

Postcard from Panoria

by Joe Nobel

“The border guards check the size of your pencil when you’re entering Panoria. Mine was 19.2 cm. See, here's my receipt. They made me countersign it,” Taz said to his lunch date.

“Yes, they do that,” Ellie told him in her Panorian accent. She smiled as she looked back at him over the café table. “It is silly, but life is even harder when you live here. Not only do we have to register how many pencils we have and how long they are, we are only allowed to write on paper with a carbon copy. We have to turn in a duplicate of whatever we write. If it doesn't match how much pencil we use, we have to account for the difference.”

“Wow, it isn't like that in Westernessee. I can write on anything I want. But, I never do. If I need to make a note to myself, I just tell my nTab and it reminds me.” He held the device

out to her.

“Nice, I see you have the newest model,” she said. “You can get them here, too. But, they have disabled almost all the features. All you can really use them for is phone calls. So, I don’t buy one.”

“Funny, the guards at the border didn't much look for anything else. I guess they're all wound up about pencils.”

“That's the way it is here. They're all idiots — at least fifty years behind the times. So, Taz, tell me what's it like driving across the prairie sea to get here?”

“I slept through most of it,” he said. “The last little country I visited on our side was Cubikland. People are polite there. The streets are clean. But, I've seen their quaint villages before. So after a day there, I just pulled on the highway heading east. I set the cruise control, and after a few hours of watching the wheat and corn fields ripple in the breeze, I dozed off. Next thing I know, my car is pulling to a stop at Panoria's border checkpoint.”

Taz had stayed with his cousin's extended family for a few days in their house in Barna, Panoria's capitol. However, the old aunts and uncles just wanted Taz to sit around and talk to them even though he only spoke little of their language, which made conversation painfully slow. His five nephews and nieces, whose ages were between three and twelve, had been all giggles when his car found its way to their address with Taz sleeping at the wheel. They were wide-eyed when he passed out a bag of Westernesse candy, but later, these same kids just annoyed him with the way they played around in his car, incessantly raising the roof then pulling it down again.

He had explored the neighborhood in the first few days. His cousin lived in at 7/4 Batheny Stair. That's what they were: stairs. They led up a hill that was too steep for roads.

They were the 4th house on the 7th landing. As Taz came and went, he'd wondered how people got heavy things, like furniture, up and down until he saw a crew of laborers carrying pallets of bricks and sacks of cement on their backs even further up the stairs. In Westernessee, they'd just lift whatever material was needed on a mega-crane. The charm and quaintness of the neighborhood wore off quickly.

His cousin saw Taz's restlessness with the slow pace of their lives and found him a cottage he could rent for a week or two. It was in Senvar, a town by an inland sea, a real sea, with water. It was a popular tourist town with lots of swimming, sailing, and night life.

Taz found himself a few days later sitting across a café table staring at a brown-eyed girl. He'd met her in one of Senvar's hot spots the previous night. Taz had picked her out from among a group of her friends and asked her to dance. She accepted, and they spent the rest of the evening together. She spoke Westernessee with a dreamy Panorian accent.

She met him the next day in a café in the town's main square for lunch.

"You know," she said, "we can't be more than friends."

"Oh?"

"Yes. The authorities would frown upon that."

"Really? Why?"

"Because everyone is equal here," she said quietly. "If you make — how you say? — bed-time with me, then you are obligated to make with everyone."

"Everyone? That's silly!" He smiled. "Of course, that could be fun, if everyone is as cute as you."

"And then I must do with everyone, too. It is only fair. Everyone must be equal."

"Ugh! Then how do people get married and have kids?"

“Oh, that is different. In reality, we do have friends, and when we find someone we apply to get married. The authorities do a compatibility test. The couple is almost never refused. Then, they marry. But, for singles it's different.”

“That’s terrible!” he said. “You must all be so frustrated.”

“There are rules,” she winked. “Then, there are rules.”

