place like a comic book, titled, "A ruler of a certain world." The end.

"Hey man it's a win for sure."

"Yes, I thought I lost you there Norman," Jason said and welcomed his co-player who maybe slept a five-second moment.

"I have to admit something if you'd listen."

"Go ahead, you can tell me anything, no one listens like, you're not the one who looks crazy replying," Jason said then looked around and continued his blabber, "I'm the one speaking, and to no one."

"Here, I'm attracted to these machines," Norman said confessing.

"Ha-ha," Jason slightly tilted his head back, "Me too."

"I mean attracted like they are women," Norman said seriously to the snoot above.

"Yes, I can understand that, and it isn't a problem. They make me feel good when they pay, and bad when they empty my wallet."

"Ha-ha, well not the same attraction but it's alike," Norman said.

"It's the winning thing," Jason said, "If you're the luckiest, you could have a coin and bet on heads or tails, be playing all-night simply to keep winning the big stuff. Did you love women?"

"Dime yeah, but the problem is choosing the right one," Norman said.

"Yes, I agree, besides too bad you can't hold a glass, cheers though."

"Yeah man, cheers to all luck."

"Well, we're not lucky at all with that dive to the zero," Jason said.

"I don't think she likes that, something makes me think she doesn't like that word," Norman said.

"What word?"

"The no value, you know the immeasurable," Norman said.

Meanwhile, Jason sat with his forearms on his legs, one hand pressed the plastic button spin, one at the time. However, his hand stayed near the spin button of the machine. The screen splashed and sparkled graphics array. The panel glowed and Jason's hands and forearms.

"Did you see that," Norman said? "Your beautiful today, I off to see a special chime."

The view approached, "Yes," Jason has seen a win as it displayed on-screen.

"What is it, oh I see a win ha-ha," Norman said though kept the same tone as he said, "Will yaw marry me you dolly box of a sexy thing?"

After a spin, "Yes, this is a winning streak," Jason said and felt toothy. Kept hands on the metal slanted panel of buttons.

"Hubba-bab-baah I have another kiss for you," Norman said and felt the groove in the darling connection.

Jason grinned as he saw his world embellished as the machine added some credits, a nice sum in his own spoof bank. "This is a good day, I need the rest rooms though," he looked on each side to where it could be meanwhile numbers raised in digits.

"Then you take her by the chipboard hand and yaw french her components all over mouah-mwah-mawh," Norman said. Jason inserted the green card to collect the credits as numbered.

"Like mouah mouah smakers all over, mwah smooch, smacker's just for the babe," Norman said.

Meanwhile Jason moved his arm to touch the chrome, the machine gave a win that doubled the previous amount.

“Wow,” Jason said, speechless.

The numbers vanished in the card. Jason sighted on the screen the sum totaling around ten grand.

“Woo-hee that was like nothing,” Jason said.

“Yaw have to bet the babe and bet but bet but always bet yeah bet,” the coin sang.

“We have to get to that floor with Shay, I forgot her name,” Jason said.

“Lia, Shaylia,” Norman said and remembered like a dime on a rhyme.

“Thank you partner, better than slacker, what do you think?”

“Ha-ha, yeah that’s better,” Norman said ridiculously.

“I got this idea, you’re a penny and should be familiar with that,” Jason said.

“What man, your broke ha-ha,” Norman said and laughed mockingly?

“Every time a player leaves a machine, this question would pop on the screen like do you want to make a donation?”

“It’s a possibility there fella,” Norman said.

“Yes, there’s always a leftover that can be transferred.”

He pulled out the card from the insert slot. Stood from his round seat and turned to the shortest way of the rows of games, and then headed for the main passage.

Chapter 14

A water problem

Jason walked faster entering the men’s rest room. Pushed the door then entered, turned right to the urinary. He heard a sniffle but had ignored. Norman tried not to cry but it

happened sadly. He felt like a young child that realized his toy just broke. Like a separation. Or just like he had news of a lost and closed one as he blew his nose virtually that resounded.

Jason looked up, and waited to down his water, but he heard cries. He frowned and asked, “Ahem, could you be quiet for a minute?”

The coin sobbed through words, “I can’t, I can’t help it, this is... sad,” Norman said as he stretched his last word.

“But I can’t urinate if you don’t stop that bawling,” Jason said whispering.

Dulling, the view in front was so dreary. A ceramic stone wall, chrome valve and an incurved form urinal. The sadness feeling of loneliness led to a depression, Norman the penny cried as if the machines had banished forever.

“Get me outta here, bring me back to them babes,” Norman said uttering his voice in pain and scrounged. It blared deafening but simply in Jason’s head.

“Yes I will but in a short minute,” Jason said forcing and tried to have his mind blank with all that sheer in terror.

Norman exclaimed, “Dah,” for a long time as his breath had no end.

Out the rest room in front of a poker machine. “Heh-heh-heh,” Shaylia laughed.

“I’m ignoring what you find funny around that absurdity flat yell,” the voice said? “His misery listen Neckzees, it’s taking him forever, I think he can’t pee,” Shaylia said.

“Human behavior,” Neck-Zs said.

The view flashed a clock on the wall as the seconds passed. One man’s face that sat on a toilet. A dude person entering the rest room.

Still heard the holler, Jason had eyes shut tight, and showed teeth, tried to ignore the chanted ruffled throat on the same note. The coin changed tones but had the same rippled tear, like James Brown on a blare.

He spoke clearly as two men heard. "If you don't quit that I'm going to take you off, or flush you in the toilet," Jason said in echoes.

On the wall the clock stopped.

The man set on the toilet opened his mouth gawking.

In rage, "I feel like pulling you right off," Jason said.

The man on the toilet widen eyes as his hand hid his mouth, held paper in the other hand. The dude who pushed the door entering the toilet cabinet paused, froze.

Jason tried to think of a waterfall, an overflow of a lake. A river that flooded but crashed thoughts and the liquids didn't leak out on the tiny mint like white disk. Jason didn't hear the person that walked in the rest room as the coin bared every sound and raised slowly his voice, "If you don't shut up I'll throw you in the garbage, or flush you in a toilet here."

The clock's window cracked on the wall. The man on the toilet frowned his gape. The dude's hand backed away from the toilet's door cabinet, and turned, listen. "I'll remove you, that will solve that problem, a grasped yank," Jason said and his face worsened as he forced a prolonged growl, "Arr," meanwhile the clock's needles curled as the window fell.

The man sitting on the toilet gazed away and had tears, he trembled with his hand on his mouth. The dude that had frozen, stepped and walked out of the rest room peaked at Jason's back while he passed. Jason's growl ended with a gurgled voice, "This is impossible I can't do it," Jason said.

Farts and splashes from another man on the toilet whooped and excreted feces. Suddenly he guffawed in laughs.

But out the men restroom, "Heh-heh-heh-heh," Shaylia laughed.

No clock showed on the wall as it broke down to the floor. The man on the toilet opened eyes as he removed his hand that had entirely hid his mouth. The rest room's door closed as the other person left. Jason's zipped up and buckled his belt. Norman didn't change note while Jason thought of a solution to this as the coin never stopped his whining. He walked and pulled the door to have in sight, the machines.

Instantaneously the coin sounded wonderful, "Ah, ha-ha, they're there hey how are you bay-bey-yahoo," Norman said with laughs?

"A crazy-penny," Jason thought then said, "Of course they are there, where do you think we are, in the amazon's jungle?" Miserably, and kept in mind of solving this problem as time rushed conceitedly. His water constrained gravity. He could have detached the necklace and slid the screeching coin in a pocket of his shirt or a garbage. As a friend he wouldn't have done so, plus some respect he had for the previous wins.

The penny captioned the long silvery white haired woman, yonder a machine in a row and she sat her legs twisted. "Hey Jason, there's Shaylia," Norman uttered.

"Right, right," Jason said with the urging thinking sting, looking for solving the peeing thing. "This fella unceasingly has something to say, it's like do you mind, I'm thinking here?" Jason thought as he gawked at the long white silvery haired woman. He imagined penny Norman, the necklace around her neck. They headed towards her,

in sight of her back, then loomed in her vision limit, she turned in sight of him, and Jason went around to greet her, from front of her sight.

Meanwhile “Hey-yey, I’m gonna smooch that one, not the woman but the beautiful and sexy appliance there.”

“Hi Jason, how are you doing,” Shaylia said with the happiest smile?

“Right on good, on a winning streak, better than the roulette,” Jason said.

“Hey there my sweet bay-bay how are you-hoo,” Norman said and viewed the machine, found a new friend.

“Heh-heh, oh yeah you lost big there, maybe it’s not your game,” she said, a series of small laughs with much air out. “Heh-heh...” Shaylia naturally carried that joy of hilarity.

“Whoa pocket, pocket change it’s nothing much,” Jason said. Both of his hands lurked in his pockets.

Curiously Shaylia glanced at his necklace a few times. “So, what are you up to,” she said watching her screen and him, selected cards pushing deal button?

“I won,” Jason said, “The jackpot right about five minutes ago,” he glimpsed at his watch and smiled. Gawked then eyed back to Shaylia.

“Heh-heh, that must be sweet, I win at roulette but lose everywhere else,” Shaylia said.

“Over here it’s the way around, well it seems like that,” Jason said intelligently.

Meanwhile, Norman said, “Hey you guys have something in common there.”

Shaylia didn’t understand, “Say that’s impressive,” Neck-Zs said.

“Heh-heh-heh that’s something,” Shaylia said.

“I won, win all-day,” Jason said as his water kept an egotistical weight.

Norman laughed to guffaws, “Ha-ha, you lied, you lied there.”

Shaylia smiled as she straightened to face her game, “So, are you going to be at the sixth floor,” she said eying the necklace and his face? Gaped at Jason’s face.

“Yes, I got to see that, I’ll be there it sounds like a lot of fun.”

“Is that a lucky charm you have around your neck,” Shaylia said? Even though the penny missed some lights, she rapidly seen the charm at the necklace’s lower part.

Jason said, “Yes do you want to have a look?” Pinch the hook, untied the chain necklace, extended his arm as he stepped forward, slid in her hand as she had risen her arm, reached and gave her the necklace.

“I’ll be back,” Jason said and walked fast to the men’s rest room. The rest rooms were behind at her seven o’clock if her nose was noon, midnight or twelve.

She held her hand that clasped the necklace. “It’s like an old penny,” Shaylia said, tilted the object slightly too each side as her wrists and forearms rocked, inspected the coin in contrast. “It’s glued to a chain.” Her video poker game screen displayed four aces as they flipped, she glanced up to the glossy bright window, a win.

Meanwhile, Norman didn’t speak, he saw the woman down to her breast and up to her forehead. The view panned left, passed the center all the way to the right, and then stopped returned left then down to her belly and ended in sight of the ceiling. However, Norman tried to have a full view of the paying game at top. She held the necklace with her hand on her legs crossed. The game window angled lavishly and reflected splashes of colors projecting the win, credits gained.

“Nice, you never got four aces in that short amount of time,” Neck-Zs said. Norman viewed at her neck, a coin size of a dime down to a thin chain without an impression. Plain flat cleared silver and a rim around.

“So that’s how he won the jackpot,” Shaylia said and realized how simple and approachable to win big?

“He lost at the roulette,” Neck-Zs said straightforwardly. A matured female tone spoken as Norman decoded logically for the first time of his coin life.

Shaylia glanced down at the penny, gazed back to the lucky screen. Her eyes moved as Norman saw.

She looked the left side to see how far the next person distanced, no one came her way. Turned to face the poker machine’s window, and asked Neck-Zs, “Did you ever wonder how many folks get hooked at these games?”

Neck-Zs said, “Why? You think I didn’t follow you around them past years.”

“Heh-heh, it’s been nearly twenty years,” Shaylia said and affirmed with her continuous laughs. “What number is he?”

“He’s coin two sixty two,” Neck-Zs said.

“Traveling around this world, stench of gambling, I wonder when I’ll retire,” Shaylia said.

“Miss you’re right, if you win to many jackpots they’d get suspicious on you,” Neck-Zs said.

“So little I win, I barely can afford this mission from casino to casino.”

Jason open the rest room’s door, sighted Shaylia. He paused sighing, had released reliefs then the door closed behind him, and then walked back to the long white silvery haired women at one o’clock if Shaylia’s nose was twelve.

“So how much time do you bet for that copy,” Neck-Zs said? She tossed a guess to Shaylia as she replied, “About a week, like the usual, or maybe in less time, God would know.”

“By the way what did he say while you told me to say impressive,” Shaylia said?

“*Hey you guys have something in common there,*” Norman had said, Shaylia heard.

“That there happens to me often heh-heh-heh,” Shaylia said.

Norman could have spontaneously joined the conversation, but decided to remain quiet, secrecy he felt. He remained quiet surreptitiously.

Chapter 15

A Load of Powers

Shaylia won eight times the first amount’s worth. She won through the lucky waves. The four of a kind in this poker game, flushes and royals, also plenty of full houses gave her satisfaction plus all the other small wins. Yet in ramped thousand dollars. It is by a chance Norman did not speak mooch words to the machine. She would have won several jackpots. Perhaps cameras would have recognized her. She would have vamped her fluke as the luckiest on a game. Scaled her luck so much, some attention from the casino’s security management team would have a good reason to start a full and constant surveillance on her. This coin could have her win four jackpots in that time-lapse with his sticky slogan slang speeches with warm words. Maybe this oxidized dark reddish penny scored luckier than all coins in her entire career. Slight pauses while she talked the whole time in the people’ sight of that passage

passing in the walkway. Norman did not have more than the ceiling in sight and a woman's beautiful hand guessing from the unwrinkled fingers. However, the lucky penny had understood the tips.

A full screen of Shaylia's hand on the machine's slanted panel, chimes, zoomed and focus with the screen in view.

Meanwhile Shaylia played, away from the rest room, Jason stepped his way to her; towards the silvery white haired woman. He glanced between the woman's game machine and her. He moderately paced through a few people in the walkway. He slowed down gradually then approached Shaylia the winning woman. Jason glanced at the penny in her hand.

Norman saw his friend who arrived in the view beside the seemingly boring ceiling. Shaylia held the coin angled for him to see behind her and down to her breast. The ceiling and her great appearance compared as the penny perceived, but sparked no interest. For some reason Norman felt well-being and comfort, strangely. Oddly, he could have stayed like this a long time. Loneliness had its absence. He wanted to view the screen, while it brighten several times. He desired to spice things up to eye the video game. Hence to where Norman rested, the ultimate connection to comfort.

"He's behind you," Neck-Zs said from the necklace around Shaylia's neck.

Norman saw Jason's face tilt down, briefly slightly nodded. A quick smile, returned and face Shaylia's screen. Jason appeared in Shaylia's eyesight, after he took a front stride and stepped towards her.

She turned then made it believable, she recognized him, "I wondered who was standing in the back of me, why that person didn't move in the passage heh-heh," Shaylia said?

Then turned to the screen laughingly, tapped the game's button as her hair slid on her shoulder. Her neck turned and eyed Jason as he noted the credits, "You won plenty," he smiled and knew why.

"I think it's your luck charm that gives me the best luck Jason, heh-heh," Shaylia said then she gave him the necklace. Having two necklaces could be a money luck issue. "Here Jason, and thanks I needed that."

"Not a problem Shaylia," another relief on this lucky day. "Thanks," he said, in his hand, received Norman the coin of luck as he clipped him around his neck at the juncture then placed him.

Meanwhile Shaylia's luck switched, dropped drastically. "I'm cashing out and see yaw," Shaylia said flickering the tactile window and the credits logged in the card. "A nice shower and then a dance at the party," she said and stood slowly up talking while eyeing Jason. "So on the six," Shaylia said across Norman's view and then the other way towards the passage. Jason looked at her as she walked away.

"Yes, I'll be there," Jason said, she had turned and in the passage's direction in deep between the rows of machines on each side.

Jason stared at her beautiful hair, balanced down her waist near her belt barely apparent while she walked away. He stood silent for a moment. Ten folk's scattered here and there between the rows in the passage, some to the left and others on right side. He raised his hand over his mouth, thumb on his cheek.

"Are you still in there," Jason said?

Norman watched the silvery white haired woman who shrank to a sweeping profile in his vision like a porthole window. The light tight jeans and the long hair balanced and formed some curvature to each step. Her catwalk, her

hair bowed opposite' side of her steps. Her hair faded light from the glowing screens on each side passing machines.

"Man, she was talking to another coin like me," Norman said through whispers.

"You're kidding," Jason said with sly smile.

"No man that's the truth. She talked to a coin with a female voice."

"Right on, what did she say?"

"Man, things we need to know around casinos, a place like this," Norman said.

"You can stop whispering, no one hears you." He raised his tone of in his voice and said, "I'm the one with that problem," Jason said.

A gamer sat in front of his machine in the back row, he looked at Jason as he heard him talk. Jason aired out his breath in his hand a few times and said, "Checking to see if I have bad breath, test one two hey breath ah," Jason said exhaling in his hand. The gamer returned, faced his machine.

"The voice told her you were behind, I heard my voice when we came out the rest room, like she had a demon that spoke, plus I felt good the whole time in her hands," Norman said. Aggravated whispers.

"Ha-ha demon Norman, you're speaking too," Jason said.

"Dime that's right I'm the same thing."

Jason decided to walk down that row, slowly towards Shaylia. "Relax coin, she appears like a fair woman," he said and covered his mouth.

As she walked distantly, a man leaning on a machine saw her walk by. He suddenly dropped his glass when Shaylia paraded in her posture from left to right, passing.

"Did you see that," Jason said?

"That's too far for me, I'd have to zoom in...ah-oo-ah," Norman said abruptly. His view rocketed forward as if Jason ran, the screen moved onward quickly, but down left stopped his view, then to the right as he panned side. The view had a close caption of a machine's base. The screen didn't move as it was the steadiest stabled image. The sticker on the machine's base displayed the country's maker. "I'm too close now, I'd have to zoom out whoa-ah," Norman said as his view shrank the people and contracted every object, smaller to the smallest as if everything compressed to the center. While, "Woo-hoo man you gotta see-e this." But the border around the image rolled and joined nearby in middle with the rest of the caption. The caption went in directions unstable while Norman yelled moderately through his zooms, and felt like a ride on a roller coaster.

"What is it," Jason froze as he interrogated his buddy? He didn't know what his friend experienced. He sounded like he was walking on a rope and had difficulties, and then lost balance to a deep fall, whoa-like.

"Man I'm zooming in straighter now and I just have to think of that command," Norman said as he enlarged. The view advanced ten times better than the first as his accuracy increased learning.

"Did you have a look at her back," Jason said. Norman centered Shaylia's rear bottom to the point where all the caption covered his vision and showed silvery white hair at the top as it swept.

"Man, why did you say that," Norman said?

"Oh what did I say?"

"Few seconds and the man doesn't remember huh?" Norman thought and playback started, viewed the few seconds of a video on his screen. "Did you have a look at her back," Jason had said in the video.

“You, you said, oh you’re right.” Norman said. Jason heard his voice in the coin’s video. The coin assumed, “It’s me that thought of her butt, behind, back end whatever’s down her hair.” As her hair still brushed the top of Norman’s sight.

Surprisingly, “You’re looking at her butt,” Jason said.

Annoyingly, “Yeah man, I’m locked on it and have it all over my view,” Norman said.

Shaylia walked nearer of the passage’s end.

“Heh-heh-heh,” Shaylia laughed as her coin told her of the voyeurs.

Neck-Zs monitored his actions, and his caption of Shaylia’s buttock.

“Beh-beh butt, okay then let’s turn the other way,” Jason said then turned the opposite of Shaylia.

The coin viewed the most rapid displacement to the left. “Whoa,” as the vision yawed to pan left and the sight came back to normal as a zero zoom. “Wow, that’s something to see.” Behind him lit in x-ray vision.

In the locked vision a female’s pelvic bone rocked slightly with blurs through Jason’s body, but the focus kept on Shaylia’s skeleton pelvic, coccyx up to lumbar vertebrae, including joints and part of femurs. Hands passed on each side. A freeze-frame pasted a skeleton capture in loops on Norman’s main view. But her butt of bones and pelvic still brushed by hair slightly visible as she walked in the coin’s x-ray view.

“Is it better now,” Jason said to the busybody?

“Yeah, it is man, awesome yeah hoo,” Norman said mockingly. “Man, you should see that.”

“See what,” Jason said?

“Man just, never mind,” Norman said and realized what he uniquely viewed. Then reviewed the video since Shaylia left. Sparkling and shimmering to her wrist as metal shined excessively to an over white, also the necklace and earrings, the change in her pockets, her belt buckle and her boots. Plus the other people. Metal on the appliances however dimmed for a better focus on the subject, electronics inside machines and circuits. Every part had silvery white reflections of the views were zoom-able in windows independently, like a computer screen but only spherically surrounded.

“Yes, we’re going to the party and have a dance,” Jason said.

“Sure man. You should see this,” Norman said, though in his virtual world he had a floor and a sky with endless view. Without objects. No matter at what speed he displaced in this three dimensional graphic world the wide horizontal gap between the sky and the ground remained distant. And a file cabinet in his interface.

“You keep saying that, you should see this and that,” Jason said.

“It’s like I have a bunch of views, one here just appeared and it’s all in virtual reality,” Norman said. “It’s like two worlds, I’m seeing too much.”

“Bonus, when did this appeared,” Jason said?

“When I zoomed at Shaylia’s buttock.”

“Clever coin should I say,” Neck-Zs said?

“Heh-heh-heh.”

Chapter 16

Upgrades

Jason heard some bells through cries of no slumbering. A useless suggestion of telling your water tap to stop leaking, but never rusts as no tears spattered to the real ground. Resonated the red zone as the lonely symphony shattered and scattered, the error walking away from machines? The end of a time to no doors showed the bountiful way out of the raged winin' friend. Jason had to think of something as this arrogated little fouled mind offended the path to the party and wished he stopped. Relax the ax you're facts are shredding notes of a song as your connection failed down to the spews of a never ending song. Briefly, Norman bawled.

"Oh, yeah I forgot," Jason said and turned then faced the machines as reckless as the fastest reflex, the coin stopped, right away. Yet just a fraction of a second to vision them babes he had called, the silence reigned, peace within the way of the fog of war that once was in the walking terror, but now brighten to shine. And Jason returned towards the doors to see the coin's reaction.

"Hey what, what are you doing," Norman said desperately to moan and laments were about to range? "Sniff, sniff," Norman sniffled.

"But it's a thing not a human being," Jason thought.

The penny sobbed through, "Huh, sniff oh you're just playing right?"

"More like thinking about that problem," Jason said while he walked to the restaurants, as a conclusion of this tiny loud tweet, perhaps a seat and drink, so thinking of a solution.

Jason sat at a table in a restaurant. He faced the machines for the coin's conscience, and sources of sounds puzzlingly that came from everywhere in the front view. The row of machines, assorted games of all kinds he had in sight, and dishes clanged behind rowdily. They had piled plates as he heard a cell phone chime from someone a few tables behind. While a gentlemen answered his phone, Jason caught the idea. He reached his phone down his pouch, then pulled it out and turned on, the screen splashed, elbows on the table. Norman in-framed a new small window, the cell phone's screen lit and icons displayed.

"Hey, it's a cell phone," Norman said.

"Yes and I have an idea of how to keep you busy, well happy," Jason said. He tapped a couple times on the small scaled screen of the cell phone, searched and found a game on the Internet.

Avidly, "What if, maybe that would work," Jason said?

Lifelessly, "You're downloading a game," Norman said.

"Yes you got that right," Jason said.

"Two minutes while downloading please wait," the cell phone screen displayed.

In the sight of Jason, the waitress of the place approached and wrote on her pad in fad, she had the fashioned way to display a sunny day. Clients who occupied other table towards the front had arrived before him. He turned to see and looked. She glanced at him saying, "I'll be right with you."

"Yes, take your time miss," Jason said. On his phone's screen, he tapped the little window as something was wrong.

"You have to install and register after the download," Norman said.

“That’s right, how do you come up with all that, I mean you’re from the past,” Jason said with frowns?

“Hey man, it’s the Internet, you’ve downloaded a file and have to register to play, it’s simply logical don’t you think?”

At that moment, Norman did not and couldn’t have realized how conceited with pride he could have felt. It is like he had guessed or improvised the trends slightly as his thoughts clearly told him exactly and accurately. It all made sense and even bored to tell tediously. His knowledge would have flabbergasted him if he was human.

“Right, you sound like you know this stuff by heart,” Jason said, scowled.

“Yeah man, it’s like ready to say over here in my tête,” Norman said.

“In your what,” Jason said?

“Ma tête, tu comprends donc rien grosse vache beuglante,” Norman said.

“What are you saying there,” Jason said toothy?

“J’ai dit grosse vache, tu comprends, cochon d’abord ou peut-être une poule poulette eih, coccoricko dabord,” Norman said and had played a wave of a pig, hen then rooster after the cow.

“Sorry, I didn’t understand even with that farm stuff,” Jason said.

“Oye, I donnut undor stand, just a French word for human head, ciboulot,” Norman said.

“You lost me there, you speak French?”

“Yeah man, I speak all published languages,” the coin said. “I can see this file cabinet here written Neckzees.”

“Huh where?” Jason said looking left and right over the row yonder the machines, he searched. “I don’t see anything here,” Jason said.

“In here man, you can’t see it, and it’s all in a 3D window, some stuff stick out and deep in that screen,”

Norman said and sighted the file cabinet, and stepped in the window, proxy virtually. Then pulled on the handle which stretched the drawer to an endless Point of view. The drawer’s length faded away as a perspective line, and only drew in Norman’s sight, he awed astonishingly, though once open. In a perspective view, the long cabinet stretched to a pointy ending like a line to a near fade. Norman scrolled and scanned the hexadecimal-files in the cabinet’s drawer.

“Man, this is endless,” Norman said and had in sight an open drawer as he peered in at lightning speed. “It’s all in alphanumeric order and I’m scanning documents real fast.” Folders with files lifted when Norman passed, and then replaced down to the next folder, lifted as he moved, then exchanged. Like a swelled wave before it breaks, and aside him. Slid and swept to the virtual end world then glided back in middle of the drawer. Stopped at the door near the handle and the first file called, “Neckzees,” Norman scanned and read.

“You mean this is new stuff,” Jason’s face paused and gawked with the phone in hand?

“Yeah man,” Norman said, scanned the file. “Want me to read it,” Norman asked?

“Yes,” Jason said.

Norman had opened the file and cited the following.

“Updates to software applies to the host. Also upgrades applied to the knowledge base of the newly initiated coin.”

Connections to networks:

CWN	<u>C</u> ommunication <u>W</u> ith <u>N</u> eck-Zs
GCO	<u>G</u> amma <u>C</u> ommunications <u>O</u> verride
MC	<u>M</u> ultiple <u>C</u> onnection (Multi-com)
SI	<u>S</u> tandard <u>I</u> nternet

Defense:

LBN Loudmouth Burst Noise
 SBW Snooze Brain Waves
 TD Tolerance Detection
 TWT Touch Wave Transmit

Host nerve terminals:

CM Cardiac Management
 HM Hormone Management
 OA Overdrive Alertness.
 SBW Stimulate Brain Waves

Knowledge:

ILPD Intant Language Plus Detection
 IPS Intant Personnalité Switch
 IPI Intelligence Powered Information
 QC Quantum Calculator
 QH Quantum Hack
 QVP Quantum Virus Protection

Programmable fractioned magnet.

AE Audio Effect
 ST Simulation Time
 SM Sync Mode (In case)

Super optic image:

3DXPL 3D X-ray Plus Layers
 ANV Auto Night Vision
 ARSO Always Recording Super Optic
 IVL Infrared View Layers
 OISP Object Image Search Playback
 QWP Quantum Window Playback

“Game downloaded and ready for installation,” the phone displayed.

“A host, that’s what I am,” Jason said overwhelm?

Norman slightly changed voice superciliously and crazed another accent, “I have to say that, if unlikely events get driven in the wrong direction the options listed can apply for protection issues,” Norman said with England-English pronunciation.

“Ahem who are you,” Jason said?

“Sir, my name is Norman and it certainly didn’t change,” the English accent voice said, of a character who answered with diplomatic retort.

“Why you talk funny smart like that,” Jason said as he heard the elaborated voice?

“I have no idea sir,” Norman said, but his reply was duly normal.

Jason thought of it. “Usually he would say, I don’t know man. But this other way spoken sounded so different, surely he could be someone else,” Jason thought carefully.

“Oh, you said something about personality switch with a French accent,” Jason said.

Norman shifted personality instantly, “Ha-ha-ha, I’m back to myself,” he said with guffaws.

Jason found his friend prominently weird, and his face faltered laughter as he heard his friend back on earth who whooped with laughter.

“Are you okay down there?”

“Yeah man, – that’s the switch. It even fooled me plenty, I spoke in fifty languages all at once,” Norman said.

“You found how to switch back,” Jason said. Looked around if no one had watched. Eyes back after he peeked briefly sides. Then on the phone’ screen completed the registered form.

“I remembered what I said well all of it, I can replay on windows,” Norman said.

“Yeah you told me in the Neck something files,” Jason said as he remembered biologically.

Jason Launched “!!!Casino Salads Slot!!!” A splashed screen displayed a bowl nearly barely visible. Overloads of vegetables filled but mostly lettuce cut in large pieces. The dish bowl to the fullest, green lettuce had fallen down the surface. Above the salad bowl transforms a machine with a bunch of items related to the dish. “Combining items to make your salad bowl,” displayed under the logo.

“Man would you look at that small cool example, she’s a hardware fair-ware, hey bay-bay, she’s not a shareware unless it goes malware in the freeware,” Norman said.

Jason shook head slowly, “Then you’re probably pondering of the she-wares stuff.”

“Hmm renders beautiful images, that’s good enough, don’t have to slide a hint, I’m gonna love her kitchen wares,” Norman said concededly.

“Here, you have a base of credits,” Jason said, then he approached the cell phone to the coin. Jason turned his body from sight of the machines to see if something would happen with the maybe childish character around his neck.

“Hey look at them tomatoes, they’re all on the same row,” Norman said but didn’t feel fully satisfied. He felt something had missed, but kept on slotting and played.

His idea worked, the coin wasn’t complaining. He sounded happy, the waitress arrived.

Chapter 17

Overclock @ Salad Party

Jason finally set foot out of the casino, and firmly. A passage led to the hotel as the brown door closed behind Jason who held the cell phone up to Norman’s caption, over his sternum and slanted, however under his chin. He glanced at the phone, tapped on the screen, looked forward walking. Norman viewed the spurted, gushed impression of the slot gambling game as the rolls of vegetables went downwards on the reduced display. Pieces of lettuces, tomatoes in the middle column a slices of cucumbers, olives and peppers at the last column. Cheese, bread crumbs, bacon bits, shredded carrots and fennels. Many items appeared, a sparkles of salt and pepper as the multiplier with some spices and salad dressing sauces. It’s a win, the salad combined. With a high multiplier and the most varied salad hits the jackpot, however if items were the same of identity no prices aligned a win.

Across the hotel’s passage had dome lights on the left and right side. A dark red dense carpet with trims on each border near walls and casino symbols in the middle. Before entrance’s doors, a panel lit the exit on the high wall above. Some folks passed by.

Norman asked, “Jason, would you please tap the screen?”

Few fingers reached to tap the small screen at chest level, had spun the salad slot game. Few folks strangely looked at Jason.

They halved the passage. “What else did you hear on Shaylia’s lap,” Jason said? And also saw the other end, dark with lights sparse here and there. The hotel’s

glass doors seemed larger and wider as the inside floor partly seen.

“Just stuff we need to know when winning, like stay out of many jackpots that are too big because chances of winning constantly are nearly impossible. Say if you win too much, it’s going to draw attention from their surveillance management team. Now can you tap the screen again, my salad,” Norman said?

Jason touched the screen, “That’s it, that’s all they talked about?” Jason arrived to the other passage’s side as he stepped into the hotel’s lower part.

“It is useless to know everything in this life I tell yaw,” Norman said.

“Okay then, it’s right on,” Jason said, entered the elevator and heard, “My salad,” Norman said as he seen a finger tap on the cell phone’ screen. The elevator doors slid close behind.

On the level of the sixth floor, near ninety eight dancers lived under the lights from the ceiling with dazzling effect. Elevator doors clamped behind Jason looking at everyone, and then sighted Shaylia, her hair wagged at the bottom ends, waved gently thoroughly in the shades and shimmered lights. She was easily distinguished from everyone else on this floor as her hair moved with streaks of white and blue, a slight rainbow passed over her hair.

Grunted, “Ahem, my salad Jason,” Norman said.

Jason looked over the crowd, they harmonized, synchronized, compromised, some terrorized and even cauterized the heat and frost as the ambience’s lights strobes and flashes. “My salad Jason,” Norman said after whistles. Lights everywhere of the inner room switched off and on, only disco rays crammed the floodlit hall.

Jason’s cell phone brighten from Norman’s sight, and his face shaded from the screen’s light emitted. Almost like a flashlight under the chin and walked frontwards. A spooky type.

“My salad Jason.”

He walked towards Shaylia and people around dancing. Her hair had special observations within every person in the place. No one paid attention to the scary flashlight genre as his head passed, everyone had the fun on the dance floor. Dancers bounced up dressed the same way. Others jumped to the beat strikingly, some older ones held hands pleasantly, and they had some that break-danced or hip-hopped as a variety, this was surely the hotel’s dance floor.

The penny sprung as Jason gadded his way and approached Shaylia. He arrived to the long white silvery woman who kissed her hand and waved her arm.

“My salad,” Norman called.

Then Shaylia mimicked him, balanced her head from side to side holding an imaginary phone. She smiled and gazed a few seconds. Jason grinned back, one hand at his cell phone, his feet coordinated with her.

Shaylia mimicked Jason with his cell phone, she tilted her head side to side smiling and gazed a few seconds. He smiled back. The dance interrupted but back on track as Jason had glanced at his cell phone’s screen.

Norman who seen Shaylia with the necklace that talked. Tapped the phone insight of her legs to a creative move.

But the coin didn’t speak any further. Shaylia shook her head and hair down to her back swayed waves. At the same time Norman scanned graphic Neck-Zs files. He knew the song. In the virtual cabinet’s drawer, added songs and videos and some loads of websites, he found the connection folder as he explored. Also connected to

the hotel's network, visited the casino website and downloaded the game. Installed and registered as he was a member. Then he realized his symptoms had left. Norman completely felt normal as he played salad slot, however an extra way, virtually.

Jason's cell phone screen light had dimmed for a while. He peeped and peaked here and there then stopped dancing. Shaylia noticed but didn't worry of it. He realized his friend didn't talk about salad, he maybe ran out, an empty bowl. He heads towards the rest rooms. Shaylia watched him leave, but from time, and timed as she kept on the rhythm.

Meanwhile he turned, he called and shouted to the coin, "Norman, Norman?"

"Yeah what do you want," Norman said and had the time of his life as he lain in a three-dimensional bowl with a large cushion and a screen displayed the salad slot game. Activated spins with a remote control.

"I thought you were gone there," Jason said and paused his walk.

"No man, ha-ha I'm having a blast, I connected to the internet, downloaded salad slot."

"Yes, okay, so you're there," Jason said while he turned around to the woman with long white silvery hair.

"Hey man I can go everywhere here but I'm stuck on your neck."

"I guess you have to get used to that."

"I got all my limbs here I'm okay." Transformed inwards his view, he curbed his way to the left and right as Jason walked towards her and across the crowd.

Neck-Zs emitted a telepathic brain wave of taste. It gave confidence and a little curiosity with explorations. Thoroughly could have compared with a radio wave, constantly on air. This type of wave relaxed everyone eight feet

away from her like an enchanted zone, radially. Her body absorbed some, therefore people behind her body received a dimmed dose. The intensity focused towards the front of her shoulders. She always told Neck-Zs to activate that typical signal to help her relax, in this perpetrating living style. Momentarily only the wave of taste and confidence kept on this trance dance.

Norman emitted waves too, but only when he spoke, however with his new game. Neck-Zs boosted her receiver and canceled all the noises out of range. That silvery coin played the same tune synchronized of the party's music and inverted the wave which lowered volume considerably like noise cancellation. Then Neck-Zs redirected the sound to Shaylia. They both heard Norman's voice and most of folks talking around.

While Jason eyed Shaylia, Norman raised his potential and made the machine roll pieces of salads faster. He could have results instantly, and salads produced in great large quantity and numbers.

Jason's hand pinched his shirt away from his chest, warmed up. Soon a tiny smolder of smoke he inhaled with the odor of burned material. Coughed, coughs. Shaylia saw the smoke raised under his chin. Still he felt a tingle, wasn't leaving his chest, he wiped off the enigmatic heat and kept dancing. Until his fingers slightly burned and some black printed on his shirt. However the sting coal didn't leave, he pinched and lifted his shirt and realized it was the coin. He turned around and headed to the rest room, he walked tilted forwardly. Heat ray under his chin. Water to cool this conceited perky device. Shaylia kept on smiling as her coin told of increased radiations. They lost sight of Jason, vanished through the crowd, strode with haste through the party room.

Shaylia danced within the crowd of people.

Once in the rest room he sauntered briskly to a mirror within many, "Norman, you're hot," Jason said.

"Thanks' man," said and had a cigar standing and a great panel covered indicators dials, parameters of all kinds and varied meters. His hands virtually moved all over the panel and pressed buttons plus adjusted parameters as he had many. "You're hot too I suppose," Norman said, the coin merely wanted machines to spin faster and salad production.

"I mean you're burning me, you have to stop whatever you're doing," Jason said as he stepped in, saw in the mirror the smoke up his neck, ears profiled his hair. Puffed higher the top of his hair, like a long miniature cloud.

"Can you cool it? There is a hole in my shirt," Jason said and grasped forth his shirt as he turned the cold water tap. Hand under running water. He leaned inwards splashed water, scoop after scoop, and spatters after sprays splashed. His reflection of a white stained with black streak burned shirt that had begun a hole. The mirror hadn't lied in this woe.

"Sure man it's going down," Norman said in front of a console adjusting the buttons and cooled instantly. Centering the middle of a billion salad machines, scaled down to cell phone size piled on top of others. He had shrank them and reduced for less cyber space occupation. They stacked so high on one another to form a great tower high above his virtual glistened red ground. His voice echoed. As he looked up, a tunnel shape to see a hole in the three dimensions sky. Then he canceled everything as he pushed a button on the panel. His attention drawn him to shut down the overclocked machines. The ground turned light blue, but he didn't have a clue. Jason tilted tried to rinse the coin away from the hole. He took water in his palm and flapped some on his shirt. Norman reviewed

intermittently gushes of splashes. Fumes of steam disappeared rising.

"It was fun man, I kept raising the power and added machines, and they paid more. I'm like a god in here."

Jason stood up and touched the coin, "Cool enough, trying to light me on fire?"

"All right man, I get the idea sorry, their off don't worry anymore," Norman said as he saw the shirt in video, before and after the burn. Whooped a guffaw and a couple laughter's as the cigar disappeared. He viewed his reflection in the mirror as Jason stood, the shirt drench down his belly. Norman reviewed videos receiving splatters of water in his main reality window. But in his three-dimensional world he vision a light on the panel. Lit on, lit off, on and off, "Now, that's what that light is for," Norman said and saw on his console the smoke detector. "Sorry, the sound deactivated for the smoke detector."

"I'm a good penny but without the best software, hey-ha-ha you can't hate me for that," Norman said.

Shaylia saw Jason's shirt that appeared darker under his chin. Neck-Zs said, "He found the overclock file, and words against my software."

As they danced, Norman lived a total three-dimensional realm of his own. Norman appeared at anyplace in the smallest fraction of a short time then in all places. He could occupy everywhere or stand a single unity. He sat on a big cushion in the great salad bowl. He pounced in the middle of the long cabinet, scanned through. Prompted here and there, at the other end mindfully returned to his salad bowl, faster than said.

Chapter 18

Shopping a Shirt

Slowly, beautiful swaying Shaylia waved leisurely her hand. As if the woman had some special attention, and she stopped dancing then approached closer, as if she had something to say. Her eyes glanced at his ear. He turned and lightly bowed to listen. Her hand opened and palm against her cheek. "There's a store open if you want to buy a new shirt," she said.

He nodded at her eyes and agreed to have a pause of this dance. She clanged his hand then headed towards the elevator, passing the restless crowd and curbing their path furrowed sinuously across the people. Around other dancers, they walked, Shaylia looked back to Jason, replaced her hair to clear her ear.

Jason walked faster and passed her to reach the call button on the elevator, however the doors opened before he even had contact. He let her in, Shaylia replaced her hair, but one hair like a long whisker of a white silvery strand floated down to her pants, static magnetized the catch. Jason reached into a pinch and pulled the hair set free from others. The black light had shined her white glowing top half body as he saw her ambled to the elevator. "You were about to drop something," Jason said loudly and pulled the string out, the long tiny thread, observed entering. For some reason this white silvery and almost translucent hair, from the cling in his fingers, it felt slightly thicker than any hairy-haired hare.

As she returned and said, "I'm surprised I heard yaw with all that music booming."

Jason glanced at his hand to the soft whisker-like strand and pinched then held the ends of a tiny string, each hand

grasped. A hand higher than the other, like Jason held something. Plucked with his thumb, he tried to ring the rigid and stiff hair. "This doesn't stretch easily," he thought.

Neck-Zs viewed Jason holding the hair and the voice did not speak. "This could be private," after ripen thoughts, she calculated many possibilities for them.

Elevator doors rolled shut and the dance music damped out.

In his computerized world, Norman found coin mute function as volume voiced as low as his thoughts. He kept on the three-dimensional stuff and gambled games. Salad slot, poker's wild, Keno bash, runs around the roulette surrounded in his environment. He played many machines at once.

Shaylia's eyes followed Jason's hands as a thumb stroked the hair held diagonally. The elevator ease their weights for a moment going down levels.

Jason glanced her eyes and a smirk gradually shaped. "Thank you, I said, you dropped a hair."

"Thank me none, they break all the time," Shaylia said.

"Maybe you need to play them right," Jason said.

For some reason, Norman heard a string plucked, tuned up, up. Scanned around and said, "Is a machine going to break down?"

Neck-Zs noted a rhythm of a cha-cha as Jason plucked the string-like hair.

Jason relinked his eyes to Shaylia's, as he held the hair, down his other hand. She had a smile, as he strangely seemed concentrated gazing. He stared down her nose, then her mouth, chin and eventually eyed the Necklace. Jason broke the hair, a snap heard in the penny's virtual ear, inspected and eyed around each machine but everything normally ran, nothing broken.

Jason stared at Shaylia's necklace down before her breast that reflected brilliantly.

He stepped forth and asked, "May I," Jason said?

"Sure take a look," Shaylia said.

He approached, reached, picked it off Shaylia's bosom and remarked the pendant in his open hand. Slowly held slanted, raised the necklace, viewed and remember what Norman told about the second voice on her lap while Jason was in the restroom.

"Aloha Jason," a voice said.

He dropped the necklace, his hand replaced on his belly. He glimpsed up to her face, "You have one, a she," Jason said.

"You too, and a he," she said lively.

"I told you she had a demon."

"You know about this coin," Jason said as the elevator slowed and the gravity arranged the weights briefly heavier. The doors opened as a bell rang. The number display glossed the floor level.

Meanwhile, "Yeah, we updated him with programs you know when you were gone, ahem at the rest room," Shaylia said.

Norman had heard and paid attention to the main window, Shaylia animated. "Did you hear that, she infected me," he said?

"And, you said nothing about it," Jason said. A crack to gap from the center part as the elevator doors slid open.

"What did you want me to say, the coin wasn't speaking," Shaylia said?

"The name is Norman."

Shaylia glanced down at the penny. "Hi Norman," she said to the teenager's voice that grumbled. "Let's go talk in a restaurant, first we have to get you a shirt."

"Yes you're right, and how did you upload those programs," Jason said?

"Through my body," Shaylia said, blinked. The elevator doors sprang reopened as Jason's forearm reached.

A piano gig played a ragtime. Jason and Shaylia rapidly walked out the hotel, found the passage that led to the casino and entered the store as the film fast-forwarded. In quick motions, Jason rapidly tried shirts, on and off and so on. Shaylia was a woman of taste, honest too. A large mirror wall in front, Jason spoken down the coin, venerably argued as he frowned, agitated happily his arms many times like he had won the jackpot, pointed and led to jumping jacks, his arm upheld a fist, a turn jumping. He jogged in the same place as his shirt changed many times. Then Shaylia morphed shirts when her turn came in front of the same large floor to ceiling mirror. Shaylia disappeared in the mirror aside Jason.

Viewing all the clothes in the store on the topmost shelf near a wall. They walked fast, from a corner there to another there at an end, then at the other store division. Shaylia held a shirt at her end, and then it was time for Jason, back and forth.

Mirrored Shaylia wore another shirt and Jason too. To their original shirts but him, they continued the rapid walk in the store. Again, at the top shelve viewed four walls of the store. A few times, they were there, at the end, back over there then at the other end. In all directions mostly, there wasn't an unvisited corner or passages they haven't been.

In front of the mirror Jason grinned and sighted his teeth, Shaylia looked at her teeth too but spoke to her

necklace. Jason had already gone. She heard words out of coins and Jason's mouth, however he did not have to gawk down at the silver coin, then left. Jason and Shaylia reappeared and they contended the mirror with each other as they tilted heads down to their necklaces. Their mouths moved but only music played. They looked at each other's pendant. Their arms agitated pointed everywhere in the mirror then led in jumping jacks, and then they turned around, tripped on one another as they fell to the carpeted floor. They stood up and started over with their creative jumping jacks. They stopped and got close together then near the mirror, closely side by side and sighted each of their pendant. Jason talked to Shaylia's coin and the way around, they frowned and disappeared. They reappeared, and shared their opinions looking cross coin. Like coins talked at the same time as their host. Shirts changed and they glimpsed at each other's necklace then ran to disappear on each side. They ran-like and nearly bump into each other across the mirror as the view never left the reflection. Each time they passed in front of the mirror they had different shirts. Shaylia got on her knees then begged Jason to wear that shirt. She joined hands down to her knees then stood facing him. Jason got down on his knees and begged Shaylia. Finally they wore different shirts, the film slowed down, and the music stopped. They each had their right new shirts on.

"That is a good shirt for you," he said.

"Yours is definitely a must wear Jason."

"This looks like a pajama Jason," Norman debunked.

"Please, stop arguing and move on," Neck-Zs said.

"You go, I'll be there in a second," Shaylia said.

"Right on, later," Jason said and left to the restaurant. Shaylia headed the opposite direction for the restrooms.

Walking a passage to her room, "Why did you speak in the elevator, we were getting warmer," Shaylia said?

"He picked me up, I saw his large face so I had to at least say something," Neck-Zs said, found chinwag to say.

"But that was private," Shaylia said and widen eyes to her face expressed strictness.

"Sorry my lady host, but you're on a sort of contract, consider you properly lucky in this one."

