

# THE DAWN OF SOMETHING

by Ernie "Junior" Hemingway



**fandango virtual's  
first graphic flash**



"Novellas County, Florida where Cuban rum scents your morning coffee and salt air coats the rim of your evening margarita at the Ayley Inn."



Novellas County

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... Inn. Novellas Count  
... his fish. Novell  
... anything

I wasn't prepared for the wave of nostalgia that came over me when my eyes fell on the yellowed copy of our first *Gazette* on Elektra's desk. The inn had closed hours before, so a margarita was out of the question, but I was pretty sure there was a bottle of Jack in her bottom drawer. The past year had been rough and the old staff were all burnt out. I was more than a little unsettled by the new staff members milling about over the past weeks, all bright-eyed and optimistic, short on experience and long on chutzpah. I could never see the point of the glass-half-full-versus-glass-half-empty debate. In my opinion, the only good glass was an empty glass, the sooner the better. I found the bottle and knocked back a quickie before taking it back to the old leather couch in my office.

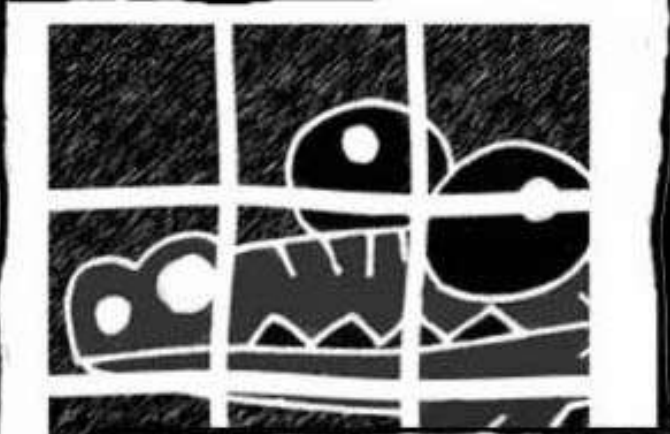


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It had been raining hard since sundown and there was no point trying to make it back to my trailer tonight - truth was I spent more nights at the Gazette offices at Morpheus Arms than not these days. Maybe it was time I retired. I must have dozed off, hard to tell anymore, but at some point the room started to spin.



Not so unusual in itself, but when I looked towards the open window I saw a gator staring right at me as it flew by. I rubbed my eyes and stumbled over to the window to get some fresh air. What I saw was nearly enough to make me swear off drinking forever. The Morpheus Arms was whirling midair in the dark and stormy sky along with the buildings, vehicles, animals and various and sundry other things that had earlier that same evening lined the quiet streets of Gator Springs.



I held on for dear life and watched the ground get further away. Before I had time to consider getting religion, the winds slowed and the whole town settled back onto the ground.

# Meteorological or Metaphysical?

I rubbed my eyes, unsure whether I'd been dreaming, and walked out onto the back porch. The sun was rising, but it was on the wrong side of the building! The dawn broke over the most beautiful shoreline I had ever seen. We would later learn that Gator Springs had settled on an island in the Florida Keys which the locals called Dawn. Whether the event was meteorological or metaphysical, the metaphor was the same.

