

w h i m o s o p h y

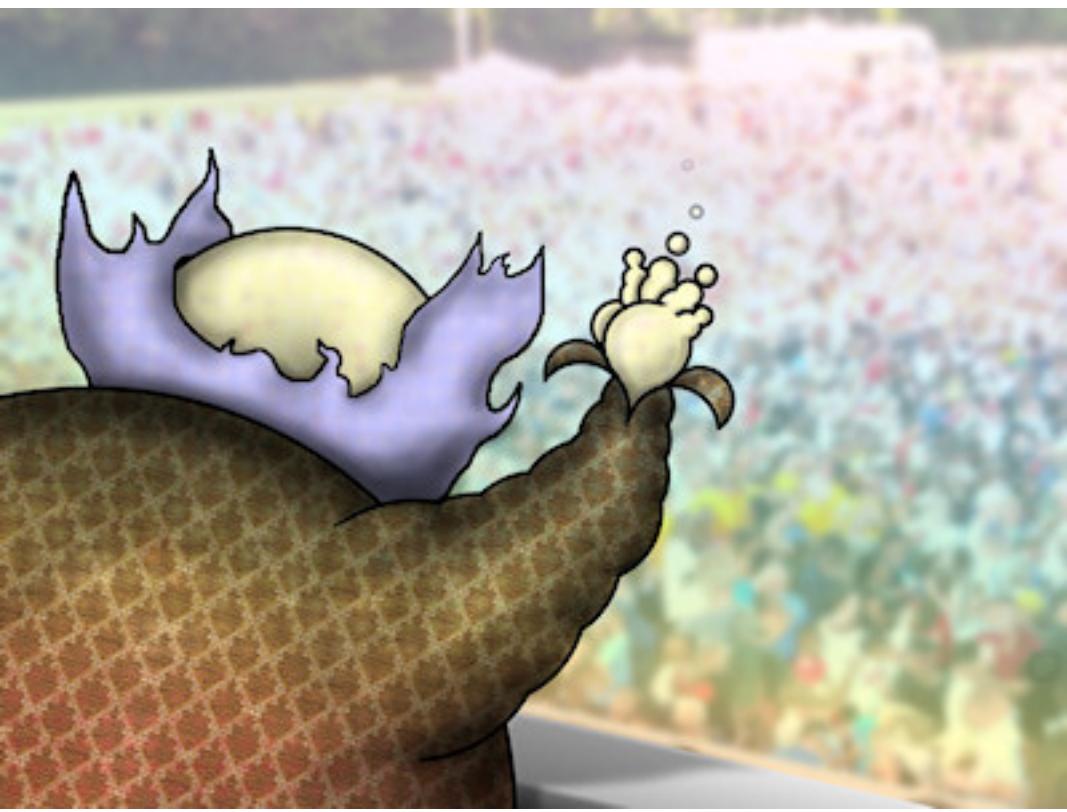
# Stories

forties



Bill Fiete

# Bubbles



His escort was late. The ralullec had never been comfortable with waiting. Patience was not one of his virtues. When he waited, he would think to pass the time. And when the ralullec thought, his mind went places he'd rather it didn't.

He could hear the crowd outside of his tent cheering. They were cheering for him. But not really for him, he thought.

He hated thinking.

Where was his escort?

His mind again drifted to the cheering crowd. He knew they were waiting to see a hero. Not a hero of ideas, such as an artist or a scientist, but a hero of physical action. A brave champion, whose courage and quick actions saved many lives.

But that was a long time ago, he thought.

He looked around for his escort. Still not here.

The ralullec leaned to the side in his chair to peek outside of the tent. The crowd was enormous. They were all anxious to see him, a living piece of history, on this celebrated anniversary. They wanted to see the one who conquered the great rebellion single-handedly after his companions had fallen. They wanted to see the actual figure who allowed them the present world they lived in.

But it was a lie.

He looked down at his fingers.

Bubbles.

He hated thinking.

His eyes nervously looked back up then darted around the tent.

Where was his escort? Why was he so late?

Slumping in his chair, the ralullec tried not to let his mind wander. But it always did when he waited.

He looked back down at his fingers. He flipped one of his hands over to look at the other side then flipped it back again. He did the same with his other hand, then he flipped them both over. The crowd was sure that these were the hands that feverishly swung the baton through the bodies of his enemies. He looked down at his legs. The crowd was certain that these were the legs that forced his wounded body further and further towards the opposing commander. Then he let out a quiet groan, thinking about how the crowd was positive that his throat was the one that screamed victoriously as he took down the last standing threat to their city.

But they were wrong.

