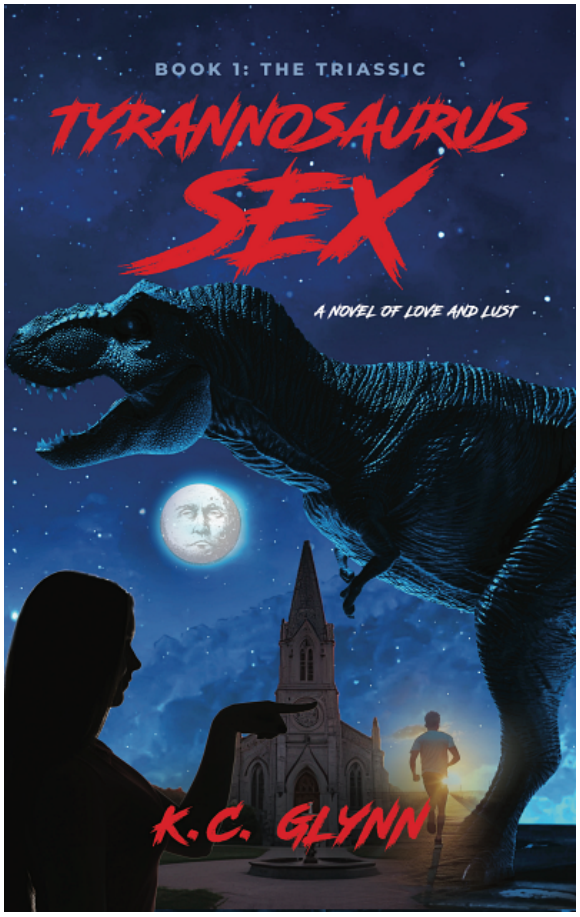


Tyrannosaurus Sex is a time-bending dark comedy combining not only paleontology with psychology but sexuality and the supernatural as Jack Kelly goes off to Madison College to find the girl of his dreams only to find his nemesis instead.

Tyrannosaurus Sex

By K.C. Glynn

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BOOK 1: THE TRIASSIC
TYRANNOSAURUS SEX
A NOVEL OF LOVE AND LUST
K.C. GLYNN

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CHAPTER THREE - PANGAEA

"September is the cruelest month." Dean of Students Thomas Morton Barron, LL.D., drew back the curtain and looked out the great bay window. The broad and winding willow-lined drive hummed with that morning's new arrivals. "Another year," he said softly. "Another year." He shook his head. Time was in constant acceleration. There seemed little enough of it left to him.

"Are you speaking to me, Dr. Barron?" Miss Catherine Kugel, his secretary, looked up from his desk, where she had just placed his morning tray of coffee and pastries.

"I was only talking to myself, that's all, just talking to myself." He paused. His long aquiline nose twitched. The coffee smelled good. Her pastries looked warm and inviting.

"Cream and sugar?" Miss Kugel asked, holding up the silver-plate sugar bowl with the college crest engraved on its side.

"Please." She had a nice voice, soft and pleasing, not like the other secretary whose Midwest twang was flat and nasal, especially over the intercom. "It's hard to believe they're really here," he said, letting the curtain fall. He felt hungry.

" I'm sure it is." Miss Kugel smoothed the last details of her presentation, neatly creasing the linen napkin. She thought her boss had been acting strange and even more so as the day approached for the new semester to start. But since she was new to the job, having been hired that summer fresh out of secretarial school, she figured it was par for the course. She

quietly left the room and her boss to his thoughts, the heavy oak door closing noiselessly behind her.

Dr. Barron returned to the window. He surveyed his domain, slowly warming as the mists clearing over Taylor Lake and the morning sunlight shone through great gaps in the clouds.

Madison College gleamed atop a granite acropolis overlooking the quaint old village of Burr, New York. The college, with about twenty-five hundred students, existed symbiotically though not always harmoniously with the village, which claimed a slightly smaller population. Route 12B made a brief stop at the single vintage traffic light before it continued onto the hinterlands of cabbage farmers and semi-nomadic herdsmen. The village appeared solidly prosperous, having fattened itself on the steady stream of free-spending City kids whom, like the geese which announced the fall, had migrated to the village for nearly one hundred and forty years. The main thoroughfare, Broad Street, was lined with towering elms and maple trees behind which lay the Greek Revival and Romanesque facades of Fraternity Row, the social backbone of the college. The Row squared off across Taylor Lake against the College atop Cardiac Hill, whose icy slopes tested generations of students' character in the dead of winter.

Dr. Barron reached into his coat pocket for his cigarette case. It was sterling silver with monogrammed initials. His grandfather had given it to him as a present when he'd graduated from Princeton. His grandfather had been president of Princeton University. Academia ran in the blood. Barron came from a long line of scholars and educators. Barron tapped

the filter end on the case, lit it, then breathed in the smoke, exhaling slowly through his nostrils. Smoking warmed him up, something of great importance in Burr. Cigarette, cigar, briar pipe, it didn't matter. It was heat. Heat was what mattered wherever one found it.

The village was in the center of the Snow Belt, an area much unlike its more celebrated cousin, the Sun Belt. Burr was constructed of solid brick and stone strong enough to withstand the fierce winters for which the Leatherstocking Country was notorious. Immense storms that spawned in the dark heart of the Plateau of Tibet, raced through the dim boreal forests of Siberia, went over the Pole and down the desolate tundra of the Yukon and then gathered in fury and malice over the Great Frozen Lakes, vented their wrath with savage regularity on Burr. The first snowfall could be as early as October. There could be blizzards in May. What sunburn was to Sarasota, frostbite was to Burr.

But not yet. It was summer still. The heart of the village was a deep emerald green flanked by the U.S. Post Office, the police station, the bank, shops of various description, the Bluejay Diner and the Madison Inn. The inn was a vast nineteenth century pile built by a Gilded Age robber baron, who, in a deathbed fit of repentance for a lifetime of greed, willed it to the college for use in official functions and to house visiting parents unwilling to stay on the motel strip further out on the highway.

