

## An E-mail Concerning Writers Group in the Year 2111

*By Dennis Knight*

To: Irzu@wg-wg.com  
Date: August 1, 2111  
Subject: Writer's Group Meeting

Dear Irzu,

I hope this note finds you well. Unfortunately, I will not be able to attend this morning's Writer's Group meeting because I had a teleportation journey yesterday that turned out badly. I had beamed off to Boston to follow up on some research. The journey east went well, but on the return trip my atoms ran into turbulence over Cleveland and my right ear ended up in Chicago. I need to grab a quick teleportation to the windy city this morning and find it.

I was back east doing research on vertical transportations devices in those old fashioned skyscrapers, a system that was revolutionized a hundred years ago by one of my crazy ancestors with his invention of the PPD (personal propulsion device). He was in the Windsor Gardens Writer's Group back then and I not only inherited that danged website from him but I got the old coot's apartment, the one with the gold carpet from 1968.

If I am unable to locate my ear and establish molecular reunification of same, I may need to drop out of the Writer's Group. I mean, it was already hard enough for me to hear the old codgers, and I'm about deaf in the ear I've got left. I might be able read their lips if they enunciate, but the mutterers are hopeless for me. So you see my quick teleportation to Chicago is necessary and unavoidable.

I was going to do potpourri anyway, because this week's assignment is the dangdest one ever. I have no idea what things might be like in the year 2211, and you know how I am about just making things up.

Well, Irzu, I hope you kill them all with your piece for this week and I appreciate your conveying my regrets to the members. See you all in a week,

Kudzu Knight