

# **An Incredible Mind**

by Stephen Mark Golden

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George Beagle had an incredible mind.

No, really!

However, George Beagle had had enough. He wasn't going to take it any more. Packing his things, he was. Going to where he didn't have to put up with people, or society, or civilization.

Ever again.

That's right, George Beagle was moving out.

“. . . To the wide open spaces,” George was fond of saying.

He planned to spend the rest of his days turning his dreams into reality. Doing what he wanted to do. Take what was there for the taking and give what he had to give. Going to get away from people who didn't appreciate the way his mind worked.

“George, you always take things to the extreme. Why can't you just settle down and take life as it comes?” his wife would nag at him.

Oh, George couldn't complain, really. His wife, Margaret, had always been good to him, and not even all that unpleasant. It was just her expectations. She always was after him to “act normal.”

“Take life as it comes, you say?” asked George defiantly — to himself. “Well, I'm going to do just that! Move out! Take life as it comes!”

George's employer was always after him to settle down and not be so outrageous all the time. “Need to work on keeping your feet firmly planted on the ground. Good ol' down to earth thinking is what makes a man successful,” Mr. Penston would lecture in a patriarchal manner. Penston didn't want to understand why George was the way he was. Wanted him to fit the mold. But . . .

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George let his wife know of his intentions. He even invited her to come along. Margaret's jaw dropped. Even lower than he had ever seen it drop before.

"Geoffrey Horatius Beagle," (his real name was Geoffrey, but he had been called George since he was a small boy. Margaret used his full name when she was perturbed with him.) "of all the ridiculous, outrageous, and utterly extreme things I've ever heard you say, this has got to be the all-time winner!" George sort of remembered her saying this the last time he had come up with a "ridiculous, outrageous, and utterly extreme" idea.

"I do hope this is one of your little games. You aren't seriously planning to quit your job, ARE YOU?" she pleaded. Just then, she looked out the window and exclaimed, "You didn't really buy that overgrown, clumsy looking contraption out in the drive way, DID YOU?"

He was guilty.

On both counts.

"But I've had enough!" he protested. "I'm not going to live this way any longer, and if you don't want to come along, you don't have to!"

To George, the "overgrown, clumsy looking contraption" was the ultimate in utilitarian transportation. He had to admit, it was big, and odd looking. But it had everything. It even included living accommodations, a bit Spartan perhaps, but quite reasonable considering everything else it was supposed to be. It was sort of an all terrain, all purpose vehicle/travel home. And besides, George Beagle had some additional features of his own to put into it. "Just a little fixing up," as he put it.

First there was the accumulation of parts. Some had to be specially made. Since this vehicle was going to be his transportation, and his home for the rest of his life, it had to be the ultimate. He wasn't going to rely on civilization

for anything. Solar power, a small machine shop, and a variety of other devices had to be installed — many of which he had designed himself.

It took George just a little longer than he expected to fix the thing up to his requirements, but then, George was rather particular about how things were done. They had to be done right, or they just wouldn't do. And he had some rather unusual ideas.

George spent a lot of time reading. "Research," he called it.

Technical manuals.

Lots of them.

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You see, George Beagle was not your usual sort of guy. It's really a shame the way his employer didn't make use of his creativity. Sort of a sad commentary on the state of Corporate America these days. Happens a lot, though. But then, I guess you can't blame them. George himself was so preoccupied with his ideas, even he didn't realize how unusual he really was. He never showed anyone else his inventions — or told anyone of the theoretical concepts he had envisioned. He didn't think anyone would be interested.

Finally, the day drew near. George was ready to go. He had done some extensive checking on his destination. Brought lots of maps and charts. And his books. He knew exactly what he was doing, and how to do it.

Then George Beagle packed up his belongings and took off.

Literally.

Into outer space.

You see, George Beagle built a space ship.

He even worked out a plausible theory of hyperspatial travel.

Took it with him, he did.

Out to the "wide open spaces."

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