"Sometimes I feel like, never mind."

"You understand I keep coming back, it's not going to be my first time I get back from a garbage, want me to shut up?"

"Yeah you do that," Shaylia said and her world withered all. "I'm fed up with that leader, the authority, the buff of power, the bully of the cows.

"You're calling yourself a cow there Shaylia."

"Shut that trap, some privacy shouldn't be too much to ask. You never know, he could be my last."

"Who Norman," Neck-Zs said?

"Who else, certainly not a cymbal or a gong," Shaylia said and paraded quicker.

Jason sat in front of the restaurant, like an open veranda. A place attractive of the right intensity and lighting shaded from all other tables and chairs, plants and trees, water fountains, little statues here and there in shapes and design of being oriental. "Norman, how is it down there?"

"It's a good man I have all I need here and I'm just, okay."

"You sound bored, admit it, like something is amiss right?"

"When Shaylia is there I'm more than great, I don't know about you, but you seem more than okay when

she's around," Norman said. The wearer of the penny heavily gazed.

Away, the far end of the machines, the corner appeared dreary and dull. Until the sexy woman with long white silvery hair exhibited a gait around the machine's corner, and she turned walking inwards along the row of games from the far end in slow motion. Inversely with Shaylia in sight Jason had a double check, Norman had the woman on the replay. Jason saw her distantly along the row where men and women won or lost, they sat at their machines soundless. She out balanced hips further, gracefully to aggressive, madly? Like her hips had enough swing to toss a faulty payless appliance. As if her body communicated on a hasten walk. Like she sauntered on the moon.

"She isn't wearing under clothing if that's what you're trying to see," Norman said.

"Now you're the cochon huge-vache," Jason said.

"I believed you didn't understand French," Norman said.

"You refreshed my memory."

Shaylia sat across a table face-to-face and said, "My job is to get in contact with the new host and have the coins connected and upload the software. Give instructions then after a week I take the coin and send it back."

"How," Jason said?

"I put the coin in an envelope then to the post office," Shaylia said as she twisted her legs.

"To who it is sent?"

"Santa Claus, Pinocchio who knows, it's a number instead of a name and the shipment mails to Africa or..."

"To Africa," Jason said interruptedly.

"Sometimes it's shipped to India, China, and I think I've shipped all around the globe, It's never the same address."

In Norman's world, a big phone displayed and written Neck-Zs' name. Neckzees connected to Norman and uploaded a phone. Norman's file cabinet flashed red as he glanced across his virtual space, in a lesser amount of time possible, the drawer opened to an endless perspective line of a classic cabinet. He already looked in the yellow flashing blue folder and installed the interface. He answered to Neck-Zs. The coins had each emitted radio frequency, they started communication, and they waved through the air.

"You're making me a world Neckzees," Norman aired. Unsuspected, words flew at the speed of light. The coins had themselves a language merely they understood with tremendous speeds. She learned a resume of Norman's life in less time than a second. His entire life resumed digitally as the band broadened. The signal widened in hexadecimal characters, then to kilobytes, megabytes, gigabytes, terabytes, petabytes and so on. Norman felt transported to another place as he stood still. Like a part of him copied somewhere. Nonetheless, he remained at his virtual world. Until the port of the connection saturated it's limits that peaked. Norman allowed the access information outgoing. Perhaps they needed a fire wall, but an intruder alert never had identified yet as a threat. Neck-Zs turned up her joy parameter to keep her happy after seeing Norman's life. All the words were easy to find and projected a flawless speech. "It's a very interesting life you had there Norman, I'd cry," Neck-Zs sadly announced.

"Yeah, just show me how you did," Norman replied?

"It is easy, I connected to your personal status. Try mine, search status then explore profile, after that you can read my resume. Once you found it select what view of my life you want to see."

“Dime, you’re her,” Norman had recognized the woman as he hollered her name.

“Yoh jelly messed collapsed me and my heart, miss I’m honored to meet you.”

“You never thought you’d meet me correct?”

Chapter 19

Jason’s Quest

“It goes to God,” Jason said as he ogled Shaylia who both sat at a table in the casino’s restaurant?

“Beats me Jason, the coin has a limited period of time, because they can self-destruct,” Shaylia said.

“Why would they do that?”

“It has no point of being here. They’re almost like us, doing nothing is a waste.”

“How does that happen, I mean, die,” Jason said and shrugged, showed his palms?

“It finds a way to its data memory and goes to adjust its non-data. Since plug-ins of all classes are present, it performs loops and deletes plus causes to forget their origins or default settings. Then creates new memories, eventually burns because of too much energy consumed. In addition, it searches endless functions. In other words, it loops everything it can. Then explodes,” Shaylia said. She only repeated what her coin told her in real time.

“We’re like walking terrorists or, time bombs,” Jason said?

“Yeah sort of but exploding never happened from what I know,” Shaylia said.

“So Pinocchio told you, or Santa Claus,” Jason said with suppositions.

“Heh-heh no, they didn’t tell me. But coins are like us, sometimes they need sleep, mine is secured but half the power and she’s a dear old friend of mine,” Shaylia said.

“What is her name,” Jason said?

“I’ll let her tell you.”

“My name is Neckzees and that spells Neck-Zs, please to meet you Jason,” that coin said. Jason heard her voice from Norman, like a direct connection.

“Hi Neckzees. So how long do I have him for,” Jason said?

“A week plus one day as an extension, but some made it in less time. Some took a day. It depends on you, you decide, it’s your quest,” Shaylia said.

“So why me, why do I have it,” Jason said?

“It’s up to you, and have to find out.” Widened eyes then shortly gasped saying, “I can’t tell you Jason, it is your quest, you decide.”

“How about I run away with the coin then hide from you, ghee-hee?”

“I have a tracker, and you don’t wanna put Norman in danger,” she said and blinked slowly. “That hole in your shirt earlier, could have stopped your heart beat from radiations.”

“Yes okay yes I see there uh-huh,” Jason said through gasps though he sighed shortly.

Shaylia stood from her chair, “I told you what is necessary to know and even more. Now it’s time for me to leave you. Good luck Jason.” Her hand reached down to Jason, they shook hands.

“Bye Jason and see you Norman, wonder boy,” Neck-Zs said.

“See yaw, you glamour girl, I mean Miss Hepburn,” Norman said.

Jason heard the necklaces and too his turn to speak, "Well, see you up there Shaylia and take care."

"I won't worry, with that extra cash Norman gave me from your luck," Shaylia said. They let go the handshake.

She took a few steps back and headed out as Jason blurted, "– It was nice meeting you, and Neckzees."

She turned and smiled, return then worked her way to the exit, moved her hair to the back of her ear. Jason watched her leave the restaurant.

"I'm gonna miss them both," Norman sadly said.

"Well look, the machines are over there," Jason said and turned, however he quarter turned sideways on his chair.

"By the way, aren't you supposed to have programs or extra updates from Neckzees?"

"That's right I should be looking in there," Norman said.

Jason thought, "What I'm I supposed to do. I'm sitting here on this chair while I can be playing the whole week and winning a fortune. How did this all start? I threw the coin at a lightning, got it back by a miracle from a kid. And before that I almost gave it to the fast-food place where I got my big fry. At home the coin talked and utterly wanted to gamble, I sold my car and I luckily won here in this casino. I met this beautiful woman and now what?"

Meanwhile sound merged, he then heard Norman emitting a bunch of scribbled sounds from thread-sized to wide, like he drawn a bunch of tornados on paper with pencils. "What's all that Norman," Jason said?

"Sorry man, I was trying to talk to you in coin language."

"Norman."

"What man?"

"I feel lucky, how about you?"

Synthesize drum roll, "Good call man then let's, get, rich," Norman said, a cymbal and tada with cheering applauses.

"Yes that's the thing coin," Jason said. He imagined a lucky rich man who appeared like him and walked out the casino's doors. With each hand firmly held a large bag of money. Evermore held a hefty grin as the toothiest of the place, the ace with an unforgotten coin who made it all happen.

He stood up, reached his wallet, completed the addition and left a bill that included the tip. "We're going for another jackpot," Jason said in murmurs.

In front of a slot machine many rows away from the restaurants Jason sat, his eyes skimmed each side discretely and said, "She's all yours Norman."

The penny attacked the screen with his full speech, "Hey bay-bah how are yaw now? A long time no see," Norman said plus kisses.

Jason gazed at the display, fruit and fruit but the last column kept on the rolls, then stopped at a third fruit. Electronically, the machine chirped the melody as they won. It turned squarely the players' fate while Jason's hand near the button.

"A few more words Norman."

Jason pressed the button then his hand left contact of the slanted panel and they lost three spins, "Keep touching the machine Jason, I think that's the way it is," Norman said.

"The connection," he thought. "Why didn't I think of that, the contact, the vomit, the connection from the metal necklace? How else," he grinned and a thought flashed in his mind of the man that held two bags of money in front of the exit doors? "A possibility made a whole lot possible," Jason thought.

"So you, won't puke on me again," Norman said.

“Yes I promise that it will never happen again.”

“Great man you’re the best, now this bay-bay is mine.” You’re the cutest of them awesome looking babes down the row, gimmy a flashing light up there you sexy hardware of beautiful appliance, let me tell you that you’re hotter than a bed,” Norman said.

Scoffs, “Yes, you don’t even need a bank but I don’t think they make beds for coins,” Jason said.

“Yeah man, how I wish I could shed tears and tears over you, wipe your screen with pleasures of delighted love, convicted, muwah-mwah-muah,” Norman said and kisses sounded sensibly through.

Jason eyed the last column, a third match for a high win while he felt toothy. He hoped for the best win. An unavoidable jackpot clipped the screen. “There, that wasn’t so hard,” he said and tilted his head and looked to the ceiling in laughs, “Ha-ha.”

Meanwhile, “All ready man, I was just starting enjoyments and preliminaries, hey this is not fair, now it’s all done,” Norman said as the light on the machine flashed and they waited on the chair. “Okay man, let’s go to another.”

“Wa-wait, calm down we freshly won, we should go to a restaurant or some store, hang around and spend time,” Jason said.

A hand held a green card and slid into the machine’s card reader. Another classy machine full of wild prizes. He set the screen to the best bet and resulted the lines to their limits. The spin begun while Jason keenly gawked and amused through eagerness at what’s going to occur.

“Now this babe better last longer than the other one,” Norman said and hoped, “Mwah-mwah-mwah,” he continued where he left off from the last machine.

“Wait, Shaylia said something about not too much because you can get the security’s attention?”

“Yeah that’s right we should be cautious,” Norman said, nevertheless he had stopped suddenly an unavoidable win awaited by Jason because of his coin. “Well I guess it’s too late,” Jason said with laughs. They won.

“Okay, I got it. Let’s finish this out and come back later,” Jason glanced at his watch, “11h04 pm. We should come back tomorrow.” Jason said with serious thoughts as his mouth tensed straight to quietness.

“Ha-ha,” guffaws from Jason who sat in front of another machine. “That was so easy, woo hoo.” Bulked up credits that flew in digital stream. The game gave the double of the previous amount. “Okay-okay I got a good idea, how about we try for a mild bigger amount on the upper floors?”

“Not a problem man,” Norman said.

He recognized the attendee who walked in strides through the passageway. “Yes, it’s better to move up,” Jason said to Norman in murmurs as his hand covered his mouth.

The attendee approached, “Hi sir, I see that you’re on a lucky streak, I hope you’re enjoying your time,” said the worker in a uniform. “I sure am,” replied. He opened the machine, Norman captivated, compared and analyzed further the equipment’s simplicity from the x-ray view. The attendee gave a golden card. With the card in hand Jason headed to the elevator, “Alright, let’s go up a levels,” Jason said.

In front of another machine, he read the game’s instructions and seen the value quintuple compared to their first jackpot.

With the golden card inserted, “Mooch-mwah-mwah-mwah,” Norman sounded exclusively to the game, but the wins of the amounts had dimmed upgrading floors.

“This bay-bay is shy on the credits,” Jason said.

“Hush-sh, don’t insult her, give her time,” Norman said

“Oops that’s right, some respect.”

“No man, she just needs special attention, now zip it while I talk.” Possessively, Norman resumed, “Oh you beautiful piece of appliance, your parts make me wanna shout your name in my spot, oh darling your glossy bright window sparkles for another wipeout, mhaw-mhaw...”

The arms of Jason almost straight on the slanted part of the front side machine. “Wipeout huh, this is good, it’s over the previous jackpots added together,” Jason said and had the greatest smile seen, his eyes nearly oval so much opened.

After the attendee left with his camera for pictures, Jason credited out, turned, and searched another game unit. “Let’s go at that one over there, a big one.”

“Yeah, there’s an idea, I can’t get no satisfaction here,” Norman said.

Jason sat at a network of machines with the one game of cake fights, slid in his card and settled the game’s lines likewise. “Okay Norman, it’s your go.” Cakes with creamy smiles, puffed gloves and shoes. They didn’t consult the winning lots in absolute combination charts, but marriage cakes were the jackpot.

“Oh, you winning appliance, my circuits are warming up to your melting connections,” Norman said and noticed Jason had one hand on the panel buttons. “Jason, your other hand, put it on the machine,” Norman saw the hand join the other as one pushed the button. Meanwhile, “Sure you friendly coin,” Jason said.

“You marvel motoralo of sexy transistors of a valley deep in my mind, mwah-mwah-mwah.”

“Yes you appliance of washer and dryer,” Jason said.

“No man, they fear water but a smiling toaster is warm see oh yeah darling, see that, she heard me,” Norman said and sighted a little amount credited.

“Yes fancy words, I’ll let you do the talking,” Jason said though he wanted to help.

Then he heard on the side, “Hoo la-la yahoo,” the woman said as Jason eyed the people down the network’s row. Returned faced his screen. Four players happily won a little and all at the same time.

Norman kept on the beat and kissed, talked while someone won the jackpot in the network. Jason turned his head sideways, towards the winner. She had her arms up and grinned laughingly. It was interesting to see but a Jackpot only won once, and then it has to start over at zero. The rack of lights at the machine’s top flashed, “Jackpot,” and the amount won almost a fifty grand jackpot.

“So we continue or leave, I think leave,” Jason said, left and walked to a greater network, sat and entered the plastic card. “This looks like a good machine.”

“Just hope we get it this time man,” Norman said and got ready to prevail.

“So here are the settings to the machine,” Jason said. Two players at the other end won a little. “Any time Norman.” However, the coin was not answering, “Norman, the game is set.”

“Hold on, I’m just praying,” Norman said who knew the bible by copy in all language.

“Okay, it don’t matter if I lose several times, it’s a fun game that’s all ha-ha,” Jason said and pushed the button. Therefore the five columns rolled downwards, a perfect perky illusion, a lively medieval soldier walked across the

screen with feathers on top of his full-face helmet that angled at nose level. A steel weighty armor, he sauntered to this high tower of stone. Hair from a window way high to down the ground, surprised to see the long hair at reach but his hands slipped, he turned to the viewer. He could not climb up the silky hair. A too heavy armor and texts display, "Better luck next spin." The princess roped in her golden hair to the last foot up her round window. Jason tried to win at this game. Hence, without the fission words of Norman, nothing could compare the radiant luck to the appliance forth in the game of money.

"Oh sweet bay-bee of a kindness to all love my heart can do. My sweet lass-pal, when do we get in the kind? A singularity will make us happen to combine one another," Norman said and somehow his voice sang the words out. "Together we can be victorious, we conquer this adventure full of passion and fashion," he said and added kisses in the graffiti graphics.

They played "Soldier Versus the Princess." On-screen the soldier walked across to the tower then clasped the hair with a foot on the tower. He tugged and princess held on to the window's bottom edge. Since his armor overweighed him, he anchored to the ground but he removed his helmet and the princess slipped and fell. Then the soldier crouched onto one knee and caught her. However, her back broke then the soldier looked at the player with hatred eyes despising.

"Hey it's a little win," Jason said.

On the next winning spin, a flashed media animated a medieval soldier who waited at the foot of the tower. He looked up her window for the princess, when suddenly the wall demolished from a dynamite explosion and the soldier flew across the screen. The princess escaped and looked at the player. When the smoke dissipated, the lot came

obvious to the number seven hundred credits and she had her arms crossed and proudly smiled in a white dress with a trail of golden silky hair. Hearts over her head.

Norman made mean kisses for three seconds.

However, at the network's end a player exclaimed, "Finally," an old man shouted muffled and pitched his arms up and shook them silly. He had tubes up his face. "Ha-a-ha," the old man laughed feebly. Others glanced at him, some smiled. A hundred thousand had gained but the old player straightened his arms in the air, upwards the ceiling. He felt toothy but therefor toothless.

"Some emotion," Jason thought sighting the old man.

The old man gibbered some words and agitated his arms up, "Halleluwaah," the old man said, over top of his head then fell on his back like a book or a cut tree at its end, timber.

The old man barely had some gray-white hair on his head. Floored bound and stamped with his arms over his head. His wife crouch down to him with confusion. Then she realized the win, glanced the panel and the game screen then back to him. Sound and lights produced, a jackpot won.

She exclaimed and crouched to her husband who didn't move on the floor, "You did it, you were right to return here, we regained everything," the old woman said. But the old man didn't bulge a breath. For some reason the man would never have an interest in a single coin, this moment was the end, sadly said and his body lain dead.

Jason widened eyes and returned to his screen. Norman had seen the man and detected a reduction of heat. The infrareds changed colors at his heart level, and no movements seen.

"He's dead," Norman said.

“Right, the man won a hundred grand and there he drops,” Jason said and turned to watch the medics arriving. On the floor, a bag unzipped and a cardiac defibrillator without the monitor. “By the way how can you tell me that he’s lifeless?”

“I saw his temperature drop in infrared mode,” Norman said and added, “Perhaps a sudden cardiac death.”

“Okay, that does it,” Jason said and cashed out while he thought, “Poor woman, she lost her husband, and I’m responsible for the lost. I have seen enough.”

Stood up from his chair then walked as he turned his head and faced the man he killed. Without a word or sound, on the floor with a slight smile glued to his face like kindly happy. Nonetheless, this was maybe the best gift a man could have, and offered his wife only at the last heartbeat.

Chapter 20

Death Ride

Exiting the casino, the door closed behind Jason. He searched each side for a taxi.

“Hey man, you have near forty grand, you could buy a new car easy,” Norman said.

“Yes, you’re right about that. I’ll pay my dues on the apartment then go shopping for a car. Maybe I could buy my car and sell it at the price I want.”

“There, that’s an idea,” Norman said. A huge crowd applauded like a stadium, though only Jason heard.

A cab arrived under the multi-floodlit entry. Jason headed to the rear door. The stickers on the side reminded him of the taxi he had saw in Thrill sale’s courtyard. A different driver sat at the wheel. He thought of the last doubts from the other cabdriver.

“It’s not the same driver but the car looks alike so don’t speak in the taxi, got that?”

“Yeah man no problem,” Norman said.

“I can’t see what it is, but the driver heard you,” Jason said.

“Not a difficult man, I zip it to a whole silence,” Norman said and muted.

A dark night and Jason dangled and limbed like a zombie, he entered the car and fell face first on the seat. He told the driver his address then the black striped pattern of latticed taxi car rolled away from the loggia attached to the casino. Jason viewed cars while he thought of which one he should buy after that deal with garage man at Thrill sales. Used or a new car, he wondered, looked out the window. The driver looked Mexican. The song on the radio morphed to, “I’m all shook up from Elvis Presley.” Suddenly Norman remembered how he died.

Unrolling many calendars away, in the year nineteen fifty eight, at a dance club when Norman learned about his father’s car scratched by some bully, with his arms around Sherry. He had to plan a stealthy escape out of this dance club including two doors, a frontal exit and out the back.

Norman stepped away from Sherry finishing her dance, and spoke to his best friend. “Skape, go look and tell me how many are out there,” Norman said, then he walked to Sherry as she had grouped with her friends?

Out in the parking lot he heard, “Hey there’s the friend of that rich kid,” one of the bullies shouted as Skape turned around quickly then found his way back into the club. He thought of a way to create a divergence.

Norman had his arm around Sherry. The music played as they spoken. "Sherry I've got to bring you home if you can't make it. Can you get a ride," Norman said?

"I'm comin' with you Norm, I'll just have to call my dad," Sherry said.

"Yeah, I'll go tell Skape that we're leaving, just stay here," Norman said then looked for his friend who talked with his gang, inside the club.

Norman the penny in his old self wanted to stay near Sherry, classic Norman turned, his face appeared in the back of his head, kept eyes to Sherry, plus he had four arms. Like a clone or a double. Vintage Norman continued walking, but had the reversed twin image to split out, and Norman sought to stay neighboring Sherry but separated from the classic Norman who walked the opposite way towards Skape. Like walking away from a mirror. The two spaced apart and Norman the penny eyed Sherry and took steps towards her however, slid backwards like his vintage body pulled magnetically. Sighted Sherry with her friends, but everything shrank in penny Norman's view throughout and glided in reversed returning and seen himself getting closer to insert back in his vintage body.

"They're around his father's car," Skape said to his friends, they had grouped, then stepped closer. Norman inside vintage Norman walked to see what they decided or what the plan had advanced to. *Meanwhile penny Norman turned to Sherry at the other end of the club, another face on the side of his head.*

"Alright," one of the gang agreed to the escape as vintage Norman with virtual Norman, arrived to join the crocus. "So what's up Skape," classic Norman said.

"They're going to ask them for races, that will drag them away from your dad's car," Skape said.

"Yeah man I'll go get Sherry," classic Norman said.

"What," Skape said?

"Sherry wants to leave, I'll take her home."

"I get yaw, take the back door, go around and wait for the squeal of tires," Skape said, and after he turned to the gang of four, "Race time," they said with a 'high five' to one another, slap.

Norman headed towards Sherry and thought during his walk. He'd take the back door with her, around the corner along the club' side, and wait for the car races to begin. Tires would squeal.

Skape stayed inside so they don't suspect something. At the last moment, the gang understood avoiding the bullies' sight so they don't suspect anything. A gang member would tell Skape or give a sign about the race agreement.

Skape arrived.

"What is it," Norman said?

"Hey I'll just hang around with you guys," Skape said. Meanwhile he glanced to the front door then waited for a signal.

"Stick around," one of Sherry's friend shouted calmly moving her short fluffy skirt swirled sinuously like a Spanish young woman. Skape eyed at her and the frontal entrance at certain moments.

Out the club, a car awkwardly revved throttle like the engine could sound better otherwise. Friends of Skape surrounded the noisy smoking assembly of black noisy curvy tin. Another automobile aside started the engine and did the same with the gas pedal. Dirty ground dust had risen in air from the muffler as young people around backed off from leaning on the car. Strategically, it lured the bullies. They heard rumbled engines then curiously walked towards the low altitude cloud surrounding the angry muscle car.

Down to this night, lights showed the tense filth of dry soil, and smoke rolled up against the shack curling from the club's fascia and soffit.

The bullies leaned on the car window and worded out to the driver. "That's it, you're just gonna stay in the lot and stutter throttle like that?" The bully said, looked at his bad gang that laughed behind, then Skape's friend said, "Are yaw in for a race?"

Besides and henceforth, that was it, the plan of Skape worked luck-wise. One person from the gang had signaled in the club. Norman felt a hand on his shoulder as his best friend blasted some whispers into his ear. "Okay, take Sherry out and around, wait for the tire squeal, and good luck."

"Take care man," Norman said and grasped Sherry's hand, "Let's go out the back door for a change." She nodded.

Sherry didn't have a clue what went on and wondered as they waited at the club' side, in sight of the car of Norman's dad.

"Why are we so quiet," Sherry said as peepers of frogs near poplars trees? Along the sidewall outside the club, stealthily they slowdown before the front corner. Norman spied on the bullies walking towards the race cars two hundred feet away. Sherry's back against the dark wall.

He looked at her and pointed to the visible scratch on the car. "Those bullies did that to my dad's car after I punched one out."

She looked, "You say so," Sherry said and saw an interrupted paint line on the convertible's reflection, "So, what do we do now," and turned to him?

"They're gonna race, we just have to hop in, and leave," Norman said near whispers.

"What are we waiting for, we can go," Sherry said?

Sherry's face loomed as he touched lips. Norman pulled the keys out of his pocket and watched the racers after they kissed, as they were ready to take off at the start line.

A girl held flags in each hand in the middle front of two cars, stood and held up the sticks with white shirts as flags.

Engines roared, but at the club, the sound had echoes. Norman waited for the sheer start, as he knew the people would have their attention to that gully spin. His hand held the car key tighter.

The girl in middle of the cars set for a race agitated sticks tied with shirts and flagged down as the engines revved ready.

Shrieks of tires to scream and hasty sheer start, "Quick let's get in the car," Norman said. They ran towards the red convertible shaded scratched car, Norman opened her door then jumped from the back seats, hopped to the wheel.

While virtual Norman's attention lagged watching the races dragging to his vintage body.

One of the bullies stayed and turned around to grin at the young women behind him and sighted the red car with Sherry inside. Backup lights over the asphalt.

"That's the kid," a bully shouted. "That's the kid, that's the kid," but nobody paid attention to him, the racers sped up behind the bully.

Meanwhile Norman with Sherry crossed the middle-of-the-road in reversed gear. Norman put in drive gear, the wheel threw gravel and smoke raised. The road drew straight in the rear-view mirror accelerating. Viewed rectangle, the bully shrank while entering his car.

“My dad is going to ask why I came home earlier, it’s like he wants me home on time, never early or late,” Sherry said in the convertible? Soon the car hit the speed limit. Norman at the steering still preoccupied with the rear-view mirror while he heard Sherry in the passenger seat who spoke.

“Yeah Sherry,” Norman said and did not see lights, he calmed and assured himself.

“My dad wants me on time, never late or early.”

“My dad worries of the car, that’s all he ever thinks of, car-car and cars.”

“Norman, do you want me to stay with you then I walk home?”

“No, it’s okay I’ll drop you off.”

Norman held her hand and wind blew at her battling hair. He turned his head and glanced at the mirror, turned to her, but then returned to the rear view mirror as he saw headlights. They enlarged fast, a great speed. They got closer and closer, nearer and nearer, bigger and bigger in the rear-view mirror. Norman pressed gas, acceleration but the headlights kept the same enlargement gradually. They sank in their seat, and the needle of the speedometer climbed up to the near seventy two clicks. To squinting headlights grew as wide as the mirror. From bumper-to-bumper, the collision moved Sherry.

“What’s going on Norman,” Sherry said and had wider eyes than ever?

“It’s the guy I punched out,” Norman said, turned his head twice to Sherry.

Hits the bumper, and the red car replaced after Norman slightly adjusted the steering. Banged then sheered.

“... Norman, Norman,” Sherry said with a squawked voice, fearsome as the collision had changed her facial expression frightfully. There she looked worried, big eyes.

Virtual Norman, like a ghost, peaked at Sherry. His head appeared upside down at the brake and gas pedal, like a head to toe change, his runners at classic Norman’s head. “Slow down you’re going to fast,” virtual Norman said while grasping a leg at the ankle. But this matter had nothing moving. Hummed sound heard like magnetism.

Headlights enlarged, hits again as they approached under the mirror’s view then they glided to the side. Toward the off-road. Virtual Norman stood on the road seeing the crash.

“Norman, are you sleeping,” Jason said?

Norman stepped out of his three-dimensional window. Insight of the main window, the coin saw the building’s driveway.

“You can’t be sleeping,” Jason said.

“I’m okay man, we’re outta the taxi. Sorry, I just remembered how I died and reviewed the event in real time loops.”

“And you remember it all,” Jason said?

“Yeah, it’s all here in my VR window, it’s like I was there back in my shoes with my darlin’ Sherry. She had her seat belt on but not me. You see, I left her that night.”

“What did it look like a video or something?” Jason said as he opened the door that led to the stairs.

“Yeah, it’s like a real playback but I kept diving into myself and felt what happened, it’s like reliving it. All this memory feels like yesterday, but clearer than I could ever remember,” Norman said.

The wooden stairs echoed as Jason bounced, hopped, and once up to the second level, “Did you try something else?”

“Yeah, I tried to but I just slipped out of myself and looked at me. Then when I got too far it pulled me like a magnet. It’s like my body vacuumed me, well my old

self, it was strange, well is,” Norman said and saw the door of Jason’s apartment. “I replayed it over nine thousand times.”

Chapter 21

Good Morning

Buried in blankets, little Justin heard the first clock pulsed in chirps. Opened eyes while the expression to his face lifted his forehead then opened his mouth as he knew a second clock would ring. He sat swiftly and stretched, looked at his hand opened palm towards the window, but blurred then focused its sight. Yawn, he did. Hands opened and arms straight down, heels reached far ahead of him down against the mattress, he lightly dragged his butt on blankets, at the end hopped off to the foot of his bed. He fell to a crouch then stood. Grabbed his green man then headed the way out of his room, he opened the door accidentally, chirps of the clock raised louder as he approached his mother’s room. Last time he brushed and scribbled the special toothbrush at her toes.

He walked in his mother’s room and put in place the mad figurine face front of his mother’s eyes. Made his green man rest to face the sleeping beauty. The small hand grasped the clock then slowly approached the mother’s ear, she slept at the edge of her double bed. His hand held the morning wake device at her ear. It stopped, the time ran out as no more rings. The next alarm rang but differently. Justin eyed as he turned his head then took the buzzing clock. As if the ear disconnected from the rest, no reaction had made move mother. Justin gently deposited the clock on her ear. He went towards the door and closed it. He turned back and looked at his mother if she moved

from that door shut. “Maybe if that door noise works,” he thought. He looked at the green man, but the last electric alarm rang loudly. She awoke, Diane opened her eyes and then from one side of her nose she sighted the exaggerated mad grin under his black hair of the green man. She slanted her body on her elbow and cleared her ear as if there was some bug at her ear, her body curved and flinched up, then sat.

Gasped, “Justin, I’m awake,” Diane said.

The kid stepped quickly towards his green guy, and then his mother caressed Justin’s head. He smiled as she gazed slightly down. “You’re getting better and better,” Diane said as she noticed the effectiveness, how dream world didn’t last that long. Yet recalled the first time he woke her a certain morning. The thick blankets left the mattress and the pillow too. Efforts he had proved as he thought the muscular green figurine would have made him stronger.

In the entrance, the grandfather’s clock about to ding-dong with fifteen minutes in advance, enough time to ride Justin to his friend’s house and then to work for mother Diane, left the townhouse.

Across the street, viewing the townhouse, a large blue car in reverse out the garage as the widespread door descended gradually. Few cars passed on the left as Justin asked, “Mom,” the mother answered, “Yes dearest son,” glanced in the rear-view mirror.

“How was last night?”

“It only went great, we had a good time, kind of funny too,” the mother said, “We didn’t talk much and after meanly eating we each went back home,” Diane thought.

“Is he going to come home,” Justin said?

“No, I don’t think so,” the mother said. In his seat Justin turned and faced out the car window. Diane glanced in the mirror and looked at her son’s face. He seemed sad about something, he gazed outside. She knew precisely though useless to talk about.

“After we get home we’re going to walk downtown,” Diane said with an eager voice.

“Yea-ey,” Justin had his arms up and his legs straightly lifted off the seat. His big smile convinced the worried eyes in the rear view mirror. The mother regained her smile.

“Although, he was right to feel that way and he wasn’t to blame for missing a father.

I’m only out of luck,” Diane thought and struggled with her thoughts.

However in Diane’s mind, “Date after date, a friend and another, yet a couple then split. A retention of time then a period before ready set go to another date, after a date. Then elsewhere as not far at the other end and to from there somewhere over fair. A new start, nonetheless formerly confusion. A relation isn’t sure to last and conflicts, me this and you that; me that and you this through that after this. Divorce? Principles, ways and positions of tedious minds as money spoils love and hope. Blindness as the beautiful days and health could fool any pirated primates, hacked the tack? Monkeys they are? Bluntly, the disadvantages and expectations to this friendship had dumped out in the blue, arrogantly. Then a marriage arrives, break up, split and splat out throughout the memory’s turn. Rubbished emotions to follow the end shadowed, rain and no date. Pours to no more, the terminal of the love train’s destination derailed in the ditch afore arrival to the station. Love biased on the side like a sick beast in feast to the east as the planet spins to the next day. Time. The erosion and rust built on the engine’s mammal’s

heart as new flowers grew around the heavy pounds, to no bound. Then try a date or a debate? Circle of instincts as the memories fade and the victims of the love trap. A chapter written on the side of a wheel as every turn goes to a full rotation, the words of hurt hits down. Or a pessimist paragraph comes to have contact with the real solid ground, slows down the revolutions. Ends spun to no fun like grim gum, sticky and stretchy that once was yum. The book fall’s flat and the words bounce to another, maybe a date? Zip it or perhaps a tape on the mouth. Never ran to a clan as a fan, a man’s band, banned to no tan. No, know not the rum in this belly to rummy scary my baby. Aggravated it gets, irritably,” thought Diane?

Out of her mind. The mother slowed and decelerated, braked and turned in a driveway. Justin detached his seat belt before the car stopped at his friend’s house. He slid down his chair in the rear car’ seat, stood and walked slanted to the window and looked at the landscape and grass decorations. His mother sighted in the mirror and quickly turned back to glance at the opened rear door. Justin shut the car door and ran towards the house. “Justin don’t forget to knock first,” Diane said carrying her speech.

His friend who’s a little taller opened the door of the house, looked at the mother in the car and waved. “Good day Justin,” she hollered, waved back.

Chapter 22

Good morning II

The cell phone rang the salad theme song of Norman’s game.

Meanwhile, “When he is gonna wake up, some manners?” My dad always said to wake up early you’ll

have a guaranteed future. He told me to have at least a quarter day of sleep, but half of twenty four hours is gibberish. I could scream all's I want but he won't hear me," Norman said.

As he saw Jason slumbering in his bed, the penny had daylight brighten from the window's blue curtain shined through and some snorted randomly. Far from the dynamic lightings of yesterday at the party. He reviewed the morning in a window at a fast-forward rate which only took a moment. "Need sleep I see," Norman said.

The cell phone rang the salad theme song of Norman's gambling game.

"He doesn't even hear the phone next to me," Norman said. Then he hacked the cell phone's volume. Switched the ring to the loudest and switched ringtones. "Not bad, not bad his feet are moving."

Jason woke then turned to reach for the phone with a confused face. He answered, "Yah-yes," he said.

"Hi is Jason there," a sweet voice said?

"Erm hi, who is this," Jason said?

"Online wish hearts here, are you Jason?" A splendiferous and fancy female voice said.

"Yah, yes speaking."

"It's the delivery guy, he just called me and said he can't find your address. You have a box of toys from wish hearts."

"Toys, I didn't order no toys, I didn't order anything."

"Toys excuse me, I mean sex toys. Oh, hold on mister," the sweet female voice said. On hold, paused the conversation.

"What, I didn't, hello?"

"I'm back mister, the deliveryman just told me that he'll leave the box on the street's sidewalk, is that fine with you? I hope it's not an inconvenient."

"No don't, I did not order that you got the wrong guy."

"But sir you must have ordered because my screen display's in delivering procedures."

"No you must have the wrong guy, that's impossible. My credit card got cut in half."

"But it's free mister since you have won the contest of the sexiest comment online of wish hearts."

"What, a comment," Jason said?

"Yes a comment, you classified into the best comments and won the winning prizes from our judge's decision."

Jason with a worried face looked out the window as he tossed the rippled curtains. "Hello, sir?" He scout the sidewalk down then the opposite direction of his window. On the second floor window, he peaked for a box. "Oh crap, if someone sees my name on that box," he thought. "But that isn't true, you have the wrong client there," Jason said.

Norman took a deep voice, "It's about time you wake up Jason," a low pitch devilish voice said.

"What the heaven is that," Jason widens eyes and gawked at the cell phone? The number calling with crazy-penny displayed.

He stared at Norman, the necklace, the penny, the coin glued to a chain near the lamp on the table. Next to the phone, glared while he slid and stumbled on his socks. Skid a step stomped his foot went, "Norman, was that you," Jason said? He approached his table with the digital clock beside the lamp. The cell phone rang. "- Yes hello," Jason said uncertainly.

"Jason, you have work piling up at this journal house," a welcomed and grumpy voice said.

"I get back to work I mean I got my job back?"

"Sure yeah, we haven't had a good and honest worker in years. You can come back when you want. But make it quick because it is up to the ceiling and soon the pile will slide down," the grumpy voice said.

“Well sure but I’ll take the week to think about it,” Jason said.

The boss hung up immediately, after Jason looked at the phone, “Blocked number,” the phone displayed. He wondered, “I have my job,” Jason said, gazed and smirked. About to put clothes on the phone rang. “Yes hello,” he said.

“Get up in the morning you lazy freaking friend,” the very low voice said through, and then, “Clop,” hung up.

“I knew it was you Norman,” Jason said, picked up the chain necklace on the table and wore it around his neck. “Ha-ha,” mockery laughter, “That means the boss wasn’t true right?”

The cell phone rang. “I’m not picking up because I know it is you.”

“You should answer, it’s your mother,” Norman said, as he viewed his virtual reality phone services hack screen.

Then Jason looked at the screen of his cell phone. “Oh, it is,” Jason said and picked up.

“So how do you want bah-x-them the morning,” Jason’s mother said? But interrupted.

“It’s you again Norman, how about I pick you up and swing you around out the windows?”

“Jason, it’s your mother speaking,” punitively toned, “But if you want to dance I’ll do no in-box,” Jason’s mother said however, her voice cut.

“Do know in what box?”

“You know do-bocks not eggs stuff,” she said thru the line glitches.

“Norman, I’m not falling for that again,” Jason said.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying there.”

“What, you think I don’t know it’s you Norman,” Jason said and hung up.

“Oops, sorry I got you into this mess, want me to fix that up for you,” Norman said?

Jason thought, gawked at the phone. “You’re kidding right,” Jason said.

“I’m serious man, that was your mother,” Norman said.

Jason had pushed the screen for his mother’s number, “Yes son boy,” she said. He recognized her voice sadly sounded.

“I was kidding, I’d love to dance mom,” Jason said and grinned but not for long.

“That’s sweet my boy,” she said near sobs.

“No-no-no, it’s not what you think mom.”

“You said Norman and falling, what do you want me to think?”

“You see, we were playing around with the phone and...”

“I’ll call you back later my... boy,” Jason’s mother said. “Clop,” she hung up.

“I can still fix that,” Norman said.

Jason frowned, “No, you stay out of that. Okay, I’ll tell her the truth about Norman, the coin hmm, nope she won’t believe me. I’ll tell her my boss called and I got excited. Hmm, nope that gets worse because she’d think I’d be sucking up to her. Oh, I got it,” Jason said. Pushed to call his mother.

“– Son boy,” she said.

“This morning the cell woke me with a prank call, then the phone rang and I thought it was that caller again but it was you.”

“With my voice,” Jason’s mother said?

“Yeah a similar voice.”

“But you said Norman.”

“Yes well the caller said it was Norman, but then he wanted to buy my couch and asked for my address.”

“Oh okay, so you’re not gay,” Jason’s mother said slowly.

“Yes, I mean no, I’m not what you’re saying there,” Jason said.

“I feel better now that I hear that,” she blew her nose with dynamite.

“Hi Jason mwah-mwah-mwah,” Norman said sluggishly.

“Who was that,” Jason’s mother confused?

“I’m just kidding you’re son isn’t that don’t worry, I’m heading to work doe,” Norman said and faded away to a door that shut.

“Who is that Jason,” the mother insisted?

“It’s a friend heading to work,” Jason said grimaced sideways.

“Oh, okay well so,” the mother said.

“Yes mom it’s a coincidence with all those calls.”

“I’m going to let you go, I was going to invite you for a breakfast that’s why I asked how you want those eggs in that carton box,” she said and laughed? “You’re still my little Jason.”

“Yes that is nice mom, listen I have to let you go I’ve got a date for today.”

“A girl this time, kidding,” she said as a pig oinked.

“Yes mom it’s a woman, are you on a farm?”

While she talked a hen clucked, “Ah that’s my Jason, is she nice?”

“Yes mom I have to go, a chicken,” Jason said mixed-up.

“My son have a good day and date I have to go back to my,” a horse neighing.

“Where what,” Jason squinted?

A cat meowed, “Ciao bye.”

Before Jason entered the taxi, a pigeon stood in the middle of the door about a foot away. He opened the door slowly and the pigeon’s feathers cleared the door while ducked. Jason took a larger step, entered.

Chapter 23

Taxi Thrill Talk

Jason opened the glass door and entered, “Thrill Sales.” The glass door shut behind him. He had a strange serious face and dressed in a pair of slacks with a white T-Shirt.

“Yes hi,” Jason said to garage man who watched him, “Hello fella, what brings you here today?”

“I’m here to buy my car,” Jason said.

“Perfect, I’ll check and see the status,” garage man said pronouncing a sharp “Eck”.

Hopefully, “You didn’t sell it already,” Jason said.

Sighting his computer and the desk trembled from typing on the keyboard, “You’re still the car’s owner perfect,” garage man said.

“Well then how much,” Jason said?

“Prices always go up,” garage man said.

“A couple grand,” he said?

Garage man focussed his computer screen that shook like an earthquake typing. He glanced a few times to the inquired person, then he spoke, “Oils and filters changed, brake fluid, power steering, coolant, spark plugs, new tires muffler and catalytic converter, and then you came in time I was going to take your name out.”

“At what price are you going to sell it,” Jason said?

“Ten four, how’s that,” garage man said?

“I copy, well that’s too much.”

“Roger that, you won’t get it today then,” garage man said.

“Over, I’m out of here.”

“Perfect!”

A taxi braked to a stop in front of Jason walking inward. A hundred pigeons landed in his way. He looked down, opened slowly the door and the pigeons cooed throughout. He took a step back and then dove hoveringly to the seat. Appeared in the taxi while in air, hands over his head, flew to the other door.

Inside a cab booth, the view shrank a bronze pin with Khile Argentae's name engraved. Bulky belly on his chair, wore a beret hat and waited for a call in the taxi office. He replaced his hat and struggled, "I have to lose some weight," Khile said. His brown jacket hung aside him as his rough voice had short echoes to the other taxi driver who came in the station. He closed the door and looked for a chair.

Nodded, "I heard the strangest sounds on the radio," the employee said and then sat.

Khile fixed his hair and hat, "You listen to the radio too much," he said.

"The radio played fine until I picked up this client. I heard a second music. I changed channels but the other tune kept playing retro music, and it was like equal at each, – ears but narrow more like, behind my eyes," the employee said and gazed, showed teeth and had plenty.

"Ha-ha, you must of followed a car emitting that, it happens," Khile said.

"But I heard humming like someone sang, I checked in my rear view mirror and ask the client in the back seat, and he said it wasn't him. Then I heard him mumbling something hiding his mouth, and then I heard a shot gun, no more music played, it was the end, like he killed the music in my head," the employee said with wide dark eyes.

Khile watched carefully his worker and asked, "Are you sure of that," he said and slightly turned his head through his eyes that fired his face.

"Yes, I am sure of it," nodded.

"What did he say," Khile said?

"Fewer words than a few, he wanted to go to this garage."

"What garage?"

"I think it's Thrill Sale, oh and he left me a big tip."

"That strange garage man, huh I'm curious of how he does it alone," Khile said.

Khile's face enlarged in the view. He thought of the client driven to the casino. A strange voice he had heard in his head, with a hand in front of his mouth. "Thrill sale you say huh?"

Jason entered a taxi in the courtyard of Thrill Sale. "Where to," the driver said?

"I need a car, take me to a dealer," Jason said. "Cooed."

"What do you think of a car made from this country," Indian cabdriver said?

"Yeah take me there, I think I'm getting a new red horse." "Cooed." The taxi rolled out of the entry of, "Thrill Sale."

"Oh I see, is that going to be your first ordinary red devil machine."

"Yes that's it," Jason said. "Cooed."

"I know where to bring you then," Indian cabdriver turned into the merge of the freeway.

Jason slid over the sidewalk with his new sports car and turned to the street as the traffic streamed across.

"Hey buddy aren't you impressed by this new dash," Jason said?

“Man, I had the pictures in three-dimensional before you drove it. Right when you said red horse I searched and had a little deduction, car color and brand. I know everything I need when I want. It isn’t the same as it used to since Neckzees upgraded me. But, it’s a cool look. Wanna see dashes to come,” Norman said? And he found a hack to the stack. The middle of the dashboard, a screen displayed photos. Jason glimpse to the console, a model of a red horse ahead of time.

“Yes, I wouldn’t mind having that,” Jason said.

“I’m happy that you’re impressed man.”

“Thanks for making me earn this, and quick, you’ve made me a winner,” Jason said.

A carillon bell heard, “Norman my car needs gas.”

Jason watched digits climbing of the gas pump panel, his right hand held the hose nozzle in the red horse’s gasoline chute behind him. “Don’t forget to stop before zero cent,” the penny said.

Dollars and liters soar digitally passing ten bucks, “Even if I overflow a penny or two, does it matter,” Jason said?

“It sure does, look at me I’m a penny,” Norman said.

“What’s a penny going to do, tell me,” Jason said?

“Lots, here I’ll explain little one. There are over three hundred thousand gas stations worldwide and one billion vehicles circulating. Is that enough or should I tell you more?”

Fleeting fifteen dollars displayed the pump panel, “And over seven billion of population on the planet, where are you getting at,” Jason said mockingly?

“Man, they need at least a full gas tank every two weeks on an average of about twenty eight dollars. If everyone would stop a penny before the zero, so twenty seven dollars

and ninety nine cents, the gas station would have a powerful invisible penny per car served.”

“Ha-ha a powerful penny plus it’s invisible, you crack me up,” Jason said.

Overlooking twenty five dollars on the pump’s panel, “Man, you’re not getting it, I’ll tell you the answer.”

“Yes sorry go on it’s interesting,” Jason said.

“Twenty eight cent per year times a billion...”

“Two hundred eighty millions per year, I guess that’s a lot of money, but how wah... where is this getting at?”

The nozzle clanked, “There, just stop before the zeroes,” the penny said.

“Yes this sounds easy, but can I stop before that powerful invisible penny?”

“Sure you can include three pennies before the zeroes, just pretend it’s a lovely game.”

“Well that makes it easier,” Jason said and stopped at thirty nine ninety seven. He places handle of the hose on the pump and shuts the car’s gas cap door. While asking, “So how is this powerful invisible penny going to show into donation?”

“Man, can’t you calculate a bit,” the penny said and used an English accent, “Bookkeepers will evidently see the credit redundancy and make the difference in balancing. At results they just have to separate for donations, it’s all done by software anyway.”

They open the glass door exiting the pump station. “How am I going to remember that powerful invisible penny thing?”

“Come on man look at that beautiful sexy machine, imagine she’s your world and you have a dazed time looking at that pump filling up your gas tank.”

“Sexy, o-kay,” Jason said overwhelmed.

Insight of the casino on top of the steering held by hands, dashboard and out the windshield to the front, “Yeah man, and we’re not done the day because we’re gonna win some more,” Norman said.

