

SHEBA BLAKE PUBLISHING

aftermath

JAMES LANE ALLEN



SHEBA BLAKE PUBLISHING

aftermath

JAMES LANE ALLEN



James Lane Allen

Aftermath

First published by Sheba Blake Publishing Corp. 2021

Copyright © 2021 by James Lane Allen

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.

This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental.

James Lane Allen asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

First edition

Cover art by Sheba Blake

Editing by Sheba Blake

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy

Find out more at reedsy.com



Contents

I

II

III

IV

V

VI

VII

VIII

About the Author

I

I was happily at work this morning among my butterbeans—a vegetable of solid merit and of a far greater suitability to my palate than such bovine watery growths as the squash and the beet. Georgiana came to her garden window and stood watching me.

“You work those butterbeans as though you loved *them*,” she said, scornfully.

“I do love them. I love all vines.”

“Are you cultivating them as vines or as vegetables?”

“It makes no difference to nature.”

“Do you expect me to be a vine when we are married?”

“I hope you’ll not turn out a mere vegetable. How should you like to be my Virginia-creeper?”

“And what would you be?”

“Well, what would you like? A sort of honeysuckle frame?”

“Oh, anything! Only support me and give me plenty of room to bloom.”

I do not always reply to Georgiana, though I always could if I chose. Whenever I remain silent about anything she changes the subject.

“Did you know that Sylvia once wrote a poem on a vegetable?”

“I did not.”

“You don’t speak as though you cared.”