

The Road to Grafenwöhr



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Sample Chapter

The Road to Grafenwöhr

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Chapter One

Journey to Somewhere

1

“*Ausstiegen!*” the bus driver shouted. “*Ausstiegen das Bus!*”

PFC Quincy Summerson had a notion that he had reached his destination — the first in a string of places that his travel orders specified. Although he knew no German, he assumed that the open bus door and his comrades-in-arms’ scurry meant that they were being dumped into the bustling plaza. He slid across the seat, while other soldiers madly jostled for their duffel bags. Because Quincy couldn’t stand erect in this crunch, the low luggage rack nearly knocked off his barracks cap.

“*Ausstiegen! Ausstiegen das Bus!*”

“Some deal,” said the troop who had sat beside him on the trip out.

Quincy didn’t know this soldier. They had swapped few words since leaving *Rhein-Main* Air Force base, a departure he scarcely remembered, because the sergeants had herded them like bulls into this old contraption. A dark dawn then. But soon the sunrise kissed Frankfurt’s ample skyline — a sight that roused PFC Summerson to sit up and take notice.

In 1948, when Quincy Summerson was born, *Frankfurt-am-Main* was a war ruin — gray rubble chilled to silence. Now, twenty years later, Frankfurt was alive again — noisy, prosperous and in motion — the great German metropolplex.

“Why aren’t we moving?” Quincy asked, his duffel bag balanced precariously.

“Jammed up,” said the soldier, who stretched over his neighbors and yelled, “Hey, what’s holding things up? You don’t need to tip the driver, you know. *Nix Trinkgeld.*”

A chorus of *shut ups* and *fuck yous* rumbled up the aisle.

“Same to you,” he snapped, and then shrugged. “Some deal, eh?”

Quincy just shook his head, hoping not to keel over. Suddenly, the cork was pulled from this bottleneck, a sea of men in olive drab dress uniforms surging forward. Summerson staggered down the aisle, dragging his duffel bag at his heels.

“*Vorsicht deine Kopf!*” the driver barked, tapping his noggin.

Quincy nodded, and then tumbled out onto the busy *Bahnhof Platz*.

Dizzy from the trip, he stood bewildered in this strange German world. With his duffel bag tottering on his shoulder and arcane orders in his hand, he stayed close to his military comrades. Still, he couldn’t help drinking in the plaza sights, especially the *Bahnhof* — a three arched cathedral of a train station. However, this was the *Hauptbahnhof* — the central train station — the station of stations.

As Quincy beamed at the architecture, his attention was drawn to a statue that capped the station’s apex. *Impressive. Classic.* Two bronze figures, muscles rippling in the sun, held a great globe between them like a basket of wash. Quincy imagined that the orb spun, perhaps a trick of the sunlight. However, he had a vivid imagination that sometimes carried him away on flights of fancy. He even imagined that one of these figures waved to him. He blinked to reset his mind.

Quincy wanted to record these sights in the notepad that he always carried in his top pocket for such occasions, ideas for later recall — a primer for a short story perhaps. Writing may have been his vanity or just an exercise to fill in the empty hours, but he had scores of ideas captured in that notepad to play out in that vivid imagination.

Damn, he thought.

He had packed the notepad in his duffel bag. He couldn’t juggle for it now. The soldiers were already dispersing; and he was still clueless of place and time. His only guide was this bill of goods — the travel orders, which flapped in his hand. Because these were unintelligible to him, he quickly

regrouped with the soldier who had been his seatmate on the bus.

“Where are we supposed to go?” he asked.

The soldier gave him the fish-eye.

“I think we go into the station,” he snapped. “You know, where they keep the trains and the tracks. Toot toot.”

“Very funny. I’m serious. I mean, how do we know what . . .”

The troop waved his own travel orders.

“We look for something called the RTO.”

“Then what?”

“How the fuck should I know? Do you speak German?”

Quincy did not. Dazed and bemused, he entered the cavernous *Bahnhof*. It astounded him. The *Bahnhof* — no, the *Hauptbahnhof*, was a hub with seemingly endless rows of tracks and locomotives, bustling with thousands of travelers, all sure of their destinations — all except this band of American soldiers, who wandered about looking for a hint — for a mysterious shrine called the RTO.