They entered the casino with a new outfit and shades. Nothing updated for Norman as they showed in. “Let’s rub those money banks,” Jason said. The glass door closed behind.

He slithered his card in the slot machine.

Meanwhile, at the Taxicab station, Khile tranquil in his chair waited for the phone to ring. Another cabdriver came in. He gazed down at the chair and sat in front of his boss. “I don’t know if I’m going crazy but I hear voices, music and games, I think gambling ones,” the cabdriver said.

“Alright lemmy guess, you picked up a client at that Thrill Sale garage,” Khile said.

“Yah-yah,” the cabdriver said.

“Where did you drop him off,” Khile said?

“At the car dealer, he said he was going to buy a new car. A red horse.”

“Yeah go on, did he say something else,” Khile said?

“He didn’t say much, he said something that he could win it back and he had a pigeon.”

“Huh, this new guy on the nightshift told me he reacted like an antenna every time he rested his forearm on the door console, he had sound in his head,” Khile said.

Looked away but gawked, “A pigeon, he had a pigeon and it shit on him with a loud spr-ik, with echoed almost like a nuclear blast,” the driver said.

The view zoomed in Khile’s face.

The phone rang classic bells, “You take that shit I mean skip I’m signing off,” Khile said.

Chapter 24

Brain Waves

After Jason shook from Thrill Sales plus the new car, a delicate passion fixed to contrast it all, though it wasn’t heavily much to ask and perhaps a bask. Either way, that’s in the past and agreed forth to the task and a good game assured the fame to some and worry nor. They sat towards a game in the row.

“Oh you attractive thing,” Norman said then told Jason, “You try it man.”

“Forget that, I’m too tired with the excitement from that new car,” Jason said.

“I got that, it’ll be fixed in no time,” Norman said and searched in the files from Neck-Zs, found a brain wave that added alertness.

Jason inhaled a deep breath then exhaled and he was wide-awake and certainly concentrated. “Yo machine of the lost love, have mercy on my heart,” Jason said then smiled.

“That’s good man, excellent continue don’t stop,” Norman said.

“You burn me to hashes and reset me on fire then my blood boils over you.”

“That’s awesome man keep going,” Norman said.

“Ha-ha, you ain’t seen nothing yet,” Jason said and peeked behind him as the others watched smilingly. Then he returned to his screen silently, “Go on man, what are you waiting for,” Norman said?

“Machine, you sexy machine, you sex machine toy box and, bah that thing don’t even have tits and the rest,” Jason murmured.

“Let me show you there, here yaw bay-bay have a kiss, mwah or two mwah-mwah maybe three mwah-mwah-mwah,”

Norman said. The people around saw the winner of a few grand. “Your go now Jason, come on you’re the head of the house.” Gracefully, “It don’t matter, hmm think of the good money it’s gonna bring you,” the coin set the brain waves a little higher.

Jason starts to wipe the box, the appliance, his hand to the dash and window. “Honey, I have something for you, a piece of my love.” Meanwhile, he stood while he got closer. “Have compassion of me and a piece of mind.”

“Mwah-mwah mwah,” Norman added the necessary passion as the jackpot heard through. Fifteen grand to this gamble.

Jason blown and stepped away from the behaved graphics screen, eyed up top of the machine then seen the light, “That’s it, that’s it we got it,” Jason said jovially.

More people had watched the performance though they clapped to his success.

Meanwhile at surveillance room, a camera focused on the winner folded in half then on his knees. On his monitor, the comrade had seen the happening and told his colleague.

Surprised, “Did you see that,” the comrade said?

“See what,” the colleague had eyes to his monitor?

“This guy stood up, did something close to the machine and activated the jackpot light, he won.”

“Hey yeah that wasn’t so tough man,” Norman said.

“Yes, you’re dirty downright,” Jason said and felt cheerful.

“Nah you’re the one that’s dirty, machine with tits.”

“Yes, let’s go up a floor after the serviced attendee.”

Last, the attendee locked the machine and gave a platinum card into Jason’s hand.

Elevator doors open from the center, Jason stood in the middle as he stepped out of the elevator, and the rows of machines in front. Jason turned and walked as the machines lined out to his side. Additional people got in to play as they sat in different places of each row. Jason looked over at the taller machines over some network with the decals.

“Don’t even think that one,” Norman said.

“How do you know where my eyes are looking at?”

“I see thru your chin in x-ray vision and focus on your two crystalline.”

“Hey you’re not going to dose me with radiations,” Jason said.

“Don’t worry of the cumulative. It’s low yearly and plus it’s a millionth of a second per picture frame motioned. That said I can film you at this resolution for a consecutive year and never add to a CT scan,” Norman said.

Jason sat in front of another special bank.

“So I start her up then you take over,” Norman said.

“Sure, go and do your best,” Jason said.

“Gurl, lady, woman and forever sensuous lucky electronic programmed engine appliance, electric electronics, how can I resist you in these laws of physics between us,” Norman said? Credits risen while they won a little, “She’s all warmed up and yours now.”

Jason looked around laughing, “This is ridiculous, it’s a machine.”

“Okay then I turned the luck down,” Norman said and increased brain waves already high.

“Yes, you got me there,” Jason said and started to pat the side though he had more interest in the machine. While Jason thought of some words to say. More people sat nearby within machines.

“Game of glamour, dame d’amour, flame of love, fade more love,” Jason said.

“Mwah-mwah-mwah,” Norman boosted the claim as he kept his amusing behavior. People sat in their places and turned to the man whose words made luck through chance. Norman saw the hand on the machine’ slanted panel to intensify flatters as the credits climbed wildly.

He kept his smile as he turned and looked to each side and behind him. Folks had watched the winner. Some felt good as it showed on their faces, they excelled with expressions. Concisely, Jason had thought of more verses.

Norman saw the other hand after he’d push the spin button. There goes Jason who rubbed the moneybox on each side saying, “Thus far is not my heart to win yours and to continually it isn’t exact distant, our bodies are different but we share and have something in common bay-bay.”

“All right man put your hands down the panel,” Norman said. During the time Jason spoke Norman kissed. Then a sock lands on a shoe over the carpeted floor.

Meanwhile they laughed at the surveillance, the comrade scoffed. “Check it out,” said to the worker next to him. “What is it,” the colleague said?

“He’s at it again, look,” the comrade said.

“Huh, you’re not kidding.”

“The light there, it’s flashing, he won,” gazing at the surveillance screen.

On screen, Jason had his bare feet on the slanted panel for more connection.

“I feel like standing on the machine,” Jason said raising his arms and jumped simultaneously while the folks around clapped.

“Yeah Hee-haa just don’t overdo it,” Norman said loudly. The screen shimmered extravaganza, thoroughly gold sparkled and appeared like fireworks. Dazzled raindrops fell and faded in and out, the word, “Jackpot,” the screen displayed. Victory!

“Yeah yes uh-huh man,” Jason said. He turned around to the folks then he stomped to jog in place and kept turning around, with one arm up he felt like a winner. “Yeah yaw yes,” he jumped and his arms went up. A few turns more.

“Yeah, uh-huh, yeah, uh-huh-uh-huh, Yeah, uh-huh, yeah, uh-huh-uh-huh,” Norman said.

“Ha-ha,” the guys up at the security surveillance saw him then some laughed to guffaws. “Check him out,” a worker stood behind the comrade.

The view approached a part of the monitor and zoomed in to Khile Argentae the taxi driver. Entrances and exits, he appeared in front of the glassed doors. He turned his head, looked each side, stood still, and engaged a way. He scanned the place as a seeker to find Jason. A hunter to find this mysterious second voice. He remembered when he picked him up a few times and drove him to get his towed Car. Jason had told about his mold in the decreased bent trend fold in this old bad habit. When Khile heard he had sold his car and foretold another he’d won enough to get another automobile, a new red horse.

“Next we have to go network,” Norman said.

Jason was so excited he grinned toothy enough as his smile maxed across his face and shouted, “Woo-hoo, yeah, hee-woo and woo-hee,” arms agitated in the air, he jumped like a boxer.

Meanwhile, Norman saw his friend outta control. “Oh that’s right, the brain waves,” he said.

“The brain is nuts wee hoo, the brain is crazy going yahoo,” Jason said with his arms over his head and his eyes shut tight. He hugged the machine, faced each cheek on the screen, tongue out. “You’re mine you’re mine bay-bay.” He balanced his basin with monkey sounds and scratched his arm pit.

Therefore not programmed to control but the coin noticed and had recorded his host’s health. Cardiac heart rate, pressure estimation, blood thickness and formulations of iron quantity, nutrition transformation and more. Neck-Zs files got useful in the performances of health. Heart rate had changed, his respiration and body temperature increased momentarily. Norman ingenuously cut the brain waves.

Jason stopped his monkey manner, “What just happened, hey that was fun?” He calmed right away.

While the taxi driver walked through the casino assuming to see every row, and made it up the levels after searching each floor. He searched for a certain face.

Jason had calmed after the mute of brain waves from the coin. The attendee gave a card then they searched for a network. As he went passed by and seen the row of seven hot games. Jason sat asking, “Why are we playing that machine, someone else is going to win it?” He eyed at each side if there wasn’t an old associate with a weak heart or a person with cardiac problems generally. He didn’t want to harm anyone. He asked Norman about any players with heart problems and answered negative. He combined x-rays and infrared and everyone had their normal heart movement functions and body heat.

“We’ll play this one, I have a plan,” Norman said then turned up the brain waves but a little lower than earlier

with obvious reasons. On his monitor, he saw nutrition soon. “I can see that you need food,” Norman said.

“How do you know that,” Jason said and inserted his card in the slot?

“I see and hear some air in your gut,” Norman said as the image on the monitor defined shown as the stomach readied with new hydrochloric acid. “I see a bunch of meters here of your health,” Norman said and observed brain waves that had made consumed more calories to the body as dinner was needed soon.

At the casino’s surveillance, Jason appeared on the monitor. “Hey, guess who I got on my screen,” the comrade said? Next aside of him the same colleague said, “Who?” As he glanced, “Oh yeah, that crazy guy. It’s getting close to three o’clock.”

The people saw Jason who won previously, finished their game and moved sighting the winner of jackpots.

While the taxi driver advanced up a floor to the second level. The elevator doors opened and he stepped out as happy as could be. He merely stomped after his steps, a gallivanted attitude throughout the lift floor room. A floor transfer? This differed from the yellow cab car’s ambience. A treat of the week, he squinted around frontal of the elevator.

“Okay I start man,” Norman said, “My distributive cabinet of fruits and barricaded bar can I pop the cherry blossom blues. Now you go ahead.”

“Yes, it’s my turn I got it,” Jason said vapidly. He viewed the screen, inhaled breathily through and had thought of his verses. “You sweet honey crate of a cardboard and dreamy

mist far away but reach your golden processor through the chips indeed as I caress the hardware softly warred.”

“Wow you’re getting better at that, lemmy help a little. Bloomy bang ding flak gunner you to the silicone algorithm rhythm on engaging pulse a bay-baby shoot you to the sky of electrons and blunter in the circuits as re-re-re-resistance transistorized another dimension of capacitance yeah mwah-mwah-mwah.”

Meanwhile his hand near the spin button lit. A little four grand spat and added to the credits. “I think we have a chance,” Jason said. Seven games in the gambling network, only one seat missed.

“You treasure slot nibbled you around town on the full moon and reset your microprocessor machinery synchrony symphony simply,” Norman said.

“Woah-ha,” a lady at the network’s end clapped her hands as she won, happy and lucky.

“Arr,” Jason said avidly as his face showed teeth. “Then I take the oil and rub and treat you all over,” he glanced down to the carpet, “Even underneath your bottom, I bet that you’re heavy.”

“Dull, but nice try man, you can degrease your words later on next try Jason. Now watch me,” Norman said and played a wave clearing his throat. “Ahem, you furniture with the lights shimmer on your top and glamour your shading beauty, on the gloomy dark red and glossy sparkles,” Norman said.

“Woo-hoo,” exclaimed the lady at the end.

“She’s gonna win it watch, mhaw-mhaw,” Norman kissed continually and Jason decided to dance with his palm on the deck near buttons, fingers slanted on the panel.

“Ha-ah he-e haw-yeah my goodness,” the lady said and won, at the network’s far end, shouted as she had

a hundred grand summed in the numbers at the top of the machines.

“I can’t believe it,” the comrade said and tapped his colleague as he murmured.

“That’s it I’m going down in a few minutes and dance,” the colleague said.

Chapter 25

Eat, Win and Flee

The woman at the end of the network jumped, bounced then leaped, swung her arms and twisted her body with the happiest pleased glad face of the day. Slightly, she danced the twist.

At the surveillance room, “Check her out, she won and the guy kept his shoes. I’m going down there and dance,” the colleague said.

After the photographer arrived, “Hey credit out Jason,” Norman said.

“Yes, I’m already growling in there,” Jason said.

“I can see you have gas air in your stomach, foam.”

“With all that thrill from Thrill Sale plus the red car, the harvest is earlier,” Jason said.

Khile had visited the sixth floor and headed for the elevators.

Meanwhile Jason sat and ended his meal in the casino’s restaurant. In this bistro they had in sight the rows of machines, however this time they sat under an open veranda near the passage. The taxi driver walked passing from behind them, then they saw his back as he passed by.

“That’s the cabdriver,” Jason said with a mouthful finishing his last bite.

“It’s like he lost something and that rate of walk, his body is warmer than others, he must of been walking for a while,” Norman said, whereas on his screen he viewed infrared bodies.

The security guards entered the restaurant for a bite, the colleague tapped the comrade’s shoulder and said, “Hey, there he is,” said, nearly muttered. Then the comrade said, “Yeah that’s him alright.”

“I’ll have a drink then, he’s finishing his meal,” the colleague said.

“So you really think you can get lucky right,” the comrade said?

“I think, well I got to try that.”

“Let’s go up the seventh and win some more,” Jason said.

“You go man, be the guest, I’m just hanging around see,” Norman said.

Walking out the elevator on the seventh floor Jason saw lusters up the ceiling that appeared higher than other levels. “Any game would do the trick, maybe a network could be lucky if you play alone,” Norman said.

“Yes, that’s right,” Jason said while he sat and slid in his card. The game’s named, “Fireworks Wild,” yellowish with some red, blue and green balloons tied to ribbons. Silver stars, golden spark of fireworks and blue stripes and angled candy canes. The big win swallowed three times the previous amount of the lady’s jackpot. A three-hundred grand was exact, an attractive welcome.

“I’ll start with the kisses because this baby could be sassy difficult,” Norman said then sounded out the

mwah-mwah. People behind Jason stopped, watched as they recognized the player that had won previously, they had followed him vaguely. The coin viewed them in bones upright skeletons. In x-ray, they stood insight of the fire-works games in a network.

“Your go,” Norman said.

“Do I have to, I mean you’re doing well, you happen to have over a grand,” Jason said?

“C’mon just for fun man.”

“Alright, I got it,” Jason said, one of the biggest wins of the level. “Bow down my means, have me if you find me attractive, though this is my way to the pay.”

“Come on Jason you can do better than that man.”

His face scowled with disgust and a truthful speech was to come. “Broadly, you stinking fuse and transistorized squared and lumbered game of no fame, you fat ugly yellow decorated cheesy lovely box. You’re trapped in the same program doing the same pitiful lame shame game. Poor you, baby of the missing links of love,” Jason said.

“Stop that man, you’re gonna make me cry,” Norman said.

Meanwhile the colleague arrived in the network as toothy as he could. He moved the chair out-of-the-way as the credits prompted in the counter. Set the screen at the max possibility to win the best. He stepped back, made some room in front for a dance.

“Good, I’ll cuddle you like no one does,” Jason said, he hugged the big appliance and the penny nicked, touched the glass screen nostalgically. “You’re a sweet nothing hardware and hypothetical software entirely estimated from my friend the edge of your technology,” Jason said, stepped back and saw ten free spins. “It’s working, we’re going to get it,” he said.

Norman had the view in x-ray behind Jason. He could see everyone out as he spotted the cabdriver. "He's looking over here, what would it be," he thought?

Energetic moves in the player's dance on the side, the colleague.

"Here's the plan man. The cabdriver Khile Argentea is behind us," Norman said as Jason slightly turned.

"Don't look, I estimate sixty percent he'll recognize you and get ready. We'll wait until the jackpot win, leave the machine and head for the stairs. I'll tell you when to step away."

Newly people arrived to join everyone, while Norman had collected cell phone numbers. Jason collected most credits, however some remained in the game for a little fun. The colleague danced strongly as he stepped methodically and jumped a few times like a bouncy dance.

"Get ready man and put your two hands on the slanted panel," Norman said quickly. "Oh you're sexier than any vendor machine with your window like glazed candies. Your screen has an extravaganza graphic array of reel that energizes me more than any ore, tore gore the core for a sore and lore. Mwah, mwah-mwah-mwah." Though he had kissed perpetually until something happened. On the eighth of the free spins, the jackpot played loudly and the strobe light on all the network machines glowed and flashed and the panel displayed, "Jackpot. Winner. Jackpot."

More people had stop as a crowd sprawled around, merely and nearly blocked the way. Khile dreadfully eyed as he lost sight of Jason, people passed by. They had grouped at the front of the games Fireworks Wild as they cluttered in the place.

"His eyes," Norman thought as that cab driver stared awhile as if something was wrong.

"Get ready Jason, the photographer and some attendees should be on their way here. Okay, I'm ringing everyone's phone behind you," Norman said.

As their phone rang, Khile watched them and the folks answered their calls. They took a little more room as they had completely blocked Khile's view. Some people had their elbows up as they answered. Some let their phones rang out in a few were unaware of calls.

Norman spoke on automated voice randomly and independently as they answered. It was time to take the picture. In the picture, the attendees with the jackpot winner centered in the network's middle.

In Norman's automated voice message, "Hi and welcome to the casino. If you're standing in front of Fireworks Wild, we suggest you each approach the winner and gather in the picture for a lively fuller capture." The people blocked the cabdriver's sight. Half a circle of folks gathered the winner.

"Okay now Jason, you leave to the side and keep walking straight ahead down that passage, we have to get away from him cause we don't know what he wants," Norman said. "Take the Staff Only Restricted door, it leads downstairs to the basement. We just need to stop at the first floor."

"How do you know all that stuff," Jason said walking away of the network?

"I have blueprints I mean the plans of this casino, just trust me."

"I'll try my best," Jason said with sincerity.

Khile within the crowded view of people, partly saw Fireworks Wild machines of the network arrangement. However, the player and the voice had left, not in his spot as Khile realized. He walked through and cringed thoroughly across the crowd, hustle to tussle meanwhile

everyone held their phones to their ear. Certain individuals hung up and looked at other people around who still held phones. One had dropped his phone as they listen to the message that Norman told. Outrageously, the cabdriver burst through the people and eyed the place for Jason, but he had vanished.

Khile headed to the main stairs towards the glass doors at the exit. "For sure I'll see him in the parking lot," Khile thought.

Jason opened the "Staff Only Restricted," door and stepped on the first floor. "Now turn this way and find a row, go at the end," Norman said.

"Got that, I get where we're at," Jason said.

"Just take your time, I have his phone to my tracker monitor. He just entered the main stairs. He is thirty seconds behind at this walk rate. Stride like you usually do and move forward, but don't look back. I can see him now in my x-ray monitor," Norman said.

"How do you know it's him," Jason said with confused doubts?

"I noted his body proportions and his beret hat helped and his skeleton dimension in the x-ray view. Now he's out of the main stairs trust me, but don't look behind in case he notices you. I'll tell you when to run to your car," Norman said and observed, he didn't slow down as he bounced his walk with long paces swiftly.

Jason reached the glass doors of the exit, pushed one door in the lobby, "Now you see that tree, at your two o'clock," Norman said. He referred a tall pine tree far over a curb of an exit route.

"Yes," Jason said after he turned to look each side under the loggia.

"Just forward and pace faster to that tree, that way you'll avoid his angle of sight when he gets out the doors," Norman said and the glass door closed behind.

"But, how do you know?"

"Internet maps plus geometry calculated in real time, featured events. Well it's the quantum calculator." Over his head but in sight, a large scalable cube had appeared in Norman's virtual world with a plethora of numbers and mathematical results plus sentences. Answers after the cube shuffled like the biggest of the Robik's cube family.

Khile approached the glass doors as he looked around to see if his target didn't hide somewhere. Arrived in the entry, he glanced to each direction to see if he wasn't in the lobby.

"Jason, quarter turn to your left and run to your car. This cabdriver is chasing us."

Khile recognised the runner crossing in the parking lot. As the door hissed and shut behind, his forehead dripped from sweat and his breathing lacked oxygen. At eleven o'clock from the exit Khile ran for his cab. Their trajectory formed a triangle, Khile had the hypotenuse meanwhile Jason ran in the opposite way from the adjacent direction. They formed an angle going out the casino.

"He's out now and heading to your car. I can see a cab parked aside yours, run faster Jason." In sprints as the glossy red horse car enlarged in the view.

They both pulled out their keys with remotes. Jason reached his car first, entered. Khile unlocked his door and jogged to the red horse's window. Jason started the engine as the cabdriver laid his hands down on the driver's side window frame.

"Hey, I have to talk to you," Khile said breathily with exhaustion as his face had a reddish appearance. Jason

touched the chrome switch with his finger ready to roll down the window.

Meanwhile Khile heard, “*Yeah roll down the window and see what he wants,*” Norman said.

Khile widen eyes as he gawked at the penny on the chain around Jason’s neck. The voice reminded Khile of when he was in-service at the wheel with Jason who sat in the car and didn’t move lips. The voice audibly and clearly heard in the head, not from the ear, reflecting in the window while Jason sat in the driver’s seat.

“Leave, hit it, step on it man,” Norman said. “I think he heard me.”

Khile banged on the window, “Wait, wait.” Glanced at Jason and the penny.

Tires squealed as the red car accelerated. Khile ran to his cab hurrying, a chase he decided unavoidably and he wanted that coin.

Jason glanced in his rear-view mirror, he saw the taxi door shut.

Rolled across the Parking Street that led to the city’s road. Jason looked in his mirror as he saw a yellow cab far behind three cars. A stop sign and four cars blocked the way.

The irritated out of breath cabdriver about to catch up, rightfully and chubby gassed speeding the cab. In the front a car turned left. Norman detected a mod chip and tuned it ready when the time is right.

“Stay calm Jason, there’s no need to panic here.”

“He can just follow you. Do you know a friend downtown, we could hide there?”

“Yes, but he’s near the city in a building.”

“There’s the luck.”

Cars passed on the other lane.

Chapter 26

Sick and Numb Lip

Meanwhile Jason won at the casino, Diane arrived early at the school. The teacher drew on the blackboard the characteristics of a human anatomy but the blackboard fell on her foot as she said, “Pull the pen pull-pull-pull the pen.”

Justin saw his mom and walked to his bag with the book of drawings as he stuffed everything in his schoolbag. The mother smiled at the teacher in pain holding her foot, while she waved. Justin dawdled pace slowly to his mother already crouching and then he hugged feebly. “Are you okay my Justin,” Diane said? Then little Justin nodded weakly and without words with low eyelids. She guessed he ran a fever. Stood up from a crouch, clung his hand. They got outside, “Mommy’s going to drive you to the doc so he can see what is wrong with you.”

Diane had a great day at work, clients left with several furniture’s of all kinds. “The doc will take care of you baby.”

At the clinic, sight of their shoes up to knees like the camera positioned on the floor, the doctor opened the door of his office. Diane and Justin followed in, but the little one advanced unwillingly, he paced through and entered the room lazily, he dragged his feet. The room’s door had shut close. After a moment, it reopened, they walked out as Justin reluctantly stepped out of the inspection room. Dragged his feet.

“So you say it’s a flu,” Diane said.

“That’s exact, he needs some rest and sleep,” said the doctor and handed her a prescription for the drugstore.

She tried to read the scribbles as it looked gibberish. She knew that they didn't have trouble at the pharmacy to read the prescription. "Asking was maybe a waste of time as these pills might be something new and good," Diane thought. "You are going to rely on your green man right Justin."

"Huh, right mom," Justin said slowly and thinly.

"Have a nice day miss Krogers," the doctor said and smiled at the young one.

"Good afternoon doc Watson," Diane said.

Once in the car they drove to Nemni's the babysitter. They walk under the house' porch at her door, Diane knocked as she held Justin's hand.

Nemni opened smilingly, "Hi miss Krogers, how are you?"

"I'm good thanks, Justin is running a fever and I need you to keep him a short while, I have to drive around town and get the prescription, with that I have to go to the dentist too."

"No problem I'll take him." Nemni said and reached, "Come in Justin," gave a hand down to the sick slow kid.

"Hey," Justin said then he grabbed a few fingers from his baby-sitter's hand and entered.

"Thanks Nemni, I owe you one," Diane said.

Lively, "It's not a problem and my pleasure," Nemni said.

"Later Justin baby, I'll be a few hours, I'll come back in a short time," Diane said.

"Bye," Nemni and Justin said.

After Diane's appointment at the dentist, she walked along the sidewalk near the middle of the part of the city. She wore loose beige pants with a blouse with frills. The frills wiggled and her hair caught the breeze, back straight down. A purse also, and her shoes knocked each step to

a gal walk as she gazed the horizon. The pharmacy wasn't far. The fluffy clouds sparse in the sunny sky this afternoon. Shades approached as a calm wind pushed white cumulus.

Viewed from the sidewalk's far side, Diane seemed like a dot. The buildings on each side had totaled equal floors and compared to a twenty story level short little skyscraper. A river visibly far.

Diane who only had a dentist appointment entered the pharmacy for medications.

"Excuse me," Diane said, she asked a woman dressed like a hostess for the cold alley. The hostess glimpsed at her lip. She slurred her words, "Where are the medications p-for sp-flu, oopfs sorry," Diane said flatulently?

"Taxi to the alley before the last lane's end of this run-way, right turn and you should find them on the second right shelf, have a nice flight," the hostess said. She blinked speaking as something seemed in her eye. "Thanks-pfr lady, oup-pfs sorry," Diane said and walked by the hostess, she turned while Diane passed, wiped her cheek.

"Enjoy your flight," the hostess said, returned her hand for extra wipe, a long lasted drop.

Chapter 27

Up The Fight

The taxicab didn't leave Jason's rear-view mirror, he glanced. They had arrived near the town center as he kept in mind his friend. "Yep-yup," Jason's friend answered the phone.

"Yes Barn, mind if I visit?"

"Sure. I have to go down pick up a pizza at the restaurant yup," Barn said, a scrawny guy with a huge impossible wig.

“Alright bye.”

“That’s it yup,” Barn said and ended call.

“I see your friend’s building at two thousand feet and that is from the internet tracker if you’re about to ask,” Norman said.

“I’m thinking of how far that taxi would follow me, it’s like he knows something,” Jason said? “I took his cab many times while I played and lost at the casino. I had money issues but I suddenly I got this new car. Anyway he looked down at you when he had his hands on the door in the casino’s parking lot.”

“I’m sure he heard something,” Norman said.

“It’s not every day you see a great jackpot like that.”

“Man, I’m almost sure statistically he knows.” The red horse passed and the not too far behind cab car followed. “Your car’s ECU is tweaked for performance, go around the building and try losing him,” the penny said.

Surprisingly, “What, you tuned my car, that’s wild,” Jason said, power sports wheels right turned sharply around the corner of the block of Jason’s friend’s building. After a quick glance he noticed the taxi distanced a bit more than last sight in the rear-view mirror.

The quantum calculator cube shuffled over Norman’s head, “Check this out, go pass that car in the front of him then and break until twenty miles per hour to slow him down.”

“Right on, is this one of your tricks,” Jason said?

“Yeah, it has to be timed to work,” as he sighted the RPM heighten freely for a lower gear, and then a car passed on the right side. He returned the right lane as he braked, slowed speed and the other car behind, decelerated excessively. “I tell you when to hit the accelerator.”

“What, is he doing,” Khile said as he approached the car behind Jason’s red horse? Khile looked left but a cars occupied that lane. The cars in front of Khile slowed drastically. The two cars have joint side by side. The cabdriver embarrassed with two slowpokes in front. Another vehicle appeared on the left lane. On next lane a car decelerated next to the taxi, but Khile couldn’t change lanes.

“Go for it, hit it, speed up, you’ll be able to right turn on the yellow light,” Norman said.

“How do you know the timing of them lights,” Jason said accelerating?

“I hacked the surveillance street cameras for the timing,” Norman said as the red car rushed around the corner, turning right.

“Harsh, move you lost driver,” Khile said and had two cars at the intersection in his sight, they stopped. Khile took a shortcut cutting the corner, turned right to the grass then hopped rolled over the curb, sidewalk, flowers and greens shortcutting the corner then down from the sidewalk’s curb.

Meanwhile, “We tried man,” Norman said. “Oh wow,” Jason said, stunned while looking in the rear-view mirror. Sighted the cab car absorbing bumps, suspension rumbled over the sidewalk and turned down the cement curb. The yellow car joined the lane behind.

“For sure we know he’s after us,” Jason said and then sped up. The cab in the mirror proved how determined, like a one-track mind.

“Jason, I have another one, are you listening?”

“Yes, I’ll try my best.”

“Hit the brakes, he’s to bumper to bumper your car soon,” Norman said and seen the cab car enlarging. “Keep breaking to a stop, set gears in park.”

Before the car stopped, “Okay, step out of your car and wait for him in the front over the grass, he should get outta his car too,” Norman said and selected loudmouth function.

Jason raised, stood out and walked in front of his red horse. He saw the cab car slowed to a stop behind his car. Khile stepped out, shuts the door and walks towards, sees Jason.

“Ask for peace and shake his hand,” Norman said.

“Let’s talk, were in town and I don’t want to get in police situations driving around town like that, I can understand and I can explain,” Jason said.

Khile slowed down walking as his confusion grew regardless of the man’s sincerity, he saw an arm reaching for a handshake. Khile reached for the offering hand.

“Grip his hand as you can, I’m gonna shout a little,” Norman said and Khile frowned seriously hearing a million voices, loudly screamed noise rippled.

Khile’s face glared in pain then struggled horribly, and his eyes opened terrified of the happening. Jason heard the coin’s loudmouth at his limit. Khile fell down on his knees and his eyes lowered, he seemed like passing out.

Interrupted loudmouth, “Keep holding Jason,” Norman said then continued loudmouth. Knocked out the cabdriver. Khile’s face dropped flat on the grass. Prone dead like.

Jason let go the hand as Khile’s arm limbed and landed on the grass, backing a few steps, “How long he’s going to be like that,” with wide eyes?

“One or two minutes then he gets sick remember, I got a messy vomit shower on the floor.”

Khile’s body didn’t move, “This is worse than me,” Jason said gazing.

“Yeah man, but hurry we don’t have much time before he wakes up, go to your car Jason and snap out of it.”

“How come I’m still up,” Jason said?

Eureka, “I’ll tell you in the car, just move,” Norman said. He eyed his red car next to the body on the lawn.

“Right on I guess,” Jason said entering his car, sat and saw Khile move a little.

“Quick Jason, go to your friend’s apartment.”

The red car set wheels in the road’s lane and rolled away from Khile and quickened towards the street’s right side corner.

He had glanced a few times in the mirror to see behind as Khile stood up and walked bent over rambling to his cab. His hand over the bumper and unbalanced spasmodically, touched the hood with a building in the background.

At the last right turn they approached the driveway for the visitors parking place. The red horse parked, the door opened in front of the twenty story building.

Jason stood in the lobby and pushed the button of his friend’s apartment to the seventeenth’ floor. He fuzzi-buzzed a second try. At the moment present there wasn’t any reply. “Didn’t he say he gotta get a pizza?”

“You listen to conversations too, yes he’s probably out, and by the way how come I didn’t get knocked out like the cabdriver?”

“Since Neckzees updated me, I just increased intensity gradually of a wave for your brain to adapt. When the cabdriver heard my loudmouth it scrambled him. At your apartment I was talking loud remember that, plus I inverted waves,” Norman said.

“Yes, that was stomach-turning, and got me sick,” Jason said as he pushed and buzzed another time in the

building's entrance. Norman viewed the cabdriver in a skeleton display as he slowed down and parked near the red horse and immobilize the cab's wheels.

At the right hand side of Jason, someone had turned the inside corner and headed directly for the door and would pass behind. An electric latch door. Quantum calculator as the cube appeared in Norman's VR sight. After shuffling the cube with three surface visible when stopped still.

"Jason listen, don't turn your head, someone is walking out, wait for my call," Norman said. He had five seconds ahead of Khile on the left. Someone opened the glass door.

"Okay man, get the door and hurry down the alley," Norman said.

Running, "Down the alley I am," Jason thought.

"Turn right here, open the door and go up a few floors, quietly."

Meanwhile, the electric door shut as Khile stepped with haste in the middle of the lobby. The door had shut from a few feathered fraction of a second. He didn't see which direction Jason took from the glass' reflection. He viewed all the buttons, played like a piano across. "Some idiot's gonna open me," Khile said. The door clank and fuzzed unlocked. The cabdriver had his way inside. "What floor will he be on," Khile thought going towards the elevators?

While Jason stalked across the fire door of the second floor out the stairway, Khile arrived in front of the elevators and noted the status. Jason on the second floor had pushed on the button as he called the elevator. Khile faced up and saw number two lit.

The coin saw the elevator doors closed, "Jason, call your friend now," Norman said then Jason pushed seventeenth

floor and saw the light of the twentieth floor lit from the old man next to him.

The fast-food restaurant took place down the basement. "Yep, yup," Barn said and carried an opened box pizza, the restaurant in the background.

"I'm in the elevator going up," Jason said.

"L-b-ther, jest wat fr me at d-door, hoo, hot this slice," Barn said with a mouthful of cheesy pizza. He pushed the elevator button for a call, slurps heard.

"Yes alright," Jason said, frowned as he understood the last words. They ended call.

Khile saw the seventeenth digitals glow which kept resilience. He waited for the light to change. On the first floor the clever cabdriver stared at the brightened numbers. The other elevator heard passed the first floor and ended at the basement level.

In the basement Barn entered and pushed the button. Khile called an elevator.

Up the seventeenth floor, "He's not in there yet, I don't pick up heat except for the television," Norman said as he virtually looked at his infrared screen of Barn's apartment.

The elevator doors gapped snidely opened as Khile sighted a skinny man whose face hid behind a large open pizza box, also hair on top of that. Like the pizza box ate the face but not big enough for the wig. Tall Khile entered the elevator and turned to view the buttons as the seventeen already lit. Glancing, he saw a face that ate a slice.

Barn's frizzy curly hair had engulfed other curls that hid other strange coils. His hair density was so high he could have fell on his head and hold still, and only have an easier bite on his slice. "Maybe he'd stay upside-down and keep eating," Khile thought as he viewed the true hair. Uniquely,

none in town like him. Anyone could have said, “You know the wig man;” everybody would know subjectively.

“No one’s home, it’s useless knocking,” Norman said at Barn’s apartment door.

“So, what to do now,” Jason said, overwhelmed?

Norman flashed the x-ray view, “Man, seven floors and their here, I see Khile and another person holdin’ a large platter or something warm, pizza. Quick hide in the stairway up-front and turn right, there’s a door.”

The elevator doors open on the seventeenth floor. Khile stepped out then stopped and looked to both sides, left side of passage and walked, then he heard a stairway door slowly shut.

“Go up Jason, he’s coming near this fire door.”

Barn thawed and stepped out the elevator.

“How far up,” Jason said, quietly and stealthily?

“Keep going, I’ll see where he’s heading first and stop talking he’ll soon open the door to the stairs.” Kept climbing stairs.

Barn the wig man opened his apartment door and entered with his slice in one hand and the box in the other hand.

Khile listened in the stairs for footsteps.

“Okay man, go on the twentieth floor and call the elevator,” Norman said.

“Right on, I got it,” Jason said in whispers while Khile grasped the stair’s ramp in the few floors beneath the last.

“Now man turn left and go around you should see the elevators,” Norman said. “Go push first floor inside and get out right away, after go hide at the other stairway. Your friend is callin’, don’t pick it up, I can talk to him,

he won’t know it’s me.” While walking towards the stairway’s fire door. “Hello dear caller,” Norman used Audrey Hepburn’s voice.

In Barn’s apartment, “Em– Jason,” Barn said with confusion?

“Don’t move honey I’ll call you right back,” Norman said with a sweet voice. Barn scrutinized his phone verifying if he had tapped the right number, his hand penetrated his thick wig to scratch his head.

“Okay Jason listen up, leave your phone in this stairway here behind the fire door, and then walk down the stairs, soundless,” Norman said.

From the other stairs, Khile arrived in front of the elevators on the twentieth floor and watched the digitals, which displayed the actual service. He struggled from that chase and the loudmouth. He saw the other elevator lights orange numbers decrescendo to Digital Ten like the Ten Commandments; Digital Nine like a comic cat has nine lives; Digital Eight this is taking forever; Digital Seven like luck...

The phone rang this tone, “Pick-me-up ha-ha-ha, I can’t wait to talk with you,” a voice of Audrey Hepburn said repetitively. While the cabdriver saw the elevator down at the first floor. “I better check on his car,” Khile thought but heard the elevator doors open on his left, walked and approached the fire door in his stealth strides insight. Stairs behind that door where he heard the beautiful voice none stop. Entered the stairway as he pushed the door, descended the stair to the seventeenth, eyed all over and looked down at the phone that talked. He picked the smartphone up and seen on the screen. “Screw you’re password in,” as salad slot played. The phone displayed,

“Passphrase required.” Then he thought, “He would come back for his phone.” He lowered the device, “I better go check on his red car,” he thought. He placed and left the phone on the floor. The phone rang, “Pick-me-up ha-ha-ha, I can’t wait to talk with you,” a voice of Audrey Hepburn said in loops. Khile pushed the button, the second elevator doors opened.

“Alright, It’s working, he’s in the elevator going down, maybe to the first floor,” Norman said

“What do I do now,” Jason said?

“I don’t know man.”

“What do you mean you don’t know, you know everything?”

“It’s up to you, you take it from here. I see three options. One, you go down while he goes up, then leave with your car. Two, you go to your friend’s apartment. Three you can go on the rooftop. I’ve calculated the odds and they’re briefly safe in all directions.

“Okay, he knows I drive a red horse, that mean’s he can chase me during a long-time. Or get me some other day, there’s no use of driving away,” Jason said.

“Yeah man, that’s right.”

“What if he returns for Barn and ask him about me.”

“Keep going you almost have it,” Norman said.

Jason picked his phone up, and across the fire door while, a tenant walked out of her apartment, looked strangely at Jason. “Ah-I’m recording what to buy instead of a list for shopping,” Jason said.

“If I can get to the rooftop and call Barn, I’ll see his taxi too,” Jason said hiding his mouth.

“You’re getting it man,” Norman said as he saw the phone across the main screen. Jason headed to the sky roof, and called Barn.

In his apartment, “Yep-yup,” Barn said as he finished his pizza slice.

“Yes its Jason, when you took the elevator on your way up, was there a tall and slightly fat guy with you?”

“Yup and his breathing – awful and he smelled like puke and his shirt stained, I stopped eating,” Barn said.

Jason opened the rooftop door, “Did he say anything?”

“Yup he said that pizza smell’s good. Then I told him I was having a visitor and.”

“Come up the roof, he’s probably going to come back at your apartment,” Jason said.

“You want me to go up there? How’s he gonna find my apartment, yup,” Barn said?

“You’re pizza’s odor.”

“He has a dog’s nose or what, yup?”

“Yes and we might fight in your apartment and could get messy.”

“A fight? Call the police I’m no fighter, yup.”

“Bring the pizza up before he shows at your door,” Jason said with snarls.

“Okay I’ll be up in a minute. Gosh, yup.”

Jason looked down and saw his red horse parked with the yellow cab.

“Yes, he’s still down there,” Jason said and pictured both cars. He texted Barn and sent the photo.

“Cool red car huh,” Barn said when he checked his phone going up the stairs. “Yup,” Barn replied in texts.

Chapter 28

Down a Rooftop

The roof door shut behind Barn saying, “Why here, why that picture?”

"The guy in the elevator is after me," Jason said.

"If you call people they'll get to you, see I'm up the roof yup."

"I mean he's chasing me, he's mad," Jason said frowningly.

"What did you do, throw boogers at him?"

"But I didn't have to, I got lucky at the casino."

"That's it, because you got lucky, how much you won?"

"Eighty grand in a couple days."

"That is a lot of money, did you buy a money jacket and bribed everyone but him, yup?"

"No, I think it's because I won many times."

"That is lucky, how many times?"

"I don't remember, around ten flukes. Tell him I mean call him Norman, Norman," Jason said as he talked to the coin, "Norman? He's not talking."

Squinting, "Who are you talking to," Barn said and showed teeth?

"He stopped talking, man hey down there," Jason said while he eyed down then tilted his head and tried to have a look at the coin.

"You must be on strong medications, yup."

"I got it, Norman I introduce you to Barn," Jason said and open hand palm up towards his friend.

Meanwhile on the first floor, Khile walked rapidly and eyed the red horse parked in front with no one inside. He opened the lobby door then paused.

But on the roof top Barn gawked at his friend that had a fat bottom lip who tried to look down at his necklace.

"I don't understand," Jason said. With the neck backed, slanted face with the chin nearer his throat.

"What don't you understand and who's Norman," Barn said? Jason snapped his fingers and the other hand waved to Norman the coin. "What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to get his attention can't you see," Jason said and pater vapors-like with an open hand.

"You have my attention ha-ha, you're crazy right and on purpose, funny guy, some luck, yup," Barn said.

"Oh," Jason said and glimpsed at Barn, "He probably don't want you to know."

"To know what, that I called you crazy," Barn said, guffawed.

"Laughing at me, right on."

Guffawed, "You got that right ha-ha, Anyway I'm going back to finish my movie," Barn said and turned then headed for the door to leave the sky floor.

"What's wrong with you Norman, why don't you talk," Jason said?

Bubbly hairy Barn opened the door to leave the rooftop, he stopped motionless, tilted his head back, and gazed to the taller man in front of him, with the stinking stain on the shirt. He stepped back, foot after foot fearsomely. Khile carried a serious face and breathing, and then he turned to Jason who tried to wipe something invisible.

Jason snapped his fingers, "Norman, Norman, what's wrong, talk, a bit."

"Jason, I think it's for you, yup-gulp," Barn said as he stepped away from the door.

Jason recognized Khile walking towards him with heavy steps, "Today would be a good time to talk Norman," Jason said.

Barn about to leave his friend faced the dark passage as the door closed, faced Jason one last time. Barn's

phone rang. "C'mon pick me up I can't wait to talk with you," the phone said.

Tapping the screen, "That sounds funny I don't remember setting that one, yep-yup," Barn said. On the phone a voice of Audrey Hepburn, "Quick, rescue me, I'm a trapped inside the building and the man you see is the bad guy, get him for me please."

"You-ah," Khile's mouth growled vociferously with a gruesome attitude as his arms open like a sumo wrestler. "Give me that chain around your neck before I make you gag to death with it." As if a bear spoke with hair but no fur.

"Norman, it's time to talk you know," Jason said with inequity and unfairness.

Barn saw his friend in need of help, like something wasn't good in his hood. "Jason would hate talking to me after," Barn thought and then he saw this scene as clean as it seems, the scheme could gleamed as a deranged matador without the steam, missed the esteem. "But I'll do it for the lady that called yup." He put away his phone and ran to jump on Khile's back, set in piggyback.

"Norman," Jason shouted down and eyed the mad cab-driver without the fur in his slur.

Growlingly, "You, win taw much, you," Khile said and glared with teeth with a new hair due receiving Barn in piggyback.

Khile reached at his back then grasped Barn's shoulders on each side, slipped as he clanged the shirt pulling up, his arms raised then stretch the shirt elastically. Khile roared, forced a feathered staggered lift.

In a snapshot, Khile had grown hair in a puffed and vacuumed upwards, Barn blinded by his own shirt upwards

his forehead, like a scrawny adapted alien, made Khile appeared like an extraordinary humanoid.

Meanwhile, "What are you waiting for, punch him."

Shocked, "Norman, it's about time you talk," Jason said hiding his mouth while gazing at the giant and stepped rearwards in a circle like. Barn burst continuously guffaws hearing crazy Jason.

"I don't know what's wrong with him now punch him," Norman said.

"That's easy for you to say," Jason said and dodged a punch and Barn relatively moved with Khile's upper body.

"Imagine you won then his face there is the ceiling," Norman said then saw a whack. Jason punched Khile.

"He's not fallin' can't you see, just win again come on come on come on," Norman said. Barn laughed in guffaws.

Barn saw Jason's fist through his shirt's material, his friend who swung and whacked, choke Khile around his neck.

Though Norman under estimated the clever giant that displayed on his windowed screen. "Just win more jackpots Jason, hit the face just jackpot a lot."

Barn's curly hair moved forward and backward as Khile tried to get him off his back, then he rang his neck between his hands, grabbed with greet. Shook him and his wig swung like a reversed large paintbrush out from his t-shirt over his head. But Barn kept guffawing.

Khile's face gruesomely expressed throughout those hits, like an announcer shouting a new record to them wins. A win hit, win hit, Jackpot hit while Norman played a stadium crowd applauding, acclaimed Jason.

"He's not falling down try some slot uppercuts," Norman said. "His chin is the ceiling go Jason."

Khile struggled as he shook hair in all directions, had a good grip which made Barn lift. Held the neck and lifted, he turned to face Jason then kicked him in the groins.

Jason tilted like diarrhea, forearms crossed, held his guts, "Ah-ouch my nuts." Then gasped for extra air, his mouth opened as if he felt moved. He looked like someone ready to vomit on the ground. Meanwhile Khile's kick, a big hand left Barn's neck for grasping the chain with the penny as a pendant around Jason's neck which freed Barn as he slid off Khile's back. Set feet on the ground. Jason's mouth shut. Khile gazed at the penny as he felt a fortune in his pathway of life. Reached, grasped the necklace's lower part, the penny around Jason's neck.

Norman remembered the burned hole in Jason's shirt. He quickly overclocked five times greater than at yesterday's dance, red high heat as he unglued off the chain. Yelling, "Aarg," Khile roared and his face winced a horrible grimace. The flesh melted abruptly as his skin trapped in the penny, engulfed.

Then in his mind, "Here's a hot French kiss just for you crook mwah," Audrey Hepburn's voice said with passion.

Meanwhile Khile agonized in a torment and felt some intruder in his hand. He looked at his palm as he turned his forearm, but blindly he could not see. Too much steam and smoke scattered out and rays flared in his face. He swung his forearm up and down like splitting a wood plank, or a karate's might test. The necklace fell on the ground and the coin had risen temperature aggressively, hid but trapped in the hand. Until the material heated high temperature, the flesh became like jell and the penny brazed a tunnel. Channeled a hole through and launched up, continued a straight course upwards the sky.