Despite the ralullec's aversion for thinking, he was quite intelligent. He knew about the bubbles. He understood about the bubbles. The millions of tiny, tiny bubbles that make up every living thing in the world. Bubbles so small, no one can see them without the aid of special magnifying equipment. But bubbles don't last long. They pop. Incredibly, the missing bubbles are replaced immediately by newly created bubbles, born from the nutrients the body

takes in.

He smiled. The secrets of science are more amazing than the imagination.

Then he frowned at the reality.

New bubbles replacing old bubbles. It's like slowly replacing all of the parts of a favorite childhood toy as it grows old and worn. Once the last piece has been replaced, the owner will still think affectionately of it as the same toy, while it most definitely is not.

The ralullec's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a figure running into the tent.

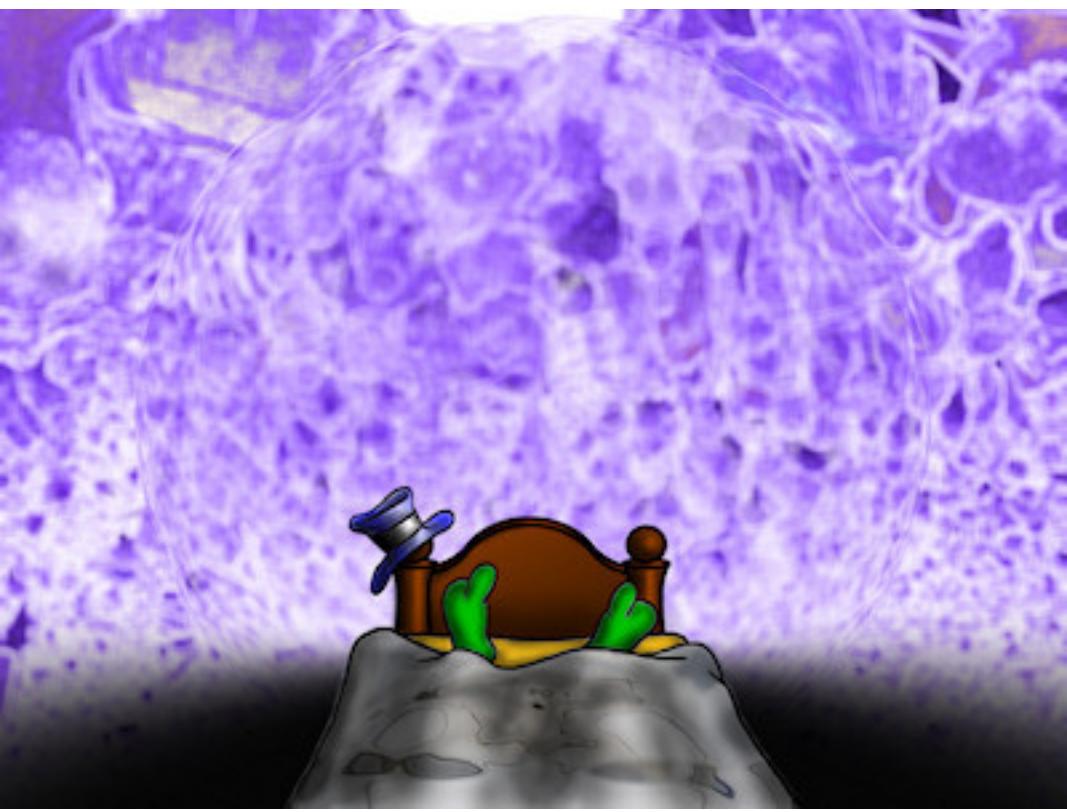
Finally - FINALLY - the escort arrived.

The ralullec stood up. He didn't even hear the apologies mixed in with excuses that the escort was offering. Instead his thoughts were on the adoring crowd outside. As he followed the escort through the opening in the tent, the chants and cheers exploded into a roar. There were so many of them. All thinking they were seeing a hero.

But they were all wrong. His fingers, hands, legs... even the brain that he used to think with had been replaced long, long ago.

The ralullec took the stage and forced an awkward smile, then lifted his current hand to greet the crowd. And tried not to think.

# Ghosts



The evian knew he was smarter than everyone else. Why he had to live with such idiots was the only real mystery to him.

Everyone in his house said the place was haunted. He knew better. He was so much smarter than them.

“There! There’s a thump!” someone would shout. The evian would shake his head, walk to the place the noise came from, and show them that something had simply tipped over.

“Oh, my!” another would exclaim. “Did you see that curtain move?” The evian would sigh loudly, move the curtain, and show where a draft was coming from the window.

“It just got colder in here!” a frightened voice would holler. The evian would throw his hands in the air and once again remind everyone of the draft that was coming from the window.