“*Sprechen sie English?*” the other soldier said to a uniformed porter, who shrugged and then answered with a loud, *Nein!* However, when showed the papers, he was more helpful.

“RTO,” he said, pointing to a large sign that read *RTO*.

“Thanks. *Danke!*”

“*Bitte.*”

Quincy nodded his thanks also, and then followed his crass guide toward the RTO office, where they found a long line of soldiers, each clutching travel orders and duffel bags.

Efficient. The RTO officer was efficient. Dressed in a blue uniform and topped with a braided cap, he appeared mechanical, reviewing each set of orders in turn — reading them, stamping them, and then issuing tickets. He also distributed written material, which would have been helpful if they hadn’t been written German. He translated each with his *near-English*.

“*Herr Sommersohn,*” he snapped, handing Quincy tickets, orders and instructions in that order.

He hesitated, blinking at Quincy. Quincy thought he was going to ask him a question, but the man just shook his head, and then recomposed into his official stance.

“You are going to *Grafenwöhr*. You *vill* go to *gleiß sieben zum Nürnberg*. Make change there for the train *zum Weiden*. Then *zum Vilseck*. Then *warten . . . wait*. Someone *vill* catch you. They do so *always*.”

Quincy waited for the rest, but that was it, except that the man blinked again. Quincy didn’t find the reaction strange. He just wanted clearer directions than those in his hand.

“Next *pleaze, bitte,*” the officer said.

Quincy took the tickets, the orders, the instructions and his deep desire for further clarification (in that order). He was journeying to somewhere, but to where he had not a clue. He waited for his newfound friend (if he could call him that), but when the soldier emerged from the RTO, he rushed past Quincy, said a quick *goodbye, nice shooting the shit with you*, and then ran to catch his own train.

Quincy was stranded — disfranchised — afloat in a bustling sea of people, who couldn’t or wouldn’t help him on his way. *Where to begin? Where?* He looked toward heaven for help, his glance shooting up to the vast, vaulted ceiling. There the statues with their globe cast a long shadow down over the tracks, settling to a specific spot on a word that Quincy recognized from his papers. *Gleiß* — track, despite the funny, squiggly *ß*, which he supposed was the way the Germans wrote their double S’s. (He had heard the RTO officer pronounce the word).

Gleiß sieben, he thought. *That’s seven, I think.*

He glanced up again to the statue, but it cast its shadow no longer.
“Thanks,” he said.

2

Quincy wandered to what he hoped was the correct track — *Gleiß*. Several placards heralded times and destinations. The times were in military format and understandable, but the destinations were mysterious:

München — Venedig — Rom — Nürnberg

“Do you need help?” came a voice.

Quincy turned. A conductor. A conductor who spoke . . . English.

“Yes, thank God.”

The conductor chuckled as if he had heard this response many times. He perused Quincy’s ticket. He shook his head, and then read the travel instructions.

“Easy,” he said. “You are here.” He pointed to the sign — *Gleiß sieben*. “Number seven. The correct track. And this train is for *Nürnberg*.” He pointed down the track line. “It is the fifth car. You will see the sign.”

“Nürnberg?”

“Ja, *Nürnberg*. But you must hurry. *Schnell*.”

“Thank you,” Quincy said, with a slight nod, and then, after hoisting his duffel bag and hesitating said, “*Danke*.”

“*Bitte, Herr Yes, Thank God*,” the conductor chuckled. “Have a good journey. *Willkommen in Deutschland*.”

Quincy smiled. *A good journey*. A journey to somewhere, to where he still hadn’t a clue. He wanted a good journey. He had looked forward to his arrival in Germany for weeks. Before he left the states, he tried to decipher his orders, trying to pinpoint his specific destination. No luck. He tried to match APO numbers, but that only confused the issue. He finally guessed that he was going somewhere in Bavaria that showed on no known map — a town he couldn’t pronounce until a few minutes ago, when he heard it drip off the lips of the RTO officer. Before that, he called it *Grafenwhore* — quite a titillating mistake. Now he knew it was pronounced something like *Grafenveer*, although those funny little dots over the *o* had made the difference, much like the curious letter *B* that everyone pronounced like two *S*’s — the hiss of snakes. Well, this *Grafenwhore* or *veer* or *wöhr*, was small and out of the way. Yes. Out of *harms* way, or could he pronounce a Vietnam destination better?