Moving outward from its decorous center was Dodge Street, lined with bars and cheap eateries that catered to the college crowd. The drinking age was a loosely enforced

eighteen and the proprietors made a handsome profit. Hickey's Bar was a favorite hangout of the jocks while other places, such as The Old Stone Jug, catered to the preppies and hippies or whatever tribe was in fashion. Burr's native inhabitants regarded the students somewhat ruefully, recognizing that they were the one thing that kept the village from sinking into a frigid sea of economic oblivion. Still, the townsfolk considered the students an unruly horde, akin to locusts, which took over the village from September through May.

Much of the townsfolks' annoyance was directed against the fraternities, whose noisome maws spewed forth inebriated wanderers who showed no compunction about passing out on the townsfolk's manicured lawns, pissing on their prize roses or propositioning their daughters or wives, for that matter. Town and gown generally kept their distance, each side maintaining a healthy disdain for the other.

Dr. Barron watched a gaggle of students lug boxes and suitcases from one car to another. He noticed that all of them wore blue jeans. "No imagination, no sense of style. They all dress the same, long hair, jewelry. How can they tell each other apart?" He folded his arms and frowned. He thought he had seen everything riding into town over the years, from limp-wristed beatniks to pompadoured greasers to that whole rancid hippie business. But this was different.

From its founding by itinerant preachers, Madison College had been a bastion of exuberant unabashed masculinity. A men's college. Just like Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams and Yale. Men. Just like Smith, Skidmore, Vassar and Wellesley

were most assuredly not. Women. Separate and equal. East is east and West is west and never the twain will meet.

Until now.

Despite the howls of alumni and vaguely threatened with discrimination lawsuits from hairy-legged feminist lawyers and card-carrying members of the ACLU, Madison's ivy-covered crenellated towers had been breached. Madison was now officially co-educational.

Dr. Barron let the edge of the curtain drop. He stubbed out his cigarette. He sat down at his desk and took a sip of his coffee. It tasted cold and bitter. He looked at the pile of reports on his desk. Memorandums from the chancellor on disciplinary matters. Letters from the tiresome and insufferable county sheriff detailing every complaint and gripe of the local peasantry. New guidelines and procedures. Piles of rubbish.

Dr. Barron had long concerned himself with the antics of the student body. It was the bulk of his job. Most of the time they were amusing if utterly predictable pranks such as various expeditions to local women's colleges which functioned as little more than finishing schools for women who were determined to find suitable husbands with good prospects and solid bank accounts. It had always been that way. Men and women inhabited different worlds, which revolved around each other in an intricate celestial dance of courtship, marriage, career and family. It was an immutable and perfect firmament of custom and social expectation. Ptolemaic with tradition.

But now. Now? Now everything was up for grabs. Madison College, Valhalla of the North, home of the Red Raiders,

stalwart and true, his home for God's sake had yielded to mere fashion.

The women were here.

“Extinction,” he muttered, “nothing less than bloody extinction. And there’s nothing I can do about it.”

He reached for his cigarette case, then fumbled for a light. The match hissed and sparked. Like a shower of shooting stars streaking across the anthropocentric universe, an academic cosmos unchanged for generations, women were streaming toward Madison. Barron, his eyes narrowing, could see them toodling through town in their cute, little pastel-colored cars packed with houseplants, hairdryers, cosmetic cases, and tampons. Tampons! Part of the Main Gym had to be entirely renovated. A whole wing redone with urinals yanked out and stalls instead. Like horses! Different needs and wants altogether! Even the menus at the cafeteria had to be revised! More salad and fruit! Like rabbits!

And requirements! Federal funding equals federal mandates! Bug-eyed bureaucrats from Washington and Albany, droning on at endless meetings about "equal opportunity" and "affirmative action," telling him what they thought he should be doing. Telling him! What did "affirmative action" have to do with anything!

And what about the revocation of *in loco parentis*? This nonsense that, by virtue of age, these overgrown brats were free to drink and smoke and vote and fornicate without need of adult supervision! Whose bright idea was that? Constitutional amendment my ass! This was a college, a university, an

institute of higher learning, not some sociological sandbox! This was not a Brave New World!

Dr. Barron clenched his teeth, exhaling smoke in a blue cloud through his hawk-like nose. He glowered at the chancellor's official photograph on the wall. The chancellor looked like a large church mouse with beady eyes. Traitor! Turncoat!

Dr. Barron's gut grumbled. He looked out the window. Two large trucks rumbled by the building. He could hear women shouting and laughing. Were they laughing at him? Dr. Barron felt the building vibrate with their passage. He held onto his desk, grasping it for support. He clenched his fist, the knuckles turning white. It seemed as if his world shifted and moved, the rug slid out from beneath his feet by forces he had never known were there, like one of those magic tricks where each table setting is left standing after the tablecloth has been yanked away.

“Brrnnnggg…!”

Dr. Barron closed his eyes, then brought up his hands and gently rubbed his ears as if he were pained by the sharp shrill cry.

Miss Kugel picked up the phone and said, “Dr. Barron’s office.”

He hoped she would take care of it. He hoped she would remember her instructions about how to handle calls. The mark of a good secretary was always to anticipate her boss’s needs. She had to know when to serve coffee or, pastries, when to delay or play dumb and how to fob off parental inquiries. Barron cocked an ear toward her.

"Yes, sir, he's right here. Whom shall I say is calling?

Barron silently groaned. She had learned nothing in secretarial school.

"Just a moment, sir." Miss Kugel covered the receiver, then turned to Barron with bright eager eyes. "It's Dr. Alexander Pinckney of the American Paleontological Society, sir." She was obviously impressed.

"Pinky?"