Ellie took Taz for a walk along the bluff that looked out over the inland sea. She led him to a spot away from the festive tourist night life. When they were well into their walk the wind picked up and a misty rain started to fall. The cool air was a welcome relief to the dry summer heat, but soon Taz felt goose bumps along his arms and back. Yet, he never stopped wondering what Ellie meant by “rules and rules”.

“Come.” She took him by the hand. “I know of an abandoned castle just a little ways inland from here.” She pointed to a trail in the grass. “It used to belong to a millionaire before the Great Equalizing. No one will come up here, now that the weather has turned bad.”

By the time they got to the old granite structure, the mist had turned into a wind-whipped rain. They ran the last hundred feet to keep from getting soaked.

“I think we could be here for a few hours,” Taz said as he looked out a window from which the glass and frames had long been removed. They found a small room in the back side of the castle that may have been a bedroom at one time. Now, it only stored a pile of hay for a nearby farm.

“Brrrr, now I am chilled,” Ellie said, as she turned and hugged him.

“I can remedy that,” he said. He took off his backpack and pulled out a can of instant

fire. He placed it on the floor away from the hay and built a cairn of rocks around it. With a pop from his control key, the can ignited and began to warm the rocks.

“This should heat the room in no time,” he told her. “And the glowing rocks will keep us warm long after the instant fire is exhausted.”

“You bring so many curious things from Westernessee,” she said. “It must be fascinating to live there.”

“Well, it’s mostly ordinary —”

She kissed him before he could finish his sentence. It wasn’t a polite peck on the cheek, rather, was a full-frontal attack on his lips. She held him against her as their lips locked. He fell back onto the bed of hay with her on top of him. Their legs intertwined. He sensed the heat in her loins, the urgency, the need.

“Wow,” he said.

“No one’s watching us here,” she whispered as she took his hand and pressed it against her bosom.

“Now I understand what you mean by there being rules, and there being rules.”

“We’re breaking both kinds,” she murmured, as she unzipped his fly and reached into his pants.

Taz had always considered himself an average kind of guy in Westernessee, holding down an average job, and living in an average apartment. Now, it dawned on him, that while visiting Panoria, he’d always be considered two or three cuts above average, just because he came from a far-off (and more advanced) land. Perhaps he was taking advantage of her, but Ellie was so willing, and so giving. And, he sensed that she desperately needed him.

He fondled the breasts she so freely offered. He let her feel the cock in his pants grow

to its full splendor.

“Take off your wet clothes,” he said.

She did. He watched as she pulled off her windbreaker, then blouse, then bra. Not even waiting for him to do the honors. Then she attacked his shirt, unbuttoning it with a fury. She cast it aside, then held her body against his. He felt her fever again, not just in her loins, but in her breasts and belly, and everywhere her skin touched his.

Ellie moaned as if she was coming just by rubbing her nipples against his bare skin. She buried her head in his chest, kissing him along his rippled abdomen. It was as if she were memorizing his every scent, sucking in every molecule of testosterone his pores exuded.

He rolled her over in the hay. With him on top, he unclasped her skirt and pulled it off. He slipped out of his jeans while she watched. She reached for him, taking hold of his bulge, not even waiting for him to pull down his underwear. She gasped in pleasure when he pulled his briefs off, and his cock sprung up in its freedom. He entered her, shoving his member furiously into her pussy: and fury was precisely what she needed. She arched her back, taking him all the way.

They made love while the cairn-fire warmed the room, until the rain stopped. By then, the sun started setting. They lay in each others arms watching the clouds roll away, making way for the setting sun.

“We should be going,” Taz said, lazily. “I think our clothes have dried, and it will get dark soon. Why don’t I take you out to dinner? There’s that tourist-only restaurant by the beach.”