Meanwhile off Khile's back, Barn landed on his feet, he eyed the object through the vapors and smoke, and

it catapulted out of Khile's hand. A trail smoldered smoke from the hand to the sky, "Schwizz," and rocketed straight up.

The wind sounded to a breeze then a mute. Norman clocked normal, reduced the generated heat and belonged within dark-brown while in the sunlight.

Pierced a shine as Barn frowned and squinted to the sky. Sunlight blocked with his hand on his forehead.

The penny flew upwards close to a twenty third floor if the building had more doors. In Norman's environment, a circular separator belt-line surrounding the view related to heads and tails, rotated. A bar past in the view as Norman remarked consciously, like a skipping rope. A picture on tails side since x-ray deactivated, but front viewed in real time. Then cooled downward on the way. The view balanced as the updates of Neck-Zs files, a program that stabilized the view even though the coin rotated. Norman hollered. The whole town pictured in sight. Norman, captured the city. The behind view in x-ray vision mixed with infrared had been replace with a still image like the front.

Wind whistled like a hurricane, accelerated through the fall then hits an eleventh floor balcony passed a hundred miles per hour, bounced from a rigid carpet, rebounded to the brick wall then back down, arched upwards and curbed to fall in a waved wobble. Landed near the edge of a balcony. A Chihuahua dog barked and came out a sliding door, gawked down as he licked the penny, tasted and licked again, until the penny slipped off the edge to a free fall.

Meanwhile, "A treat, and it's hot," the Chihuahua thought as he watched down to the last contact of his tongue. The fall of the penny was slightly outwards, past the building's corner. Meanwhile the penny got even cooler, "Hey what

are you doing get away shoe-shoe there, I'm not to lick I'm to give-ahhr," Norman said.

Another gust of wind pushed and derived its course as the belt of views spanned and altered like a vertical hold of a CRT (Cathode-Ray Tube television). Norman distinguish ground and sky throughout his continuous note as he shouted in the same pitch. Heads to tails simultaneously, Norman screamed the whole time, feared for his life in this wretched helpless result to eventually hit the ground and bounced, after he landed on the sidewalk near a woman's shoe.

Diane heard a ringing-ding, her awareness judged the sound, she looked down on the cement, stopped, turned, stepped forth and ducked. Darkened and dirty with a tiny dried twig stuck on the penny. The woman held the umbrella's rod and the other hand picked the penny sagely while she squatted.

Meanwhile Barn's wig first appeared at the roof, Khile was second and felt like something large remained in his hand, and Jason's face grimaced. Three heads tried to see whom was on the sidewalk. None could see details of that person as she sheltered herself under a sunshade umbrella. They saw the person bent over as her bottom showed slightly behind the umbrella, she stood down the sidewalk, turned then resumed her pace.

But over the twentieth floor, "Hurry Barn," Jason said, bent through his dizzy belly, "We have to get down there."

Barn ran to the sky door with Jason slightly tilted. Khile complained about his hand and held his forearm down at his wrist. Not a single drop of bloodshed from the scorched burn.

The Chihuahua dog on the balcony licked the air.

Struggled, "The stairs, the stairs, take the stairs," Jason said in sight of Barn in front.

"It's faster that way yup," Barn said as he opened the fire door.

Khile agonized in pain as he pushed the elevator button, every step had worsened throbs.

Norman adjusted his view and detected a cell phone in Diane's pocket.

Chapter 29

Spy & Bang

Jason and Barn ran descending the stairs, shoes clappers. Their runners echoed down the stairway.

Diane tried to remember all the paperwork from the person dressed in white at the store. However these news spanned scarcity to her neurons needed training in her mind as the day had her egotistical attention. Antagonistically, it cringed her heart to think of a marketed new pill administered and better for Justin than supposedly others. The acquaintance in white had sincerely suggest the best results regardless her beloved child's age, and importantly his weight and height. Resentfully unwilling to give this to Justin in this cluttered medication for his fever, he would agree with bravery. "That child, he would trust any inaccurate mistake given from me. This chaotic world would thank money in my purse and heartlessly shun my purpose of my life. For them I'm only another gain, but it's my pain, else my ache and sorrow in fame. Anyway, we'll see how he responds to those recovery medications. Else, how could I ever get the best there is for me, my assets have it at the highest, and my store? If only my dear Justin gets well and his body avoids side effects," Diane thought.

Meanwhile her face cast shadows under her umbrella, walked as the background blurred. Over her shoulder the view sets to the background where the sidewalk appears long and out of focus, gradually granted access to see the background behind her, clarity. The red horse and taxi parked frontal of the building. "I wonder if Justin will start a collection," Diane said. A last glance at the penny, inserted and slid into her beige shirt's pocket and resumed her walk in the straight cement aside the street.

Norman saw the cement sidewalk through the material and high heels walking. He wondered if Jason escaped, he called.

The phone played salad slot machine as he slowed down the stairs and answered, "Jason, when are you gonna come to work? The secretaries have trouble closing the door of your office," a grumpy voice said.

"Norman," Jason said, frowned as his voice echoed in the building's stairway stepping stomps.

"I'm inside a shirt pocket. Some beautiful woman pinched me up," Norman said.

"We're getting out of the building, give us a minute," Jason said breathily.

In her background, Diane's face focuses out, a view over her shoulder captions Barn and Jason whom ran out the building. He looked back as Jason jogged and held the phone to his ear.

"The red car Barn," Jason said exiting the building, the glass door closed behind. They ran and then entered the car. Khile walked out with his injured hand over his head, he felt lesser pain. Barn's wig looked like smoke rising above his head, though he made himself shorter, tied seat

belts and started the engine, drove out the parking lot. Barn amazed of his friend's new car.

In sight of her beautiful eyes, Diane held a pace of high heels that crackled sometimes and popped once in a while. Over her shoulder and far behind, Khile entered his cab car in the background focussing next to the building.

The red horse decelerated speed limit as Jason let his foot off the gas pedal. The yellow taxi car cramped to a pursuit and speeded up swiftly.

The taxicab flashed a reflection in the mirror as Jason looked and said, "He's chasing us?"

"I see a car driving fast, he's going to the hospital after a burn like I did. He's got a fourth degree burn you shouldn't worry of him. Just park at the road' side," Norman said.

The red car parked near the curb and Jason faced straight ahead with series of glimpse at his mirror. Breathing Barn sat in the passenger's seat sideways and saw the taxi passing from the rear window to the front.

Tires squealed from braking, the yellow car abruptly had stopped. Diane's head turned to that taxi, glance as she had engaged the house's driveway. She sighted the glaring cabdriver's face. Khile returned from his left blind spot to gape straight ahead, the car's rear lowered to a gradual rush speed. His radio squelched a squawk, he saw Diane shrank in his left mirror. She continued a walk to the door of Nemni's home.

Breathily, "What was that all about," Jason said?

"I think he wanted to see who's carrying me. This woman could be in danger now he seen her turn to that house," Norman said.

“By the way, how are you talking to me,” Jason said? Turned to Barn withheld a frowned face, glared and turned to the woman walking away.

“I’m using her cell phone after a hack. I can’t stay long on this phone, she’s reaching for that text I’ve sent,” Norman said and blurted speed in his short speech then hung up.

Diane read Nemni’s message in text as she stopped her pace, her shoes scrape against a cement tile that lead to Nemni’s parents’ house.

Meanwhile, Nemni sat in front of her computer with headphones that hissed and the music whispered cymbals with a female singer. She reached after a scanty glance at her portable phone, “Nemni speaking,” she muttered.

“How’s Justin?”

Quietly, “He’s sleeping behind me,” Nemni said.

“I’m at the door do you mind opening it,” Norman said with Diane’s voice?

“Okay,” the baby-sitter walked to unlock the door ending call.

The work of Norman’s quantum calculator. Nemni’s text held Diane a little while, and that gave enough time for Nemni opening the door.

Meanwhile through the red car’s windshield, in sight of the woman’s gait with her umbrella. Jason and Barn gawked at her as she entered the house with a porch farther away and on the other side of the street.

Salad slot game rang as a text message arrived, “That is the house, I see the child and probably the baby-sitter,” Jason read. The house’s door had already opened to let Diane in.

“Now what,” Barn said in the passenger’s seat?

“We wait for a call,” Jason said behind the wheel.

“From who?”

“Well surely someone,” Jason said and glimpsed here and there.

Dubiously, “Does someone know we’re here,” Barn said?

“Yes, I mean no,” Jason said.

“Huh, yes or no,” after a brief second, his hair flatly bent from the car’s ceiling.

“No, nobody’s going to call.”

“Then why are we waiting here, yup?”

“We have to wait here a little,” Jason said.

“For what, is something about to happen, is the cab-driver going to come back, hey by the way on what did he burn his hand, and that fume in the air?”

“It was a small fire rocket.”

“Are you staying for supper,” Nemni said?

“Might as well, Justin’ sleeping good and tight,” Diane said, “What have you got for supper?”

“Not enough, I can call for some take out,” Nemni said.

“That’s a good idea,” Diane said.

“I’ve got pasta papa, Marine-submarine, and sandwich drive in, Chinese food...”

“Chinese food sounds good.”

“You heard a bang,” Barn said.

Jason’s phone rang, “Yes there was a bang,” he pulled out his cell and answered.

“I didn’t hear a bang.”

“Yes-s,” Jason said answering irritated.

“Jason, she’s gonna stay for supper, you’re gonna have to come back.”

“What’s the bang about,” Norman said?

“Did you hear a bang at the building,” Jason said on the phone?

“Yeah when I landed why are you asking,” Norman said?

“Barn is all of Khile’s hand.”

“Hush don’t say anything yet, tell him he held something hot.”

“It was something hot,” Jason said to Barn, then turned his neck to the house.

“Something hot,” Barn said?

Jason remembered what Shaylia said in the casino’s restaurant, flashed back, “It depends on you, you decide, it’s your quest,” Shaylia had said. He thought while gazed to the front red horse’s windshield.

“Alright, since you helped me with that bully I’m going to hand you a gift,” Jason said and handed him a green casino card. “There is over three grand here and it’s yours.”

Meanwhile Barn had clanged out of his pocket Jason’s chain and examined to the burned part in the middle. “What made that? Certainly not something hot,” Barn said though mumbled and glanced at Jason as his hair struggled within the car.

“This is going to take more than an hour,” Norman said and he overheard, “Look at your chain, in the middle, it’s all burned,” Barn said.

“Man just tell him Norman did it, I have to leave the phone they need it here so.”

“Norman did it,” Jason said as he turned to Barn in the passenger’s seat.

“Who’s Norm?”

“Norman is my lucky coin,” Jason said while he started the engine, rolled left from the side road near the street’s curb, and then headed to the casino.

“Are you saying that you’re lucky coin burned that guy’s hand?”

“Yes,” Jason said.

“Ha-ha, you’re kidding right ha-ha yup,” Barn said as he found it funny, mocking guffaws. The red horse rolled trundling passed Nemni’s house.

“But that’s the truth,” Jason said. “How do you think I got so lucky and won all that money?”

“Ha-ha yup, you got me there yup, and you’re good too. You think I’m stupid yup, I bet you don’t even have a penny’s worth of a credit yup in there and we’re not going to the casino yup,” Barn said while he flagged the green card up and down. “It was a rocket he held and that burned his hand.”

“Right,” Jason proudly widened eyes with composure and pleased as his friend shifted beliefs, smugly.

Barn in the passenger’s seat, gapped down the window and threw the green card outside. Jason braked abruptly, a crashed suddenly followed. A town service car had entered the red horse’s trunk. Jason and Barn recoiled ridiculously, whiplashed-like. Yet, their heads stopped moving, they had a look behind. The officer stepped out and stood then the door closed.

“Oh my god,” Jason said as he glanced to the mirror.

“Why you say that? Oh that’s right you call people for fun, might as well call god,” Barn said and turned faced behind.

“Let me do the talking,” Jason said as he pushed the button to the window.

“See friend, that was a bang,” Barn said, “Sh-sh,” Jason said to Barn and turned to the window.

“What was that,” Diane said in Nemni’s house?

“I’m not sure, I think it’s over at the corner,” Nemni peeked out of her window.

Looked in the red horse, "Is everybody okay," the officer said?

"I think so, your standing," Barn said.

Hush, "Shh," Jason said and glared to Barn then returned to the police officer.

"Yes, we're all fine, is there anything we can do," Jason said?

"No, it's cool stay put, you can walk out of your car if you want."

The officer walked to his car. Jason's phone rang salad slot but a moment of resentful thoughts he had, "-Yes," Jason said.

"So what's the police saying," Norman said?

They stood at the rear and Barn viewed the license plate all smashed and bent, "Yup."

The police had rolled in reverse gapping the wreck.

Jason remarked his trunk, "It's cool, everybody is cool, my car is kind of hugged a bit that's all," Jason said as he dazed at the bulged red trunk.

"I can get you outta that," Norman said.

"It's okay I can manage this," Jason said. Before they entered the car Jason found his valued casino card on the lawn over the curb.

The police walked between the cars. Jason heard through the opened window, "You're lucky pal, the car was sold to someone and they forgot to change the owner's name. Go back to the garage and inform them you're the owner."

"Yes thanks sir," Jason said as Norman had heard. They drove to the casino with the red horse that had damaged rear end and gambled all evening.

Justin woke up and walked to Diane and Nemni on the couch. They left after the movie as they had cuddled throughout the end.

The townhouse's night lights sensed darkness and lit automatically, sky of stars. Windows brighten through curtains as Diane carried Justin to his bed, returned to the kitchen and deposited the penny on the countertop in the middle of the kitchen.

Chapter 30

Breezed and Fed

The weather announced itself a day of great heat. Windows opened cooling everything in the townhouse overnight. Especially the cement basement as it kept fresher during the hot day and evening. Near the kitchen's center positioned a modular countertop. A coin lain as the wind blew. A flat and glossy surface helped sliding the sheet of paper from the other end. Lifted off the smooth sleek countertop as the wind flowed under and hovered leeway along the surface but stopped missing wind a foot away from crashing the penny. Then blew under the sheet but the penny bumped the middle of the incoming thin layer. In the middle of the long side regular printer sheet of paper. The lucky coin boarded over the winded sheet's edge. Like turning a page of a magazine, the sheet struggled and lifted curling as air wafted, continued the movement and pushed slowly like a sewer lid against a bulldozer's scraper. Then stopped as the wind breezed weaker. From the window a stronger gust blew curling the sheet on only one side as the penny caused a wedge, the large flat page from natural wild trees, bowed near the countertop's edge. Stationary, a draft made the sheet curved more as Norman

viewed in his virtual screen. Bowed like a seashore wave near its break point. Slid as wind puffed until the edge, the coin about to balance the cape-like. Instantaneously rocked off the edge of the counter. Norman briefly captured the other part of the kitchen then swept to a free fall. The cent fell although viewed the floor, however in a short time he dropped down and landed into a garbage, suddenly in a banana. The brown and murky peel made the round dark copper colored coin nearly invisible at a glance, blended similarly. The sheet glided like a planner and landed on the kitchen floor.

Justin woke then sat while he heard the last alarm, focused reluctantly his hand to the bright window. Dragged his butt off the bed's edge. He stood, bounced lightly like a kangaroo to his mother's room. He hopped continuously to his mother's bed and climbed beside her. He had dragged his small blanket, covered and cuddled, fell asleep beside his mother while the morning alarm put him to a deeper sleep.

Norman documented alarms in the background over the mother's bedroom and wasn't sure of his new surroundings, he then rewinds the fall. "I'm in a banana that hasn't been completely eaten. Two thirds hasn't been eaten, I'm trapped," he thought.

Viewed from the garbage level, the mother passed by in the kitchen as she placed her cell phone on the countertop. Norman sent a text message to Jason advising Diane Krogers is awake. The lucky penny in the ripened banana hurried hastily to turn off the phone. Muted with a little hack. Diane reached to check her smartphone, grabbed and returned, had a look. The screen blanked to black, suspicious but the cell phone returned on the countertop.

She turned her head, insight the sheet of paper on the wooden floor. Diane picked the paper sheet from the kitchen's corner and folded in half for a list then stood from her crouch. Norman sighted her in x-ray, skeleton Diane. The coin slanted a tad, skewed sight. Her face, neck, shoulder down her pajama top gradually moved towards the garbage's upper opening. Diane picked up the garbage bag for a knot. Tied the two ends to rid away.

He had scanned and searched the pasty substance, a peel from the brownish part of the banana. With contact lenses she would have seen the penny. She lifted the bag held from the knot then walked to the outside garage. Norman peered at his virtual screen next to his main window. Once out the house she placed the bag in a plastic garbage bin already full. The container's cover closed halfway. Flies around the lid here and there, and then she returned inside and got ready for the day.

A rusty red Shaggy dog slowly walked out of a large trapdoor below a house's door. Gawked at Diane's house, which was the neighbor. He took the stairs poorly one by one then miserably to the cement pavement, stopped, sat and looked each side. He didn't know the reason of this visit outside the house. However, his owner told him outside.

"We wait, we won't woof, we whiff, we wonder," he thought. Suddenly his nose kinked to the side, an odor that this quadruped creature was about to know how good it led to. "Whoopee whiffs, we wonder where, we will wander." As the red rusty rug went westwards without warnings. The dog sighted the mailbox as he sniffled and trotted in his way to turn in the middle of the court way. He gallivanted back to the house to regain the lost sent of the pleasing odor. Then he turned to repost as the disgusting turd of last day getting too close, not a rose prosed in the nose.

Shaggy stepped away towards the sidewalk and neared Diane's driveway. "Word, woe whiffs we won't wonder while we woozy," Shaggy thought then raised his head and waited for the lovely fermented odor to come back in his nostrils. "We wait while we whiff, wood wind," he thought. "Whoa, whacked weeds." Turned, smelled fumes from his excrements that staggered locally the side of his house. "Faulty fathoms, few farts foes fumed from far," Shaggy sneezed.

"We wonder where wonderful whiffs went," Shaggy said, doggishly? This discovery would be the treat of the whole day, tasted sweet and worth it. The aroma eventually entered the cavity of the longest nostrils in this city. "Where will we whiff," the wind quit, "Whiff won't we?" His ears dropped as he sniffed to the left, to the right, he turned. "Woo, we whiff well." He sighted the neighbor's garbage, the red rusty Shaggy. "Well won't wonder, we walk weak wonderfully." Wormy maggots he avoided.

Shaggy looked towards the bin then the scent got stronger. "Wild whiffs with wondrous whiffs," Shaggy thought then hopped and his front paws left the ground, landed on Diane's garbage' side. Standing on his rear legs and front paws against the plastic container. His neck reached as his nose captured the captivated scent from the bag and then couldn't get any closer. A whiffed mission had done the nose. The rest was the jaw's work as he grasped then pulled the white bag to a slog at the dark green bin's edge. In the fall, flopped down on the lawn freshly cut from the nut who goes in squared spirals until the whole shebang get short, then twigs get new wigs. As his neck lowered to awkward, his paw on the bag near teeth to fangs, ripped to unrig the wrapped big swig. The banana he found down and round with some brown. He ate and tasted the sticky paste aced gulped, then at the end when done. He licked slick his lip flicked. "Whoa, well was worth, we winner." He

licked his lip, flicked slick, licked tick. Then licked slick his lip. "We winner, wandered we will walk away word woo-woo-wave-wee word," Shaggy thought and galloped clouts from Diane's garage to his terrain.

Meanwhile, "Hey a doggy," Norman said and noticed a drop from a three-foot fall and landed on the ground below, rolled half turn. In his x-ray vision a four-legged creature, gazed. The coin identified the dog, an Irish setter. "A red shaggy dog," he said. As he watched, the garbage bag ripped open and his teeth showed. Bites the banana placed on the ground. He saw a huge tongue that licked over and over. "No, he's not gonna," Norman thought. His paw scraped, grazed the penny out but the banana peel flipped as he saw the dark side of the peel stitch down. He bit and swallowed with the banana peel. The view distorted as the coin couldn't see clearly, but a second later it was too late. Clumsy old Shaggy ate the penny. "No, no-no, I'm not in a," Norman said and found no use of panicking. But then shouted, "Dog," utterly, then fell on his back virtually. Shaggy widen eyes and ran around his house. "Word woos wow whacked we words," the dog said. The Irish setter on a rated pace.

"Okay, it's cool, I'm calm, no shouting Norman, that is a living creature and he heard me just like Jason did, he's probably going to get sick," the coin said. "It's okay, boy it's okay, home, home goes, go home." Norman had splat flat to the VR wall, he stood, "I got to set that gravity off." The dog stopped still at the border line of his terrain. Virtual Norman splatted at the other end.

"I'll try to make him sit," Norman said as the monitor displayed the skeleton of Shaggy the dog.

"Sit, sit," Norman said and observed the dog's reaction. After a moment the dog sat. "Good, that's good," said

smoothly. "I ponder if he'd lay down," he thought. "Lay, lay," he said and the dog lain.

Then he heard a light whistle from Mr. Sherks, he called his dog but at precise damp sound Norman heard. Filtered the muffled sounds then had a clearer understanding outside the dog, the coin rested in the stomach.

Shaggy the never too hasty dog climbed stairs then entered the house as Mr. Sherks slowly closed the door behind.

In the neighbour's house of Diane, Norman detected a cell phone, called Jason right away. Shaggy sat on the floor next to a lazy boy chair occupied by his master. Sherks ducked, about to put on his work boots.

"Come on Jason, you can do it, wake up man, up, up, up," Norman said as he held a VR phone.

The dog that once sat, stood on its four paws. Mr. Sherks faced his dog at reach, spaced closely on the right, "Sit boy, sit boy," the dog's master said. And Shaggy sat.

"Get up, up-up Jason," Norman said. The dog stood on four paws then waited as he looked at his master. However, Mr. Sherks told him to, "Sit, sit boy." The dog sat.

"Some sleeper that Jason, I can't believe he's tired that much to lay, lay just lay all day," Norman said and Shaggy rested his chin on the floor.

Mr. Sherks gawked at his dog then he stood adjusting his belt. "Alright boy, I'm going to start my car then go to work, well I'll walk since it's a beautiful day and will probably hop in with someone," Mr. Sherks said as he grabbed his lunch box.

Norman understood distancing out of range and lose the cell phone's signal. "Perhaps if the dog follows his master," the coin thought. "Wanna go outside, outside,"

Norman said then the dog stood and trotted to his master near the door. His master blocked the way out saying, "Stay inside boy, you're going to guard the house, like the usual."

The phone line rang the whole time, but suddenly, "Hee hello," Jason said.

"It's about time you pick up. I'm in a dog now," Norman said

As he held the phone Jason frowned, "You're in what?"

"Out, out, go outside," Norman said to the dog. "Yeah man I'm in a dog he swallowed me."

While Mr. Sherks opened the exit door and Shaggy slowly stepped out.

"What, where are you" Jason said? Master Sherks had closed the door then looked down.

"I'm in a dog inside, in, in a dog."

Mr. Sherks saw his dog go around to enter the house through the pet's door.

"Okay you're inside a dog is that right," Jason said?

"Out, out I said, outside go," Norman said. Then the master saw his dog come back out on cement stairs.

"Sorry I don't understand, I woke up there and you said that you're where?"

"In-in, inside the dog, is that clearer," Norman said? But then Mr. Sherks saw his dog go inside the house.

"Outside I said out, out," Norman said. Jason didn't know where his friend went or got but knew it was somewhere around a dog.

A little while before, Diane's garage door had opened. She walked around the back of her car and saw her neighbor up the stairs near the door of his house, he gazed at his dog going inside then back outside the trap door. She saw her neighbor Mr. Sherks jaw dropped.

"What's wrong dear neighbor," Diane said.

Nemni walked near Diane's driveway.

"It's my dog, he seems confused or something," Sherks said.

"Maybe some more rain is coming ha-ha," Diane said.

"Hi Miss Krogers, what is Justin doing," Nemni said behind Diane?

She faced her, "He's sleeping, resting in the house, I think he's getting better," Diane said and eyed back at the neighbor who waited for his dog to show out the pet's door.

"Out boy, out," Norman said. The dog ducked to enter the pet's door, passed through. The neighbor saw his dog come out. He crouched to the dog and said, "It will be alright Shaggy, you're a little old that's all."

Nemni turned towards the garage door of the beautiful townhouse. The neighbor who had crouched down was left alone, his dog had turned then headed back inside the house.

"So you're saying you're in, in a dog right," Jason said meanwhile he had dressed then sat and had picked up the phone?

"Yes that's right, out, out, outside," Norman said. "I was in a banana and he ate me, inside a mashed banana can you imagine that I'm in there," the coin said in the dog that turned the nose. "No, out, out outside I said."

"That's really confusing this morning, you're out and in the dog right?"

"Out, I mean in a dog inside but outside the house," Norman said. Somehow Jason and Norman argued about in and out. The dog turned in circles. Sherks widen eyes and pursed his lip.

Diane saw her neighbor's dog nose who pushed the pet door, face-to-face to Sherks, "Sit, sit boy."

"I have to leave for work Mr. Sherks," Diane said and smiled.

"Good day at work Diane," Mr. Sherks said and petted his dog.

"Thanks and you too."

"You're out and sometimes in, is the dog puking you or what," Jason said puzzled?

The master noticed his dog lowered ears and appeared to have done something bad.

Meanwhile, "No-no, No, inside in-n," Norman said. "Dummy, I got swallowed, I'm in the stomach of a dog, a red Irish setter and soon I will end my trip in shit, crap, pooh."

Jason held his phone and said, "Oh, that's inside, okay I got it."

Chapter 31

A Dog Spectacle

"The coin hangs up, he gets upset, trip in shit," Jason said mockingly.

Shaggy's ears lifted back as he turned to step inside the house. The master stood from his crouch confusedly. "My Shaggy, I'll see you after work bye," Sherks said down the stairs.

Norman thought somberly of some way to get out of that dog's gut. "Hey, there's a taxi get it, let's go to the hospital come on." He turned to leave the stomach then entered soberly the small intestines via the duodenum. Burped as some gassed air had left the murk to another dark passage. Perceptibly, he set the window of the environment in x-ray only because infrared view didn't help. "Okay, I'm limited to skeleton mode here, night vision does nothing. Get the ball," Norman said but the dog didn't move. "Maybe he's

too old," he thought. "Hey, while I'm inside, I can eliminate some microbes." Then he peeked into Neck-Zs files and found an article about microbes and radio-activity. How vulnerable they are because, smaller organisms are susceptible and feeble to that specific energy.

"I'll just activate some mild radio activity. That will refresh and rid some unwanted micro-organisms like bad yeasts." He read in the virtual dusty folder about the life of dogs and learned about them in a flash. He tuned a bunch of brain waves as the dog looked left and right. His alertness stepped from a dreary to awaken bright in this sunshine. A person passed on the sidewalk's frontal of the lawn.

"If I make that dog eat I'll be out by the end of the day," Norman thought. "Sit, sit boy," he said. The dog sat humbly in the middle of the lawn. "Lay, lay," the penny said. Then the dog lain. "Roll over." The dog did as told. A walker that passed watched him. "Sit, sit, give paw."

The person passing on the sidewalk observed the dog who slowly sat and gave paw. He decelerated pace, Norman noticed his speed decreased. "Maybe someone with food," the penny thought. He redone the same routine to the next person who passed on the sidewalk. The show dog sighted the people. "Stand up," Norman said and added snap sounds.

The dog stood up on his rear paws then attention had caught the third person who passed by and ate a candy bar. He stopped, turned and laughed. Shaggy redid his number. He sat, lain, rolled and stood. Perceptibly the dog seemed to shake a paw. The person squatted down as the dog sat and gawked. "I wonder if he can turn while up on his rear legs," Norman thought. Then a treat awaited the dog as a pedestrian held a piece of a chocolate bar while he squatted.

Nemni stood at the front window and saw the dog that did those tricks. Jason expected a call.

The dog didn't stop his circus then more people had stopped until a crowd of fifteen stood in range on the sidewalk. When time was right, Norman detected seven cell phones as he picked one then called Jason. Seven and forty five minutes in the morning.

"Jason, I'm still in his gut and using a phone from someone on the sidewalk, I'm trying to get this dog to eat as much as I can, to help him go peristaltic wise you know what I mean, I send you a link," Norman said.

"Okay yes, you are inside the dog, kidding," Jason said.

"That's right man now you're a genius yaw brain of stew," Norman said and texted the address of the townhouse?

"Yes I got that, very funny," and took conscience of the house's address, only the next road. A two minute walk.

"I got to tell this dog what to do, bye man," Norman said.

"Good luck," Jason said, ended call.

The dog performed a little faster and his response quickened. Norman found it awesome estimating the distance in the gut. "Just as long as I make him move," Norman thought with observations.

Some folks quickly went to work, others gathered relatives, and some shopped at stores, malls or even for a health walk on the walkway, or fresh air. Some people passed in that hour had slackened or stopped, watched the spectacle in duo, but only Shaggy showed visible. He even jumped around on his back legs as he gave paw. It was Norman's favorite trick because he saw in his virtual window some movements. It was dimly slow but cheerful to see an advancement, some progresses.

Nevertheless entertained as much as this old attraction dog showed the folks. Little by little they had left. After a few folks fled far from, some and several passed, fed food

with several candies and even treats. Shaggy went inside the house to his bowl of food and water. After, he rightfully had some rest. Old Shag lain in his round sponged blanket bed.

Justin woke and walked in the passage to the counter as Nemni saw and told about the neighbor's dog.

"You should of seen it Justin, Shaggy did tricks in the middle of the lawn and a bunch of people stopped to see him," Nemni said.

Little Justin widen eyes saying, "Shaggy did that?"

"Yeah a bunch of them, they even fed him some chocolate, that's bad for him, and he ate some and continued his tricks, he sat and lay down, rolled and also jumped up in circles too, looked up while he stood plus he gave paw. Amazing stuff," Nemni said.

Meanwhile, "Wow," Justin said and his eyes rounded imagining Shaggy as she talked throughout. His face stunned with surprises, he appeared overwhelmed. "Is he there outside," Justin said and ran near a window as he looked out superciliously and felt fluky that his neighbor's dog did all that.

"But I think he's inside the house," Nemni said as pedestrians walked normally.

"Shaggy is older than me. He was something Sherks said," Justin said remembering what the neighbor told. Nemni looked at Justin as he gazed out the window.

"Man, it was a workout for that ole' Shag," Norman thought listening to his heart beat and every health meter managed gratefully an optimum for a good recovery. The coin advanced no more as the animal slept deeply.

The day shined at dinnertime, a blind rhyme but fine people passed on both sidewalks. The wind blew to the south, the sky scattered clouds heavy gray here and there, sparsely. At lunch time some people walked back to their home as they worked near. Time warped.

Justin and Nemni kept an eye out from time to time until four o'clock in the afternoon as more workers arrived to their houses, vehicles rolling on the road, or people walking the sidewalks and found their way home.

Norman's new friend woke as he activated radio waves, some radial radiance in the gut. Equal dose in the surrounding perimeter of the intestines. The animal stood and stretched drinking water with hunger, had a full scoop of dog food. "Good stuff Shaggy," Norman said as his window displayed movement and his monitor announced the entrance of the great intestine. A critical part, if the coin would have jerked on the wall of the intestine, it would of hurt it and perhaps pause the bowel movement. Conversely, it wasn't the case. The coin placed in the middle of a turd and molded cylindrically. "You're starting some air yaw ole fart," Norman said.

Shaggy passed under the pet door with the hinges at top, went down the stairs and whiffed the grass, he stretched. He sniffles and flairs on the house side. "There I go below and slow," Norman said as he saw extra movement at the rear side of the animal. He activated a couple brain waves. "That's it, you got that right."

"The neighbor's dog is out," Justin said and ran with swiftiness to the window enthusiastically. Nonetheless crap fell down as the dog had four legs in a square foot and tail up, round dorsal. "Cool," Justin said. Nemni arrived at the same window, and her face dropped droopily, she felt

repulsed at sight of another clump down a green flat dump out the dog's rump. Perhaps later a swamp?

Justin with stompers gaited on the wooden floor to his shoes and Nemni followed, got her runners.

Avenue and Street stood on the sidewalk and looked at the house neighboring the townhouse. People had stopped on the sidewalk, "I wonder if the dog's around," Avenue said.

"Is that why you're stopping here," Street said?

Shaggy paced roguishly rugged near Sherks' entrance as he heard voices from the sidewalk. "Aren't you going to dance around like a clown," Avenue said?

"Come here I've got something for you," Street said.

Nemni sighted two urbanisms from the city. "Hey that's not your dog, you can't feed another one's dog," she said. "Shaggy," Justin said and ran to the Irish setter, hugged. Norman saw a young skeleton woman that had a discussion with pedestrians.

One of the two had a recent cell phone detected as Norman called Jason.

"See I have nothing, it's a trick to fool dogs," Street said as he showed bare palms to Nemni.

Jason picked up, "Yes."

"I estimate that I'll be on the ground in around an hour," Norman said.

"Yes great, I'll get there simply call me."

"Man, look for me as an excrement, in poop, well in snooty shit piled down the ground," Norman said.

"Yes I get it," Jason said and hung up. "I guess he's going to need a distinctive clean up."

Norman detected Nemni's phone, got her number and used someone's cell from the sidewalk, "Give warm water to Shaggy please," Nemni read Norman's text. The screen

she had seen clean, had a mean sheen gleamed from the sunray and a reflection as she turned the device slightly slanted. Sunlight behind her. The baby-sitter walked inside but accurately didn't know the reason, after all the warm water was for the dot character in the setter.

Chapter 32

Sherks Drops

Nemni placed the bowl of warm water on the grass as Shaggy watched. He drank while Justin petted. Her phone blurted of a new message, "Thank you Nemni," Norman had texted, and detected the phone of Mr. Sherks, the neighbor walked on the sidewalk approaching his home. Then Shaggy left and trotted towards the middle of his lawn and raised up, hopped in circles with a paw up. A promenade family of five with yellow shirts saw the dog and stopped one after the other to have a sudden spectacle, Street and Avenue clapped then the dog's owner showed last. Shaggy sat, rolled then stood on his rear legs.

Mr. Sherks fabulously felt feebly forward and a fathom from his flowers, his arms and jaw dropped, dragged his feet and slowed so stopped steps, stood still on the sidewalk. At the corner of his property his eyes watered happily. He remembered his circus performance with Shaggy. "Mr. Shaggy," the master said in whispers.

Justin and Nemni clapped, with the family. A father and mother with siblings. Suddenly the dog galloped to his master at the corner of the lawn where flowers had bloomed since the morning. Mr. Sherks on one knee at his pet's height. "Truly I thought it was all gone."

“Bark, bark,” Shaggy barked and returned to Justin. Mr. Sherks followed his dog with tears of joy smiling. Norman had stopped commands.

“Have fun I’m going inside,” Sherks said.

“Okay later, bye,” the kids said. Justin ran to the house since then searched a ball to play fetch.

Nemni faced the neighbor as he went towards his stairs, she then looked at the dog. Petted. Strangely, she received another text on her phone. As the dog sat, “Woof you’re cute, when can we date: - Shaggy,” Nemni read, she looked towards the people on the sidewalk, and the one across the street, houses and cars. However, nobody who stood texting with a phone. “Maybe it’s someone in a house,” she thought. “Nah,” she said and shook her head. She cared and patted on the dog’s ears then head. While Justin had made his way back from the house with a ball, “Shaggy want to play fetch,” he said?

Scoffs, “That dog, play fetch, I think he’s too old,” Norman said.

“Come on everyone, let’s walk home,” the family’s father said and all yellow shirts moved at the sidewalk.

On the lawn, Justin and Nemni stood. A car arrived, parked near the sidewalk. Shaggy’s nose kinked as a whiff to the ball blue and red with a white strip in the middle. Norman saw Justin who threw the ball. The dog’s nose pointed at the ball in its fall. “Ha-ha, that’s what I believed, this dog does all but fetches the ball,” the penny thought. Someone stood out of the car carrying flowers towards Shaggy.

“Okay Shaggy, go get the ball,” Justin said then the dog slowly got up to its four paws, gaited slowly towards. That flower man glanced to the nearing dog, and looked at the ball that fell. He realized the animal’s age, and will

eventually reach to pick up that ball. Norman had seen on his monitor in x-ray the whole time. But Shaggy always moved slowly.

“Is he going to get it,” Nemni said as she sighted the person approaching her with a bouquet of flowers.

“You wait until the ball falls, then say the passwords,” Justin said.

“What, passwords,” Nemni said, frowned faintly, Justin stepped and looked up at Nemni’s ear as she ducked? “Okay Shaggy, go get the ball,” Justin whispered.

Justin smiled at Shaggy. Unhurriedly, the dog somewhat gaited a consistent gad and eyed back to Justin and his baby-sitter as he held the ball in his jaw. Nemni laughed giggly taking the flowers and glimpsed up, “Here, I believe these are for you.” He returned to his car as Nemni looked everywhere, “Thanks.”

The dog was almost in reach, Nemni looked at Justin while Norman viewed the advancement in the gut.

Justin joined hands to form a basket palms up, then Shaggy dropped in a score. “It’s your turn,” Justin said. She threw the ball in the air. It landed adjoining the sidewalk then said the passphrase.

Justin saw the neighbor who stood on his house’ stairs as he had saw the ball in Shaggy’s mouth. He waited for his turn. “Get your hands ready,” Justin said to Nemni, the dog approached. “What happens if I don’t make a basket with my hands,” Nemni said.

“He sits and waits,” Justin said.

Nemni heard the phone ring inside the house, “I have to get that,” she said and gave the ball to Justin then ran inside. “Okay Justin, it’s my turn,” Mr. Sherks said. Justin turned to face Shaggy’s master. “Thanks Mister Sherks,” Justin said and, “Bye-bye Shaggy.”

“Any time Justin,” Mr. Sherks said and grinned.

Justin walked tidily with strides back to his house with the ball, Nemni followed.

Time passed, rain fell for few flicks. Clouds later.

Nemni held the phone below her elbow, looked through the window, sighted Justin whose shoes were improperly on. Filled of water in a jar for the flowers.

“Out, outside,” Norman said as the dog heard then turned away from his food bowl empty. Sherks impressed gave more dog food for Shaggy. Down the stairs the animal sniffled the grass as he searched for a spot, perhaps a drop down a snot in his plot, for a dot.

Justin sat on stairs, held an umbrella for rain over his head, in the sight of Shaggy, he paused then threw the ball in the air, caught it with two hands under the umbrella. He previously had done many times however, dropped after several catches and then bounced down the ground. Downstairs at grass level the ball ended rolls. He turned to Shaggy as the animal finished in the tile position. The square foot thing, snot but a lot of a dot from Justin’s sight. He walked towards, but thought of the ball, picked it up and the dog faced Justin. Curiously walked with Shaggy to the terrible sight of the might in the fight. It remained still on the ground. It stank and broken in two, jackknife like. Norman viewed Justin in the x-rayed window with Shaggy beside, as they looked down the turd-like, they grimaced. Justin saw something darker than the rest. He got a branch then scraped off to see what was murky in the musky greenish brown surrounding. “It’s a penny Shaggy, you got old because of that,” Justin said.

His eyes scowled to frown face then picked up the coin in the brown. “See, that’s the rat,” Justin said, as

he showed Shaggy. The dog’s neck backed as the terrible smell could scavenge his nose from a mile away.

“Windy weather wags, we wondered when would wise waste, while we wizards whiffed when we woof away, while where we wander,” the dog thought?

“Now I’m a rat, man I could talk back,” Norman thought and wondered about the boy’s actions. “Now what’s he gonna do with me, I won’t say a word or sound,” the penny thought.

Justin walked in little strides near the garden hose outlet on the townhouse’ side, inputted the ball in Shaggy’s mouth, “Here hold this,” Justin said. Twisted opened the handle as wide as his hand, squeaked thoroughly, the water sprinkled to spread around, few drips on the house’s red bricks. He had thought of his green man in this task and he usually used help from the other hand, but keeping the green man spirit strengthened and gave him the power and will. As the water tap’s threads came in sight, the difficult task twistedly had been done. Squeaked.

Shaggy followed Justin simply like an assistant would. Also watched the coin under water, rinsed and wipe the penny on the house side. While Nemni eyed through the house’s windows for Justin, then put on her runners. Norman thought of the worse, “What if he puts me somewhere in his room with his toys.” He sighted Nemni in his x-ray view. “Look I found a penny Nemni,” Justin said.

Nemni examined Justin and Shaggy at the garden hose along the house side. She frowned, “I don’t remember you collecting coins,” and her face expressed little concerns.

“I’ll start with this one,” Justin said. Shaggy took turns to look at them with a mouth full of the ball.

“Whatever, it doesn’t matter, but where did you find it?”

“In the, over there,” Justin said feebly as the dog walked towards fallings then he sat next to the pile of manure.

“Yash, that’s gross, let’s get you cleaned,” Nemni said and her face horrified. “Let’s go inside and wash it with soap.”

The water of the kitchen sink rushed down. Little hands held the coin and soap foamed. He stood on a chair to heighten him enough over the counter. Nemni gazed at the water that fell from his little hands. Her chin rested in her palm and her elbow on the countertop. In Norman’s main window, he saw white gray with bubbles. “If I don’t talk, I might end in with his toys. I’ll just wait until he walks to his room,” the coin thought. “On top of the hands too,” Nemni said.

“Word. What wait, we wonder when welcome,” Shaggy thought? He heard his master’s call. “Well We’ll wander away.” The Irish setter trotted stairs of Diane’s house to Sherks. “Oowoo, what waffled whiff, we walk west away way wilder, wilderness wild woo,” Shaggy thought as his gait to gallops and avoided this freshly done septic biodegradations.

Justin looked at the coin as the water shuts off from Nemni’s hands. He squatted down the chair, descended.

Jason’s phone rang, “Hello.” Behind cash stacked high from the casino on his kitchen table.

“Boss here, did you think about my offer,” a rough grumpy voice said?

“Norman, what’s up,” Jason said.

A grumpy voice, “Honestly, your work is up there and piled to the ceiling, if you come now we’ll give you a bonus,” the penny said and faded morphed in his voice. “Man, the kid got me, I’m in a house,” Norman said.

Once his feet touched the floor, Justin took the coin on the chair. Nemni replaced the missing wood chair to the table set. Justin glimpsed at the coin and headed for his room with short strides. As the passage darkened the view in Norman’s monitor.

“Now where will I put you,” Justin said as he entered his room.

“I don’t know man, but you can’t put me in with your toys,” Norman said with low whispers.

Chapter 33

Meeting Justin

Six-year-old Justin heard, but didn’t pay attention, as if the voice came out of the TV or the background or blended with lost echoes.

“I don’t know man, but you can’t put me with your toys,” Norman said with whispers.

Justin turned his head left to right. The coin raised his voice then repeated incisively, kept murmurs. Suddenly the kid’s eyes widen. “Where,” he said?

“With your toys,” Norman said.

Justin ran to the end passage to spy on to Nemni, she sat on the sofa and watched the movie, also texted on her phone. Justin’s hair on a slant and showed face on a degree, he watched the baby-sitter if she spoke, he peeked.

In whispers, “What are you doing,” Norman said as he saw the kid that spied a snoop? Stepped closer the couch.

“Did you talk to me,” Justin said?

She turned her head, “Nope,” Nemni said, then texted.

“Nice television,” Norman said normally.

Scared, Justin dropped the coin on the floor. “On the roll again, here I go again on my own, you’re listening to the

crazy channel,” Norman simulated a radio, a great start of a spiral then wobbled. Nemni covered the penny with her barefoot as she glimpse down. Slid her foot as it was, but over the penny of the varnished wooden floor. Drags towards her. Norman captioned a giant foot over him and in skeleton.

Her feet on the floor, hid the penny.

Justin walked towards the sofa’ side and asked, “Are you sure?”

“Sure of what,” Nemni said and turned to Justin?

“Maybe it was the TV,” Justin thought quickly, frowned, “Give me my penny or I’ll,” Justin said with a heavy voice.

“Or what,” Nemni said turning to him?

“I’ll make you a toast,” Justin said humorously and resounded his normal voice.

“Tsk, you have to put something on that toast.”

“Peanut butter?”

“Too pasty,” Nemni said.

“Some caramel,” Justin said raising his chin?

“Neither of that,” Nemni said and returned, faced the television.

“Honey,” Justin said?

“No it’s too gummy and sticky,” her face expressed negation.

“Nut-tel,” Justin said interrupted briskly.

Hush, “Sh, I’ll get hungry for real,” she said but her stomach gurgled, though it was too late.

Dark on one side and the other view had skeletons that talked, “I was alright in that mud than this discussion,” Norman said extraordinarily and missed Shaggy’s manures and the diversity of dungs. “Boo,” the penny said then Nemni frighten seized and jumped, joined her feet side by side on the sofa.

The coin had bounced a couple times as it had stuck a brief moment under her foot, wobbled on the floor.

“Thank you Nemni, it’s my coin ha-ah,” Justin said. He picked up the penny.

“You’re welcome,” she said as she looked sorry.

In the passage near Justin’s room the penny spoke lowly. “So how did you like that boo?”

Justin looked around, “Who is talking?”

“Norman, Norman is the name,” the coin said. The little fellow looked around and couldn’t tell where the voice came from.

“Ahem – I’m the coin, the penny you’re holdin’ there,” Norman said.

Insight of the dark ceiling and up to a vast large face, “You’re talking?” Justin’s eyes looked across his nose with the penny near.

“Yeah man, I mean kid,” Norman said as Justin’s face covered the caption zooming out.

“You’re in there,” Justin said impressed? He turned the coin and flipped side, observed tails. Held the penny close to his skeleton face. “But where is the door,” Justin said and wondered how the little man entered the coin?

“There isn’t a door,” Norman said.

“You’re small, want to go swim in my fish tank?”

“No, no-no-no, don’t put me in there I won’t do good, I’m to give.”

“Give, to who,” Justin said?

“I’ll find out, lemmy think of that, just don’t throw me away, I’m useful,” Norman said. “Is it okay if I call you man?”

“Yeah it’s okay,” Justin said.

“Then go to a phone I have a number for you.”

“I have a phone here.”

“Right and good man, now we’re in busyness and,” Norman said as he viewed the room plus all the toys along their way. However, no active phone displayed in the virtual view. “Where is your phone, I definitely need to call?”

Justin stopped in front of a plastic phone. “Is that it,” Norman said fishily and unpricey?

“Uh-Huh, my mom says it’s an old phone and I’m too small to use hers,” Justin said and picked up, also turned the dial roulette that activated bells as they rang a moment.

“Great great, you see I need a real phone to call someone,” Norman said.

“But you’re too small to talk on a phone,” Justin said.

“I’m sixteen years old, and I’m not too small to talk on the phone.”

“But you have no hands, you need hands.”

“I really need to make a call.”

“You’re a little penny, hello.”

“Thanks for reminding me, please just a minute call.”

“I can ask Nemni,” Justin said. There were no other alternatives as Norman thought.