"Pinckney, sir. Dr. Alexander Pinckney."

"Yes, of course, Pinckney. Give me the phone, if you don't mind." Barron took the phone from Miss Kugel, who retreated to her station outside his office.

He stared at the handset and tried to remember the last time he had talked to Pinckney, but came up blank. Then it came to him. Sonofabitch was always going off somewhere on some expedition. What was it? National Geographic Society? National Institute for the Sciences? Grants and funding up the wazoo. Pinckney always kitted up with those safari suits from Abercrombie and Fitch, speeches at the Explorers Club to drum up money from corporate sponsors, bedding down with those thick-ankled graduate assistants of his.

Barron cleared his throat.

"Dr. Barron speaking."

"Hello, Tom! It's Pinky! How the devil are you, old man? Still up there in the woods minding the children? Are you still teaching?" The voice was exuberantly self-satisfied and needlessly hearty on such a day.

"Hello, Pinky. Good to hear from you. It's been a long time. I'm still teaching, but mostly administration now. Where the devil are you?"

"I'm in Tokyo! Just came back from a dig in the Gobi! Great god-awful place, still all warlords and nomads, just like it was for Roy Chapman Andrews before the Communists closed it down! It's all this détente business! Kissinger got Mao to give his permission for us to go in! Something about panda bears or whatnot! Half expected to meet up with Genghis Khan! It's like the bloody Dark Ages in Mongolia! But as far as I'm concerned, God bless Nixon, may he reign forever!"

Barron chuckled. Politics and paleontology made for strange bedfellows. "So, what happened, Pinky?"

"Very exciting news, Tom! Very exciting! We found the Big One1 A complete skeleton! Perfect condition!"

"Found what, for God's sake?"

"Tyrannosaurus Rex for God's sake! The Tyrant King! The Big Lizard! We found it just where I knew we would. It's huge, Tom! I estimate at least forty feet, maybe even fifty when we dig it all out. Late Cretaceous strata. Very late if my field tests are correct. Half expected to find dog bones in there from the way it looked, but that's not all of it, Tom. That's only half of it!"

"It is?"

"Our second team found another T. Rex in the Badlands. It's a real monster too. About the same size as mine and also very late Cretaceous. Right next to the Extinction strata. They're flying out extra staff from Denver this weekend to help with the documentation. Fantastic stuff!"

Barron took the handset away from his ear. If what Pinky said was true, the story would soon be splashed across every scientific journal, never mind the *New York Times* and *Life* magazine. Alexander Pinckney's name would be in lights for all to see. Not bad for his old classmate at Princeton, who used to borrow his notes and seek his help on laboratory experiments. Unlike Barron, who had retired from active fieldwork to teach and write, Pinckney had continued the quest and found the Holy Grail.

"Congratulations, Alex. That's wonderful. Wonderful news. When are you coming home?"

"I hope to stay here a bit and clean up, then I should be back in the States in about a month. That's what I called you about. I'm going to show my preliminary findings at the Society's meeting at the Natural History Museum in New York. I can't give you an exact date right now, but I'll send you an invitation. I thought you might like to come down to have a look. It might bring back a bit of the old days for you. I should have lots of slides and some bone samples. Give you a chance to get out from behind that desk. Come on, old boy, what do you say?"

Barron thrummed his fingers on the desktop. It had been a long time since he had visited the City. Maybe he could combine pleasure with business. A month would be long enough to make arrangements for the trip, a nice hotel, a good restaurant and a gallery or two. "Sounds splendid, Pinky, absolutely splendid. Would love to see what you've done out there. It's a deal."

"Terrific. I'll let you know the date as soon as I know. Until then I'll-- I'm sorry. How terribly rude. I almost forgot. How's Martha?"

"Who?"

"Martha. Your wife. Mrs. Barron. How is she?"

Dr. Barron left eyelid twitched. "Of course, Martha." He cleared his throat. "I was so absorbed by what you said that I quite lost myself. She's well. Busy as always. Clubs, meetings, dinners. She always has something going on. She's fine, fine. I'll tell her you were thinking of her. And how are you? Married yet?"

"No such luck, I'm afraid. Hard to find a woman who wants to settle down in a tent, so I have to make do with what I find along the way." He laughed.

Barron chuckled, rather dryly, and continued to listen to Pinky's litany of achievements.

After he hung up, Barron stared blankly at the phone. "Sonofabitch." His eyelid twitched. The grandfather clock ticked in the corner, the pendulum seemed to make a swooshing noise as he lit another cigarette. *The Big Lizard. The Tyrant King, late Cretaceous, extinction…* Barron tried to imagine the sand-blasted sun-scorched wastes of the Gobi Desert with its yurts and dromedaries, sloe-eyed maidens undulating to the sounds of lute and oudh and mysterious caravans trekking toward unknown moonlit oases. Pinckney was there, and he was here. As he fired the flame to draw in the soothing smoke, he looked out on his own wilderness of forest, fen and field, as far as he could imagine.

Across the valley over the low rolling hills and above the trim white farmsteads with red brick barns and shining silos ripe with grain, headed toward a mist-wreathed forest that fringed a limpid pond was a plume of dust that marked the departure of a squat, square gunmetal gray car.

Atop that hill, amid an old, weathered clapboard farmstead littered with broken down machinery and crowned by a discarded brass poster bed, stood Jody Bock. In company with her horse, dog, rooster and goat, she watched the official Army car depart, then looked down at the green government check the occupants of the car had given her with a promise of more to come.

Jody, a robust young woman twenty–two years of age, square-shouldered and amply bosomed, was the youngest daughter of an apple grower, who was himself the son, grandson and great-grandson of apple growers. She'd now been officially informed that she was also the widow of Private First Class Albert E. Bock, United States Army, who'd been killed in the line of duty in Vietnam. She watched the car disappear beneath the crimson canopy of trees that fringed the edge of her desolate farm. Holding the check in one hand and her two-year-old daughter’s hand in the other, she fell to her knees with a howl, her hands clasped and mud-splattered face skyward, and wept for joy and deliverance.