Schnell.

Quincy found his train, the sign in the window of the fifth car — *zum Nürnberg*. Why it had to be the fifth car, he couldn’t fathom, but he was in no position to disobey. He tossed his duffel bag up the stairs, and then hopped on board.

The car was full — dark and noisy. He spotted a few vacancies, but his gear would be a nuisance. He flopped it behind him, dragging it past a few seats until he stood beside three comely, elderly ladies, who smiled at him. He returned the smile, and then shouldered his duffel bag meaning to hoist it into the overhead compartment. He did not want to crowd the women, so after stowing his gear, he looked around for another seat. The women fluttered. One patted the empty seat.

“*Ist frei*,” she said.

Quincy shrugged.

“She says that the seat is empty,” said a young man who sat on the opposite side. “You may sit

there.”

“*Danke*,” Quincy said, sitting.

This started a flurry of smiles from the women. All three sported hats — fedoras with duck feathers tuck in the brim band — a different color each — red, green and yellow. They smiled at him through various shades of dentures. Quincy thought they were going to eat him for dinner.

“It is customary,” continued the young man. “In fact, it is proper etiquette to ask if a seat is free before sitting. But these *schöne Fraüen* recognize that you are a stranger *im Deutschland* and so it is also etiquette to extend an invitation.”

Quincy smiled.

What luck. Someone who spoke English; and right at his side.

“Thank you,” he said. “Kind of you to help. I don’t speak German.”

“Not necessary,” the lad said. “You have already initiated a conversation with them and *they* speak no English.”

The ladies chortled, pointing to Quincy, and then consulting one another.

“I’m glad they approve.”

“Yes, they do. They are taking your features into account.”

Quincy smiled. Perhaps they were discussing which one would have the first dance at some German ball. It amused him.

“Are they calling me a dumb American or an ugly foreigner?”

“No,” the lad said. He cocked his head, reached across and tapped Quincy’s cheek. “They are discussing your unique . . . how should I say it . . . chevron.”

Quincy frowned, bringing his hand to his cheek and covering this . . . chevron — a birthmark — an inverted V with a tiny tail, which the kids at school called a hairy carrot and his father sometimes called the volcano. It was probably the source of the RTO officer’s blink. No surprise. Every new encounter drew a stare. Quincy was self-conscious of the blemish. It had denied him many dates, and although he wasn’t the most handsome specimen in the pack, this little delimiter often spelled the difference between favor and *the back of the line*.

“I cut myself shaving,” he snapped. “Tell them that.”

The lad, who was no more than eighteen, widened his eyes. Quincy could see that he didn’t believe a word of it. Still he leaned into the tittering *Fraüen spiel* and tapped his own cheek.

“*Eine Rasierapparat schnitt*,” he said.

“*Eine Rasierappaart schnitt?*” the red duck-feather lady said. “*Nichts glaube.*”

They laughed, and then allowed their conversation to trail off just as the train began to move.

“What did they say?”

“They . . . they like your chevron and hope you are more careful in future.”

Quincy grinned, but knew they said no such thing.

3

Soon the train pulled into the daylight. They had traversed through a tunnel, which reminded Quincy of a subway ride, only with German chatter. Then when the train emerged from the depths, the Frankfurt skyline burst into view. It made Quincy homesick, although the sight of New York from the Brooklyn side was more impressive. But this one wasn’t shabby. It was hard for him to imagine that there were other places, other skylines competing with his own experience with urban sprawl.

He smiled as he watched the sun dance on the skyscraper windows like mirrors to the sky and a *thumb on the nose* to the past. He felt the eyes of the young man and the ladies upon him. Were they enjoying his blissful expression, his eyes admiring their country . . . or were they still intent on the

volcano — his razor nick — his chevron?

“Did you see my city?” the young man asked.

“No,” Quincy said. “I only arrived yesterday — actually, last night. They woke us up at the crack of dawn — before dawn. They tossed some breakfast at us, and then shoved us on a bus to the station. And here I am.”

