

The Adventurous Life of Bill©

Original draft by Steven Burman

Current draft **Version 1.22**

TEMPLATE PAGE 1

The seconds ticked slowly by. Time always staggered as the last half hour of the office day came to a close. Bill was accustomed to this shift in the paradigm of time, and appropriately used it for his scheduled daydreaming session.

Pondering on the family outing to follow, his mind perused over the details of this forthcoming event as he anticipated the *awesome* task of taking the kids down to the local ice-cream parlor.

He snuck a peek at the clock up on the wall. Five minutes had crawled by. Bill had promised not to surrender to this particular bad habit of his but, as was customary, he failed yet again in his fickle attempt.

Man, was he glad it was Friday. The rough week at the office hadn't benefited his total outlook on life in the least, and he could finally kick back and relax the weekend away – apart from his promise to the kids who had nagged rapaciously for their ice-cream trip. He finally gave in, crumbling in the face of their incessant requests.

Joanne was home, probably getting the kids ready for their *great day*. 'Ah, the little rascals – they deserve a little treat' he reasoned. 'Ah, to be a kid again...'

Bill's daydreaming tactic worked perfectly – as it usually did. And, his trusted colleague, Rob was once again left to the task of inadvertently reminding him that it was time to go home.

'Hey Bill, you should come along with us!' barked Rob. 'A couple of us guys are heading down to the Pub & Grill...'

Bill first had to wipe his eyes before he fully regained his total grasp on the principle reality of the world about him. He looked up at the clock ticking away on the wall, just to confirm that time had inexplicably raced forward under the subconscious influence of his hidden mental power.

'Oh, I don't think I can make it today, Rob...' he responded, 'I've *really* got to get home...'

'Oh c'mon!' insisted Rob. 'Don't be such a wet blanket...'

Bill paused for a second. 'Oh to hell with it...' he decided, 'I've had a rough week and deserve to have a drink with the guys. One drink won't hurt...?'

What should Bill do?

1: Head over to the Pub & Grill for a quick afternoon after-work drink with the guys?

– Jump to **TEMPLATE PAGE 3**

2: Go home to Joanne and the kids preparing for their planned outing?

– Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 2**

TEMPLATE PAGE 2

Bill strolled down the street, looking about at all the people caught up in the usual Friday afternoon flurry of activity. Bill routinely walked home. The fifteen-minute stretch from the office to his home was therapeutic after a long day.

He stopped to look in at one of the shop window displays and, while staring through the glass to try and read the price tag on a painted vase; he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder.

Spinning round, he was surprised to see his old high school friend Gary.

‘I thought it was you’ exclaimed Gary, lit with delight.

It had been years since Bill had even spoken to his old pal and was as astounded to see his former best friend.

‘Where did you pop-up from’ enquired Bill, grinning all the while.

The two men were soon reacquainted, with Gary insisting that they go for a drink and reminisce about the old days.

‘Ooh, I’m not so sure that I have the time to...’ mumbled Bill, disheartened.

‘C’mon’ insisted Gary. ‘It’s my treat.’

Encouraged by the enthusiasm of his old pal, Bill felt that he should make the extra effort. The two men then headed over to the Flamingo restaurant on the opposite side of the road and sat down by the outside tables.

The waitress wearing a short black dress and white apron came over to present the two gentlemen with a menu, while offering a glass red wine.

‘Yeah sure... whatever...’ responded Gary, who was more interested in his engrossing conversation with Bill. ‘You can take these menu’s back as well...’ he abruptly added, as an afterthought.

It wasn’t too long before the waitress was back to see if a second glass of wine was in order. This time Gary paid more attention to her.

‘Oh c’mon... Let’s order a couple of pints instead’ insisted Gary. ‘We’ll leave the wine for the women...’

Bill wanted to make a comment, but the forces of nature were already set in motion before he could utter his protest.

What should Bill do?

1: Take Gary up on his offer and stay for another drink? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 5**

2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 4**

TEMPLATE PAGE 3

The mood at the Pub & Grill was lively, with the regular Friday afternoon clientele all being present. A one-time regular hangout spot, it had been a while since Bill had been here. But the familiar faces made his return a pleasant one and he easily fitted back into the scene.

Taking his place at the table occupied by his group from work, all the nostalgic feelings came flooding back. His group was soon engrossed in lively conversation and Bill, between sips of draft, was constantly checking the time on his wristwatch, mentally calculating how many minutes he still had to spare.

