

Diary of an Imaginary Friend

Written By

Nadia

2009-03-16

© Copyright Brett Paufler

Final Edit

2020-08-17

{This was penned by Nadia, while I was working on the fourth book in the Dragon Bound series (or at least, the study guide to it). Not that this work is a part of that collection. It's just something she was doing while [redacted] was away and she was visiting. To the best of my recollection, everything Nadia wrote is true. Which is to say, this account is as accurate as an account of this nature (especially one by a Fairy) can ever be.}

Sunday, March 15th

We dropped [redacted] off at the airport early in the morning and then went for a walk down by the beach -- very romantic. He spent the time trying to come up with a storyline about working for Goblins in the Peace Corps, but he didn't get very far. Who knows, maybe he was just being lazy. It doesn't matter, there wasn't anything for me in the story anyhow.

Got home and watched some biker flick. I knew it wouldn't be my type of movie when they showed -- not one but two -- trailers for upcoming zombie flicks during the previews.

Later he had sausage for supper, which left me eating salad. I thought we were planning on making a pizza!

Topped the day off with a bubble bath -- that was fun.

Wonder if we'll work on anything tomorrow.

Monday, March 16th

Oatmeal for breakfast again! He wants me to say this, you know, work it into a running gag or something, but it seems lame. Besides, I like oatmeal, so with any luck, we'll have it again and again.

Oh, we saw a pair of UFOs while we were walking the cats. That was weird -- walking the cats. He says the UFOs were clouds, but I know better. By the time he got his camera, all that was left was the jet stream, which he seemed to think proved his point. There was no point arguing with him. Since he had his camera out, I posed for a bit and then he spent the rest of the morning working before we ran a few errands.

But guess what? While we were out and about, we noticed -- or more accurately, I noticed -- that someone had put a wreath of flowers around the statue in the town square. Now I know why he loves this town.

Went home afterwards. Watched another dreadful movie. What is it with authors and stupid movies. But we finally made that pizza. And that more than made up for it. Yummy! Yummy.

That's all for today, I got to go now. It's going to be a long night. Did I mention? He snores -- loudly.

Tuesday, March 17th

He said I was beautiful! And not like he was searching for the right word or trying to make it so I'd fit into a story, but just because I was... and he hadn't noticed before. He sounded sort of surprised. But me, I was too overcome by other emotions to notice the surprise.

Let me tell you how it happened -- or at least, where it happened. I was helping him in his garden -- what a mess. And we were weeding around some volunteer tomatoes and lettuce in his compost pile. And I don't know, the sun on my face, the sweat on my brow, or just the light easy way we had of being together,

and all of a sudden he just stops what he's doing and looks at me. I thought I was doing something wrong, so I just froze. And he just brushes a hair out of my eye and says, "You're beautiful." Nothing more. Nothing less. Like it just was. Like it just is.

Those tomatoes are going to taste divine, I must have gushed something awful.

Wednesday, March 18th

I was going to ask him about that whole him thinking I was the most beautiful girl in the world thing again today (not that he said that exactly), but I never got around to it. He spent the morning "proofing" one of my old stories, and I'll admit it, I'm vain. It was so hard not interrupting him, asking him this, asking him that. Finally, I had to go outside for a flight on the breeze.

You would not believe how many animal captives his neighbors keep. Pigs, chickens, and goats: don't they know those are somebody's kids!!! (Yuck. Yuck.)

OK. I'm not really surprised -- he's a [redacted]. But I draw the line at having hamburger for supper. I insisted on peaches and cottage cheese. It's delicious, good for you, and no one named Betty or (sickly) Luau has to die for it. Though, I'll admit: I was surprised how much they cost. Two silvers for peaches! I know, once again with the exclamations, but two silvers? Come on, get real.

Anyhow, it was sweet that he ate with me.

Later on we were talking about writing and he was saying how he needed to know the story before he started. But that's complete turkey-doo, because he never does. So he tried to cover his tracks -- without recanting, just like he, also, always does -- and tried to say it was sort of like Nickel'mass, when you're watching someone's face as they open your present, only in that moment you have to decide whether to give them what you originally planned or something better...

He's a sly one.

It was better.

I mean, when he's not spouting nonsense, the man can kiss.

Thursday, March 19th

What a day! I had my sisters over, and I'm worn out.

Hadn't planned that. Around noon or so, one of his neighbors came over and gave him a bunch of lettuce -- like washed and everything. And it wasn't a little bit either. He could have opened a restaurant or something. No wonder food is so expensive around here, no body sells it. They just give it away.

I suppose that's normal in the Realms, but you usually just don't see that sort of generosity among the [redacted]. Anyhow, long story short, with all that food lying around, I invited my sisters over. They were dying to meet him anyhow.

Sluts! They all want roles.

Not that I can blame them, but he only had eyes for me. Oh, he was a regular gentleman, but I don't have to ask him if he loves me anymore -- I can tell.

I just wonder if it'll last after you know who gets back in town? But no sense worrying about that now, I need to get a good night's sleep.

Tomorrow we're baking cookies -- to pay back the food favors and keep it going around.

Friday, March 20th

It's official, I'm beautiful. He put it in a story. And not only that! He put *Us* in a story. He said, and I quote:

Nellie is a beautiful Pixie, and the two of us shared a berth on George's boat during the trip. Hubba! Hubba!

Nellie is what he calls me in that series. I wish he had used my real name. But still, it doesn't get any better than that.

I was just floating on air after that. So maybe I was in no position to judge, but he made some gingersnap cookies...

The boy can bake! My wings just curled. You know what I'm talking about.

Oh, I don't know if I mentioned this library thing before, but for a writer, he doesn't respect books at all. They have this free pile, right? And he just takes loads of them home, but does he keep them, or return them, or even read them?

No. Half of them, he just glances at for five minutes and then ditches them.

And get this. He lives like two feet from the beach (OK, maybe three) and the magazines he is reading the most of now are snow skiing magazines! I don't understand. He says he's doing research or something, but on what? Why?

Skiing?

I just don't get it.

Saturday, March 21st

Today was a lazy sort of day. The weather sucked, but then it was kind of nice. I must have seen a half dozen rainbows in the morning, but by afternoon it sort of got socked in. Around here they like to say, 'If you don't like the weather, wait five minutes and it'll change,' but I waited and waited and it didn't get any better. Once the afternoon clouds rolled in, they stayed.

On the bright side, we made another batch of ginger snaps. The dough cooks up even better the next day. And we both got in a lot of reading, which basically means he threw out another score or so of books. Oh, well. What are you going to do?

Author's: can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em... especially if you're a Pixie!!!

During a lull in the reading, he did tell me the ski story he's working on. Or rather, he sort of explained it, while he jotted some notes down on the back of a candy wrapper. The man is a chocolate fiend. Anyway, he saves the wrappers and writes his story notes on them. So, he's just jotting away and telling me bits of pieces of the story as he goes along. And then, later on after he's reading again, he'd stop every once in a while, cross the room, and jot down another little note:

The dwarf used to be a weapon smith before he opened the brewpub at the top of the mountain.

The leprechaun jeweler is telling the story he sees in the necklace...

To the Elf's parents? No.

The Snow Troll's friends? Maybe.

And that sort of thing.

I don't know how he keeps it straight or remembers it all. I guess that's why he makes notes.

Sunday, March 22nd

He wrote all morning, which I suppose is good. But it was one of his nefarious stories. Now, I wouldn't mind that, but he said that he'd been thinking about it for the last few days. That's not good. I want him to have nice romantic thoughts when I'm around.

On the plus side, almost the minute he stopped writing the bad guy story, he did the wrap-around -- the beginning and the end -- to the Ski story. Really doesn't have much to do with skiing, but it takes place in Vail. Oh, get this. He's going to put a Snow Troll in for the romantic lead. I don't think he's ever seen a Snow Troll. I mean, how could he... and then write one in as a romantic lead?

Anyhow, while he did that, I was playing with the cats, which is fun, but I don't think the one knows I'm not a bird. I hold the string and he jumps for it, but I get the feeling that if I were to swoop in low, he'd forget all about the thread. The other one is a little older and a little easier going. I'm snuggling up next to him as I write this.

Nice putty cat.

Monday, March 23rd

This is what everyday should be like. The sun is out. A gentle breeze is blowing. And off to the east a rainbow fills the sky. It is simply divine.

