

This is a page from my manuscript, Run Scream Unbury Save, the manuscript soon to be published by Autumn House:

SISYPHUS When I was kid, my father, fresh out of the CIA, interviewed for a job as a Sky Marshal, the Sky Marshals part of a program put into effect by President Kennedy as a result of a rash of hijackings via the U.S. and Cuba and later within the Middle East. I remember my dad that particular bright round day in a gray suit leaving for his interview. As if I look through a spyglass. When the job implodes shortly thereafter in the early 70s because the program was ratcheted down, then cut and the men disbanded, so that it's only to climb the government's priority list in the mid 80s and subsequently be spun down again, my father has already left. A job for the CIA in Langley not an option, we're told later, because he can't be tied to a desk, and that's not why he joined the ranks in the first place, which I get about him, get. But there's also land bought somewhere in the beginning in Virginia, we're in addition later informed, an "investment" he liquidates now, I'm assuming, to survive, one I can't help but to have linked to the future, a house, it's mirror, mystery, the climb to not ever knowing what he thought.