

# *Another Form*

PATERSONS IN MISSOURI



*David Carlyle*

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Patersons in Missouri  
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# Prologue

*Another Form* is the second book in a four-generation, two-book saga. The story of Erroll and Kenzie Paterson continues when they step off a ship in New York in the year 1912; their return to New York completes a round trip started 25 years earlier. Erroll's father, John, had taken the children to Scotland so he could accept a job he believed better than his US job, after he ran out of money when his wife died in childbirth, and after Kenzie's mother abandoned her to him.

The Patersons endure poverty, intrigue, and physical danger at high intensity before they decide to return to the US, and at near-impossible intensity after they buy a seller-financed farm in Missouri from a traveling salesman. They travel more than 120 miles to a Scottish port, and are pursued by a rifle-toting, would-be Kenzie lover, the son of a murderous imposter. Mr. and Mrs. Ed McDowell and two families of Bradleys provide essential help during their walk, and a food wagon from Tiny Kirk in Inverness helped them before the walk.

Their poverty continues in the US for a time, as they learn shocking details about Kenzie's mother, their pursuer, the imposter, and their capacity to help people left behind.



# Chapter 1

1912

**Erroll and Kenzie** walked near the middle of the group getting off, when their ship from Glasgow Port arrived in New York. They stepped off the pier onto US land, Erroll looked triumphantly at Kenzie, and exclaimed, “We’re back, Kenzie! We’re back!”

Kenzie tightened her grip on Erroll and said, “I’m going to kiss you now, Erroll.” He didn’t react to her kiss for the first time in his life.

They enjoyed the return to their native land and engaged in a short celebration, but only a short one. They knew they had no money, but they didn’t know where to go or what to do. They expected to soon suffer and stink; exuberant Kenzie became befuddled Kenzie, when Erroll asked, “What do we do now?”

“I have no idea, Erroll.” But then befuddled Kenzie became instructor and interrogator. “We find our train if it exists . . . you have the tickets. Don’t you know?”

“The tickets are in my pocket, still in the jar you put them in. I’ll get them, but we need to know where to find the train, Kenzie. Maybe directions are written on the tickets.” He fumbled in his pocket, pulled out the jar, and found the tickets inside it. His eyes scanned words on a ticket. “It says something about Chicago—”

“You’re a great woodsman, Erroll, but you know nothing about cities. We’re in New York, not Chicago. We have several train tickets and you’re looking at the wrong one.”

“Maybe. But this ticket also has ‘New York’ written on it. Perhaps it’s for a ride from here to there . . . to Chicago?”

“Let me look.” Kenzie grabbed the ticket from Erroll and studied it. “Yes, this is a ticket we want. Do you have another like it?”

“We have two of everything, don’t we? Yes, here’s another one.”

“You keep that one, Erroll, put the others back in the jar, and I’ll keep this one. We must now suppose there’s a train, board it if we can find it, and hope there really is a farm for us at the end of the ride.”

“Do you know where the train is, Kenzie?”

Kenzie snapped, “Do I have to know everything for both of us?” After a pause, culminated by a frown, she added, “How can I know where a train is, that probably doesn’t exist? I wonder how we can find out? We’ll never know if there really is a farm in ‘Missouri,’ or wherever, unless the tickets are real, and there’s a train somewhere.”

“Do you have a safe pocket for your ticket, Kenzie?”

“Yes, I—”

“I see a bunch of people lined up to go past that counter over there, Kenzie. They’re showing papers to the man wearing a uniform. Maybe he knows where a train is.”

She frowned again. “Perhaps. Let’s rest here until the line’s shorter.” They sat on a bench for a while, and Erroll found their UK/US citizenship papers. They entered the line and showed the papers to the uniformed man. He pronounced the papers fine, and said they could go on.

Erroll didn’t move on when the man permitted it, but inquired about his train ticket. The man replied, “Let me see it.”

Erroll handed the ticket to the man, he glanced at it, and advised, “You want Penn Station.” He gave the ticket back to Erroll, looked at the couple behind them in line, and called, “Next.”

Erroll tried to learn more. “Can you tell me where Penn Station is, Sir?”

“Can’t you see I got a job here? Keep moving.”

“But I’m new here, Sir, I don’t—”

“I got no time for you. Move on.”

Erroll turned to Kenzie again. “The man says we want to go to Penn Station.”

“That’s no help, Erroll. I don’t suppose you know where Penn Station is. Gullible as you are, you probably think it exists, but we don’t even know that much.”

