

Apocalypse Awakening

By Jay Mouton

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Book I: 2016—It Begins

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Part I

Catastrophic events don't always explode in front of the eyes of humanity; they often crawl forward with agonizing determination. And so it was when the World fell into the abyss of horror that brought about the awakening of our apocalypse.

Some thought the fall began its destructive crawl with attacks on The World Trade Center, and then the political administrations that followed in the United States of America in the early 2000s; destructive policies of the political aristocracy began to accelerate the erosion of national infrastructure: political, psychological, financial, and more. The fall began along with another resurgence of madness in the Middle East, and the death cults nurtured in those desert sands. It began as the headlong saturation of technologies led so many humans to believe they were more powerful than God; and in the basest form, perhaps they had become as gods as they toyed with the very essences of life.

Nobody may ever know exactly when what became known simply as “the fundamental transformation” began, but begin it did; and it was devastatingly effective in its destructive end. Ultimately, exactly when “the fundamental transformation” began became a moot point—.

* * *

Jacksonville Beach, Florida

Elliot Leader lived in what was, at one time, the richest country in the world. It wasn't that everybody was wealthy, far from it. But in the late 20th Century, and into the earliest part of the 21st Century, even the poorest of its citizens had access to wants, needs, and desires that many of the world's people could only dream about. On Election Tuesday, on the night of Nov 8th, 2016, the zone of comfort that, precariously, cocooned the people of the United States had a metamorphosis.

One of Elliot's former students, from the art school where he was an adjunct professor, happened to come by his apartment in Jacksonville Beach, Florida. Jax Beach, as it was often called, was one of the three primary beach cities just east of Jacksonville proper, and across the Intracoastal Waterway affectionately known as *the Ditch*: Atlantic Beach, Neptune Beach, and Jacksonville Beach. The polls were still open, so they drove over together before the polls closed. They arrived and completed their civic tasks swiftly. Elliot silently wished the opposition candidate a quick and painless demise, and they drove back to his place to celebrate their coming success or defeat with the help of a bottle of *Jose Cuervo*. His student, Webster James, brought the salt, lime, and his favorite mix; His former teacher supplied the company of their mutual friend, *Mr. Cuervo*.

They flipped a coin to decide which collection of talking heads to follow for the evening's political overviews; Webster won the toss, and that aligned them, at least for most of the evening, with the folks at CNN. Elliot cut up some lime wedges, salted the mugs, and mixed the first round of margaritas just in time for Anderson Cooper to announce the first returns coming in from cities on the East Coast.

* * *

By 11pm, Eastern Standard Time, the Jacksonville Civil Defense Network cut into CNN's programming to announce that it appeared that a nuclear device had, just minutes earlier, been detonated on the Island of Manhattan, in New York City.

Elliot was looking at Webster's face, whose mouth gaped open, as his eyes were riveted to the screen in front of them; He wondered if he looked as dumbfounded as his student.

“Are you hearing what I’m hearing, Teach?”

Elliot didn’t reply, but his head was nodding up and down as he stared at the screen. By now, Anderson Cooper was back on as the network returned control to CNN. He was saying that reports were sketchy at best, but that he and CNN would keep everybody posted as events transpired.

Webster had his iPhone out; he called his girlfriend, Candace.

The teacher flipped his laptop open where it sat in front of him on a coffee table, and the news was immediately flashing on his news blog homepage. Apparently, at least one nuclear device had been detonated in New York City, and understandably the entire city was in hysteria. Elliot flashed back to the news video of his first views of terrorist planes hitting the Twin Towers on 9/11, 2001. For a moment he wondered how many millions of individuals were reliving those same images at the very same moment; he also wondered how many millions were wondering if they were about to die. In retrospect, his thoughts were rather tame.

“I’ve got to get the hell back to the apartment; Candace is scared shitless. She’s been watching this, too,” Webster told his teacher as he pocketed his phone and walked to the door of the condo.

“Webster!” Elliot didn’t really know what he should say. The shock was just setting in, so he mumbled something about driving carefully so his student wouldn’t end up getting a DUI.

Webster half smiled and half smirked at the teacher as he glibly said, “yeah, Teach, I’ll be sure not to get a DUI.” With that he grabbed the bottle of *Cuervo*, downed a hellacious swallow, shoved the bottle in Elliot’s hand, and bolted out into the night.

“Be careful,” Elliot said, to a closed door.

* * *

He stood, virtually motionless other than tilting the bottleneck up and down as he swigged *Cuervo*, as Anderson Cooper blathered in the background. But when the fog of the initial impact lifted from his brain, at least half the bottle of *Cuervo* was gone.

It was just after midnight when the President of the United States came on for a short statement. New York City was effectively under Martial Law. The New York State National Guard had been immediately notified, and dozens of U.S. Army units were either on site, or on their way to the Big Apple. Initial reports were coming in from all sorts of sources, that thousands of individuals pleading for help were already completely overwhelming the local emergency resources. The President had placed the complete US military establishment on the highest alert, and proclaimed that until further notification was obtained he would consider the United States of America under attack.

It was well past 3am when Elliot, finally, passed out on the sofa; by this time, he had channel surfed through CNN, FOX, CBS, and even that home of the unrepentant idiots at MSNBC. His laptop had been active for hours as he drunkenly, but continually, searched for more information concerning the event in New York City. While none of the news or cable outlets had specifics on immediate numbers of dead, the stats thrown about varied astronomically. Fox news' Bill O'Reilly was actually on live, looking like a cadaver with the, Elliot guessed, quickie make-up job they must have done on his face; the bags under his eyes seemed big enough to serve as life preservers should a massive tsunami hit his studio. O'Reilly was, apparently, broadcasting out of Atlanta, so it seemed obvious that he had not been in Manhattan when the detonation occurred. It was under O'Reilly's stint that the teacher passed out on his sofa.

A brilliant sliver of sunlight brought Elliot to a sudden awakening. No doubt adding horror to the nightmare he was jolted out of; he was witnessing his own blast from a warhead moving at a snail's pace across the early morning surface of the Atlantic Ocean as he watched, helplessly, as it slid up, over his back deck, and was burning him alive. When he awoke choking and gasping for air—he was damp with sweat, his mouth parched from his nightlong consumption of *tequila*; cow licks from his dark, curly hair were matted against his forehead.

By now Shepard Smith was on the television screen. Elliot located the remote, strategically located under the throw pillow that he had apparently stuffed under his head sometime after he had passed out. He bumped up the volume as the coverage of New York continued.

