

Spider's Mistake

He hid in the alley, waiting for his next victim. He heard her. She was tipsy. He groaned with pleasure. This one would be perfect, he knew it. From where he stood, he could see that she wore a gold ankle bracelet inscribed with the name Gail. She had the perfect look. She was full of life, not like the others. The others bled too quickly, had too much flesh, and not enough life. Too much death was on them. They bled death, not life. This one was different; he just knew it.

She staggered against the brick wall of the bar that she had used for an escape to his alley. With a smile, he started to walk toward her. His dark brown hair lifted in the light breeze as did his long leather coat. He hummed an old song about loving the dead as he walked. As he walked he saw her digging for something in her bag. It was most likely her phone but she would never get the chance to use it. She let out a small giggle when she pulled some tampons out of her purse. She watched them fall to the alley as a child might. This was an easy kill for him tonight. She would know what the world could really offer her. She would know what pain was and the sweet call for relief that he would gladly provide her.

He flashed a smile that reached his light blue eyes as he quickly and quietly flicked out his switchblade. The others had bled too quickly when he had only used his blade. It didn't take long for him to start using the dirty panty hose that he had found. He loved to watch them struggle for their last breath as desperation glazed in their eyes. It was a really beautiful act to behold and participate in. Although his panty hose, which was tucked in his right pocket, created an act of beauty, his blade had to be used first to bleed out the evil to make the death truly beautiful.

When he was almost upon her, he could see her slinky black dress and her dyed blonde hair hanging around her unremarkable face. His smile grew even bigger as he drew back his blade in preparation to attack. He even giggled a little as she stumbled in her high heels toward him.

With his right hand he grabbed her shoulder and with his left hand, drove his blade in an upward arch to slice open her chest in an angry slash. The blood spurted and he threw her to the ground. Seeing himself covered in blood, he let out another groan of pleasure. His pants were getting tighter as he got more excited. Soon he would take care of that in the new hole that he would carve in the whore's belly. Then he would watch her die a splendid death.

I suppose I could stop him but why break up his fun? There was just something about watching him work that got me excited and horny for him like no other man could. I would have to wait to be taken by him after we had disposed of the body but the wait was worth it. Sometimes these hunts were appalling but it wasn't like he had a choice. Years of training compelled him to the hunt and the kill. While he had no choice, I did but I was not going to break up with him just because he had a strange compulsion. He had to kill whores. It wasn't like after the hunt he didn't go home and have supper, talk with me about our day and finally make sweet love to me. He was so sweet, caring, and sensitive but he needed to do this every so often.

He was just about finished working and ridding the world of another useless soul as I watched him dreamily. His hair glowed in the moonlight as he panted behind the soon to be lifeless body as she struggled for her last breath. His legs were firmly planted on the ground as he pulled the panty hose taut against her throat. As life fled this body, he realized he had made a mistake again. She was not the right one. After each killing, he would go home and forget about this mistake and try to be normal for a while. I called out Spider so that I could finish the dirty work of another failed hunt. He said he hoped there would be steak for supper.

The Bertha Experience

I was a normal teenage girl in the 21 century. I liked boys and hanging out with my friends and talking on my cell phone. My parents were very modern and encouraged me to be just as technically up to date as

they were. The only one in my family that was not up to date with the anything that had been made after 1980 was my grandmother. Her real name was Patricia but ever since 1965 she had, went by the name of Dandelion. My mother and I had at her request been cursed with weird names like she had. The name my mother was stuck with was Magnolia Starshine and I was stuck with Daffodil Starpower. I know my mother would have never agreed to such a ridiculous name for me but grandmother was stinking rich and my mom wanted a decent life for me so she appeased my grandmother's stupid request. The reason was my grandmother had made a lot of money was she apparently took a bunch of pictures of some old band named the Grateful Dead or something another. She hitchhiked across America during the time from 1965 to 1990. After the lead singer died, she stopped following the band and decided to sell all of those photos. It turns out that a lot of magazines like Rolling Stone really wanted those old photos. By time my grandmother was at retirement age, she was a millionaire and had never worked a day in her life!