CHAPTER SEVEN - BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

In the room the women come and go,
Talking of Michelangelo.

Dr. Barron pulled back the curtain on the bay window.

“Would you like anything, sir?” Miss Kugel chirped. “Maybe a cup of coffee? I think there's some danish left."

Barron felt a vague hunger. "That would be lovely. Thank you, Catherine."

She smiled at this rare display of informality and bustled out to do her boss's bidding.

Barron, his tall, angular, patrician frame impeccably encased within a charcoal gray bespoke suit, stood silhouetted against a moody autumnal sky. A slight smile rose in the corner of his mouth. She’s getting the hang of the place, he mused, watching his secretary leave the room. She’s wearing high heels. I wonder if she paints her toenails? Poor toes. So hidden, so pinched and curled up in the darkness. That's a dead giveaway to a woman’s vanity. If she paints her toenails, God knows what else she does in the dark.

Barron could hear Catherine rattling around in the anteroom, making the coffee. He liked it when she wore that dress, the dark emerald of the fabric set off her russet hair and complemented the singular clarity of her complexion. *Farm girl. Good stock. Milk-fed. Solid boned. Smooth and soft. Full-bosomed. Curved belly. Accommodating hips.*

He liked the way the dress was cut so whenever she crossed her legs a tantalizing swath of creamy thigh was revealed.

There were days in this warm and fragrant Indian summer when she wore no hose. He found it hard, especially during dictation, not to stare at that mysterious dimple located mid-thigh just above the lower edge of her leg.

Miss Kugel set the tray on his large mahogany desk.

"Thank you, Catherine. That will be all."

"Are you sure, Dr. Barron?"

" I believe so. At least for now. I'll probably need you later."

"Very good, sir. I'll be outside."

Barron went to his desk and picked up the danish. There was a large dollop of some unidentifiable jam in the center. *Prune?* He sniffed at it. Boldly, he bit into it. *Currant?* He sipped his coffee. The window frame rattled with the wind.

He saw his reflection in the mirror on the wall opposite to the official portrait of Dr. Eliot Stearns, Ed. D., the Chancellor of the University.

Shall I part my hair behind?

Do I dare to eat a peach?

I shall wear white trousers and walk on the beach.

Barron surveyed his massive mahogany desk. There were picture frames everywhere: framed diplomas and certificates, honorary this and esteemed that, awards and commendations, class photos, aerial views of Madison and elsewhere. Wooden frames, silver frames and glass frames. Frames in clean uncluttered modern design and intricate Victorian curlicues. The story of his life, neatly laid out, coolly assessed and measured, consideration for texture and color, size and effect, then neatly executed. He picked one up.

Martha. It was a seaside picture taken soon after their wedding at the family home in Greenwich. His wife's hair seemed so short, bobbed and marcelled, in post-war vogue, not like the long and luxuriant cascades now prevalent. He liked long hair on women, flowing this way and that. He tried to remember whether the picture had been taken at Palm Beach or Palm Springs. She had a fine figure then with firm curves apparent beneath the modest swimsuit. *They go half-naked nowadays.*

He remembered the last time he went to the Vineyard, stumbling unawares into the clothing optional part of the beach where he'd come face to face with a young Venus emerging, breasts taut and nipples erect, from the sea-foam. The girl had glass-green eyes and golden hair. The water glistened like diamonds on her sun-kissed skin.

Laughing, she asked him what time it was before plunging back beneath the waves.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

Barron reached for the danish. It was prune. He felt dismayed. Prunes were for flatulent old people with constipation. He downed his coffee. It had turned cold and bitter in its tiny cup.

He reached for a picture of two small children who stood beside their father, their arms hugging his legs. His son' s smile was unashamedly gap-toothed. His daughter's hair ringlets and ribbons. Edward, now with long greasy hair, living in a fleabag flophouse somewhere on the Lower East Side and played in one of those damnable underground bands, every song foul and

obscene, howling with rage and anger. Anne, braless, accusatory, glaring fiercely, worked somewhere in Manhattan, denouncing him as a "racist, sexist, fascist oppressor of the masses."

He shivered. His children were changelings, possessed. Just like that horrible movie they all talked about. He thought of the drive to his home in Poolville, some five miles away. How could he live in a place with such a name? His brother, a Park Avenue cardiologist, spent his weekends in the Hamptons, cruising down to St. Barts in his boat. His sister currycombed her thoroughbreds outside Charlottesville, riding to the hounds. Probably rode the stable boys as well! Never did a day's worth of work in her life! Poolville! Buried alive in snow! A tiny bright flame of pure hatred sprang to life within Barron's heart.

The telephone rang. His private line. It was that time of day. He grit his teeth. He seized the handset.

"Yes?"

"Hello, dear, how are you?" His wife's voice was as always insinuating, fatuous and utterly oblivious.

"Fine."

"It's getting chilly outside."

" I can see that."

"I'm getting dinner ready for company tonight and I was wondering--"

" What company?"

"You remember, dear, the Hobbes. We talked about this last week."

"Hobbes? Last week?”

"Could you stop off at the market on your way home? I called in an order and it should be ready by then. Got that?"

"Of course."

"Is everything all right?"

"Fine. I'm just very busy and—"

"Goodbye, dear."

He hung up and reached for the pile of letters on his desk. He tore open an envelope. "Sonofabitch," he growled. Pinky's invitation was beautifully engraved on fine paper and bore the crest of the American Paleontology Society. The text read: "The Society requests the pleasure of your company to honor Dr. Alexander Pinckney for his latest discoveries in Outer Mongolia. Reception to follow in the Explorers' Room."