“I don’t know where it is, but maybe somebody does. Let’s get out of this crowd of newcomers, and try to find somebody who lives here.” They heard directions to Penn Station they couldn’t interpret, including, “It’s in midtown,” and “Over on Seventh Avenue.” The best answer they received incorporated a pointed finger. “It’s up that way.”

They walked a long time, and Kenzie lagged behind. “Do you think we should ask again?”

“If the guy told us right about the direction, all we have to do is walk until we stumble across it.”

“What if he’s wrong? What if we’re off by twenty degrees? Maybe we already walked past it and don’t know it. I’m not convinced New York has a place called ‘Penn Station,’ but even if it does, we’ll never find it.”

“Trains make noise and smoke, Kenzie. We’ll hear it or smell it if we get close.”

“I’m going to ask someone, Erroll.” People milled all about, and she asked the nearest person.

The lady responded, “It’s that way.” She pointed too, and added, “But it’s at least a couple miles.”

Kenzie thanked the lady, and then asked Erroll, “How many km is that?”

“I don’t know, Kenzie, but a mile’s bigger than a km, so it’s more than two km.”

They continued their walk/ask sequence, and reached a huge building labeled ‘Penn Station,’ about an hour after dark. They went in, asked a few more times, and found a locked ticket booth with a schedule posted on a window. According to the schedule, a train—their train—would leave for Chicago the next morning. They had no money, no food, and no prospect of food, but they were hungry. They

waited on a nearby bench, because Kenzie said she supposed they couldn't camp in the vicinity.

"Did we come all this way on a wild goose chase, Erroll, merely to be lost in a huge city and probably starve to death?"

"No, Kenzie. I don't know how we'll eat, and I'm hungry too, but we'll find something. We always do."

"The stuff you find is a fruit tree in the woods, or a young rabbit you can catch. I don't think we'll see anything like that in New York. I don't know what Chicago looks like, but it could be as bad."

They waited on the bench all night, and didn't eat or sleep. They stunk up the area so much they had the bench to themselves, their stomachs growled, and their once-clean clothes showed grime when the train arrived the next day. They nevertheless boarded the train and found their assigned spot, a sleeper, scheduled to travel more than twenty-four hours to Chicago. They grinned when they saw bunks, cleaned up in a nearby restroom, and crashed into the bunks. They felt nothing except their hunger when they awoke, however.

Kenzie inquired, "How much money's in the jar?"

"I'll look." He counted five coins. "Exactly sixty pence."

Kenzie accepted the information impassively at first, but then put her hand to her head. "You know what, Erroll? I bet UK money's no good in the US. . . . we should've spent the last of it before we left."

Erroll's countenance reflected Kenzie's stricken look. "Oh, no. You're probably right. Even if you're wrong, I have no idea how much food we can buy with it, but I'm about to find out."

"Don't bother, Erroll. Nothing works out for us, ever."

"Oh, Kenzie, don't you remember the McDowells? The Bradleys, the boss's liveryman and butler back in Scotland? How can you say nothing works out for us?"

"If you can buy anything with sixty pence, I'll get down on my knees and beg your forgiveness."

"Begin to practice; I'm on the way." Erroll went out of the sleeper



room and turned toward a 'Dining Car' sign, but met a man in a uniform, with a tray piled high with food.

Erroll already had the money in his hand, and offered it to the man in exchange for the food on the tray. The man said he intended to deliver the food to somebody else, but he wanted to investigate the UK money. He asked Erroll to wait until he returned, so he waited. The man took the tray into a nearby sleeper room, came back out with an older man, introduced the old guy as a coin collector, and asked Erroll to show the man his money.

The older man questioned, "What do you want for that, Son?"

He replied, "I don't know what it's worth, but you can have it all if you buy my wife and me a tray of food like you received, and you'll probably save our lives. You can't imagine how hungry we are."

The old man smiled. "What you have there is ordinary money I can go to any bank and buy at face value. It's worth sixty pence, and no more, but I don't like to think I'm on a train with hungry people. I'll bring that food and give it to you; you can keep your money."

Erroll tried to thank the man. "Mr. . . . what's your name?"

"Never mind about my name. I'll be back with the tray." The man went into his sleeper car, and came out with it. He gave it to Erroll, chuckled, and resumed, "I'm giving you the food only; the tray belongs to the railroad, and you can leave it in your car in Chicago."