We went to the library this morning and now I know why he goes so often. There was a stack of Fairy Life magazines there -- just for the taking! It was every issue they put out over the past two years: the Steve the Queen issue, the Scorching Summer Super Special, and even Ruby's Coronation Blowout Bonanza. I could make a fortune on Manna-Bay if I was willing to sell them, but I'm not going to. And you won't find me throwing them out after I leaf through them either -- like some people I know. I mean, I don't have to shop for a souvenir anymore. I have what I'm looking for.

The afternoon was nice and pleasant. We spent it weeding the pasture. No. The front yard, that's what he calls it. Whatever its name, you would not believe how much Nestle Root he has growing. Well, between that and Thistle Weed, there hardly room for any grass at all. Of course, I exaggerate, but still. He seems to think that waiting until a weed blossoms -- even if it only blossoms once a year -- is the proper time to maintain a field. It would be like dusting only once a year... which now that I look around, is probably exactly what he does.

Just kidding. But then, no. Not really.

Tuesday, March 24th

Not much happening today. The sun's finally out, so while I'm feeling chipper, I thought I'd scribble something down.

He's been working on his taxes. I guess, he's been working on them for awhile, but today he finally got something in an envelope. Not sure whether that's good news or bad. I'm afraid to ask. Once he was done, he took a nap. So it must have taken something out of him.

So what else?

It's ginger cookies again. They're in the oven right now.

And really, I think that's it. Oh, but before I go, I should just say that Steve the Queen IS all that. He really is.

Wednesday, March 25th

Finally made it to the beach today. I was wondering when he was going to take me.

OK. First off, never look under the water -- never. It's like staring over the edge of the Grand Canyon or Marshal's Divide. It'll give you vertigo. Past the breakers -- and we're talking fifty feet out by his place -- the ocean floor just falls off. I mean, it just falls off. Anything could be there. Anything. Sharks! Giant squids! A nuclear submarine! Anything!

And secondly, just because a guy owns a surfboard, it doesn't mean he knows how to surf. I was expecting some real acrobatics the way he talks, but it's just that: talk. We were out there for three hours and he couldn't have caught more than a dozen waves, and the ones he rode -- if you want to call it that -- maybe three.

Still, it was nice sitting on his board, going up and down, up and down, as the rollers passed-by beneath us. He even gave me a back massage while we were out there -- naughty boy. I guess, it's my turn now. Payback's a Fairy, and all that.

Thursday, March 26th

It misted again today, pretty much all day. I thought this place was supposed to be sunny.

The weather must be getting to him too, because instead of eating lunch like usual, he just kept on drinking the hot chocolate, and then when that wasn't doing the trick, he whipped out the heavy artillery and started eating chocolate wholesale.

Well, I don't have to tell you what happened. Two bars later and he's bouncing off the walls. Not an altogether bad thing: he started dusting, vacuuming, even went to work on the dishes in the sink for a bit. Who knows, maybe [redacted] is coming home soon?

But probably not, after an hour or two of that (and while the place was still a pig's sty), he turns to me, gets this mischievous look in his face, and says, "You'd make a pretty good Martian, you know that?" And then he's asking me if I have any green lipstick.

Well, before you know it, he's got me dressed in a white skiff, and I've got pipe cleaners sticking out of my head.

But being a Martian is sort of fun. And he says there might be a role in it for me somewhere. But most of all, I just like saying, "Beep," a lot.

What's that? You want me to help with the dishes? Sorry, I'd like to, but I don't know what you're talking about, "Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep."

That's one for no. Two for yes. And as many as you like, while conversing with a madman about the pros and cons of accomplishing one's domestic chores with a disintegrator ray.

"Beep. Beep. Beep."

That's Martian for, Life is good.

Friday, March 27th

"Bzzt. Bz-zzt. Bzzt."

"Bee-bop. Bo-bop. Beep! Beep!"

Just call me Nihli the existential Martial. He doesn't have a plotline for me yet, but that doesn't keep me from going, "Bzzt. B-b-b-zzzt. B-zzt-zt!" while twirling about, bouncing my eyes every which way, and making funny faces. Who knew being a Martian would be so much fun?

Bzzt!

I can't wait until he asks me a question and I nail him with, "But I already told you," and he goes, "When?", and I'll just say, "When I said, 'Bzzt-zt-zzt-zt!!'"

Though, I think he sees the gag coming, so he's trying hard to avoid asking me any questions.

Anyhow, nachos are in the oven for dinner as I write, and seeing how he forgot to thaw the pork, they're smelling real good.

Not really much else to say. He better get a plot going for Nihli soon, or they'll be "Bzzt!" to pay!!!

Saturday, March 28th

He wrote most of the morning, and then after a nice homegrown salad for lunch he said, "I want to show you something." I must have given him a funny look (since he really is more of a pull my finger, fart in your face type of guy than anything else), so he must have sensed the need to add, "You'll like it. It's the fish ponds."

Yeah, right. Fish ponds, sounds like fun.

But he was right. They haven't used the place to raise fish for years. OK, to make amends for eating their grandparents, they let the fish live there unmolested, but it's no longer a working fishery. Instead it's this wonderful Fairy Garden place and the fish are so happy they jump in the air -- out of joy and to greet you.

He says he wants to write a story about the place, "a linear quest," whatever that means. Which I guess knowing him, means he just goes down there, writes until he hits a stumbling block. And then goes down to the fish pond again for inspiration. Of course, I'm not altogether sure what any of that means.

Oh, we even talked about Nihli -- the Martian -- again. She doesn't have a role or anything yet, but being at the fish pond and all, we started talking about the other fish ponds around the island. And of course, that's when he started talking about the aliens that live in the algae vats down by the energy lab. I must not have looked like I believed him, because he offered to take me there.

But hey, I believe him.

Bz-zzzt-rt-zzt.

Sure I do, mister.

Sunday, March 29th

It was windy today -- I mean, like windy. Like really, really windy. This morning I saw a pair of birds -- macaws, I guess -- flying backwards. They were literally going the wrong way. And get this, they didn't seem to notice it. I've got to give them kudos for trying though, a few minutes later they inched past the house and landed across the way in a big... gee, I'm really having a hard

time with names today. Not Chinese elms, but the purple ones. I'll have to ask him and get back to you.

Anyhow, by the time the birds got where they were going, they sure were (wait for it) winded.

OK. So well, now you know why I'm not a writer. Between the brain freeze and corny jokes, I never stood a chance.

And speaking of writing, Nihli seems to be consigned to the back burner.

Bzz-zz-zrt!

I'm sad to see her go.

Still, he told me not to worry. "We'll find a script for you yet," and I'm delusional enough to take him at his word on it.

Oh, good news! Well, sort of. Good for me, anyhow. [Redacted] canceled [redacted's] flight. [Redacted] doesn't know when [redacted] is coming back. For his sake, I hope it isn't too long. He's really starting to miss [redacted]. But for my sake, I hope [redacted] waits until after inspiration strikes.

(The birds were mynas. The tree was a jacaranda.)

(But my favorite birds on the island are the Franklin grouse. They're always in a good mood, and are happy to laugh at my jokes. 'Cause you see, their call goes something like, "Ha-ha-hahahaha.")

Monday, March 30th

Spencer and Henrietta, the mynas, felt that it would be much wiser if they stayed on our side of the street today, seeing as how the winds have only gotten worse and worse. Of course, he says, "It's not bad yet. Just wait until the chimney starts popping."

Oh well, I can now honestly say, it feels the like the whole world is rushing by.

But, they're so nonchalant about it. On the way into town, everybody was all, "Nice day. Looks like we're going to get a spot of wind before long." Before long! What do they call this gale force typhoon they got going now? The answer is, "A nice breeze."

I shouldn't really complain, though. Once you let the background anxiety and feeling of impending doom dissipate, it is sort of nice. "Like an old friend," they like to say.

Oh, I got two issues of Courtiers Weekly at the library. I thought those were for "your eyes only," and all that. But, I guess not anymore. Anyway word up, the King's Service is putting in an order for 25,000 -- that's 25,000!!! -- wristband steeds -- you know, the type that you wear on your arm like a bracer until you need a horse and then you just take them off, say a magic word, and presto.