The noisy background coupled with the heartwarming conversation soon had Bill ignoring the fact that they were already ordering a second round. Some of his colleagues eventually rose to leave and here Bill saw an opportunity to make his getaway. Bill would normally walk the fifteen-minute distance it took him to get home, but he figured he could make up sufficient time by taking a cab today.

‘Why are you all leaving so soon’ queried Rob. ‘You guys can’t all depart at once and leave us stranded... C’mon, hang around a little longer!’

He looked at Bill for support. Bill hesitantly acquiesced to his request, retaking his seat while the others made off home.

‘Have one more drink’ insisted Rob, presumptuously turning to convey the next order to the waitress at the bar.

Bill, however, was caught in two minds...

What should Bill do?

1: Stay and have one more drink at the pub? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 7**

2: Head home and catch up to Joanne and the kids? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 6**

Leaving the Flamingo, Bill continued down the street and couldn't stop himself from noticing the ravishing young girl waiting for the light at the pedestrian crossing to change. Something was very familiar about her, but Bill couldn't put his finger on it.

'Don't I know you from somewhere?' he found himself asking before he had fully deliberated his intention.

'Yes, you do...' she replied, leaving Bill surprised by her overly friendly manner. 'I've seen you at the office...'

'That's it!' exclaimed Bill, instantly realizing that they worked in the same building.

'I'm Claire' she continued, holding out her hand to Bill. 'I started there six weeks ago...'

Bill shook her hand, the nagging feelings of wonder having being quelled.

'I'm actually from the East Coast' she informed him. 'I moved over here when this position opened up...'

Claire was heading towards *Le Café* and asked Bill to join her for a cup of coffee.

'Sure, why not...?' answered the distracted Bill and they crossed the street.

'This used to be Lee's Café' he informed her, giving an unscheduled tour of the town.

'Oh, so you knew the previous owner' she remarked enthralled.

'No,' clarified Bill 'The old sign used to read 'Lee's Café' but after it had faded all you could see was 'Le Café' – so when they replaced it with the new one, they chose to keep the name. Everybody knew it as *Le Café* by the then...'

'Fascinating –' remarked Claire, 'let's go and sit by that table at the window...'

When Bill opted for a mug of beer, Claire cancelled her coffee order and had the waitress bring her a glass of red wine instead. The waitress returned soon thereafter to enquire if they would be having a second round of drinks.

'Oh, please don't go so soon...' pleaded Claire, realizing Bill was getting up to leave. 'I haven't had a chance to make any friends around here yet...'

Ordinarily, Bill would have sidestepped this laborious babysitting duty. But Claire was lively and he liked this about her. Her sweet request along the fact that he was enjoying the good conversation made Bill realize that good conversation was one of the things lacking in his mundane existence at present.

What should Bill do?

- 1: Sit and have another drink with Claire? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 9**
- 2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 8**

TEMPLATE PAGE 5

Bill and Gary sat at the Flamingo, one drink leading to the next as they reminisced about old times. The evening darkness gave birth to streetlights, while the traffic lights shone brightly in the distance, changing from one color to the next.

The evening chill creeping in went unnoticed by the two men as they languished in their warm, cheery atmosphere.

Gary now inadvertently looked down at his wristwatch and remembered he had to be off.

'I'll take care of the bill' Gary reaffirmed, as he pulled his jacket off from the back of the chair he was sitting on. But Bill, who insisted on settling the account, stopped him.

'Don't worry. I'll get the bill' he generously offered.

'Bill getting the bill – I like that' joked Gary as he headed off.

With Gary gone, and the prospect of leaving for home looming, Bill contemplated ordering another pint, while pondering on what the guys at the Pub & Grill were getting up to.

'In for a penny, in for a pound' he thought as the waitress approached his table with another pint, though he hadn't ordered it yet.

'I didn't order another drink' corrected Bill, who had now sensibly reasoned that it was better to head home.

'I know' responded the confident waitress. 'It was ordered by the gentleman who's just left – Gary is actually one of our premium clients.'

What should Bill do?

1: Stay and have another drink? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 11**

2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 10**

TEMPLATE PAGE 6

Bill strolled down the street, looking about at all the people caught up in the usual Friday afternoon flurry of activity. He forgot about the cab and started off on the fifteen-minute stretch home, which was always therapeutic for him after a long day.