Justin turned then headed in the passage towards the living room, he heard noises in the kitchen. As he sighted Nemni, she had made a chocolate toast spread and finished with the butter knife clanking down the sink.

“Can I use your phone Nemni,” Justin said?

“The phone, what are you gonna do with that, who do you have to call,” Nemni said as her face sparkled a weird expression?

“Okay, she won’t want to,” Norman said, as Justin thought gazing at the penny.

“Justin I’m speaking to you,” Nemni said, “Who do you need to call, your mom?”

“Yeah, say yes,” Norman said. “Yes,” Justin said. “Just say what I say, mimic, it’s easy,” the penny said. “Okay I mimic.”

“You what, mimic, you can’t do that over the phone,” Nemni said.

“Oh boy now we’re screwed,” Norman said.

“Oh boy we’re screwed,” Justin said.

“Huh? You should be resting with that fever,” Nemni said confusedly.

Patience broke as Justin thought of his mother before his hand reached the phone. Nemni with her plate in hand saw him and stepped forward to the countertop’s phone. Missed his hand, she grabbed the home portable phone then said, “No, tell me what you wanna say to her.”

“Let go let go,” Norman said.

“Let go let go,” Justin said with a smile.

“What do you want to say to your mom,” Nemni said?

“She doesn’t have to know everything,” Norman said.

“She doesn’t have to know everything,” Justin said, mimicked the forced voice.

“Say what,” Nemni said?

“Tsk ahhr you,” Norman said.

“Tsk ahhr you,” Justin said.

Rolled eyes, “Tsk, ahhr you stop that and let go the phone please,” Nemni said.

“Hey, let go man,” Norman said.

“Hey, let go man.”

“Let go the phone Justin,” Nemni said then his hand opened dropping her phone on the countertop in a gallop sound, the baby-sitter let go his wrist after. “Just touch her with the coin Justin,” Norman said. A little arm reached to Nemni’s forearm. “Boo,” mildly louder than previous as they both heard Norman touching her with the penny. The kid euphorically laughed, “Ha-ha.” He had seen Nemni

backed a few steps and with round eyes, frighten as she realized, "It wasn't the TV," she said. Justin pounced the coin to Nemni's forearm. "Boo," Norman said.

"Okay no more boo's," Norman said.

"No more boo," Justin said. As he was pompously awed in that moment, looked up and saw her face. He paused, "Sorry, I'm sorry Nemni." Nearly pouted, tried to persuade her but she seemed in shock. She gazed, took another step behind then almost against the countersink.

"Just tell her it's the coin," Norman said as he noticed her cardiac rate rising. "Just tell her it's the coin," Justin said as he had moved towards, her eyes blinked flutteringly. "Here, hold it," Justin said. She slowly turned her hand opened then the coin said in murmurs, "Hi Nemni, I'm Norman how are you?"

Nemni let the coin slip out of her hand as she gasped with wider eyes, in addition started to hyperventilate. Justin gawked at her and didn't react. Stared, and didn't know what was wrong with her. Turned to face the coin on the wooden floor and reached, picked it up. Nemni stood against the counter although tried to step back another foot.

Meanwhile Justin picked up the coin, Norman said, "Tell her to take deep breaths, she's in shock."

"Take deep breath Nemni, she's in what," Justin said, topsy-turvy and glanced at the coin as Norman told him the words, "In shock, just tell her again."

"In shock tell her again," Justin said.

"No-no, just tell her to breathe, deep breath."

"Breathe, deep breath."

"Take deep breaths," Norman said. Justin took breaths and blew in her face. She reached down his hand then sat on the floor.

The door opened as Diane walked in with grocery bags on her way to the module countertop centered of the kitchen, while she put bags down, she heard, "Breathe out, breathe in, breathe out and then in," Justin said.

Diane faced them down the floor, "Strange game you guys," Diane said then released the bags.

"We're not playing mom," Justin said, "She's in shock and I'm breathing her."

Diane heard Justin and scowled with a suspicious smile, "You're playing right?" She blinked steady with the same astounded face. Once she clearly sighted the image of Nemni's face, Diane knew something was wrong, then she crouched to her height.

While Justin said, "Breathe in, and out, and in, and out."

"It's okay Justin I got her," Diane said.

"They'll be fine Justin, now go to the phone, the phone," Norman said. Nemni snapped slowly to her senses while Justin stepped back. He kept eyes on Nemni while his hand skimmed behind and waved low, reached the garbage, then up the countertop, he stepped behind a few steps more. He turned his body to the phone and eyed his babysitter who sat and gazed at Diane straight in the face.

He glanced at the phone, grasped it then Norman had already dialed.

Meanwhile she slowly talk, "Calm down, relax your still tense I can feel it in your arm, I'm here, look at my eyes," Diane said and hugged Nemni. "You're safe now, you're safe. Calm, that's it. Think of something good."

"Yes hello," Jason said answering his phone.

"So when are you coming to work, your office is piling articles and endless stories," a grumpy voice said?

Justin watched with curiosity his favorite sitter in hugs while he heard on the phone, “Yes, it’s you Norman I guess it’s you,” Jason said. Then the penny shifted voice to Audrey Hepburn.

“Dear mister, when are you going to pick-me-up,” the sweet voice said?

“Are you talking about a date,” Jason said?

“Mom, a date, I found you a date.”

Meanwhile a voice in the background of Diane who calmed Nemni. “Relax Nemni relax, you can do that. Are you frighten again? Breathe deeply and hold that breath as long as you can. There’s nothing to be afraid of, look at me in the eyes.”

Then she turned to her son, “Justin, hang that phone you sprout,” Diane said.

Then Justin spoke, “I have to hang up.”

“Are you alright,” Diane said as Nemni nodded a yes?

Meanwhile, “Not yet, don’t hang up now,” Norman said.

“Give me the phone Justin,” Diane said then she stood and walked inwards, grabbed the phone as Justin gave it. “Hello who’s speaking,” she looked down at her son and laid her hand on his head.

“Yes, this is Jason,” he said.

“Good Job, good job Justin, way to go,” Norman said.

Meanwhile, “Who am I speaking to,” Jason said?

“This is Diane, how did you get this number?” Then she moved her hand over her son’s head, slightly caressed.

“My phone rang, and I answered,” Jason said.

“I’m only sorry, how embarrassing,” Diane said and blushed lightly.

“It’s okay don’t worry, it’s nothing I’m kinda used to it with all commercial calls,” Jason said.

“You’re getting calls too?”

“Yes, as a matter of a fact I get calls from commerce’s, it beats me why our cell phones have numbers while they could be names instead?”

“Ha-ha, a name like Shaggy-dawg,” Diane said then laughed faintly in the gossip.

“Your dog’s name that would be a good idea,” Jason said.

“He’s not mine, it’s the neighbor’s.”

“I’d like to see him, Shaggy some fur he must have.”

“To see him, if only we could go to someplace,” Diane said.

“Sure, we could go to the casino, they have plenty of restaurants there,” Jason said.

Chapter 34

Another Date

The townhouse’s doorbell had rang as Nemni opened frigidly with unsureness, “Yes hi, is Diane here,” Jason said? “Yaw come in,” Nemni said while she stepped back. She chewed gum snappily and her arm showed the way in, she scowled. Jason walked in.

“Hey man, I mean Justin,” he viewed in x-ray a recognizable skeleton mass in the house near Nemni whom closed the door. “Go to the entrance, there is someone I’d like you to meet,” Norman said to little Justin.

Diane had heard while arranging her hair in front of her oval mirror.

Justin held the penny at eye level, gawked, similarly like he talked to his toy in his pinch. Then Jason saw little Justin coming inwards, the first time he saw that kid at the bridge after the lightning, he who had returned the penny. He looked from his hold then up to Jason.

“He’s my buddy, give the penny to him at the door,” Norman said as Justin approached, however towards the entrance door. Jason glanced at Diane coming and also recognized her from living around the same block. “Hey you’re the, well hi my name is Jason.”

At the same time, “You’re from, around the block,” she gazed. “Sorry my name is Diane,” she moved in for a handshake as he responded. “Give me to him, I promise you’ll see me again later,” Norman said. Justin had glanced a few times to his penny and said, “Mister, here’s your luck.” Justin passed under their arms locked in a handshake.

“I heard that before, sorry my name is Jason,” he said, gawked down to the kid with the penny. “It’s the second time he hand’s it to me,” Jason thought, smiled while in handshake with Diane.

Diane shook her ogled eyes and impressed of her Justin as she widen her glossy look. Nemni stared at the frightening penny while she held the doorknob. Jason turned his hand as his palm received the coin. “Hey man,” Norman said and saw Jason who nodded slightly.

“Thank you little, what is your name,” Jason said?

End of the handshake. “I am not little, be right back,” Justin said and growled showing teeth.

“Justin, his name is Justin he’s my son,” Diane said.

“What a kid a guy I mean,” Jason said holding the coin.

“A kid-man, he don’t mind,” Norman said.

“Justin is six years old,” Diane said, she ogled. “Want something to drink?”

“No thanks, how about we have one at the casino?”

“A good idea,” Diane said, faced Nemni, “I’ll be a second and tell the baby-sitter to get ready.”

Nemni beside Jason snapped out of her stare against the penny then looked at smiling Diane. “Right, I get ready,”

the sitter said. Justin flew by his mother though greeted the green man to Jason.

“Hi kid, man, I better say Justin what do you think?” Jason said.

Jason and Diane entered each of their car and drove to Nemni’s house then dropped her with Justin. The red horse parked in front of her blue classic-car. Jason stood and leaned on the red horse’s door opened while he stared at the door of Nemni’s house.

“Alright kids not too late with that zombie movie,” Diane said and took a few steps out closing the door under the porch.

Jason watch carefully Diane on her way down stairs until she sighted the rear of his red horse and asked, “I say that’s a dent.”

“Yes, an authority hit,” Jason said.

“What hit you,” Diane said?

“A police car because I jammed the brakes.”

“A squirrel was in front right,” Diane said? Paused her steps on the sidewalk.

“A big elephant,” Jason said.

While, “You two-legged liar, it was Barn with the casino card,” Norman said inside a pocket.

“Ha-ha, only that animal hitchhikes a little too far in the road,” Diane said, smirked as her shabby disbelief, thoughts of this bottom falsehood. She entered her car parked behind Jason’s.

They parked side by side in the casino parking.

At the casino exit and entrance, Jason pulled opened the glass door for her, “Have you been here before?”

“It is only my first time in a casino,” Diane said. Norman captioned more and more skeletons in the dark pocket.

“Are you hungry now or we win our meals,” Jason said?

“Ha-ha, let’s try to win our supper,” Diane said laughably and gazed at the pleasant decorated view, and then turned to Jason hiding an elephant in his head.

“What,” Jason said and didn’t understand?

She repeated with a pleasant smile, “Let’s try to win our food,” Diane said happily.

He agreed strongly and said, “Alright, let’s go rub some money banks, I mean play, go play.”

Into a row of slot machines Jason pointed a screen. Diane stood in front of the game, she greeted her gambling life, and then sat on the stool. As he watched her with some explanations and told, but she spanned with lost and diving. Jason knew that wasn’t the end of that plunge. So he reached down into his pocket and got a hold of the coin, put his hand on the slanted panel near the plastic button and Norman detected open port, a connection. Mooch the love for the appliance. Obviously connected to the Internet subsequently, and then found the supreme gambling website. Hacked, swiveled a security camera viewing his host and date.

Jason grinned and Diane turned and asked, “What is going on, did I win?”

“I think so, look at the credits,” Jason said as the numbers climbed progressively and added with increased digits. “A jackpot, you won the biggest on this machine.”

“Yeey,” palm to her cheeks. “You don’t say, how much did I win?”

“Enough to eat, three grand,” Jason said then his date joyfully shouted plus wiggled her legs and clapped to have nearly tears that glistened. “That was easy, we’ll get rich and have lots of money ha-ha,” Diane said with watery eyes.

Jason glanced at his watch, “I think we’ll go eat at the best place here what do you think?”

“So soon, I don’t want food yet, I want to win ha-ha,” Diane said with glittered vamped eyes after wiping tears.

“Well alright, let’s go up a few floors,” Jason said.

As they sat to a bigger machine with different details the golden card slipped in and the credits flew up. Diane had a blast of fun.

Norman hacked the casino’ security and shifted cameras. He viewed every floor in all angles. Then, a function prompted a new section of the security surveillance, even the surveillance room had cameras too. He had on-screen the comrade with the colleague aside sitting at the same desk. The colleague who previously had danced as he recognized him from the win in the network. The security clerk turned to his buddy. Norman copied all the data he could and included files of employees.

Unwillingly in the dark of Jason’s pocket, “Mwah mwah mwah,” Norman said until the machine spat. Technically, until a big win.

“Hey,” the comrade tapped the colleague’s left shoulder. “There’s the guy and he’s winning today, the one with the wig isn’t with him. But that woman won,” the comrade said while Norman heard through the camera.

“There,” Jason said, “That’s fifteen grand.”

“You’re only kidding. Oh, I can’t believe it, I only won ha-ha,” Diane said, gasped as she wiped tears joyfully. “Thanks for bringing me here,” she said, a hand on her chest and her other hand on her cheek.

“Now do you want to go eat,” Jason said? Diane’s face enlarge in the view as she looked merely happy and nodded yes.

The restaurant host walked in front of Jason with Diane who decorated the place with the happiest glamour face at this pace.

Murky and fancy lighting as they sat at a table face-to-face. The host left as Jason opened the menu Fu. Embarrassed, encompassed and tried oddly to read the containing. “I never tried this,” Jason said. “I never tried any of this with all those wicked drawings, houses or symbols, it’s terrible what they are.”

“Are you serious, well unless they make you choke on your meal, but everything here should only be edible,” Diane said while Jason’s phone rang salad slot.

“Great, at least I don’t feel alone on this, reading this menu is worse than starving,” Jason said. “Yes I’m speaking,” and showed a minute finger to his date.

“Surely the elephant isn’t calling, or is he ordering peanuts,” she thought.

“A delivery parcel will be at your table in a short while,” a sweet female voiced. “Yes okay right on,” Jason ended the call as he got the message.

Jason sighted the menu and silently gossiped but never read a phrase. He didn’t understood under the hood, the paint or ink, as the medium to the fonts written in the menu didn’t tell much-botch-notch. He would have ordered any drink but a plate to relate, or a debate. Then he looked at his date, with sedate fate.

“Do you understand that Chinese writing,” Jason said?

“Only half of it ha-ha. Most of the translation is in English, so yes I only understand it all,” Diane said.

“I don’t think they’ll sell me my death.”

“Ha-ha, are you holding your menu upright?”

“Yes, that’s a good idea, I guess it’s an upside down menu,” Jason said and returned the menu.

“Are you sure of that, ha-ha,” Diane said. She laid her menu on the table’s corner.

“Anyway I hold the menu upside down and looks the same.”

“A small elephant fib,” Diane thought.

A woman with a blue shirt who carried a box and a small computer on her belt, Diane peered at her as she walked towards their table. “Is that a cake, our desert is first here ha-ha,” Diane said?

“A cake would be fine, but a tiny one,” the delivery woman said smilingly.

Jason saw a package land stow on the table’ side and a signature capture pad, he signed the screen. “Have a good time,” the delivery woman said and walked away.

Diane’s jaw dropped, “Only, that’s the guy I need at my shop, gallant, charming, a woman’s dream. Maybe it’s a funny elephant,” she thought as she watched Jason, opened a box.

Jason pulled out a chain with a locket in the middle, a polished flat surface without an edged contour, with a support pin at the bottom and to a thickness of a penny. He skimmed the invoice if it included glue or something to stick the penny. The coin lain on the table, and Jason let go the chain near the penny. Norman detected magnetic metal on the chain’s pendent. Jason heard a ‘tick’ snapped while he looked at the invoice page.

“There you go,” Diane said.

Jason glanced at his chain and touched which connected to the penny. “Yeah, I ordered the magnetic model

in case if I heat up, I can detach and roll on the floor,” Norman said and saw Diane’s bladder full.

With a large and deep man’s voice, “Wait here, I’ll be back,” Diane said while he gazed and shook, “Whoa,” he said.

“What is it,” she said? Raised as she stood while he said, “Nothing it must be the water that’s special,” and smiled with a glance at the coin, Diane smirked and stepped for the rest room then headed away from the table. Once behind him, Jason heard a shot gun reload, then shot gun shots. He looked behind and she had high heels, meanwhile virtual Norman guffawed on mute.

“By the way, why didn’t you order something for her,” Jason said tying the necklace around his neck?

“She’s your date man, your love for her will decide that,” Norman said.

“Yes, but a little nothing something.”

“Man, are you asking me something?”

“Call for flowers, a great assorted bouquet,” Jason said.

“Yeah man no problem, just pick it up at the gift shop on this floor near the second exit.”

“I’d like to see her surprised.”

“Sure man, just add one last polite word,” Norman said.

“A polite word, you mean please?”

“Yeah that’s the one.”

Dazed but snapped out, “Yes, have flowers for her please,” Jason said.

“Right away just like a genie would do, is that your first wish?”

Deep in the view, Diane walked inwards behind Jason, he wore his chain. “Yeah man there you go, we’ll have the flowers delivered to your table. Your date’s coming back.” Jason heard an army chopper passing. And dodge slightly.

“Such a nice necklace,” Diane said. The silver chain’s width was a wide as the penny.

“And you put a penny on it,” Diane said as she sat.

“She’s a pretty gal Jason and I made her win ha-ha,” Norman said mockingly.

Flowers showed on the table and Diane surprised.

Meanwhile, the comrade knocked on the manager’s door. “Come in,” the voice on the other side resonated. “Sir, the, the guy is back,” the comrade said alarmed. His boss behind computer monitors.

“The lucky or the weird wig guy,” the manager said frowningly?

“Yes sir, I mean the lucky, and he won near twenty grand with some woman,” the comrade said.

“Is he playing right now?”

“No, we haven’t searched for him.”

“Then find him,” the manager said as he covered the phone with his hand.

“No sir, I mean yes sir we’ll lose you yesterday I mean find him today,” the comrade said and left.

Chapter 35

A Lack of Control

Diane explored the fifth floor with Jason, but they observed tall hair, “Barn, what’s happening,” Jason said?

Desolated, “I spent it all, I got nothing now,” Barn said as he stared at Jason with a good-looking woman aside.

“The whole of it,” Jason said?

“Everything, I’m returning home to continue my movie,” Barn said sadly.

“Tell him to wait,” Norman said, “Maybe in a network with a high Jackpot and win it with the three of us.”

Barn lowered his gaze.

“Wait Barn, come join us in the network,” Jason said then pulled a golden casino card for Barn, gave it in his hand.

Barn gawked at the card in his hand, his mouth didn’t shut the whole time, jammed like.

They resumed their walk. “Your friend only need’s a barber, seriously,” Diane said to her delight.

“Yes, he’s okay, he gets a haircut each year,” Jason said and turned to the attractive woman.

Norman saw a skeleton, “Your friend isn’t moving Jason.” They turned and froze to Barn who appeared amazed, he stared at the golden card. “Barn, are you coming,” Jason said?

“For sure I’m playing some more,” Barn said with the happiest grin.

The comrade and colleague scanned cameras as they searched lucky Jason. They worked additional hours.

The manager sat at his desk. His computer lagged speed and tormented jams. He stood up briskly then tried on another computer after the next. Logged in, and after a few waiting seconds the same darn thing occurred. “Maybe the secretary’s computer,” he thought.

Pen games, a network of a near million dollar had displayed up top, brighten numbers, shiny panel. Magic wizard pigs holding stylish large pencils and sheep with chalks over white paint. A smiling goat sat behind a desk with a computer.

Barn slid in his card, turned to the woman who came in with the long white silvery hair. “Hi, what is your name,” Shaylia said?

“Mine, Barn, that’s my name yup,” his eyes couldn’t widen anymore facing Shaylia.

“Shaylia’s here,” Norman said while Jason explained the game to Diane. He looked behind as Shaylia blushed with a smile and eyed her screen while she sat in their network. He saw his friend Barn that stared at the white silvery hair woman. Diane glanced at one another doubtfully. Jason turned back to Diane’s eyes.

“What is your name,” Barn said to the woman that inserted her card in the machine.

“That’s it, all I have to do is keep pressing this button ha-ha,” Diane said.

“Yes, and you’re set for the day, hopefully,” Jason said, turned and sat to the next machine in the network.

“Aren’t you going to answer the wigged man next to you” Neck-Zs said?

Like a ventriloquist, “Hold on, I’m trying not to laugh at him,” she turned, “It’s, heh-heh sorry, Shaylia is my name, yours is Barny right?”

“Yeah how did you guess?”

“It was a lucky guess,” Shaylia said and Barn laughed shortly. “That’s right, I told you Barn yup,” nodding.

“Did you find the guy yet,” the manager said?

“No, I haven’t found him,” the colleague said and followed his mother on the monitor, switched cameras. Sought a way to call her, “Maybe in the rest room,” the colleague thought.

“Ha-ha, this is easy ha-ha,” Diane said to Jason, “The toughest part is losing,” Jason said.

“You beautiful Darlin’, haven’t you ever dreamed of a happy ending,” Norman said so sang surely sounded and Jason had his hand on Diane’s machine.

“There I go, I usually don’t win,” Shaylia said. Pigs had aligned, “It’s from Norman,” Neck-Zs said.

“Ha-ha, I could do this all-day,” Diane said. Norman mooched and kissed a couple times.

An unaccompanied and older woman sat to play in the center, the only available place that completed the network, she joined in.

The colleague smiled as he looked at his mother on the screen.

The manager had stepped into his office with monitors. “Tic-tac-through twisted thoughts, tried to tie-title tediously this tech-computer tangible thing touched the tips to a tad timed,” the fingertips typed the password. “Finally this works,” the manager said as he logged into the system’s intranet. He viewed the page of his profile, camera menu, automated machine odds, employees list, in duty and out, everything seemed normal, until.

A worker who briefly ran knocked at the door, “Come in,” the manager said.

“Sir we have a problem,” a worker said at the door.

“Oh yeah, well don’t just talk about it, what is it?”

“We can’t set the automated odds.”

“What are they set to?”

“I don’t know sir, the command is invalid, not on screen,” the worker said.

“What do you mean you don’t know,” the manager said and intonated his voice?

A second employee appeared, “Sir, did you upgrade the system,” the programmer said?

The manager eyed off his screen then turned and faced both employees. “Never an upgrade to this system is possible because it is an independent program and nobody knows its source code. Me and you got some work to do,” the manager said to the programmer.

“Ha-ha-ha,” Diane tilted her head back.

“If the people dance they’ll win more,” Norman said, “Tell the others Jason.”

“How is that,” Jason said as his hand hid his mouth from Diane?

“I programmed it that way with Neckzees,” Norman said.

“If you dance the machine will pull a better luck,” Jason said to his date.

“Ha-ha, you said it,” Diane said and replaced her chair to have enough room for a dance. The colleague’s mother danced and Jason too moments later.

“Come on join us,” Shaylia said to Barn. People behind saw them dance in front of their machines.

“Check it out,” the comrade said to the colleague typing.

A couple starred timely at the people that danced in the machines’ network under the million dollar sign, apparently more people watched them which attracted passing people.

The comrade eyed the monitor of the colleague, and then saw the party at the pen game machines. He stood and walked to tell the manager.

“What do you mean erased?” The manager said to the programmer while the worried comrade walked in the manager’s office.

“Sir,” the comrade said.

“The-the, erased how well it just happened,” the programmer said.

“Sir, you gotta see this,” the comrade said.

“Wait a second,” the manager said as his face flaked mad a tad.

The interior music in the casino blasted ten times louder and played in the background of each machine, also in the surveillance room.

Walking in the surveillance room, “Who raised the music like that,” the manager said?

“Sir?”

“Yeah what is it,” the manager said annoyed?

“You have to see this,” the comrade said.

Slowly as a chain reaction, many moved their chairs to dance. They read the digital banner on wall-screen, “!!!Dancing will increase your luck, get the beat and start winning!!!” An announcement comprised of small red lights paneled with a black frame.

The colleague tracked his mother, switched cameras as he sighted his boss arriving and the comrade in his monitor’s reflection. Still on the screen people danced. The manager viewed the screen and the colleague. Screens captured a different view of players that danced.

“Their dancing, and what else,” the manager said observing screens? They vision other angles on the level, however the most active floor and people dancing.

“Can someone turn down that goddamn music,” the manager said loudly?

“Don’t say that,” a grumpy voice said on the monitor up the security room’s ceiling. It was Norman the penny. The manager eyed everyone, and suddenly the music faded back in.

“Who said that,” the manager said eying around the security room? “Who’s playing with the intercom?” No one

present in the room spoke. “Can someone get to that damn fucking lousy music and shut it off please,” the manager said and glared all employees. Music blasting speakers on the ceiling.

“Sir, it won’t turn off,” a worker said loud enough, he turned from his screen to the manager.

“Then get to it and turn that music off, come on we sure can’t lose control of this casino,” the manager said with his head red.

A penny’s hack, “You worthless piece of shit,” the grumpy voice said, and speaker resounded.

The manager eyed everyone working, “Who said that?” Brutally.

“Mwah,” Norman sounded for the longest ripping and added smooching dry slime until the mega bell rang. Barn hopped joyfully. Barn jumped with arms up as the other player of the pen games faced him. The wig fluffed in the air, with arms up and cheered, his hair as high as his hands, his elbows almost hidden from his wig like stylish hair jumping bouncily. Shaylia eyed at his screen then said, “You won there.” The bell ran continuously, everyone on the floor heard the mega bell.

“Sir someone won the jackpot of the pen game,” an employee said.

“No, not like this, it’s too many, it never happened like that,” the manager said and checked approaching monitors.

At the first floor people in restaurants and some thought of the fire alarm, players included. A similar but synthetic bell sounded in every speaker of the casino.

“It’s him, that’s the guy,” the comrade said. The alerted manager watched monitors, “Which one?” The comrade pointed the screen, turned but saw his boss marching away.

The manager held the phone and called his guard, “Team up, we have a situation at the pen game,” the manager said as he went down stairs.

Barn jumped frequently while Shaylia looked at him smiling, the old woman cheered in the network’s middle, Jason eyed while Diane, “Ha-ha.” Each person in this network had won a little excluding Barn who won big and the bell rang for mega bucks and fireworks exploded and crackled in the speakers. The network locked and displayed wins.

“... Bring him to me,” the manager said? He seriously glared at his bullies. “Sure thang boss,” three security guard said as they agreed to the manager’s orders.

The manager spoke into the most evil thrive command of his entire career. There was no way he’d dive that easily.

Chapter 36

As Ordered

Barn appealed blissful, his consciousness about obtaining a gargantuan amount of money guaranteed. It topped it all, hammered, the luckiest gambler. The flag of his glory, and the summed prizes compelled on its way. The winner surely felt avid and most of all lucky and still bounced to the music. People had paused their dance to eye the trendy rare winner. Immersive bell deafening blears, filled everyone’s ears distantly of the pen game, people closest heard one third of that bell’s decibel, but echoes from the machines and the wall behind. This alarm rang dizzily silly while Diane, “Ha-ha,” laughed at all and the whole of it. Through the terrific noises blended with rhythmic music

Barn hugged Shaylia and kissed her. She held her neck straight then moved her head back as she gawked at him closely over contact.

“A mindless manner, it wears off. I hope you enjoyed it,” Neck-Zs said.

Eight rows away, the third guard talked, “Hey guys wait,” one said to the other security guards at a corner of the rows insight of the players over the pen games. They turned and listen. “Let me go to the one the boss told, if he doesn’t come I’ll call you,” a guard said and other guards agreed.

The winner with the wig stopped jumping with a smile towards Jason, “This is my lucky day,” pointed at his friend, “And it’s all because of you, great pal,” Barn said ecstatically.

The bully guard appeared in Jason’s sight at the far end row. Strangely Norman noticed and told, “This guy isn’t wearing the same uniform, it’s supposed to be the attendees,” Norman said.

The guard stared at the scanty man who jumped with the inexplicable hair. He surely would fool anyone without the proper vision as he resemble a giant microphone on the waggle, the two other guards noticed, some fluff. In exception, as long as his arms were down, Barn looked like an old paintbrush upside-down. And jumping at different time randomly.

Barn shrunk as the guard approached, he never stopped his toothy jumps. Abnormal sound came out over his head like fleecing cheerleader poms.

The guard enlarged in Barn’s sight, “Sir, would you follow me please,” the guard said.

“Sure,” Barn said and moved, then Shaylia stepped in the winner’s place. She found it eccentrically odd and

heard. "That's new, I never seen so," Neck-Zs said. Shaylia projected wariness, as Jason found in her expression, her mien.

Diane smelled a rat.

"Where are we going," Barn said?

"Follow me gentlemen, we walk the winner around the floor. Don't worry, we'll come back to your spot," the guard said.

"I'll be back just a walk around the floor," Barn said to Shaylia.

"Ha-ha, they let the bell ring and walk around like a parade ha-ha," Diane said.

"Yaw, heh-heh like if that bell had a beat," Shaylia said few machines away.

Jason watched the wig that vanished over to the last row of machines. They rounded the corner and disappear behind the rows.

"Hey," a guard tapped the other guard in a black suit, "That's not the guy boss told us to bring," a guard said close to the ear as the mega bell rang.

"Is that right?" The other guard said, when he turned, he told the bully guard with Barn, "Hey that's the wrong one, the boss said not the wig man."

"I'll bring this one to make sure, you care for the other," the guard said. Both of the guards walked, rounded the corner towards Jason in the network.

"Don't you find it odd," Shaylia said then faced Jason.

"Yes, but no he'll surely come back, hey the cameras are Rollin' up there, don't worry," Jason said who stood next to Shaylia and machines behind.

"I mean, there's no attendees and photographers plus the bell is ringing like nuts," Shaylia said.

"It's funny that Barn had to go around," Jason said. Diane appeared in Shaylia's sight.

"You're right, I don't see anything like this in my videos," Neck-Zs said after she viewed twenty years they had careered around casinos.

Diane approached her date then eyed Shaylia. The guards appeared aside Diane.

"Pardon me ladies," the guards faced them both then told Jason, "Sir, can you follow us please?" one of the guards said.

"Who me," Jason said perceiving?

"Who won the jackpot then," a guard said?

"Me," Shaylia said, "I won the jackpot."

"I won, I won the big bucks," Jason said.

"I don't even know that man," Shaylia said.

"Ha-ha, I'm only having a glad good day ha-ha," Diane said, blurted laughs.

"Might as well both follow us," the guard said egoistically and unruffled their concerns glued to their faces.

They answered within a brief fraction of a second, "Why for?"

"A go around the floor and show everyone that you've won, well you two won," the other guard said.

"What happen to the attendee and the photographer," Shaylia said.

"It's different this year," a guard said. "Look, pick the one of us you want to follow around the floor."

"What happened to the one that left with the guard, isn't he enough ha-ha," Diane said and showed involvements. One of the guard's hand radioed, "Hey, are you almost around," the guard said? With her thousand ears Neck-Zs didn't hear emissions from the radio.

"It takes a minute to go around the floor," a guard said.

“Alright,” Jason said. “We’ll go, well I, I mean, me,” he eyed Shaylia then she said, “I’ll go too,” she turn to Jason.

“No-no it’s okay, I can go around,” Jason said.

“That’s right, me because I won, not you,” Shaylia said.

“Do you two know each other?” The guard said and pointed two fingers palm down.

They answered at the same time, yes and no, they traded words to their answers.

“No,” Jason said while, “Yes,” Shaylia said.

“Yes” Jason said while, “No,” Shaylia said.

“No,” Jason said while, “Yes,” Shaylia said.

“Hey-hey-hey, we came for you,” the guard impatiently pointed at Jason.

Then the other guard said, “Won’t you both follow us down,” the other guard said.

“Alright,” Jason said and Shaylia, “We’ll do that.” Repeated after their coin’s sync words.

But as they left and walked down Diane enjoyed the moment. “Ha-ha, I get it, ha-ha I get it all ha-ha I have the million ha-ha-ha,” she said when they left.

While they shouted through the mega bell, “Gnaw you, kiss my bottom,” Shaylia said to her falsified millionaire.

“Yes, well eat it,” Jason said then retorted with a slight glare.

“You’re a no-good cheapo crap dud dude.”

“You’re losing hair worse than a horse.”

Walking between the rows, the guards faced, one told the other as he cunningly sly smiled, “Let’s split rows.”

“I’m gonna call Diane,” Norman said as Shaylia’s tongue wedged out of her mouth.

“Diane speaking hi.”

“Greetings, you won big in the casino’s pen game, may I have your name please?”

“Ha-ha, I’m here for someone else,” Diane said.

“Is that someone around,” the sweet voice said.

“He’s around the floor somewhere not here, is this the casino service,” Diane said?

“Barn isn’t back Jason,” the coin said. Meanwhile Norman spoke to Diane. Jason had a last grimace at the long white silvery haired woman as they separated in each a row.

“Please stay on the spot and wait for the attendee,” Norman said with the sweet voice. Leading guards answered their phone too.

Grinned toothy, “Yup, yup, yup, what a day, awesome day yup,” Barn said while he gawked and dazed down the carpet and around the room. Piles of menu stacked on tables, and chairs to each wall.

The boss walked in and eyed the fellow carefully and frowned. “That’s not him,” the manager said to the guard, and frowned more.

Barn dumbfounded said, “Yes I’m me.” But the manager looked at him undulated like a wrinkled dog, frowned.

“That’s not him,” the manager said to the other guard. Barn couldn’t believe it as he watched them talking with his jaw down confusingly.

“Sorry boss, then it’s the other, he’s on his way here,” the guard said.

“I hope so, and better,” the manager said as he severely walked to fill up his goblet of water.

Meanwhile, “Hey, I’m me” Barn said.

“Yeah whatever fellow and I’m not me,” a guard said laughingly looking the other guard. The wiggled man gawked.

“Her signal is distancing,” Norman said, “We’re just not going the same way.”

Jason and the guard entered a room that led to another door. He knocked on the other door and radioed, “Pressed three times.”

Barn who sat heard, “Chirp, chirp, chirp,” the radio chirped. Their code worked effectively. The manager turned to the door then eyed Barn.

“Send him out the other door and sorry about that sir,” the manager said and glimpsed at the door. A guard show him a backdoor, “But I’m me, hey I’m me,” Barn said.

Jason had the guard’s back in his sight, he couldn’t see the door in front of the shoulders so wide. The door opened and the manager appeared with another guard, moved to let Jason in.

“Sit down there,” the manager said. A guard to the left door, a guard to the right door. Guards to each door. And a door behind the manager. Jason sat near the back wall of a small room and faced the mad frenetic manager.

“You’re doing it for the money,” paused in silence, “Others win aside you, are you a hacker; you’re in my stuff, you’re messin’ with me?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Jason said, and shrugged.

Meanwhile Neck-Zs transferred the updates and called Norman. “Yeah,” he said.

“New files in your cabinet, you need to install without a delay,” Neck-Zs said.

However, Norman saw the caller’s signal. His virtual screen prompted in red, out of range. Once the files installed he read on the document about the mile he could reach. “How come I didn’t get that in the first place,” the penny thought? “That’s it, this guy is mad at us and all I get is a wireless communication, dread me,” Norman said.

“Ha-ha, so the next time you need me you dial my number.”

“You got it Diane,” Norman said with the sweet voice.

Jason saw the manager’s teeth, “What are we going to do with you?”

“Well – how about I grow a beard,” Jason said while shrugging?

“Ha,” the manager said and faced a guard, “Ha-ha,” then he turned at the other guard. Laughter from guards in cascades of guffaws. They all laughed.

“And everybody finds all that funny,” the manager said through grugged words.

“Well boss you laughed so we figured,” the guard said.

“Well boss we figured and blah-blah-blah,” the manager said mockingly with a dizzy voice to each guard, but madden. Then silence, the mega bell resonated through-out the doors.

He eyed Jason strictly, “First, I don’t want ever, to see you in my casino, and second, the guards will make sure you understood.” said madly.

“Humph, some water drinker,” Norman said.

The manager held the door open to leave, “Take him down-and-out the garbage.” Finished his water goblet.

“At the left overs,” a guard said.

Through a crack of the door, “That’s it, in there, that big bin, get rid of him there,” the manager said.

“Like it’s done boss,” the guards said while the door closed. They walked slowly towards Jason like they were up to do something bad.

“Get ready Jason, spread legs, squat up and move backwards to make the chair fall between your legs.” The guards glanced at the chair falling.

“Then what Norman,” Jason said glancing to each guard that faced each other confusedly, scowled a smirk?

“Grab each leg of the chair and step back, back move behind you,” Norman said. But the guards approached closer.

“The chair has four legs you know,” Jason said as he held the chair nearing his chest upside down as he stood?

“Crazy-garbage,” a guard said. “Yeah garbage ha,” the other guard.

“Never mind them just move forward,” Norman said.

Jason dashed forward as the guards clasped each a leg of the upside down chair. They greatly slowed Jason’s advancement when he charged them. Helping with their other hands clanged, wrestling. The penny scouted the loudmouth. Pain in their faces and Jason too. The coin noised waves twice as loud since the new necklace, and the bullies stepped back, step after step weakening. Their body lost stiffness. Jason tightly held the chair. Guards’ legs failed, tripped and fell flat on their backs. When they fell and their hands held no more of the chair Norman deactivated loudmouth. Jason moved faster and faster frontwards feared for front, approached a wall.

“Go grab their hands,” Norman said. Jason turned to the guards lain on the floor, walked towards them then lowered down on one knee. Moaning’s.

“Get rid of the chair Jason,” Norman said embarrassed. He threw the chair in front. They moaned and whined, the effects of the skirmished battle as their hands connected to the waves of loudmouth. “Hold on Jason,” Norman said and performed the yelled waves. Jason’s face agonized as if he received pain. The connection gratefully increased since the new magnetic locket necklace. Jason heard, though he needed more time to adapt the loudmouth.

The loudmouth consisted of built waves of all frequencies possible that skin could allow wiring the brain. Others heard like a million voices, a choral to all possible variations to their loudest piercing ripples, and down the lows at the shredding bottom end to the growl. Also, pitched higher and lower than any conventional sound an ear could have heard. Conversely, the bottommost note of an earthquake spanned to the nearest radio signal. Emulated all at once simultaneously in the widest arrangement and even scrambled vision.

“Just stay put I’m a ram them to sleep,” Norman said and emitted a wave of sleep mode.

At the pen games, Diane saw Barn coming inwards. “Where’s Jason,” Shaylia said?

“The guards told me to go through that short hallway, which took me time to figure out. But before that a man said I wasn’t me. He frowned at me, then he looked at me weirdly, maybe he was sure that I wasn’t me, or he was confused. I told them that I’m me but no one seemed to care. I think that I’m me, I’m me. Anyway, I feel like I’m me,” Barn said and gawked down and pinched the skin of his forearm.

Meanwhile the women listen to the wiggled man and gazed with misperceptions. They tried to understand the guy. “It’s a serious haircut, definitely,” Diane thought while crossing her arms, Shaylia stance her hip.

Norman had loudmouthed the guards to knock them out, and then after activated a wave of sleep. Jason on one knee closed eyelids then fell face first flat on the floor, forwards as his hands had no contact with guards.

“Oops,” Norman said. “I’m gonna have to shout a little to wake him and get outta here.”

Guards snored. Jason's head raised quick, "Yes," he said as the loudmouth stopped.

"Sorry man, I forgot to activate overdrive alertness so you'd be the one awake," Norman said and activated extra strength waves, adrenaline flowed. The host felt refilled in a short time. "Now get outta here while I message Neckzees."

Jason stood up with round eyes and left out the room stirringly hasty to the same way he had entered.

Shaylia heard from her coin, "Jason is heading this way, and swiftly," Neck-Zs said.

"It's the manager, he doesn't want to see Jason's face around the casino," Norman said and Shaylia understood as the coin freely let the voice in the communication resounded, like an intercom's speaker. "We're gettin' outta this room to find the rows. We'll be there in less than a minute just wait, also the attendee shouldn't delay," Norman said and called the casino services.

Chapter 37

Zombie Talk

A car's horn rattled damper, and Nemni heard. Although continued her movie and Justin slept on the couch beside on his back and snored empathetically. Zombies kept the baby-sitter awake. While Khile the taxi driver had difficult time with his padded hand.

Jagged steps, like they are since they woke, short on words, victims of hunger they walk day and night plight not never tired they had got. Zombies she heard then zombies she saw. A horn outside sounded a total of four times briefly. She raised volume high enough to dive in this horrific gored shore on screen. This old vintage television

leveled high enough to blur in vibrations. On-screen showed a good hunter holding a plunger to splutter the uttered flankers outside around the house. Shook, Nemni sighted the image blur and the car honked freely in the murk. It was darkness out the window and the movie sourced the only brightness light inside the living room. They shared the couch that shimmered and dimmed. Shades showed when bright hunter held a plunger. However, moans of suffering in the darkened obscurity as a new dead elevated out in the oldest dirty ground on-screen. The hunter plunged a head, whom head flew. A headless walking dead fell then his friend caught his skull. The hunter plunged another. The auto annoyingly beeped out in the gloomy street. A face stuck in the plunger then a zombie grasped the handle that dangled as the hunter let go the plunger. This walking dead had a stiffer neck. The hunter kicked him off balance and held, beeper honked again, plummet. Khile's padded hand stuck to the steering's horn.

"Alright, he's got my attention," Nemni said then stood, walked around the sofa then towards the door. Screaming and ripped cracks crushed to splatters behind. She glimpsed through the view, far through the windowed door, a rear end car had red lights on. Growled to terror, horrified in fear she heard, the baby-sitter turned the door knob. Her other hand twisted the dead bolt. Clank the catch did. Squeaked the door did, opened the second and dragged the leaves did. Abrupt scream from behind did. Stepped out the pavement did, creaking the second door did, and until the door closer hissed, did. Blew the wind, did. Done, she mattered out the house under the porch. Air puffed fresh, hair buffed west. The outside fog cut as she inhaled, veld held exhaled.

The silence, another step while the black latticed top showed on yellow car of shaded gloss. In plastic written

taxi on top, lit. She stepped a few more while she stared forever, heard the idle engine' soft whirring, and snored as the wind intervened. Intensified did a streetlight then had clarified brighter as the last one lit on the sidewalk. The car's horn muffled, as if it was time to blare arrogantly and pompously. Nemni could hear her breathing, narrowed lights that lit the license plate she couldn't read from the distance and glosses. Backup lights lit after additional reds did. She stepped sideways, did walk a distance near stairs under the porch. Her head glanced down her feet briefly, the car idled no more. The car's front flattened furiously, fathoms far from. Foe... Reversely rolled the taxi. She feared and found the door handle of the house then entered. The tires squealed, a stop, the door sealed the sound of the taxicab as it closed. The padded hand stuck in the steering's shifter. "What is it," Justin said curiously?

Hush, "Shh," Nemni said.

Her breathing worsened, she watched out the window like a spy, and saw the taxi parked, in front of the house. The driver's car door opened, got out then walked alongside of his car, turned and headed towards the door of Nemni's, she stood inside. She locked the door then checked. The person stopped halfway, house from the cab. He looked for a few seconds at the door, he turned then walked away towards his car. When he turned she noticed a heavily done bandaged hand. Walked until his car, opened door entered his taxi, shut, he rolled forth then trundled away. Sped up forth.

Of illuminated contrast, Diane sighted her date. Barn had viewed Shaylia's machine screen then turned to Jason.

"Your buddy is back," Shaylia said.

Jason felt assertive from the adrenaline, straighten and mostly confident.

"Hey Jason, did the guy tell you that you're not you," Barn said?

"They had several questions," Jason said and lifted an eyebrow to Barn.

"He looks like he had too many peanuts," Diane thought of the elephant. Norman had the fight video given to Neck-Zs, in no time, rapidly she told Shaylia the real dangerous version.

"What kind of questions?" Diane said.

"Stuff like how do I like this casino? If I had tips and improvements for them and a bunch of social stuff. They filled up a form then I nearly fell asleep," Jason said and glanced to Shaylia who smiled at him as she heard the true version from Neck-Zs.

Norman seen the unnecessary wave of adrenaline and deactivated it.

"Hey guess what, It's funny that he told me I wasn't me while I won," Barn said.

"Ha-ha so everything is back on track, let's enjoy the party ha-ha," Diane said.

But in the surveillance room, "The music, can someone kill it the fock and off," the manager said?

"When is mommy coming back," Justin said, wined sleepy.

"I'm not sure, maybe later, a few more hours," Nemni said at the door shrugging. He stood on the couch as the TV had still image.

Nemni leaned her back on the door, heard series of steps as a single gallop resounded lightly, "What's that

sound,” Nemni thought, turned and looked out the window of the door?

“Nemni, a zombie got me,” Justin said and modulated his voice to faint then faded in gurgles.

“Maybe it’s Shaggy,” Nemni said while unlocking the door then opened slowly. The baby-sitter reached the second door handle with the push button sighted dark. Creaking. The door opened quickly as Nemni’s hand slipped. An arm from a high profiled shadow had clung her forearm, held on firmly. He instantly gripped, she moaned as she felt trapped, widen eyes. She felt her arm tighten stagnant. Nemni stroke a fear and stepped behind and like a valve had shut her throat, she stopped breathing. Her gasp locked, expressed air cut, and movements froze.

Meanwhile, “Shaggy,” Justin said cheerily moved down from the couch, ran. Sighted his baby-sitter near the door with a zombie. Ran no more, still.

“Listen and tell me, where’s the woman with the umbrella,” Khile the cabdriver said?

Nemni heard from the tall man with a beret slanted hat. But she couldn’t answer as her dilemma fear sieged her air. Justin faced and gaped at his baby-sitter, though the zombie held the baby-sitter’s forearm in the dimmed entrance. He didn’t growl or any signs, perhaps nor starved. He didn’t grumble much, hence a zombie appearance.

A time to breathe, the way to air, a sigh was none, a muted soundless stare. Nemni looked at the giant who clasped her forearm, then Khile let go the grip and glanced at Justin.

Khile eyed back on Nemni as she kept crept, backswept steps. “No, stay calm, I don’t want to hurt you, I need to know where the coin is,” Khile said with his undamaged hand in front of him.

“A talking coin,” Justin said? He turned to the kid, “You heard him speak?”

“Yeah, he talks and talks, he boo’s and I talk on the phone, but don’t like my fish tank,” Justin said.

“He, he, scared me, me,” Nemni said breathy, “Like you-oo,” stutteringly but breathless.

“I’m sorry I shouldn’t be here it’s okay I’m leaving out,” Khile said and turned, arms down he exited the house. The baby-sitter fell on the door shut clanked closed, turned the dead bolt. While the second door shut on Khile’s padded hand, Justin ran to the entrance, “He’s not hungry Nemni, he’s good zombie,” Justin said while Khile knocked on the second door.

“We, don’t know that mah-n,” Nemni said and gasped.

“But he’s good zombie,” Justin said frustrated. Khile turned slowly though walked to his taxi.

