

Short Stories  
for the  
Somnambulant  
by a  
Somnambulant

The following applies to the content of the short stories at hand:

All characters, themes, etc. appearing in the  
Work noted above are pure fiction...

Well....Maybe...

This subsection of Wicinas Fiction presents short stories *Not For The Nervous*. Many of the stories actually have a source stemming from interactions of the author in his rather mundane travels. Jack Winsome is pure fiction in The Mood Swinger. However, in my short stories, he is an actual source of narrative. In addition to the tales enumerated by Jack, I present stories originating from other “real” sources of interest.

Much of the work provided here is a bit different from the chronic revisions of The Mood Swinger. The short stories afforded here are raw and immediately inviting. Here you find tales straight from the source.

In fact, after much, much deliberation and counsel, I have decided to present these tales as per their origin. Although it pains me to type errors in grammar and spelling, I think it worth preserving the pure impact of the tales as initially recorded by longhand. Agnes Vogel is correct:

**It is very true that few people write  
*anything*  
with a “No. 2” pencil these days.**

The first two short stories stem from the “real Jack”. I have known Jack for a long time. *HE – A Story of Life*, was initially recorded just before Jack’s last month of high school at Winord High. Although it is obviously the rough work of an energetic youth, the message presented is pristine. In fact, as per usual, the first version of this tale received my routine (i.e. oppressing) editing. However, rather than improving the work by “fixing” errors, I ruined it by poisoning the tale’s innocence. What you will read is the original.

Jack mailed the second tale, Bexy D. M. and the Roast Beef Sub to me, in the summer of his sophomore year at Penn State. When we met thereafter, during winter break, I initially scolded Jack because of the story’s poor grammar and suggestive message: “ I think you are degenerating.” He smiled and retorted, “ That is good. Good enough.” then Jack laughed.

John D. Wicinas