



A REGULAR ODDITY

DEWLOGIC

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The Jingle Bell song playing on the radio strengthened Mark Dent's poker face. It was Christmas Eve and Ch

ristmas time was family time, not a time of loses but of gains; gains much evident in the way he handled the poker game he and Lexi were playing with three of their friends as well as the new resolve for the incoming year.

But the Cocaine powder Lexi columned into a near perfect long line was imminently distracting. There were two long lines and he was certain one of them was for him. It was custom the drug lines were longer when they had a job. But these ones were different. It was Christmas Eve and they were decorated sideways with leafy Christmas decorations. It was a different sort of job for them, a Christmas special.

And they always savored the slow graduation of the drug off the base and into their system, a slow preoccupation with the seriousness of their jobs.

He decided to pony up momentarily, giving it another round of play before he took the first hit, brushed his nose briefly and waited another hand to get another hit.

Seated beside him, Lexi took down a shot of scotch, and pushed a glass towards Mark, her husband.

Mark smiled, agreeing he needed neither the mental coordination nor the sensations of desert

for the alcohol, took it from her and took it down in one gulp.

“Janet’s getting married,” Lynette announced.

Lexi smiled. “Now, which one of those freaky little bitches is Janet?”

Lynette smiled as well. “How many of those freaky little bitches called Janet can we possibly know?”

“Oh, there are lots of them walking around in their freaking mini panties. The next thing you know, after slutting it around they want to get married,” Simon said half-concentrating on his poker hand.

Lexi smiled at Simon. The two women who chatted mostly during the poker games were usually ignored. But it was Christmas, she reasoned, and Simon was in the mood to be jolly.

Lynette shrugged him for his sexist statement. “You’ll think men never slut it around and then poker up crap for marriage. Anyways Lexi, you’re somewhat right. It may seem they’re lining up to take that name but we don’t know too many by the name. It’s Janet Lipt. The short-stemmed chubby looking—”

Lexi’s eyes flared widely. “I know her. And I was wondering if anyone was going to poker up to her...you know...for her looks...but don’t call her chubby Lynette. She’s a fat house.”

Simon chuckled. “Or horse...some unlucky guy pokered up for.”

Lynette eyed him.

William, the third male in the room, tapped Simon's side of the table in defense of his wife Lynette. "Oh, shut your mouth Simon. Leave the girls alone."

"How do we know her again?" Lexi asked.

"From Cousin Steve..." Lynette answered.

"...the big and tall one with the beard had her with the second wife. They'll both be at the New Year's party. Barely twenty years old, got knocked up and getting married this January."

Lexi took another shot of scotch. "I wish I could say good for her but those kinds of things with that kind of girl at that kind of age never work out."

"Amen," Simon said.

Lynette decided to drop the line of conversation, stared down at the column of powdered Cocaine. "Have any more of those?"

Lexi raised an eyebrow.

Lynette smiled. "I will never break a lover's tradition. I know we can't hit off yours. I mean...can I get a hit?"

Lexi lowered her eyebrow, smiled.

Lynette smiled too. "But I swear if it wasn't the Christmas spirit we are usually in this time of year, I will think you have a job tonight. A bump of a million rides I call it."

Lexi smiled. "A million hides a million highs, a good ride I call it."

Simon gave the women his attention briefly, glancing towards them. “But you do know what they say about too much of a bump?”

Lexi smiled. “The skies are opening up?”

“No,” Lynette added. “The cradles are falling—a two way stream of nothing but highs.”

“All in a day’s work,” Mark added.

“Indeed,” Lexi agreed.

“But that still doesn’t answer the question about the job,” Lynette said.

The silence which en-globed the room thereafter held little confirmation until Lexi spoke. “Indeed we do.”

Lynette raised her eyebrows, staring from Lexi to Mark.

Simon and William stared at them as well, but while Mark was focused on his poker hands, they returned to the same endeavor shortly.

Lynette couldn’t shake it, not for the morality of it but for the daring nature of it. They were Christians. “But it’s Christmas,” she proclaimed emphatically.

Lexi nodded. “Yes. Indeed. The birth of our lord and savior is celebrated all over the world.”

Lynette narrowed her eyes. “Don’t tell me it’s some irrelevant notion or something of that sort. We’re Catholics for Christ’s sakes.”

“Yes we are. And I believe so is the client,” Mark said.

Lexi buttered Mark’s statement. “It’s not some irrelevant day Lynette. It’s a symbolic day of

family, gifts and food. I deeply respect it. This day is tomorrow and our job is tonight. Now, if you can tell me what time our lord and savior Jesus Christ was born I can make sure we do the job before that very time.’

Lynette shrugged. “So now, you take the historical out of it too?”

Lexi shook her head. “Nobody’s trying to take the historical, myth or mystery out of it. I mean we’ve got to work. I am simply asking you if you knew the time he was born so I can avoid his birthday while I do my job?”

Lynette hesitated briefly, thinking. “How should I know?”

Lexi shrugged. “Then, we don’t really know now, do we? But I do know a client who is willing to give us a job he considers necessary, is willing to pay heavily to get the job done—”

“A lot more than usual?” Lynette asked.

Lexi nodded. “A whole lot more than any usual. He paid a lot for it and wants it done especially on Christmas Eve. And we don’t have to travel, so there is no doubt in my mind this job has to be done.”

Lynette smiled. “It seems interesting indeed. Special. Can we come along, I and Will?”

Simon raised his head. “Hey, what about me?”

Lynette shrugged Simon’s gaze.

Mark and Lexi shunned Lynette’s request.

And silence captured the room.

Lynette spoke. “If he wants to come along that will be a first of its kind for all involved. Am I right? That’s more exciting than going it alone I’ll say?”

Lexi smiled, removed a small sachet of powdered Cocaine contained in clear plastic and tossed it to Lynette.

Lynette smiled, accepted it, and spoke in a low pleading tone. “Really Lexi, can we come along?”

Lexi smiled, drew her head backwards. “Uhhh, look who’s craving the historical now?” She drew her head forward and turned to Mark, waited for him to hold her eyes, acknowledge she was staring, or remove his eyes from his poker hand.

Mark took another hit of the powdered Cocaine, rubbed his nose and refocused on the poker hand he held.

Lexi poured another shot of scotch and pushed it his way.

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