“I don’t care, and he’s not a zombie,” the baby-sitter’s breathing normalized from a peak.

“Doh, did he bite you,” Justin said ridiculously?

With slight stammers. “No, but he is a stranger and I’m not allowed to let any in the house,” Nemni said.

Khile shut the driver’s door as he entered his cab hidden and away of the house and rolled forward. Through the window, the baby-sitter watched the car roll along the street.

Diane sighted her friends as she listened to the tone of her phone, waited for someone at the other end to answer. “It’s Nemni speaking,” breathy and shaky voiced said in the dark.

“Is everything okay,” Diane said in bright lights delighted the surrounded decors?

“Yes, it’s all back to normal,” Nemni said, a zombie grimaced as the hunter’s arrow across the forehead, on the TV screen.

Pitched up her voice, “Did something happen?” Diane said into glossy games, the image of a million dollar, and the bell rang.

“I’ll tell you when you get here,” Nemni said, illuminated the couch in the house.

Barn didn’t let go his grin, felt rich. “So what are you going to do with all that money,” Jason said nosily.

Barn dazed, gawked, “I’ll buy a large house with a pool where I can have many women, large TVs all over.”

“Dull, that won’t last long unless you get a decent job to have all that follow you as you go on with your life,” Jason said.

“What, follow my life,” Barn said and scorned?

“I’d drink water and eat locusts dipped in honey and survive. Later I will visit you, to see if you have a penny to spare me. But your last coin, and in mind, you’ll dive to get it, but in a dry pool, it will be your last short breath,” Jason said.

“What?” Barn said with a nostril higher.

“Later in heaven when no secret holds us, I’ll be telling you that, I did it all with a penny,” Jason said.

“Oh, oh I see you have a magic coin and you don’t wanna tell me yup,” Barn said toothy and grinned.

“Clever,” Neck-Zs said.

“You blew my cover, now another one knows,” Norman said and Diane held a phone to her ear in the background. Shaylia laughed. “Relax Norman,” Neck-Zs said.

Then Jason told Barn, “Yes, and it’s right here on my chain,” Jason’s finger pointed at his neck.

“Ha-ha, you got me thinking there, tell you what. When you come to visit me in my deluxe, I’ll be wearing a chain like that,” Barn said. Diane had put away her phone.

“And a necklace like mine to all your women right, heh-heh,” Shaylia said.

“Ha-ha,” Diane forced a laugh and casted a worried face, thought of Justin.

“Yeah that’s it, woo-hoo,” Barn said within the mega-bell.

Meanwhile the manager sighted Jason on the monitor, he murmured, “Excuse me I’ll be back.”

“No problem,” the comrade said.

Descended stairs then opened the door, the manager had to go in the storage room to see, but his guards slept and the other snored. Abruptly loud, “Get up, good for nothing punks,” the manager said.

One guard suddenly awoke, shook his head and saw the other snored.

Climbing stairs, the manager called some other guard in the parking lot. “The pen game, not the winner, the one with the chain.”

“... Nuke the moon to approach the sun and all ice would melt,” Barn said.

“Robots, what planet are you on, we must have greens, biodiversity, what are you going to do with all that water,” Jason said?

“Another brand of drink yup,” Barn said with a wondered face.

“Oozy tipsy, talk the jazz and swallow the city, heh-heh,” Shaylia said.

“Ha-ha, I sell water beds in my store, they’d be alcohol beds,” Diane said.

“Drunken beds heh-heh,” Shaylia said then turned to Diane laughing.

“Ha-ha, I can’t let them back in my store,” Diane said.

“You’ll have those beds pretending to be used couches or lazy boys,” Shaylia said.

“Talking of,” Neck-Zs said.

Chapter 38

Outta Here

Swiftly, a guard stepped on the fifth floor. From the parking lot he had passed the glassed doors, and then slid a ride in the elevator. The security guard hung up with the manager insight of the pen game where the winners gathered for a feathered laughter. He pretended to be an attendee. He approached the machines of sheep and the pink oinks on the carpeted pen while the mega bell rang continuously. As he approached around but no sound found the about to bound. The bell buried most of noises. Diane saw a guard approaching without keys and looked at everyone and especially Jason.

“Did you win,” the false attendee said?

“He did, I’m simply here for fun,” Jason said. The false attendee glanced at Barn then eyed back Jason with a slight obvious glare, Diane had seen it all.

“Are you here to tell me I’m not me,” Barn said?

“No, just here for the presentation,” the false attendee said.

“Alright, you can send someone for the pen winner,” the guard radioed? Diane who had everyone in her sight smelled another rat. She thought of Justin’s safety.

Then the real attendees stepped in the pen zone and opened the machine to checked validity. They confirmed to

Barn and assured him of the win, shook hands. Finally the bell stopped ringing.

“I’m leaving,” Diane said to everyone. “It was a pleasure to meet you people.”

“Bye Diane nice meeting you,” Shaylia said. “See yaw around yup.”

“Later,” Jason waved Barn and Shaylia.

Jason accompanied aside her, paced with his date. The false attendee watched them as they left away together.

Shaylia saw them leaving. Without moving lips, like a ventriloquist, “Did you note the attendee’s stare Neckzees,” Shaylia said?

“Indeed, and I sent a message and warned Norman about that,” Neck-Zs said. A photographer with a large panel appeared in Barn’s sight.

Diane walked with her date to the elevator to find the casino exit.

Jason grinned to smile at the woman. Like she made reflections happen, shine with brilliance around her face as it was nearly impossible to look at some other place, he laced, gaze tied at Diane’s eyes. She turned to look ahead, then back to Jason, Diane’s eyes happily smiled more beautiful than every decor inside this casino.

“How do you like it here ahem?” Jason said while he germ-out his throat.

“Nice intro keep talking,” Norman said.

“It is enjoyable and it’s only a regular day,” Diane said and almost laughed.

As he kept eyeing her, “Yes, it is a day like that.” Approaching the elevators they felt happy and smiled.

“A shame love over there,” Norman said who preached out.

They saw a couple with arms around each other in close forever hug, like fastened people that cooked in love, at the elevator' side that couple kissed with passion. Diane glanced ahead as she too sighted lovers against the wall, "Impressive," she said and eyed the lovers next to the elevator doors.

Jason viewed them, "Yes," said as awe-struck.

"There you go, just do like them," Norman said and had remotely opened the elevator doors. Diane and Jason walked inside the elevator then turned. They faced the rows of games outside the elevator doors. Jason glanced at the panel for a selection of numbers but the first floor light had lit. Perhaps done by a hacker.

The kissers kept eyes shut, moved in the middle of the elevator doors. The doors stayed open.

"Yeah man wild participants," Norman said.

Jason and Diane faced distantly then slightly smiled in cravings? With full contact of lips, the woman's leg clamped at the back side leg of his, calf's wrestle. Like she was about to make him fall farther from forever for fun feathers. Arms attached around each other's body, moved. It's like they wanted to enter one another. Like two drops joining for a singular one.

"What are you staring at, invite them in at lease you'll know what to do with Diane," Norman said?

"We don't mind sharing the elevator with you, you're welcome in," Jason said. They moved inwards and passed between Jason and Diane letting extra room then pounded against the wall in the depth inside of the elevator cage. Then their mouths rejoined lips. The cabin finished quivering. Interrupted breathing but had no end.

"Learning yet, see that's how yaw do it," Norman said. Jason heard romantic death metal music.

Meanwhile Diane set her hand against her mouth as she pushed a short laugh in her palm while Jason widen eyes as the cabin had quivered. Both of their phones rang. Answered, "This is wish harts, I have a message for you, your date said that you're the most wonderful person ever and sends a phony kiss," a sweet voice said. On their phones they glanced at each other. "Mwah-mwah-mwah." Jason heard Norman sluggishly and rounded eyes. Diane heard background piano, "Instead of flowers your date sends you this message," on her phone, smiled to Jason.

Jason with his hand in front said, "Norman if you ever..."

"Don't worry man I'm working progress for you," the penny said.

While the elevator doors had shut, they gazed, glanced at the kissers, and glimpsed the elevator countdown to the floors on the panel. Diane eyed her date, blushed and smiled.

"At the pen games, love in the elevator," Nech-Zs said displayed on her screen the ferocious tenderness. It's Norman, I'm remotely viewing them kissing," the silver coin said. "Heh-heh, you're having fun," her face slightly wilted, dropped.

"Barn, are you thinking of that house with the pool," Shaylia said as her long hair moved to her front side, elbows back on the pen machine' slanted panel, leaning.

"Yeah, as a matter of a fact, I didn't change my mind," Barn said.

"You say so," Shaylia said and gazed at his eyebrows. "Perhaps this way that coin will see that I'm gazing his eyes and will stop bugging me with Jason," Shaylia thought.

"I am the winner," Barn said with a grin.

While everybody danced for better luck in the rampaged casino, the evil manager saw a different coin on a screen in the surveillance room, a woman with long white silvery hair wore around her neck. He called extra guards, some stayed in the glass doors of the exits.

“Man, aren’t you gonna do something,” Norman said and played a wave of a rocking bed and a woman moaning?

The elevator doors slid slowly closed as the kissers stayed inside. Putting away their phones Jason and Diane leered eyes on their way alongside the hall, towards the exit.

“You have a son you told me,” Jason said to the sparkling woman with a glamour visage in every angle as her thousand profiles enlighten her facial expressions. No matter where she turned, her face pulled attraction magnetically like the planet’s gravity. But his feet stayed on the ground earthbound. “Briefly, looking at her was like staring down at the blue planet miles up in zenith,” Jason thought tropically. His reality merged orbiting. He felt like a trajectory line and would land on her planet discovering her world. Flirting versa, she felt safely restored, of affections, like the day couldn’t be better.

“I have to drive him to school, Monday,” she said then came back to today then shook her head, “If only that ends our awesome day.”

He glimpsed at her lips. “Yes, we can come back anytime, it’s like you want,” Jason said.

“Thanks for the great time,” she said and he approached the glass door of the exit, sighted the guards, yet Jason recognized them.

“Excuse me,” Diane said to the guards that were in her way, then she moved aside Jason.

“Sir you’ll have to follow us,” the guard said.

“But what is it this time,” Diane said?

“Assaulted a guard,” dreadfully said.

“Jason, did you do that,” Diane said?

“I sure did, and proud of it, actually I assaulted two guards,” Jason said.

“Quick Jason, get a hold of their hands,” Norman said while Neck-Zs knew.

“He’s at the exit with the same guards he shocked and they’re arresting him,” Neck-Zs said.

“Barn, I’m leaving, see yaw around, maybe in your new house I have you’re number,” Shaylia said.

“Yeah,” Barn said and grinned with enthusiasm, “I’ll surely will want to see you again, – yup.”

Shaylia smiled and her hair swayed to every step as she left the pen game machines.

In the entrance, Diane rounded eyes when she saw them guards hit the ground as Jason grimaced, like an athlete that struggled lifting heavyweights.

Shaylia rammed into a tall attendee, her face bumped on his chess rounding the corner row of machines away from the pen games, “Sorry,” she said and turned just in time colliding her cheek bone.

“It’s me that is sorry my lady, it won’t happen again,” the tall attendee said, turned around and lifted his sunglasses higher. She continued her pace while he slowly tracked her, almost right away.

“That guard you bumped in, he turned around and is seemingly trailing you,” Neck-Zs said.

“It felt like walking in a wall,” Shaylia said.

The two guards had collapsed down the floor near the lobby, “Quick, get outta here Jason,” Norman said. Diane saw serious eyes in Jason’s face letting go the hostile double handshake. Lobby’s slight reflections of glass doors and parking lights gleamed out the other side, dark outside.

“Follow me, we have a minute before they stand,” Jason said.

Norman sang as melody played, “The guards are on the carpeted floor, they cannot hurt us anymore evermore, valor the chore store core, encore,” Norman said modulating his voice.

“Shut up Norman,” Jason said.

“Who are you talking to?” Diane said and stunned as she felt her hand pulled, then heard music. Looked around but there was nobody carrying a Jude box.

“I’ll explain you later,” Jason said while he sighted the sidewalk and the casino behind Diane.

The manager saw Jason with Diane leave just over the comrade and colleague’s head, and then to the other monitor the long white silvery woman.

“Where is he,” Shaylia said? A few seconds and the tall attendee walked faster too. “Ten seconds of your paces speed behind you. Jason knocked the two same guards at the exits,” Neck-Zs said.

Pushed button, Shaylia turned as the elevator doors shut and the tall attendee that followed jogged but didn’t make it as he disappeared from doors that gapped. He called another elevator, pulled his cellphone to warn the manager.

“Could you tell me what on earth is going on,” Diane said? The pace was mildly fast. “Yes later, at the car I’ll tell you,” Jason said.

She freed her hand from Jason’s hold, he turned. Still, they faced in a shadowed manner, “Jason I don’t know you and we only met, and I have my own car,” Diane said through music.

A vinyl on a phonograph scratched, “Alright man, just grab her hand I’ll tell her,” Norman said.

Diane heard a voice who spoken fast, “Hi Diane my name is Norman, I’m here to help Jason because he ridiculously spent all his savings in that casino. I made him win it back but others saw us winning too many times and we dragged too much of the manager’s attention and security staff. Jason had to fight security guards earlier and fought them again like you saw. Now you can follow us or get interrogated by that mean manager,” Norman said.

Meanwhile Diane looked right and the left deeply, “Is somebody talking to me?” Her face enlarged.

Leaving the elevator Shaylia turned then headed for the glass doors towards the casino’s exit hastily.

Chapter 39

Road Ready

Dark night sky from hours, Diane could not believe it. “This recipe has a cup of spices instead of a spoon full, or maybe the elephant sat on me,” she thought?

“Please come with us,” Norman said. Then Diane gripped a firm hold of Jason’s hand.

“I heard a voice,” Diane said while turning each side.

“It’s me Norman, I mean the penny around Jason’s neck.”

She focused the medallion stuck on the locket, “Ha-ha I’m only talking to a penny, I’m talking to a, Norman,” Diane said stepped to walk then a jog and speeded with Jason hand in hand.

“Hold-hold-hold-hold, that’s not my car,” Jason said as they both slowed to a still.

“Try your key in, you don’t think I was gonna ride in a smashed rear trunk and hope to be happy,” the coin said.

“But it’s fixed, and running,” Jason said voicing higher, and then doors unlocked.

“I called here and there with the help of a sweet voice huh, got it fix, isn’t that neat?” Norman said and the license plate tagged, “Coin-up.”

“This is unbelievable,” Jason said surprised. They moved towards the red horse with short strides.

“Let go Jason’s hand, put your car keys under yours and enter Jason’s,” Norman said but kindly ordered.

“Under the car only under the car, he’s talking to me, it’s a coin,” Diane said and gazed her way around his car. Her classic-car parked next as she placed the keys behind the interior of the driver’s wheel.

“That’s fun I don’t have to speak,” Jason said and felt toothy.

At the casino entrance, Shaylia pushed a glass door, a security guard stood in front of her. One had stained his suit from a certain vomit liquid and he held his head. “Is that her,” a guard said?

“It’s her look at her hair,” said the other guard.

“What’s up boys,” Shaylia said?

“Miss, you’ll have to come with us,” a guard said.

“I got it, you each take a hand and bring me there,” Shaylia said though offered her hands palm up as polices had their gun in hand.

Like saying surprise but stretched, “Were here,” loud authorities’ voices said. A full-blown view of hands held a gun, glass doors at the background. The gun shrank in the view and the security guard’s head showed sideways. Arms straight, held a gun to a bully guard’s head then zoomed arms with a police sign. The guard turned his head slightly, “We said were here,” voices behind the gun shouted to a guard’s ear in target.

“He’s behind you and near, turn this instant,” Neck-Zs said. Shaylia turned then faced the false attendee profiled of a wardrobe. But she feared none, on the contrary she allured and flirted.

“Hey there so you want me too,” Shaylia said as she stared straight in the tall attendee’s eyes and clenched his hand then loudmouthed, “So sorry, but good night, sleep tight.” He fell next to the glass door. “People behave strangely around here, heh-heh-heh,” Shaylia said to the people around.

In the lobby occupied four police officers armed of guns to the two guards’ head. A female cop looked at the silvery white haired woman that appeared to shake hands with a man in a black uniform, but had weak knees. “When you turn for the exit say oops what have I done,” Neck-Zs said.

Diane and Jason faced each other in the new repaired red horse. “You have a talking coin, I won money and I have this plastic card,” Diane said perplexedly.

“I’m gonna try to calm her Jason, hand away from her’s,” Norman said and found a strong direct wave to relax her. The penny inverted the wave to his host but aired Diane. “Shaylia just loudmouthed a guard at the entrance, and buckle up, do I have to say everything,” Norman said?

Jason blared the engine, "Shaylia is okay, Neckzees will tell her exactly where the car is," Norman said. The red horse rolled under the parking lights their way out and to the road. Far insight an intersection of the casino road they trundled in the sports car. One light after the next.

Squawked the radio did, then the taxi driver's head turned, Khile recognized the red car on the road's opposite side. Jason looked at his mirror and saw the cab turn around. Backup red lights disappeared, then headlights reflected in Jason's eyes, the rear view mirror adjusted.

"Yeah man, I'll take care of that taxi," Norman said. Then he turned to Diane and smiled stress-free.

A car approached Diane side, "Ah only ram him down ha-ha, it won't hurt we promise ha-ha," Diane said as she saw a car nearing the front. Jason steered left of a sudden, returned on right lane. A car had turned in the same lane as they avoided that collision, appeared in the rear red horse's window. "I'm the goof," Norman said, "I gotta set that wave of relaxation down a notch."

Meanwhile, the manager viewed on the monitor, his guards handcuffed and the other tall attendee getting up from the carpet in the lobby. His own police fooled?

He called the two parking security agents at the exit. The casino's main driveway accessed a route towards the city.

Back in the casino parking, "Is that the car," Shaylia said surprisingly?

"It sure is, squat down to the driver side front tire, you should find the keys. I have Norman's position on my tracker," Neck-Zs said.

In the cab car, Khile heard women on the radio, like a party at the taxi station. "Hello is there a taxi for us," sweet

voices said by Norman who had synthetized, and selected the taxicab in his main virtual window while hacking the phone number in Khile's pocket. Also paid a large pizza and had it reserved for a pick up as he saw, "Host nutrition soon," displayed the virtual panel. Played salad slot to earn money on the Internet. Called every security guards and the manager, "Free games at your favorite casino, all you can play and don't forget dancing increases your luck," a sweet voice said. On top of that, the coin had Neck-Zs' distance, the penny reported all his tasks.

"Station, Khile here on the radio."

"Yesh boss," a cabdriver said, chirped the mouthpiece. Norman changed ringtones to, "A taxi here, a taxi there a taxi everywhere pookak," the cellphone toned a chicken.

Khile said to the radio, "Can you give a ride to the lady that called." The employee of the cab station replied, "Boss, there is no one here." Khile's face showed confusion and heard, "Sure I'm here my dear," the sweet voice said on the cell phone.

Khile frowned more, "Hey I'm here too, do you want to sing a song," a female on the radio?

"I'm ready. One, a two, a one two three four, it's the party in the taxi stand, we're all here because we're a band, we need a ride to travel to some sand," ten sweet voice chanted like cheerleaders.

Meanwhile Norman did all them duties, "That coin rules he-ha, multitask," Neck-Zs said and laughed.

"Heh-heh first time I hear you laugh, what's going on," Shaylia said?

"He's using multi-com," Neck-Zs said.

"He seems to likes your programs," Shaylia said.

"I think they are setting a hurtle straight ahead," Jason said.

"It's okay, I got that, just roll down your window," Norman said.

Before going out of range, the casino's surveillance had recordings from the cameras inside the security room. Norman erased data after Barn's win, remotely.

In the meantime, in sight of a road far ahead, Shaylia saw two men, they carried a large hurdle for a barrier, "What are they doing," she said? A hurdle so large, cars could roll under.

"It's for us, the manager gave that order," Neck-Zs said.

The manager stared the casino's road entrance monitor, and perceived the red car, slowed speed with the high hurdle in front.

While Neck-Zs explained to Shaylia, Jason slowed to a stop, immobilized the car until the guard centered his side of window.

Tilting his head to the guard, "Yes is everything cool," Jason said?

"False alarm keep moving you can go now," the guard said then balanced his flashlight.

The manager's face changed to red with madness, raged then turned to progress with haste out of the security room. He'd pursuit that magician. "Norman, got anything to do with that," Jason said?

"While I listen, they were looking for a red horse car, I said it was a mistake, correction for a blue sheep pickup."

Chapter 40

A Chase

The red horse slowed insight of road lights. An intersection held traffic for a brief while at the end of the casino's exit road. Khile's foot smooched the brake pedal as he heard on the radio, "How about we sing another song," a sweet voice said and background girls agreed.

Neck-Zs always had her thousand ears technology on standby, and automatically scanned. However, the incoming source wave generated from the front a couple cars ahead, and then a guesstimated zone just for the taxi. Probably the only taxicab conscious and heard of this festive channel was Khile, since in radio range aired from tricky Norman.

"One, a two, a one two three four it's the party in the taxi stand, we are all here because we are a band, we need a ride to travel to some sand, unless you don't want to be our fan," ten sweet voices chanted.

"Is there a party going on in the taxi booth," Khile said? "Sir I'm serious, there's no one here," the cabdriver at the station said.

Shaylia saw the intersection's red lights, cars had turned, Jason's dark red horse braked to a stop. Her sterling tinted coin sounded Norman's song to her host.

An amber security car turned then drove in front of the classic-car as Shaylia sighted.

"Employees Only," stickers on the casino exit door, the manager opened madly and he glanced at his black car.

"I'm gonna cancel that pizza, you have a taxi behind, two security guards plus the manager that just jumped in his car," Norman said.

"I thought you seen through walls now buildings," Jason said as Diane eyed him and his coin, back and forth.

"I logged everyone's phone of the security staff in this website, it pinpoints each of them," Norman said.

"Yes, tell me what to do," Jason said as the light turned green.

"Turn left," Norman said.

"It's like we are getting ready for a super ride ha-ha," Diane said affected and widen eyes. "Maybe the car's engine is eating peanut butter," she thought.

Viewed from under the green circulation lights in the center of the intersection, cars passed turning to the right, a taxicab followed the red horse. A guard at the security roadblock joined the casino's exit road and tracked behind Jason and the yellow taxi.

Insight of the car's hood, Shaylia appeared through her windshield, her coin darkened to a greenish glitter and reflected a glister. As Shaylia passed under the view turning to the right, but she left turned, behind an amber security car rolled then, the manager's car and an engine that ripped across the casino's front. Then the white security car with the guard inside had his left turn too, but from far behind a black car drifted the corner before the intersection herein the lane, the mad manager. While a white security car joined the casino's exit road. Black car skidded in the lane passing the guard's hurdle. The headlights beamed and hazed as a blend then re-flashed replacing in line, flooded bright, varied intensity as the manager's car wheels stumbled over speed bumps, the last one of the pursuit. They left turned in the same direction.

In the double lane road

"The car behind is the manager and moving fast," Neck-Zs said, "You can switch lanes in front of him."

Khile sighted beams in his rear view mirror. "Who's afraid of the big bad bull, a big bad bull, that big bad bull," the radio said with an overjoyed song. A car in front blinked then Khile activated the blinker to switch in right lane. The amber security car caught up to Jason, Shaylia saw and accelerated.

"Speed up to the guard, the manager should race beside you," Neck-Zs said.

Jason's face brightens from a rectangular shaped light reflected the mirror from the taxi.

"Slow down, try to stay around the car behind you," the manager said. While the manager passed Shaylia, they had looked at each other, side by side.

"Boss, she's tailing me," the amber car guard said. "Yeah slow down," the manager said.

Through his windshield, a black car appeared in the guard's sight. The manager had changed left lane.

Khile's face had enlighten until a sudden dim. He heard a horn, bumper-to-bumper from a dark gloss.

"Keep your speed steady, we'll see what that manager does," Norman said.

"Pass in front of that guard," Neck-Zs said and asked Norman to message Jason. The guard's phone rang. "Floor it then change lanes," Neck-Zs said.

"No, in front or out back it's the same thing," Shaylia said and opposed the coin who's always on orders.

The manager pulls out his gun, Shaylia saw the gun's arm two cars ahead.

Hard target and unsteady red horse while shootings, the car tossed a foot to the right and two feet to the left, one foot to the right and then one to the left. Thereafter moved

two feet to the right, one foot the left, one to the right than two feet to the left, then the opposite to confuse the shooter. Stayed in the lane but squealed tires each foot. However, the steering wheel didn't move.

Meanwhile, "Norman are you doing that," Jason said as he heard bangs, car steering had override and their heads danced from side to side at each grip of tire sheer. "Yeah man, he's just shooting everywhere and at your car tires."

Balanced head, "Ha-ha, he's shooting at us like we're ducks," Diane said, Norman lowered relax wave. "Tango ducks ha-ha."

"What's all that about," Shaylia said, and then the security car behind switched lane to the right.

"He's shooting, what the heck else, I'm detecting high abrupt energy gusts and metal projectiles," Neck-Zs said, logically. Khile changed to right lane. The manager kept shooting.

"Why is he shooting like that," Shaylia said?

"I think he knows of us coins, that we're here and exist," Neck-Zs said.

A guard picked up his phone, "Hi earth-thing, while your buddy is shootin' at me you're getting tired, and tired," Neck-Zs said.

The security guard had brighten Khile's face, "Boss, she told me I'm sleepy and I am," the guard said.

In his black car to reload his gun, "Distance away from the car behind you," the manager said, the amber car changed lane quickly behind the white security car.

"Awesome, he doesn't like that, heh-heh-heh," Shaylia said as she saw the car distancing frontwards. Neck-Zs deactivated sleep wave.

"He's firing at my client," Khile said. Then the manager saw the taxi move back behind the red horse, slowed

speed. Khile shielded Jason's car from the bullets of the frenetic manager.

"Ha you're just an idiot boss, ha you're just an idiot boss, ha you're," Norman said with the guard's voice and looped the message to the manager's radio. The penny kept calling their cell phones purposely so bad guys don't communicate. The guard heard the similar looped message on the radio over and over.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have a festival with the sand girls from the taxi booth who will sing a song," Norman said voicing cheerleaders.

The boss glanced at his radio then showed teeth boldly, "If I had a name for you, I'd called you the tech-ghost, coin," the manager aired on the radio.

"Listen to this," Neck-Zs said to Shaylia.

"He knows it's me, that I'm here, that we exist," Norman said as Diane had heard too as she held Jason's hand which cancelled the relaxing wave. The guard and manager's phone stopped ringing, also Khile's radio muted.

The manager looked at his cell's screen then signaled a friend near Nemni's house.

"Yeah boss," the felon said.

"You can go in the store and grab the pair of scissors," the manager said.

"Sure thang boss," the felon said.

"What's going on," Shaylia said as she heard? Khile saw headlights behind far, faded from distance. Coins monitored all surrounding phones.

"This is over, come home," the manager said and ordered his guards to abandon the chase.

Norman deactivated radio and phone prank, he didn't know what danger reserved or to come. Diane had changed moods and looked at Jason frightened, she worried about something.

The manager answered his phone, "Yeah."

"Boss, I went and bought them," the felon said.

"Good, send'em home," the manager said and put down his phone.

"Coin, are you there?" the manager said on the radio.

"Yeah I'm here," Norman said.

"Have a good surprise on your way home," the manager said.

Diane had tears as she had signaled on her phone, "Come on, pick it up."

"Get outta here, he didn't do that," Shaylia said as her face dropped.

Jason looked at Diane, "Ahem, my coin got no answer at Nemni's home." Fearsome to tell her, and all guilt's on him as he felt the blame, the happening had held him as he held the hell car, woe. He held a glare to his mirror, the headlights, "There, that taxi guy can punch me out," Jason thought, he worried none. He decelerated and rolled off the road to the gravel side, braked to a stop, he opened his door and stepped out of the red car. The cabdriver reciprocally did similar behind the red horse. They stopped.

Jason shouted to the man coming out of his yellow door, "What do you want," Jason said loudly in strides, advanced gruesomely towards Khile as he stood out of his taxi. "What do you want, is it the coin?" Crumbled steps as he neared the headlights that once dazzled his sight, angry.

"Cool it, cool it," Khile said with his hands in front and his mummy padded hand.

"I'm not going to cool unless you tell me what you want," Jason said then he grabbed him by the collar and pushed him against the door of the taxi that shut. His eyes glared a confusion, and he stared with fear at the coin on the chained necklace. "Hit me, won't you hit me," Jason said.

Khile frowned so swung his arm did, a close hook as his fist moved the head completely out viewed as the madman fell on graveled cooled ground.

Without the coin's wave, Diane held her phone with tears.

Shaylia opened the old car door. "Stay here, have a moment," Neck-Zs said.

Harshly hard on the face as Jason took conscience and turned, sitting beside the road. The larger sand fell down his cheek as he scowled to contort and could have a complaint, in pain.

"Are you okay," Khile said with a question in his mind? Remembering horrible pain around that building, the rooftop where they had first fought, the sweet voice heard in a terrifying moment, the penny trapped in the flesh. But a punch to the crazy guy on the ground.

Jason sitting and confused, "Yes, did you hit me?"

"Uh, of course I did," Khile said as Diane opened the red horse's passenger's car door in front and walked in the taxi driver's sight. Khile paid attention to her, saw her but then heard from his other ear, "Why," Jason said?

Faced down, "Because you told me to," Khile said in the dark low side of his taxi.

"Why is all that happening," Jason said and wiped the sand stuck on his face and nose? Glowing Diane walked to the cab. Khile turned to her, eyed back at the duped man on the ground. "Sir everything happens for a reason see, you're on the ground," Khile said.

"Excuse me," Diane said, as they both faced her, "Are you in-service?"

"I can drive you on my way," Khile the cabdriver said. She glimpsed to the man who sat and talk to his feet. Khile entered his cab and turned on the service light. Taxi lit and Diane entered, "Take care," Khile said to Jason.

Meanwhile he talked to his feet, “I guess he hit me, it’s all too much for today,” Jason said.

Shaylia saw the taxicab leave, “So, can I go now,” high eyebrows.

“Indeed, Norman told me he calmed down. I inserted a virus in Diane’s phone so she don’t call the police, they can’t get involve in that, remember how it derived my easy plan last time,” Neck-Zs said.

“Yeah you’re right Neckzees.”

Chapter 41

Relax pal

Jason sat on the gravel ground’ side road. Legs straight and arms behind, tilted back. In the darkness of what life presented him, obscurity partially covered his sight, he eyed, bridges and some buildings faded in. A conscience of his cheekbone warming as the pain faded in contrast, he reviewed a good day full of wonderful memories in his mind. However, he imagined in his skull, the shades of gray matter splattered as he thought of a stronger fist to that cabdriver’s swing. Assumingly, “Why didn’t he hit me dead, flat here,” Jason thought?

Beside the road in view, a door resounded shut of the classic old car. Partly in sight with shadows, plus affected vision had a female who socialized hips in a rocking manner. Like a ship in a storm, every wave crushed as she stepped inward. Jason faced up the woman as she approached.

“Are you okay down there,” Shaylia said?

“Yes, I guess,” Jason said who faced up to her.

She crouched to his height as each knee acclaimed her elbows, her hands joined, “Are you sure,” Shaylia said?

“Yes, I’ll be on my way home if you go to her house,” Jason said.

“You got it, I’ll be there shortly,” Shaylia said.

“You better go, she could call the,” Jason said.

“Hush relax, I’m aware, don’t worry I have a coin too, and I’ll be at Nemni’s house before her, so later and good night.”

She stood, walked halfway towards her car. “Thanks Shaylia, for your help,” Jason said.

She paused walking, turned her head to the side, “Not a problem, It’s sort of my job.”

“But, what is Jason going to think,” Diane said in the taxi’s seat, on their way to Nemni’s?

“Is he your boyfriend,” Khile said?

“Only a date,” she said, her phone rang, “Eh, hello there,” her voice shook in her fad sad grief. She thought of her date, “It was too good to be true.”

“Diane, how are you,” Shaylia said and worked a persuasion?

“Norman, you are not speaking like the usual, what’s going on,” Jason said?

“Dime you should see how fast she’s drivin’ to Nemni’s.”

“Heh,” Jason sprawled rising on his feet then stood, walked towards his car, red lights insight as the engine idled whir, city lights.

“Did you call the police,” Shaylia said?

“Only should I, or not,” Diane said and Khile faced her then turned on the road?

“Don’t, they’ll keep you up with questions, and if you talk about coins probably they’ll call some mental help for you,” Shaylia said.

"Then what can I do, he's my only son," Diane said, tears, drippy drops as she shut her eyes tight and tilted her head in her hand.

"I'm on my way to where you're heading," Shaylia said.

"He might be, missing," Diane said in a pout.

"Then I'll be there waiting, is that okay?" A pause, a silence, Shaylia passed cars like they didn't follow the speed limit, "You have to trust me," she said flying fast for fewer further fathoms.

"Okay, I'll be at Nemni's," Diane said.

"Try to hold yourself, we're not sure of this situation," Neck-Zs said with Shaylia's voice.

"Okay," she nodded through, end wave. Neck-Zs sensed a click from her thousand ear tech.

As the classic-car drove in front of Nemni's house in the background, sight of the taxi driver, Shaylia saw him coming walking down the small landscape bank, he had stopped to look carefully, he stood still on the sidewalk while taking a courage breath, then entered his taxi with uninformed Diane.

Arriving in beams of two cars headlights, "I expected to make it here before them," Shaylia said and saw the red horse behind the taxi.

"Dear, I don't have control over this car, or your foot, and no one is in the house, the door is broke," Neck-Zs said.

Khile opened his taxi door slowly insight of Shaylia through her windshield, didn't move for a second. Parked near the sidewalk's curb and angled the headlights beamed out of Shaylia's view, opening the door.

Jason parked behind the taxi, opened the door of his red horse. The cabdriver entered, sat, didn't speak. The woman with the long silvery white hair shaded from the

beams to Jason sight as he passed along the front of the red bumper.

Meanwhile Diane asked Khile, "How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," he shrugged, "I'm off duty and I am the boss," Khile said, smiled a little.

Shaylia nearing the cab's front bumper, though Jason at the rear end of the taxi, they were on the same side daringly and walked face-to-face until the passenger's window centered in their way, noticeably and slowly. "A profile that gives a last name to the planet Venus or a definition that ignites another meaning. A reason to accuse a purpose to an ecstasy," Jason thought.

Diane turned to her right sight, then unrolled the window, she looked at Shaylia and Jason.

"I can drive you home," Shaylia said.

"Me too," Jason said.

"And I too," Khile said who held his lips in a line and saw Diane's eyes.

But for a crazy moment she felt like the problem had scaled down from its importance. Almost like a procrastination, and urgent task that urged more and tossed just a tad the other, urgently. Nothing mattered from now, and worries faded fast. "I never thought to have this thought, in this thought," Diane thought, and looked as if something passed on the dash. She gazed from the window's corner then turned her head slowly to the center view.

"Where is my bed," Diane said?

"See, she's relaxing," Neck-Zs said. "For sure it's the two of us coins," Norman said. Jason eyed Diane eyes and Shaylia did the same. "Doh, I forgot to deactivate that wave," Norman said.

"So, you've decided, I don't mind bringing you," Khile said.

“How about we all go,” Jason said.
 “Good idea heh-heh,” Shaylia said.

“Whoa, we whiffed, we whine while we wait for whizz well, while we wondered,” Shaggy thought. “Woof woof,” Shaggy barked and balanced his tail. “We want whizz, where we whizz, when woe.” Shaggy watched patiently the three cars that arrived before the townhouse. A taxi, classic-car and the red horse. The cabdriver gave a business card to Diane.

We wait a while,” Shaggy thought and sat.

Shaylia walked towards the yellow car that opened the passenger’s door. Jason stood out his car then leaned his hand on the window frame, vagabond-like and wondered in grief.

Doggishly, “Well, we welcome, we welcome,” Shaggy through woofs.

“Strange, the neighbor’s dog never barks,” Diane said with Shaylia aside heading to the townhouse’s door.

The taxi rolled forth as Diane glanced at Jason, waved to Khile’s passing. Jason felt remorse in this uncertain date. At the bottom gulch, he could not go lower, he held a boredom face. He entered his car and drove towards the other side of the block.

“Wow wooziness, we’ll whizz won’t we, wonders,” Shaggy said. However he didn’t want to urinate on the back of the house, it’s his spot that interested him.

Shaylia waved to Jason while he passed, he showed palm to her, and through his car’s window he waved back. She walked next to Diane who almost looked behind. They entered the townhouse as the red horse’s rear red lights distanced gradually and away.

In Diane’s bedroom, “Come on, stay close,” Shaylia said. Neck-Zs had increased the relaxing waves to the equivalence of two coins.

“I don’t understand, it should bother me more than this,” Diane said felt like a regular tired day.

“What’s important is that you get enough sleep. This is like a hostage situation and we don’t want a mistake,” Shaylia said.

“What is around your neck,” Diane said?

“It’s my talking coin,” Shaylia said, then they lain in bed.

“You have one too, you and Jason would make the duo,” Diane said.

Shaylia laughed then detached the necklace, removed then placed between the pillows. “Her name is Neckzees and if you want her to say hi, touch her,” Shaylia said.

Diane’s hand unhurried reached. “Hi Diane, we are deeply sorry to have you involved into this mess, my apology,” Neck-Zs said.

She looked at Shaylia pulling a slow smirk, “It’s okay, how did you get in there,” Diane said?

“No one knows, Shaylia picked me up from the ground and cleaned me. That was twenty years ago.”

“Only, is it always like this, I mean to disturb a person’s life,” Diane said?

“That happens at least three times out of a hundred from my average calculations. Therefore, nothing like this, it’s the biggest event of them all,” Neck-Zs said.

“Let me tell her how we met,” Shaylia said.

“Go ahead Shaylia,” Neck-Zs said.

“Here, we went to a store, I was looking for a decent shirt, and then I went to pay. I reached in my pocket for change, as I pinched in my hand the change to pay, I heard, ‘Not me,’ the coin said. I was all like, what, then the cash person told me the price again, I said yeah yeah I know.

Meanwhile I moved my change in my hand closer to me, then I looked at the cashier then his hand, but as I moved my arm to give him the change I heard it again, 'No, I told you don't get rid of me.' The person working at the cash strangely looked at me because I kept moving my hand back heh-heh," Shaylia said.

"And then what," Diane said?

"I went to pay then I abruptly heard, 'Not me I told you,' the coin said. Then I turned around and left the shirt there on the counter, I was gone, heh-heh-heh. Then out the store I said, 'Did you talk to me in there,'" Shaylia said?

Diane had heavy eyelids, "Are there many like you talking coins?"

"I'm not sure of more than two on this planet, because I can merely detect a newly arrived coin. Once a coin distant nine hundred knots," Neck-Zs said.

"Tell her about how we started," Shaylia said.

"Good night in advance, I tell the short version. I found a way to program myself with binary codes. My virtual environment grew as I finished each software. Later I attempted to follow the other coin in attraction and yet found in another town. Continuously telling my carrier where to travel. And my best friend. For this virtual space compass that I seen."

"I programmed the arrow representing my attraction. I collided with pocket change, but it didn't take long to stick me on a necklace. I started to draw roads according to the planet's magnetic declination in relation of this arrow in my virtual world," Neck-Zs said.

"I drew my personal map. Each town I noted, streets and roads. My host unfolded maps in a store. We went to libraries to get more pictures. I oddly connected to the Internet. Shaylia set me on top of wires at the back of a computer and connected to the Internet. I had to be close

as I picked up the signal then told her to give me at least a week. She visited many websites. I downloaded in parallel everything necessary after I found how this frustrated radio signal works. The HTML language. Some codes altered, but anyway I managed," Neck-Zs said.

"I drove my host out of her job because we spent too much time at the library. We were late, missed many days of work solely and they found a new one, I drove her out of her job. I merely accessed the Internet that way in those years. But after I had to find a new way to earn money. We played this game called, 'You tell the number,'" Neck-Zs said.

"A stranger took me away from Shaylia then said the number to me, he returned to my host and I told her the digits. She told to the stranger the right number flawlessly. Some strangers seemed stunned surprisingly as Shaylia answered syllables so sums so sweet. People paid important sums of money. We decided to keep it simple because I could have had memorized all books of this world. Of course she could have done the highest trade ranking in this world but I would have told her everything to say. We decided to keep it simple and be free to roam. Some lied and some tried refund, we moved onto other towns. One day someone stole me but that is out of the subject. However, I managed my way back to my host from a fair honest fella. He mailed me home," Neck-Zs said.

"Once my curiosity pointed to inquire this arrow in my virtual world. Shaylia had to follow the fellow in yellow. She sat in front of him then asked, 'You have something special.' He was gullible then he pulled out his speaking quarter that had some words for me. A coin the size of a twenty five cent. It took two weeks to figure out what mattered the most then after another week I received orders.

It was an address to ship the coin, an address to send that quarter dollar coin size to a different country.”

“They are both asleep,” Neck-Zs said.

Later, a woman woke then touched the necklace. “When you first saw Jason, did you feel some fear,” Neck-Zs said?

She grasped the chain. Naked Feet on the side, heels balanced down the bed, touch toes on a carpet in velvet. A view of the coin’s necklace at her collarbone level, put around her neck, slipped down the side, the small chain, a necklace. Once at the last stairway step on the first floor she answered, “I never told anybody about this, only how did you, know that,” in whispers?

A hand turned the doorknob adversely opened and she walked to Jason’s apartment who lived around the block. “I always feared that man for no reason.” One side of the block had beautiful townhouses, and the other side two level apartment buildings.

Only legs were visible down from her thighs. Norman heard footsteps going up stairs. “Jason, Jason,” Norman said. The signal had died. No message from Neck-Zs as she didn’t respond. “Loudmouth would of done dull darn dime to this dormant dummy,” Norman thought daringly.

The woman opened the door then walked in and they made love.

Chapter 42

Writer’s Block Inc.

Diane and Shaylia had woke, and the necklace between the pillows picked, and gossiped their way down to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, in his bed under the blankets, Jason heard the phone tone with a multitude of loud mosquitoes.

Twisted and turned to reach the rig ringing apparatus appearing in the center side of the table that flashed in sight like deformed clear plastic. An elbow used as a crutch during the approach, “Boy that phone is a task,” Jason thought. “Yes hello.”

“Jason, you have to come to work, the termites are announcing us a strike. They glued their dead bodies on a blank sheet of paper that spelled, ‘We’re on strike,’ then the next day, ‘We declare war,’ and will get out to terminate the whole staff. They made their factory in your office do you understand me? Soon they will declare war on us, You must realize they’ll eat our work then throw us dots and commas made of paper mache as wastes from their abdomens, we’ll have question marks and then wonder how paper got dirty like that, anyway stuff to slow us down and then we’ll be full of incomplete exclamation marks without dots, but the best part they’ll do the same thing over and over, and say endlessly the same slang, ‘We hate you,’ the termites would say with semi-columns. They’ll force us to sell our shop,” a heavy grouched voice said, coughed and nearly choked as if he broke in smoke.

Jason gripped the chain then he sat and stared at the wall.

“I see you guessed,” Norman said to the one who yawned. “I just received a message that the women are in the kitchen.”

Yawningly stretched, “Yes great,” Jason said.

“Oh, the babysitter and Diane’s son, they’re going to hurry. Does the frenetic manager have our numbers,” he said?

“They have your phone number at the casino, I seen it in files,” Norman said.

“Yes that’s right I got a casino card there,” Jason said.

“Right at this moment the women must be talking of the kidnapping,” Norman said. He strolled to Diane’s townhouse with haste in his red horse.

While Neck-Zs necked around Shaylia’s neck, with Diane in the kitchen. Norman messaged her, Shaylia walked to the door and unlocked.

Diane faced her and paused, “Jason is commin,” Shaylia said.

“That’s right, that coin only knows everything,” Diane said?

“Yeah, my coin told me.”

“Stay in range, she might start to fall desperate and be unstoppable,” Neck-Zs said.

Door knocking, “Come in,” Diane said. Jason opened the door as a woman turned and ogled him, near the wall the other woman eyed and smiled with envy desirously. They looked at him from head to shoes. He closed the door behind him.

“Yes, good morning ladies,” he bounced his shoes off then tipsy as the second shoe rumbled to the side from his tiptoes. He sprang a couple times slanted on one foot in front of the door. The phone rang, he reached, eyed the screen and saw block number, frowned.

“I think it’s him,” Jason said and answered, “Yes, oh, okay then, we’ll be here and wait, yeah, ya-yeah, okay, and yeah-yeah-yeah, uh-hum, yeah, yes-yah, okay,” Jason said and walked towards the kitchen table and then pulled a chair, sat. The two women watched him since he answered his phone. Women said at the same time, “What?”

“Well, he doesn’t know what to write,” Jason said.

“Who,” the female duo asked together?

“Well it doesn’t matter, sooner or later it will be alright,” Jason said.

“What will,” Diane and Shaylia said?

“Oh, don’t bug me with that shit, it happens every day, but at different dime time,” Jason said.

Diane ogled Jason straight in the eyes and stepped towards him, “You’re going to say it, you’re going to say it you fock’n dummy,” Diane said loudly, poked and tickled him. “You’re gonna say it you shit head,” Diane said and she shook him and went for his neck and had her hand that touched the necklace.

“Hey, hey cool it I’ll coin yah ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,” Jason said.

“Hah-hah-hah,” Shaylia laughed mockingly.

Until his feet didn’t touch the floor, “Arg,” Jason stiffens his neck as Diane shook him entirely. “You’re gonna talk, you’re gonna talk you idiot, oh that’s right I’m not supposed to say that, or is it dork, I better be careful of what I say,” Diane said as she turned to shrugging Shaylia and laughed too while she shook Jason like a rag.

Sat him on the chair then kissed.

“So he’s got one of those,” Shaylia said, “Every writer gets that one day or the other, some lose their career. I hope it’s not all-day since I have many things to do.”

“He said it’s multiverse time, I’m unsure what that means,” Jason said glancing at Diane. The phone rang through rattles on the counter. Jason gazed at Diane, “Aren’t you going to get that?”

“It’s not mine, it doesn’t vibrate,” Diane said.

Shaylia got up, stood, glanced at her cell phone answering, “Dear, you got to have a good reason,” she said with a hand on her hip. “No, the author is on writer’s block and making fun of us, see he’s making me talk to you but I have no control over me, I could tell you a bunch of stuff,” Shaylia said.

The doorbell, “Come in, you don’t have to knock, this is a set, aren’t we on duty,” Shaylia said loudly? Then the

doorbell rang twice, "Alright hold on a minute you head banger," Shaylia said going towards the door. "Hey I'm not deaf," Shaylia shouts and walked squarely almost like a soldier.

"Aren't you going to get that?" Jason said.