He stopped to look in at one of the shop window displays and, while staring through the glass to try and read the price tag on a vase; he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder.

Spinning around, he was surprised to see his old high school mate, Gary.

‘I thought it was you’ exclaimed Gary, his face lit with delight.

Bill, though not one to look down on others, always felt that Gary came across as a real twat! He optimistically wondered if the years had changed him, but reunions of this sort had generally left Bill disillusioned, and he anticipated the worst. It had been some years since Bill had spoken to his former schoolmate and he was just as astounded to see him.

‘Where did you pop-up from?’ asked Bill, grinning.

The two men were soon reacquainted, with Gary insisting that they sit down for a drink and reminisce about the old days.

‘Ooh, I really don’t think I have the time...’ mumbled Bill.

‘C’mon’ insisted Gary. It’s my treat.’

Swayed by the enthusiasm of his old classmate, Bill felt that he should put in the extra effort. They made their way over to the Flamingo restaurant on the opposite side of the road and sat down by the outside tables.

The waitress in a short black dress and white apron came over to present the two gentlemen with a menu, while offering to bring them some red wine.

‘Yeah sure... whatever...’ responded Gary, who was more interested in his engrossing conversation with Bill. ‘You can take these menu’s back with you...’ he quickly added, as an afterthought.

It wasn’t long before the waitress was back to find out if a second glass of wine was in order. This time Gary paid more attention to her.

‘Oh c’mon, lets order a couple of pints’ insisted Gary. ‘Let's leave the wine for the women.’

Bill wanted to make a comment, but the forces of nature were already in motion before he had a chance to utter his protest.

What should Bill do?

- 1: Take Gary up on his offer and stay for another drink? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 13**
- 2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 12**

Bill and Rob soon found themselves the only two leftover from their group, evening having steadily brought on the darkness outside. The afternoon crowd had disappeared and Bill and Rob were threatening to be the last two left in the pub as the remaining patrons departed one by one.

‘Give us another round there bartender...’ Rob sluggishly hailed.

‘These guys have all deserted us...’ he garbled to Bill, who listened while gazing about at the empty stools around them. ‘Looks like... It’s just you and me, pal...’

The Pub & Grill took on an eerie silence that left Bill wondering if he had imagined that hoard of people in the place only minutes ago.

The bartender was left patiently waiting for the last two customers to drink up and leave, so that he could get to the business of closing up the dying pub.

However, the unexpected entrance of two frisky customers quickly gave the pub a new lease of life. The startled bartender jumped up off his seat to serve the two young ladies who had already reached the counter, occupying the empty barstools adjacent to Rob.

‘What can I get you?’ asked the barman, pausing as he waited for them to decide.

True to his sociable nature, Rob offered to pay for their drinks, along with the next round that he was planning to sneak in before leaving, but the ladies quickly turned him down.

‘What are you all drinking...?’ inquired the brunette sitting alongside Rob.

‘Why don’t we all have a round of shooters!’ interrupted her spirited dark-haired companion.

They were soon on a second round of shooters and, though Rob offered to pay this time, the ladies vehemently refused to let him do so.

With the four customers engrossed in lively, heartwarming conversation, the bartender, having already added a comment or two, returned to his corner and continued reading his creasy paperback novel.

After the third round, Bill was ready to depart.

‘You can’t leave me alone with these two senoritas...’ Rob slurred, panicking. ‘You’re upsetting the balance...’ he muttered, the effects of the alcohol inhibiting his speech.

It had been some time since Bill had been out socializing. And these chicks *were* looking kind of chunky – Ah, maybe he’d hang around a little while longer...

What should Bill do?

1: Hang out with Rob and chill with the chicks at the bar? {to be continued}

2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I really can’t stay’ apologized Bill, ‘I have to be getting home.’

‘It’s a pity’ responded Claire, ‘but we’ll do this again some other time.’

‘Sure’ replied Bill as he headed out the door.

Strolling down the street Bill wondered what Joanne and the kids were doing at home. It was way too late to go to the ice-cream parlor and he tried to guess how much trouble he was in.

‘I’ll make it up to them tomorrow’ he rationalized.

Walking up the front yard, Bill saw that the lounge light was still burning.

Joanne and the kids must be sitting down for dinner, he thought as he searched for his house key. Failing to find it, he knocked on the front door instead.

The door opened slowly and the figure of Joanne stood in the short passageway with the light of the dining room bearing down from behind.

What is Joanne’s reaction?

