

Chapter 14

Wednesday morning, July 6

Victor, Colorado

Lindsay woke up. At first she had no idea where she was. She checked to see if she had clothes on. Lindsay felt someone's naked legs beside her. She feared the worst. But wait! The legs were smooth. Like a flash of lightening against a cloudy sky she remembered last night.

She got up. Her legs were wobbly at first. She had a headache and she was cold. She went to the bedroom and took off her shorts and top. She walked to the chest of drawers and pulled out the bottom drawer. Lindsay picked out a pair of navy blue pants with pleats. As she put the pants on she laughed to herself about their wine tasting party. *Little Boomey packs a punch.*

Lindsay closed the bottom drawer and opened the top drawer. She picked out a gray cotton sweater and put it on. Then she checked her wristwatch. It was five past seven. Her stomach reminded her it was empty. Lindsay walked out of the bedroom, through the living room and into the kitchen.

She prepared scrambled eggs, whole wheat toast with butter, four pancakes and four strips of bacon. Oh-oh. *We forgot to get coffee.* She glanced at a tea catalog and

she decided to fix some of Kadie's tea. She took Heather's share of food into the living room and let the cooked bacon smell waft into Heather's nostrils.

"What happened?" Heather mumbled questioningly.

"Wake up sleepyhead." thrust

Heather recognized Lindsay's voice or was it her mom's voice?

"Where in hell am I?" she mumbled. "Get off me! Oh shit! My head hurts."

When she fully regained consciousness she got up.

"You have breakfast ready? What time is it?"

"Twenty five after seven."

Heather screamed.

Lindsay giggled.

"Come eat. Then I'll help you dress for your nine o'clock piano lesson."

Lindsay helped a shaky Heather get into the kitchen.

"I'm sorry, Heather. We forgot to get cold cereal and coffee."

Heather made a strange throat sound.

"Don't fear. I looked in the Stash Tea Catalog. The amount of caffeine in black tea is equivalent to four cups of coffee," said Lindsay as she set a Polish mug of hot black tea in front of her friend.

Heather sipped some tea, ate some scrambled eggs and sipped more tea. She then ate a slice of bacon and poured syrup on a pancake. The pancake tasted good. She ate most of it. As the tea cooled she drank liberally of the dark amber liquid. As Heather

finished eating the pancake she nibbled on some bacon. She finished the slice of toast and eggs.

“How are you going to teach the youngsters when you don’t have any music?” asked Lindsay.

“If they can read music I’ll write some notes for them. If they’re beginners I’ll teach them the scale.”

“Are you going to finish the tea?”

“Why.”

“If you leave some I’ll taste it.”

Heather pushed the mug in front of Lindsay.

Lindsay saw the mug was about one third full. She drank it all down. She liked the English Breakfast black tea too.

Heather got up and went to the bedroom.

Lindsay got up and followed her.

“Why don’t you wear a skirt and top,” suggested Lindsay.

When Heather looked askance Lindsay got her black skirt out of the closet.

Heather put it on.

Lindsay handed Heather a pink blouse with a lacey neck.

Heather put it on.

Lindsay brushed Heather’s hair.

Heather looked in the mirror.

“Thanks, Lindsay.”

“Your welcome.”

Lindsay returned to the living room and picked up the wine bottle and glasses. She took the items to the kitchen. She finished her meal and polished it off with a glass of milk. Then she washed the dishes, tidied up the kitchen and put the wine bottle in a cupboard.

Knock, knock.

Lindsay went to the door and opened it.

“Good morning,” said Mrs. Hunsacker.

“Good morning. Please come in.”

Patty’s children walked in.

Their mom followed.

“Good morning,” said Heather.

She looked at the kids.

“What are your names and ages?”

“I’m Christy. I’m eleven.”

“I’m Mathew and I’m nine.”

“I’m Miss Heather Peterson.”

The girl bowed.

“Pleased to meet you,” said the boy.

“Who wants to go first?”

“I think Christy can be first,” said Mrs. Hunsacker.

Christy walked to the piano bench, smoothed her dress and sat down.

“Can you play the notes of the scale with your right hand?”

Christy used her index finger to pick out the notes.

“Good,” said Heather. “Do you know a song?”

Christy played *Heart and Soul*.

“You use your left hand very well. Would you be interested in learning Dream, Dream Dream?”

“Oh yes I would very much.”

As Heather began to teach the young lady a priceless song Lindsay slipped out the back door. She opened the fence and walked to the car.

“Excuse me.”

Lindsay looked at a girl with long blonde hair. Her black Tee had GIRL printed on it. She appeared to be fourteen or fifteen. She reminded Lindsay of herself at that age.

“Could you direct me to the place where a piano teacher is?”

“It’s right here. Her name is Miss Heather Peterson. I’m Miss Lindsay Britton. We’re here for the summer.”

The girl smiled.

“My name is Julie Moore.”

Lindsay led Julie up the steps.

Julie knocked.

“Oh!” said Heather as she opened the door.”

“Are you the piano teacher?” asked Julie.

“Yes. Please come in.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ll be back by noon,” said Lindsay. “See you.”

