

## Excerpt from *Bends of Time Book 1* (Comedy/Fantasy Novel)

Josiah Lebowitz

After retying their horses closer to the inn, Shiko and Dias approached the not very impressive building. For one thing it was small, much smaller than any other inn they had seen. There was no stable, so to speak, just a rundown shed standing off to the side that looked like even two horses would be crowding it. And, while the outside of most inns was a bustle of activity around midday with patrons moving in and out and stable boys hurrying to accommodate for their horses, here you could have heard a pin drop on the road. Actually, considering how positively dull the place was, hearing a pin drop would seem incredibly fun and exciting by comparison. With a deep sigh, our heroes steeled themselves and stepped inside this dark inner sanctum of boredom and mediocrity.

The inside of the common room was just like the outside, small and boring. Two others sat at one of the few tables, both had the look of farmers in for a day to break the monotony of their rigorous life on the farms. Shiko and Dias took the table nearest to the bar and watched as a middle aged woman, who looked to be the innkeeper, cook, and serving girl rolled into one, approached.

“What’ll you have?” she asked in a bored gravelly voice.

“What are the choices?” Shiko asked, trying not to get her hopes up.

“There aren’t any. We only serve one thing.”

“Then why do you ask people what they want?” Dias frowned.

“Cause that’s my job. Makes the customers feel more important,” Dias and Shiko rolled their eyes in unison.

“What exactly do you serve?” Shiko ran a hand through her slightly tangled brown hair.

“You don’t want to know.”

“Ok, we’ll take two,” Dias replied in a much too cheerful voice.