

Family Feud

By Michele Dutcher

“And remember to exercise, Gwynn – at least 30 minutes every day,” instructed the shortish woman in her 50s, as the trio quickly walked north on 2nd Street. “If you can’t take care of the planet, you can at least take care of your own body.”

“I got you here, didn’t I,” muttered the 20 something woman under her recently liquored breath.

“I’m sorry, Neenee – we didn’t hear what you said”, inquired the old man standing beside the first questioner. He touched the young woman on her arm, forcing her to turn towards the couple. “I hope you don’t mind us calling you ‘Neenee’ – it gives us such a hoot!” The elderly couple just laughed and laughed, the frail man throwing his arms about like a seagull in a high wind. He turned to his wife, schmoozing down to her eye level. “I do love these little visits, sweetums, but the heat is just beastly!” He took a silk scarf from a sequined belt tied loosely around his waist, and rubbed it against his forehead, with as much flair as was humanly possible.

“I’ll certainly give exercising my best shot,” answered Gwynn before sliding into the next dive bar along the street. “At least yours will be the last generation I’ll have to deal with.”

“Oh, now, don’t be that way, Neenee,” fussed the elderly woman, keeping the door open long enough for her companion to sashay inside. “You sound as if I’m some kind of disappointment.”

“Brian, a drink please,” demanded the young woman, hitting the palm of her hand against the countertop.

The bartender turned around, being irked somewhat, but seeing Gwynn’s companions, he softened up. “Fuzzy Navel?”

“Make it a Hairy Navel, Brian - If you would be so kind.”

“Brian?” shouted Edgar, waving his scarf over the counter. “This can’t be...is this him?”

Gwynn shot her descendents a look that she hoped would stop them from saying anything further, but to no avail.

“Well, it does add up. Gwynn Stewart and Greg Cornish. Is your last name Cornish?” she finally demanded.

“No, madam, my last name is ‘Nunnayerbeeswax’... Greg W. Nunnayerbeeswax.” The bartender threw his bar towel upon his left shoulder and leaned forward on the counter, exposing a muscular upper body in his tight, white, tee-shirt.

Edgar giggled wildly. “Isn’t he just scrumptious, Edweena! I can see why he was the one, NeeNee...you sly old dog. Maybe on our next visit we’ll arrive ten minutes early and I’ll give you a little competition, Neenee.”

Gwynn rolled her eyes, praying quietly for her descendents to just shut the freak up.

“Come on, Gwynn,” said the bartender, edging in towards Gwynn with a playful look on his face. “Maybe they have the right idea. It does happen anyway – so why don’t we start this line of descendents right here, right now, right on this bar.”

“I’m with you,” laughed Gwynn with obvious delight. She was on her knees now on the barstool, crawling onto the counter, beginning to undo her belt buckle.

The old woman was obviously upset by this turn of events. “Well I never,” she exclaimed before leading Edward out of the dive bar.

Gwynn quickly settled back onto her barstool. “Yeah, I’ll bet you never, and certainly not with him!” Those sitting around the bar laughed quietly at the spectacle.

Greg had moved to help other customers at the far end of the bar, but after a bit, he moved down the counter and smiled at Gwynn. “Did I make your drink strong enough?”

She looked up at him and nodded. “The drink is working its magic, one more time.”

“They make you crazy don’t they? – the future people.”

“My...OUR...descendents are just so annoying. People in the old days didn’t know how good they had it when everyone stayed in their own time.”

“It’s probably just because it’s June 9th back here. You know how crazy they are about HIS birthday 150 years from now.”

“Yeah, what’s that about? He’s a gay pirate after all.”

“He says he’s not gay,” said Greg.

“Even with the little sunglasses and the whole Mad Hatter thing?”

“He has kids,” said Greg, shrugging his shoulders. “Your guess is as good as mine.”

“Well, if he has kids, I hope his descendents are making him as miserable as mine are making me.”

“The ones that make me nuts are the ones that try to blend in, just watching me, not saying anything.” Greg looked nervously around the bar.

A light appeared at a corner of the bar, starting out as big as a pen light, eventually widening into a hole in the fabric of time 6 foot wide. "Great-great-grandma Gwynn!" shouted the three people who stepped out, all headed for the woman at the bar.

Without warning, Gwynn got off her barstool and walked towards the new arrivals. The new trio excitedly held out their elbows in greeting when Gwynn pushed passed them, jumping into the time portal, which closed immediately.

As the trio in the bar began to fade into non-existence, half-a-dozen other patrons did the same.

The End