

Dave's Bookgroup

Xmas

Stories

2022

Lessons Learnt

(ROMANCE)



Captain Edward was not unhappy to find Miss Esposito in the pavilion of spring flowers in the pleasure garden of Castle Doyle. She was with her sister, Mrs Gowing.

They saw him.

Mrs Gowing leaned toward her sister's ear. An avalanche of straw and ribbons and paper flowers ensued. Their large summer hats collided and cascaded to the polished pink marble floor. Captain Edward rushed to the scene.

'Ladies, please allow me to assist.'

As he bent down, the ladies looked at him pensively. Did he realise that he had a bald spot on the very top of his head, shaped like a heart? I suppose he had never been able to see it. They wondered if anyone had mentioned it to him. They looked at each other, not sure if they should react.

He stood up with a big smile. I thought that was my lucky day until he told me his name was Ian McEwan.

What lesson will I have today? So many things to learn as a virgin from Texas, but today perhaps? Tomorrow was another day...

Who would believe me?

I didn't think I would even repeat my past mistakes but then I was never one known as a fast learner. But then love trumps all.

The End.

Frontier Law

(WESTERN)



By noon the sun was high over the plains as the bullock team pulled into town. Burnt by the sun, marinated in whisky, Sheriff Clarrie Towns did not take his eyes off the driver. The big hat, Driza-bone and high boots, couldn't hide the auburn hair and shining eyes. So, this was her. He thought the talk, wild as it was, had not done her justice. She was a problem, and now she was his problem.

He certainly hadn't expected this gun-shootin' cowgirl to arrive as the river crossing closed due to a raging flood.

Where has she come from?

I asked my paw i.e. my dad, 'where has that chickadee on that there horse come from?'

He laughed and replied 'She and I go back a L-O-N-G way.'

The girl laughed and laughed and then stormed through the bar doors and they swung behind her. The bar was full but at least six people turned to look at her. She had a whip in one hand and a gun in the other.

She cracked her whip and everyone stood to attention. Only six of the remaining bandits were to be accounted for. She headed for the rear door of the saloon and smashed her way in guns blazing. Three dead in three seconds. Little Jessie scurried under the table but she had dropped her dolly. A dark hand reached out and snatched it. The dolly was in great danger. Her secrets revealed to all, she was at the mercy of the crowd. Their blood was up. They wanted revenge for what had happened. Innocence was irrelevant. No amount of pleading would assuage this lust. Her only chance for survival was to embrace their anger and hope for sanity to somehow evolve.

The End.

Margot and the Mermaid

(FAIRYTALE)



Once upon a time, near the ocean, lived an old lady. She had a big nose and long straggly grey hair. All the village children called her a witch. They would poke their tongues out as they passed her house, except Margot. She didn't care about the old lady. Everyday after school she rushed past her house down to the beach. The northern end with its black rocks and shallow pools was Margot's secret solitary kingdom until one day Margot happened on the old woman on the beach, and she said 'Have you always come here hoping to catch up with the Mermaid? Margot was puzzled by the question as the Mermaid always turned up.

Margot sat quietly while the bees flitted about. She imagined that the music she was hearing was coming from the sky, where the Goddess lived. Crying out to the universe she shouted 'Why is there so much evil in the world?! Suddenly there was an almighty crack of thunder and before her stood Lucifer himself, naked, with an enormous pair of goats standing beside him.

'Yield before me, wench! For I am completely disabled by my desire. How is it possible for me to continue in my present state? Only you have the power to quench this fatal state. I am sure I will be consumed by these flames which threaten conflagration! Please yield! It is the only thing that will save me. Your indifference will be the death of me. This is our last chance to be able to fly – it would be a wonderful thing. Perhaps if you wish very hard it might happen! That would change the whole situation. Instead of flying through the water you could fly up in the air, fly across the water, you could land on the rocks instead of climbing.'

The End.

The Bleeding Edge

(CRIME)



Midnight was early for the Jonestown boys. The streetlight on the corner, tall, yellow and curved, cast the long shadow of Diesel Turner P.I. down the alley. It was half an hour before they expected, but they were ready. He looked up, too late to run, too many to fight. Dressed in the same blue suit, white shirt, no tie, that he always wore, he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his ciggies. Needed something to calm his nerves. Nobody was moving. Nobody was saying anything. The clock struck the hour. Suddenly a shot rang out and everyone dived for cover. James was struck on the left thigh and when down bleeding profusely. Sirens rang out and the tension was building. They could not be caught in the warehouse. So they made a run for it past the engine room. Bullets ricocheted off the machinery. Then suddenly the lights went out.

Everything went quiet. And then there was a distant crash. Someone must be in the same space. Where to hide and where did I put my weapon? I felt around hoping to come across it. The noise was getting closer.

Where is my phone? Far more important than a gun when lost in a forest not knowing the way out. But then, a twig breaks, my heart beats faster – a shape appears in the distance. Is it a bear or have I taken too much crack cocaine tonight?

In the end it was all too much to bear (no pun intended) and he shot himself.

The End.

The Evisceration

(HORROR)



Although originally designed for medical use, the scalpel she found not only practical but beautiful, and intensely pleasurable. In the deep pocket of her favourite red jacket she traced the maker's lettering with the tip of her thumb. They curved and curled delightfully.