1: Where the heck have you been Bill? Is this the time to get home – You know you supposed to take the kids out today... *You always do this to us!* {to be continued}

2: Bill... you home? You’ve really disappointed the kids today Bill. You should have phoned to let me know you’d be late... Come on... Sit down and I’ll get you some dinner. {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I’m so glad you decided to stay and sit here with me’ rambled Claire. ‘It would have been yet another lonely weekend in my flat and I’m in a celebrity mood today...’

‘Don’t you mean celebratory mood?’ asked Bill, instinctively correcting her grammar and immediately realizing he should have let it slide.

‘Celebratory...? No celebrity...’ giggled Claire. ‘I just received news that your local radio station has agreed to play my demo on air. Angela at the office suggested that I send it in after I mentioned that I was an amateur singer. Isn’t that just wonderful...?’

Bill wanted to point out that the station routinely did this, but insightfully bit his tongue in time...

‘I’ll have to listen out for that track then, won’t I?’

‘Ooh!’ continued Claire ‘sitting here like this reminds me of the times when I used to booze it up with my old friend Debbie – in my younger days of course’ she swiftly added, signaling the waitress to bring yet another round of drinks.’

Bill felt the generation gap stretch that much wider.

‘I was supposed to go home for the weekend, but my car wouldn’t start this morning, so I had to make an appointment with the mechanic for tomorrow’ babbled Claire as Bill took the last gulp from his beer mug. ‘I had to take a cab to work today, you know...’

‘Oh...’ responded Bill sympathetically, ‘it’s probably a small fault. I could check it out for you if you’d like’ he generously offered before realizing what he was saying.

‘Oh... could you...’ pounced Claire. ‘If it’s not too much trouble...’

‘Well...’ he backpedaled.

What should Bill do?

- 1: Help Claire with her car so that she can go on her trip? {to be continued}
- 2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I really can’t stay for another’ apologized Bill, ‘I have to be getting home. How much do I owe you?’

“Its no problem sir” smiled the waitress. ‘The bill’s already been settled.’

‘Huh?’ remarked Bill confused.

‘Gary is one of our premium customers’ she explained. ‘And we’re not allowed to take any money from guests of our premium members...’

‘Oh... Well then I guess you’ve gained yourself a huge tip then, hey...’

‘We’re not allowed to accept any tips either... It’s already included in all of our premium member accounts.’

‘OK then...’ scowled Bill, frustrated by her stubborn refusal, and he headed out the door.

Strolling down the street Bill wondered what Joanne and the kids were doing at home. It was way too late to go to the ice-cream parlor and he tried to guess how much trouble he was in.’

‘I’ll make it up to them tomorrow’ he rationalized.

Walking up the front yard, Bill saw that the lounge light was still burning.

Joanne and the kids must be sitting down for dinner, he thought as he searched for his house key. Failing to find it, he knocked on the door instead.

The door opened slowly and the figure of Joanne stood in the short, darkened passageway with the light of the dining room burning down from behind.

What is Joanne’s reaction?

1: Where the heck have you been...? Is this the time to get home! – You know you supposed to take the me and the kids out today... *You always do this to us...*
{to be continued}

2: Bill... you’re home? You know you really disappointed the kids today Bill – You should’ve phoned to let me know you’d be late. Oh, come inside.... Sit down and I’ll get you some supper. {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I suppose I can stay for just one more’ enthused Bill. ‘I’ll settle the bill now though, if you don’t mind - How much do I owe you?’

‘The bill’s already been seen to’ smiled the waitress.

‘Huh?’ remarked Bill confused.

‘Gary is one of our premium customers’ she explained. ‘We are not allowed to take any money from guests of our premium members...’

‘Really hey... Oh well then, in that case, lets drink up!’

Bill ordered a light meal and the waitress, carrying yet another pint on the tray, again refused to accept his payment.

‘So you’re not going to take my money?’ queried Bill.

‘No sir – all expenses are automatically covered’

‘Really hey... Well then, bottoms up’ cheered Bill.

Bill secretly cursed Gary’s prestigious standing at the Flamingo and his unending tab as he ordered yet another draught, drinking into the smaller hours of the morning.

But eventually he had to get up and leave. Evening had already set in and Bill knew that he would have to get home and face the music - Joanne being the lead singer in this rock band of Doom.

The air had taken on the chilly feel of a New York winter and Bill walked up the front yard to a house covered in darkness. Failing to find his door key, he stumbled over to the side of the house where he knew Joanne would be sleeping.