Imagine, 25,000 of them. The cavalry is finally going high tech, my friends. And high style too. Hammer and Sons, Ltd. is doing the dwarfmanship. Gold plated banding, diamond eyes: nothing is too good for our boys.

And then there's the coach and four charm bracelet pendant for the officer's wives. Now I know what I want for Gra'gl Mass -- an officer!!! You can keep the coach and four, I'll just ride along in his arms.

How dreamy.

Tuesday, March 31st

He sat on me today! Like I wasn't even there! Like I was invisible or something!

I don't want to talk about it.

I don't want to write something I'll end up regretting in the morning.

Wednesday, April 1st

He-he. This is great!

I was really pissed at him yesterday. He sat on me, right. And then, he tries to apologize by saying it's just something that you have to expect. And then, he goes on to say how he's always stepping on [redacted's] toes, or elbowing [redacted] in his sleep. Lucky, [redacted].

OK. So, I was mad at him, if for no other reason than I didn't want to hear him lamely explain how "accidents happen" one more time. I mean, how about a heart felt apology from down on your knees? But I guess, that's not going to happen.

Anyway, this morning I had him all on edge. He didn't want to set me off again. So he was giving me a little extra space as we made hot-chocolate together, and then he just bashed me in the face with the cupboard. Just clobbered me. I went flying.

Of course, I was faking it. I landed like I was dead only slowly stirring after a bit. He was so worried, and I was like, "Where I am?"

So I'm all dizzy, so I wobble over to his computer, sit down, and just stare into space like he does, as I said, "Let's see. I got the character," and then after looking at him, I added, "passably cute, sort of sloppy. [Redacted] left him alone for a few weeks." And then after another pause, I had my big Eureka moment, "That's it! He'll have an imaginary friend. Classic! I'll give my imaginary [redacted] an imaginary pet, maybe a cat..." and then I just started tapping away on his keyboard.

He brought over a cup of cocoa for me and sat down to watch, but this is where it got fun. After a while, I shook my head and said, "No. No. This isn't going to work. I'll have to start over. Let's see, delete, erase file... Ah! Format C, that's the ticket."

I never saw him move so fast.

I couldn't help but to burst out laughing.

"Ha. Ha. April Fools!"

Sucker.

Thursday, April 2nd

"IF HE'LL JUST TURN THE MUSIC DOWN FOR A SECOND!!!"

There we go. Don't get me wrong. I like to rock out, but enough's enough. And the same song over and over again. I should tell him about this little thing called the radio, but I guess

that would go against his pledge to tune it all out and control his inputs.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not in a bad mood. I just need a few minutes of peace and quiet and then we can hit it again. Besides, I already know the play list. Yes, all of it.

Today was a great day, though! I flew a kite; or rather, it flew me. It was like hang gliding, I suppose. He had this big ole' dragon kite in his closet. Don't know what it was doing there. I guess there's a whole story waiting to be written there, but the key word is waiting.

Anyhow, he put the kite together for me, because I asked. And then after he got it flying nice and high, he handed me the string knowing full well what would happen. But, I've got wings. So, no worries. You get a whole new view of the island and the wind while drifting around up there. So peaceful. So relaxing.

And then it's time to come back to earth, "And rock out!"

"That's right, you heard what I said. I said, turn it up!!! And don't even think about playing something new."

Friday, April 3rd

OK. Word to the wise. Hang gliding in the rain isn't any fun. In fact, I think I'm coming down with a cold.

I just want to snuggle up to a warm body, I think you know whose, and just watch a movie. I don't even care if it's corny or not.

"Achoo."

Cripes.

Saturday, April 4th

I'm sipping on a cup of soup. I never dreamt it would take so long to drink a cup of soup. This stuff is HOT!!!

But it's worth it. It's clearing my cold, or flu, or whatever right up.

I woke up feeling horrible, and around noon he finally believed me and realized I wasn't going to spontaneously get better, so he said he was going to get me some soup.

"Not chicken noodle," I said. I mean, I almost puked at the thought, right then and there.

But all mysterious like, he only said, "Better." And then, he asked if I wanted to "come with." Don't get me started on the hanging participle thingie, or whatever it's called. Yeah, I know I do it now too. Guess, where I got that habit from?

Anyway, I never knew seventy could be so cold. He bundled up, and I got under his shirt. But still, I was freezing. Still, it was nice and the walk back in the sun and the rain was delightful, so maybe my fever was already breaking, but I've got to tell you about the store.

We're in the oriental aisle, and he's talking pidgin going, "Soup fix you up good. Ancient Chinese secret," and all that. Anyhow, he grabs this pack of... well, not sardines. It's sick stuff. It looks disgusting. And, he decides to buy it on a whim, but not content with trying one can, he buys the economy pack, "Because it's on sale." But this is the great part, he's making small talk with the cashier (cute girl) and no one else is in line, so he asks her about the stuff, and she says, "Looks like eel," and he's all, "Good. That's what I'm hoping." Talk about disgusting.

"What? Bog-slime, you say. Excellent! That's what I was hoping." If he eats that stuff, he's going to be sick tomorrow for sure.

But not me. This soup is working wonders. With every sip I feel better and better. But it's going to take a while to finish, because did I mention it?

This soup is HOT!!!

Sunday, April 5th

You know, I'm starting to miss the Realms. I mean, don't get me wrong, I love being with him. But, I'd only really planned on staying for a week or two.

[Redacted] was supposed to have returned by now. I got sort of mixed feelings. I mean, I sort of feel sorry for him. I'm sort of glad I have him to myself. And then by the same token, I want to get back home.

I guess I'm ready to go.

But, I don't want to leave him hanging in the lurch. And, I worry about him when he's by himself. He acts strange and goes on rants just like Crazy George. I guess maybe that's why they get along so well.

Hey! I could give CG a call...

No. That won't work. CG's a total slob and a miserable house guest.

Well, enough of that. I'll figure something out.

Outside of that, I watched movies today, while he wrote. Oh, and he didn't puke or choke or anything when he had that sicko eel stuff. Ew.

Nothing else doing, really. Planted some lettuce... and hopefully I'll be gone before it's ready to harvest. Sure hope my garden is doing OK. My sisters are a flighty bunch.

Monday, April 6th

It was a nice sunny day, and he was going to spend it writing. So, I just lay down in the sunshine next to the cats, got all warm and cozy, and slowly started to shed my...

Well let's just say, he didn't get much writing done today.
Te-he-he.

Tuesday, April 7th

Burp.

Hiccup.

Te-he-he.

I am so wasted.

I... I must have had a half of beer.

I'm... I'm going to go now.

Wednesday, April 8th

Crazy George and Lane came over. I don't know if the visit was planned or not, but he started drinking, and ranting to the walls. And, I don't know if George has the place bugged, just has been hearing, or what. But it wasn't two minutes after he started acting crazy before Crazy George showed up with Lane in tow.

Talk about a pair of drinkers. I don't think the stuff affects Lane at all, but George -- the man just went off.

OK. I'm getting dizzy just looking at the page, so I'm calling it quits there. And you know, it really isn't fair, all I had was few sips of his beer.

OK.

I'm going now before I get sick.

I wouldn't have written this morning if I'd known I'd have the news of the century this afternoon.

We did the library thing today, and then the grocery store. He was running low on chocolate or something. I guess, he only had the 10lbs in reserve and he was starting to get nervous. You know how junkies are.

Anyhow, it was only on the way back that I'd remembered that he'd promised me an orange, but he didn't feel like walking back just for some fruit. I guess since he had his chocolate fix nothing else mattered. Anyway, I was griping and giving him a hard time, and I was sort of upset about the entire thing. So when we got home, I figured I'd just get in his way and bug him until he agreed to make another trip and get me that orange.

But then, I saw it! And, I forgot all about that orange.

He wrote it into a story. It!

He said, "Nellie is an amazingly beautiful Pixie."

"Amazingly beautiful." Not just beautiful, but "amazingly beautiful." I couldn't help myself. I just started crying.

When that book comes out, I'm going to have him sign a dedication to me right by that quote, and then I'm going to leave it

lying open on my coffee table for all the world to see. “Nellie is an amazingly beautiful Pixie.”

No. No. Better yet, I’ll get two copies. One for the coffee table and another for my night stand, and I’ll just sing myself to sleep every night, while holding the copy tight.

“Nellie is an amazingly beautiful Pixie.”

