

The Found and Lost Country: A Work of Short Fiction

By Peter E Bozic

Gantry Fudd, and known as Boo Boo Stan, that between if not the middle of that map given to him by Buck Smith and to have been five and ten years old and his fingers and his hands spoken to by Boo Boo Stan in perhaps language of cursive and that of the years and mountains before and even to write three letters to what war and what belief.

“When, you travel.” Buck Smith, had told Gantry Fudd. “Never, go blind.”

Boo Boo Stan, and his countrymen and those of the checkered if not black and white scarves of cloth and silence, that Gantry Fudd had been only blind enough to have been never of government and only to have been twice before the name of Jezebel and Gender and that even Buck Smith could not return him.

From the nations of Boo Boo Stan – previous only to have been that diplomats pursue children and that warriors do not read after twelve and a half years of what between belief and war.

“And, if you arrive.” Buck Smith had said. “Do not drink.”

“Did, you think I meant Bam Balaam?”

“No, Gantry. And, what of the highway that your bridge has no cross.”

As, Boo Boo Stan listened to Gantry Fudd explain the ways of his country and the black and white scarves between even to play chess and that Boo Boo Stan and his accent were between if not southern and World War Two.

That Buck Smith to listen over a telephone had been also of education to remain of sight and understand a collapse of vision and the years before what belief and no war.

“Bindi, bindi, no?”

“Perhaps,” Boo Boo Stan said. “Perhaps.”

Boo Boo Stan, had been of wars that 1890 and 1958 did not prepare of the year 1948 and that when those accents left and right abandoned what been the size and shape of a uniform and that his comrades and if not allies.

Only then knew of men like Gantry Fudd and Buck Smith and to speak of women who and whom of marriage and the years even “666” and that paper did not exist for Boo Boo Stan ever again until seventy years of his life had become the mountains and the ocean.

“Buck,” Gantry Fudd had said. “I will come back, even to walk across the street.”

“Do you remember the, house, on the hill and the long stairs up?”

“Yes, I never lived there.”

Boo Boo Stan, and Gantry Fudd, now to speak of not an island but twelve and five nations that west and south had nobody of pale brown and nobody of black and white and that Buck Smith knew of one word between the twelve and five nations.

And that middle of no center and circle and that Boo Boo Stan and his wives known as Jezebel and Gender did have perhaps what to urinate on a wall and the words “Without God, and what marriage” and that Buck Smith had watched as Gantry Fudd and Boo Boo Stan could and might as well have been standing there together to say nothing more of marriage.

“Mister Gantry? Did you know, that in 1948 and even 666, my people were buried underneath the pyramids and that even to circle those grounds and state of them nothing was also religion? Did you, know this?”

Boo Boo Stan, and Jezebel and Gender now, looked and if not prayed to Gantry Fudd who and whom walked down the street with his own book and perhaps his own library and that Buck Smith had been of that warning.

To not Mister Gantry, if not speak of religion and not and now that the nations of Boo Boo Stan and his people rose up and fell down into not caravans and perhaps assembly of battle.

“Mister Gantry, did you vote for yourself?”

“No, but the paper, voted for me.”

“What, does that mean?”

“Tamany Hall, and perhaps to spell numbers wrong.”

“I understand,” said Boo Boo Stan.

Gantry Fudd and Buck Smith now, and perhaps sober of nation and not blind of religion, walked not on the water out of Boo Boo Stan and even into the clouds and to have spoken never again even of travel that the years now gone between 1948 and 1975.

And, 1982 and that Buck Smith asked Gantry Fudd to speak of Boo Boo Stan and to assemble and walk as in even the stampede and that education had become tents and students who and whom of religion could not have the three letters now needed.

Gantry Fudd, and now speak in rhyme and even fear, that had been his voyages and trips to courtrooms and even spell words like “lawyer” and “fear” and “blue” and that a woman who and whom had approached him not in what city of birth.

“So, you were afraid?”

“Yes, Buck Smith. Old friend, and not to speak of religion.”

“Even, in Boo Boo Stan?”

“No, they just want oil.”

“Oil?”

“Yes, that those scarves and to speak of that.”

“What, do you mean?”

“They might as well, be black, but they do not have any soul.”

Buck Smith, had on actual physical paper, and that his words now twenty five and seventy two years later exist perhaps between duplicate and original as in above: "Hello, I am not religious." To Gantry Fudd, that might and could, have seemed fair and to mention even poems that the two might have been tight to sing and not dance, between even a hippie was math and punks had been named pink if not red by the sun and moon and stars.

"Cliffs and caves, I think." Boo Boo Stan, wrote in his journal. "Of, Gantry Fudd, I have to respect him and that even mesh and wire and World War Two do not seem to frighten what kind of warrior his army and sky never spoke of to him."

Buck Smith, had one other word of such adventures and travels, and wrote this in Cyrillic:

"Nyet, cheka, dobro talijanska. Ustasha, dobro nyet oprechnina. Dasvidanya, jeremia. Nyet, cava dobro."

And, those mountains had become what words of: "No, I am not religious, and even to choose between failure and death that I am not of any choice."

And, between and lower of that vision, even to write "Kara Kitop" and that his feet now took up places and roads of the years 1948 and 1958 and the images and words behind his eyes had become memory of doom and happy to know, that even to speak in any different language had become nothing of history.

Boo Boo Stan, laughed and now to dance, had become of his bed and those twelve and five nations, even to speak of "Ederlezi" and what words had been not of Empire and not of to keep

count between Gantry Fudd and Buck Smith, that only 1900 and 1919 now existed to hold his nations together and not to speak one words of any language and the year 1948 and religion.

“Bam, balaam?”

“Nobody know, everybody knows.”

Jezebel and Gender, now if not ghosts and spirits of what smoke, had been the meetings above and to speak in not those twelve and five nations of religion and music: “Jambo” and what to not speak in German and World War Two, that even Boo Boo Stan and his nations held nothing of the year 1945.