



A Novel by Toomey Starks

Book Three

by

Robert Nagle

Dedication

On July 29, 2000, a voice was prematurely silenced. It was a voice that resonated with life. A clear, articulate voice that exemplified all the good things, with only an occasional bad joke thrown in just to spice things up. It was the voice of a profound imagination, a keenly aware and perceptive mind, an almost oppressively well-read intellect, and a spirit that embraced the universe. It was the voice of Toomey Starks.

Toomey was telling us a story when he was unexpectedly called away on otherworldly business. He never got to finish it. Those who know the story know that his Sara was just opening her eyes again when her creator's eyes were closed. She has stood, frozen, in Wayans' Chicago office/bunker since that fateful day.

The way his story "ended" was a cliff hanger of sad, and even chilling, significance (although I'm sure Toomey didn't plan it that way!). He fully intended to complete his fable of Susan, and her Sara. He even told us how.

It is from his posted outline of intent that I have taken it upon myself to take up the thread that has passed from his hand, and carry it to the end. Toomey's story continues here. Sara's story continues here, and Susan's too. Not in the original author's words, perhaps, but, hopefully, in the spirit that he, not only embodied, but expressed so well.

This effort is undertaken with deep admiration, and respect. It is humbly dedicated to the memory of Toomey Starks.

Susan

The Amazing Adventures of Sara Corel

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Coda

Preface

Wait. Hold on a second. The title page says: "A novel", the authorship being accredited to one person, and then "Book 3", the authorship of which is accredited to another person? Something doesn't add up here. Some background about this "Book 3" is probably in order.

While it is out of the ordinary to encounter a creative work that was begun by one person, and then completed by another, it's not unheard of. There is historical precedence for such collaborations - one of the most notable being Rimsky-Korsakov, who brought a number of Mussorgsky's scores to completion after the later died. There are two reasons for the phenomenon, the first being the inability of the originating author to continue, the second, and more important reason, is the intrinsic merit of the unfinished artwork's fundamental idea.

I have often said - to the exhaustion of some - that Toomey had a beautiful, wonderful idea in Susan. We've all dreamed of what the eventual - and inevitable - meeting of our world with another will be like, but few have expressed that dream in such an innocent, and civilized, yet realistic way. It struck a significant chord in me, because, in my own work, I attempt to deal with fantastic situations realistically.

Knowing of Toomey's passing by the time I got to the end of Susan, Book 2, I felt an appalling sense of wrong. Every esthetic fiber in my being shrieked: This is not how this should end! Sara had hardly begun to discover herself, Susan was still just a mysterious, undefined, yet powerful presence, Alex was incarcerated for knowing the wrong person, and for being a good parent. Worst of all: By the end of Book 2, the bad guys had won! It was wrong, wrong, wrong!

I felt called upon to act. I tried contacting people, I surfed the net - searching almost frantically for whatever there might be of Book 3. There was nothing . . . except a spare outline of what Toomey had in mind for the third book's structure. I was devastated, and filled with such a sense of loss that I cursed the fates - along with a few other things. Eventually though, I reluctantly concluded, "Well, that's that." I accepted that the ending of "Susan" would never be known, and went about getting on with my life, but then, something inside me said, "Oh no ya don't."

Dinah was the first to speak, then Lanna started talking. Mrs. J told me in no

uncertain terms, "Ve did nyot be comink all this vay for nothink!" Louise agreed. Wayans started putting in his two cents. That's when I got mad, and thought, "You're not gettin' away with this, buster!" He just smiled. He didn't need to laugh. With the way things had turned out, he already had gotten away with it. Then Sara started telling me things. She was unhappy, and angry. She didn't want to be confused anymore. She wanted a place in the world. One day she said, "Rob, there's someone I'd like you to meet." I looked up, and that's when Susan said, "**Hi.**"

I put work on my own novel, "Passages", aside, and started writing.

So here it is: Susan, Book 3. Some things are different - I have made some minor changes. The ethnically nondescript Mrs. J is now a full blooded Russian, her full name being Olga Barishkova Jachimczyk. I wanted to get away from the distancing formality of the "Mrs." form of address. Putting her on a first name basis along with the other major characters solved that problem, but then I found that referring to her as "Ekaterina" all the time was a bit cumbersome. Shortening the name to "Ekat" sounded too much like someone giving voice to a bad taste in their mouth, hence - Olga. Bruce Wayans is now Marshall Wayans. "Bruce" is simply not a presidential name. Lanna is now blond. Louise is a redhead. And Sara now spells her official name as: Susan P. Rgrl. You'll find out why later.

Aside from her name spelling, the only thing about Sara in Book 3 that may give the experienced reader pause is reference to the substance on the surface of her form that affords her spherical perception. I've chosen to call it a network of "perceptual photons". As covered in Book 2, it is the equivalent of her visual sight since her actual eyes are purely cosmetic in nature, and serve no perceptual function. This network of photons, however, is in no way related to her "kreening" ability.

The reader is advised that this is the third book of a trilogy of books which make up this story. It is, therefore, not going to make much sense without a knowledge of what has gone on before. Books 1, and 2, of "Susan" are available on Toomey's 'NiceWork' website. It is as he left it on July 27, 2000 - two days before his passing. This internet [link](#) will take you to the table of contents. There are other of his writings in the "Proper Waffles" section, some related to "Susan", some not. His work is worth your look.