



SKYE YELLOW: Chapter One

Today, I considered drawing (painting even); but, I have some uncontrollable urge to write--and not just my usual existentialistic naval gazing or stone casting.

This will be ... a novel on the fly.

In piecemeal posts. Thirty short chapters (maybe twenty-eight?), we'll see how it goes. I'll attempt to post a new "Skye Yellow" chapter every two weeks (or so) until next March. If I can discipline myself enough to get it done. Prison is ... depressing. Plus, I have to face the possibility of death each day. This is not a safe place!

Hopefully this project will be something everyone can enjoy, and I welcome any feedback. Since this is a novel-in-progress--what happens next, hasn't happened yet--and reader input can direct the story's path.

This is a Gothenburg novel.

Residents call it, "The Burg".

It's a fictional town in upstate South Carolina; made up of parts that I like in different towns. A hybrid of all the best parts, and in mockery--some of the worst parts as well. This is all, of course, speculative fiction with a literary slant.

I'm anxious to see what everyone thinks....

SKYE YELLOW

A Novel

by

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CHAPTER ONE

10:00 AM. Along that one path of gravel Gothenburg "road," no cars had traveled in days--maybe weeks. The few that did, especially after a hard rain, shared shape, purpose, and even names, most time. There was Explorer, Bronco, Bronco II, Wrangler, Durango, Sidekick (?); F150 (or larger numeric assignment), a D100 (or higher), Silverado--you name it, and if it could put drive to the wheels needed, it could make the trip.

The gravel connected parts of the Blue Ridge Mountains to about thirty placed within (or near) the Burg; but only those correctly wheeled chariots could traverse it unscathed.

Across the drying trees, Offspring's "Pretty Fly for a White Guy", could be heard, along with the screams of a titanium exhaust system being fed by a 16psi turbo. The source? A 1989 Saab 900 (powered by a Mitsubishi 4G63, with matching all-wheel-drive components, all Frankensteined from a rolled 1991 Plymouth Laser) making easy work of the rutted and tilted path. Kaspar Brushwood piloted the Swedish rocket like someone who'd downloaded too

many World Rally Championship, WRC, video clips, and decided to "borrow" his friend's tarmac-mud-slinging, Mustang Cobra killing, grocery getter! And with good reason; that's exactly what he'd done.

Kaspar eased back into the Recaro seat, feeling the Gs of each directional shift. The road, at times, disappearing in places, found only by the mini-ditches dug out by preceding tire treads.

10:38 AM. Twenty minutes: wide-open throttle at every straightaway, left-foot braking for turns, and e-brake dances for every hairpin 180°! At such dirt-road speeds--anything can go wrong.

Anything.

Kaspar had experience--as navigator in a Honda Civic Si, hatchback, G2 class (non-turbo front-wheel drive; or, "wrong-wheel drive" as his dad called them); nothing like the Swedish Frankenstein Skye-Saab! What possessed him to get behind the wheel? To occupy the captain's seat, to be the hero? Envy.

Jealousy. Why did Skye get such a car?

A little mischievousness. The Saab HAD new tires.

If only Christina Taylor could see him, out having such a time--Melissa no where around. Christina's Asian-ish face, framed by her jet-black bob and its blue/purple freak streak had been taking the place of Melissa's more and more often, at least in his mind's eye, with each passing day.

The gravel came to an immediate stop!

Kaspar simultaneously slammed down the clutch, the brake pedal, and yanked the e-brake for all its worth. But none of it did any good. Not at highway speed. Facing him was Death. Kaspar put his arms up--the Saab had no airbags--he anticipated a rough hit, one that would transfer ALL force from the tree-line of South Carolina pines, to the Saab's reinforced caging, to his bones. There was NO time for him to engage the seatbelt.

10:41 AM. The Saab pitched to its right, Kaspar was thrown to the passenger's side--back where he started. Where the car knew he belonged. Melissa would laugh at such a sight; Christina's

perfectly made up eyelashes would've batted at him in pity. The hit was not as bad as he'd expected--but, then, he realized he could be injured and just THINK it's not so bad (due to numbness of his body).

"Shit!" he said breathlessly to the fire extinguisher pressing against his face. The car was no longer moving. He reached first for the emergency electrical disconnect--which, consequently killed the radio--and as silence ensued, the reality of his situation sat in. He was alive; and he was screwed.

For starters, nobody--ABSOLUTELY not a soul--knew where he was. And without checking, he already knew there'd be no cellular signal within a radius of twenty-eight (or so) miles. Melissa would NOT let him live such a thing down.

Kaspar was a slim, not all that muscular, kind of guy; while Skye, despite her short stature, would break many of the bones that her Saab neglected to alter. She was gonna be pissed!

Kaspar climbed up the dash, away from the navigator's seat, and up through the driver's side window using the Saab's caging as a ladder. Once out, on top (the new designated top), he felt the car tip, again. For some reason, as the ground got closer and closer--he made a Harry Potter-type gesture with his hand.

