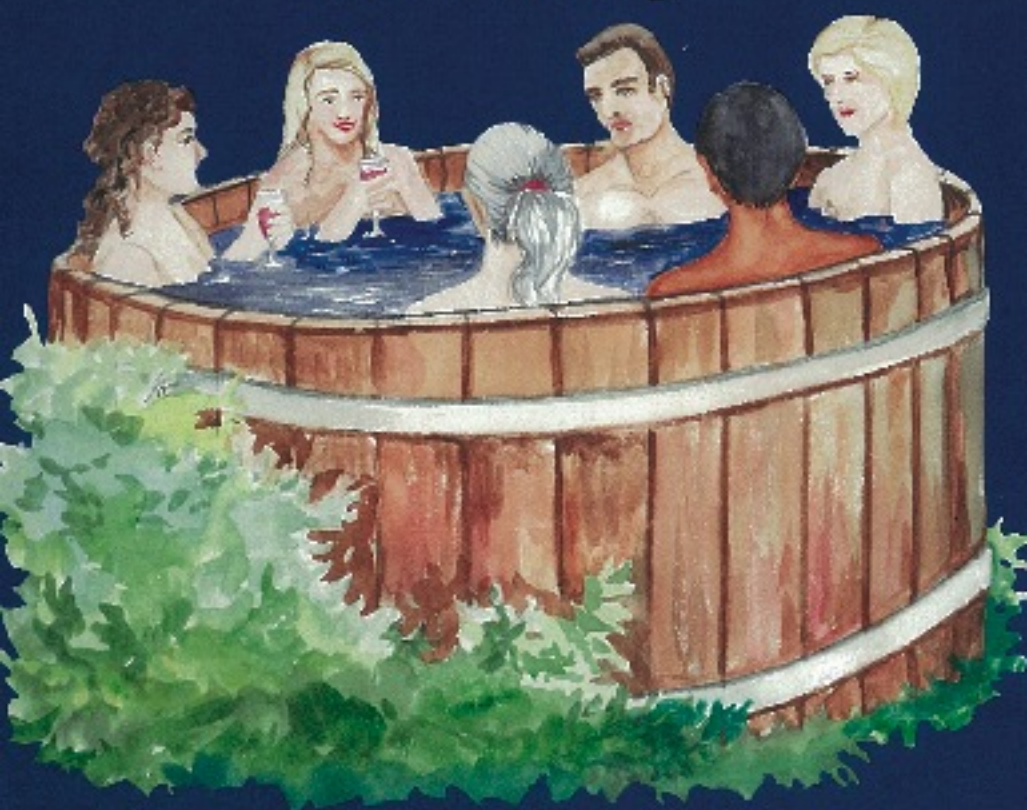
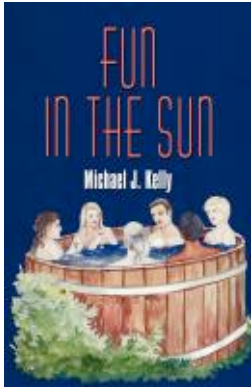


FUN IN THE SUN

Michael J. Kelly





"Is this how these people live?" Dave Pender asked. If you were...newly divorced, a computer programmer, or even a couch potato like him, and you were suddenly thrust into an exciting encounter group culture, you might ask the same question. Dave was popped into a hot tub of adventurers, and swept along by their lifestyle. But the way he followed these encounter group culture dictums nearly led him down the road to his own destruction.

Fun in the Sun

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6068.html?s=pdf)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6068.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Your Free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!

FUN IN THE SUN

Copyright © 2012 Michael J. Kelly

ISBN 978-1-61434-891-7

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Published in the United States by BookLocker.com, Inc., Port Charlotte, Florida.

Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2012

First Edition

PART ONE

» 1 «

A piper cub droned lazily overhead, and for a moment, all eyes were upon it. "Plane up there," one said. "Guess he sees us," said another. "Hope he's getting an eyeful." "I'll put on a show," said another. After a few seconds of silence, everyone giggled in unison.