Elliot slogged to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water, popped the top, and downed it in a thirsty swallow; then he grabbed an even colder bottle of Corona, and opened it as he returned to his perch on the sofa. He caught a glimpse of his unshaven face in a mirror; it seemed primed for a shave, and his eyes begged for a healthy application of Visine. As he sat back down and listened to the blow by blow account of the events over the last few hours, he absentmindedly tried to remember where he'd left a half empty container of aspirin he swore he would put to good use. As he took another swig from his Corona, he made a mental note to be sure to call into the school; then he whispered a soft "thank you" to God for sick days.

He hit the another channel, and the screen now showed an ongoing interview with some military officer from one of the New York Guard units and what appeared to be a NY State Trooper. Numbers were flashing by on the readout on the bottom of the screen as they discussed evacuation routes, fires, current estimates of destruction, and all manner of just who might be responsible.

Of course, the number one suspect being one of the many Muslim terrorist groups that had been exceedingly active over the last couple years. Still, no group had come forward, yet, to make claim over the devastation that had already occurred to the city, and all that was soon to follow.

Elliot sipped on his Corona, slowly hydrating himself, when his cell went off. It continued to play a snippet of his current favorite song as he followed the sound, and momentarily thought, maybe he was just waking up from the craziest damn dream he'd had in ages; all of this shit was just the product of the over active imagination of a college literature teacher.

"Hello?" He managed to croak.

It was Webster; it wasn't a dream.

* * *

"Turn your fucking TV on!"

"It's on. Are you at home?" He asked.

Webster ignored him. “Turn to FOX, now!”

He picked the remote back up and did as the young man instructed.

“Do you have it? Are you watching?” He was almost yelling in Elliot’s ear.

The teacher nodded his head yes, too dumbfounded to utter an answer as he stared at the screen. FOX had implemented an Estimated Death chart, and the current number was just rolling over from 1,360,000 to 1,373,000; in the span of seconds the numbers kept moving achingly forward.

“Are you seeing this?” His student paused then all but screamed, “ARE YOU SEEING THIS!”

“Webster,” Elliot said, then took a sip of his beer, “Web, tell me that this is just one of your creative videos from school. Tell me this is just some elaborate, bullshit practical joke; you sick, fucking genius.” Elliot paused, “Tell me it’s a fucking joke, you little shit!”

The line went dead; the teacher stood, in the middle of the room, as still and as mute as the plastic cell phone that fell from his hand.

* * *

Elliot forced himself to focus through the throbbing in his head. The news blared in the background. He tuned into the broadcaster’s even paced, serious voice as he willed himself to walk to the sofa, to sit down, and to concentrate on the information. When he sat down, he felt something unfamiliar, he stood, turned and looked down, and there was the bottle of Great Value Aspirin he’d been in need of; he popped the top, threw half a dozen in his mouth, and downed them with a long draw from his Corona.

Roughly an hour passed as he began to clearly get a much better idea of what was happening in New York. The President of the country was scheduled to give another talk in less than an hour. Bret Baier, the talking head Elliot thought had more integrity and sense than most of them, assured the viewers that FOX was giving their viewers real time information as fast as he was able to receive it in Atlanta. They would disseminate the stories as accurately as the trickle of knowledge became clear enough to base them in facts.

With the confident voice of Baier in the back of his head, Elliot calmly, or as calmly as he could under the circumstances, continued to listen to more reports on the nuclear hellhole that was now New York City. He went into his study and grabbed a couple of yellow legal pads, several of his favorite pens, and a fresh pack of white, lined, index cards. He went back into the living room, set the writing materials down on the table in front of the sofa where he could get at them quickly if needed. He then went to the fridge and grabbed a fresh bottle of Corona, turned and bee lined for the bathroom. He managed, as his mother instructed him as a child, to make water.

When he got back to the living room, again with forced will, he sat down, took a few deep, spaced breaths, and told himself to remain calm; he caught a stab of refracted light from the sun coming up over the Eastern Atlantic Ocean as it bounced off a neighbor's rooftop and into a window. He mentally directed himself to set back, and to let the pain killing aspirin take effect to clear his head even more. He stared at the television, and began to feel the throb of his hangover recede. He watched and listened to Baier tell him personally, just how real all of this really was—deadly real; Elliot watched as the numbers of reported dead continued to spin forth from the body counting in process.

He flipped to a local station to see if the national coverage was in effect; it was. He tried another station, and it was the same thing. Elliot did some channel surfing for a minute. His cable company, for the most part was still running their canned movies, soaps, and sitcoms. He paused for a minute on an info commercial that was selling dehydrated foods. Elliot thought about his school's hurricane emergency class that he had to attend every fall and spring quarter.

He grabbed his phone and hit Webster's number; in an instantaneous world, it seemed forever plodded by before he heard his student's voice on the other end of the line.

"Kid, whatever it is you're doing, you need to gather up any cash you can and pick up some food, first aid, extra gas—anything you think you might use or need for the next week or so, you've got—," Webster cut him off.

"Elliot, I'm kind of in the middle of something important right now." The teacher shut up. He heard the uneven breath's Webster was taking. He felt like an idiot.

“I’m sorry Web, it didn’t dawn on me,” Elliot said, somewhat embarrassed that he had interrupted his student and his girlfriend. He was the cause of, what was most certainly now for his student and his lady, a case of coitus interruptus. “Look, kid, when, and only when, you’re finished, get your ass in gear. I’ve been watching the news, and I think this might be like Hurricane Katrina; maybe a lot worse,” Elliot said. “I’m sorry to, well, you know,” he added.

“No worries; I’m on it,” Webster said.

“Don’t forget toilet paper and feminine products for Candace,” Elliot added as an afterthought; the line was already dead.

* * *

Elliot grabbed his wallet, his bank book, and double checked to make sure his bank cards were, in fact, in his wallet and not in his beach bag. He often went for long walks on the beaches near his home, and brought just necessities with him. He carried a couple of his credit cards just in case he hit a beach bar and ran out of cash. For the teacher, life on the beach was truly a beach—.

He grabbed a ten-gallon gas can out of his mower shed. He disliked making trips to the gas station, and a ten-gallon can always held enough gas to get him through the year for any lawn or garden needs he might have. There was still a little left in the can and he could hear it slosh around. He opened the hatch-back of his ageing Honda, set the can in the back, got into the car and headed to Wal-Mart.