“No,” she interrupted. “I can’t see you tonight. I have to be somewhere. Perhaps we can have lunch again, maybe tomorrow?” She kissed him. “Then maybe we can have

another hike. There are many abandoned houses by the sea.”

All the way back to town he wondered what her other plans could be. Did she have enough of him for one time? She was clearly satisfied with his performance, so why put up the barriers? Was she afraid or ashamed to be seen with him? Then Taz had another thought, what if she had another date set up for the night? Something that was arranged long before their chance encounter.

They met for lunch every day for the rest of the week. Afterwards, Ellie would take Taz to some attraction in Senvar or the outlying countryside. Sometimes it was a museum, an art gallery, or an old church. Other times, a vineyard or an abandoned castle. In any case, she’s sneak him away afterwards to some long-forgotten building in the fields overlooking the inland sea. There, they would make furious love. She would leave him in the evenings, never offering an explanation. On Saturday night, however, Ellie succumbed to his invitations and met him at that tourist-only restaurant by the beech.

She marveled at the silver tableware and white table clothes, and at all the tourists from Westernesse. She watched what they ordered and how they ate. Ellie was hesitant to order a cocktail and ordered the house wine instead. Taz suspected that she wasn’t familiar with the names of mixed drinks from the other side of the prairie sea. He ordered the same wine.

When the main dish arrived, she said, “This doesn’t taste any better than I can get at an every-day restaurant.”

He smiled and shrugged. “See, you haven’t been missing much,” he said.

“As a child, I always wondered what it is like inside a place for only foreigners. I was so heartbroken that I could not go in. Now, I am a little bit disappointed that there is not more to this.”

Just then a man pushed his way in the front door and past the maitre d'. He sported unruly hair and had a bushy mustache that was all too common for Panorian men. He also wore a typical threadbare tweed jacket and crinkled brown pants. He stared at them with round brown eyes almost popping out of his head. All-in-all, his look pigeonholed him as a lower-middle class factory worker on his day off. His demeanor didn't alter Taz's impression.

He stood before Ellie, bearing down at her

“What are you doing here?” was all Taz understood this man spat his words.

“What are you doing here?” Ellie answered just as fast. “Can't you leave me alone while I'm having dinner?”

“What's going on?” Taz stood up, facing this man. “And who the fuck are you?”

Two waiters and the maitre d' ran up and grabbed this man by the arm. He pulled away from them, planting if feet firmly by the table.

“This is Joko,” Ellie said. “We are in the same card-playing club.”

“So, you are the one stealing Ellie from us!” Joko turned to Taz.

“You must leave,” the maitre d' said.

“What are you talking about?” Taz said, not backing down. “I haven't stolen anyone!”

“Since you are seeing Ellie, she no longer participating at club events. She just sitting around, watching. It is like one less member having we. It is not fair. It is not being equal. I know is different in Westernessee, but here everyone equal! Everyone share!”

“Joko, I never shared my bed making with you, and you know it!” Ellie snapped. “I

didn't feel like making bed with anyone in the club in the last few days, yes it's true. But, it is not your concern why. Even if I would have, I would never be it with you! And, you know that is true!"

Ellie's comment about there being rules, and there being rules came back to Taz. Of course, this "club" is where singles got together for their illicit sexual fun. This Joko had been spurned, and instead of realizing he should move on, is being a jerk.

"You want to share!" Taz snapped. "You want to have sex with everyone equally! Then, come on! Try and get a piece of me!"

"Joko, go away!" Ellie was almost in tears but she stood between the two men before one of them would throw a punch.

"Come, you must leave. Now!" the maitre d' said, this time his tone was not at all polite. The two waiters grabbed Joko by the arms again, this time they didn't let go. They dragged him out. Joko shouted swears back at Taz telling him where he could shove a horses cock.

"Don't worry about that petty little man," Taz said as he sat back down, but by then Ellie was crying.

"I can't stay," she said. Then, without saying anything more, she ran out the back door.