Everyone in the hot tub, or those lying in the yard on the hot concrete, or in the kidney-shaped pool, looked up toward the cloudless afternoon sky. There was not a bathing suit among them. Flat stomachs compared favorably with bulging stomachs, long, swaying breasts with perky, pointed ones; heads with little hair looked all right next to those with long, matted wet hair; ladies with bulbous, pockmarked butts looked about the same as those who had smooth, tapered butts; appendectomy scars, furrowed brows, or perhaps a missing toe, an artificially reconstructed breast, were only battle scars, worn like proud badges or medals, showing how one had struggled against this illness, or that accident, or any misfortune that life hurled at them. Here, there was no concealment. With nothing to hide, everyone seemed pretty much alike, with the sharp edges of life melted down by sun, water, and soft air.

Across from the hot tub, a few trees and the sky showed above a high wood fence, which gave the place a feeling of seclusion. Beyond were the wood shake roofs of other houses, all set in the flat expanse of the Silicon Valley in Northern California. Except for the occasional sound of a car on the street in front, and the piper cub, nothing intruded on the solitude.

The back door to the house opened. A stocky little figure, covered with a rainbow towel like a serape, came out. Her name was Evelyn.

"Let's go everybody!" she yelled. "We're starting!"

No one seemed willing to budge from the warm California sun. Even though a couple of them did jump out of the pool, or got up off

MICHAEL J. KELLY

their towels, most did not; so she went back inside, and as if in disgust, banged the screen door shut.

Dave, too, was in no mood to leave the simmering water. His face, office-white and fortyish, poked just above the surface. He slowly turned his head toward the screen door, thinking he should follow Evelyn in. After all, if it wasn't for her, he wouldn't be here. But when he saw others getting up, grabbing their towels and wincing as their feet touched the hot concrete, he thought he could stay just a few minutes more. Besides, a lovely lass had just approached, towel in hand, which she dropped on the wood deck. Her skin was totally dry, which made her look fresh and virginal, compared to the thoroughly soaked wet bodies in the tub. Her skin tone was tan and unblemished. Of course Dave noticed these things, but it didn't seem to matter to her; in fact, all male eyes in the tub floated over her. But, one by one, after examining their pruned fingers, they all got out, leaving her and Dave alone.

"Hi," she said, "My name is California."

"Oh," he said, a bit astonished. "But what's your real name?"

"California."

The group crowded into the living room. They were now dressed. Some only wore their bathrobes, some wore beach gear. They filled the long yellow couch, and every chair, or available spaces on the floor. Some sat against the wall. That's where Dave sat, bracing himself, with only a cushion to sit on. Other latecomers beside him sat in the doorway. Together, they all formed a circle.

"My name is Evelyn, and this is my house," she began. She sat in her own large chair wrapping herself in a blue bathrobe with a white towel draped over her head. She held a clipboard. As if a ritual was about to start, she asked, "Who wants to keep time?" A woman named Aurora volunteered. She removed her watch, with its large black cloth wristband.

After dropping the clipboard into her lap, Evelyn adjusted her sleeves, and announced, "This is an alternative group, a quarterly meeting for those who have done George Allen weekend workshops. Our purpose here is discussion. Our only requirement is that you

FUN IN THE SUN

have attended at least one workshop. Is there anyone here who has not attended one?" The room was silent. "Who has attended just one?" With a feeling of uncertainty, Dave slowly raised his hand. He was the only one. "How many have attended two or more?" Several hands went up. "All right," she said. "Smoking is permitted only on the outside patio. If anyone wants to do anything sexual, you can use the three bedrooms in the back. Just don't use the master bedroom." She grinned. "That's mine."

"Can we start check-in?" Aurora asked.

"Yes," she said. She tapped the person sitting next to her. Just then, the woman named California came into the living room. She squeezed through the doorway and sat down in front. She pulled her fuzzy pink bathrobe around her legs. A fat young woman, clad in dark blue, with short hair, followed her, but walked around to the other side of the room, and dropped down behind everybody else.