“Nellie is an amazingly beautiful Pixie.”

“Nellie is an amazingly beautiful Pixie.”

Thursday, April 9th

Ooops. Missed a day.

Friday, April 10th

Don’t even know why I missed writing yesterday. Nothing was happening. Since Lane and Crazy George took off, he’s just been focused on his computer, tapping away at the keys, and writing, and writing, and writing.

Seeing as how he’s just getting used to the idea of me being a romantic lead, I don’t want to jinx things by getting in his way or breaking his flow, so I’ve been staying out of the way as best I can by paging through magazines and quietly reading over his shoulder.

Finally this afternoon, though, I’d had it. I asked him about Easter, and he was like, “What? Yeah. Easter...”

He hadn’t even heard me. So romantic lead or not, I had to take a stand. “I’m still waiting for that orange. And, are you going to get some eggs or what?”

“Eggs?”

“Eggs. Yeah, duh! It’s Easter. You got to color eggs.” Besides, he needed the break. Two days sitting in the same spot, working on the same story is too much. I mean, granted the weather sucks... Well, that’s not accurate. Let’s say, it’s quite nice for a sucky day. It’s been in that pleasant spot between rain showers that never seem to come for half the day now. Oh, it’ll start raining again, but until it does, the fog rolling off the hills is

sort of wondrous, and it's so nice and cool. But then, not really cold at all.

In short, great weather for a walk, so we got the eggs, an orange, and molasses for more cookies. I thought for sure he'd load up on chocolate rabbits and stuff, but I guess he doesn't like his cocoa watered down with sugar.

Anyhow, I know he's got onions on the counter for the yellow, cranberries in the freezer for pink... He's mentioned Worcestershire sauce for brown. I guess, that one can be for him. And, the rest? I got another day to figure it out. Maybe mustard? Ketchup? He's got lavender in the back. Not to fear. we'll work it out.

Saturday, April 11th

I'm impressed. He got up first thing and boiled the eggs without cracking a single one. And since he did it first thing, you know he was as excited about coloring the eggs as I was.

We switched off. He'd color an egg (wrap it in a plastic bag with some goop), and then I'd color an egg. We're just going to let them soak overnight, so the color sets nice and solid. So, I'll just come back tomorrow and tell you how they turned out... and which ones were his idea and which ones were mine.

We used:

Mustard (out of bottle): his, pale yellow. He put back the egg back in to soak some more.

Tabasco (out of bottle): his, nothing. Starting coughing from the pepper. Serves him right.

Soy Sauce (straight): his, Worcestershire Sauce was better.

Worcestershire Sauce: his, nice... if you're into dirty looking eggs.

Wasabi (from tube): his, didn't do a thing, but it smelled really good.

Shallot Skin and Vinegar: mine, sort of cool where the skin touched the egg. Confiscated Wasabi egg and doing another.

Paprika and Vinegar: mine, disappointing. Pale orange.

Lavender and Vinegar: mine, nada, but it smelled good.

Rhubarb and Vinegar: mine, looked worthless until we took it out, but it had some nice subtle blues. We put this one back.

Cranberry Sauce: mine, disappointing, so we put it back to soak some more.

After that we mostly lazed around. He wrote and then we went for another walk -- to get milk. Anyhow right now, butter is melting for cookies (he lets it sit out on the counter to soften), and if the rain lets up, maybe we'll do a little gardening.

Maybe I'll tell you his theory on watching bad movies tomorrow...

Ah, what the heck, I've got time; the rain's not going to let up anytime soon. He says one of the reasons he watches so many bad movies is to figure out why they stink. It seemed like a sort of stupid rationale at first, but then I sort of saw what he meant. Like we were watching this musical yesterday, and it was like OK. But the thing was, it could have been great and it was just OK -- you know, so-so. And so the question is, why? Once he figures that out, he tries to avoid it like the plague in his writing.

Of course for most of the movies we watch, it does seem to be the script itself (a.k.a. the writing) that needs the most help.

Guess I should keep that to myself. Because not only am I "amazingly beautiful," I also know which side my bread is buttered on. The side that's hot, sweet, and sticky, baby!!!

Easter Sunday, April 12th

The egg thing was sort of disappointing. I'm going to have to find that article in Fairy Life and see where we went wrong.

He seems sort of out of it today. I picked some extra lavender yesterday, so maybe I'll run him a bath in a while. That'll be sure to raise his spirits.

My first guess as to why he's down would be because it is sort of a major holiday -- the Spring Fling -- celebrated pretty much everywhere, and he's not doing anything special besides the eggs. But I don't really think that's it, because he didn't even

know it was coming until I told him. He just didn't care. So my second guess is, every once in a while he just pulls back and loses energy -- like a biorhythm thing. I mean, he even took a nap with the cats this morning. Of course, that was fun! Those cats know how to sleep and cuddle. I opened the curtains, let in the light, settled down in the midst of them all, and between his snoring and their purring it was like being at a rock concert.

Sniff! What's that?

Sniff! Sniff!

He must be feeling better -- or at least, up and about. I do believe I smell ginger cookies.

Gotta go.

Monday, April 13th

For our big outing today, we went to the dump! Oh, joy!

He's been down the last hour, because of his writing. Hit a snag, or wrote himself into a corner or something. He'll bounce back. Besides, I thought we were going to take the day easy?

We didn't, though. He spent the whole day writing.

Clover is in bloom in his front pasture -- his "yard." It looks nice and the bees are so happy. I even took the cats out by myself today. I guess, they no longer consider me food. This is a good thing.

Not much doing, the sun's going down and now he's looking over my shoulder.

When's [redacted] coming back?

"Soon... probably next week."

He's got more confidence about that than I do.

"Look at it this way. When [redacted] comes back you're going to leave..."

Yeah, why? Afraid I won't? Anxious to get rid of me?

"No, of course not. And in a month if I asked you to visit again, you'd come?"

Sure!

"No doubt. No question."

No hesitation.

“Well, just like that. [Redacted] is coming back. It’s just a matter of time.”

But, I’m still not as certain as he is.

“That’s OK. Want to go for a walk, while we wait?”

YEAH!!!

Tuesday, April 14th

I’m going to have to check myself into detox once I leave. He made this chocolate cake for [redacted]. I guess, [redacted's] [event] is coming up or something. And, that thing is solid -- like solid -- chocolate. It’s like a fruitcake. Only it’s chocolate. He says sometimes he does that too -- puts chocolate chips and frosts it and so on, so there are multiple layers of chocolate. But today, he just loaded it full of chocolate. I don’t even know how to describe it.

Good! OK. That would be a start. Coma inducing, that’s another good phrase. Over the top chocolaty goodness, I think sums it up.

He’s going to box it up and mail it to [redacted] tomorrow, but he made this giant cookie, biscuit, wafer thing out of the extra. And, I know what I’m having for breakfast. Chocolate!

Not really much else going on, I guess. He took it easy today... or at least knocked off early, sat around with me, and read.

Good times.

Just taking it easy.

With any luck, we’ll watch some dorky movie tonight, and the day will be complete... assuming he’s going to serve chocolate with the show, that is.

Maybe he should just make another one of those doorstops for us. Like I said, it’s solid.

Wednesday, April 15th

We made another batch of gingerbread cookies today. Man, but he eats a lot of cookies. Sure, he gives some away, and I’ve

eaten one or two, but I just don't eat that many. Anyhow, here's the recipe. I copied it down when he wasn't looking.

Ginger Bread Cookies

1 stick butter

1 cup brown sugar

Let butter soften to room temperature, then cream butter and sugar together. Then add:

1 egg

1/4 cup molasses

3 tsp ground ginger

2 tsp ground cinnamon

1/2 tsp salt

1 tsp vanilla

Mix with creamed sugar, and then stir in:

1.5 cup flour

And then finally add:

1/4 cup or so of sliced crystallized ginger

Put in refrigerator to cool, slice into pieces (if you like 'em crunchy, smaller and thinner works best), and then cook at 350 for 15 minutes (once again, scrape them off the cookie sheet, flip 'em over, and put them back into the cooling oven if you like them crunchier).

And oh, but these are good.

When we were baking, I asked him why so many writers put recipes into their stories and he just shrugged, "Filler, I guess. Sometimes to brag. Or, you know, if you don't know what else to say, but you want to keep the momentum going, sometimes a recipes works to fill the gap."