Taz ran after her, but he lost her in the throng of late-night tourist on the beach's promenade.

"Ellie!" he called to her. "Come back!"

She wasn't at their usual café the next day. Taz agitated over his coffee, watching and waiting for her. My mid-afternoon the café had emptied out, leaving only Taz and another solitary figure two tables away. Taz couldn't help but notice the man in the black suit-jacket. He kept a black fedora on the seat beside him.

Taz wondered who'd dress like that on a hot summer day in a tourist town. He looks like he belongs to the dreaded EQUAL. Taz wasn't sure what the EQUAL acronym stood for, but he knew them to be the Panorian secret police.

"Your guest no arrive?" the man said, when he caught Taz staring. "You know, my young fellow, sometimes a tourist from Westernessee stick foot in where it doesn't belong. Maybe stick other part of body in also, yes?" The man moved his chair to Taz's table. He leaned over and looked Taz in the eye. "My name is Goron. My advice to young man is to maybe he should go back home, not overstay welcome."

Blood drained from Taz's face. He realized this man was, in fact, an EQUAL agent.

"Where's Ellie!" Taz said. He felt his heart leap up his throat.

"Young lady is no concern of yours," Goron said, shrugging his shoulders.

"But, she is my concern. If I got her into some kind of trouble, I want to help. Although, I fail to see how either of us did anything wrong."

"You are naïve about our ways," Goron said. He even smiled for a moment. "We have rule in Panoria. Everyone is equal. If one person gets pleasure of a beautiful woman, then in all fairness, everyone deserves the same. But you see how unpractical that could be: it is only an ideal. After all, we can't expect your sweet Ellie to have sex with all twenty million Panorians. So young people make themselves secret clubs, like for example Ellie's card-playing club. It is within that circle that they share each other, but among themselves they do

it equally. So this way, it stays within our ideal of equality. This may sound strange to you, but it works for us.” Goran cocked an eyebrow. “So you are concerned about Ellie?” He stood up and slowly put his hat back upon his head. “You will to come with me.”

Taz stood. He wondered how wise it is to go with the Panorian secret police. There was a small black car waiting across the plaza. Goron ushered him forward with a wave and a nod. Taz realized the invitation wasn't optional.

Goron drove to a nondescript and somewhat decaying building far away from the tourist center of town. It was just another building in a row of warehouses. There were no signs on the door. This is the kind of places people disappear from, Taz thought.

Inside, the building looked like a run down police station. It had about twenty desks in two rows. Each desk was piled high with papers no one had bothered to file. Goron led Taz to his desk at the far end of the squad room. Joko sat on an old wooden chair against a wall. Ellie sat nervously on a bench against the opposite wall. She looked at Taz with apprehension when he walked past. She then quickly lowered her eyes. Joko stared at Taz with daggers in his eyes. It looked like he'd been roughed up.

“Please, to have seat,” Goron ushered to a chair beside his desk. “You will soon see what passes for equality in Panoria. Sad but true.” He nodded towards a pillory sitting on a small stage at the back of the room. He then nodded to two of his goonish looking men; both wore the same standard-issue black suit.

The two men led Ellie to the pillory. She walked in resignation between them. They directed her to lay her head in the cutout on the center of the cross board. Then they told her

to place her wrists in each of the small cutouts. One of the men lowered the top piece, locking her head and hands in place. The other pulled down Ellie's underpants and lifted her dress above her back. She complied when they ordered her to spread her legs and lift her bottom high.

"To equalize things, everyone will have chance to have what you have had with her," Goron said, betraying little emotion.

"Everyone?" Taz protested.

"Everyone here," Goron expanded. "In room."

"This is just an excuse for you guys to rape her," Taz grumbled, sick to his stomach. "Why her and not me instead?"

"No one wants you, my foreign friend. They want pretty girl. Maybe Zofi and Anika. They are our two women agents. But they already said no. They no want you, sorry."