My mother never approved of the way grandma lived nor how she was able to get all of her money. Grandma always told me that my mother was just greedy and wanted all the money to herself. Mom on the other hand, said grandma was greedy and didn't want to share all the money she got from being a bum. It just so happened that I was able to usually get what I wanted from grandma because I favored some singer that she liked called Grace Slick.

I have really been trying to get a car since I would be graduating in one week and was going to college at the Kingsbury Community College later that summer. My parents had already gotten the money from grandma to get me some run down car but I really want a new red Corvette. The only problem was that grandma didn't not approve of new things. She believed it was better to get something used instead of wasting money on something new. I just had to have that brand new Corvette! It had a 7 speed manual transmission that could do at least 150 and it was a convertible but I didn't know how I would get the 80,000 for it. I knew grandma was not too keen on the idea since she

never owned even owned a car because she believed they pollute too much. I found out from mom that it took forever to get the first three grand to get a used car. When I asked why, my mom told me that she didn't even want me going to college because she was able to have a great life without finishing college. It irritated me that grandma was such a fossil in her beliefs but I really wanted this Corvette because all my friends would be jealous and all of the boys would want to date me if I had it.

My friends had suggested that I try to kiss up to her and show an interest in what she liked. I had no clue who half the bands was that she listened to and I could care less about the environment that she was always trying to save but I was willing to lie to get that Corvette. Therefore, with this in my mind, I took a ride on the city bus to my grandmother's home to see her.

Her home was on the outskirts of the town and after I went through the house that was filled with all of the people she had met doing her travels, I found her in the backyard. She was working on her vegetable garden that she believed was necessary to save the environment by decreasing the amount of commercialization or something. I tried to help her with it but I have always sucked at being a farmer so I ended up sitting on the ground listening to her stories about the 1960s. Most of them were very boring and I could not relate at all to what she was saying but I pretended that I did. Everything seemed to be going well until my grandmother's trowel broke into two pieces. To make matters worse for my grandma it looked like it was going to rain since the sky had gotten a very strange blue that was almost a purple that made me that a real bad storm would be coming. Since I knew grandma still didn't own a car, I took the time as a chance to talk about the Corvette. I started telling her how much faster it would be for me to cover the ten miles back into downtown if I had the Corvette. She looked at the sky knowingly and told me a little exercise wouldn't hurt me.

As I started walking, my legs got tired and I decided to do what my grandmother had done to get around. Again, my grandma may have done it but she cautioned me never to do it since the times had

changed, but ten miles was so long. I decided if no one slowed down then I would walk it but I could always call if something went wrong if I did get a bad ride. My luck was definitely turning for the better because some boat of a car pulled up as soon as I stuck my thumb out. It was the kind of car my grandma would have rode in her younger days to see some band.

The car was a dark dusty green color and as I got in, I noticed a heavy dense fog started to set in. I just hoped the person driving could navigate in the fog. The man was old and around grandma's age with white hair pulled back into a ponytail. He did not look like some creepy pervert or something but rather a hippie like my grandmother. I got into the car and told the man I would like a ride into town. He agreed that he could he could take me the rest of the way and started to move the car. I started to feel nauseous to my stomach but I guessed it was from just riding in such a big car that bounced every time it hit the slightest bump in the road. My stomach seemed to be easing up after a few minutes and I had just made it to town but then I got terrible stomach pains. I asked the man to pull over and he did. I opened the car and was immediately sick all over the ground. When I looked back up, I was shocked at what I saw. The town was completely different! The shopping centers were gone and all of these old fashioned stores had replaced them. I looked over at the man to demand where he had taken me. He told me I was in town and that he would be back to pick me up when I was done with my journey. I started to say something but I noticed that man looked different. No more was he old with a snow white ponytail but rather he looked my age with short brown hair and a letterman jacket from the same high school I went to. I kept looking at him and noticed the year on the coat said he was varsity football in 1965. My mind tried to tell me that the coat had to be old but it looked brand new. Somehow I had been taken back to the year my grandmother became a hippie! Before I could do anything to him and try to make him take me back to 2012, he drove off and I lost sight of his huge car. As I stood on the side of the road, I tried my cell phone to see if it was really 1965. When it did not work, I knew I was really in the 60s.

