

# **Time to Go**

## **-The Farm-**

**by Sas Dewars**

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**Time to Go: The Farm**

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**For information email:  
[fatmail@fatdawgs.com](mailto:fatmail@fatdawgs.com)**

# Chapter 1

JD stood in the driveway surveying the old farm. The dilapidated house with broken windows, rotting porch, and rotting siding was both interesting and sad. A warm breeze gave a rhythmic life to the brown, brittle knee-high grass.

JD tried to imagine the glory of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century farmhouse in its heyday, bustling with a family tending to animals, kids playing in the yard, and clothes drying on the clothesline. The old tractor under the collapsed lean-to testified that the farm had been a working farm at some time. There was even what appeared to be an old summer gazebo leaning precariously to the left just behind the home.

He was very tempted to go into the old farmhouse to see if there were any clues to who had lived there and, perhaps, how they had lived. But caution won out. He decided to investigate the lean-to instead. The tractor, an old Farm-All, would certainly be a treasure for a collector, but there weren't many willing to take up the challenge of the restoration anymore. JD noted that the tractor seemed complete except for a few emblems and badges, most likely taken by previous visitors for souvenirs or collections. There was even an old gas can in the weeds leaking an oily sludge that was probably gas at some point.

Looking deeper in the shed, he found a few hand tools: a shovel, axe, and maul. He imagined the former tenants shoveling out the chicken coop or splitting firewood on a cold winter day. JD was tempted to take one of the tools as a reminder of better times. But a motorcyclist with an axe strapped to his back might attract the wrong kind of attention. No need for that.

This contemplative state was rattled by JD's cell phone ringing.

*Nothing like the first few notes of Stranglehold to wake you up.*

"Hey, it's Al. Whacha up to?"

"Not much. Just wandering around an old farm off Highway 42."

"What you out there for?"

"Ah, well, Tina and I were going for a ride anyway, but her work called with some available overtime. You know how it is these days. You gotta grab the work when you can get it."

"That's a fact. I wondered where she was. You should've waited for me. I would have been in for a ride," scorned Al, sounding a little on the hurtful side.

"Wasn't sure how long you and Lori would be at her mom's place. And, I did call, amigo. You should try answering that fancy cell phone sometime. Or can't you figure out how it works?"

What are you up to now?"

"Just in the basement practicing with the air gun."

"Well, that's not all bad. Beats watching the propaganda on TV."

"Yeah, I should just shoot the damned thing, but I don't want to waste the ammo. Besides, it's your TV. You headed back soon?"

"Yeah, pretty quick. I'm just going to wander around a little more, and then get back on the road."

"Let me know when you get back then."

"Done. See you soon."

Emboldened by the knowledge that there was cell phone coverage, JD decided to have a closer look at the house. Making his way toward the front of the house through the tall grass, JD paused to take a long look at a rusty tricycle by the front steps. He wondered who the youngster was and is (if still alive), and if he (or she) ever thought about the old place.

The crumbling steps and gaping holes in the porch floor made getting a closer look at the house by using the front door out of the question. So JD started to make his way around the back. The tall grass and weeds made it slow going.

As he passed the large front window, he stopped to take a look inside. The sofa and two chairs were carved up and the stuffing strewn all over the floor. Pictures had been pulled off the wall and the frames, glass, and artwork mixed in with the stuffing made the floor look like a Warhol.

*At least I think that's what a Warhol painting looks like. I've never actually seen one, or any other "fine" art for that matter.*

After making his way around to back of the house, JD decided to forego actually going in the old farmhouse. The back porch was in worse condition than the front.

*Probably not worth the risk right now. I'll get Al to come back out next weekend.*

He paused to peek through the broken windows for anything of interest. As he neared the corner of the house, he suddenly found himself face down on the ground, or face down on something.

JD pushed himself up on his side and took stock of everything. No searing pain. That's was a good start. He felt something on his forehead and reached up to wipe it off. When he checked his hand, it was covered in blood. He quickly checked the wound and, as best he could tell, the cut seemed pretty minor. No telling for sure without a mirror though. JD tore a strip off his t-shirt and tied a makeshift bandage over the cut.

Satisfied that he would live to fight another day, JD sat upright. After a few minutes, he was feeling better.

*What the hell did I trip on?*

Looking around, JD scraped away at the ground where he had been sitting a few moments before. After scuffing off a few inches of dirt, he discovered a thick metal door, actually two metal doors chained together.

*I'll be damned - a root cellar. I haven't seen one of these in forever.*

A now-cool breeze carried away some of the heat of the day, and JD noticed the long shadows from the orchard of trees behind the house.

*Getting a little late, I'd better roll for home.*

He walked quickly down the gravel driveway towards his motorcycle. A moment later, he was relieved to find the bike where he'd left it. The motorcycle represented a significant investment, almost half-a-year's salary. And, these days, the jacket and helmet weren't cheap either.

After hastily putting his gear on, JD took a moment to remind himself to ride with caution and not hurry. This day had already been exciting enough. At the end of the driveway, he took an extra look right and left, and then accelerated onto the highway.

# About the Author

Saskatoon Dewars  
1939 -

Make as many jokes as you'd like, Saskatoon Dewars has more than likely heard them all. Sas, as he's fondly known by his friends, is a full-blooded American born in Minot, North Dakota. He was born during a two-year duty tour by his Air Force parents whose deployments took them all over the world. As a child, Sas experienced the life of a "military brat" - his words.

This experience opened his eyes to the world, and how people live and love. Sas attended college for a short time after high school graduation, but his itchy feet got the better of him. He signed on as a merchant marine, and traveled the world by the sea, visiting exotic ports in every part of the globe. In fact, Sas is (rumored by some to be) the love of the barmaid in the 1972 pop hit "Brandy" by The Looking Glass. Sas is often spotted in such establishments, sipping away at a tall glass of fine scotch, fending off adoring waitresses, and pecking away at his constant companion: a portable Olivetti typewriter that travels everywhere with him in a duffel bag.

A man's man, Sas enjoys hunting wild boar with a pen knife while on shore leave, riding Great White Sharks, and promoting personal responsibility at liberal gatherings. So far, he has lived to tell about it.

In his rare moments as a land-lubber, Sas enjoys racing sports cars and spending time on the golf course. He has won the prestigious 24 Heures du Mans twice, both times driving all 24 hours by himself. He also recorded an eighteen-hole score of 58 at St. Andrew's Old Course while using only a sand wedge.

A modest man, Sas has refuted the claims that he has eclipsed various social records that are often (perhaps falsely) attributed to Wilt Chamberlin. Sas also refuses the title of "The Real Most Interesting Man in the World."