It was that time of the morning when a simple tap on the window echoed five blocks down.

Hearing the sound of a key clicking in the lock, Bill hurriedly stumbled back to the front, tripping over the small, bushy hedge growing in the front yard but making it to the door before it was fully opened.

What is Joanne’s reaction?

1: Is this the time to get home? Where the heck have you been...? You know you’re supposed to take me and the kids out today...! I’ve had it with you Bill...! *You always do this to us...* – TEMPLATE PAGE 23

2: Bill... you’re home? Oh, you must be cold. Why didn’t you tell me you’d be home late today? I would have unpacked a sweater for you... – TEMPLATE PAGE 22

Leaving the Flamingo, Bill continued down the street and couldn't stop himself from noticing the ravishing young girl in the red dress waiting for the light at the pedestrian crossing to change. Something was very familiar about her, but Bill couldn't put his finger on it.

She turned to face Bill smiling.

'You in my building... aren't you?' she remarked before Bill could figure out why she seemed familiar to him.

'That's it!' exclaimed Bill, instantly realizing that they worked in the same building.

'I've seen you at the office... I'm Claire' she continued, holding out her hand to Bill. 'I started there six weeks ago...'

Bill shook her hand, the nagging feelings of wonder having being quelled.

'I'm actually from the East Coast' she informed him. 'I moved over here when this position opened up...'

Claire was heading towards *Le Café* and asked Bill to join her for a cup of coffee.

'Sure, why not...?' answered the distracted Bill and they crossed the street.

'There's actually a funny story surrounding the name of this café' he informed her, 'but I won't bore you with the details.'

'Oh, please tell...' she pleaded intrigued.

'No... it's actually quite silly really' responded Bill.

'Let's sit in the corner' suggested Claire. 'I do hate those window seats - they're so bright. Sitting close to windows makes me feel so exposed.'

When Bill opted for a mug of beer, Claire cancelled her coffee order and had the waitress bring her a glass of red wine instead. The waitress returned soon thereafter to enquire if a second round of drinks would be in order.

'Oh, don't leave so soon' pleaded Claire, realizing Bill was already getting up to go. 'I haven't had a chance to make any new friends around here yet...'

Ordinarily, Bill would have sidestepped this laborious babysitting duty. But Claire was lively and he liked this about her. Her sweet request along the fact that he was enjoying the good conversation made Bill realize that good conversation was one of the things lacking in his mundane existence at present.

What should Bill do?

- 1: Sit and have another drink with the luscious Claire? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 25**
- 2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 24**

TEMPLATE PAGE 13

Bill and Gary sat at the Flamingo, one drink leading to another as they reminisced about old times. The evening darkness gave birth to streetlights and the traffic lights in the distance shone brightly flicking from one color to the next.

The evening chill creeping in went unnoticed by the two men as they languished in their cheery atmosphere.

Gary abruptly looked down at his wristwatch and remembered he had to be off.

‘I’ll take care of the bill’ Gary reassured, as he pulled his jacket off the back of his chair. Bill, though, insisted on settling the account.

‘Don’t worry, I’ll sought out the bill’ he generously offered.

‘Bill getting the bill – I like that’ joked Gary as he headed off.

With Gary gone, and the prospect of leaving for home looming, Bill contemplated ordering another pint, while pondering on what the guys at the Pub & Grill were getting up to.

‘In for a penny, in for a pound’ he thought as the waitress approached his table with a pint in hand, though he hadn’t ordered it yet.

‘I didn’t order another drink’ corrected Bill, who had now sensibly reasoned that it was better to head home.

‘I know’ responded the confident waitress. ‘It was ordered by the gentleman who’s just left – Gary is one of our premium clients!’

What should Bill do?

1: Stay for another drink? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 27**

2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? – Read **TEMPLATE PAGE 26**

Bill stumbled into the lounge, leaning heavily against the back of the sofa for support.

‘I have to apologize to the kids for not taking them out for ice-cream...’ he slurred – ‘I must say I’m sorry... you know...’

‘The kids are already asleep’ sighed Joanne, gently guiding the uncooperative Bill towards the bedroom. ‘Come now... I’ll help you get changed for bed... You can speak to the kids tomorrow...’

The following morning Joanne approached Bill’s side of the bed bright and early with a hot mug of black coffee.