* * *

As he drove through Wednesday morning traffic, he noticed it was heavier than it usually was. He figured he wasn’t the only guy looking to pick up some supplies; he wasn’t the only one that listened to the news. He noticed lines at several gas stations, so he decided he would pull into the next one that didn’t have three cars backed up on every island. He lucked out and rolled into a BP within the next mile on Beach Blvd. He got out, left his radio on yet another news station, opened the gas cap, slid a credit card through the machine, slipped the nozzle into place and began to feed his little Honda.

He opened the hatchback and was just getting his gas can out when a woman at the island across from him looked over and spoke to him. “Do you think things are going to get worse? Do you think this is our next 9/11?” Elliot unscrewed the cap, and sat the can on the pavement behind his car. He smiled at the woman. She looked to be in her mid-30s, shapely, and really quite pretty. Any other time, he would have thought she was hitting on him; she looked worried enough for the both of them. He kept smiling.

“I hate to say it, but, yeah, I really do think it’s going to be really bad this time.” Did he? He wasn’t sure, but he sure wasn’t an expert on terrorism, or 9/11, or international politics, or any of the shit that seemed to be happening in the world or his own country for the last couple of decades. Elliot heard the pump cut off. As he picked up the can and sat it down in front of the pumps, he mumbled something to the woman about not forgetting to put up some food and water to see her through the next few days; just in case.

The woman smiled her worried smile, racked the spout handle in its cradle, blithely slid into her Lexus and carefully drove away.

* * *

Wal-Mart was jammed. Elliot cursed himself, and crossed his fingers that the place wasn’t cleaned out. He made for the front door, and managed to find a functional cart; it only had one defective roller on the rear. He squeaked and wobbled toward the health and bath section.

His mind raced, as people with carts flowing over with all kinds of goods bumped and slid and maneuvered all around him. All of them, in one manner or another, on the same mission he found himself in; get some supplies that they could use, and get them while they were still available. Two people in motorized carts rounded the same corner, Elliot figured they were clocking at least three or four miles per hour, and narrowly missed each other in their mad dash for their share of needed supplies; the teacher wondered if there were hundreds of individuals trying to escape New York City right now on their scooters; he was suddenly thankful for his health. He made a mental note to spend more time at the gym and less time at Pete’s Bar when all this was over.

Elliot was pretty damn sure that he might need some more aspirins; he had noticed, even in his still somewhat foggy state just an hour or so earlier, that he was down to just a few. He threw a hand full of bottles into his cart. Then he grabbed some antibiotic germ salve, and some gauze, and some antiseptic goo, and some band aids, and all sorts of stuff that he thought could come in handy; he wasn't really sure about any of it other than the aspirins.

He navigated to the food section. He was taken aback. The shelves looked as though many of them had been hit by bombs they were in such disarray. He stood, staring as he ran his fingers through his dark, unwashed, hair, but still had no real idea what to put into the cart. Store employees moved in slow motion around him and the masses of humanity, each of them with a cart—some of them, two—all of them trying to gather some sustenance for what they thought might be coming.

* * *

It took him nearly three hours, but he managed to gather a cart full of food and sundry items that he was sure, while not things he would normally buy, would be somewhat sustaining or useful; at least until the emergency blew over. He paid, pushed the decrepit, ailing cart to his car, and transferred the plastic bags from the cart into his hatchback; he decided to go back for a second round. All the while he shopped, and having something to occupy himself with, he was able to slowly work himself out of his funk; and his gloomy predictions. At one point, he actually laughed aloud at himself when he thought about the woman he had so ominously warned about the coming apocalypse. He was still grinning when two beefed up and chunky good old boys got into a smack down in the next aisle. Almost immediately, there was a police officer on the scene to break it up; yep, Elliot thought, those two are in need of a straight shot of good old law and order—.

He quickly stuffed the second cart full, which he thought amazing as the shelves aligned on each side of him seemed more barren with each glance, and suddenly remembered toilet paper; he was to be disappointed—most all of the paper goods were gone, and there was not a sheet of TP to be found. He blocked an uncomfortable vision from his mind's eye, found a line, paid, loaded his car again, and headed back to the beach. All during his drive home, the

uncomfortable vision kept leaping into his mind, and he crossed his fingers hoping that just maybe he'd remembered to buy toilet paper the last time he had gone shopping.

* * *

Just like his trip out to the Wal-Mart, the traffic was even heavier on the way home. He listened intently to news broadcasts; various radio personalities were giving their predictions of the current state of events. The number one topic, of course, was that of the nuclear detonation in New York City; a close number two was the extraordinary gamut of rumors about who was guilty for the bombing. The number one likely culprit was some terrorist group or another, with some Islamic group being touted as the primary suspects; the close second, eerily reminiscent of 9/11, was that the current administration had orchestrated the event. Elliot understood that conspiracy theories were bound to pop up, but he was honestly amazed at how quickly people were pointing fingers at the President of the United States.

Elliot was never much of a fan of the current US President, but he cared less for his first contender; the teacher had once been a Democrat, but had long since been a registered Libertarian. Still, he was no party hack; often voting for individuals that were in various other political groups. He had voted for the President on the man's first run because he, somewhat reluctantly, hoped that his election might have a positive effect on race relations in the country; Elliot could not have been more wrong about the man when it came to bringing racial solidarity to the country. The man was to healthy race relations as gasoline was to putting out fires; he was worthless.

As he contemplated the fires all over the city that was New York that were just beginning to burn even hotter already there were the murmurs about a rogue president and his administration that were hell bent on harming the US. Still, he just couldn't put his mind around it; it was, in a nutshell, inconceivable—.

The Honda pulled into his drive, and almost before the engine died, he had the hatchback open and was unloading his bounty.

* * *

Setting two handfuls of plastic bags, stuffed with food, first-aid, toiletries, and hardware down—he thought himself quite ingenious for grabbing several roles of duct tape; not that he would likely be handy enough to use it to fix much of anything. He grabbed the remote, turned the volume up on the TV, and ran back out to his car to finish unloading.

“Elliot! You’ve seen the news, right? Of course, all the groceries and whatever,” his neighbor and best friend, Jim Folsom, remarked as he walked through a gate in the wall that separated the yards.

“Jim,” he reached out for Jim’s huge hand and shook it; they’d been friends for a number of years, but sometimes it still struck him how intimidating the man was physically. “Yeah, one of my students and I were watching the election returns last night when we caught the first reports.”