“It is a shame that you could not enjoy my city. It has many modern wonders, you know. Very metropolitan. Maybe the next time you pass through you will see it.”

Quincy smiled, and then peered toward the window. On this side of the river, the scenery was more industrial than metropolitan, reminiscent of New Jersey. However, this soon gave way to classic German architecture.

“*Offenbach*,” the green duck feather lady said. “*Ist Offenbach-am-Main. Ist eine schöne Platz. Sehr alt.*”

“She says that this is *Offenbach*, a pretty place and very old. We are in *Hesse*.”

The ladies laughed to hear the young man’s words. He extended his hand to Quincy, who shook it firmly.

“I am Luddy,” he said. “Ludwig.”

“I’m Quincy.”

“Glad to meet you, Quincy. Is it Mr. Quincy?”

“No, it’s PFC Summerson.”

“Glad to know you. I go to school in *Fürth bei Nürnberg*. I see many soldiers there. I have studied English. How is it?”

“Your English is perfect,” Quincy said. “I wish I knew German.”

“No need. If you knew German, I could not practice my English. Where are you stationed? O’Darby Kaserne?”

“Actually,” Quincy said, “I’m not sure. I mean, I know the place name, but have never found it on a map.”

Quincy unfolded his travel instructions and gave them to Luddy. As he perused it, the ladies leaned forward following the silence. He turned toward them.

“*Sie kennen Grafenwöhr?*”

The ladies looked to one another, and then collectively shrugged.

“I do not know this place, and neither do they,” he said. “You go on this train as far as *Nürnberg*. Then you will ride a *Bahnbus* to a town called *Vilseck*.”

“*Vilseck*,” said the yellow duck feather lady. “*Ich kenne Vilseck. Ist bei Weiden. Sehr schöne Platz.*”

“Ah. This lady knows *Vilseck*. It is near *Weiden*, a place which I *do* know. But here it says, you go as far as *Vilseck* and then, somehow you must get to *Grafenwöhr*.”

Quincy laughed.

“Did I tell you a joke?”

“No. It’s just before this morning I was pronouncing the place *Grafenwhore*.”

Luddy roared, but the ladies didn’t, looking to him for a translation.

“*Er Ausspreche Grafenwöhr . . . Grafenhure.*”

The ladies exploded into gales of laughter, turning many heads in the car. Their faces glowed bright red. They gasped for air.

“What?” Quincy asked. “What have I said?”

“Your pronunciation has made them funny.”

“Obviously.”

“You said that you were going to *Grafenhure* — *the Duke’s Prostitute*.”

Quincy laughed now also, although he didn't know whether he was ridiculed or just given a good dose of the old *Willkommen*. Still, he made a mental note to start learning this language before he slipped and said something that wouldn't get him a laugh.

Chapter Two

Zum Nürnberg

1

The train sped through the mid-spring hills, the world draped in pale greens and tans. Quincy enjoyed the sights — different from other countrysides to his acquaintance. Unlike Pennsylvania or Upstate New York, the woodlands and fields were dotted with picturesque towers with bulbous domes like a meadow sprouting onions. He assumed these were churches. Pastel towns and villages spread like skirts from these pinnacles. Roofs glinted with sunlight, some jagged and stepped — others steep and green slated.

Suddenly, the train rounded a mountain, an intrusive precipice that loomed high over a river bend. Quincy wasn't sure if this had been the same river that meandered through *Frankfurt* — the Main. However, the mountain's watery reflection enlivened his already vivid imagination. This was fairy-tale Germany as he had imagined it, when his mother begrudgingly read him bedtime stories from the Brothers Grimm — tales of peasants and princesses and trolls and gingerbread houses and, here and there, a wicked stepmother.

A fortress crowned the mountain — a massive gray hulk with turrets and parapets. Quincy leaned forward, grinning.

"Würzburg," the red duck feather lady said. "*Mein schwester habe hier geleibt.*"

Quincy had no idea what she had said, nor did he seek a translation from Luddy. He just kept his attention fixed on the fortress, while the train hugged the river's edge until it reached the station.

The village had become a town by then, and the town, a city — not a metropolis like *Frankfurt*, but a salt and pepper box kingdom of quaint houses, churches and cobblestoned streets.

"What is this place?" he asked.