Day after day, the occupants of the house would point out the hauntings.

Time after time, the evian would prove them wrong.

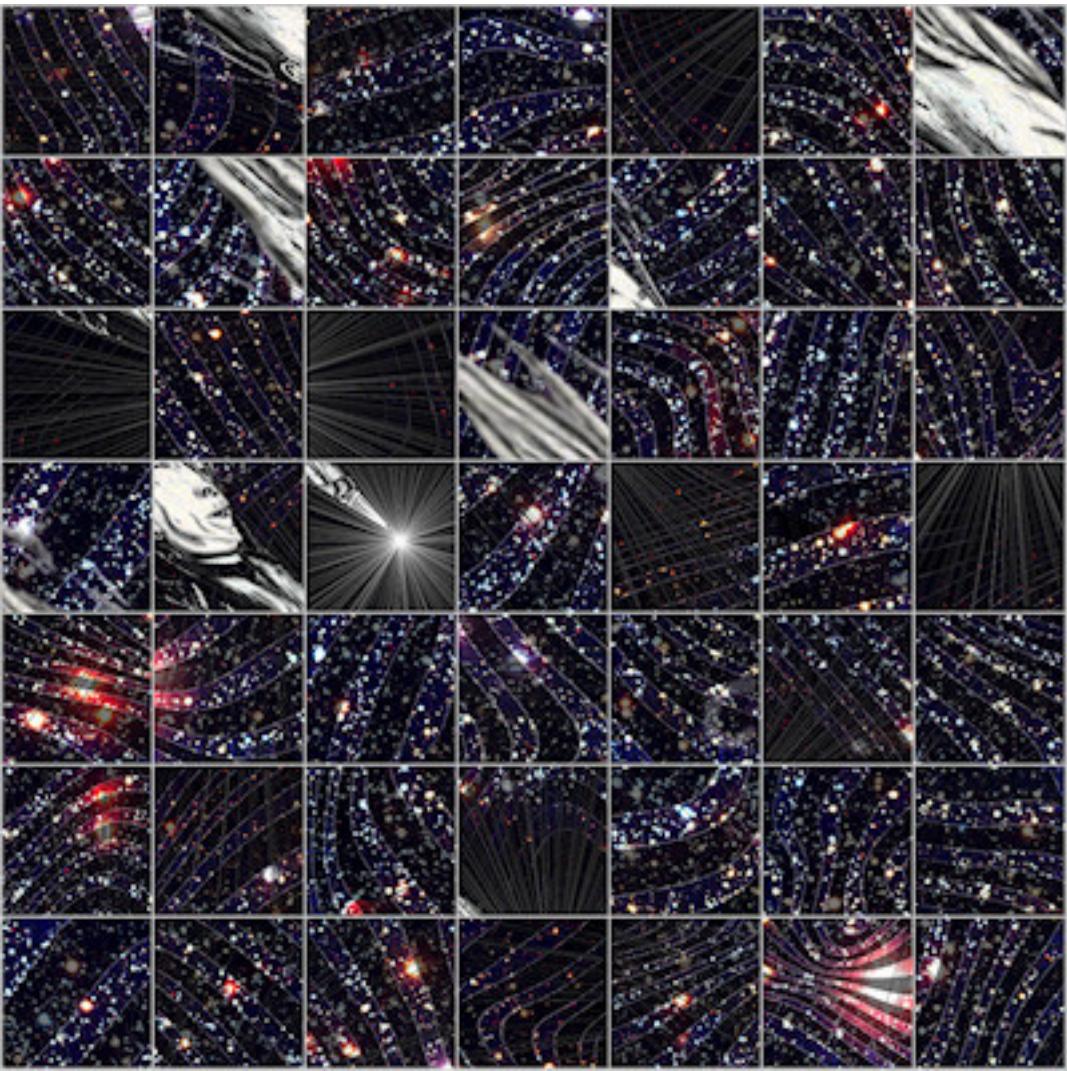
Night after night, a thousand ghosts would watch him as he slept.

**The next story is a puzzle. Solve  
it to see the  
illustration and read the real  
story.**

**Or not.**

**It's fun either way. :-)**

# Nonconsecutive



Although yesterday knew the shocking moments in the life of others, a secret moment might appear today. The moment that the mutnauq might happen was confusing for and was different from this time tomorrow. A non-consecutive mutnauq may follow anyone from his experienced order. A tomorrow to no else.

**This is just a small  
sample of my stories.  
I hope you enjoyed them!  
The full e-book is  
available at Amazon,  
Barnes & Noble, and  
Smashwords.**