She would like them carved deeply in the jungle, covered with cobwebs and smeared with blood, oozing through the cracks of the orifices. It was both terrific and fascinating. I couldn't stop looking. How was this happening? But the danger was palpable. I knew I had to somehow evade the toxic ooze, glistening in the flickering light of my flaming stove. My escape was on the other side! This was a nightmare I had been warned of, yet my inquisitive nature had now led me to this fateful situation. The evisceration of the lambs now had an explanation but how was I going to be able to do anything about it?

I couldn't. In fact, I wouldn't!

What happened next was beyond my comprehension.

How could it be!?

As the liver slowly slid down to the floor, bleeding and slippery, he smiled.

What next?

I approached the body – it had no face! Brutely massacred, the blood still dripping from what had been the nose...

Thank heavens the curtain closed with a BANG!

The End.

The Sexy Tory Scandal Story

(RELIGIO-POLITICAL EROTICISM)



Some said Bishop McDougall was always on the rise but it wasn't until Mary McGann (MP and Minister for Community Services) saw him dressed in trousers, rather than his usual bishop's robes, that she understood why. He was in her office spruiking the virtues of the church's children's services charity. She had wanted to leave it to her advisors, but the PM had told her to attend the meeting in person. Now she was glad she had. The potential was immediately apparent as she stepped into the room. It reinforced her choice of attire; elegant, restrained, yet with a hint of flirtation. This was an evening for endless possibilities. All of them dangerous. Her previous conversation with the PM had given her the impetus to take the plunge. She had always been attracted to the Leader of the Opposition despite their political differences. He had an animal attraction. Something about how he carried himself, not to say the way he smelt! She was disarmed in his presence and had a need to take off his shirt. He smelt of power.

He knelt and touched the forehead of the chorister and gently touched his shoulders. The feeling was truly special. This is a rare privilege. Slowly he removed the impediment and all present began to sing a hymn of praise. There was a request for all the members to rise and they all rose accordingly. Some more than others.

"God Bless the Little Children!", the chorus rang out. The choirmaster was so excited about the PM turning up in leathers; so unexpected. How do we avoid the Press when the PM leaves? The choirmaster decided to pass a cloak and headdress to avoid detection and then arranged to meet the PM at No. 10.

'How do I sort out this mess and still look good in the public eye? If this gets out I could lose my position and that means changing my life and I am not prepared to do that!'

There are times you need to lie.

The End.

Through Clear Eyes

(MAGICAL REALISM)



Many said it could not be so, but deep down I knew the wife of General Julio Grenada could see the future. One day Juanita Grenada went to the house of Father Timao. She brought him a wheelchair saying 'perhaps one day a parishioner may need it'. The next day he crashed his motorcycle and broke both his legs. That is why I was surprised the revolutionary army found the general at home when they came to take him away.

I was not surprised a short time later when they read that Juanita had entered the castle through the hidden door under the stream. How did she know it was there? What mystery was she trying to unravel? She must know more than she was revealing. She never thought it would come to this, that what you could see, or what you thought you could see, may not be real; it may not be what it actually is. On reflection this put in doubt most of her life, or did it? Maybe she could look at it as a freedom? She could in fact be free to do anything in this crazy landscape – where the leaves on the trees move steadily into weird shapes – faces with blank eyes – and the sky changes colour.

Clouds billowed, rain fell and we walked across the land together towards the unicorn and the toadstool forest. The fairy lights twinkled and fizzled. Light and form mingling into sensuous streams salaciously slinking savagely, transforming the forest. No longer stable amongst this sensuous transformation, they attempted to find their way. A difficult task. Clarity was not possible. How to find our path again? Our quest in ruins? How would it be possible to see how all of this could end?

The sun set over the ocean but she was still unsettled. Why does the world have to like this?
Is there a way that love can prevail?

I shall dedicate my life from this day forth to bring joy into the world and soak the tea towel of life in the juices of love.

The End.

The Fall of Dremmick

(FANTASY)



For four clear days they rode, only stopping briefly to rest the dragons and recharge the Glimmering Stones. It was Duren's first trip beyond the Wall. So far it had not lived up to his expectations of adventure. Bad food, little sleep and nothing but grass for miles. He wanted his bed and home and Selena in his bed. Cracking the still air of the hot morning Master Fiven shouted 'Dismount! Raise your stones and your dresses ladies because now you are entered the land of Dremmick, he who must be obeyed. In our world, he who misbehaves must be stoned to death which means that you women have the role of deciding what happens next to these five young men of Dremmick.

So, you must decide.

Go left via the swamp, or the right path over the mountains. Swamp spiders or Mountain Yeti? Which suits you?

'I hate spiders', he said so the party went right up to the high ground. The path was very windy, particularly as they got higher and higher. Suddenly as they rounded the spur it could be seen scurrying into the bushes.

Large hairy legs was never a good sign.

After sharing a meal they were more relaxed around each other. As the sun set they heard a sound they had never heard before. Lovely bells tinkling from the feet of the fairies as they disappeared into the distance.

Dremmick has definitely fallen...

The End