I know exactly how he feels.

I don't normally keep a diary -- him being a writer and all, it sort of inspired me. Anyway, in a day or two the moon will be in its fourth quarter. And that means, I've been here an entire month.

Flat out, I'm running out of things to say.

Thursday, April 16th

I really don't think [redacted] is coming back. I don't care what he says anymore. We're going on five weeks here, folks. It was only going to be a few weeks, and every week now it's next week, haven't gotten it done yet, got to call the guys, and so on. Thing is, [redacted] doesn't want to come back. [Redacted] is looking at apartments. [Redacted] told him yesterday.

Oh, he says, that was always part of the plan. But, I just don't buy it.

Anyhow, at least he's settled into a routine for doing housework. I'm not saying the place is clean or anything, but he's at least made the decision to change the sheets once a week. And trust me, it's been time to change the sheets for... oh, I'd guess going on five weeks now.

Friday, April 17, 2009

He can sure talk to [redacted]. Nearly two hours on the phone. He does this every Friday. Two hours! And, I'm lucky if he talks with me for two minutes.

"Hey, come on over. Bye."

"What's up? Nothing. Bye."

"Let's work on that story Saturday. Bye."

Of course, I'm trying to make him look good, so I picked some of the longer examples. Sometimes, he's just terse.

"I'm working."

"I'm busy."

"Later."

But, I still get him. Sometimes, I just show up. Stick my tongue out at him, make a goofy face, and he can't help but laugh. So, that's worth it. And he's pretty good, once I've broken the ice. He'll sit there and talk with me for a while. Try to deconstruct the gag, which I don't mind, and work it into a story. Hey, he's a writer. What do you want?

But still, two hours. Unbelievable. This from a guy who thinks telling me to bring over some coleslaw for dinner is touching base, catching up on things, and staying connected.

Saturday, April 18th

So, I think I finally figured out how he does his shopping. Most normal folks make a list and then add a few impulse items at the store. Instead, he makes a list and then impulsively leaves a few items off. Like we were supposed to get ice cream and bread today along with a bunch of other stuff, but he's like, "We don't need this," and he just crosses it off the list. Um, there's a reason we made a list there, big guy. I was sort of looking forward to the ice cream, but he said we'd make chocolate chip cookies instead, so I guess that's alright.

Oh, right. The reason we needed eggs again was because of all the eggs we boiled for Easter, and seeing as how it's been a week since we colored them and it looked like the rhubarb and cranberry sauce was going bad, we unwrapped the ones we had soaking. Interested in the results?

From worst to best:

Mustard: after a week, it made a nice mellow yellow, but I wouldn't do again.

Worcestershire Sauce: sort of a psychedelic brown. Still, it's just brown.

Cranberry: looks like it was going moldy, but nice and blue. Pleasing. Worth doing again.

Rhubarb and Vinegar: multicolored. Definitely worth doing again. Subtle blues, greens, and browns in a patchwork where the leaves were touching.

Shallot Skin and Vinegar: the best. Deep orange where the skin was touching the egg and not much coloring anywhere else, making a sharp contrast.

And since we've only been eating the eggs at the rate of one a day, we've got enough hard boiled eggs to last us another week. I wonder how long hard boiled eggs are good for?

Sunday, April 19th

We had chocolate chip cookies for breakfast today. It was my idea. I'm on vacation and I'll have chocolate chip cookies for breakfast if I want. And as we are eating the cookies, he's like, "They're missing something."

"Yeah, no duh," I say. "You left out the baking soda."

But he's all, "I never use baking soda." And I figure why argue about that again. I mean, it's obvious they're missing baking soda. It's part of the recipe, and he just left it off, because like he said, he never uses it. Anyhow, after a few more cookies, he's like, "Whole wheat flour."

And I'm like, "What?"

And he says, "Whole wheat flour, that's what these cookies are missing -- thicken 'em up, give 'em a little heart."

No my good friend, what they are missing is backing soda. I should've just dumped it in when he wasn't looking.

Um, yeah. I guess, cookies for breakfast was the highlight of the day -- movies, books, and writing for the rest. He stumbled upon this stupid pun and he was laughing for hours. Easily amused, you know what they say. Eh, at least he still thinks I'm beautiful -- ravishing really. Maybe I should get him to rub my toes...

Monday, April 20th

He says he doesn't believe in writer's block.

Right, I believe him.

So anyway, he sits down to work today, opens up the story he's working on, and a minute later he's closing it down. Gets up, reads a book, does some work ('cause believe it or not he has a real job, but sometimes it's really hard to believe), goes back to the writing, opens the same file again, and then he's like, "Want to go to the beach?"

Tell me, that's not writer's block.

"I just need some time off."

Whatever, isn't that the same thing?

Anyhow, we had a great day. We went windward, down to... Umpa-Lumpa Beach? No. Lilliputian State Park? No, that's not it.

"What that place where we went to today called?"

"La Pahoy Pahoy."

What kind of name is that?

Anyway the place was fantastic. I grabbed my swimsuit and it's this small two piece almost nonexistent number, but he's all, "Don't bother."

And, I'm all, alright! But when we get there, I could see why I wouldn't be needing a suit. There were big waves -- like big-big waves -- monstrous, huge, colossal waves crashing through a forest of rock. It was intense. I got sea sick just looking at the water flowing in and out.

Anyway, we hung out, ate the plate lunches we got on the way, and he pretended to scribble in a notebook. But both of us know he never wrote a darn thing. In fact, this little diary of mine is the only thing that got written all day.

But then, being as beautiful -- amazingly beautiful, I hear tell -- as I am, I'm sort of used to playing the role of the muse.

Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go thank a certain someone for taking me to the beach... even if we never did go swimming.

Tuesday, April 21st

He keeps this spreadsheet to organize his time and make sure he does everything he's supposed to, even the things he doesn't want to -- not that he does all the time anyway, but with the spreadsheet at least he notices the omission... in theory anyhow.

I mention it, because that spreadsheet's got all sorts of holes in it today. And, he didn't spend the time with me either.

[Redacted] called, said they didn't want to come back. No surprise there, right? He's says it's just the location, but...

Well, I'd like to give him a hard time, but it does rain a lot here. It's overcast even as I write. Anyhow, between that and The

Dragon's Breath -- the sulfur in the air has been pretty thick lately -- and I can see why a person might want to get out of dodge. I like The Dragon as much as the next Pixie Fairy, but they don't talk about him killing entire families and burning all the crops in a fifty mile radius for nothing. I know, I don't want to be around when that happens. And if The Dragon is gearing up for vengeance, maybe it is time to skedaddle.

Of course, The Dragon hasn't done anything like that in... well, a long time, so maybe its just paranoia... or maybe its just a good old fashioned common sense precaution.

Wednesday, April 22nd

Oh, it's going to be hard for him to leave paradise if the island keeps on throwing days like today at him. True, he spent the entire -- the entire -- morning staring at his computer, but once he looked up, it was obvious even to him what a glorious day it was. So, went for a walk, no real reason, walked the cats, watered the garden, opened up all the windows, and enjoyed the breeze.

Oh, [redacted] just called. I had to stop and listen in. [Redacted] is talking about selling up, just walking away and never coming back.

Let's move! Move! Move!

[Redacted] is geared to go.

He's not quite so amped. I think he sort of accepted the inevitability of it (to move, with or without [redacted]), so might as well get with the program and tag along. He'd probably say it stronger, with more feelings than that, but he sure is dragging his feet. I mean, if [redacted] is not coming back, why not just hop on a plane, grab the cats, and be gone?

I don't know. It's not my problem.

I mean, I realize the weather here sucks half the time -- you know, cloudy over 65 degrees and drizzling -- but isn't that pretty much paradise everywhere else?

I really don't think [redacted] is being honest with [redacted].

Him neither.

And I'm not so certain about my feelings in the matter either.

Thursday, April 23rd

In the last episode of The Daze that is His Life, our hero was losing sleep, because he had just learned that [redacted] wanted to leave the island. In today's episode -- and I admit it, I listened in to their phone conversation -- [redacted] was talking about building an addition to their little homestead, while he was talking-up the advantages of living elsewhere. Will this madness ever cease? Will [redacted] find the purpose [redacted] is looking for? And how about him? Will he ever fully appreciate the Pixie Fairy that stands by his side, this island, that island, or any island? Stay tuned next week for the answers to these and other important questions.