Without a ride home, I decided to go and get the trowel and wait on the stranger. It took me a while to find where the store was since everything had been moved. I hoped I did not stick out much but I was going to find out soon enough. As I went into the store, I noticed how cheap everything seemed. Soon enough, I found the trowel and went to pay for it but the clerk would not accept my money and threatened to call the cops if I did not leave, all the while yelling I was a dirty hippie who meant to destroy his great nation. I had no idea what he was hollering about but not wanting to attract any attention, I left but with no acceptable money and no way out of the sixties, I had no idea what to do next. With no friends in this decade, I was pretty much screwed but then I remembered this was the year my grandma was in so I hoped to find her and get some help.

Therefore, with a plan I set out to find my grandma, which luckily for me I did remember one of her stories that told me, that this was the year that she started college. I hoped I was not too late but I had trouble remembering when she had left the college and started wondering around following that band, I was beginning to wish that I had listened to her stories better. Sure enough, I found her in the campus square but not with the hippies that I thought she would be with. She was with the guy that had taken me back into time! I didn't know how I would be able to approach them but I had to. As I got closer, the man saw me and smiled and told grandma something. She kissed him and told him that she loved him. I hesitantly took a seat beside her and started to talk.

"Hi, my name is Daffodil and I heard that you might be able to help me. Your name is Dandelion right?" I said.

"Heavens no that is a strange name and so is yours. My name is Patricia and I don't know how I would know you. You must be one of those hippies that has shown up at the college. My father always told me to help those in need so yeah I will help you but I am not giving you money for drugs to do with your hippie friends." My grandma said.

I was shocked! This must have been before my grandma had changed her mind and became a hippie. I had never heard my grandma talk bad about other hippies so I wondered what made her change her mind so much. A thought came to me that maybe this is why grandma's apparent boyfriend had drug me back in time. I asked grandma casually what that man's name was and she told me that it was Charlie and he was the love of her life. This was strange to me since I had never heard of this man. My grandfather was unknown since grandma always said she couldn't remember how had gotten her pregnant with mom. Maybe this Charlie and gotten her pregnant and then left her alone to raise the child.

Grandma decided to get some clothes that was more in style for a young woman in the 60s. As she helped me to pick out some clothes, she told me all about her and Charlie. They were high school sweethearts that had both decided to go to college together after Charlie had proposed to her. She was studying to be a secretary while cheerleading and he was there on a football scholarship to get his school deferment from being drafted in Vietnam since he already had gotten his draft card. Everything seemed perfect to me but I knew this was not the future for my grandma.

In the next few days, my grandma got me used to life in the 60s. Everything was a lot more uptight to me but I went all with it because I didn't have a choice. I did enjoy the time I spent with Charlie and grandma. One day grandma ran into the dorm room that I was hiding out in and told me that Charlie had injured his arm and wouldn't be able to play football. Confused, I asked her why that was so bad. She told me that if he couldn't play, he lost his scholarship and couldn't keep his grades up due to having to work to pay tuition and his physical therapy for his arm. I was beginning to understand and asked her if that meant he could then be drafted to Vietnam. She tearfully told me yes he could. It didn't take long for the college to take away Charlie's scholarship and to put him on academic probation. When Charlie couldn't bring up his grades, he was dropped out of the college.

By the next week, his draft card number was called on the nightly lottery. I was in as much shock as my grandmother was. Her life had been so perfect but now everything was being torn apart. Charlie promised that my grandma and he would be married as soon as he got back and that he would write her every day. I tried to console my grandmother but how could I?

Charlie was true to his word and every week my grandmother would receive a stack of letters from Nam. One day, those letters stopped and my grandma got a call from Charlie's parents. He had been killed in an air strike earlier that week. I was devastated and tried to be there for grandma.