Folsom looked seriously worried; at least in Elliot’s eyes.

“Good move, picking up some supplies. Things keep on the path they’re on, well, just about everything is going to get a little harder to find.”

“I’ll tell you, Jim. This is all a whole bunch of crazy to me,” Elliot said.

“It’s going to get a whole bunch crazier, sooner than later, my friend,” Folsom added.

“How crazy,” Elliot asked? He was thinking he really didn’t want an honest answer; Folsom, tall, black, and in extremely good physical condition, was an ex-Army Ranger. He was retired military, and while not at all what Elliot considered at all militaristic he had spoken enough about some of his combat missions in the Middle East, spanning a number of years, that his opinion and ideas were to be respected. Since his retirement, James Folsom had found a niche as a plumber, and he not only had a decent pension, but made pretty damn good money plumbing. Jim was one of the few black individuals that Elliot knew lived in a predominately white area of the city; that alone made him a rarity of sorts, but his Army Ranger background made him even rarer. While Elliot was just able to rent his home, thanks to a faculty member that owned some pretty decent properties along the beaches area East of Jacksonville, Jim Folsom owned his little bungalow.

“You got the news on. You’re hearing all that bs coming out from New York. How crazy do you think?” Folsom flat out said things like they were, and Elliot had come to appreciate that; even though a part of him wished that the ex-Ranger had told him not to worry and that it will all blow over in a few days—no worries.

“I get you,” Elliot answered the man.

“Let me help you with the rest of your stuff,” Folsom said, and with two long, powerful arms, he picked up nearly half the remaining bags and carried them into the house.

* * *

Elliot quickly put the frozen and refrigerated food away. Then, with bags strewn all over his kitchen, dining, and living room, he brought a couple of Coronas out, and the two men sat and intently watched TV as snippets of news, rumors, and the like poured out of the cable networks. Elliot opened his laptop back up, and both he and Folsom wore looks of disbelief as they surfed from story to story concerning the current emergency in their county. Neither man had much idea as to what was true, what was almost true, and what were outright lies.

Elliot’s cell phone broke into its ringtone; it was Webster.

“Web, did you do what I told you?” The teacher asked with immediacy.

“Elliot, this is getting kind of scary,” Webster replied. Elliot could hear murmurs of voices in the background.

“Where are you, Web?”

“I’m over at the Winn Dixie, but they are about down to bare shelves,” he answered; Elliot thought he heard something different in his voice, something he had not heard from his student in the past—he was pretty sure it was fear.

“Listen, Web, I know you don’t have any family in town, and I know you’re a big boy and all that stuff, but you’re about as close as I have to family here in sunny Florida. My place is open to you if you’d rather get a little further away from the city for a few days or so,” Elliot told

him, knowing that Webster had likely seen some of the news footage of local looting and rioting kicking up just a few blocks from Webster's apartment complex.

"You know, Elliot, I honestly, well," Webster's voice was now choking up a little as he trailed off.

"That settles it, Web. Grab what you can for food, whatever, and head over here—now," he said to his former student.

"Candace is with me," Webster added, "she's really," Elliot cut him off.

"Of course she is, Web; bring her!"

There was a gap in their conversation. Elliot could still hear various conversations in the background.

"Thanks, Teach," Webster said, with what sounded like an exhale of relief.

"Don't forget to pick up some toilet paper!" Elliot almost yelled into his cell phone; the line was already dead.

* * *

Folsom drained his Corona, and sat the empty down on the coffee table. He looked over at Elliot when he came back into the room.

"That was one of my students. Webster James; you know Web; you've met him a few times. He's going to stay over here a few days or so. Just until we know what the fuck is going to come of this," Elliot paused, an English teacher searching for the right word.

"This *clusterfuck* of shit that's about to hit our fan?" Folsom provided.

Elliot handed the ex-Army Ranger turned plumber another cold Corona.

"*Clusterfuck*," the teacher muttered, "Yeah—that's the word I was looking for."

* * *

Elliot and Jim continued to monitor the cable news networks and websites on the laptop. Information streamed in at a constant rate, but it was getting ever more difficult to determine fact from fiction. The President had given another, short, press conference, and had, of course, resolutely denied all current rumors concerning, what he deemed, the absurdity of an administrative hand in anything to do with the detonation in New York City. The President provided that not only had New York State National Guard units been deployed, almost immediately after the explosion, but neighboring states were activating their own Civil Defense measures and a number of their Guard units had deployed to the area as well.

As of 3pm, November 3rd, 2016, the death estimate for *The Liberty Glow*, the blogosphere's current dark humored euphemism for the Big Apple, was topping two million. Word traveled fast from the outlying communities that all that could be seen the first night of the explosion was an eerie, red glow emanating from the area of New York City. It was described in various manners, but one that stuck in Elliot's mind was that of seeing the Northern Lights from the surface of the Earth; only it was various very intense hues of red, orange, yellow, and blue.

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and, most of the Eastern States from Virginia up through Massachusetts were under some sort of martial law status. Looting was already rampant in many of the urban areas dotting the coast, and riots were springing up as well. News reports were coming in from all over the country about the almost immediate advent of looting in urban centers, but the practice was quickly popping up all over the country, albeit remaining almost exclusively in the larger cities.

* * *

Elliot brought the last two Coronas from the fridge into the living room, and handed one to Jim.

“That’s it, my friend; these are the last two beers I’ve got in the house,” he told Folsom, adding “so savor it.”

Folsom grinned, clicked his bottle against Elliot's, and took a deep swallow from the longneck.

Just as Elliot raised his bottle to his lips, there were three loud thumps on the front door. It swung open, and in came Webster James, two cases of Corona beer in his hands.

“Where should I put this,” he asked, as he made for the kitchen; “and be careful, there are a couple of broken bottles,” he added.

It was the teacher’s turn to grin. He hadn’t thought to pick up any alcohol when he was making his emergency stock run. He hollered after Webster, “set ’em on the counter, and get in here.”

The young man’s girlfriend came into the room carrying several shopping bags. Jim Folsom quickly and gracefully crossed the room and took the bags from her.

“Thank you,” she said. Turning to Elliot, she began to cry, and more or less fell into his arms.