Taz pulled out his nTab. He'd downloaded the Panoria Traveler package before he left for his trip. He knew that one of the volumes contained Panorian law.

"Under what law does Ellie have to submit this shit?" Taz asked Goron. Without waiting for an answer he rattled off a query into the nTab. "Look," he held the display out to Goron, "it says, she has to pay a maximum of a three Pengo fine!"

"This is amazing," Goron said. His eyes almost popped out. "nTab of latest model! Fully functional! I no can get such!"

Taz took a deep breath, not daring to betray his fear, but he was about to offer a bribe. Goron and the EQUAL could make him disappear if they wanted to. He slowly placed the tiny information gadget onto of the pile of papers on the desk and pushed it over to Goron's side.

“You like?” Taz asked, moving his hand away when the nTab was under Goron’s nose. “Three Pengo fine?”

Goron grabbed the device and quickly pocketed it.

“You pay three Pengo fine for Ellie!” Goron snapped. “Then your lovely lady can to go.” Then he turned to his men, already lining up behind Ellie, and he shouted something quickly in Panorian. There was a loud shouting match between Goron and the first man waiting to take Ellie; his fly was already down. Goron prevailed against his subordinates and the men stomped away, disappointed.

“My men are not too happy,” Goron said.

“Tell them I have a carton of Westernesse cigarettes in my car for them.”

Taz didn’t see Ellie after that. She was lead out the back door, and he, the front. He was advised to go back to Barna, and from there leave Panoria quickly. As he left, he looked back and saw Joko, still seated in the same chair. He suspected that the EQUAL boys would rough him up some more before releasing him.

Taz spent the next day at his cousin’s at 7/4 Batheny Stair, still not fully getting a grip on how he'd saved Ellie from a gang rape with a little electronic gadget. He didn't feel like relaying the story to his host family.

His cousin and extended family showered Taz with presents, both for him and their Westernesse relatives. They gave him letters to pass on: letters written with illegal pencils on paper without carbon copies. The old aunts also prepared more food for his trip home than he’d know what to do with — the Westernesse customs agents would confiscate any food

telling him that foreign food from equalized countries was somehow unsanitary.

After a restless night's sleep thinking about Ellie, he said his farewells to his Panorian relatives, put the top down in his car and drove off toward the highway. At the first intersection, just barely out of site of his waving nephews and nieces, he saw a woman standing at the bus stop. As he drove by her, he thought how remarkably she looked like Ellie. He slammed on the brakes and backed up when he realized it was, indeed, Ellie.

"I thought you would drive right by me," she said.

"Are you all right?" Taz rattled his questions. "How did you get up to Barna? What are you doing here?"

"I came by bus. I wanted to see you one last time," she said. "So, can I get in?"

"Um, yeah."

She jumped in the open sportster without opening the door. He leaned across and kissed her.

"So drive, already," she said. "I'll come with you as far as the border. I will take a bus back."

"I wish I could take you with me," he said. "I think I've fallen in love with you."

"It is not love," she said. "It is infatuation you feel. But if it makes you feel worse, I'm just as much in love with you."

"This really stinks. I wish the Panorians would let you come along with me."

"The Panorians would let me out," she said. "They would be happy to get rid of me. It is the Westnesse side that won't let me in. Your side makes everything unequal. Westnesse is messing up the world — taking all the crops from the prairie sea even though you only have twenty percent of the population."

Taz looked at her, not knowing what to say.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to make you feel guilty. Really, the Westernessee side is not that bad compared to Panoria. Here, I have something for you. These are cufflinks my father passed down to me.” She handed him the gold and sapphire jewels.

“They’re beautiful. But, I can’t accept them.”

“Take them. I want you to. Just get them out of Panoria before EQUAL discovers them.”

Taz clipped the cufflinks into his own cuffs. He then set the cruise control just as they turned onto the highway. There was no traffic on this six lane road. Few people in Panoria had much cause to go towards the border.

