

# GABBY

By

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contemplated for years  
notes written here and there  
with one final go on

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if it makes any sense  
it's all in your head

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*...perhaps someday, I shall write more...  
...but I wouldn't hold my breath...*

###

*{Edit Notes: stops suddenly, this is just the first chapter, with  
the rest being unfinished, and likely never will be}.*

###

Just like a story, a good spell can start anywhere; but in truth, that is often the wrong way to look at it.

###

## One Day the Bottom Dropped Out

*{Edit Notes: redo the way parents/grandparents loot is split, kill house, Change injury from chest to abdomen}*

Gabby knew -- she just knew -- what they were doing the moment she saw Nicole's car in the driveway. She could have walked away. She could have let it be; but then, she wouldn't have known that she knew... and sometimes she was wrong.

So Gabby continued on, walked up the driveway, unlatched the gate on the side of the house and walked into the backyard. She heard them before she saw them. Nicole's moans of pleasure and then Ken naked and exposed as she walked into view.

They hadn't shut the windows, pulled the blinds, or closed the screen door. It was like they had wanted the neighbors to know: the thing that she now knew: without doubt, without question.

And even though she had known before, when confronted face to face with the reality of this troubling knowledge, Gabby felt a keen sense of urgency to reach for a smoke. It must have been her keys jingling or some coins, because Nicole looked up; their eyes locked, and Gabby let her gaze drift over Nicole's form. She was good looking; Gabby had to give her that. If she was into other girls... but she wasn't. And as Ken looked up at Nicole, Gabby struck at the match, and he suddenly noticed the distraction.

"Gabby! What the Hell?"

He kept on talking, raising his voice, sending out tendrils to see if anger would work, if yelling would solve this problem, but

Gabby didn't hear, not a word of it. He might as well have been talking for his own -- or Nicole's -- benefit.

Gabby didn't make a move to stop him. She let him build up his head of steam as she drew another drag of smoke from the cigarette. She didn't really taste it. She was on auto-pilot, watching the world fall away as if somehow the bottom had been pulled out from under everything, but nothing had changed. It was as if the whole world was this giant puzzle, this giant game of connect the dots, and all of a sudden the lines connecting the dots had disappeared, and Gabby was alone in this vast field of emptiness trying to align the dots. This one's odd; it goes here. This one's even; it goes there. Primes? I should start a new pile, and maybe one for squares, the Fibonacci sequence...

"What the Hell are you doing here now, anyway?" Ken had worked himself up into a lather. He was helpless now, like a child; his rage consumed him.

He went to open the screen door and Gabby whipped out her knife. It was a switchblade. She'd gotten it from her grandfather -- well, her mother actually. When grandma died after grandpa, all of their effects were split up. It was sort of a game; all of the grandchildren were given lots, they drew numbers, and then they picked which items of grandma's and grandpa's they wanted. The house went first, then the car, the condo, the timeshare units, and the 1,000 shares of GE. Gabby wasn't stupid; she picked up a few items for her portfolio, but when the rest of the family was picking out silverware, jewelry, and porcelain dishes, she scooped up the real treasures her grandparents had to offer: a pack of cards, a pair of dice, and a switchblade knife.

This was the knife that she held before Ken. It was a reflex action; she had practiced this move long and hard just in case the need ever arose. She always imagined it would happen in a parking lot while trying to get into her car or while walking down one of the neighborhood trails late at night. She hadn't considered she would ever have the need to draw the weapon on Ken, but somehow it had seemed appropriate.

“If you open the door and come out here, it’ll be self defense... sweetheart.”

Ken stopped in his tracks. He hadn’t intended to attack his wife, or at least if he had, he wasn’t willing to admit that to anyone. Standing still, being careful not to move, he looked her over. She didn’t seem mad: sort of distracted actually, her eyes not quite focusing on anything, but taking it all in. And then there was the hand with the knife, moving on its own, reflexively changing the positioning of the blade as if looking for an opening, but this was just a show, a part that was less than the whole. For Gabby’s other hand, the one with the cigarette, was shaking up a storm and as she brought it to her lips her whole body convulsed as one.

“Put down the knife, Gabby. Come inside.”