"Würzburg," Luddy replied.

"Würzburg," the ladies said in a calliope chorus, each grinning and pointing out the window.

"Würzburg," Quincy said in half-reverie. "I must visit this place when I take leave."

Luddy grinned now.

"It is difficult for me to imagine how it must feel to see your first German town," he said. "We Germans love our heritage and enjoy it when visitors take such favorable notice. You see, you did not need to speak German to convey to these *Frauen* that you are impressed with what you see. Your eyes have illuminated your *Rasierapparat schnitt.*"

"Excuse me?"

Luddy tapped his own cheek, and then winked.

"Ah. I'm glad to please them. Are all German towns like this one?"

"Like *Würzburg*? If you mean clean and old and filled with sights, yes. However, history varies from place to place, changing by the kilometer. *Würzburg* was the seat of the Elector of *Hesse*."

"Elector?"

"Yes. A man of importance and an Imperial functionary. In *Würzburg*, he was an archbishop. Therefore, his palace is grand and fancy. His fortress keeps the gates between *Hesse* and *Bayern*."

"Buyern?"

"Yes. The place that you call Bavaria."

"We're in Bavaria?"

"No. Not yet. You have much to learn about us if you want to make the grand tour. You should invest in a map and perhaps a basic history book."

"Perhaps you're right."

Quincy watched through the window at the bustling train station. Aromas wafted over the open transom — spicy bratwurst and vinegary potatoes. Carts of spring flowers burst in a riot of pink and red and lavender.

“Beautiful,” he muttered. “How do you say it?”

“*Ist schöne*,” Luddy said.

Quincy nodded to the ladies.

“*Ist scherner*.”

The ladies smiled their broadest, twittering and pointing. The red duck feather lady nearly hugged him.

“You see,” Luddy said. “A little gets you much here.”

Quincy felt their warmth — a comfort that crowded out the loneliness and confusion. He was going to like it here. Of course, *here* was not where he was going. *Here* would be an army post with barracks and *deuce-and-a-halves*, mess hall chow, salutes and sergeants barking. *Here* would be PX’s and regimental drills and guard duty. Still, wherever *here* would be — and that still wasn’t clear yet — just a name — it was a comfort to know that there was a world of fairy-tale architecture just outside the gates.

When the train chugged out of *Würzburg*, PFC Summerson sat back and wondered if he should root through his duffel bag for that notepad.

2

Then they approached a great city, one that rivaled *Frankfurt*, only it resembled *Würzburg*. Luddy told him that they were no longer in *Hesse*, but in Bavaria — *Bayern*, or more properly, *Franken* — Franconia.

“*Nürnberg*,” Luddy said. “You Americans call it Nuremburg.”

“Wow,” Quincy replied. “I’ve never seen anything so . . . so ancient.”

His mouth hung agape, his mind racing. He imagined medieval armies vying for places on *Nürnberg*’s steep walls and parapets.

“It is ancient,” Luddy said. “But the old city’s ramparts are restorations.”

“No. They can’t be.”

“Yes. *Nürnberg* was badly blasted during the war. Little remained of the old city — much like my city; only instead of rebuilding it on modern lines, you Americans rebuilt it on the old plan.”

“Well, if that doesn’t beat all.”

“That is to say, we Germans rebuilt it with American dollars. Otherwise it would be just plaster and paint like those made by Mr. Walter Disney.” He chuckled. “It was built with . . . cheese, because the ancestors of one of your big cheese bosses was from *Nürnberg*. Kraft.”

“No shit.”

Luddy laughed at this.

“Now that is a word I would teach you if the ladies were not here.”

Quincy ignored this, *Nürnberg*’s panorama enchanting him. He didn’t care who rebuilt it, just mentally added it to his travel plans. He tried to count the turrets — giant tubs connected by miles of walls, undulating around the city like a caterpillar. *Breathtaking*. Quincy imagined burghers and merchants parading on cobblestoned streets under bannered gates. However, the intrusion of buses and taxis sent him back to reality — to a time more in tune to his dress uniform.