* * *

Webster and Candace told of their adventure just trying to get to the beach. They didn’t have any issues buying food at the several stores they’d made stops at. They also had sense enough to pick up ten, one-gallon jugs of drinking water, matches, various batteries, and some freeze dried trail mixes; they also topped off Webster’s gas tank. As an afterthought, it was Candace who’d thought to pick up some beer, wine, and several bottles of various liquors. Both Webster and Candace had maxed out their credit cards, but when all the bags of goods were unloaded from their car, there was more than enough food to feed them all for at least a week or so. With what Elliot had already stuffed into his Condo, they felt they could make it through more than a few weeks of tough times.

Apparently everything went well for them, even with a growing turmoil on the streets, until they made the stop for gas and the beer. Webster pulled into a station he’d been to a hundred times; it was in a fairly rough area just between Mayport and Atlantic Beach. He ran his card through the pump’s magnetic strip, placed the nozzle, and set the auto-feed trigger. The car windows were down in the front, as it was warm. He told Candace that he was going to pick up some of Elliot’s favorite beer, and he went inside.

Unknown to Webster, almost as soon as he left the car two young guys, one black and one white, walked over and started looking in the windows. They spied bag upon bag filling the back seats; and an alone, and very pretty girl in the front. The black guy catcalled at her through her open window catching her by surprise; the white kid disappeared inside the store.

“Girl, you *be* looking fine,” he said, leaning into the window, and now frightening the young woman.

“Oh!” she gasped, already feeling a tinge of alarm as a long black arm began reaching through the window reaching for the unlock button.

Candace yelled out at him as she struggled to push his arm back out the window, “get the fuck out!”

“Fuckin’ Bitch!” he yelled back, grabbing her wrist and bringing his other arm into the window, “I’ll stomp yo’ fuckin’ ass, Bitch!”

Webster was just coming out of the store, when he heard Candace yelling; he saw the black guy leaning into his car. He immediately ran to the car, Candace, and the guy now struggling with her through the open window. Webster, two cases of Corona rattling in his arms, raised the encased bottles above his head as he ran, and as he collided with Candace’s assailant he hit the guy smack in the back of his head; the guy fell by the side of the car, knocked unconscious, and now smelling like a wet bar rag as a couple of bottles broke on the impact with his skull as beer flowed and foamed from the bottom case and soaked his head and clothes.

Webster ran around to the driver’s side, shoved the cases in the back seat, slammed the door, and then jumped into his car. He hit the ignition, threw the gear stick into first, and rubber burned as he squealed onto the street. He heard what he was sure was gunshots, and glancing into his rearview mirror he saw the white guy shooting at his car, and the other just dragging his ass off the asphalt of the station lot. Instinctively, Webster reached over at the sound of the first shot and pushed Candace’s head down; he hoped that the piece of shit bastard was a piss-poor shot.

* * *

“You know you two were real lucky; right?” Jim Folsom looked at Candace in what Elliot thought was the way he would be looking at his own daughter; if he had one. Folsom had told Elliot a few stories, over the last couple of years that they’d been neighbors, and Jim had always said that had he not been so involved with his career, travel, and the possibility of his demise, he might have become a family man. While Candace had already stopped crying, Jim kept handing tissues to her; a born father, thought Elliot.

Candace was nodding her head up and down in response to Jim’s observation, as she took another tissue from the big, but gentle ex-Ranger.

“Thanks, Mr. Folsom,” Webster said.

“It’s Jim, from here on out, Webster,” and added “it’s Candace; right?”

Candace’s head nodded again, as she warmed to him. They had met on a couple occasions, but didn’t know each other well.

“Jim’s right, guys. You were lucky. We don’t know what the hell is going to happen over the next few days or weeks, but we had better consider some basic possibilities since the two of you are going to be guests here until this thing, this, what, catastrophe, blows over or settles down. Jim thinks things might be getting worse before they get any better,” Elliot said. Before he could say another word the television started noisily emitting the warning shrills of the National Emergency Broadcast signal.

The New York body count was now nearly 2.2 million as of 3:30pm EST.

* * *

Elliot was jotting down ideas on one of the legal pads that anybody came up with concerning how to approach the emergency. While there wasn’t any guarantee that anything they were doing made an iota of difference at this stage of what appeared to be a horrific national emergency, it seemed to have a calming effect on all of them; they were trying to make sense of things.

They had already agreed to pool their resources, and it made sense as Webster and Candace were going to stay with Elliot. The added feeling of safety with Jim Folsom right next

door was icing on everybody's cake. They agreed to simply try to relax and keep up with the information as it poured in for the rest of the day, but the first thing in the morning they all agreed to do an inventory, and set up some sort of to do list for each of them.

Initially it had occurred to Elliot that he should call the school to let them know he was sick, but he had forgotten to do so and the day was past tense as far as his class schedule was concerned; evidently, the school did not think to call him, either. When he finally got around to checking his voicemail it was empty; he convinced himself that was a good thing, and put school out of his mind. He did have a half-brother in Tucson; while they were not estranged, they were not exceptionally close as far as family went. Elliot's parents had passed on years earlier, and since he wasn't dating anybody and his circle of friends was non-existent other than Folsom and Webster, there simply wasn't anybody to check in with. He figured his brother would e-mail, since they both preferred written communication over the faceless exchanges of long distance telephone conversations.

Ironically, one of the things that brought Elliot and Webster to the level of friendship they shared was the fact that Webster had been an orphaned child. With his red hair and freckles, pale skin and skinny frame, he had never been placed at the top of an adoption family's list. He had grown up in a series of foster families; none of which took much notice of him once he was moved along the transom for various reasons through the years of his childhood. He'd been emancipated by the state of Florida at the age of sixteen, and he never looked back. They'd been friends since Webster had taken Elliot's Composition class a number of years earlier. He'd encouraged the lanky, young man to explore his creative tendencies in the realm of his writing, and Webster went on to take his Advanced Composition, and Creative Writing classes. Webster's dedication of a book of poetry he'd written, collated, and self-published during his last quarter of undergraduate work was dedicated to the English teacher; it also cemented their friendship.

Writing poetry wasn't the only thing Webster was involved in on an extra-curricular level during his last quarter of school; he met Candace O'Connell, an intelligent, creative, talented, and oh, so very beautiful in Webster's eyes, Graphic Arts major. As a graduation gift to himself, Webster asked Candace if she would consider moving in with him; never mind that he didn't even have an apartment at the time. Candace gave herself a graduation gift, too; for whatever the

laws of attraction for the raven haired beauty were, she absolutely adored Webster James and agreed to move in with him. Elliot gave them both a graduation gift by putting up the security deposit on their apartment as soon as they had found something they could afford.