Barron crumpled the paper and threw it into the wastebasket. Catherine had made all the arrangements, but he wouldn't go. Why be part of somebody else's coronation?

I should have been a pair of ragged claws,

Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

The intercom buzzed.

"Yes, Miss Kugel."

"A student is here to see you, sir. Jack Kelly. The one Professor Huxley sent to you. I left the file on your desk. It has the red cover sheet."

"Give me a few minutes. I'll call you when I'm ready."

"Very good, sir."

He went back to the bay window. He watched small clumps of students moving about the campus on their appointed rounds. He saw the cold breath of those laboring up the Hill, burdened like Pinckney's coolies scurrying on the distant

wastes of Mongolia piling up his riches and fame. Probably thinks he's Genghis Khan.

He flicked on the intercom.

"Send Kelly in please"

"Yes, sir."

Barron's desk was positioned at the end of the room so miscreants entered into his presence before the dizzying patterns of an enormous Persian carpet. Barron thought it helped make them awkward and self-conscious.

Jack was no different. He stood by the door, tugging at the back of his pants and trying to smooth the botched remnants of a bad haircut.

"Sit down, Mr. Kelly."

Barron tilted his head toward a wooden armchair by the edge of his desk. Except for the ticking of the large grandfather clock in the corner, silence reigned. Opening the file, he licked the tip of his finger and turned a page.

Jack tried not to fidget, but the chair had a very hard seat and the legs seemed uneven. He tried to find something on which to focus to help himself relax. A fly buzzed behind the drape by the bay window.

"What happened to your head?" Barron asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I got a haircut."

"A very interesting style if I may say. I haven't seen that since the war."

Barron read.

The buzzing from the fly grew louder.

Jack saw it cross the window behind Barron's head. It was a huge bluebottle, fat with summer's ease, but now slow and vulnerable with the onset of autumn.

"Professor Huxley says you want to be a paleontologist," Barron said.

Jack, more than a little surprised at this line of questioning, stammered. "Yes, sir. Either that or an anthropologist."

"Really? What makes you think you can become either one of those?"

"I haven't given it much thought. I've always been interested in the past and—"

Barron pushed himself away from the desk and took a half turn in his chair. "Maybe you should consider history. Paleontology requires more than insight and a certain knack. Most of all it takes money. It takes connections and resources, things you do not have." He flipped a page. "Your father is a policeman? Your mother is a housewife? Am I correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is not what I call backing."

"Sir, it's not that I--"

"Do you think a bachelor's degree will open up doors for you? No. A bachelor's degree only gives you the ability to be mildly entertaining at cocktail parties should you find anyone with the slightest interest in old bones or pictures of people with ostrich feathers through their noses. You'll have to go to graduate school. You will need at least a master's degree to join any kind of academic or research staff and a doctorate for anyone to acknowledge your existence. Do you know how

much time and money it will cost? Do you think you can do it with a flatfooted cop for a father and housewife mother?

"My mother always told me to do what I want and things will take care of themselves in the long run."

"Really? Your mother said that?"

The fly buzzed loudly.

Barron spun around on his chair. His eyes lit up when he spotted his quarry. "I wish I'd had a mother like when I was growing up." He rolled up Jack's file jacket and dispatched the fly to the hereafter. "Got you." Barron crowed as he flicked the tiny corpse into the trashcan with the edge of the file.

Barron studied Jack for a moment, a hint of a smile rising in the corner of his mouth. "Professor Huxley sent your paper to me. You see, I am a paleontologist. Despite some glaring faults, your paper was quite remarkable for a freshman. I even made a copy of it for my collection."

He slid a neatly stapled paper across the table to Jack. "Very impressive. Mass extinction theories, iridium layers, comets, meteorites, dust clouds, climactic change, even viral epidemics. It would have been quite an accomplishment had you thought of all that yourself or at least included the required citations in your footnotes and bibliography. The ideas you presented assuredly are not your own."

"I didn't copy from anybody. I jus--"

"Picked the information out of thin air?"

"No. I remember stuff that I read. Nothing in particular, just a bit of everything, I guess. I don't know."

"Maybe you should study psychology instead of paleontology." Barron leaned back in his chair. "Nothing

comes out of nothing. It all comes from somewhere. We must recognize its where-ness and cite its why-ness. Otherwise, it does not exist. Do I make myself clear? Considering Madison's strict standards of academic discipline for scholarship as well as your noted penchant for coming in late, apparently still under the influence of the previous evening, consider yourself on probation until you can prove you are capable of better work than this otherwise detestable specimen. Do I make myself clear? You have until Monday to rewrite it."

He flicked on the intercom. "Miss Kugel, please prepare and have this student sign an academic probation form. Do you understand, Mr. Kelly?"

"Yes, sir."

Barron smiled. "Good. You are dismissed."

"Dismissed?"

"In a temporary, if not, as yet, permanent way. Mr. Kelly, higher education is a serious business. Your parents expect a good return on their investment. Do not disappoint them. Do not disappoint me. Do not disappoint Professor Huxley. We all expect great things from you. That is why you are here. Your paper indicates there is a possibility, but you must learn your lesson sooner than later. Please see my secretary on your way out. Good day."

"Yes, sir."

Barron watched Jack disappear through the door. He could see Miss Kugel rise from her desk as Jack approached, a concerned look on her face.

“That was refreshing,” he mused. He reached for his cigarette case, then retrieved Pinckney's invitation from the wastebasket and smoothed it on his desk. It was not too late.

Disconsolate, Jack trudged back to West Hall, nibbling the bitter end of the cherry danish that Miss Kugel had offered him to salve his wounded spirit. He thought of her sad eyes and how she had put her hand on his arm, telling him not to feel bad as he signed the probationary papers. His nose crinkled. Perfume? She wore perfume? He sniffed his sleeve. There was something there, a faint note of her. He wondered how he’d rewrite the paper. Maybe he should forget going to Boston that weekend or ever. He climbed up to his room. A note was thumbtacked to his door. He opened the envelope. The message read, "Janice wants to leave today. Can you make it? If so, meet us in the faculty parking lot at two p.m. sharp. Look for a yellow VW Bug. Robin XXOO”

Jack spun on his heels and whooped. The dark clouds above his head opened to rays of sunshine. He would rewrite the paper in the car. Or in Boston. Robin could help him.