Erroll accepted the tray and tried again to thank the man, but he went away almost as fast as he appeared, so Erroll turned to the man in the uniform. "Please, please tell that guy how much I appreciate this food. And I appreciate you for arranging it. Thank you. I'll try to repay you when I can. What's your name?"

The man in uniform said he just wanted to help, and then disappeared into the dining car.

Erroll went back to his own car and showed the tray to Kenzie. "Let's see you do that knee business!"

“Erroll! How did you do that?” Kenzie didn’t go to her knees, but instead joined him as he ate.

Erroll crammed food in his mouth and couldn’t immediately tell Kenzie how he did it, but when he could, he quipped, “I’ll never tell.” She didn’t follow up, and he never told. They ate all the food before they stopped, but it filled them.

The train arrived at Chicago Union Station on Monday, the next day, and they went from the train into another big station. They exited their first train rested, clean, and only mildly hungry, in contrast to their condition when they boarded it. They waited another long time and didn’t bother to look outside, but again sat on a bench. The title of their second train included strange city names they didn’t know, the Chicago, Peoria, and St. Louis train, and they had coach seats rather than a sleeper car. They left Chicago late Monday afternoon, and arrived in St. Louis Tuesday morning. They slept in their coach car, but didn’t have food, and complained about potential starvation to each other before they entered St. Louis Union Station.

Kenzie saw a sign in the station about a ‘People Feeder Group,’ offering food to homeless people, and pointed it out. “We must go there, Erroll. I know you don’t want charity, but we’re truly desperate. Do you realize it’s Tuesday, and we last ate on Sunday night?”

“You might not believe it, Kenzie, but I agree with you this time. Before we go, though, we need to make sure we don’t go away so long we miss our train to Rounder. We gotta learn when it goes before we do anything else.” Their ticket specified a train called the MKT, and a posted schedule showed it would depart at midnight. They returned their attention to food, asked several people, and eventually found someone to tell them how to find the People Feeder Group. They walked a long way, but the walk worked out kinks after their long sit on the train.

They waited with a bunch of other people at the Group, ate, and Kenzie commented, “I loved that. Don’t you think food tastes better when we’re about to starve?”

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“Perhaps, but maybe there’s still more food, Kenzie. Some people over there have cake.”

“You don’t need cake, Erroll. You ate more meatloaf and potatoes than any ten men should eat!”

“I can eat more cake than any ten men should eat, too. You watch.” Erroll didn’t do as he promised, but he ate two pieces of cake, and Kenzie did indeed watch.

After Erroll finished his cake, Kenzie proposed, “We can walk back to the train station now unless you can think of something better to do.”

“No, I’m ready. We can sit on a bench there as well as here.” During the walk back to the station, Erroll asked, “Are you ready to admit there’s a Missouri? A sign over there says we’re in it.”

“All right, so there’s a Missouri. We still don’t know there’s a place called Rounder, or that we have a farm there.”

“I guess we’ll have to wait and see, Kenzie.”

They sat when they returned to Union Station. Their train to Rounder departed in the middle of the night, and arrived at Rounder on Wednesday afternoon, July 31, 1912. They walked from the train onto a simple outdoor platform at Rounder, instead of into another huge building like they found at previous stops. The train tickets Kenzie doubted, took them to a place close to their alleged farm, but they didn’t know what to do next. They didn’t know how to find the Mrs. Shier the salesman mentioned, and had never communicated with her, so she couldn’t know they were in Rounder, even if she existed. The train left the station, and Kenzie offered a challenge. “We’re about to find out if you talked us into a long trip for nothing, Erroll, and I think you did. I don’t think there’s a farm here. We’re stuck out here in the middle of nowhere, hungry, tired, and with nothing.”

He ignored her pessimism. “There’s a man in the little building right beside us, Kenzie. Maybe he can tell us something; I’ll ask him.”

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He stepped directly off the wood structure into the building. “We’re here to see Mrs. Cecelia Shier. Do you know how we can find her?”

The guy in the building grinned, and replied, “Sure do. Cecelia lives here in town. She told me to watch for you and to ring her up when you come in. She’s on the same line with the station, so I won’t even have to go through central.”

The man went to a device on a wall, turned a small crank two full turns, paused, did it again, then cranked it twice more, about a half turn each time. He talked at the center of the device, held a piece of it to his ear, and told Erroll, “Cecelia’ll be here in about five minutes.” As the man predicted, a lady in an almost new 1912 Chevrolet soon drove into a dusty lot by the wood platform. The man looked at Erroll, jerked his head toward the motorcar, and stated, “That’s her.”