

Carlos Grande

Odysseus Tales:  
Call For Adventure

The never-ending shifts and tussles of my senses caused by moments of uncertainty clatter like rain on pavement. I mute the fuss, only to open my mind to the constant leaves of thoughts rustling. The thoughts swarm through every empty crevice to fill my mind into a fine-tuned tempest.

And so my day continues with an encounter whilst walking leisurely on the road. One displeasing primate stood up and enlarged into a skimping bipedal hungry beast.

This creature was new to me. Resembling the Aye Aye of Madagascar in its bulging yellow tinted eyes, a frantic pelt, a tail more chipper than that of a squirrel. A mouth sharp as a rodent yet festive like a raccoon. Yet I would dictate that this creature before me is way more distasteful than that of the Aye Aye.

The scale of everything by two with a constant broken facet of a mouth slipping out drool and nose backed up so much you'd think someone clogged a toilet.

After this first one had seemingly spawned in, it tutted like an owl yet with a K. More or them effortlessly unfolding from behind trees, some crawling , hanging, walking, and watching from the sidelines.

Their harmonic huff and puffs exerting a raspy scratch from the top of their mouths. I wish to describe more yet this herd, what now appears to be 25, is too horrid to be looked upon. On the endless new species of creatures provided after "The Shift". Which to me means new ways to die ensuring the world of a new chain of survival. Where the only law is Darwinism.

I shuffled forward humming an old tune from my childhood. Me, still in my mind how this world evolved grudgingly although what's the same is it's still up to the living to define and question things.

I reach to my right hip to grasp my butcher knife.

Took three breaths in and was entranced.

Swoosh, Rip, Swish, Splatter, Splat, Grind, Lacerate, Pierce!

"What is the point?" I thought.

Tear, Swish, Splat, Shred, Rip, Sever, Slice, Whack!

"What am I to do after years of nomadic traveling?"

Rip, Squelch, Swish, Lacerate, Swoosh, Gash, Slit, Splatter!

"Morrisville just like anywhere has their fare share of infestations."

Splatter, Swoosh, Swish, Tear, Slash, Splat, Sever, Cut!

"Who am I to become even after the death of the world."

Swoosh, Squelch, Tear, Rip, Gash, Swish, Splatter, Sever

"Maybe I'll end up being a vagabond wallowing in the depths of hell."

Rip, Squelch, Swoosh, Splat, Shred, Swish, Sever, Slash!

"I think I live just for tomorrow as I can't fathom a day after that."

Swish, Splatter, Rip, Sever, Slice, Splat, Squelch, Tear!

"Why do I care anymore?"

Swoosh, Gash, Slash, Swish, Splatter, Sever, Tear, Rip, Cut, Whack, Slice!

"I envy those who didn't live to see these days", I sigh.

While walking along the corpse road amid my thoughts, I found myself stumbling upon the heavy janky front door of the Copah Tavern. The unkept heinous exterior doesn't match the sense of home this tavern brings. The frozen clock at the foreframe of the building is a constant reminder of how stuck in time we are with no progress to be made. I swatted an eyeball off my shoulder then proceeded to push and heave at the door.

As if telling my mom I've arrived home I project "Ari, I arrive for yet another free therapy session."

Ari is a small statured independent woman with glasses placed upon beauty comparable to that of an ice queen. The Copah Tavern is fortunate to have such a gal bartending at this establishment.

I waddle over to the stools but I sense an overwhelming bloodlust in the air. I broke my neck left and right till I fixed my unopposed eyes on him. It was a wolf covered in flamboyant flame armor and a majestic rapier by his side. He didn't catch my attention but his rapier for sure did.

Too lost I thought I had forgotten to order my drink. Ari, now locking eyes with me and syncing up, understood I was ready to order.

“ Be ready, 4 Victorias please, open one at a time but out those enjoy one yourself “, I said.