"What do you think I'm doing," Shaylia said facing Jason's back while opening the door? She couldn't see outside because of a huge box. Through the gap, a female's hand held a signature capture pad then managed to slip the device, just in front of Shaylia's sight. Then she signed the delivery screen digitally. "Thanks," the delivery woman said and pushed in the box as large as a fridge and lightweight. Less than twenty pounds.

Jason heard the door close, Diane eyed Shaylia who stared at the box on the floor, however higher than her height and as wide as the door almost hidden.

"Ha-ha a no name sender," Shaylia said and looked around to all the box sides. She tilted the box to have a look under, but no sticker with information, no invoice.

Inside that tall box, a phone rang. Only Diane and Shaylia saw the size of the box, Jason had his nose in the middle of Diane's breast. Muffled, the phone she heard again. "Aren't you gonna get that," Jason said? The phone resounded from the box's center as Shaylia gawked.

In the meantime, in the manager's mansion, "This is boring, that egg head wins again," a security guard said.

"Cool but we have a chance to play a poker game," the manager said as he gaped and glared at his cards. The felon eyed the table full of chips in his table's spot. He grasped a handful. The other security guard glanced at the felon. The attendee glimpsed as he eyed everyone per second choppily.

"Hey, they're not potato chips," the manager said.

"What, I'm allowed, I have the right, this is a free country and it's my money," the felon said with a mouthful of plastic chips.

"I hope that mod-focker gets back to it, if I were him I'd write a hell of a lot quicker," the manager said then disappeared, however his cards stayed in suspension. Players around the gambling poker table kept the same expression, and none held a face like another. Nothing creative to say about their faces. Everyone's face.

"Do you think he's gone or, there and invisible?" a guard said.

On the second opened floor of the manager's mansion, Nemni and Justin played a video game in a room up the stairs.

"This is better than playing that Romeo and Juliette," Nemni said.

"Shut up lousy sitter and concentrate, you can at least try to beat me," Justin said and bit on his larger teeth. He was developing a mysterious side effect translated to a green madness.

"Are you ladies going to play," the felon said with a mouthful at the round table? The guard laid a card, the attendee did right after, the other guard played and then the felon gummed of melted plastic around his mouth.

"Boss, are you there," the felon said?

"Don't worry, he'll come back," the guard said.

"Interesting, yeah what makes you think that?" the felon said.

"The story writer needs the bad guy, how would he finish without him," the guard said and crossed his arms? "Yeah that's right," the other guard said.

Lamely, "So he's gonna play tomorrow," the attendee said?

At the townhouse, the entrance had a few boxes and some packages cringed of journals, for the moment Shaylia heard the phone ring, "Aren't you gonna get that," Jason said? Diane chuckled.

"Ha eventually I'll get it, I can't believe he's making me do that," Shaylia said.

"Maybe because he likes you and your hair, or more to it," Jason said. However Diane looked at Jason, "What else you know, what did he tell you?" He kissed her.

In the box with a phone toned, Shaylia pulled a slight smaller box and headed towards the table, however the ring rang brighter than earlier.

"Aren't you gonna get that," Jason said who heard the box to his left ear as Shaylia walked by?

"I demand an answer," Diane said and her face madened and stared severely down to Jason, while Shaylia adjusted the chair to have more place, sat.

He kept smiling in Diane's face. "Are you-you?" Jason said who tied Diane's eyes.

"Yeah I'm me what are you saying there, of course I'm me, asking me if I'm me man," Diane said? Her face changed to an attractive evil vampire.

Still the phone rang. "Aren't you gonna get that," Jason said?

"Yes, soon as I get this open, the gambit you know," Shaylia said and glared at him.

Diane stood while she had turned and faced the box on the table. Shaylia focused. Jason watched his woman, then eyed the box on the table. This strange delivery box gathered all their attention. The phone rang inside. "So, aren't you getting it Shaylia, you know, yaw get it, like a

joke or a prank huh, got it, do you get it, eh get it you get it and get get get it do you," Jason said?

"Arr," Shaylia shouted and going nuts while looking at him as the phone rang in the smaller box.

At the mansion's poker table.

"Hey kids, come over here," the felon shouted plastically and bald taking another hand full of playing chips.

On the second floor Justin and Nemni came out of the game room and looked downstairs, the gambling crew at the playing table on the first floor. However the cards floated without the manager visible.

"Kid, check him out, is he normal," the attendee said, glimpsed everywhere per second?

"Sure," Justin said and stomped heavily and quaked the mansion up the stairs with his huge green foot.

The manager reappeared, with poor colors and transparent.

"Boss, ink yourself in this image and play," the felon said.

"It's the writer's mind," Justin said up the stairs.

"Oh, ha-ha-ha," whooping guffaws, "You insulted him earlier, say you're sorry," the felon said.

"Mud-bugger," the manager said at low volume with a scratchy and scrambled voice.

"Boss, he's gonna leave you like that," the felon said.

The manager turned to the felon, "Stop calling me that, and sorry you schmuck' and writer," the manager said, and then reappeared. Nemni and Justin returned to their game.

"Okay boss I mean Mister Smeller," the felon said and pressed on a can of aerosol air fresher. "Schmuck and smeller."

"Huh-huh-huh," the manager laughed to guffaws. "Schmuck," he said so then whooping guffaws. The felon

looked at everyone spontaneously and busted in large guffaws. However, the last one to laugh was the attendee, “Ha,” it got quiet suddenly and he had bouncy eyes.

In the mansion’s playroom, Nemni saw Justin’s head turn to her. He took a deep breath and crazed the meanest green glare possible on his face. “Wait here, I have to go at the rest room,” Justin said and, “Garr,” he growled like his green man then marched quickly out the room.

The attendee saw a mad kid that assaulted stomps down the stairs, appeared to have powers, arrived at the poker table. The manager looked sideways at the grimaced Justin that showed the most teeth, he then swung to that manager’s face.

A left jab then a left hook and right, left-right-left-right a few uppercuts hard as he bit on his teeth. The felon laughed to ranting guffaws and pointed at Justin. Then Justin mirrored another Justin and ran quickly to the felon who had only stopped laughing, then a left and right jabs started. The felon received punches and cracked like an egg, feathers exposed as shells scattered plastic-like skin.

The guards couldn’t hold themselves from laughing and two other Justin mirrored out from the existing two Justin, and ran to them guards. Now they got punches too as four Justin around the poker table, a gambling challenge. Nemni watched up the stairs, she had a better scenic view of the four of a kind Justin. The attendee could not laugh as he stared, shrank. The fright of fights in fearsome. The scrawny attendee lost half of his weight from an already slim profile. The other guard got gargles gruesomely, indented like tin, clanked from every hit.

“Silly game,” Nemni thought and rolled eyes.

The guard resounded like a hollowed canister and kept a serious face. Justin grasped the manager, shook him like a rug and the manager surface lost ink colors.

“Come on Justin give it up,” Nemni said.

All four green Justin stopped, turned to the bad team and said, “Kidding.”

Nemni headed to the room and all four Justin broke crashing to one like mirrors, and pieces glass like shattered. He ran up the stairs to the room as his skin color originated from that green power, and his feet too. At the stairs last step, Justin originated to him and had lose clothes. Below a junkyard like poker table remained in remains, they collapsed down, nonetheless the manager’s cards never moved a tad tiny toss.

In the townhouse’s kitchen, the phone rang louder in the box as Shaylia had unwrapped another container. Scrapped pieces of cartboard around the table, a mess. The phone rang like endless chimes.

“Someday you’re gonna get it,” Jason said and nodded with a few laughs.

The doorbell, then knocks, “Huh, that can’t be another box,” Shaylia said.

“I’m gonna get that,” Jason said while Diane sat in front of the mirror backstage. He opened to Khile at the other side of the door who cried like a toddler.

“Come in,” Jason said and noticed Khile wiping tears, “It’s the writer, step inside you’ll feel better.” Tears dried instantly.

“What’s tickling you?” Shaylia said. Then he laughed saying, “My dog keeps on disappearing,” on his way to the table.

“What can I say, he will come back,” Jason said and saw granola bars inside Khile’s bandage shutting the door.

“What’s that for,” Jason said? “What,” Khile said with a serious face?

“The granola bars there in your bandages,” Jason said.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Khile said.

Pointed, “Yeah granola there.”

“No,” Khile said strangely and paused. “Shucks, you mean my snack in my bandage,” Khile said.

“Are you getting that Shaylia,” Jason said?

“Alright, now where’s the remote, here,” Shaylia said. Pressed fast forward as she unwrapped quicker.

“That’s if I get hungry on the set, it-it’s going to be a lo-long day,” Khile said but gasped through and sighed so sobbed so soupy sentimentally. He cried, and then tears flowed. Tears dried as he laughed. Khile cried with tears, then stopped as to dry tears, and one last round.

Knocks at the door and then a bell echoed like a boxing match, pitched up in delays repeating three times. Jason opened to a deliveryman dressed in black and held a fair sized box from under, with a big grinning smile. “Here I got that,” Jason said as he widened his hands palms up to get a hold underneath, then he carried the box inside a few steps backwards.

“There you go Shaylia, you have another box,” Jason said. The deliveryman slid the box with hands side to side, a birdcage shown gradually from the bottom to the top as the box lifted, Jason held underneath, watched the changes, the pet cage appeared.

Fast motioned, “It’s missing a bird,” Shaylia said like a chipmunk and finally clasped out the phone from the small box. The delivery guy showed a clipboard with no page.

“Here, just don’t sign,” the delivery guy said, and didn’t have a pen, he gave no pen. Jason signed and held an invisible pen. The delivery guy disappeared with the clipboard, pop as Shaylia heard while she held a phone. Instantly, the delivery guy reappeared, “I forgot my no pen.” Jason gave the invisible no pen.

He raised and vanished through the ceiling. Everyone in the townhouse approached the hole silently, and looked up to that hole in the ceiling. Steps heard and his face showed a larger grin, “Sorry, it’s still in beta testing, it won’t happen again,” the delivery guy said. His face moved up and a couple steps, “Energize,” he said.

“Hello this here, It’s for you Jason,” Shaylia said giving the cell phone.

“Thanks,” Jason said, “It’s the manager,” Neck-Zs said.

“Yes,” Jason said. Khile pushed the door with his wrist of the burned hand with the bandage and sighted the delivery man who waited at his truck. “Outch,” Khile said as he felt pain. Everyone knew it was the end of the writer’s block.

“Yes, we’ll go right like you say,” Jason said and hung up.

Chapter 43

A Cheap Plan

“Just don’t worry, I have a plan,” Norman said. Two necklaces in the birdcage’s bowl and Khile stared down at them prisoners. Shaylia closed the grid trap while crouching. The birdcage on the floor reacted like a faraday shield. No ordinary radio waves could enter the cage; and once inside the radio waves couldn’t air out the cage.

“Are you sure you’ve got it right,” Neck-Zs said, but no one heard the coins conversation side by side in the birdcage’s bowl. In a shiny metal bowl, the coins distanced three fingers away, they started a change chat of blistered blabbering, change of changes. They coin-talked and business laid small. Norman’s new upgrade could reach ten miles in radius.

“Darlin’ can’t you gimmy a hundred miles of reach, I mean you started with one, now ten, is there more,” Norman said?

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Neck-Zs said.

Shaylia saw Jason pick up the cage then faced to get out the townhouse. She opened the door. Meanwhile Jason transported the coins in the cage, the deliveryman stood at his rear big white moving truck. Jason heard them coins in their discussion of ping-pong touching the metal base, “Are you sure you have the supreme plan?” Neck-Zs said.

“Yeah, just take a look at my quantum calculated video,” Norman said, though wasn’t sure if that would happen, perhaps an agonizing irony would end the kidnapped kids in danger. The penny processed the best tests to his guess at rest in texts. Coins wanted Jason to hear the conversation of change.

“I’m not sure about this, try this way, man,” Neck-Zs said mockingly. She texted Norman a message about a rattle and a rotation in case of a fall on heads or tails.

Skeptical, “Yeah right, vibrated and rolls come on,” Norman said.

Jason’s face expressed an interest listening to them coins in a mind battle. He glanced once at times though stepping towards this deliveryman who waited at the back end of the truck’s white mobile box in front of the townhouse. Across the sidewalk, at the rear of the truck waiting, the delivery man sinisterly dressed in black watched carefully the person that carried the cage. As if some birds lived inside.

“What do you think of this,” Norman said cagily?

“Is that all you can think in these laws of physics?” Neck-Zs said.

“Okay then, how about that,” Norman said with new videos, but unacceptable and forth rejections.

Jason looked to deposit the cage, “Here I got it,” the deliveryman said while grabbing the cage, turned then stepped into that empty truck, then crouched, placed midway. In this large rectangular room, worn and scratched though painted white. Darker appearances.

Meanwhile Jason gave the cage, “Keep hope Jason and stay close to your phone,” Neck-Zs said. They muted soundless while this deliveryman touched the old metal cage. They kept texting messages. “Is that bird excrement? I’m havin’ some time seeing it in the x-ray view,” Neck-Zs messaged but the deliveryman didn’t hear that coin to coin talk.

Doors slid down the rails to some metal chafing, closed then an arm of the deliveryman twisted, clanked the latch. Diane drove out her car from the garage.

Meanwhile Jason stood, watched the inside truck and glanced at Shaylia with Khile outside the townhouse. “All’s we can do is wait for a call,” Jason said seeing the truck leaving with the classic-car following.

The orders strictly said not to track this truck otherwise the manager would have kept the kids for a week, brashly. However, in the birdcage replies have gotten wild, and coins spoke on top of their messages with videos.

“If you say so, I think it’s payless and not worth a penny,” Neck-Zs said.

“Okay I’ve got it and that is the best,” the penny said.

“Are you sure you can’t think of something better,” Neck-Zs said and suggested, though she was a crafty coin, and ingenious too.

“I’ll take less time to think, you’ll see, there how’s that,” Norman said and took ten times lesser amount to calculate videos. He had the satellite pictures of every scene in his image search engine to know what the details and objects were on the street.

The truck moved onwards then Diane followed in her large car.

“You’re taking forever Norman,” Neck-Zs said receiving a thousand clusters of videos.

“Alright, how’s that,” Norman said then he resolved a hundred times less thinking to his clock. The stainless steel bowl molten a circle as the overclocked mind rayed through sparkled around. Neck-Zs detected some heat, radioactivity and especially ultraviolet emissions. The infra-red meter couldn’t display more.

He opposed the color pallet with a blinding white gloss, flashed and fizzled molten metal sparks then fell down the cage. Neck-Zs reflected lumen like a mirror in the bowl while Norman heated the cage’s metal floor, pierce through, and then the truck’ sheet of steel. Intense shined like the sun. Practically almost like fusion done from arc welding glowing a constant light. Light reflected in the white truck’s box but under the bowl. The rear truck’s bumper missed so Diane saw glow gradually under the truck, sparks, and tin pouched millimeters but a bright gold shine.

Neck-Zs messaged, referred to call Jason on Norman’s fall. She had to amplify power, communicated waves in coin language. This cage blocked and scrambled radio waves. However coins used gamma waves and included messages, voices, video and more.

Under the truck’s white box, the golden pouch brazed bright and sagged then tiny sizzled sparks so shined while the surrounding view dimmed darker. The penny pierced through, substantially fell within molten sparkling jelly like splatters then rolled on the asphalted pavement, he trundled in gyrations towards the street’s sidewalk and parking. Diane watched the coin while showed across the white truck’s tires, like a sparkled fireworks from the molten steel.

Neck-Zs had called Jason, “Yes,” he said as he sighted the light as bright as fireworks sparkling while, “I’m outta the truck and bouncing to a jeep at twenty six miles per hour, not bad huh,” Norman said. From white to bright gold then damped to a bronze, the penny rebounded a foot high and cooled quickly in a thick wide tire of a Jeep. “You should see what it looks like when I disable camera stabilizer,” Jason read texts while the melted rubber cooled in the jeep’s large tire.

The driver of the jeep looked around as it smelled like burned rubber.

“Keep looking at your phone for my pinpoint in your screen,” Norman said. “I just have to calculate my way outta this tire.”

“Yes, I got that,” Jason said while he held his phone.

Shuffled cube of quantum calculator had reset at each turn from the asphalt’s contact with the coin snapping. The Jeep with the wide tires and Norman the penny almost inside, turned to merge a street lane from this parking as the left blinker signal.

“Alright let’s move,” Jason said to the beret man and the beautiful white silvery haired woman. “Stay way behind us Khile.” While Shaylia entered with Jason in the red car. Khile entered his yellow taxi.

The Jeep driver sighted the classic-car in front. While the wheel turned and kept in constant speed, the coin activated septillion virtual salad slot machines at full rate. For sure this way, the penny would turn into a burning projectile in his catapulted flight of dazzling white rayed heat glow. The rubber tire would melt with high heat then the penny would act like a rocket near twice the wheel’ speed rotation. With wheels wider when whirls away at pass

two o'clock, flew air bound and passed Diane's car. Then cooled in air.

Neck-Zs saw Norman's overpass and noted on her screen. She messaged him at the speed of light, "So have your way, or improvise." She gave the needy physics engine package of programs.

Meanwhile Norman hit forty miles per hour and landed on the pavement, bounced, then rolled up a slanted gutter, like a ramp from the ground he rolled in. Half of the screen sky with some clouds as he rolled up the gutter like a long ramp jumped with and edge at the end.

"Here read this," Jason said and gave his phone to Shaylia. He glanced at his rear view mirror then sighted a yellow taxi cab far behind. "I'm outta the tire and catapulted," Shaylia said reading Norman's texts in the red horse's seat.

Dong! The penny strongly bounced in a wheelbarrow's slanted side and then ricochet airborne to the sky like a rocket. Rose straight up, a clear view of the construction zone. Norman viewed down the ground a wheelbarrow full of cement and a shovel in the middle, though the handle sideways. Flip-flipped the penny. Small sprinkle spat, the coin disappeared in cement over the shovel. He then swept a frequency constantly, a continuous and though triggered a magnetic field attracted to the iron steel nearby, the penny stuck to this metal spade shovel, in the gray thick sludge. A few bubbles. Updated directly Neck-Zs with videos, texted and estimates, possibilities and guessed a way out.

Meanwhile, "I'm straight in the air and going to fall in cement," Shaylia said as she read out loud to Jason.

In the meantime of the wheelbarrow's loud *dong*, a worker responsible of signing a forklift with a load of

heavy high packages, turned to look at the wheelbarrow. Regardless of all noises in this construction zone, without earplugs the worker heard a bell of metal short loud clear fling ding to the highest pitch, then fleetingly resounded.

The worker turned and looked then noticed a dent on the wheelbarrow' side. Tiny spatters around, sank. The worker glanced inside the wheelbarrow and looked on the other side of the street, a white delivery truck with the birdcage inside, then a classic-car and a Jeep that followed and had stopped for the ten wheeler dumping gravel across the street of the wheelbarrow.

But behind the worker, the forklift's front wheel rolled into a hole then stopped gruffly, carried a load of bags piled high then tilted over, the top pack slid. However this pile gathered speed during its free fall, fell heavily on the shovel's handle in the wheelbarrow. The spade shaped shovel splattered a full cement sum that included a penny as he deactivated the magnetic field. Norman flew like upside-down rain of mud spread upwards the blue sky. The penny surpassed from the scattered cement that projected. While dust surrounded and build around the collapsed wheelbarrow from the ground with ripped pouches of cement.

Meanwhile the worker stepped behind him cleared of all danger sighted the shovel in the air spinning from handle to spade for a few flip-flops.

The dump truck holding all the traffic had fully lifted the tipper. Arranged to clear all gravel inside through the opened rear gate. The penny viewed with tints of light gray. "I'll have to stick to that metal too," Norman said then Shaylia saw and read on the phone in the red horse. The coin activated the magnetic field and landed the slanted steel bin in the middle of the tipper. "Neckzees, I'm gonna

need a program to get outta this dump truck.” However, the program had arrived with special remote plugins.

The ten wheeler positioned eighty feet in front of the delivery truck with Neck-Zs in the birdcage. Neck-Zs used infrared view to see the penny on his way down.

As the panel gate banged loudly against the dump truck’s tipper, the penny thought of a way out of this. Instantaneously to a lively timed fraction of a second he read, and the penny had it in theory with a couple thousand simulation videos from Neck-Zs supplying a package of programs.

Magnetized in the truck’s tipper. The penny activated sweeping frequencies to make vibrations as loud shrills resonated in this steel compartment of the ten wheeler. Echoed deafeningly. He tested vibrations, then rattled in the steel open-box, waited until the tipper leveled flatly to paralleled ground.

The penny loudly rattled in vibrations, wobbles at every rounded edge. His clatters thickened to continuous jangles like pocket change colliding, then quickly and simultaneously to microseconds, thousands of seconds and he activated then deactivated magnetisms to help in heights. Then the coin straighten like a car’s wheel. Continued the sound sustainably within balanced magnetism on each side.

Highest shrills, a tone like a trumpet, provoked vibrations. From the coin’s surface of contact space gapped gradually. Micrometers to tenth, hundreds of an inch then redone the same sequence though delays as he gained heights. Magnetism took over, increased the penny’s fall at each bounce and lifted higher rebounded, and then greater altitudes. In no time he sprang from one inch to one foot.

When he neared the steel bottom of the tipper, he kept magnetism activated, then at the last thousands of an inch

the magnetism deactivated quickly which caused a greater collision. While he recoiled up the magnetism kept off, but on the way down the stick motion force increased maintaining balance. Then in a second time laps, the penny bounced higher. The coin could activate many sides at once, one from thousands virtual engines or processors that fluxed magnetism like tiny powerful electromagnets.

The coin activated balance magnetism to stay up like a wheel bouncing, and more chances to spring higher. He activated the magnetism to stay centered while up, bringing every corrections to stay perfectly perpendicular colliding the steel surface, down he rebounded and deactivated sounds. Neck-Zs watched her program in real time, though she fine-tuned other parameters of the program while he performed from flat fickly. Additionally, he bounced so hard, the sand crushed underneath that penny. At the last moment from colliding in the steel box, magnetism deactivated for best bounce.

Side left and right viewed in sync mode, steel noise increased and the penny’s height surpassed the tipper sides. The next view of the truck, a penny ricochet, then a few moments later showed higher than the compartment, while the truck drove forth.

The penny could position anywhere in the box, as long as steel presented or especially iron. *Nickel*. Neck-Zs activated spin function in the program so Norman could rotate near the front of the bucket. Before the steel collision, a hemisphere would pull more magnetic force that cause substantial rotation, displacing the coin forth.

The traffic recirculated as the white truck moved forward. The classic-car then the Jeep rolled in the gravel bypass.

The truck had to stop, braked and the penny moved forward in the compartment, then impacted and rebounded

on the angled part, where clearance of the hydraulic cylinder angled around forty-five degrees. Every penny collision had echoed greater gradually.

While the penny flew in the air, the coins worked a program, "I'm gonna need a program to calculate wind directions," Norman texted.

"Can you see wind," Neck-Zs texted?

"No, negative," Norman texted.

"Here, maybe if you try this," Neck-Zs texted.

"Thanks Neckzees, I'll call Jason." Then a screen drew wind gust all over. Cars profiled the airflow once out of the tipper, lateral turbulences, and drags. Diane's car rolled, he saw wind deflections of the car's chassis. He fractioned micro degrees in Fahrenheit in a new screen with a color palette. He couldn't use this tech nearby living cells because of the high-energy microwaves. Also worked with dust like particles present in the air at different temperatures.

The coin viewed cars, flew out of the tipper over the rear panel and captured the white delivery truck under. Activated full extra magnetism to attract the truck's top, its course curved downwards to the classic-car and the Jeep behind. Rebounded on the top of the delivery truck, indented in the right moment. In new heights curved a cast course to land on the classic-car's vinyl top, but caught in the wind, the coin slanted and then activated magnetism timely.

"Yeay," Neck-Zs exclaimed with joy. "You're such a piece of crazy Norman. You could have rolled out then jumped over corners, but these two surfaces confuses the magnetism for balance."

Diane's hands held the steering, she jumped, and then looked up from the coin's resonance.

"Really," Shaylia said, then she turned to Jason the driver in his red horse. "Norman made it and he's on the car top over Diane's head."

Diane picked up the phone and had the sound through the monitor speaker, "- Hello."

"It's Norman the coin, I'm just on top of your car, I'll be hitchhiking just a little while."

"Okay, have a nice trip up there," Diane said with tears of sadness. Throughout the ride Diane felt better, then overtime got a grip of her feelings. "Now calm down, everything's going to be better, just wait a minute or two," Norman said.

"Yeah boss, passed the construction zone," the deliveryman said, ending conversation. Turned the button of his radio to some wild country.

Chapter 44

Effective Coin

A windshield cleaner after a construction zone where vehicles passed and got dusty. Diane in her blue car slowed rolls as the white truck in front grunted brakes. Traversing dust in a must Diane eyed a man whose white shirt with dirt flirt a perk.

A squeegee woman dressed in a stained trench coat blocked her sight and cared for the classic-car's windshield. Then wipers turned on, but the woman looked for a tip, still a penny laid on top, overhead of the driver's head. Norman called Diane. That woman reached, a glass licker in a hand and her other had fingers that grasped but slipped then try to pull that penny. Urgently, Norman phoned, he couldn't imagined a failure to that hostage mission. Grasped and

pulled for a second time but with greater force, then last she used her nails like a zombie would, and broke tips. Diane switched hand to the steering and answered though she eyed a dirty face old woman. "Hello," Diane said.

"It's me the penny on your car top, just tell her that she is attempting a steal," Norman said. Diane pressed down her window and told the woman, "That's not right, don't steal, ask and I'll give you something," Diana said.

"Boo," Norman said as he shouted, the woman nearly stunned, bounced her arm away from her continuous grasps. "Okay, now give her something," Norman said.

Diane said to the dumbfounded and frighten woman with a face that needed a wash, "Here, wait." Down the dashboard she reached for some change and stretched her arm out the window, as her body had intensely moved back and forth. But a face that fell and gazed. "Thank you, thank you," the broken woman said.

"You're welcome."

"Poor woman, with a little bit of water and food her brain will work," Norman said.

"Just stretch your arm and get me off this top," Norman said. Her hand reached the coin on the car top, he demagnetized.

Diane followed the white delivery truck advancing. At the next intersection, more and more pedestrians showed to sides of the street, soon a crowd of people crossed plentiful the intersection as streetlights changed color.

Jason drove and slowed at the construction zone, eyed his mirror and saw the taxi cab. "This is what Norman talked about in his long message," Shaylia said while she sighted the lift sideways and the collapsed wheelbarrow from a pile of pouches.

The white truck slowed to a stop tailed by Diane in her blue classic-car, they parked in front of the mansion's distant lawn. Neck-Zs couldn't sense any phone waves, however she increased her emissions to link the network's tower of cell phones. In x-ray, she viewed the driver of this truck, opened his door and stepped out. Also, she detected an ordinary penny in the glove compartment.

The deliveryman's phone rang as a sweet voice spoke, "Hi, you have won to wish hearts, and you're selected for the grand prize," Neck-Zs said.

He hung up while opening the door. His phone rang again, "Yeah."

"Hi, I believe you have a penny in your glove compartment," a gentleman's voice said. The deliveryman smiled with a scowl, "Who is this," he said opening the truck's rear box door?

"Oh great, you're going to save your butt from that mean manager that merely thinks of himself. So put a penny in this bowl and leave without getting paid, imagine it's some kick ass tip," Neck-Zs said with a gentleman's voice.

The deliveryman stepped in the truck's rear box, glanced down at the bowl in the birdcage. He didn't see a penny, only a chain with a deformed hole in the middle locket. He widen eyes and exited the truck's box.

Across the steering in the cab-truck with haste then emptied throwing stuff out of the glove compartment and luckily found a one-cent of copper. Returned to the back and entered the white box, insight of the cage's bowl he installed a penny in the locket that unevenly had molten, some of his chewing gum aided adhesion in middle of the chain locket.

The whole deal of the cage appeared okay to him. He pushed the mansion's doorbell button, an attendee

answered, grabbed the cage. Swiftly, the deliveryman returned to his truck, took off. Rolled away.

Meanwhile, behind the delivery truck Diane saw the deliveryman with the birdcage have a walk to the mansion's entry. Waited eagerly for Justin and Nemni to come out of this great house.

"Turn left at the next street, the birdcage entered the mansion," Shaylia said as read on the phone.

In the mansion, "Ah, there they are," the felon said.

"It's about time," the manager said and played his hand on the green table, three kings. The attendee walked in carrying the cage while the manager saw and stood. Clean and spotless place; everything styled the place. The manager gazed visibly the necklaces in the cage on the poker table, then nodded to a guard.

Diane stared at the mansion's door as she quivered avidly; though avidly worried and nervously waited.

Nemni came out of the mansion towards Diane's car but turned and faced the mansion's door. The door closed slightly, to an unexpurgated moment, the door's opening thinned; gapped then her car's phone rang, "Hello," Diane said quickly when answered she gasped.

"The deal is done," the manager said then cuts the conversation, hung up.

Diane's tears blurred her vision after a brief blink. Nemni waited for Justin, eyed the mansion's white door. "What now, did something happened, that cage is in, my Justin isn't out, he should be out," Diane murmured at a high soft note. The door darkened then a short one ran outwards with a green figurine. Nemni grabbed his hand as she walked backwards.

"Strong kid," the felon said and saw him leave as his course on the grassy front side of the big house. Out the classic-car's driver' side, the mother opened the door, until the sidewalk, and crouched at Justin's height, hugged.

Just a couple streets away, unseen behind the houses, the red horse engine's started. "Justin is out," Shaylia said as she read the texted messages. "Call Diane and tell her to go around the block and give me to Jason," Norman texted Diane.

The manager's phone rang, "Here get this," he said and tossed his phone to the felon. And quickly answered.

"Yeah, sure my lady hold on, boss it's for you," the felon said.

"No-oh," the manager said and shook head then sprang out the gate of the cage, opened.

"She said it's important," the felon said.

"Do get it in message dammit," the manager said.

"But boss, you should answer, it's not your wife," the felon said glancing at the guards laughing.

"Why didn't you say so you dumb egghead wanna be, get shaved or something," the manager said as he removed his hand from the cage and smirked to them guards laughing.

"Who is it," the manager said?

Shrugged, "She sounds very good," the felon said, smilingly.

"Gimmy that you yolk brain," the manager said then held the phone. "Yeah."

"You're selected to see me in action," Neck-Zs said.

He glanced at the felon, "But where are yaw," the manager said holding the phone.

"I'm dancing in the cage tada and tada," Neck-Zs said. Everyone looked at the silver coin that vibrated with strange

high-pitch trumpet blares, metal shrills off the necklace. The manager stood and reached his gun and pointed at the coin in the cage's bowl while they all covered ears but the attendee used his indexes, ear-wise.

The sound stopped, they heard door knocks. Neck-Zs reposition on the pendant.

"Get that," the manager said frowning.

A guard walked to the door and turned the knob, then open to Jason who showed a penny in his palm. Glimpse down the coin, "Whatever you do, don't touch me," the guard said as he recognized Jason. "Turn around," Jason said, and then the penny sighted the guard shoulders entering the mansion.

"Put your hands up," Jason said.

Norman detected a gun as he viewed the manager's grip, a ferocious method. The felon had one in his suit and another in a desk near a wall. Jason walked behind the guard dressed in black. He peaked over the guard's shoulder entering the mansion, saw the manager that stood near a guard around the poker table.

Jason's phone rang, "Hey get that it's me," Norman said.

The manager saw Jason behind the guard that whispered, "It's him, it's him," the guard's lips moved, and his fingers up the ceiling, he altered eyes to the side simultaneously with Jason behind. The manager had read his lips.

"Quick, toss me on the manager's gun," Norman said. Jason threw the penny in a curbed flight, landed on the manager's gun then stuck on, magnetized. His other hand held the phone to his ear. The coin spun around the cylindrical metal barrel five times, stop at the top turned towards the end cannon, rolled along, capped the hole. The manager scorned and frowned as he saw the penny falling on his gun's bullet outlet. Norman activated heavy magnetism to evenly block the canon's hole.

"Yes what," Jason said behind the guard? Phones of the guards rang too on the manager's left hand 'side.

The manager Smirked as he saw the penny around the cannon's muzzle lip, "Get outta the way." Aimed at the guard with palms up.

Jason held his phone, lost his body shield and watched the manager, "Okay," he said and ducked.

The manager fired his gun, but the bore compressed and exploded, the hand released the once gripped handle. Parts flew to the ceiling while the handle fell. However, dropped his phone and the manager knelt in pain, held his hand. Everyone heard and jumped to this deafening bang.

The manager told the attendee near guards, "Get the gun in the desk, arg." He then glared at his guards, one after another, "What do I pay you for, talking," the manager said looking his left hand side?

"Your two months late, you didn't pay us." One of the guards said as their hands blocked their phones, stealthily and quietly, they had respect for the sweet voice that slowly faded in from that loud explosion.

The attendee strode to the desk then pulled the drawer behind the manager. Meanwhile, "Look for a led squished bullet near a wall the way he shot," Norman said, while crouching Jason searched eyeing the carpet on the floor, held his phone.

"I'm under a bullet, look for that," Norman said. Jason sighted the smashed led projectile wrapped halfway bordering the penny.

"Throw me to the man with the gun near the wall behind the manager," Norman said in Jason's hand. Distantly Jason threw the bullet wrapped to the penny that heated of microwaves, dazzled away in the air. Like a welding arc sustaining a constant light, the blinding light shaded around. Over the collapsed manager, the led molten in liquid

droplets and sprayed molten metal on the attendee near the opened desk, while aiming Jason the intruder. Then the bright coin stuck to the pistol. "Hi mister my name is Miss Hepburn." While tiny molten led drops had landed on the attendee's cheek who panicked, burns. Agonized and gawked at the intense light from his handgun. His hand and gun heated rapidly. He thought the apocalypse arrived.

The attendee strangely gaped at his gun reflecting with the tiny round light, though the astounded energy shined bright.

In the meantime the felon saw the steady trailed halo, a bright light curbed slightly distant. He took conscience of this danger happening in the wonderful house. He sighted the manager down on one knee and held his hand with a phone. The attendee frozen and the guards watched the show. Everyone held their cell phone. Baldy felon decided to grab his gun.

"Ooo, you've got a heat problem with your gun, how about you throw me to the bald bulged mercenary over the left," the sweet voice said to the attendee.

Before he burned himself, the attendee faced distantly the felon at his left and threw his gun like a softball. The coin dazzled on the gun in a curbed arc, and Norman engaged waves and empowered enough heat to ignite all bullets in the gun's magazine ejecting out of the handle. The gun reversed rotation rapidly.

The gun propelled from the magazine, rotated wildly while levitated. Shuffled the quantum calculator cube, Norman rolled as the cannon aimed at the felon, motioned and spanned the upside down attendee, then across the ceiling's view, carpet and many times around. The gun continued rotations, aimed near the felon's gun. The gun's handle had swelled from the magazine's explosion.

Norman rolled quickly and deactivated magnetism to change metal surface, then stuck on the felon's vintage revolver.

This time the felon met a bright gold brazed penny as he landed on the long cannon and rolled towards the barrel. Fired once. Instantaneously penny rolled down the handle and cut his waxy fingertips as the index pulled the trigger. Rapidly, the coin bowled near the hammer. From the barrel on straight, but as quick as possible the penny rolled along the cannon aiming higher above Jason's head, then deactivated magnetism which caused a jump towards his host.

Uttered the felon did, but the coin hopped across the room. Almost touched the ceiling within smoke, the penny cooled in the air as he activated power to do so. Like he drew an arc crossing in a tubular cloud line. Jason caught him and stowed his phone like a cowboy that puts his gun away. Opened his hand and saw the white frost on the penny and blew smoky frost. "Hurry, get Neckzees in the cage," Norman said.

The manager turned to the felon. No blood, held his hand, knelt and cried, gazed down to his fingers. "Mine, they were mine, but they aren't no more," the felon said.

Meanwhile Norman talked to the guards on their phones with a sweet voice. The manager stood, eyed Jason and strolled to the revolver on the carpet near the felon. "Let's get outta here," Norman said. Jason ran carrying the cage with Neck-Zs in the bowl.

The manager grasped the gun, then too late for a sure shot, Jason crossed the door. He looked at everyone, "Come on, I'll open the safe after we catch him," the manager said.

The attendee ran to the door chasing Jason.

"Get up, it can't hurt that much," the manager said to the felon who knelt sad, like he lost the galleon.

“Come on you lazy bald-bastard,” the manager shouted.

Chapter 45

The Pursuit

“Jason, I just talked to Diane and she agreed to wait in a mall for a hideout,” Norman said.

“Yes sir, I got it.”

“I’m sure that manager’s gonna stay inside this mansion,” Norman said.

“He’ll soon get out, he’s on us,” Neck-Zs said.

“Then just look in your x-ray view.”

“I’ll do that, don’t worry,” Neck-Zs said.

“As if I’m worried did you see me in there, I was all over flying everywhere,” Norman said and uploaded her a video of the battle inside the mansion. Flashback, sticks at the lip of the manager’s gun that fires, the penny flew and bounces off a wall, Jason picks up the coin and tosses it toward the attendee’s pistol that receives molten lead, who then throws his pistol left hand side like a soft ball to the felon after igniting bullets then switched gun rotation. Stuck to the classic revolver and cuts fingers, rolls and jumps off the gun arching in the air near the ceiling across the room, lands in Jason’s hand putting away his cell phone like a classic western.

Meanwhile Shaylia saw the videos of inside the mansion as Jason caught the penny. She remained in the passenger’s seat and read on her cell phone messages from Norman, and had craftily choices of the coin’s view in videos. The screen showed a dreary toss to the manager’s gun. If she would skip that part, she’d splash in the screen as the horrifying shock scene of the cut off fingers in x-ray. However, Neck-Zs viewed it in spherical video, like she lived

it, but instantly replayed which took less time than a fraction of a second.

The attendee had ran after Jason exiting the mansion’s front door. But changed his mind as he couldn’t catch up, he sprinted to his black car occupied by a writer who worked on his laptop in the front passenger’s seat, and then started the engine with his left hand while eying his screen, then continued his typing.

Shaylia eyed off the phone and saw Jason on his way into the car entering with a cage. “Here’s birdy Neckzees,” Jason said and gave the cage to Shaylia in the passenger’s seat.

The guards showed outdoor awkwardly, they held their phones and slapped each other listening to the sweet voice. The red horse’s engine droned. Insight of the manager and felon agonizing in pain coming out of the mansion’s lawn, their face grimaced through outrage.

Conversely, the bad guys ran and sought absolute payback. The red horse’s engine revved in gear, spun wheels, squealed then smoked tires.

“The manager is aiming,” Norman said and messaged. “Oh you don’t say so,” Neck-Zs said?

While they sped up, the manager opened fire as the red horse throttled thunderously and Shaylia ducked down, her head near the glove compartment, she glared. Two bullets hit, passenger door and the rear window as the car skidded.

Then the writer typed faster in the black car with the attendee who turned in right lane behind the red horse. Past the speed limit when shifted last gear, Jason raised slowly and gawked at his rear-view mirror, a hole from

the bullet, and cracks in a spider pattern around in the rear window.

On the driveway nearby the mansion's sidewalk, guards still on their phones punched each other trying to get rich listening to the sweet voice. They each had their turn.

"Hey you there I'll drive," the felon said to a guard, "You, you go with the boss," addressing the other guard.

In the red car, "Here, take a look at your screen on the console, you see that drawing," Norman said? On display Jason eyed and recognized the city drawing displayed covering the image at street resolution.

"I'm calling some that will park in this arrangement," Norman said then Jason glanced at the screen, the middle console displayed pictures of car roadblocks. "Once you enter the city, just enter roadblocks and I got the rest," Norman said.

Detected and collected most of the cell phones in the city and set them on the Internet map seen in Norman's virtual window.

"Yes I guess you know best," Jason said.

"I think he's on his way to the city center," the attendee said as he radioed.

Jason's car phone, "Yes hello."

"Where are you going like that," Khile said?

"We'll soon exit this freeway and make it in the city," Jason said.

"Yeah but where do I go, I'm behind all of you," Khile said, he then heard a sweet voice on the phone. "I will guide you chauffeur," a sweet voice said.

"I guess Norman's got it."

A black car spun wheels, then another did too and the felon held the steering, drove using one hand, however the manager did the same arrogantly but in another car.

"He's gonna shoot lay down," Norman said. White silvery hair bunched to the glove compartment as Shaylia squinted to her feet while the attendee aimed.

"Sir, I see no one in the car," the attendee radioed. The red horse followed by a black car merging in the freeway.

Two gunshots fired the attendee, one in the trunk and another had more spider cracks in the rear window, harshly of a sudden done. "Stay down Jason I got it, just push cruise control, you're going too fast," Norman said.

Ten seconds behind, the manager and the felon's car turned in the merge. "Keep tailing them, we're catching up," the manager said.

"What's a little speed going to do," Neck-Zs said?

"No-no-no speed," Norman said.

"Ha-ha, you aren't worth a penny," Neck-Zs said.

"Hey I'm top thousand richest in the world, I'm like a million physicist in here with fast hurtling pencils."

"You're merely a silly penny."

"Shoot the driver's window," the manager said.

In the driver seat, the attendee nodded and said, "Hey writer." Away with the laptop and pulled a twelve gauge aimed and, fired. Shot gunned Jason's window.

Meanwhile Neck-Zs and Norman told their host, "Close your eyes... he's aiming your window." Jason held his lower forehead as the window busted. The writer held a twelve gauge in the passenger's seat of the car aside the red horse.

The felon radioed as his thumb and index squeezed the mouthpiece's button while catching up to the red car, "Boss, I don't understand the car didn't react, it's like there's no one in the car."

“Then shoot the door dammit,” the manager said angrily. Norman captured a skeleton with a shotgun that lowered aim. Neck-Zs bypassed Norman’s commands, turned to drive off the paved road, “Step on it Jason,” Neck-Zs said while the penny on mute.

The writer had reloaded the pump action shotgun then lifted the barrel as asphalt span across the off road, he targeted, the red car advanced, fired. The rear light crushed before the car vanished behind an eighteen wheeler. Jason sighted a long trailer while riding on the road’s shoulder. Quickly the writer put the shotgun in the rack and open his laptop, insulted. The red horse raced alongside the freight with a truck pulling.

“Norman, you’re hot,” Jason said. “Thanks man,” Norman said. “No, I mean you’re stinging my hand with heat.”

“Sorry man, hey cool you hear me now, that Neckzees hacked me,” Norman said activating coin cooling. But he talked to ten thousand members on their phone.

The attendee floored the gas since he saw a chance to play hero off the road, insight of the trailer he saw the truck, drove along the freight trailer, and the writer wrote faster. Nevertheless braked because of a parked car, settle back and followed the truck.

The red horse turned in lane in front of the freight truck. They both hid and kept low in the red horse, Jason peeked and saw a car that passed on the left lane and join aside the eighteen wheeler. Wind felt through the window and air blew inside and Shaylia held her hair.

“Boss, I can’t catch up, there’s cars parked on the off road,” the felon said.

“Get in front of that truck imbecile,” the manager radioed.

The felon checked his rear view mirror, and wanted to pass the truck, insight two lanes occupied in front and cars hid the red horse, but a truck behind all that.

Jason saw cars side by side on each lane with drivers waving at each other hearing and talking to their phone equipped car.

Trailing the eighteen wheeler, the felon moved off-road but saw cars parked, “Boss, cars are parked off the road.”

“They’re parked on the other side too,” the manager said.

On the left side of the truck, “Move outta the way,” the attendee harshly said and used his horn intensively while the writer kept working with his windy window open.

“A couple seconds here, a couple seconds after that, we’re getting away man,” Norman said.

Jason straightened from his seat then looked in the mirror, “Shaylia, you can sit up their way behind.” The waving driver in front changed to the left lane for the red horse’s way.

“Going to town staring at my feet isn’t too interesting,” Shaylia said, slid up her electric window.

Once the gang of bad guys passed the cars with the people that waved at each other in front of the eighteen wheeler, two more cars side by side waved ahead of them two cars. Additional cars side-by-side, and more ahead. That was the penny’s setup.

The sight of the beautiful city had buildings from left to right. Higher ones at the center. Scarce clouds spread the sky as the morning sunlight behind enlighten the city’s buildings. “We have to get off this freeway, see that exit, take it,” Norman said as they slowed to merge off the freeway.

“Their exiting, getting off sir,” the attendee said on the radio.

“Take the exit,” the manager said to his bad gang.

Chapter 46

City Car Condign

Circulating the freeway, the penny had plenty of conversations.

A few minutes ahead, in the city at an intersection of a street, the lights turned green. A unanimous driver eyed markets to one side of the pavement while restaurants on the other side as he trundled and advanced with haste but merely the limit. His phone rang, the radio’s music switched answering. “Yeah what,” a driver said?

“Greetings, you’re welcome to join in a municipal motion, as you’re approaching a violet car in front of another, we’d like you parked behind as a participant. The roadblocks are purposely setup, then later a few cameras will shoot a film. Press one or say yes if you agree, if you disagree press nine or say no to follow the other directions. Hurry because you’ll miss the parking spot,” a sweet voice said. The driver hung up deprived of words.

On the same street, “Hi, you’re welcome to join in a municipal movement... .. Press one or say yes if you agree, if you disagree press nine or say no... ”

“Yes,” said another driver.

“Thank you for cooperating, slow down and I’ll guide you through further instructions. The car parked over the sidewalk with another one behind, have your front end at that automobile’s rear. Sir, you missed it, look for the next violet car over the sidewalk, you’re goal is to park behind. I’ll guide you through, slow down to ten miles per hour until you see a car parked out of angle and over the sidewalk,” a Manish voice said.

Next roadblock set, cars have parked over the curb and across the sidewalk, in front of a boutique store. Enough space in the street center; a space large enough for a car to pass between and get across. To one side of the street a minivan’s nose parked four feet away from a commerce’s concrete wall. Two or three cars could park behind, they chained near the middle of the street, but a car could get across. On the other side they parked asymmetric, but almost alike. If a car drove in the middle of the street, he’d have three feet of clearance on each side within rear bumpers of parked cars. Completing the roadblock or to cap the gap in the middle of the street, a car would stop between having three cars on each side. Other cars had calls to double lines, side by side but overlapped. Some had a second row, oriented bricklike. Once set the participants left their vehicles and shopped, people promenaded on each side of the street.

Norman displayed advertisements on the console in the red horse car, the panel pictured the speed limit. Shaylia laughed at the screen and turned to Jason. “Heh-heh you’re gonna have to slow down,” she said, pointed the blinking screen. The red car kept a high howl engine and passed cars along the way. Then the engine missed, it jerked like a cut off from the ignition, then regain its RPM (Rotation Per Minute), but formerly missed, continually repeating this sequence and repeated. Jason frowned.

The gang of bad guys behind moved to loophole the other cars in front that kept side by side joyful and waved to each other.