‘Wake up Bill...’ barked Joanne. ‘We have to go and do our Saturday morning grocery shopping... and we have to go by mother’s as well...’

Bill forced himself to sit upright on the bed.

The weepy eyes of the two young children standing in the doorway left Bill feeling guilty – akin to a criminal on the run.

Forced into this corner, Bill started to feel the pressure.

‘Oops... I’ve done it again’ he fretted.

With a strong case of the guiltees setting in, Bill was tempted to make a quick getaway. Once on the run, it’s best to keep running...’ he figured. ‘Isn’t that the way the bad guys always did it in the movies...?’

He contemplated abdicating his responsibilities and sneaking out to the local pub for a quick drink – he was sure the household needed milk, or some other vital item from the local store.

‘Arthur’s sure to be hanging out there this time of the morning’ he figured, with the prospect of the pub growing that more appealing.

‘And this darn hangover ain’t helping one bit...’

Bill’s head was still spinning uncontrollably. And the pain...? If he snuck out now... maybe, the pain will end...

What should Bill do?

- 1: Sneak out of the house to the local pub for a quick drink to get his head straight?
{to be continued}
- 2: Face the consequences of the previous night and endure what is sure to be a long day?
{to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>
Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

‘What the hell did you expect me to tell the kids!’ she ejaculated, her saliva droplets threatening to smack Bill full in the face.

Dodging this potential spit bath, Bill staggered into the lounge, the eerie voice of doom following behind seemingly having attached itself to his ear.

The usual mantra was being played out. She was going to take the kids and leave – move in with her mom – this time she was serious. Bill had heard this routine many times before and his inebriated state had always managed to cushion the effect it would have had on his fragile ego.

‘But I just stopped to have one drink...’

‘You always do this! I’m sick and tired of your nonsense.’

Joanne stopped short on hearing a sound emanating from the children's bedroom.

‘Look... you’ve made me wake up the kids...’

With that, Joanne huddled off to the children’s bedroom to check on them, returning to find Bill snoring, curled up and nicely tucked in under the blankets.

Joanne fuming, got in under the covers, angrily turned off her bedside lamp and yanked the blankets over on to her side of the bed.

The morning sunlight and the chirping birds outside ushered in the following day.

‘Wake up Bill...!’ barked Joanne, the sonic boom striking down and resonating through every part of his aching brain, increasing the agonizing pain by a factor of ten...

‘We have to go out and do the Saturday morning shopping...’ she sternly reminded. ‘I don’t even have enough milk to fix the kid’s breakfast!’

What should the hung over Bill do?

1: Offer to go out and get some milk... then sneak off to the local pub for a quick drink to get his head straight? {to be continued}

2: Endure a Saturday morning shopping session with Joanne and the kids?
{to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I really can’t stay’ apologized Bill, ‘I have to be getting home.’

“It’s a pity’ responded Claire, ‘but we’ll do this again some other time.’

‘Sure’ replied Bill as he headed out the door.

Strolling down the street Bill wondered what Joanne and the kids were doing at home. It was way too late to go to the ice-cream parlor and he tried to guess how much trouble he was in.

‘I’ll make it up to them tomorrow’ he rationalized.

Walking up the front yard, Bill noticed that the lounge light was still burning.

Joanne and the kids must be sitting down for dinner, he thought as he searched for his house key. Failing to find it, he knocked on the front door instead.

The door opened slowly and the figure of Joanne stood in the passageway with the light of the room bearing down from behind.

What is Joanne’s reaction?

1: Where the heck have you been Bill? Is this the time to get home – You know you supposed to take the kids out today... What’s the matter with you? You *always* do this to us! {to be continued}

2: Bill... you home! You’ve really disappointed the kids today, Bill – You should’ve phoned to let me know you’d be late... Come on in... Sit down and I’ll fix you some dinner. {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I’m so glad you decided to stay and sit here with me’ rambled Claire. ‘It would have been yet another lonely weekend in my flat and I’m in a celebrity mood today...’

‘Don’t you mean celebratory mood?’ asked Bill, instinctively correcting her grammar instead of letting it slide.

‘Celebratory...? No celebrity...’ giggled Claire. ‘I just received news that your local radio station agreed to play my demo on air. Angela at the office suggested that I send it in after I mentioned that I was an amateur singer. Isn’t it just wonderful...?’

Bill wanted to point out that the station routinely did this, but insightfully bit his tongue in time...