Meanwhile in local news, there is a flash flood warning effecting the entire island. Unreal. We had a bright sunny morning, the best you could ask for. And now it looks like... well, Mt. Doom.

Welcome home.

You know, the strangest part about all this is that I'm actually looking forward to whatever stupid movie he's got planned for this evening.

"We going to watch a movie tonight?"

"Sure, if you want?"

"How about something romantic?"

And Jane Austin it is. Stories that still work after 200 years. She must have been doing something right.

Friday, April 24th

Storm clouds are a brewing. Sounds ominous, doesn't it?

Get this, it was thundering when we woke up. That turned to sunshine. It rained. And, now the birds are out chirping again... and it's only noon. Personally, I'm expecting a warm front followed by a blizzard at this point.

Of course, this is all mirroring what happening on The Daze that is His Life. First thing this morning, and he swears by no action on his part, he gets a call from [redacted] -- like of four and five years ago. Sounds like [redacted] is breaking up with [redacted] judging from [redacted's] sole description of [redacted] as a [redacted]. And yeah, I listened in again.

Anyhow, I'm no fool. [Redacted] was testing the waters. But, I was proud of him. He resisted, played it all calm and cool. Of course, he never said anything to [redacted] when [redacted] called, but there wasn't a lot of room in that conversation -- between trading data and planning the next move. I guess, the dream isn't big enough yet.

Anyhow, today they're staying on the island. Thunderstorms or not. Tomorrow, who knows?

I guess that's why it's so fun to watch The Daze that is His Life -- starring Nadia that *amazingly good looking* Pixie Fairy who you have all come to know, love, and adore.

She's available for book signings and conventions, you know. I just ask for a garden suite and double meal vouchers... so I can bring my boy toy along.

Saturday, April 25th

I've been here six weeks to the day. My how time flies.

He was going to take it easy today, lay off the writing, but that never happened.

Oh, I suppose a little. We "slept in" together, and that's always fun. And although we had talked about going down to Umpa-Lumpa Beach... well, I guess neither one of us really wanted to go.

So anyway, by not writing, apparently he meant he wouldn't work on any of the projects he had been working on, but doing something on the side couldn't hurt, so he spent the morning writing and then going over a horror story. Don't ask. I didn't. Gives me the heebie-jeebies just thinking about those poor characters. I thought he was a pacifist or something and had

decided to lay off the killing, because even if he never “crossed the line,” you know he came close.

Whatever. It’s not my place.

Besides that, we cleaned house, enjoyed the sun -- a beautiful day... Oh, and we made cookies -- chocolate chip cookies. Guess what? No one ever bothered to pluralize the chip part in chocolate chip cookies, so he decided to take the name all literal like and make the wee little morsels with a single chocolate chip each. He’s weird. But he was right about one thing, they tasted better with whole wheat flour. Would have tasted better still with a dash of baking soda.

Chocolate Chip Cookies

1 stick butter

.75 cup brown sugar

let butter soften, cream with sugar, mix in dash salt (and baking soda)

1 tsp vanilla

1 egg

stir together and add

1-1/8th cup whole wheat flour

place in teaspoon size pieces on cookie sheet add one (or more) chips to each, bake at 375 for 10 minutes.

And for a day when it was agreed we wouldn’t do any writing, that’s more than enough.

Sunday, April 26th

Today, we really did take the day off. We slept late (I like that), had orange juice and waffles for breakfast (Mmmm!), took a walk in the sun (or a flitter about for some), and then two movies to last the day -- both romances, but in the second one she died.

Gulp!!!

But not really. I trust my man.

Monday, April 27th

We met a [redacted] today!!!

[Redacted] was tearing random pages out of the free magazines at the library. Personally, I would have thought that [redacted] was just bitter -- about [redacted] or something -- and tearing out the girly pictures so perverts like my friend here couldn't enjoy them, but he thought differently.

He said, [redacted] was a complete wacko -- no real stretch there considering there was a garbage can three feet away and it would have been easier to simply throw the mags away -- but it gets better. He said, [redacted] was ripping out the prime numbered pages, because they were evil.

"Evil," I says, intrigued at this point.

"Yeah, evil," he whispers conspiratorially. "The chipmunk in [redacted] told [redacted]... and he knows about that sort of thing."

"Alrighty, then." How are your going to argue with that sort of logic?

I suppose I should have asked him how he knew all this, but he probably would of come up with something even more bizarre. Probably would have said something like, "Fact is, hadn't really noticed [redacted] until a keen sighted Fairy that likes to sit on my shoulder pointed [redacted] out to me and mentioned [redacted's] odd behavior. You got to be careful, there's a lot of whack jobs living on this here island."

Yeah, and mostly they're recluses that keep to themselves.

Anyway, that was our day. I think the chipmunk is going to turn into a squirrel or a mongoose or something. And [redacted] is going to get a lot nicer, maybe become an eccentric [redacted]... because in the end, bitter [redacted] who hate [redacted] are a dime a dozen and aren't a lot of fun, but complete whack jobs who lost their minds when [redacted], now them be a laugh riot.

Tuesday, April 28th

I am so tired. I don't know what it is. We got plenty of sleep last night, but both of us have been dragging... almost all day. Maybe we're getting that flu that's going around. I hope not.

Here it is like 3pm and it seems like it's midnight.

Can't go to sleep this early.
I guess we'll put in a movie or something, maybe take a bath.
It's so strange. Maybe they're pumping something into the air... but you know, The Dragon's Breath doesn't even seem bad today.
Oh, well. Whatever it is, let's hope a good night's sleep starting at about 4pm or 5pm does the trick.

Wednesday, April 29th
(nada)

Thursday, April 30th
I forgot to do an entry yesterday. The odd thing is, I can hardly remember what happened. It was a gloriously sunny day like it is today, that much I remember. And in the afternoon, The Dragon's Breath cleared up. It even stayed cool -- if you didn't bother to put much on, that is, which I didn't. While the breeze, and everything else was divine.

I think we sat around and read. Oh, and the movies are getting better. We actually laughed our way through the last one.

Oh get this, I've been here so long, I'm actually better at hunting the skinks -- those little lizards -- than the cats. I saw one this morning way before they did, just pulled back on the leashes, and saved the little guy's life. He never even knew. He just kept on moseying along like nothing was happening. In the end, he's just lucky I'm not a meat eater, or he'd be a goner.

Anyhow, that's it for now. Maybe I'll do a double entry today to make up for yesterday.

It's got to be a crime against Nature to stay inside and write on a day like today, but I guess that's what he's going to do. At least I got him to go for a walk and take some pictures. It is simply glorious today.

I'm inside writing as well, obviously. He mentioned something about sunburn and it did sort of seem reasonable, but

when that sun gets a little lower and the threat of a burn isn't as great, I'm going right back out there.

It is beautiful.

And who knows, after the sun goes down and we eat a pizza for supper, maybe we'll put in another movie. Or maybe just skip that, and get right to the good stuff.

Whoopee!!!

Friday, May 1st

The start of the third month here! Amazing! I'm not even paying rent. Of course, my garden's probably gone to weed. And no doubt, my house could stand a good dusting. But, my third month! Truly, unbelievable. I should have packed another bag.

And then [redacted] called, and I've got to admit, it does sort of sound like [redacted] is on the way back. I suppose that means only another week or two.

I guess I should call my sisters and warn them -- you know, in case they want to clean my place up or something.

Saturday, May 2nd

[Redacted] is coming up, so he baked a cake for [redacted], and I did as well. Rumor is, at one time he knew how to bake this killer chocolate gooey torte cake thing, but the recipe has obviously gone missing.

Oh, don't get me wrong. The batter is scrump-delicious, and the little cake we made for ourselves turned out great, but the two big ones (for [redacted] and [redacted]) were catastrophes. It's like he was doing research for a story and he wanted to see how big of a mess he could make.

You see, he changed the recipe a little, "tweaked it" a little, since the last time he made it, and now the cooking time is off. He cooked it at 400 for 30 minutes and when he lifted it out of the pan, it just fell to pieces. It was just raw. He literally had to scoop it off the counter, floor, etc. and back in the pan. I won't get into the

details of the mess. Needless to say, he only noticed that the floor was getting a little sticky, when a big glob of batter landed on his foot and slowly oozed its way through his toes. Thankfully, that part didn't get mixed back in. Anyhow, with the basically raw mix back in the pan, we decided an hour at 350 might work. But now that it has cooled again, that's seeming a little iffy, so we've got it back in the oven once more.