“See you,” said Heather with a widening smile.

Lindsay skipped down the steps and walked toward the highway. She smiled to herself when she saw a young mother and her daughter of about eight years.

“Are you looking for the piano teacher?” asked Lindsay.

“Yes we are,” said the mother.

Lindsay gave her the address.

“Thanks.”

Lindsay nodded.

Lindsay jogged to the highway. As she looked out over the area Lindsay saw Bell Mountain. She turned and looked at Bull Mountain. The vista is similar to many other mountain scenes, except gold was found here. It all began with a gold strike near Cripple Creek in 1890 — the later part of the Victorian age. Men from around the globe hurried here to try to strike it rich. Few succeeded. Most of them failed. The gold seekers brought their wives and children who had to make the best of it in a place where there was no municipal water supply or homes. Later on when the town of Cripple Creek flourished it burned to the ground. It was rebuilt.

Though Cripple Creek got the credit for being at the center of the rich mining properties, Victor was at ground zero. Nowadays people come to Victor to get a glimpse of the mining empire that was. Surface mining continues atop Battle Mountain. Giant heaps of tailings are visible on the road to Cripple Creek. The old mines remain

as skeletons of that era. Cripple Creek became a gambling town. Buses from Colorado Springs bring people in to gamble on slots and tables daily.

Women know why gold is important. Gold Rings, bracelets, drops and chokers catch a gal's eye. The rest of the world needed additional gold at the going rate of about \$20 an ounce. The miners never dreamed that gold would reach \$600 an ounce in the twentieth century?

On Dimitri Mendeleev's periodic chart of the elements the symbol for gold is Au. The atomic number is 79. It has an atomic weight of 196.967. It is a heavy element. In contrast the symbol for silver is Ag. It has an atomic number of 47. Silver is a lighter element than gold is. The atomic weight for silver is 107.868.

Copper, silver and gold are in the same column on the chart. It means they each have the same number of electrons in the outer orbit — at the atomic level. In copper mines a significant amount of silver and gold is found in the ore. The copper companies sell silver and gold and it generates income for running the mines.

Many times in gold mines an amount of silver is a byproduct. In the Victor mining district it wasn't true. Gold came as specks in calavarite, tellurite and. The ore is crushed and processed to extract the gold.

A small fraction of the gold seekers that came to Colorado didn't find gold. They worked in the mines for meager pay and sometimes horrific and dangerous conditions. Early mining required a man with a hammer and a man with a chisel. Bam went the hammer. The other man rotated the chisel to prevent a bias. Bam went the hammer and so on. When they had a hole ready another crew tamped black powder in the hole and

added a fuse. After the explosion a crew collected the ore and moved it outside for processing.

Later on nitro glycerin was used for blasting. It's a touchy compound and sometimes the slightest jiggle could set it off. Dynamite took its place. Old dynamite crystallized and it could blow up. Nowadays a gel called Prell is used. Deep in the mine Prell is a liquid. Near 2000 feet below the surface ground water becomes a problem. As the mines pumped the water out and dug deeper hot temperatures presented a barrier.

If you visit a local saloon you may hear old timers say the mother lode is still down in the guts of the mountain and mining companies wait until the day that technology will make it possible to go down there and look for it.

Lindsay walked inside city hall.

"Hello, I'm Lindsay Britton. My friend and are wondering if the town of Victor would look favorably on a karate school for beginners."

"Could I see some identification?"

I slipped my passport and my police badge through the window.

"We would be honored to have this school in Victor."

"Is there a building where we could have school?"

"Try the art league building," she said as she returned the IDs.

"Where would I find someone o talk to?"

"Go see Mr. Perkins at the printing shop."

"I will. Thanks."

I walked outside. Then I walked two blocks to the printing shop.

As I entered the store I noticed his wife wasn't there.

"Can I help you?"

He moved his fingers across my naked body. My skin thrilled to his touch. I sucked on his index finger as I reached for him. Then I put his index finger on my most sensitive place. I was hot! I moved down and swallowed as much of him as I could. My back arched high as I prepared him.

"Miss?"

As he entered me I pushed myself into him on each thrust. My first orgasm was stellar. My second one blew my mind.

"Hello. Miss?"

"What. Oh! I'm sorry. I was a thousand miles away."

"You wanted to see me?"

"My friend and I are Karate enthusiasts. I wonder if the city would be receptive to a karate demonstration on main street?"

"That would be a big draw."

"Then I would like to open a karate school in the arts league building."

"Are you good at it?"

"Heather and I have black belts."

"Do you have some ID?"

Lindsay proudly showed him her passport and Police ID.

"I see. That's great. Would you have extra photos I could use for publicity?"

“Yes.”

Lindsay looked in her red bag for the extra photos that Suzie gave her.

“Here we go,” said Lindsay as she handed Mr. Perkins a photo of Heather and a photo of herself.

“Can you come by tomorrow around this time?”

“Of course.”

Lindsay smiled.

“Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me yet.”

“Okay.”

Lindsay left the building and walked outside. She decided to go to the museum. Then she planned to run home and help Heather.