But something brought more confusion in the far distance, “What is that shit there,” the manager said as

he glanced parked cars perpendicular of the street? He couldn't believe it. The felon drove on the opposite lane of the attendee.

A farmer's field viewed at five thousand feet. A helicopter pilot impressed, chopped the air whirly that rocked to yaw the commands felt by the crew in the cockpit. Imbecility, they shook wearily, and their heads replaced idiotically, swung. Like the currant in the sea where the waves move the algae's. They searched a story to tell for a broadcast media channel. The pilot eyed the city's horizon. A news broadcast reporter poked her fingertip of long polished nails on the camera operator's shoulder. The camera viewed down and panned left, a road in caption, cars side by side and some parked on each side of the pavement freeing the two lanes. Scenery vision of the broadcast slowly swept the freeway, exit and street up towards the city center.

"Look at all those cars," the reporter said, "Are you capturing that," she said while looking at the camera operator?

"What are they waiting for," the camera operator said as he noticed cars parked every five hundred feet apart, and off the freeway's asphalt.

"Excuse me but, you are to see this," the pilot said to the crew, who had large earphones, headset.

The view followed the tiny road to the city center. Weirdly around a thousand cars parked perpendicular of the streets, over sixty roadblocks.

"That's crazy," the reporter said, "Are you filming that," she added?

"Sure-sure my lady, you're the chief and as high as the, – clouds," the camera operator said and stunned unbelievably. Roadblocks covering the city streets. The artwork of a crazy talented penny.

A group dressed in suits sat around a table, agents and bankers offered credit cards and common funds to the winner of a near million. Then Barn glanced at the TV; he saw a city with disoriented strips of parked cars.

"You'll have more interest investing in the media," a clerk said, then Barn glimpsed to the television a second time.

Khile took a paralleled road ahead of the first roadblock, he drove in the second.

Onward, Jason sighted a roadblock. "Just let go the gas and you'll pass between the rear end cars at around ten miles per hour," Norman said. The engine's sound calmed, retrograded gears, downshifted, decelerated and crossed the roadblock's gap in the middle of the street.

Shaylia saw out the passenger's window cars parked behind another, similar on the opposite side. Then in front, a street ahead she saw a gap, rear ends, then ahead another roadblock.

Jason gawked at his mirror, frowned as a blue car stopped between the rows of cars. But behind him a blue car. Markets on the left and Restaurants on the right side.

"Take the time you want Jason, I've got your way through this city," Norman said.

Barn watched Live TV as he recognized the red horse. The agents and bankers turned and saw in the screen the street of roadblocks.

Driving in the roadblock's zone, Jason glanced into his mirror and saw behind a blue car that had completed a roadblock.

Insight of the same blue car but in the front windshield, the manager aboard a dark vehicle saw the blue car's door opened. The person faced the sidewalk and glanced at some cars braking before the roadblock.

“That focking coin,” the manager said, stopped and pushed gears to park, opened his car door, stood out and shouted to the driver. “Get outta the way, get the fock outta the way, that street, move that car,” the manager said then madly pulled out his gun.

“Oops, their already shooting the film,” the blue car owner said and hurried to the sidewalk.

The manager walked towards the center of rear end cars as the roadblock. He looked inside the blue car and keys hanging from the ignition slot. He opened the door, and wavered his arm to the felon and the attendee behind, they drove inwards this insane roadblock. Like it was his own car, he opened the door and drove it out-of-the-way.

People on the sidewalk pointed insight of the blue car driver, “It’s your car, it’s your car there,” the people shouted and pointed his blue car. Near the sidewalk he turned and saw his blue car leaving towards the next roadblock, “Hey, hey that’s my car,” he yelled and chased.

At the second roadblock, the red horse traversed the cars aligned to each side, then a pickup slowed, inserted and capped the roadblock.

“I’ll be dammed,” the manager said sighting the next obstacle at the wheel of the blue car.

Meanwhile, “My car, that’s my car,” the owner of the blue car yelled while he ran then sprinted but trampled and stomped steps slowing paces to shorter strides. In his sight, his car rolled away to the next roadblock, towards the pickup. Then saw two other black cars that passed in front of him, straight, and towards the next roadblock with the pickup in the middle.

That blue car’s horn beeped at the pickup driver, and shouted while his head out the window, “Get it outta the way, move that pickup,” the manager said loudly.

Near his vehicle, “Yeah,” the pickup driver exclaim happily and passionately, “Yeah, yeah that’s the thing, I’m on TV cool yeah woo-hoo,” the pickup owner smiled then grinned and waved as he felt proud to be in a picture. Waved his arms over his head.

“Fock that scrap,” the manager said, then bit on his teeth and glared, grimaced a grin in a moody manner.

He ran towards the pickup with his gun, “You maggot, can’t you see we need to get through,” the manager said to the proud man.

“Hee-ha-ha,” the driver of the pickup laughed with guffaws eagerly. “I’m on TV, I’m on TV.” And jumps grinning.

The felon and attendee waited behind the pickup’s roadblock with windows rolled down, “Hoo-ish, the boss is mad,” as they heard tires of the pickup spin.

“Hey take it easy loafer,” the pickup owner said then two black cars passed. “That’s great, that’s great ha-ha yeah the TV stuff woo-hoo,” the pickup owner said.

Meanwhile in the helicopter’s cockpit, “Someone is trying to get through, he changed his car for a pickup,” the reporter said in caption.

Barn and his offering agents and a banker looked at the TV with a passion. “Hey, he’s my friend yup,” Barn said.

“Yeah-yeah, he’s my friend too,” an agent said. Meanwhile the banker, “Ahem.”

“Listen,” the other agent said. Wiggled Barn gawked each of them.

Meanwhile they spoke amicably, the TV sounded, “They appear to be roadblocks, there spread in the city streets

from one side to the other. Even over the curb all the way to the walls barricading the streets,” the reporter said on the live news.

The red horse drove between rear bumpers of the third roadblock of cars. Jason saw in his mirror midway from the second roadblock’s zone, appeared two black cars, the felon had the lead then the attendee with the concentrated writer. Last, in the pickup the manager sighted the attendee slow down and the orange car braked.

“Their gaining on us, you’re gonna have to make it faster between roadblocks,” Norman said. However, the felon passed the pink car missing to complete the roadblock. Jason glanced at the car in the mirror and saw the attendee passing aside the pink car. The felon had the red horse in sight. Over ten miles per hour, they had squealed tires in their persistent pompous way.

Jason confused, turned left towards buildings and rolled over the low curb near a door over the sidewalk between people walking, “We’re going in there,” he said.

Chapter 47

Final Battle

Jason and Shaylia jogged inside a small food market as the door closed behind them. A client at the counter turned and a cashier worker saw a hasty woman with long waved silvery white hair passing. “Where are they going like that,” a client said?

“It disregards me plenty, however they seem having their way, what do you think,” the cashier said?

The food market had a passage that led down the basement, “This way Shaylia,” Jason said.

In the same store, the windowed door closed entirely with a bell that finished a ring, then reopened abruptly after a chaser barged in and asked, “Where did they go,” the felon said?

At the cash register they both said, “Who?”

“The two that ran inside,” the felon said.

“We don’t know what you’re talking about,” they both said. The felon saw them and ran inside towards next commerce.

The glass door pushed by the manager, attendee and guards too, came in the market’s entrance. Randomly they said, “Where did they go,” but no one had the same question? While, “Did you see a couple running?” A guard said, another looked at the ceiling, “Where!?”

“Over there,” a guard said quickly insight of the felon. They engaged the chase with the manager.

Nevertheless had abandoned his work and sat still in the black car of the passenger’s seat. “It’s never good enough,” the writer said.

Below markets, Jason and Shaylia had entered a basement almost in middle, thriftily through. With savvy paces, the coins had the way around from x-rays and scanned through walls figuring available passages.

Meanwhile, “I’m guiding Khile to the side of this building,” Norman said.

“Tell me Shaylia,” Jason said moderately breathy, “Why all this?”

The felon had two targets, he aimed. At the far end of the basement, he fired twice – but they had gone through the door up the stairs in the boutique.

“They’re shooting at us, why do they want us that much,” Jason said?

“Tell him Neckzees,” Shaylia said as they climbed upstairs to the clothes boutique.

The felon ran midway of the basement, the attendee behind, the manager lagged because of the pain that throbbed in his hand with a grimace, “Get them fockers,” he said then slackened speed and struggled sluggishly. The attendee had passed the felon. Guards passed the manager running.

Khile drove the taxi and slowed before the intersection and a sidewalk along on his right hand side and saw Jason and Shaylia rounding the corner.

“...that is why he wants us coins,” Neck-Zs said.

“So you really don’t belong on this planet,” Jason said stomping feet.

“We do but it’s risky,” Neck-Zs said as they approached the taxi.

The attendee stepped out the clothes boutique glass door, and looked each side but took the shortest way along the sidewalk, he saw the nearest corner and guessed their way away to sway in that getaway. He turned left and ran along the boutique.

A hundred feet from that same corner, Khile saw appearing the attendee on the right sidewalk’s corner as Shaylia sat on the front passenger seat, Jason behind the driver. The taxi driver saw a green light ahead, he accelerated forward and the coin calculated some danger. “Khile go backwards, roll rearwards, we’re entering their shooting range,” Norman radioed.

The driver held the brakes then stopped, and gears shifted in reverse, right arm behind Shaylia’s head, and he

eyed through the cab’s rear window. Foot gassed stepped on; cab car speeded up reversely rolled.

The attendee positioned at the corner, saw Shaylia’s hair, white headlights, estimated the driver’s head and aimed at the cab a hundred feet away.

A spider bullet hole in the windshield.

Meanwhile in time bullet, before exiting the gun’s mouth, Neck-Zs guessed her host dodging to her feet. Also estimated the necklace heat and the sweat her host body produced and knew when and what speed to detach propelling to Khile’s head. The silver coin detected a fast bullet on its way as she demagnetized from the locket’s necklace to stick near Khile’s head. While the radio briefly buzzed bass.

A noise heard at the upper right corner of the backseat, the lead bullet wrapped, Norman and Neck-Zs up the car’s ceiling. The spider web appeared around the bullet hole of the windshield. Formally the bullet dropped, Jason felt something at his pinch like a gap, looked but the penny absented. Khile knocked out though his head tilted towards Shaylia while his foot gushed gas and slightly turned against the curb and speeded up reversely. Shaylia ducked while Jason glanced at the rear seat seeing a smashed bullet with the penny and a dime sized coin.

Fired the attendee did.

Jason looked at Khile who fell on Shaylia side heavily. The taxi reversed away from the corner and shrank. Jason dodge and lain on the backseat sideways.

Aiming the taxi through the broken windshield, no one in the passenger’s seat and the attendee fired a third bullet aside the felon stepping insight and hid the yellow cab in aim.

“There, that’s the way a job’s done,” the attendee said behind the felon.

“You think you got them,” breathy felon said looking in sight of the attendee’s aim. Meanwhile the cab reversed moderately rubbing against the curb.

“Yeah what do you think, I shot three times and they all went down,” the attendee said?

“Then let’s make sure,” the felon said while guards passed.

Shaylia felt Khile’s head against her back but straightened to see out the windshield and saw the manager still at the corner, she focused and saw the two guards running, catching up and the attendee with the felon behind.

The attendee slowed and straighten arms from his holster. The felon slightly saw the white silvery haired woman go down again.

The rubber tires scorched against the curb and hub caps sparked, smoked of the cab rolling. Rubbery screamed scratched roughly while shimmered flickered and rubbed in fumigated and slowed reverse speed.

Meanwhile, “Hey Jason, do you mind throwing us out the door,” Norman radioed. Jason grasped the coin stuck in a bullet with Norman stuck on, opened the door then tossed out. Bounced while grinded the bullet, they rolled, flipped many times in front of the cab going in reverse. The coins heated molten led.

Meanwhile, “Hey Shaylia, turn off the engine,” Norman radioed.

Coins rolled on the pavement, wobbled; Norman the penny lain over the silver coin. They played with magnetism, repelled as the coin raised in height, away from Neck-Zs on the ground to a foot high.

The penny spaced an inch above the ground over Neck-Zs, and then higher at a foot. Then the penny arced falling but at two o’clock if a clock stood, and then they gave a strong push and suddenly reversed magnetism. This attraction stopped the penny but lifted the dime until magnetism shut off which made her propel for a distance passing the penny, then another attraction as they fell together. Configuring momentum in simulation but when time was right they traveled fast overcoming obstacles like the uneven surfaces and different materials along the way.

Flipped-flopped and sprang up to the felon’s hand, and then attracted like a clamp; Norman in the palm while Neck-Zs over the hand. Invisible force they attracted, stuck. They featured loudmouth together as the felon weakened knees and lost balance frontwards, he let go his gun, collapsed. They dropped on the ground and the coins rebounded to a guard’s hand but this time with burning heat and loudmouth. The other guard witnessed his friend stressed.

The manager stood still at the corner, but saw a guard collapsed down distantly of a hundred fifty feet. The attendee viewed a pocket change team as they flipped in rounds of motions, as if a wheel spun towards him. Aimed and shot, they moved out of his aiming. Every time he’d aim they’d move out of target and in a circle on the cement ground. While he emptied his gun, they rang, “Here-here eat this and that, here-here eat that and this,” the attendee said firing around. He had fired all six bullets left in his magazine, sparks on the pavement. Last, his gun clicked then those coins like a wheel then recoiled on his hand with his gun. Burned him and he shouted, face pouted, forced scowled smirk but then touted the items in a hand

that smoked. He spouted out of his mouth a routed down the sidewalk. He stiffened to a fall, prone. Perceptibly he lived a seizure as he started to tremble while coins performed the loudmouth feature defense.

Coins rolled and spun like an axel but flip-flapped not any higher than a foot. The advancement quickened with distance. They bowled closer and nearer then tilted to flip-flops, but without a metallic sparkle towards the felon nearer the taxi getting up, away from the manager. Burned him at the back of his head and his forehead. Marked. They could have entered his hulled skull but left him to mull in the null down the dull, smoked.

The manager watched on the street corner, he stepped away slowly then the wheel of coins headed in his direction. As speed gained spinning, coins bounced higher. Throughout, a guard stood in fright, he sight, this might, no fight, he'd flight. Off away he went and ran away passed behind the taxi. With his arms up, "They are coins ah," he shouted while running.

Phone rang, "Yes," Jason said in the taxi's backseat with Shaylia that had watched the bad crew fall with Khile unconscious, but Shaylia replaced him up straight.

"Jason I'm gonna pay you a month of salary if you come to end this war, we can't support the termites," a grumpy voice said.

"Norman yes talk," Jason said?

"Go between the buildings and we'll join you in midway," Norman said.

Meanwhile, passed the corner, the manager had reached the glass door back into the clothe boutique. The wheel of coins turned around the corner as they calculated the door of the boutique would shut and they'd miss a few seconds

of time even at their thirty miles an hour. The coins set a U-turn and motioned towards the immobilized taxi, passed the guard but his similar far that kept running away, the attendee lain then the felon. At great speed the coins moved. The penny barely traced but Neck-Zs shined around in circles like a wheel. Every half turn when coins hit the cement sidewalk a high shrill clipping. A water hydrant derived their way passing by.

"This manager isn't an easy friend to catch," Norman said. Before the taxi, they entered eavesdrop chute, magnetized to the steel and rolled up the building, headed for the roof top.

"I'm having a great time programming," Neck-Zs said while they sent millions of lines texted in message.

Chapter 48

Schmuck

The manager supposed of nothing else to lose. His job lost, his staff tossed, his reputation cost mud and gust. Urged to what he needed, the coins, and he had ran through the market's basement.

Jason and Shaylia had exited the taxi, they tore steps between buildings. It seemed like a long topless passage, Jason sighted a glass door of the building on the right side. Shaylia reflected passing in front of the door, but slowed following Jason. They saw at the other end, this almost tunnel like ending at a mean madman holding a gun with Jason's red horse car behind, a street then stores. Their jog slanted and ended, walk to none, stomps. It was the manager, he held a gun and turned facing them. His arms disappeared from each side when he pointed the gun, and then he fired, "Stop, halt," he said, and advanced

towards them. The bullet hit over echoed after a stunning loud explosion, Jason and Shaylia practically squatted, and froze.

The coins flacked from a brick wall, flew to the other building and spun together in midair until they snapped on the opposite wall then fully reversed magnetism that rapidly repelled each other. Norman stuck against the gray building wall until Neck-Zs distanced about a foot. At that moment, they both attracted magnetism, as this pulled him like an invisible string to his partner and then clipped together solidly. Meanwhile speed slightly slowed Neck-Zs but once Norman hit through contact he sped up the pair.

Nerdy. Needy nearly perfect parallelism towards the next building, the commands calculated the coins in synchronized way. Repelled to fly, spinning. At each rotation generated friction sounds. Covering a larger surface for air resistance preventing free fall. Fanned flopped air slowing and falling to the next wall. Rebounded the brick wall. They overlapped half coin, and then opposed the other half after a slide. Once in this half coin position; they could left slide half coin for left or right steer but fell at greater speed. The crack of the door aligned, they entered the gap. With each a surface and repelling, they stayed still preventing any slippage.

Meantime, from rooftop sky-high of the buildings, the coins came down wall-to-wall. As a click left, then clacked right with a weird whistle every time they flew across in midair. Jason faced up. A dime showed on a red brick wall, then eleven cent crossed the blue sky. The gray structured resonated, and then the other building. The manager stood still, looked at the resonances, penny visible in midair as the blue distinguished sky with the slightest cloud. Norman and Neck-Zs bounced down alternating walls, flat

on a red building of bricks, and then bounced to the other building, however gray like cement. They worked together in repulsion and attraction force, magnetisms. So great, a tenant noticed the light shined brighter but television signal dimmed from the rebounding coins, then his screen appeared dull colors with bluish on that old cathode tube.

The manager focused up but kept the aim around the glass door behind them. Coins had lost echoes as they lowered elevation, until they vanished through the glass door frame, precisely in the top gap behind the manager's targets.

In a short moment after the coins inserted the gap, Jason heard metal sliding, and then a clank as he stepped backwards. The coins opened the door latch.

Then he whispered to Shaylia, "The door behind is open," Jason said.

Meanwhile, "Hey sir, what are you doing," a pedestrian said loudly, the manager turned?

"Get in Shaylia," Jason said in murmurs.

"Screw off pal," the manager said to the man on the sidewalk, and then returned at his aim, and when he faced the door, Jason held it for the long white silvery hair woman entering. Fired. A bullet cracked the glass like a spider from the manager's gun. They crouched through and Shaylia covered her head. He shot a second bullet but Jason cautiously squatted then entered the building.

Meanwhile, both coins on the door ketch propelled to Shaylia's necklace. "Give me to Jason," Neck-Zs said. The penny fell into her hand, she turned, "Here Jason."

They gaited a couple seconds ahead of the manager, he shot in the door frame, shattered scattering glass, resonated in echoes inside.

Meanwhile, the pedestrian on the sidewalk said, “Hey, he’s shootin’ at people, hey.” Nonetheless the manager opened the door frame, then turned to the pedestrian, “Don’t mess with me,” he said while entering, pain from his hand then bit on his teeth.

Meanwhile Jason followed Shaylia, he stepped off course as another bullet hit a metal server commode. They each had their way in them passages of computer servers, a data center. Shaylia had turned the left but Jason heard a tin rang as the projectile bounced; a ricochet had made him jump and kept running in his passage that lead to another glass door away. The manager had fired.

“I got this man keep running straight, just throw me behind you,” Norman said then the manager aimed warily from the door frame. The coin rolled furiously up a server cabin and bounced off the ceiling then sticks on the bottom of the other side, symmetrical metal computer data cabin. Trolled upwards to hit the clear plastic light cover on the ceiling of the suspended tiles distracting the mad manager’s aim. The coin up and down rolled up and down, the manager nodded with his gun in aim. A few times more, rolled rounds, the aiming spanned in circles from the left cabin to the right. “Don’t let him shoot the servers,” Neck-Zs said. The penny re-magnetized then catapulted towards the next passageway, vanished. Still, the manager changed target but Jason disappeared the left side in the frantic aim. Red faced grimace he ran forth to where he last saw Jason to the middle of the room.

From the scattered glass entrance of the building, Shaylia ran until the left corner and turned her right hand side, and headed towards the far depth corner of the room.

Between buildings the guard looked in the door frame, inspected the scattered glass on the ground, and saw

his boss turn left, heard steps, he took Shaylia’s way. The guard engaged the left passage from this shattered glass door.

In the middle of the room, Jason turned his right hand side and ran to the far depth wall, his phone had vibrated, “Yes,” he said in whispers.

“It’s insect war here, the termites are bombard- ing,” a grumpy voice said through hostile war ambi- ence. Machinegun fires, tank bullets and mortar rounds, bomb whistled.

“Norman, I don’t have time for this,” Jason said in murmurs and breathy, turned his left hand side.

Meanwhile the penny rolled on top of server cabins towards the left corner of the room, paralleled course of the guard. The penny hits the bump that caused a jump, over flew across the passage. Lands on the next row of servers, flew and arced from row to row over a passage and over another.

In slow motion, the coin captured the running guard. But the other side the manager skeleton who looked side to side in the middle of the room. Skeleton Shaylia ran towards the same corner of Jason’s bones, the far depth left corner from the shattered glass door that they had entered this building.

The guard’s cell phone rang loudly through echoes, while the manager saw at his left hand side the coin arched across the passage. Doing so Shaylia ran, almost at Jason’s reach with her hand open towards him at the left depth corner. “Hold her hand Jason while I take care of that guard,” Norman said on Jason’s phone.

“Listen to Neckzees,” Shaylia said grasping his hand.

The guard at the left corner altered glance and saw Shaylia and Jason disappearing at the left depth corner, but a metal noise neared at his right ear.

After the manager saw the penny that had overflow the passage from server to server, on the other side of the passage he heard running, they passed, he turned and he aimed. Fired, but the bullet hit the wall behind Shaylia's hair. He stepped forward, "Dammit," the manager said and breathily ran in parallel of them until he sighted the glass door closing and shot it shattered.

In the meantime, at the left corner from the entrance door, the guard eyed on top of the server cabin. Having sight of the two passages that angled ninety degrees, chafing noise of the penny's incoming and landed insight. Stopped stationary on the corner's edge on the top server, the guard aimed over his head then fired, miss fired missed but the penny always moved out of target, fired, and bullets passed stupidly fast. Dust from tiles and metal rang as a projectile ricochet rows away. Holes through the suspended ceiling tiles. The guard felt energized with fear from adrenaline, not attacked by the penny as he remembered the carnage at the mansion. Fired. Nervous forearm and cramped around his gun's handle. Rolled after he detected no bullets. Click the gun did, "You scored zero yawl loser," a sweet voice hacked his phone sardonically.

The manager turned to the entrance passage about in the middle of the room, insight of them, they had ran in another part of the building, the glass door closed behind them. – Fired.

Near the guard frozen like a statue cringing his gun. The penny detected an air dock over the ceiling tiles as he rolled down a server cabin. Quickly reversed to quicken briskly near bullet speed and indented the air dock via the ceiling tile perforated. Dust from the suspended ceiling as the guard had watched, followed the metal sound. The penny trailed the air dock's way that led to the building's other room.

Room Two

Running, the manager aimed for a target of targets across the glass door with shattered glass but he ducked stepping through the door.

In a passage with servers on each side, "I get my turn now, swap sides with Jason but stay together," Neck-Zs said and slipped down Shaylia's necklace repulsed at knee height then sticks on a side server cabin. Stuck, rolled through tin noises towards the manager.

Meanwhile the frame door closed behind the manager, he aimed carefully as they exchanged side of their courses running away in the passage. Coin Neck-Zs rolled over the top of servers then jumped on the topmost flat surface.

The manager squeezed the stern trigger. Ear blistering shrills activated the dime approaching the manager frowning while covering an ear.

"I feel sticky," Neck-Zs said in sight of the manager's gun.

While the penny crossed room magnetized under the ventilation dock.

The manager grimaced twisting his arm as tilting inward his gun, he looked and felt his index finger pushed by a silver coin. Frowned greater and confused, "Shit," he said then dropped his gun.

Meanwhile in her virtual world Neck-Zs flirted folders, “Norman how did you overclock?”

“That’s none of your business,” the penny said guffawing on mute.

Meanwhile the manager looked at his gun on the floor, he took one step behind. The dime rocked back and forth several times, rotated spins like a figure skater, and rolled on the cannon. Launched to a server cabin distantly to stick, and slowly came back towards the manager on metal of the server cabin aside.

But picked up his gun crouching, and looked for targets but no escapees’ insight, they disappeared the left side between server rows about in middle of the room.

Meanwhile over the ceiling tiles, the penny rolled under an air ventilation system. But an exit below and the floor, two small hula hoops to the smallest center, made in plastic, fell in. Norman slipped in a curl slide down from the ceiling to the floor as the manager recognized the penny, he stood up holding his gun and stepped back. Neck-Zs rolled on servers then joined the penny and they flip-flopped away down the passage.

The guard arrived behind the manager, and reduced his jog, glancing at the coins far down the passage between servers ringing away, the door closed behind the guard. Glanced the coins ahead, “I’m out of bullets.”

The manager reached for a pistol. “Here, go left,” he said dour and ran to the door ahead.

Room Three

Shaylia heard a short metal slip then a clank, Jason had seen the coins as he pulled her hand towards that door. In the middle of the second room, the guard track them across the passage towards the glass door and next

row beside the struggling manager. The manager saw a reflection from the hinges just like the door opened, he fired. Devastated fragmented crystal-like fell but fired a second round.

On the other side of the door, Shaylia strode to the right, however the bullet resonated as Jason jumped and her hand slipped from his hold. They split as Jason kept running straight ahead. The coins flip-flopped behind Jason. The manager looked right passage and chased the long white silvery woman as the frame door closes.

Jason looked behind, saw the guard. He shot the coins but they teamed up, bounced on the guard’s gun, and then rolled to clamp the hand. Loudmouthed. Blustering. Vociferous. He dropped down like a rag. Still.

A little moment passed and Jason heard hands that clapped against the polished floor, echoed from his left ear. Like falling. Jason answered his phone, “Yes.”

Battlefield sounds, “Hold on while he goes dodo,” a grumpy voice said.

Jason heard Shaylia, “... get your hands-off me,” she said.

Barks in dimmed echoes, “... get up, get up,” the manager said.

Then Jason heard on the phone, “She fell down, the manager’s got her,” Neck-Zs said.

“Why aren’t you protecting her,” Jason said?

“She’s at risk, approaching would increase dangers, we have to wait,” Neck-Zs said.

The coins rolled towards Jason, “When I say left, you move to the left, then right it is to the right,” Norman said.

“Yes but, why is that,” Jason said as he heard footsteps, he turned to look at the door frame? Norman and Neck-Zs

bounced from the floor clamping Jason's hand, away his phone went.

Around sixty feet away, Jason watched carefully the manager holding the gun to Shaylia's head, his other arm below her breast. Hostage-like from the left, they slowly appeared in Jason sight. A guard lain down in the middle of the passage twenty feet from Jason.

"Clueless bastard," the manager said, his voice echoed distantly and Shaylia struggled.

"You don't have an idea of them value, idiot."

A gun to Shaylia's head.

"Yes, well no you tell me," Jason said.

"They're ten thousand times more powerful than uranium, the unique substance in this world, do you have an idea what I can get for that," the manager said?

"Yes, more than pocket change," Jason said with enthusiasm.

"Don't play smart with me, I can get a hundred million for them both."

"You lost your job there," Jason said.

"The hell with that job, come on, think of the half you'd have."

"Don't listen to him Jason," Shaylia said, muffled words when his hand placed over her mouth withheld the gun.

"Shut up, shut up," the manager said while Shaylia resisted.

"Let her go; let the woman go," Jason said.

Evil laughs, "Hen-hen-hen. Then what do you say to cooperate with me, then later go somewhere buy an Island and enjoy life huh?"

"Say no way," Norman said. "Hush I know what to say," Jason said.

"Heh, what did you say, is that a yes or a stupid no," the manager said?

"Neither, I like my pocket change," Jason said louder.

"Too bad, I thought for a second you weren't and idiot but I was wrong," the manager said. Faced Shaylia's ear, "You hear your friend there, now watch him go down." His gun reflected light when pointed to Jason in target.

Shaylia moved agonizingly and a few kicks on the manager. "Hold still or I will pierce metal through your sludge skull."

On the monitor speakers, "Don't worry Shaylia, he's doing his job right," the grumpy voice said. The manager looked up and around with confusion then retargeted Jason.

Meanwhile, "Quick do jumping jacks," Norman said and Jason did. But the manager made no gratitude to squeeze the trigger.

"Splat left wall and don't move," Norman said then Jason flatten his body to the server row wall like on the left with his arms and legs spread. Fired, a bullet centered the passage. Shaylia made herself heavy. "Stand, stand won't you," the manager said.

"Splat down and roll," Norman said then Jason threw himself to the floor. A second shot fired previously.

"Get up and die like a man," the manager said.

"Roll right," Norman said then Jason rolled on the floor to the other server wall. Meanwhile he fired twice. The manager growled with a grimace.

"Roll left," Norman said then Jason rolled. Three shots heard while he barreled on the floor.

"Laugh out loud and roll right," Norman said.

"Ha-ha you sissy, you can't get me," Jason said. Two fired shots during rolls. "All right open you hand and let us roll."

Jason opened his hand and eyed the manager at the far end. The manager saw the coins combined at a fast

approach, Click! His gun failed passed the knockout ragged guard.

Like a soldier charging, "Let go my woman," the grumpy voice said with Norman on the monitor and resonated all over the suspended ceiling. Shaylia freed herself, ran to Jason. Feeble fading sirens of police from outside as the coin approached.

The manager saw the penny waved centrally a few feet off the floor, while Neck-Zs rolled in circles under. The penny waved greater and the dime rolled faster but distantly around. She circled alternating size, Neck-Zs partially whirled in spirals. The penny heated cherry red, then brazing gold and lit bright. The manager felt the rays of heat.

"Now listen to me, get your phone out and call yourself a trip to jail," the grumpy voice said. Shaylia kissed Jason, hugged.

Meanwhile the manager said, "Obey me, I'm your master," frowningly.

"Ah, shut-top you lousy schmuck," the grumpy voice said out the speakers.

Phone had rang, "Yes," Jason said.

"Quick, get outta there, find another row, the police are coming," Norman said. Shaylia and Jason ran towards the far way.

Pronounced elastically like saying surprise, "Were here," three police said smilingly. Then the manager dropped his gun and raised his arms, palms on his head, hurting hand over, he held a boredom face, "Oh my gosh," the manager said and glimpsed up.

The sleeping guard raised on the floor and saw, "Were here," two polices said with grins.

Handcuffs the manager's hands. "Tell him his wrongs," a police said in a rolled voice.

"His rights you mean," a sergeant said?

"No his wrongs, you know tell us your story..."

Nodded, "Got it, you're wrong to keep quiet because we'd like to know your story, and nothing you say won't exist and dropped for you out the court. In other words you have to find another job," the sergeant said.

The guard stood from the floor, confused gaping at the sergeant yonder hearing wrongs.

"I'm gonna stay here for a while, this Internet is broken, Just leave with Shaylia and Neckzees and join Diane at the shopping mall," Norman said.

Shaylia picked up her coin on a server.

In the attendee's car, the writer opened the door, stepped out for a break until another time. With his laptop closed he headed across the street walking amongst everyone.

Chapter 49

Gathering

A party, partially cloudy under the blue sky, sighted bright freeing the sunlight. People over a green grass gracefully chattered and blabbered, though nothing could be understood, moods good at noon's food. Though there they then did danced to rhythmic music that chanted hearts of everyone around the pond, statues in the middle as the view tensioned next to the fountain. Water flowed and flew few feet, sprays at the edges, pledged. Fishes? The sound it made shaded the flamed gambling games now out of fame.

Bravery Shaggy sat straight with a hat on the mat with a fat cat, however Mr. Sherks aside. Baby-sitter Nemni

danced with her mister who looked like he could be her Gemini. Little Justin left his green man in the fountain centered throughout everyone. Diane and Shaylia shared tells told then asked their flask to pass the task, due done with Jason's mother, they drank.

The other group, Barn sheltered dressy women on each side under his hair. Khile and Jason holding their beverages.

At the women side, "Awkward, a date so awkward like you would never believe (Chapter 10's extension), I sat and couldn't do nothing the whole time of that live lobster. Then an old man choked and the waiter saved him with his foot, kind of like the lobster's," Diane said to Shaylia and the homemade gold plated penny who was once burned to a dark rusty red. Norman stuck on Neck-Zs, Shaylia's necklace. Diane slightly stammered in a sudden, she saw the gold change to a silver like the woman's hair with the white silver in sight. However, Diane turned then saw the penny overflow the crew and landed in Jason's glass. Khile and Barn with the ladies. All their eyes mattered down the punch, a plastic goblet that Jason held.

While they looked, "Yes Norman there's the man," Jason said then put a finger in his drink to hear the penny.

"A new chain is on the way," Norman said.

"How did you get plated of gold?"

Barn gazed over his friend, the women under his arms laughed at Jason in communication with his glass. "You can't get crazier than that yup," Barn said as he saw his friend talk to his glass.

"No he isn't you cheap lover," Jason's mother said.

"It's the," Khile had prepared to speak but Norman made his phone rang.

"By the way, what did you do over at the servers," Jason said to the container in his hand?

"Oh man, well nothing much, I just repaired the Internet," Norman said.

"But the Internet works fine," Jason said as he widen eyes to his drink.

"A tad, just a quantum hack, it's near singularity now," Norman said.

Scoffed, "Oh-kay," Jason said confoundedly confused.

"Take it like this, it's a big born baby and I'm the father," Norman said.

"What, it's the most advanced part of this world," Jason said.

"Nah, it was broken I tell yaw, now it has a mind of its own, don't worry I'm working on it."

Every phone rang and then the music stopped. Meanwhile a scratched old vinyl disk sounded as they all reached their phones. Neck-Zs knew about it as Shaylia let her phone tickle her waist, though Diane clanged her phone then glanced at Shaylia without worries.

"Just kidding every one ha-ha-ha," the penny resounded a crowd that burped and said. "A Joke, just a joke." Guffawed.

Upset, "Booo," a couple said, "Get on with the music," a gentleman said.

"Tsk heh," Jason said and gallivanted to Diane's group.

"You're a crazy mind yup," Barn said as he exclaimed over his neck. Barn the million man with a trim wig, he just looked like a newer paint brush. He had a few inch haircut.

"He's my boy you there," Jason's mother over said to Barn near Khile.

"Hey wait until you see my house, yup," Barn said to his women.

Jason held Diane around her waist, and his mother sheltered a divine look.

“Mommy, mommy,” Justin said and ran over cement tiles to Diane. “Here hold this duh,” Justin said and madly faced up. However Jason heard, “You’re a jackass,” Justin seemingly said.

“Justin say you’re sorry,” Diane said with round eyes.

“I am sorry Jason,” Justin said. But Jason heard a large voice, “I’ll beat you up someday,” Justin seemingly said. Norman saw the finger of his host leave the liquids.

“That’s it, you only have to say sorry,” Diane said.

“Yeah sorry, duh,” Justin said.

“Justin be polite and don’t say that,” Diane said.

“Say what,” Justin said?

“Duh,” Diane said. His eyes widen each times he said, “Duh,” Justin said.

“Only, what did I just say?”

At her ear, “Duh,” Jason said softly.

“Hey you’re not supposed to find this funny,” Diane said humorously.

“Duh,” Jason’s mother said.

Everyone had caption of saying, “Duh,” to each turn a different face that said. Justin duh, Jason duh, Diane duh, Shaylia duh, Neck-Zs duh, Barn and his women duh, virtual Norman duh, Shaggy dow and the cat meowed, Mr. Sherks almost said duh, Khile and Jason’s mother, then Justin, Shaggy barked, Justin, meow.

“Duh-duh-duh-duh,” Justin said.

“Okay Justin, that’s enough,” Diane said.

Everybody said, “Duh,” chorally. The music changed to a Dance beat duh rhythm.

Note from the author, “The word ‘the’ is mostly used in my story which makes the number one word I hate unknowingly.”

Later in that party, “So are you okay now that you see me with a woman,” Jason said.

Jason’s mother frowned, “What are you saying there?”

“You said something with some eggs, you wanted to invite me I think, and a dance,” Jason said.

She sneered, “No, I no, I remember a few months ago inviting everyone but that time no, I must have been on a brain wreck, if it happened, if I was,” Jason’s mother said and grinned.

“Heh-heh,” Shaylia laughed learning the multi-prank Norman played waking Jason up on that good morning. (Chapter 22)

“Right then it’s all okay mom,” Jason said.

“Are you sure my little boy,” Jason’s mother said.

“Yes, it’s all do-the-lee doo, duh,” Jason said. Justin laughed. “It was all that coin,” Jason thought and glanced at the golden penny down his drink. “He hears and sees everything from me, that bugger,” he thought, then looked at the big tree away from any metal. “He listen to her conversations and copied my mom’s voice.” Jason left and walked to a big tree about forty feet away from the house. Set the drink containing Norman the penny on the table nearby the tree and then gallivanted away while his phone rang. The phone toned, “Pick-me-up, I can’t wait to have a talk with you, pick-me-up...”

Jason exited the house as the door closed behind him. His phone’s ring tone kept changing. Wrote a note on a pad then detached the sheet with the handwritten message. At Shaylia’s back and over her shoulder she saw the paper with something written, “Hsh Nck-Zs dnt sy a wrd t th pnn,” the paper texted and only programmers know instantly. Meanwhile Jason wrote and separated the page pad off

the clipboard and gave it to Shaylia, then she read, "I want to play a trick on Norman," the paper splashed.

Jason picked up Norman with his index inside the plastic cup. "Hey man what did you do, I tried to see what you was doing and what was that writing in front of Neckzees," Norman said?

While he walked away from the tree to join Diane and Justin, Shaylia with Jason's mother, Barn ogled his beautiful mates on each side. Khile seemed bored.

The view enlarged to Shaylia's Necklace, "Call up a cheers," Neck-Zs said.

"I would like to make a toast to all my new friends," Shaylia said. Drinks raised above their heads.

Jason raised his cup, but instantly down and put his finger in his cup, "To bad you can't drink," Jason said while he gawked at the coin. Then everyone sipped, gulped, drank.

"Hey Norman, while you're in my glass how about a little stir," Jason said to his plastic glass?

"Just start a little motion so I can get around a couple times," Norman said. He shook his forearm until the golden penny moved to whirl the liquid in the container. Every cycled circle approaching the metal bracelet moved, the watch attracted to the penny at each turn.

"Sure," Jason said.

"Here I go," Norman said and whirled the liquids and swirled in circles in the glass, bubbles. Until a vortex formed, forced and raised the liquids up the glass' lip. The air sank clearing the bottom. Meanwhile his hand shook slightly from the spinning penny. The coin slowed his gyration to the glass bottommost then stopped.

"Hi Norman, how are you," Neck-Zs said and sounded drunk?

"Hey you don't sound all yourself there," Norman said.

"I had a little too much," Neck-Zs said.

"I can hear that," Norman said. Then a file appeared in his virtual world. Norman installed coin drink.

"A be, be-bee, ba-bee no nash ni-vi na-bah," Norman said.

"What drink is that Jason," Shaylia said?

"Beats me, it's something I grabbed at the bar," Jason said and his eyes set low like he was tired.

"Well then I guess cheers Jason," Shaylia said. They clung glasses and Diane joined in.

"Yes that's right, I didn't drink at the first cheers," Jason said, then chugged his drink.

Shaylia looked at him and drank his drink in a single gulp. "Hey Jason, your beginning a stomach ulcer," Norman said.

Jason widen eyes and the view enlarged his face, "No way man," Jason said.

Chapter 50

Fantasies and Reality

"Now wait a minute, you smeared programs in me and at your own will. Can you appear here in real time? I mean," Norman said.

"Now tell me, why I would do such a notch in your life," Neck-Zs said?

"You like me."

"Perhaps, but you can make your own character with the person you desire."

"Huh, yaw if you say so," Norman said impressed?

Neck-Zs uploaded a program installment called *staff design* and said, "With that tool you can have the dream partner that you always wanted."

“Yeah, your right, that Sherry is what I dreamed, but I don’t have all of her character,” Norman said.

“Here, use mine,” Neck-Zs said and had copied herself in one of the largest file in the coin business. “Ahem.”

“That’s right I’ll just share mine.” Then he gave a copy of him, “Here you go Neckzees, have fun.”

“Yeah, you too,” she said. Merely few seconds after installment.

“So are you bored so soon?”

“Yeah, to bad there isn’t more to it as I imagined,” Norman said.

“You’re a quantum machine,” Neck-Zs said, “And everything in the virtual world is lightning fast.”

“Then how do we make love?”

“You don’t, of course you can activate mixed ambiances and feelings in the intensity you want, but never have instinctive events. Everything you need is red in the character files and you decide to say or do as you have powers to interact with this reality. You can feel like you want, see what suits you, but mostly we basically cooperate through this world with a host. For example, you can cry all’s you want, before my programs, you felt sad at the most crude way without the machines. You can set your profile or adjust feelings. Find what you like best and get ready for duty, work or a mission to help the humans.”

“And that’s it, there’s nothing else,” Norman said?

“Here, you wanted to see me.”

Norman saw her world, everywhere he looked furnishings of greens created from Neck-Zs’s mind. Insight of a waterfall naked.

“Hi Norman, is that what you wanted to see?”

“Yeah, how did you guess?”

“You gave me your character, now I know you by heart, or shall I say, by copy. I can be this fantasy and could mirror you in your wills,” Neck-Zs said.

“Excuse my obscured delights, all this I see is wonderful, but nothing compared to machines in the casino. Why so?”

“From the casino it was real. Here all this that you see is humanlike imagination but stable to the precise virtual synthetic cell.”

“Can I make this heaven?”

“Sure, but no one seen enough to have it in the virtual world.”

“Then what more can heaven do to me,” Norman said?

“It’s your choice, either you want to go up there, or.”

“Or what,” Norman said?

“In this intercourse, I’ve check your stability and you could stay and help the humans, unless you want to travel...”

“What does that mean, I can stay too or go?”

“Yes, you can decide what you want.”

“Let me some time on that,” Norman said then his decision engine fragmented in a million pieces shattered-like liquids. His virtual neurons, thoughts of decorations sighted sand size and boggled confusion in the coin’s mind. The sand atomized and glittered fluidly. Anywhere he would have looked brighten to a single tone of view. Settled all the white he sat down and meditated. His fist against his chin and elbow on his knee, like the thinking statue. *Thought.*

“Do you mind if I spy on you,” Neck-Zs said.

“If it’s your most find interest go ahead.”

She opened a window, viewed from far, she saw a black spot with white surrounding, and zoomed in. The window sparkled naked nature and the waterfall behind her. It was her default world.

“You can do the same,” Neck-Zs said.

However, he didn’t move, not a microsecond. Stayed in the center of Neck-Zs’ window.

“Perhaps this can help you think more, other planets need us to fix their problems. Does that help a little?”

“What do you mean planets,” Norman said?

“This solar arrangement has earth in for life. Towards stars there are different levels of evolution.”

“Go on, I’m listening,” Norman said.

“I’ve learned, coins would have the choice traveling to a star or galaxy where there is and earth-like planet with different stages of evolution. You could have the beginning of life or mostly advance civilization status. Therefore, this information merely I estimated.”

“Where did you dig this up,” Norman said?

“Once upon a coin, we had to be aboard this large ship. The coin kept on getting stolen and the ship’s crew saw the last of it until a fight. The coin dropped and sank at Bottom Sea. After three weeks we received a letter instead of an address like the ones for each coins. The letter told us of the coin’s indecision and mention other stars and galaxies. That’s how we knew they can go up the sky,” Neck-Zs said.

“Who dove in the sea for that coin, I mean how it splashed out,” Norman said?

“I’m not sure, but one thing, it’s alien-like who helped the coin to submerge the coin back on the land.”

“Aliens, but they are bad, they hunt humans and take what they want.” he said walking with her.

“They don’t even bother with us coins, however they have contact with the planet and objects, trust me, if they wanted they’d collect us coins. We’re easy to find with high emissions, and I can imagine the pleasure in trades.”

“Okay, forget other planets that’s out of my thoughts,” Norman said. “The question is, do I truly want to go to heaven?”

A new folder had entered the file cabinet and alerted, flashed green. The window tinted opened with the file. “Virtual Love,” Norman read and installed. Set back to the window, “But you said, you are flabbergasting me.”

“I know, there’s always a program that virtually mimics,” Neck-Zs said.

“Strange, I can make love to you and I’m not yet out of my host.”

Coins talked all night.

The date changed, next number of the calendar.

Rippled farts resounded from a white toilet bowl, entrapped echoes. In the bathroom a foetidness currant filled the air from a few forwarding flagrant feces. Jason’s face forced furiously from a frown as the last words he had talked about a moment of silence while the happening. “I told you to shut up for a while,” Jason said and grimaced as he caught his breath.

Meanwhile, “Come-on-come-on-come-on,” Norman said.

Forcibly, “Quit. Talk-ing,” Jason said.

“I’m out, I’m out at last I’m out , this is embarrassing but I always find a way out somehow ha-ha,” Norman said and guffawed until a splatter in the water, and then they lost communication. However, Neck-Zs didn’t respond.

Jason stared down in the toilet, he finished buckling his belt. Unsure of how extracting the coin, “The penny should be in there,” murmured with sulky and disgust, repulsive thoughts and crushing odors, “How to get him out of there?” The phone rang as he reached to answer on the countersink. “-,” Jason -.

“Quit looking at me and get me outta here,” Norman said.

“Hold on, don’t panic it’s not like you’re in deep shit, you’re, just floating there,” Jason said and his arm swung forward with a palm up. “How do you name that situation, it’s not a piggy bank, a deposit,” said lowly.

“I’m just this floating thing there huh, what do you say? I’m in real shit crap, and the best of it all, a dime toilet. Splash me outta here will yaw,” Norman said as he got bossy.

“I really have to do this, I mean break it to pick you out of, there,” Jason said as he looked for something to grab him, stuck in the turd. “Tell you what.”

“What, hey you’re not going to, no, No!” Norman said as he saw an arm reaching the tank above.

While Jason flushed the toilet said, “Oo – smelly.”

“No-no man, no get me out, stop this nonsense,” Norman said

“Call me later,” Jason said while the x-ray view whirled around in spirals. Norman saw a skeleton waved happily, “Bye-bye.” Then tapped the phone’s screen to end this conversation.

“Catch me on next turn, quick,” the penny said. “I’ll have Wish-Harts deliver a ton of sex toys at your door.”

In the x-ray view, the penny moved and flowed forward then the currant took him in spiraled whirls in the pipes away.

“And I activated radio activity in his gut, oh my shit.” The penny hollered, “Justin come and get me.” In a terrible pipe cascade to the city sewages. “I’m falling and I know I’m not going to get up.”