After Charlie died, my grandmother seemed very lost and one day turned to me and told me that she couldn't bear to be a part of the system that had in its own way killed Charlie. That was the day that she dropped out of college and told me to find her those hippies that I hung out with because she wanted to talk to them because the life that she knew was gone. With a sigh, I showed her where the hippies often hung out and she soon was talking to a white woman with a huge afro. She introduced herself as Rosa and told my grandma that Dandelion was a great name and that mine was groovy too. Shocked, I realized that I was the one that had given grandma the suggestion to change her name!

After a few days, grandma had immersed herself into the hippie culture and me as well. Soon grandma was talking about hitchhiking to Charleston to see the Grateful Dead in person. She asked me if I would like to join her and with no other choice, I said yes. By this time, my great-grandfather had stopped talking to my grandmother but my great-grandmother slipped her some money and a camera to take photos of her travels. On a hot day, we both set out to catch some rides to get the 75 mile away concert.

As we walked along, it wasn't long before a bright shiny new green boat of a car stopped on the side of the road. We eagerly ran along to see who the driver was. I looked to see who the first driver was and it was Charlie! Grandma made no inclination that she noticed that it was Charlie. He motioned for

me to get in the shotgun seat and for grandma to get in the back. It was then that time seemed to freeze for me. Charlie turned in his seat and smiled at me before he started to talk.

“Hey, Daffodil, it’s nice to see you again. Isn’t your grandma so beautiful? I know you’re wondering why she doesn’t recognize me but it isn’t meant for her too, only for you to. I came back to take your back to your time and to see your grandma off on her destiny. There’s got to be some questions that you have for me.” Charlie said with a hint of laughter in his voice.

I thought about it and asked the most obvious one about why I was here. Charlie told me that I needed to learn my past if I was ever to have a future. It seemed to make so much sense since I had learned so much about my grandmother in these few weeks. I then asked him if he was my grandfather and with a frown he told me that he was not but a simple hippie was that my grandma met on her travels. This seemed to sum up the burning questions that I had so with one last look back at my grandma, Charlie started the car and drove a little ways before a heavy fog sat in. It wasn’t long before my stomach got hurting and I asked him to pull over to let me throw up. When I looked up, I saw that I was in my own time and my grandmother was gone from the backseat.

As I started to get out, Charlie handed me a brand new trowel and told me I was only a little ways away from grandma’s house. Charlie told me not to worry about grandma connecting the two Daffodil’s because the time space dimension would not allow it and that the young grandma was safe in 1965.

A little shaken up, I got out of the car and went into my grandmother's house still dressed as a hippie. She was sitting in the living room and as she looked at my outfit and the new trowel, she started to cry. I went over, hugged her, and asked why she was crying. She told me that how I looked reminded of a girl that she knew in 1965 with the same name. This girl had helped her through a bad time and led her to become a hippie and that is why she had chosen the name for me. I wanted to know more about

grandma's life after I left her so I asked her to tell me some stories and show me some photos she had left.

My grandma did not have many photos left after selling them but she had kept some special ones. After looking at the pictures, I realized that my grandma had a great time without the need for flashy cars and expensive electronics. I also realized that I had been wrong to think about my grandma the way that I had because she was stronger than I could ever be.

I went home that night and thought a long time before drifting to sleep. The next day I went over to grandmothers and told her I did not want to go to college but I wanted to write books on hippies and struggles they went through. My grandma was excited and vowed to help me but when I went home and told my parents, although my father was fine with the decision. It was my mother who decided that I was brainwashed and threw me out one week shy of graduation. I was so mad because I knew my mother didn't understand why I felt this way but as I walked to grandma's house, I knew she would. Grandma did understand and gave me the guest bedroom so that I could have a place to stay to graduate high school in and a place to start my book about hippies. This wasn't the future that I thought I had wanted earlier in the week, but I was happy and knew that thanks to Charlie, that I was going to have an adventure filled life just like grandma.