Candace had family up in Atlanta; a mother, father, and younger sister. She had called them almost immediately after the news of the attack on New York City. It was a tear filled exchange between Candace and her mother, but Candace's father insisted that she stay put in Jacksonville until he had a better idea of just what in the hell was going on. Mr. O'Connell assured his daughter that her mother, sister and he were all just fine, and hunkered down at home. He told her the best thing she could do for them was to make sure she was safe. After Candace had a chance to talk with her sister, and her mother once more, Mr. O'Connell asked to speak with Webster. When Mr. O'Connell was sure that Webster was going to make sure that no harm came to his daughter, they all said warm, but rattled goodbyes.

Jim Folsom had been Elliot's neighbor as long as Elliot had lived in Jacksonville Beach. He owned his home, which he was able to buy with a bundle of cash he'd saved throughout his lengthy career, service bonuses on a number of combat tours in both Iraq and Afghanistan, and some damn good investments. He was single, had never married, and like Elliot, his parents had died several years before the two had become neighbors. At 56, he was a number of years older than the teacher, but had kept the habit of daily exercise since his retirement; few would guess that he was even nearing his 50s. The two men hit it off almost immediately, and had become somewhat more like brothers than simply next door neighbors. Like Elliot and Webster, Jim Folsom was, for the most part, on his own.

It was nearly 6pm, and the sun was disappearing over the rooftops of the inland houses to the west of the beach. All of them were still glued to the news updates flowing from the flat screen glowing in front of them, when out of the blue Webster jumped up from the sofa yelling something intelligible as he dashed out of the front door of Elliot's home. Dumbfounded, the others simply stared at each other. Moments later, Webster came back into the living room with two big packages of toilet paper; they all exploded into hysterical laughter.

* **

After the much needed relief of laughter, all of them got back to the business at hand—determining with more clarity just what was happening, and likely to happen over the next few days or weeks. They decided to begin the inventory, the job assigned to Webster and Candace, to carefully account for all food, supplies, and to allow them to carefully allocate those items. They decided that for the time being the television would remain on local stations for the most part, as they all felt it more important to have a better idea of what was happening around their own slice of terra firma.

One thing seemed very clear to all of them as they continued to listen to the local news and Civil Defense updates: Much of the country was, for all intents and purposes, under a current state of martial law. The President had another short news conference, in which he stated that while individual states would still be handling their own affairs, they were all to place their National Guard units on alert. All US military personal were to report to their permanent party stations within two days. All state Guardsmen were to report to their local units within 24 hours, and would remain on alert, under the supervision of state governors, until further notice.

As of 7pm, EST, on the evening of November 9th, 2016, the United States of America was still in the dark as to who or what caused the first, apparently hostile, nuclear explosion on the continent of North America. While cable news networks, talk-radio outlets, and local stations all had their theories and the digital world was a live wire of information flow, nobody, including the US Military or any of the numerous alphabet intelligence organizations, seemed to know for sure; and if they did, it was the biggest secret going on the planet. Information had been leaked just minutes before the actual detonation on New York's Manhattan Island that almost all network terrorist chatter had virtually disappeared. Still, while nothing was for sure, many individuals that claimed they were in-the-know insisted that the culprits would be, sooner than later, revealed as members of an Islamic terrorist group.

* * *

With Webster and Candace now intensely occupied with inventory, Jim Folsom quietly asked Elliot to walk over to his place for a private conversation. Before heading next door with Folsom, Elliot suggested that, as corny as it might have sounded the previous afternoon, it might

be best that they kept the doors locked at all times for the immediate future. Webster nodded, and flipped the bolt lock on the sturdy oaken front door after Elliot and Jim left the house.

“I need to show you a few things I believe you may come to appreciate soon,” Folsom said to his neighbor as they walked the short distance to Jim’s place. Elliot nodded his head; not that Jim could see him do so under the dim illumination of the street lights due to mist that was just rolling in off the Atlantic. As Elliot headed to the front door, he noticed Jim veering off toward the wall surrounding the back yard; it had always intrigued the teacher that Folsom’s entire property had a good sized wall that surrounded it—the only one on the street. They paused as Folsom reached for his keys, deftly unlocking the padlock that the teacher had never quite understood the necessity for. The area of Jacksonville Beach in which they lived had, other than drunk and disorderly issues with locals and tourists, the bulk of both groups being in their teens and twenties, virtually no crime at all. Still, Elliot had a hunch, as he walked through the heavy metal mesh of the gate with Jim, locks and walls might become a matter of significant importance soon.

Elliot had been in Jim’s backyard dozens of times over the length of their friendship; Jim was, in Elliot’s esteem, a god of sorts when it came to BBQ. Yet, at the very back of Folsom’s property, built-in with the privacy wall which somewhat resembled more of a castle wall in construction, was a good sized building, made of concrete bricks, that the teacher had never set foot in; nor ever been asked to enter. As Jim keyed two bolt locks, he also pecked out a code on a keypad that Elliot assumed was some sort of alarm system.

“It’s the street number,” Jim said, again quietly, over his shoulder; a small, green light on the keypad flashed once.

“What?” Elliot said.

“The code on the alarm; it’s my street number,” Jim said, and with a strong, right arm opened the door.

A light in the back of the building came on, and threw just enough light that both men could see to enter but not enough that somebody nearby might be able to see anything inside. Both men walked in and Folsom shut the heavy door behind them, and slid one of the bolts into

place. With the door secured, Jim Folsom flipped a light switch, and the darkness was overwhelmed with a bright, florescent brilliance.

Elliot was immediately even more curious. The entire building was maybe twenty feet in depth, by another forty or so in length, and most of it was taken up by what appeared to be metal lockers of various shapes and sizes. While all of the lockers, indeed, had locks on them, most had a centrally locked slip lock system at the end of each row. Jim Folsom went to the first of the series of lockers and with yet another key, unlocked the main slip lock, slid back a short extended bolt system, and opened the first locker door.

Elliot gasped.

Jim grinned at his friend's wide-eyed stare. Elliot was more than amazed at the contents of the first open locker door. In front of the men, encased carefully in solid mounted brackets, were what appeared to be four, very well cared for, military issue M-16 rifles. Rifle barrels gleamed under the bright, florescent rays that filled the building, and filtered into the locker's dark confines.

While Elliot stared, slack jawed and speechless, Jim opened another locker.