The top is already like a brick, and I bet the inside is still raw, which pretty much makes it the perfect [redacted] cake. It's sort of proof positive that it was homemade.

Oh, in case you care:

.75lb of butter left to soften

4 cups of brown sugar

Cream sugar into butter, add

6 eggs

6 tsp weak vanilla

.5 cup milk

Mix and then blend in

8oz (2 cups) powdered cocoa

.5 cup flour

Don't ask me what to cook this at. Maybe at 375 for an hour.

Sunday, May 3rd

This is how writers lose their minds. He sat down at 7AM and started writing *A Manual On How To Bid Bridge*. Here it is ten hours later and he's still at it. He might as well be writing a book on how to play chess. I've never seen so many tables and diagrams. Stupid thing is, he's not even very good at Bridge. He just thinks he's got a good angle.

Bah!

"I hereby challenge you to a duel."

"What?"

"Honeymoon Bridge, Mister. Winner take all."

"You don't know what you're getting yourself into."

"Ah, what's the worst that can happen?"

Oh, and the cakes look good. 60 minutes at 350 seems to do the trick, but we'll find out in a week after the tasters report back.

Monday, May 4th

For the longest time, I was trying to remember where the day went, and then I remembered. We packed up the cakes. Ribbons and bows, and then he wrote this big, long packing list thing, telling about how it was a Triple Baked Cake owing to it falling apart the first time, and then after we swept it up -- what with the additional liquid from the mop water -- well, the timing was off the second time as well. He got real specific though. And truthfully, it was more than a bit gross. I didn't even want to include the thing by the time he got done, but he insisted. At least he let me write [redacted] a note, letting [redacted] know it was a joke. I mean, [redacted] might know, but [redacted]... no sense taking any chances. [Redacted] must already be wondering if [redacted] is going to be getting a [redacted] as a [redacted], and [redacted] is not exactly open minded, you know. Not one little bit.

Besides that, I don't really know what we did. He worked, I read, played with the cats... I even got them chasing balls of yarn now, and...

That's about it, I guess.

Gauging by the sun, I'm guessing it's movie time.

Tuesday, May 5th

Gloomy on the outside, bright and cheery on the inside.

We spent the day making whoopee, fooling around, being mischievous, getting down, getting funky, getting freaky, getting the freak on, and so on and so forth... till it hurt.

I felt the earth move, and time stand still; it was like I was looking at the edge of reality and seeing the beyond reflected in the eyelids of my soul.

Mostly though, we just got down to it and did the nasty, or as he likes to say, bumping uglies.

Maybe, I should just rip this page out of my diary.

Or then again, maybe this is why a girl keeps a diary in the first place; so in her old age she can look back and say, Cinco da My-O-O-Oh! Oh my Dark Lord, come and take me now; I have lived a full and happy life.

Tomorrow is May 6th. That's got to be a holiday somewhere.

Wednesday, May 6th

Oh-la-la, the man is getting frisky in his old age. He must think he's on short time, because he's been going all out for two days now. Either that or The Dragon's Breath has gone to his head. No doubt, that'll be his excuse. No matter, that's not my concern.

He started in on the spaghetti today -- you know that bachelor staple. Well, today he made a pot. Oh, and that other tried and true man living single dish -- uganway, better known as ug-ug fish. He probably just made that so he could tell [redacted], "I made some ug-ug fish." Yeah, that'll get [redacted] running home.

What else to report? He must have written a half dozen first chapters in the last week as he sends out feelers trying to look for the next book. And am I in any of them?

NO!!!

But that's probably just because he already has me right were he wants me, next to his pillow at night. You got to keep your eye on these writer types, they'll promise you a leading role, but when push comes to shove, they go where the muse takes them, and don't let any of them tell you otherwise.

Leading role! Harrumph! He said I'd have my own story if I came and stayed with him... Yeah, and he made me write every last word of it. I'd complain more, but he's got that look in his eye.

Gotta go, while the getting's good.

Thursday, May 7th

I'm getting used to this lazing around all day stuff. We did the library and post office walk today. Got a bunch of books. One's on speed reading -- good thing, that.

He also started telling me his new story-line. I'm not in it or anything, but it sounds interesting enough. Two inter-looping stories with only three characters, and each of these three characters has multiple identities. So it's like having eight characters. Only in the end, it turns out to be only three. That doesn't actually sound so cool. It just sort of sounds confusing. The neat part is he plans on doing it as a Morgana Feldstone/Fritz Heinmillerstien Joint: smoke 'em if you got 'em. Which means, Morgana will write the story the first time through from the lead female's point of view. I guess, the only female in this case: the third character is a dog/cat. Anyhow she'll write it once, and at the end loop it back to the start. And then, you'll flip the book over and read Fritz's version from the male lead's point of view -- the only guy, once again -- and at the end of that version it'll get looped back to the start. So when you're at the end, you're at the beginning, and you can start reading either story over again. Hopefully, about halfway through the first half of the first read, the readers will pick up on what's happening. Anyhow, sounds like a career maker if he can pull it off, if you ask me... and if he can throw in a few jokes and keep the sex to an acceptable level.

Still, a double interlacing circular story with the mains looping around three times to pick up the roles of each of the supporting characters. Throw in a love child, an aborted murder attempt, and some fiendishly clever mind traps, and let's just say, I want to see the outline for that!!!

Friday, May 8th

Missed a day again. Oh, well.

Saturday, May 9th

I'll do this one early, so I don't forget.

It's been two months to the day. 56 days, that's like two moon cycles. It was a full moon yesterday, so I guess, I must have shown up on a full moon. I really can't remember anymore.

Two months.

Well, [redacted] went back to take care of some stuff, [redacted] or something, and its sounding like that's taken care of, so maybe [redacted] will be coming back next week.

It's sunny today, glorious -- except for that Dragon's Breath. And I don't feel like writing, no matter what he feels like doing. I'm going to go water the plants, maybe do some gardening.

I miss my flowers.

Sunday, May 10th

When [redacted] comes back and I leave, I'm going to go into hoochie-coochie withdrawal. I mean, at least [redacted] is going to be back, and you know their going to... um, ahem... [redacted] when [redacted] returns if you'll pardon the expression. But me? I'll be out cold, sleeping alone. He probably won't even send me a consolation bouquet of flowers... or even a measly postcard. Probably won't hear from him until [redacted] is going to leave town again... if then.

Oh, wait a second! What am I saying? I'm going to have to make him promise to let me come and visit the next time [redacted] is out of town. Maybe I should go be nice to him, fix him a snack, or rub his shoulders or something.

Look. I got to go.

Time enough to write when I die... or get back home.

Monday, May 11th

I should at least jot something down before I go to sleep. Today was the library day, big yawn. Other than that he cut the grass and cleaned the bathroom. I guess he thinks [redacted] is coming back. Oh, and a couple of boxes arrived that [redacted] shipped to [redacted]. I guess [redacted] wouldn't ship stuff unless [redacted] actually was planning on coming back.

After work and writing and cleaning, he must have been exhausted, but I guess he found a cache of happy pills or something, because then he put on the music and spent the evening twirling me around. What's a girl to do, but play along. Whee!!!

Tuesday, May 12th
Getting bad, missed another day.

Wednesday, May 13th

We watched a movie in double speed yesterday; that's the big news. It was crap... Well, maybe not crap, but just painful to watch -- about a conman. I suppose it hit close to home. Anyway, we watched it in double-time and if you have to watch a crappy movie, that's the way to do it.

- - -

Actually, rather than write another entry later, I think I'm just going to write down, right now, how I hope the day is going to go. It's a weekday, so I'll never get him to the beach, but he'll knock off around noon, and it looks to be a glorious day, so hopefully I can interest him in a walk, maybe pick up the fixings for a salad -- though I'm not really craving anything -- and then just rest and enjoy the afternoon. Maybe I'll get him to crack open that last beer that's still leftover from when Crazy George and Lane visited.

Hey! Now there's an idea, but I'll start with the walk. Get him up and out the door early, by the time he comes back he won't feel like writing, and we can just cuddle, or you know, go where the mood takes us...