With an, “I should go,” being emitted by Nicole, but Gabby just took a step backwards, took another drag on her smoke, and then declared, decided, explained, “No. No. I should... I should go. I... I showed up early. I’ll come back in two hours, when you were expecting me.”

It wasn’t hard for Gabby to walk away. It was like falling away, backwards through a crowd at a concert when everyone wants get next to the stage and you just let them, and by their own actions you are pushed backwards... drifting away.

Before she had turned around, the tears had already started to flow. They were soon followed by the shacking, the fits of convulsion. It took both hands to fold up the knife and even then she was afraid of getting cut. And then the way over the fence -- just a double jump off the trio of frogs lined up for the purpose, typically an easy affair -- turned into a tragedy. Gabby slipped, lost her footing, filled hands with splinters, and abraded her chest. Good thing she was already in so much pain, or that could have really hurt.

She walked for hours, endless miles, through the well tended footpaths of the subdivision in which she lived. Ken had a good job; he made a lot of money. They lived in a nice neighborhood --

real nice. The kind of neighborhood where if you go crying down the walk ever last person you pass tries to comfort you, find out what's wrong, and help.

It wasn't long before Gabby decided to leave the marked trail behind. But even in her distraught condition Gabby knew -- she just knew -- that this wasn't the wisest decision she'd ever made.

###

Perhaps dead as a story -- not funny.

Gabby has a psychotic break, takes a nap by a manhole cover and dreams about goblins, she does this often

A phantom dog, Cosmo, follows her home.

Buys a gun the next day.

Eventually. she discovers that she is pregnant... whether she stays with Ken I do not know.

It is possible, Duke -- Nicole's husband -- has a relationship with Gra'gl, but if this is the case, his name is never mentioned, and in the end he becomes the fall guy.

Ken is probably inhabited by a Doppel-Ganger.

I don't think I have time in my life for this story, anymore.

###

GABBY (concept): read the book through from Gabby's point of view, flip it over and then read it from Ken's. Circular never ending story. Hopefully humorous, romantic, and a bit dark.

GABBY (plot): young bride who likes to dress up like other people has a psychotic break and starts to see her made up selves as separate beings. Must save her unborn child from The Duke.

GABBY (character list): Gabby plays herself, Dee, & Nicole. Ken plays himself, Dazzler, and The Duke. The star-dog is named Cosmo and light-cat is Aurora.

GABBY - GABBY: lucky young girl married well to a man who loves her. Spends her days going to college for personal enrichment and walking around town pretending to be others.

GABBY - NICOLE: The Dukes wife. Gabby in the future (she fears). Materialistic, petty, and mean: she tries to oust Gabby and get Ken for herself (only Ken has been got by The Duke).

GABBY - DEE: younger version of Gabby that is into art, jewelry and pretending to be a rebel. Into drugs, tattoos, and piercings (all fake), she is Gabby's wild side unleashed.

KEN - KEN: Gabby's straight-laced husband who is an engineer, has no imagination, and lives in the now. He loves Gabby completely, but struggles to keep all the characters straight.

KEN - DAZZLER: in the army Ken's nickname was Dozer. Dazzler is a play on this and is Gabby's projection of Ken as a young man... assuming that he came from the stars and was an angel.

KEN - THE DUKE: what Gabby fears Ken Dooker will become -- materialistic, greedy, and power hungry. Through a bit of black magic, The Duke tries to take over his younger self.

COSMO: a gift from Dazzler to Gabby, Cosmo provides comic relief in the form of anthropomorphic dog composed of stars, who is armed with a switchblade comb.

AURORA: The Duke's pet. Seems as though eventually Ken learns how to play the game and decides to turn the tables on Gabby and that meddling mutt of hers.

###

*{This is one of those stories that got away. Sure, I'll never write it; but having read what I just have is enough to prime the pump, I'll probably spend the next hour re-dreaming the way it went; and that was circling ever tighter.*

*And that said, perhaps one day I will just spit it out, as it comes, not caring if it makes sense, but I guess in my heart, that is sense enough to me.*

*Just a matter of finding the time and not stopping till I'm done. Perhaps as a present to myself for Christmas this year: meaning, if not this story, another...}*