The teacher took a couple of steps, and peered into the second locker; it held what he thought to be rocket launchers; again, four in number. The teacher held no special knowledge of weapons, but he'd seen enough video footage of US involvement in various conflicts, not to mention dozens of movies about terrorists, that he could recognize some weapons on sight.

"I've been purchasing weapons, munitions, basic survival gear for years, Elliot," Jim said, somewhat sheepishly, as if he was finally glad to share a secret with another living soul. "Everything you see, and there's much more, my friend, has been legally purchased over time. Some weapons I've modified to certain specs that I felt necessary, and thus some of them are, well, illegal even in Florida."

Folsom reached into the locker and brought one of the M-16s out. He held it in front of his body, barrel pointing directly at the ceiling, and handed it to Elliot.

“Take it,” Jim said, as Elliot reached out to grasp it by the handle. “Get used to the weight, the feel, the shape of it,” Jim said, becoming the weapons instructor he had also been during his tenure in the US Army. “Don’t think of the rifle as dangerous to you; it’s simply an extension of your will. Think of the rifle as dangerous to anybody, or anything that impedes your will,” Jim said, his voice serious, even, and soft. “The rifle, ultimately, becomes a part of your thought process in action. It becomes an enforcer of your thoughts when they, ultimately, become decisions that you will, eventually and ultimately have to make,” Jim told his friend.

The English Professor held the weapon with an uncertain awe; he’d only held a few shotguns in his life, but he listened carefully and tried to take in what the ex-Army Ranger was telling him. At that moment, feeling the weight of the weapon in his hands, Elliot knew, beyond any shadow of any doubts he’d been having over the surreal hours since the first news report about a nuclear explosion on American soil, that all of the events that were transpiring were as real; and ever so much heavier than the rifle he now held in his hands. He knew, at that moment, that while he was about to get involved in something that was well out of his pay grade that he had not one damn choice.

* * *

When they got back to Elliot’s, the television speakers were blasting out a story about a riot going on at that very moment less than fifteen miles from the beach. Webster and Candace were both sitting in front of the screen, holding hands, and looking like the couple of frightened youths they really were. The local reporter had to shout over the racket that seemed to emanate from all around her. The camera frame was erratic and jumpy, and the audio offered pure bedlam. The sounds of angry voices, and screams, and what was surely gunfire, erupted over the visual backdrop of several buildings that were on fire. The reporter, while seemingly trying to keep her composure was rapidly losing it. A second later, what appeared to be, of all things, a man-hole cover flew across the camera shot and slammed into the reporter! The camera lost focus for a second, shifted downward and, just before the scene was cut, showed the grisly visual of the woman’s crumpled body inert on the street; the right side of her face was sheared off, as she appeared to be grinning up at the camera from the half of her jaw that was still hinged to her lifeless face.

Candace screamed, and Webster took her in his arms.

“Hush, babe,” he whispered, and clutched his girlfriend tighter, now shielding her eyes from the images on the screen, “I’ve got you,” he said, calming her, and seemingly trying to stay calm as well.

The station lost the signal for several moments, and then cut to the network base. A solemn and haggard looking man cleared his voice, listened into his earpiece, and told the viewing audience that he was just informed that the reporter, Jackie Kramer, a relatively new addition to the Jacksonville area and the station had just, apparently, been killed only moments ago.

Candace sobbed louder, and Webster held her even tighter. The young man looked over at his former teacher and friend, and with tears welled up in his eyes asked him, “what is happening, Mr. Leader?”

* * *

It was nearly 10:00pm, on the 9th of November, 2016; less than 24 hours had passed since the night before, Election Night, as they listened in stunned bewilderment to a faceless voice tell them that the United States had just experienced a nuclear explosion in its most vibrant, important city—New York. Elliot thought of the word cliché, as he wondered what millions of others hearing the same announcement must have thought, too; stunned seemed too mild a word, yet it summed up the most basic of instinctual emotions. Now, Elliot, Webster, Candace, and Jim all sat on the edges of their respective pieces of furniture in his living room as they watched, in High Definition television, their part of the world seemingly coming apart in front of their very eyes.

Candace was still clinging to Webster, while Jim Folsom just stared at the images that flashed by in ever increasing speed and numbers. Elliot watched as hordes of individuals streamed across the camera’s lens, the anger and confusion evident; the violence spilling over the streets of Jacksonville was flooding, virtually, into his living room.

Jim picked up the remote and started channel surfing.

CNN flashed images of olive drab deuce and a half trucks moving in and out of NYC's outskirts on a nightmare mission to do what? Pick up bodies? Bring in first-aid and supplies? Rambling commentary about "who could do this kind of thing?" FOX News was following suit; it even showed some of the same images, mixed with angry rhetoric concerning "getting the bastards responsible for this!" Even MSNBC had a teary-eyed, whiney voiced Chris Matthews crying about "revenge; We'll find these animals, and when we do, the might of the United States will fall upon them," he cried out, trailing off as the Army trucks kept moving, like ants trying to put back together a home that had just been kicked asunder.

Folsom clicked back to the local CBS station from which they had all just witnessed a, what, murder? Dozens of men and women, of all ages, mostly black, moved in and out of camera focus. Screams, and yelling, and breaking glass, and the erratic sounds of various firearms sounded through Elliot's home entertainment speaker system. Every minute or so, a distant siren would sound; muted by the din of the anarchy that now ruled the streets of Jacksonville, Florida; the four of them watching it all, and wondering if, and when, the flood of horrific humanity would make its way to them and their mostly quiet little city.

"This shit is no good," Jim Folsom spoke up, breaking the uneasy silence that surrounded them.

Elliot's head was shaking in agreement; his eyes still riveted on the constant bedlam on the screen in front of him, but didn't say anything.

"Mr. Folsom," Webster asked, still holding his sobbing girlfriend closely and stroking her hair, "do you think this sort of thing is happening everywhere?"

"Please, it's Jim," Folsom answered, obviously as unsure as the rest of them, "I don't know? We haven't really seen anything but the coverage of what's going on near New York."

"It can't just be Jacksonville; can it, Jim?" Elliot chimed in.

Folsom turned to his neighbor, "I don't know."

“What about my parents? My sister,” Candace, still crying, mumbled up toward Webster’s face. He held her even tighter and didn’t answer her, but he quickened his caresses of her hair.