“It’s an hour before the crossing,” she said as she climbed into the back seat. “Come back here with me.”

Taz followed her, leaving the car to do the driving.

“That’s better,” she said. “Now, come here.” She pulled him towards herself by his shirt collar. She kissed him then fell back onto the seat, pulling him with her. He unbuttoned her blouse, she pulled off his tee. All the while the car sped down the highway with the cruise control set at 160 kilometers per hour.

They finished undressing each other in the back seat, stowing their clothes on the floor so the wind wouldn’t carry them away. They stayed low, so that when they passed the occasional Panorian car pattering along in the slow lane the occupants wouldn’t see them.

His body against hers. Her back against the leather. She fished for his cock reaching between their bodies. They were fevered with passion as she teased her own clit with his cockhead. She arched her back when she pushed his member in, despite him laying on top of

her. They moaned in mutual passion as they gyrated against each other.

When his car passed a convoy of trucks going up a long uphill incline, each driver honked his horn. The last trucker in the convoy must have radioed the others ahead to be on the lookout. Taz and Ellie just laughed at the impromptu exhibitionism when they left the convoy behind. They soon crested the hill and the road leveled out on a plateau. They were now about a half hour before the border.

Their lovemaking doubled in intensity, for the urgency was all too real. When she came, she clutched his back and wrapped her legs around his butt, pulling him all the deeper into her. He, too, came. He orgasmed when she was at the peak of her climax and her inner walls tightened around his engorged cock, making it impossible to resist her.

They lay in bliss in each others arms on the back seat. Neither spoke. Yet, both knew that they'd soon run out of time together.

“We should get dressed,” Ellie said in a dreamy yet sad voice.

“You're right.” He kissed her once again.

By the time they climbed into the front seat, clothes ruffled from the experience, the car was slowing for the border crossing.

“I guess this is it,” he said.

“I'll miss you,” she said. There was a tear in her eye.

“I'll miss you, too,” he told her. “I wish I could just take you with me.”

“I told you, Westernessee won't let me in. The Panorians would kick any one out who wanted to leave. If you believe that Panoria is keeping its people prisoners and Westernessee is welcoming to refugees then you're being lied to. Westernessee lies are more insidious than those they tell in in Panoria. At least we see through the bullshit.”

“I’ll come back for you! I’ll take care of the immigration paperwork! Just wait and see!”

“Taz,” she said, kissing him. “Don’t lie to yourself.”

The checkpoint was void of cars when the car pulled to a stop. It usually was.

“When is the next bus leaving for Barna?” Ellie asked the guard as she jumped out.

“Leaving in five minutes,” the bored guard told her. “Better hurry if you want to catch it. The next one won’t be here for two hours.”

“Taz, I should go,” Ellie kissed her. “I’m not good at saying goodbye.”

“I’ll come back and visit!” He told her.

“I’ll be waiting,” she said, then kissed him one last time.

She ran off for the waiting bus.

He had his passport stamped, pencils counted, then started his twelve hour trip back across the prairie sea. He wanted to cry, but tears would not come.

End

Thank you for reading Postcard from Panoria. I hope you enjoyed my story.

Don't distribute this pdf. It remains copyrighted material. Instead, refer anyone interested to www.joenobel.com to download for themselves, thanks.

Please consider leaving a tip either through PayPal or Bitcoin.



Send a donation via PayPal at:
<https://www.paypal.me/JoeNobel>

Learn about creating your Paypal account at:
<https://www.paypal.com/us/webapps/mpp/account-setup>



Send a donation via Bitcoin.
Start by scanning this QC code into your phone's bitcoin wallet.



Go to www.joenobel.com/bitcoin.html to learn about Bitcoins and setting up your own wallet.

1HPr8VJy2XidCWqfbKcK9seT9cG6BoHDz8

Be well, Joe

© 2017, joenobel.com