“ I'll never say no to such a kind offer but remember I'm on the job, I can't have too much sweetheart”, said Ari

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After what I'd say that was too much, time felt like it flowed again under the duress of laughter and the warmth of liquor. Ari slurring and frantically shuffling behind the bar still amicably serving her patrons spanned her block back over to me and started rambling,

“You know while working here, I see stuff, hear things, and feel sensations but there's this story I'll always remember. It's about an old Aztec legend of how humans came about. Some say After “The Shift”, the reason why the world is the way it is, is that gods have descended from light or came from the pits of the abyss. Well, I overheard that one has taken residence in Morrisville. Bringing his faith, and creatures under his command, he changed the sewer sanctuary into his domain. Not much is known but as the legend goes, there's a grave of gods somewhere down there able to start humanity once again. The wizards who were previously the sewers' residents shrouded this information from the public in search of the grave personally. I was told unknown to them that the glowing salamanders lead the way to the grave as their glow was birthed from the deceased holiness derived from the graves”.

She'd always talked about how tired of work she is or her latest sin. She ends up being like a storyteller once she's drunk. As if feeling one's soul in search of a fortune.

Taking it all in, with each breath and finger tap. I was ready to pester Ari about every detail and source till I heard "it". The melodic rhythm and tempo of a voice and ukelele came through the door like a breeze. I took it in like fresh air forgetting about Ari. Drunken and loose with confidence I fall off my stool: rushing, brushing, and shushing as I make headway. While exiting without a second thought I call out,

"A song is only as beautiful as its performer and dare I say you also move the time in third current world".

She turns and WOAHH, A beauty like no other. Hair blissing its pearl hue. On the shorter side, her torso is tight and completes her toned gentle physique. She has sharp drooping shoulders. One can believe her eyes were just brown, yet they felt like a rich copper. A voice so sweet, one that will age like wine.

All in that one brief encounter, I caught her glance accompanied by a brilliant smile. No words, no lead, and no place. That moment ended but it didn't feel like enough. She skipped away the last time I glanced over, now she's at the horizon of my vision. I subconsciously started following her as if I was a snake entranced by a flute. She went up Main Street and then to the right through campus. On that right, I sped up my pace in fear of losing her. I kept my pace and presence with the beat of my heart. Till the probable romanticized thought of her dissuading me from her tail. I lose track of her in front of Seneca dining hall, thinking about the three possible roads that she could've taken. I led myself as I did earlier by intuition down straight between Cayuga and Seneca.

BOOMMBOOOOMBBOOMBBOOOOMBBOOOMMBBOOM

Thunder and rain drift over the day almost as if to warn me that it's about to get messy if I prolong my search. What do I even want out of this at this point? Too dazed by the search I stumble, reminding myself I've yet to sober up. Nearly approaching the library once again at a

crossroads keeping my mind resilient I scramble forward toward STUAC. As I drop step by step  
down the stairs.

All of a sudden there was a heavy foreboding performance of harmonic thumps. Each allows the falling droplets and the once-idle puddles to dance with its vibrations. Only then did I finally let go of the thought of her? Remembering this chant of beats were made by the Night Marchers. Unfortunately for me, there is a proper procedure when encountering these folks but I had forgotten. Under such circumstances, I think running away would suffice.

I charge for STUAC as the impending thumps near

CRACKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKBRRRRREEESHSHSHSHSHSHSSISISISSSSSSSSSSSS  
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The Mustang mo was struck as I was passing by it ironically for safety.

The rush of the force was like no other, I felt alive yet drained of energy.

As I dropped, it was like the world around me was falling with me in slow motion. But due to this fact, I was able to glimpse at the previously unseen Marchers, it's said these Marchers pave the way for the towns' "Commander" and it's taboo to set eyes on them or the commander. Yet due to this incident, I was able to peer into the commander's eyes, which were void of pitch black and emotion almost as if he was a walking reaper. As I plummeted to the ground I remembered this strike just saved my life as the procedure for such an encounter is to lay flat without contact of sight till they've passed through. I lay there unable to feel movement yet feel all pain surging to every nerve.

I pass out.

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Flashes of light and a glimpse of being dragged from beside Mo appeared in segments like frames of a 35mm film had been snipped off.

Nothing but darkness is encompassing my world, the boundless sea of ink flowing beneath my eyelids. I wish this isn't death.