Candace’s plaintive question about the wellbeing of her family seemed to jog Elliot out of his focus on the television. He attempted a quick smile to Webster and the girl he was trying so gallantly to comfort.

“Let’s just see what’s going on in Atlanta,” He said, and did a quick Google Search of the city for current updates of news.

With the immediacy of high-speed connection to the world outside his home, thousands of Google hits were current. He linked on the first one that referenced the words “riot” and “Atlanta” together.

Within seconds a video stream was before them in their living room in Jacksonville Beach. Much like the images of Jacksonville, still rampaging across the flat screen in front of them, a smaller video feed moved before them as they huddled together in front of Elliot’s laptop. Other than a few errant shots of the Atlanta skyline, the scenes looked indistinguishable from those beaming out of Jacksonville, just a few miles from where they sat; just across the Saint John’s River and the Inter-Coastal Waterway.

“Elliot, see what you can get out of Orlando,” Jim said.

Elliot’s fingers moved deftly across the keyboard; again, within seconds they were able to watch a live video stream from a local NBC affiliate out of Orlando. They stared, in horror, as a helicopter camera caught several high rise office buildings that were engulfed in flames. Candace, lifting her head away from the warmth of Webster’s chest, dared look over at the Elliot’s laptop with the rest of them, sobbed even louder as they watched several desperate people leap from windows to escape the hellish fires. The scenes of hopeless desperation were so eerily reminiscent of the same incidents during the 9/11 attack on the Twin Towers.

“My God,” Elliot whispered.

“Miami?” Folsom said.

Elliot quickly did a search of the populated city south of Orlando.

Similar ugly scenes appeared; all streaming live.

“Tampa,” Jim said.

The same images flooded the laptop’s screen.

They all stared in dumb silence broken only by the sound of their uneven breathing, and a random sob from Candace as each horrific vision made its way into her tear drenched view.

“Elliot, turn it back to CNN, will you,” Webster asked, “I want to make sure we find out if the President is going to make another announcement about what’s going on and” he added, without much hope in his voice “about what we should do.”

Elliot flipped back to CNN. The same images of trucks on the Interstates and highway’s leading into and out of the city were still showing. Underneath the busy activity, an even busier lead line feed proclaimed the current body count estimates at well over two million souls; Anderson Cooper was back on. He wondered if the talking heads ever slept. Elliot turned to the kitchen, and motioned for Jim to follow him; he wanted to talk with the man in private about some very ugly thoughts that had been whirling through his head as he watched the various video feeds and the pandemonium they captured.

Elliot hit the light switch and the kitchen lit up; would they have the convenience of electricity much longer? He opened the fridge, grabbed two more from their already depleting Corona inventory, turned to his neighbor and slipped another cold one in his hand. Before he began to speak, both men took long pulls.

“Where do we even begin, Jim?” Elliot said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and then taking another long swallow of the golden brew.

Folsom looked hard at Elliot for a moment. He appeared at once thoughtful and confused. Elliot imagined Jim in the heat of some desert battle making life and death decisions that would never allow for a win-win outcome, like the safety of one of Elliot’s classrooms always provided. He wondered how anybody could keep their sanity about them with bullets

and shrapnel flying all about. He remained silent, watched the man take another drink, and then waited for the soldier's wisdom.

“Well, for the most part, we've already begun, Elliot,” Jim said.

Elliot continued to stare at Jim, and he continued to wait for the hoped for wisdom to spill forth from the ex-Ranger's lips.

“Think about what's going on right now,” Jim said, and continued, “I don't mean out there, out on those streets; we don't have any control over those events, those actions—none at all.”

The teacher nodded his head, but really didn't have any idea what the man was going on about. He thought, becoming somewhat frustrated, come on, Jim, tell me something I don't know; tell me what to do, my friend.

“We don't control any of that shit,” Jim took another drink of his Corona, “but we do have control over our immediate environment at this point.”

“Environment, right” Elliot repeated, again shaking his head; again, still totally confused at the obvious point he felt Jim had just made.

“Follow me, now,” Jim said. “We control our immediate environment—our surroundings, our homes, our street, or neighborhoods, etc.—Now, we've got to plan effectively in order to keep that control; do you follow my drift,” He asked.

Elliot's head was shaking, but he still was not at all sure what the man was trying to tell him.

“We have some serious defenses over there in my back yard—that's control factor two,” Jim said.

“What's control factor one,” Elliot seemed to grapple with the sentence, still not sure where Jim was going with any of his points.

“Control factor one? That's easy, we have our wits about us,” Jim said. Elliot stared hard, and pulled on his beer; he wasn't remotely convinced that he, personally, had his “wits

about” himself. In fact, Elliot thought he was close to the verge of losing his “wits”, and if not for a very slight buzz he was getting from his friend, Mr. Corona, well, he wasn’t sure just what in the hell his “wits” would be up to at this moment in history.

“Meaning just what the fuck, Jim?”

“Meaning, we are not running amuck, we aren’t running around the streets of Jax Beach like savages, we aren’t screaming, and stealing, and killing each other; we are,” Jim seemed to search for his own right word. “We are, composed. We are thinking ahead. We will, carefully, sort through this pile of dung that has landed on us, and we will prevail,” he said, and taking another long drink finished off his beer.

Both men stood in the glare of the kitchen lights, as Elliot conjured up his own image of his friend’s scatological metaphor.

“Wait here,” Jim said, and then disappeared into the living room. He was back a moment later with two of the notebooks that Elliot had brought out earlier in the evening.

“Okay, professor,” Jim said, smiling as he slid one of the spiral bound books across a counter top and in front of Elliot. On top of the blue covered pad of notebook paper was a pen.

“Okay,” Elliot said. Then he walked over to the fridge and produced two more Coronas; he held one out for Folsom.

“Last ones for the night,” Jim said, “we’ve got some work to do.”

* * *

Jay Mouton: Biography

Jay Mouton has been writing ever since he can remember. He believes his love for writing to be the result of a DNA combination between his father's love of Louisiana bayou country, and his mother's creative mind. Jay has published numerous works in national literary magazines, as well as hundreds of music reviews on various musical artists. His most recent publications

include works in Ellipsis, The Reston Review, Tennessee English Journal, and the Chattanooga.com. Jay is currently at work on his sixth novel manuscript, and spends his free moments on the sands of numerous Floridian Beaches

Discover other titles by Jay Mouton

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Check out Jay Mouton's homepage: <https://sites.google.com/site/jaymouton/>