10:43 AM. If a navigator falls in the woods, does he make a sound? The answer: yes. It's akin to something you'd hear in the jungle if a howler monkey found the next branch to be several inches further away than he'd first calculated.

Sweat plastered Christina's hair to her scalp and made her blouse cling awkwardly wherever it touched, becoming transparent enough for Kaspar to see that she was NOT wearing a bra.

"Chris--" he started.

"Shhhh...." She leaned in, and started licking his face.

When she moved, he realized it was raining.

"But. How did you find me?" He really didn't care.

She said nothing.

Someone's hands grabbed his hips, and he shied away from them--they were NOT Christina's--and when he looked: Melissa!

"Hold still," Melissa said, still working at his pants.

"Aren't you—" He tried to say, but Christina's mouth stopped him. He didn't mind. But his eyes stayed on Melissa.

"What? Mad? Pisssssssed?" Melissa cooed. She was using her post-argument make-up-sex voice. "No. I'm the one that brought Chrissy, I've seen how you've been looking at her. And now you're hurt. You poor baby." Her blonde locks were pulled up in a high bubblegum-girl ponytail, with a Hello Kitty scrunchy. Her glossed lips in a mock pout. "We're gonna make you feel better."

He felt like a frantic-rabbit, held in place with a pile of carrots within reach. Could he indulge? Or, was it a trick? If Melissa knew of his intentions towards Christina—Chrissy? She'd called her—then she could know of the post-hooker-coitus sessions that he'd been obligating to her more and more often. At first out of spite; and then, out of necessity. More than once, he'd suspected that she'd smelled them, or connected the taste.

Melissa knew all his wants, all of his desires.

She was the perfect fiancée.

Chrissy's hair was in chin-length pigtails. Super-cute. And she had little gold hoop earrings that kept hitting him, and every now and then she'd do a half pause to tuck one of the wayward pigtails behind an ear. Giggling like a teenager doing something naughty. She was dressed in some form of cosplay he couldn't yet place. More of Melissa's doing. The perfect fiancée. The "Cool Girl", she'd say, borrowing the term from "Gone Girl".

The Asian schoolgirl, to a Southern boy, is like a pixie—a dreamed up Tinkerbell—not something he'd ever get to actually suck face with.

Experimentally, he tried to get up, to take charge. Enough teasing. But, Melissa pushed him down—hard—holding him in place with Chrissy taking another position, holding him.

He knew it. "What are you—why?"

"Shhh," Melissa said. "Don't embarrass yourself. Take it like a man."

"You've earned it." Chrissy added.

"Yes. He has!" Came another voice.

That voice. He knew that voice. "Skye? Wha--what are you doing--how long--"

"The WHOLE time," she said. "Did you actually think you'd get to have this." She added, gesturing to Chrissy's cosplay.

"Well--"

"It doesn't work that way, baby." Melissa spat, moving over slightly, letting Skye take position directly above him.

Skye wore a gold colored thong-bikini, like some kind of evil bond girl. She smiled down at him. He didn't like that smile. She donned a smoke-gray belt for some reason. Bond villain.

The Saab.

"I'm sorry," pain shot up the small of his back. How did Chrissy get so strong? She's so delicate. She had to be working out on the low. Tossing tractor tires at a male effigy.

Skye smiled.

Maybe she won't kill me? he thought, and then he began feeling wet--hot, stinking liquid--hot enough in temperature that it burned his back. But, that made no sense, he was ON his back.

Melissa and Chrissy were laughing.

Everything blurred.

The pain. The disgusting fluid!

"I'm sorry!" He screamed--but, they were gone. There was no one holding him. No pseudo-nymphette libertines in sight. He was instead, sprawled out in a puddle of red-mud, with radiator fluid steadily dousing him with a thin--but steady--stream. "What the--" he rolled, and his sight of the Saab brought back all the fear. His watch read 1:28 PM. He wasn't dead; but after (if) he returned to the Burg, he would be.

With each second, he grew more aware of the new world he was in. The Saab was back on its wheels, but unrecognizable was the Swedish handywork that was once a front-end, and the exposed radiator had spewed on him at will. It didn't feel like anything of HIS was broken; though, he felt stretched and torn in places he didn't know he had.

The Saab looked to be damaged ONLY on its front. Somehow,

the side that had impacted was pristine--save for a few clumps and streaks of the Carolina's famous Red. This eased his nerves a little, since it meant the fuel-cell was likely intact. (The electrical source disengage was assuring; but he still didn't like the idea of high octane fuel dousing the area, or him).

1:39 PM. The Saab sat snobbishly six yards from the tree-line, and while Kaspar climbed the adjacent ridge, he purposely neglected to look back. He left it all behind, and cut off in a direction that he calculated to reduce his trip back by several miles.

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