‘I’ll have to listen out for that track then, won’t I?’

‘Ooh!’ continued Claire ‘Sitting here like this reminds me of the times I used to booze it up with my old friend Debbie. In my younger days of course –’ she quickly added, signaling the waitress to bring yet another round of drinks.

Bill felt the generation gap stretch that much wider.

‘I was supposed to go home for the weekend, but my car wouldn’t start this morning, so I had to make an appointment with the mechanic for tomorrow you know...’ she explained as Bill took the last gulp from his beer mug. ‘I had to take a cab to work today.’

‘Oh...’ responded Bill sympathetically ‘it’s probably just a small fault. I could probably check it out for you if you’d like’ he offered before realizing what he was saying.

‘Oh... could you...’ pounced Claire. ‘If it’s not too much trouble...’

‘Well...’ he backpedaled.

What should Bill do?

- 1: Help Claire with her car so that she go on her trip? {to be continued}
- 2: Head home to Joanne and the kids? {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I really can’t stay for another’ apologized Bill, ‘I have to be getting home. How much do I owe you...?’

‘Its no problem sir’ smiled the waitress. ‘The bill’s already been settled.’

‘Huh?’ remarked Bill confused.

‘Gary is one of our premium customers’ she explained. ‘We are not allowed to take any money from guests of our premium clients...’

‘Oh... Well then I guess you’ve gained yourself a huge tip then, hey...’

‘We’re not allowed to accept any tips either... It’s already included in all of our premium member accounts.’

‘OK then...’ replied Bill, in reaction to her stubborn refusal, and headed out the door.

Strolling down the street Bill wondered what Joanne and the kids were doing at home. It was way too late to go to the ice-cream parlor and he tried to guess how much trouble he was in.’

‘I’ll make it up to them tomorrow’ he rationalized.

Walking up the front yard, Bill noticed that the lounge light was still burning.

Joanne and the kids must be sitting down for dinner, he thought as he searched for his house key. Failing to find it, he knocked on the door instead.

The door opened slowly and the figure of Joanne stood in the short passageway with the dining room light burning down from behind.

What is Joanne’s reaction?

1: Where the heck have you been...? Is this the time to get home! – You know you supposed to take me and the kids out today...! You *always* do this to us...
{to be continued}

2: Bill... you’re home? You know you really disappointed the kids today Bill – You should’ve phoned to let me know you’d be late. Oh, come inside... Sit down and I’ll get you some supper. {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>

Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>

Copyright 2002-2009 All rights reserved.

‘I suppose I can stay for just one more’ enthused Bill. ‘I’ll settle the bill now though, if you don’t mind - How much do I owe you?’

‘The bill’s already been seen to’ smiled the waitress.

‘Huh?’ remarked Bill confused.

‘Gary is one of our premium customers’ she explained. ‘We are not allowed to take any money from guests of our premium customers...’

‘Really hey... Oh well then, in that case, lets drink up!’

Bill ordered a light meal and the waitress, carrying yet another pint on the tray, once again refused to accept his payment.

‘So you’re not going to take my money?’ queried Bill.

‘No sir – all expenses are automatically covered’

‘Really hey... Well then, bottoms up’ cheered Bill.

Bill secretly cursed Gary’s prestigious standing at the Flamingo and his unending tab as he ordered yet another draught, drinking into the smaller hours of the morning.

But eventually he had to get up and leave. Evening had already set in and Bill knew that he would have to get home and face the music - Joanne being the lead singer in this rock band of Doom.

The air had taken on the chilly feel of a New York winter and Bill walked up the front yard to a house covered in darkness. Failing to find his door key, he stumbled over to the side of the house where Joanne would be sleeping.

It was that time of the morning when a simple tap on the window echoed five blocks away.

Hearing the sound of a key clicking in the lock, Bill hurriedly stumbled back to the front, tripping over the tiny, bushy hedge growing in the yard but making it to the door before it was fully opened.

What is Joanne’s reaction?

1: Is this the time to get home? Where the heck have you been...? You know you’re supposed to take me and the kids out today...! I’ve had it with you Bill... You *always* do this to us... {to be continued}

2: Bill... you’re home? Oh, you must be cold – Why didn’t you tell me you’d be home late today? I would have unpacked a sweater for you... {to be continued}

For more Template Page Options check out our free website at: <http://www.storywhiz.com>
Enter the onsite competition and stand a chance to win: <http://www.storywhiz.com/page.htm>