He looked at his watch. It was 12:35. As he fumbled with the key to the door, he heard Spencer shout, "Wait a minute, man! Hold on a second." There was whispering and giggling and a rustle of sheets. The latch clicked. The door cracked slightly open.

Spencer peered out.

"Hey, Jack! Gloria came up a day early and I'm in the middle of something really important and--.” Jack stuck his foot in the doorway. "I need my stuff, Spencer. I got a note from Robin. She wants to leave today.”

"Hey, then it works out for both of us. Give me just a minute, all right?"

"Sure." Jack removed his foot.

Spencer closed the door. More rustling of sheets and whispers. Spencer reappeared in his bathrobe. Behind him, on the bed, Gloria had one of Spencer's oversized t-shirts pulled over her knees.

“Nice to meet you again,” she said as she lit a cigarette.

"Sorry about this, Gloria. Let me just get my things and I'll be out of your way," said Jack. He moved to his closet and threw clothes and books into his duffel bag. Soon he stood by the door ready to leave.

"Do you have everything?” Gloria asked.

"I have to stop by the library.”

"Have enough money? You'll be warm enough? Know who to call in case something goes wrong?" Gloria said.

"Don't forget your rubbers," Spencer said. "It might rain."

Jack grinned, waved goodbye and stepped out. The door closed and the lock clicked to a peal of giggling. He dashed to the parking lot. After a few minutes, he heard a car horn honk.

"Over here, Jack!" Robin rolled down the window of a yellow VW Bug resting her head on her folded arms on the frame. She smiled brightly. Her skin gleamed in the glow of the warm and fragrant Indian summer sun.

Jack stopped in his tracks. *She's beautiful! Look at her!* It was a heady moment. The open road beckoned. *I’m on a quest…* He shouldered his backpack and strode toward the car.

“Jack, I want you to meet Janice."

"Hi Jack. Nice to meet you." A nasal twang came from within the confines of the VW, which was overstuffed with suitcases and boxes of varying description.

Jack peered inside for a better look at his benefactor. Janice was a plump, dark-haired woman with goggle eyes and a large mouth set off by a conspicuous mole on the side of a somewhat porcine nose.

"Nice to meet you, Janice. Good to be riding with you."

"Anytime!" she squealed delightedly. "Let me pop my top so you can get your bag in." She reached down and pulled a lever.

The front hood of the Bug opened to reveal a trunk filled with more suitcases and boxes.

After some careful rearranging, Jack wedged in his backpack, closed the trunk, then squeezed himself into the back of the Bug. All his thoughts of Dr. Barron and Dr. Huxley evaporated as he watched Robin's hair stream in the autumn breeze as Janice revved the engine, noisily shifted the car into gear and gleefully honked the horn as she ran a red light and headed for the highway and the Great Beyond.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN - THE GREAT WHITE WAY

Lost in thought, Dr. Barron wandered through Central Park on his way back from the conference at the American Museum of Natural History. It had been years since he had been through the park, but that did not matter. What mattered was the small, fossilized, 65-million-year-old piece of bone that rolled backed and forth between his fingers. Pinky had given him the piece of bone as a souvenir of his triumph, but instead it seemed like a bitter relic of Barron's own failure. It had been a long day. He sat down on a park bench. A pigeon trotted up to him and pecked at his shoe.

The conference had been extraordinary. Two Tyrannosaurus Rex dug up in two vastly remote locations. Complete skeletons. Enormous size. Excellent condition. Late strata, as late as one could hope to find, at the very end of the Cretaceous, the last gasp of the Mesozoic, just beneath the layers of empty ash whose cause was the source of fevered speculation. Then there were the photographs. The tiny forearms, vestigial appendages at best, had disappeared. And there were other changes. The pelvic bone had undergone some modifications, becoming significantly more massive. Both beasts had evolved in some unseen direction. *But why?* The T. Rex's themselves were bigger than earlier finds. They weren't becoming vulnerable to other species. In fact, they were probably even more highly evolved. They were perfect reptiles like the great sharks, which had remained unchanged for the

last hundred million years, prowling the oceans' depths. Even cockroaches were perfect. Perfectly horrible. Nature had no need to weed them out.

The pigeon, itself a kind of feathered cockroach, finished pecking at Barron's shoe and looked at Barron with profound understanding.

He tried to give it a kick.

It fluttered to a safe distance and called for reinforcements.

Barron examined the bone again. It gleamed dully in the fading October gloom, a yellowish ivory veined with red crystalline deposits. Pinky said it was the tip of a *baculae*, a penile bone, a rarity found only in some mammals like a mink or tiger and first recorded in a reptile. Pinky said he wanted Barron to have a piece of the paleontological puzzle that would forever leave others guessing, but remain a private joke between old friends. He said such bones were used as talismans of virility and potency and were passed father to son among the nomadic tribes of the Gobi steppes.

Other bones had been found inside the skeleton, probably a last *hors d'oeuvre* before whatever it was that did him in. Indigestion perhaps? Hardening of the arteries? Not enough roughage? A lack of fiber? Barron thought of his wife's mealtime admonitions as she helped herself to seconds. *My wife. Another museum piece.*

The night before he'd taken the flight to New York, he'd lain sleepless and anxious in bed next to her warm flannel-wrapped body. He'd tried to remember what her skin felt like. He had slowly run his hand along her thigh and curled it around her soft unsuspecting belly.

Gently snoring, she'd remained contentedly inert.