- - -

And then of course, when the time came, we just took a nap. Still, it seemed like the thing to do at the time. I've got no regrets.

Thursday, May 14th

Did the library walk today. Not much going on there.

Another easy day. He's only got two books going now, since he wrapped up the short story -- or at least, is letting it incubate for a few days -- so he had all sorts of free time today. He spent it ranting about speed reading -- I've seen him, he's not that fast -- and just puttering around. Really didn't do anything, but nothing new there.

He's been talking about two new stories:

My Hawaii as a sort of cross between South Pacific and The Andy Griffin Show, and

Gabby Plays the Game, about a psychotic little girl who thinks she's like three people or something. Probably shouldn't call her a little girl, since she's married, but what do you want?

Don't really know which one sounds better, but it seems like he's leaning towards My Hawaii even though all he really wants to talk about these days is Gabby, so go figure.

Friday, May 15th

Well, he started working on My Hawaii in earnest today... or at least, he opened a new word file and started putting his notes together on the computer. I saw him going through those this morning. He's got like a million stories he's only written the first page or chapter, so we'll see how it goes. Anyhow, it sounds like a fun story... or collection of stories.

Real overcast today. Sort of nice for a change -- cool.

[Redacted] isn't coming back until next week for sure. That's like nine weeks, two months. It's really hard to believe.

Eh? We're back to spaghetti and pizza, those bachelor staples, but at least the movie for tonight is a romance. Oh, My Hawaii is a romance of sorts too, so maybe he really is starting to miss that [redacted] of his.

Saturday, May 16th

So the other day when I wrote how I wanted the day to go it worked out pretty well. I didn't actually do what I intended, but I liked writing it down, so let's see how it goes today.

It's about noon on a perfectly gorgeous day. We've spent the morning inside, paging through magazines, and him writing. It's been lazy, but I guess he's wearing off on me.

Anyhow, as to the rest of the day. I'd like to get him outside, maybe work on that garden some more, so he'll have something to show [redacted] when [redacted] returns.

After that? We've got frozen berries thawing; that and pizza sounds good for supper. And then, we can curl up and watch the rest of the movie we started yesterday.

Oh, and if he wants to, he can tell me about the latest twist he's come up with his new story: My Hawaii. Maybe I'll invite him to work in the garden with that as the bait.

"Want to tell me about your latest book?"

"Um, yeah, sure."

"While we weed the garden?"

"I guess, if that's what you want to do."

So far, so good.

Maybe I'll tell you how it goes. Or with any luck, I won't -- due to adult content, graphic nature, and so on. A girl can hope.

Sunday, May 17th

Missed another day.

Monday, May 18th

Boy does it look murky outside -- dark and grim.

Yesterday was good, we read a bunch and then watched a movie about punk rockers -- exciting stuff.

[Redacted] is coming home soon... or moving into a hotel. [Redacted] has been there for like two months, right? Well, [redacted], who [redacted] has been staying with, has finally kicked [redacted] out. Told [redacted] to move into a hotel. Visiting is one thing, but...

Actually, [redacted] didn't really go into the conversation [redacted] had with [redacted] (yeah, I'm listening in still), but it has been a long time. If you'll recall, it was only supposed to be for a few weeks.

Anyhow, the plan for today? Cleaning I suppose. Oh, and a dump run if the weather brightens -- no sense going in the rain. And we'll probably watch another movie. That punk rock one wasn't so bad, I'd give it four stars.

Tuesday, May 19th

You know how it goes: when in doubt, walk to the library. I guess, it's better than walking in a circle. They had a big ole' stack of Rigor Pass Spectators, but they were so old, I didn't feel like grabbing them. I've got enough magazines at this point. Still haven't worked my way through all the Fairy Life's yet.

Anyway, it's a gorgeous day, and we've -- or at least, I've -- got a bit of a reprieve: [redacted] is not going to come back until next week... again. I guess, no surprise there.

Got a big ole' pot of vegetable curry on the stove, and it's not even mid-afternoon and he's all caught up. Nothing to do but relax, and unwind -- what is it, Tuesday? -- after a hard week's work. I tell ya, this is the life.

Wednesday, May 20th

Oh, wait. This is bad. I just wrote that whole section thinking it was Tuesday when really it was Wednesday. I missed an entire day and didn't even notice.

WOW! I am relaxed.

Color me forgetful.

Thursday, May 21st

The spaghetti pot has something green growing in it. I guess that means it's time to clean it. Doesn't seem like much of a system to me, but apparently it works for him.

A nice day. I couldn't tell you where it went. He's really loaded up on the writing projects in a last ditch effort to put something out before [redacted] gets back. Not that [redacted] gets in the way of the writing, but I guess, [redacted] will want to talk more. Probably get more upset than me if he retreats into his head.

While he writes, the cats and me have a new game going: Chase. Not big on strategy or tactics, but it gets the job done. I've even taught the one not to use her claws. Yeah, that's right, I've got teeth, so back off, Jack.

My Hawaii seems to be going good for him, and I'm not the one puking up a storm this time around, so I'm happy about that.

Nothing much else doing.

Were going to finish watching a movie about a drunken writer tonight. I'm glad he's not a drunk. He may be a lot of things, but a drunk isn't one of them. We still got that last beer in the fridge, and I'm sure the wine's turned to vinegar.

Friday, May 22nd

I didn't forget. I'm skipping it. Just my little way of celebrating another day in paradise with my man.

Saturday, May 23rd

[Redacted] is coming back. Let the countdown begin. I've got fifty hours. I think I'll just leave at the airport. That's where he picked me up anyway.

So what to do?

Pack. Maybe I should just ship those magazines ahead? Hey, now there's a good idea. That'll save me a lot of hassle at security. And then as for a flight? Dragon Bound? Trans Vortex?

Maybe I should just ride a horse. I wonder if I promised him a bag of carrots, whether I could get a Unicorn to give me a ride.

I meant that to sound clean and wholesome, but if the Unicorn has other things on its mind, or you know, wants something besides a carrot, I'm sure we could work out a deal. There's this new thing I've been trying with my tongue, and it seems to work wonders.

Oh, and I've got to call my sisters. I hope they throw me a big party -- sort of a consolation, welcome home party.

But I might be back. A friend asked him to house-sit and when he asked about [redacted] his friend was all, "Oh? I didn't think about that. I thought you'd just come by yourself."

So who knows? I mean, it's been ten weeks. That's like a fifth of the year. 19.72%, I'm told. That's almost an entire season.

And I know he's gone through his moments, but overall, his biggest concern is how [redacted's] return will impact his writing.
Yeah, I think I'll be back in the picture before long.
Well, a girl can dream anyhow.

Sunday, May 24th

My sisters came! Yippee!

No airplane for me. They rented a dimensional carriage with foot elves and everything. We're going first class.

They seem really excited to show me the changes they made to my place, so I guess all that stuff about them letting it go to seed was all a game -- just to tease me. It worked. I don't think they'd kid about fixing it up, though.

I hope they wouldn't.

Nah, they wouldn't.

They even helped him clean his place up... well, at least until he loaded up a movie and then it was party time. That last beer is now officially gone -- the lush. Of course, he had a lot -- and I mean, a lot of help. Twenty Seven, and that's not the entire crew.

We are a proliferate bunch.

And here's to more of the same in the future.

I guess that's it. I'll just leave this somewhere for him -- maybe his underwear drawer -- and then it's just the long wait until I hear from him again.

Sigh!

But no time for that now. Plenty of time for tears when I'm all alone. Tonight, it's party time.

"Pass me that beer. There must be some dregs in the bottom. I do believe I'm going to get tipsy."

Postscript

[redacted],

Had a wonderful time.

Don't hesitate to call whenever you're feeling lonely -- even if it's just for an hour or two while [redacted] is at the store or having a [redacted's] night out.

You're loving friend,

Nadia

P.S. Get cracking on that Nihli story, will ya? so we can see more of each of each other.

{{

2020-08-14

The story referenced on page five is *It's Always The Goldest Right Before Dawn...* or that's the name I remember. I actually just call it *Goldest*.

The martian story on page eight is *NIL-E*.

I'm guessing the Punk Rock Movie on page forty-two is *SLC: Punk!*

Years later and Nadia still visits every once in a while, but typically for much shorter durations.

}}