



Intriguing cover, huh?

Samples
from
MAYAN CALENDAR GIRLS

The Great Meso-American Novel



The very last word in very last words.

Light, vital reading to kill what time we have left.



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THE 'SHROOM FACTOR



Early on in "Mayan Calendar Girls" Town Hardley's famous father tells him that Mexican "*hongos*" will find him when he's ready. But the main visitation of psycho-fungus lands on the very mixed bag of the experienced Loris and Winston, along with newbies, pro hard guy Bannock and stifled Mayan girl, Xchab.



A few snippets from chapters:

SKELETON CREW

The darkness was full of skeletons.

Not a novelty.

Well, these were a little different from most of the skulls and bones clanking around in Winston's bummer dreams. Whole different attitude.

As he crept forward through the darkness, white grins popped out on either side, soared around overhead. Not your Day of the Dead types, not grisly Lost Temple stuff, either. More like Cemetery Spring Break. These skeletons frolicked, essentially. They paddled kayaks, balanced on surfboards far over his head, sat three deep on motorcycles, zoomed on jet skis, waved beers and margarita glasses. They wore tourist trap sombreros and NBA jerseys. They waved at him, made out with each other,

This had felt like a prophetic dream from the start, but he was beginning to have his doubts as he wafted along through the cavorting dead. He shouldered past a bunch of skeletal mariachis with old silver horns and entered another chamber, this one better lighted and painted with murals of Mexican revolutions and colonial life. Overhead was a balloon with two dead in the gondola, dressed like Villa and Zapata. Winston mentally shrugged and ghosted on, smoothly dollying in on dreamwheels.

He passed a table set with fruit and bottles, two handsome skeleton couples dressed to the nines for luxury dining. A skeleton parrot sat on the shoulder of the woman with the silvery gown. Then he saw the other table, over in the corner, and knew this particular dream was about to cut to the chase.

Four skeletons sat at this table: two dressed in the satire finery of fatcats in murals by Rivera and Orozco, a big-boned male in funeral suit sat across from them beside a set of gleaming white bones clothed in an embroidered peasant *huipil*. A shower of gold fell from the darkness above, flitting around before coalescing into a golden, translucent skull floating above the table and regarding him with eyes like holes punched in Hell's back furnace. Winston, no stranger to the appearance of deities (benign, malign or design) in his visions and occasionally real life, was wiped out. He felt like falling to his knees in front of this pulsing, luminous creature whose eyes spoke of vision permanently focused past infinity.

In a thunderous echo owing much to The Great Oz, the skull spoke to him thus: "Are you trippin', fool?"

"Who, me?" Winston said out of reflex. "No way. I wish."

The skull's glow throbbed like wind-stoked embers. "That's what you think."

"Actually, I think I'm dreaming."

"Dream on, turkey." The skull thundered. "Tomorrow night I'll be right at this table. Be there or beware."

The terrible glow faded, and the skull diminished without relinquishing eye contact. It was almost invisible when it suddenly popped back to full resolution and fireflush pulsation. "Oh, yeah. Bring shrooms."

[Don't Miss the Video depicting this chapter!](#)

TELEMPATHY

"I saw him in a dream. Big gold, glowing skull hovering right over this very table. He told me to come see him. Bring shrooms."

Everybody goggled a bit except Loris, who purred, "And did you?"

"Wouldn't you?" Winston shrugged. "A summons like that?"

"Won't you sit down?" Loris pushed out a vacant chair and caught the waiter's eye. "You and your friend?"

"For Christ's sake, Bannock," Fric remonstrated. "Did I miss a sign out front: Welcome Rainbow People Conventioneers?"

But by then it was pretty obvious to everybody, even their own sneering bodyguard, that it was time to cut the crap. Talk turned once again to money as the waiter laid glasses of sangria and bowls of chips and guacamole in front of the newcomers. Xchab was on the edge of her chair, inhaling the sound, look and smell of money, power, and self-satisfaction.

Winston leaned towards Loris, who met him halfway. "Excuse me, but do you happen to see anything kind of, you know... hovering... around my faithful Indian companion? Like, buzzing her, maybe?"

Loris took a measured look at Xchab, not breaking it when the girl turned to spot her gaze and twitched away like a mouse caught in the pantry. Finally she told him, "Nothing but the clouded aura of a seeker in turmoil. Why do you ask?"

Winston's turn to stare. He cruised her shamelessly, then smiled and patted her arm. "Ah. I believe we might be family."

CLUB MEDS

Loris turned to Bannock, cupping the sacraments between her breasts. She quietly took in his reluctance and smiled.

"You know, the first time I ate these things I was a completely different person." She stared past him, into some temporal inner distance. "They squared me away, put my life into a different order."

"I thought that was oXo's job." He spoke lightly, but was actually very interested in her past. A first for him. He wanted all of it, everything about her.

"Simplest answer; they worked hand in hand."

"So how long ago was this different person?" How much past baggage could she have at her age, anyway?

"Not as long as you'd think. I was a cheerleader, how do you like that?"

"I can see you cheering people up. Kind of unexpected, though."

"Not really. I was definitely attractive. I was also a neurotic, grasping, manipulative, shallow little rotten twat. All social, just what looks best and how can you get it. Messed up."

"Kind of typical, though."

"Worse than par, I'd say. I was a very messed-up kid. I was heading for suicide or one of the installment plan suicides lots of my friends had already signed on for."

"But you dropped acid and traded your pom-poms for tom-toms?"

"It was a process. But I'd have to say that drugs saved my life."

"Try not to give any speeches at PTA rallies, okay?"

Her only answer was holding out cupped hands full of *p. cubensis*

"So your opinion as a professional healer/weirdo is that I should eat this disgusting crap?"

"Absolutely. Cross my heart."

"Okay, but I gotta tell you..."

She leaned in quickly, stopping him with a quick brush of her lips. "No you don't."

Bannock bowed his head to sniff the fungus in her hands. They had a little smell, but faint amid her vanilla soap, faint musk, and clean, silvery personal scent. He carefully picked out half the shrooms, then paused.

"Should I chew them up?"

"Not recommended. They taste nasty. Just get them down the hatch quick as you can."

He popped them in his mouth, bent to scoop up a handful of the lukewarm Caribe water, and lapped it like a dog to chase them home. "Well. That's that. Do I get my money back if I end up drooling in a loonybin somewhere?"

She stepped close to him and cupped his cheek with her free hand. She stared into his eyes from six inches away, luminous under the moon. "We're going to be just fine."

And he believed her. Maybe that was what it really was about her all along: he believed her.

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