He had moved his hand to her breast and fitted his body alongside hers and with his eyes still closed, placed a hopeful kiss on her neck. Yet he too, remained inert. Defeated, he rolled back to his side of the bed and the damnation of a fitful sleep.

The pigeon, cooing seductively, his feathers iridescent, pursued a glossy white female around the bench. She pecked at some crumbs as he mounted her.

Barron watched glumly. *Leda and the Swan? Hardly. Is that why they call it the birds and the bees? I wonder how the bees do it?* He mulled over this mysterious fact of life, still holding the bone. He felt a drop of cold water on his nose. He looked up. The City was wrapped in low overcast. Another drop, then another. He came to his feet.

The pigeons scattered in a rush of wings. Then all was silent. The park seemed strangely dark and deserted.

Barron clutched at the throat of the old Burberry raincoat he had bought at Harrods so many years ago.

A fog crept through the trees.

He looked around, trying to get his bearings. He could no longer see the turrets of the museum above the tree line. The light was fading and the gloom fast closing in. The streetlights had not been turned on in that strange hour of twilight before the City's neon illumination. He scanned his horizon for some familiar landmark. Nothing.

Where the hell am I? Barron clenched his teeth and walked toward what he hoped would be the nearest exit out of the park. *Where the hell is everyone?* A dark tunnel of trees opened up before him. He passed a culvert.

An old woman wrapped in a filthy blanket glared at him from a bench, jealously guarding her trove of shopping bags overflowing with rubbish.

Barron looked at his wristwatch, an old gold Bulova that had been an anniversary present. He was startled to see how late it was. *Maybe I can make it to a happy hour or something nearby. Get out of the rain.*

He continued down the path.

A cyclist zipped by him in a whir of wheels and disappeared around a bend. The wind picked up, swirling the fallen leaves and debris across his path. From the corner of his eye, he saw a figure moving through the trees along a ridge parallel to the path. He could make out only indistinct shadows that flickered in the light.

A mangy looking dog appeared out of the bushes and sniffed the air, then disappeared. The park was deathly quiet.

Still, Barron felt the presence of someone nearby. He felt the hair on the back of his neck rise up. There seemed to be another figure flitting from tree to tree on the other side of the path. He could feel his heart racing. Another branch snapped. Thoughts of all the newspaper stories about crimes in Central Park that he'd easily dismissed with his morning coffee flooded into his brain. *Ohmigod, what have I done? I'm going to get mugged. This is how it happens!*

Sure enough, a figure emerged out of the misty darkness and headed straight toward him. Barron saw the glow of lights up ahead. He broke into a run, grabbing his hat as it slipped off and crumpling it into his hand. The Burberry raincoat flapped as he ran. Barron broke through the wall of vegetation that

lined the park and into the street just as the jogger raced by him. Gasping and out of breath, Barron watched him disappear. He straggled to a bus shelter, where he slumped atop the bench. He sat for a few minutes with his head between his knees until he regained his composure and sense of self.

"God, I could do with a drink," he said aloud just to give himself the comfort and company of his own voice. "Just get the hell out of here!" He walked to the street corner and looked at the sign. *Broadway. How about that! Haven't been on this street in ages!* He looked down the boulevard toward the lights. *That must be Times Square! Should be able to get a decent drink somewhere.* A look of puzzlement came over his face. *Was it "Hello Dolly!" or "Funny Girl?"* He stood against a lamp post. He slapped his knee. *I know, it was "My Fair Lady!" That's right. Julie Andrews and Rex Harrison!* He hummed. '*I could have danced all night.' That's it, of course!* He walked along, punctuated by an occasional skip or a little soft-shoe at the corners. *Let's see what's playing along the Great White Way. A million lights, a million broken hearts along the Boulevard of Dreams. Maybe it isn't too late to catch a show!* Pleased with his new found sense of freedom he hummed a medley of show tunes in the evening air and strode merrily onwards like a moth to a flame.

His eyes widened with astonishment as he stared at the blazing canopy of marquee lights that screamed, "XXX Action. Live Sex On Stage" Barron's feet moved beneath him in a sleepwalker's shuffle through a surrealistic dreamscape. He stood outside the New Amsterdam Theatre and gazed up.

"*Deep Throat?" What kind of movie title is that? What the hell is going on here?*

Strange-looking clusters of people swirled about him in some inexplicable floorshow. People shouted on the street corners or hurled themselves across traffic. Feral-looking children played card games atop turned-over trash cans. A man with a megaphone called to Jesus while his flock brandished signs at the traffic. People sold watches, trinkets and jewelry from blankets that blocked the sidewalk. Others seemed to stand around, muttering to others who stopped to initiate bizarre exchanges of handshakes, touches and salutes.

Barron leaned against a wall, pressing against the brick to make himself invisible. He felt very much alone, lost in a sea of unfamiliar faces. This was New York, but it was not *his* New York. It was not his once-around-the-park-in-a-horse-drawn-cab, then let's-have-dinner-at-the-Plaza New York. *Who the hell are these people?* He tried to focus on the swirl of motion to catch a telling glimpse or detail. These people were not the well-suited, white-shirt-and-tie, fur-stoled, high-heeled, single-strand-of-pearls crowd who went to the theatre and had a nightcap at Sardi's.

There were the inevitable urban negroes with mustaches and goatees beneath incongruous sunglasses and baseball caps. That he understood. But there were other dark faces as well, some a brilliant ebony or dusky olive with lean delicate features and shiny wavy hair. Barron's ears pricked a smattering of words from the shadows. He heard Spanish and some kind of French. What are they doing down here? This wasn't Harlem.

The air was full of strange perfumes, spices, tobacco and sweat. His senses were aroused. A panoply of people flowed past him. There were Sikhs in turbans, all forms of Orientals, West Indians and Arabs. The few Americans were mostly hollowed eyed stringy-haired men down hard on their luck. They stooped over bottles in doorways, cadged cigarettes from passersby or fingered coin return slots of pay phone booths that reeked of urine. Barron heard a bottle break, then the sound of someone retching. He held the collar of his Burberry raincoat to his nose as he walked through the wreckage.