"California," Evelyn said, "is anyone still in the back?"

"No," she answered, "Sorry I'm late."

Evelyn let that go. She raised her head, and scanned the room. She turned to the man she had just tapped. "Do you want to start?" she asked.

Dave scanned the room, too. A few of these people he knew from the recent workshop he had attended up at Harmon Hot Springs, but most he did not. Evelyn he did know—he could count her as a friend. But he saw her as a different person running this meeting. She was clearly in charge. At the end of each check-in "share," Evelyn would ask, "Do you need any time?" Some would ask for ten minutes, or fifteen, or at the most, twenty (the limit), to talk about something or other. Aurora had set her watch for those intervals. After she jotted that down on the clipboard, she would ask, "Are you complete?"

Complete. A "buzz word." There were others, part of a jargon Dave didn't understand. It was part of this "New Age" stuff. There were a lot of these words, or phrases, even silent little hand signals, which seemed known only to a closed group like this. Some of them would make such a gesture, nod to each other, or smile in recognition or understanding. He recognized some of from the

MICHAEL J. KELLY

“workshop,” but still didn’t know what they were. But “complete” was one he did know, having heard it several times up at Harmon. It meant finished, satisfied.

With each “check-in,” or introduction, his uneasy anticipation lightened. Each spoke briefly. At his turn, he said little, just that it had been his first workshop, and his first quarterly meeting. He did not ask for any discussion time. It took a while for everyone to check in. No one mentioned anything very specific about sex, (as he had expected); many told a few things about themselves, without much variation or intimate revelation.

A few stood out. There was a largish man named Patma, an East Indian, who lay back comfortably against the couch. His long gray hair fanned out behind his head. His paunchy stomach was always rising and falling. His eyes remained closed. His face showed a feeling of great ease. He told that, at various times, he would go into an “alpha” state. He did not explain what this was. As for some “feedback,” yes, he would like to have some.

There was Nicole, a woman who sat next to Patma. Statuesque, leggy, and blonde, she had a striking appearance when she first came in. Dave was to find out later he wasn’t a woman after all.

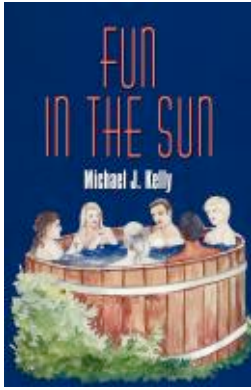
Jeanette and her husband Gary were part of a triangle. Dave had met them all up at Harmon. Hank, the “loose” part of the triangle, a handsome, silver-haired fellow, wasn’t there. That was an arrangement Dave was to learn later, that had been “worked out” by them. Of course, when it came for California’s turn to speak, Dave was anxious to hear what she had to say, but she revealed little--except that she was a message therapist.

There were other, less apparent, little alliances. Sandra and Robert, who had arrived together, came all the way down from Sacramento, a drive of 130 miles. They brought in their bulky sleeping bags, colorful towels, and carrying cases. They did not seem to be lovers, but ride sharers. Don Marshall and his partner had come down with them.

There was Jake and Kris, who remained steadfastly together. Dave had also met Jake at Harmon. Jake, gray-haired and affable, looked every bit the professional salesman, despite his casual dress.

FUN IN THE SUN

Kris, who had a very womanly body, was almost twenty years younger. During check-in, Jake told the story about how he had met Kris recently, and explained to everyone that he and Kris wished to remain monogamous. Well, too bad, Dave thought; perhaps many others there thought so, too.



"Is this how these people live?" Dave Pender asked. If you were...newly divorced, a computer programmer, or even a couch potato like him, and you were suddenly thrust into an exciting encounter group culture, you might ask the same question. Dave was popped into a hot tub of adventurers, and swept along by their lifestyle. But the way he followed these encounter group culture dictums nearly led him down the road to his own destruction.

Fun in the Sun

Order the complete book from

Booklocker.com

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6068.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**