Suddenly, darkness — except for the dim light along the baggage rack. The train had plunged into a tunnel, slowing by degrees until it halted at *Nürnberg Bahnhof*. Everyone in the fifth car scrambled to disembark. Quincy followed suit. He would learn later, when he replayed these experiences to those in the know, that the fifth car would be disconnected from the train, the

remaining cars heading further South, sorting passengers by destination — jettisoning cars as needed.

“I will help you find your *Bahnbus*,” Luddy said.

Quincy welcomed these words, because he was confused again. The three duck feathered *Fräuen* departed with nods and bows. They had been friendly and he considered giving each cheek a kiss like he would for his distant spinster cousin Alice. However, Luddy anticipated this and shook his head. So Quincy resisted and just answered nod with nod. They regaled him with a hearty round of *Auf Wiedersehens*.

“They’re nice,” Quincy said.

“We are all nice,” Luddy echoed. “But if you do not make haste, you will miss your *Bahnbus*.”

“What’s a *Bahnbus*?” Quincy asked, following Luddy onto the platform.

“A little train — like a trolley; only it travels to remote towns and villages. Our rail system is extensive. Most towns have regular service, if not by locomotives, by electric *Bahnbus*.”

“Every town except *Grafenwöhr*.”

“Evidently. Ah, here we are — track four.”

“*Gleiß* four.”

“*Gleiß vier*,” Luddy corrected. “And here is your transportation.”

The *Bahnbus* looked like a trolley, but had three cars and set against a halting post — the end of the line.

“Remember,” Luddy said, “you leave this train at *Vilseck*. I cannot help you beyond that, but when you get there, telephone the operator and ask for the 6th Battalion of the 60th Artillery. That is what your papers say. I am sure all will be well.”

Quincy shook Luddy’s hand, fate having granted him a fortunate guide. The student grinned, and then touched his cheek, always a reference to that birthmark aka *razor cut*.

“Thank you for your help and company,” Quincy said, shouldering his duffel bag.

“Oh,” Luddy replied. “*Scheiß*. That is the word I wanted to teach you.”

“Shyss?”

“Ja, *scheiß*. It means *shit*, only we do not use it as you do. I am sure that you will learn all the appropriate uses for that word. All you Americans do.”

Quincy felt embarrassed. He was not a big-time curser, but the army had added many convenient, if not uncomfortable expressions to his vocabulary, from *don’t give me that shit* to *pass the fucking salt*. Before he could stammer an explanation or even a thank-you, Luddy was gone.

3

The *Bahnbus* was deserted, or so it appeared. Quincy sauntered between the cars, looking first left, and then right. He would have his choice of seats. *Left or right*? He decided *right*, because the door handle was more accessible to his free hand.

“Shit,” he said, as he entered. “I mean, *schieß*.”

He laughed.

The car was cold — unnaturally cold for late April, a breeze wafting along the aisle greeting him as if he stood in front of an open window. He squinted. The windows were closed. Soon the breeze subsided. He spotted some passengers now. He could have sworn that the car was empty, but there they were — three women, likely the ones he had just left.

These ladies must be traveling to Vilseck also, he thought, although he had seen them depart along the station corridor and out.

He dragged his duffel bag toward them while deciding what to say when he met them again. Closer now, he recognized their tweed suits and fedoras — duck feathers and all. He hastened.

“Good to see . . .”

They turned.

“Shit,” he stammered. He pulled back.

These were not the same *Fräuen*. In fact, these were hags — like the three witches from *Macbeth*. Their skin was sallow and wrinkled — their teeth, broken — their eyes, slits. They were knitting, or rather pulling yarn between their spidery fingers — one holding the thread ball, the second measuring yarn across her lap, while the third held shears, preparing to shorten the skein.

“*Träumer*,” the one nearest to the aisle cackled.

She waved the scissors at Quincy, while the other two turned toward him, tangling the thread.

“*Grimmörtz der Träumer*,” the hag repeated.

Quincy shook. He backed away, tripping over his duffel bag.

“*Träumer*,” the other two chanted.

What the hell’s a Troymer? he thought, but other thoughts overtook him, like *what the hell did he stumble into*.

The hags lurched forward, the sheers snapping like a lobster claw. Quincy kicked his duffel bag aside, turning to flee, but a man blocked his way.

“Luddy?” Quincy stammered.