From of the corner of his eye, something caught his attention. He stopped in wonderment. *What the hell are they doing here?* He saw a lone white couple approaching. The woman's hair was a perfect nimbus of silver. The man's bald head gleamed wetly beneath the lights.

A panhandler jostled them, asking for change and cursing at them as they brushed past him. The woman clutched her patent leather handbag to her side. She and the man looked lost and afraid.

Must be tourists.

The man stepped off the curb and tried to hail a taxi that whizzed by just as the crowd closed in on him and his companion like a hungry animal.

"Here you go, man! Check it out! Check it out! You won't be sorry!" In front of Barron was a slender young man who wore a Yankees baseball jacket and whose face was deeply pitted by acne. He held out a piece of paper to Barron, snapping it loudly and thrusting it into Barron's grasp.

As if startled from a trance, Barron held the piece of paper. On it was a picture of a topless blonde girl, who held her breasts gathered in her hands and leered at him. He stared at her heavily mascaraed eyes, which betrayed no trace of shame, and her mouth, which pouted in provocation. *She's probably the same age as many of my students. Nineteen, twenty or twenty-one. Does she know what she's doing? Does she realize men will think the worst of her? Is she under duress or threat of blackmail? Maybe from her pimp? Is she doped up and in desperate need of doing anything to get her next fix? Isn't that how pimps do it? Preying on young girls who come to the City from Minnesota? She's a big blonde girl. Nordic stock. The kind a certain type of men want. Highest price. Ran away from home. Wanted to be a star. Got off the bus to be welcomed by a pimp with a big velvet hat and flashy jewelry? I've seen pictures of them.*

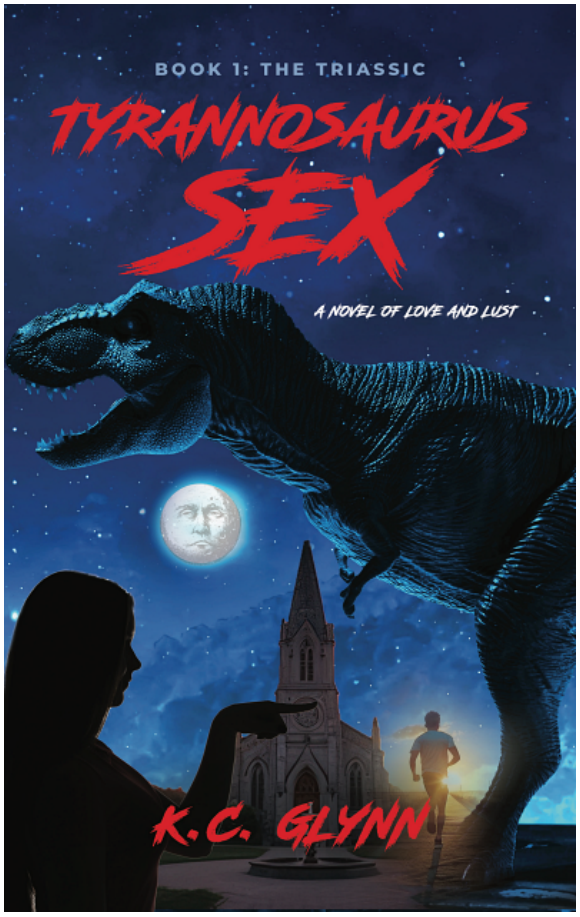
A tall black man holding a white woman's hand walked by. *White slavery they used to call it.* Barron studied the picture. *Maybe she was scared to death when they took it. Afraid of being beaten. Or worse. Like the Black Dahlia. Sawn in half. Kitty Genovese. Nobody lifted a finger. Read it all the time in the newspapers. Where is she from? Do her parents know? What kind of people are they? God-fearing farming folk who pray every night that their daughter will return to the safety of their home and the bedroom they've kept just as it was since the day she ran away? Or maybe they aren't those kind of people at all. Maybe she ran away from some squalid cabin in the hills with chicken houses made of rusted hulks of cars perched on cinderblocks and no running water just an old*

outhouse down by the creek, where her drunken degenerate toothless step-father pawed her budding body for years until she couldn't take it anymore and ran away! Maybe she had step-brothers as well, all lusting for a piece of her! Jeb! Clem! Jethro! Billy Bob! Isn't that what they name them? What kind of names are those? What was the title of that movie? 'Deliverance?' Isn't that what they do there? Run through the woods, inbreeding?

Barron scrutinized the face in the picture, trying to see past the rouge and elaborate wig. He sighed and felt a pang. The woman seemed strangely familiar. *What brought her to New York, this place and a piece of paper tossed in the gutter*? He crumpled the leaflet, then looked at it again. It was that look in her eyes. He fumbled inside his suit pocket for his glasses and stepped into the light from a streetlamp.

He gasped in horror. "It's Anne! It's my daughter!" he cried. He slumped against a lamppost, staring at her picture. The fine print at the bottom of the leaflet read, "The Harem - Full Body Massage - 10% off with this coupon. Corner of 8th and 45th. Open 6 p.m. - 4 a.m." A wave of panic crashed over him. He began walking in circles.

Something in his trouser pocket grated against his thigh. He thrust his hand into the pocket. It was the bone. All 65 million years of it. A fierce pain flared in his head. He pulled out the relic and shook it before his eyes. He wrapped the bone in the flyer, stuffed it into his pocket and headed out to find his daughter.



Tyrannosaurus Sex is a time-bending dark comedy combining not only paleontology with psychology but sexuality and the supernatural as Jack Kelly goes off to Madison College to find the girl of his dreams only to find his nemesis instead.

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