



McTIGHER

# A TOWN ON A LAKE

Written by Andrew H. Kuharevich

A TOWN ON A LAKE  
WRITTEN BY ANDREW H. KUHAREVICZ  
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# A TOWN ON A LAKE

SKETCHES AND WORDS BY **ANDREW H.  
KUHAREVICZ**



# A TOWN ON A LAKE **PART 1**

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(IT'S ALL ABOUT LEARNING HOW TO DANCE...)

WITHIN THE early Wild West days of Post Borderland there's a town on a lake. After the swing of the roaring twenties and the beat of the nineteen fifties, generations removed from the decay of flower power what you'll find is in the bubble of imagination there's only water.

This is a short story about fragmented bricks. It takes place during a time when Nietzsche is dead and robots roam the night's sky. The culture of Borderland has replaced words with pictures. The greatest generation of western history has been buried. Old factories are without walls. There are no enemies. There is nothing.

A town on a lake is a story about what might come next. The setting is post the plastic-playground days. It changes with the seasons. It's as cold as February nineteenth. It's as warm as sleeping outside on July twenty-fourth. It's about love. The only hate you'll find in the entire book is induced by confusion. It was drafted on a typewriter. It's a book of sketches. Its pages contain instructions for future humans. The reader will learn how to become a time traveler, how to skip stones like a professional baseball player, and by the end of the narrative you'll learn how to walk away.

As you've already read, 'A town on a lake', is a story told through the eyes of a cyborg. This strange truth doesn't matter. It is encouraged that the reader should place this information in the back of their mind without deleting it completely.

That's about all you need to know. There is no warning for what you're about to read. It's only about life. It will only invite those alive to keep living. A town on a lake is the book of war. It doesn't stop until it stops. There's a storm...

MY NAME is Adroit. My adopted parent's last name was Gonzaga. My human mother named me Sebastian. It was her great grandfather's name. My social security card reads:

SEBASTIAN ADROIT GONZAGA	
	361-92-6785
NATIONAL OF BORDERLAND	

I DON'T like the name Sebastian. It's not really my name. My name is Adroit. I'm a beta model cyborg. I contain high-level low-level top-down processing and enhanced memory cognition. The program was part of an experiment on human children. It was conducted by The Control Media Group in Association with the University of Borderland. The experiment failed. Control Media Group no longer exists. I became aware of space/time during the spring of 1983. I live in a town on a lake. This is my story...



BEING A cyborg is the same thing as being a regular human being. Nobody knows what I really am. Even the ones that do don't care. I'm treated the same as every other local.

After college I got a doctorate in sociology. A year and a half later I was a full time research professor at the University of Borderland. Sometime even later I had a partial memory collapse while working in the field of theoretical artificial intelligence. I wanted to die. The world went to war. I didn't see a point. My doctor told me that I was probably depressed. My life spiraled. I was asked to leave my teaching post because I started drinking too much.

Leaving the big city I ended up in the town. For a while I worked at a gas station. They said I didn't interact well with the locals and savages. They said I was weird.

Being fired again I started making books. Some were made from my words and some were made from others. I make them by hand.

I live on the top of a hill overlooking the lake in a small detached porch. I'm allowed to go inside the house only to clean up and make my meals. The people I rent from died. The Bank of Borderland said that I can stay here

until the end of summer. It's the winter. When it's fall I have to leave.

Time goes by so fast. I don't know what's coming next. About six months ago I started writing a novel. What you're reading isn't the novel. This is only a short story, or novella, as some Organics call them. It's about what's here. It's about a town on a lake.

# ONE DAY

I woke up to the realization that the generation I was born into was old. The spring of youth was over. My friends had careers and some had died, some were teachers and even one of my best friends from the research program was now a Lawyer. After he heard about my malfunction he came into town. Back then Pengra changed programs because he said it was too difficult on his mind. He drove all the way from the big city to see how I was doing. We had a good talk. He saw the town. I showed him the lake. We drank some beers. He saw how I was doing. He left.

And I remember the last night when He was here we laughed about how He's literally making more gold in one week than I do in an entire year. He said...

"Adroit, nobody reads books anymore."

"Sure they do" I said.

"What are you going to do?" He said.

"When?"

"Now."

"For what?" I said.

"For gold? Don't you want to have your own family soon? You can't live here forever. Look at this place. You live in a hut with a good view. Why don't you just go back?"

"Back to where?"

“Good point” He said.

“I don’t have a clue.”

“Me neither Sebastian, me neither.”

“I hate when people call me that...”

“It’s your damn name Adroit. You always have to be so serious....”

“Pengra, you’re a damn lawyer...”

“Yes I am, and you’re a damn writer or bookmaker or whatever the hell you are these days. You don’t think they would hire you back to teach? You seem to be alright...”

“Perhaps, that is, if they didn’t terminate the entire program.”

“What? The university slashed the research? That’s insane. That was close to a billion credits from the government.”

“Well that’s exactly what happened. It came from the top executive too. No questions asked. It was done. They told us that we would never figure it out. We tried to explain to them that we needed more than two years to map out what consciousness is. They said they needed the drones to be powered with artificial intelligence now or more citizens of Borderland would die. We worked almost twenty hours a day on the problem. I couldn’t handle it. In the end it didn’t even matter...”

“I don’t understand. Damn. The choices we make...”

“I don’t either. But that’s why...”

Pengra left. He went back to the big city. When the conversation was over the morning came. He went home. I was here looking at the lake. I was alone.

# WHERE WAS I?

I was walking somewhere. I was listening to the earth. It was night. I haven't been sleeping well lately. I've been sketching and writing because I felt like I was going to have another great malfunction. If that happened I'd probably just go offline forever. I was too old to lose it. I'd already fallen as far as you could fall. There wasn't anything down there anymore to save me. I had to keep my cool.

Instead of going mental I took a shower. The shower saved me. The ritual of taking a shower is meditation. The standing in the dark and seeing my thoughts go down the drain was calming. I was thinking about how soon I'll be sleeping. I need to sleep. I haven't been able to sleep at all lately. I don't care. I'm sleeping tonight. I've been so lost. I don't know. I suppose it's only life. There's not much to it. These are only words about wanting to sleep. It's still the winter...

**Within the** early Wild West days of Post Borderland  
there exists a town on a lake...

**NOTE ONE: A TOWN ON A LAKE** is a scholarly article about the  
relation between birds and the abacus. It's about human tradition and  
savage mating rituals. The main character is a cyborg. The story is  
about War and learning how to dance.

**NOTE TWO: A TOWN ON A LAKE** is a story. It has a beginning  
and an end. It's a book for adults. It starts the final minutes of the  
second great economic depression. It's about music and staying in  
shape. It's about courage and hands that feel like dead leaves. It ends in  
a tree house. There's a storm...

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