It was Luddy, but now transformed — ashen and solemn and . . . a good deal older; and dressed in a uniform — blue with gold trim. A conductor perhaps. Still, Luddy would sort this for him.

“I’m glad to see you, Luddy. Get me out of here.”

However, Luddy barred the way, offering no advice or translation or even a quaint anecdote on city architecture or cheese. He just tapped his right cheek, and then closed his eyes.

“Luddy, what are they?”

Quincy turned and nearly fell. The *Fräuen* — the hags from the Scottish play, were gone.

“What the fuck? Luddy?”

But Luddy was gone also.

Quincy stood alone in the aisle astride his duffel bag suddenly thinking to *schieß* in his pants. He held his chest. The cold breeze had returned — a frigid wind that nipped into his marrow. Then, it ceased.

Quincy trembled, twisting about the car. Had he imagined this? *Hallucinations*? Was it the lack of sleep and food conspiring with his daydreams?

He grabbed his duffel bag, and then bolted out of the car.

Right or left?

Left it was now — into the next car. He hoped it wasn’t empty, or at least had something less disturbing in it. He gazed over his shoulder to assure that he wasn’t being followed — no *Bahnbus* coven on the prowl. However, the only sound he heard was a hollow whisper.

Träumer. Grimmörtz der Träumer.

End of Sample Chapters – The Road to Grafenwöhr
The complete work can be purchased on Amazon

The Road to Grafenwöhr <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B004QGYBKE>

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Amazon Author's page — <http://www.amazon.com/-/e/B002BMI6X8>

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The Jade Owl Legacy Series
The Jade Owl
The Third Peregrination
The Dragon's Pool
The People's Treasure
In the Shadow of Her Hem

Poetry
The Closet Clandestine: a queer steps out
Come, Wewoka & Diary of Medicine Flower

Pacific Crimson — Forget Me Not
The Awakening
Catherine and Other Poems
The Festival of Thebes
Ties and Rings
Gay October
Provincetown Poems
Songs: Not Just Survival
Plum Journey Visions



Author Edward C. Patterson has been writing novels, short fiction, poetry and drama his entire life, always seeking the emotional core of any story he tells. He has currently 30 published books. He is known for spinning magical and fantasy yarns grounded in history and favors epic tales revealed in books series. His flagship works are The Jade Owl Legacy Series, The Southern Swallow Series, The Farn Trilogy and the Nick Firestone Mysteries.

In many of Patterson's novels, he combines an imaginative touch with his life long devotion to China and its history, having earned an MA in Chinese History from Brooklyn College with further postgraduate work at Columbia University. This background is the cornerstone for The Jade Owl Legacy, The Southern Swallow Series and Master Wu's Bride, works drawing on Sung and Ming Dynasty History and Culture. History has played a major part in the coming of age tale Little Vin at Dreamland.

Patterson's military experience is reflected in such works as Surviving an American Gulag, The Road to Grafenwoehr and Pacific Crimson - Forget Me Not. His gay life-way and work in diversity is reflected in his novellas No Irish Need Apply, Cutting the Cheese, Bobby's Trace and Mother Asphodel; and in larger works - Turning Idolater and Look Away Silence.

A native of Brooklyn, NY, Patterson has spent over five decades as a soldier in the corporate world gaining insight into the human condition. He won the Year 2000 New Jersey Minority Achiever Award for his work in corporate diversity and is a proud U S Army Veteran of the Vietnam Era. Blending world travel experiences with a passion for story telling, Patterson's adventures continue as he works to permeate his reader's souls from an indelible wellspring.

His novel No Irish Need Apply was named Book of the Month for June 2009 by Booz Allen Hamilton's Diversity Reading Organization. His Novel The Jade Owl was a finalist for The 2009 Rainbow Awards.

Edward C. Patterson is the proud founder of Operation eBook Drop which, in its heyday, distributed over a million eBooks to deployed Armed Forces members from over 2,000 independent authors. He has guest blogged extensively and has appeared on the Bobby Ozuna - Soul of Humanity Show. He is also proud of his Cherokee heritage, knows seven languages (including Cherokee) and is a contributing member of the ACLU.

“The little voice from between the lines can become a lion's roar, one listener at a time.”

Contact author at edwpat@att.net — Feedback is always appreciated
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