

Art Pirates,

Steampunk genre

1857, Stithy, Lamenton

It never happened that Jonas found himself not thinking. He was a man with a heartbeat at once in his head. The thump of his blood pumping would go on into the night, keeping his eyes circling the wood-rotted beams of his lodge home.

It could be said equally his heart was the size of a whale. Jonas Jenkins was the town dear. He would and he was for all, to his detriment. Born with a deflated left foot, his heart had broken looking in his father's eyes for the very first time. He knew he had a black soot lineage and that he would want for hope daily as time went. Perhaps that is why our Jonas grasped so gainfully towards the universe mostly circling his home town of Stithy.

Conversely, his Lucenta was bold. She had the whip-smart soul of a gypsy combined with the whim of a dancer. Lucenta had been known to steal men's hearts and replace them with a cattle hoof. She had loved Jonas, as everyone had immediately. But she had her hands very full with a day's work. She was the local Demon Slayer. It was her day's work to bake bread, milk sheep, till the garden and go to work at the dispatch. She helped to collect data and change it to new tones. She cast spells at work, which she was so adept at, the Demons of Town could be quelled to minimal gorgolery at her immediate asking.

Jonas and Lucenta had plans to sup together for Celidagh, the Festival of the Unending Helper. Jonas was shining his motorcycle in preparation for the big day. They'd require a picnic, a festive hat, some peacock feathers, tiny cucumber, strawberry, cheesecake squares and a harpsichord so Jonas could serenade Lucenta.

He had a hard time tracking her down. It appeared Lucenta was as mist: here one minute, gone the next. Lucenta, meanwhile was at it. She was hard-pressed for time as she was in a jiffy to get a letter to the town shrink, Doc Macenro. He squinted with his monocle at the ink, as he peeled back the wax seal using the base of his quill. Indeed, Lucenta was advocating for Henrietta, the town clairvoyant. Her powers were at-risk in the hands of a psychiatrist who wouldn't keep his voice down. He'd been known to call down to some clients on the street or call from home with food particulate in his mouth to discuss their inner venoms and flails.

Lucenta would nail him with his own folly in a heartbeat, running to the flash of fire in her soul: the seeking of justice, at times through strong literate torrents. She always sent a copy to the local newspaper so her motives and results remained transparent.

Finally, Jonas was able to spot her, dodging a flying yurt similitude and almost tearing her ruffle in two. She glanced at him saying:

'Twice not thrice

Throw the dice

Nothing stable

Under the sun'

As she tossed her poesy, Lucenta spun to sit. 'Jonas, we must talk. There is a ghost in the bedroom amidst a boborygmus igneous between us.'

This is a Choose Your Own Epic Ending story!

Stay on page 2 if you imagine a sea serpent is involved.

Turn to page 3 if you sense there is a chaotic symbiosis that needs to be uncovered.

Epic # 1:

Lucenta clanged and clattered into the twilight, eager to bound down sand dunes. She'd discovered this set her heart free in ways untold, far from the madding crowds and linear routines of Stithy. She had to see the bursting back of the sea serpent and feel the wash of its spray another time. This allowed her soul to breath. Long ago, Lucenta lost her shoes, kicked free in the dust of Ibrahim. Now, as she bounded down the dunes, she was met with sudden beauty. Out spun Sapphica, her teenage rebel-run friend. Delighted as she they clung in one another's arms proclaiming, 'How grand is it to run dunes and love!'

It would be a time before Lucenta could pen a dialogue to Jonas detailing her Anacreontic interest in mermaids. She had left him only a thieved \$20 bill and a chunk of amethyst, dancing in the glowering night to her own alba.

Epic # 2:

Jonas had glanced at the information in the portas * before he left to attend Murphy Nigh's circumstance. It seems our Murphy was enduring petit mal seizures in relation to unresolved past aggravations. The men talked into the evening by the light of the lantern. They told jokes, laughed about commonalities. As time went, Jonas saw a light jump in Murphy's eyes.

He reached for him and the two ignited a flesh game to last eternity. It had taken the testiness of tempestuous Lucenta to unwrap Jonas' heart yearnings.

*the portas was a system of keeping records at the central part of the zocalo in Stithy.

THE END

