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# GOING FOR 60

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**STAN FAIRBANKS**

Edited by  
**AUTUMN BIRT**



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## **ALSO BY STAN FAIRBANKS**

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### **The Cure**

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#### **Destroyed Lives. A Mysterious Death. And a Cover-Up That Impacts the World**

The daughter of drug-addicted parents, Amy Spenser has amazingly grown into an intelligent, compassionate, and drug-free young woman. Her passion is helping those in need, in-between checking on her welfare abusing parents to be sure they haven't died from an overdose. Her research to find new ways of treating illnesses using the "God-given" properties of plants takes a new turn when her grandfather is diagnosed with brain cancer.

Amy and her friends race across the world to discover the cure for cancer before she loses the only father figure she's had in her life. But if facing the thought of losing someone she loves isn't bad enough, dealing with the mounting medical bills devastates her family just when her grandfather is at his lowest.

Then she finds what she's been looking for; not just a cure for cancer, THE CURE.

But when a big pharmaceutical company gets involved, Amy isn't sure if it is just the help they need to change the lives of millions across the world or a wrong turn into something darker, especially when her amazing cure is proven to be a false hope during the initial trials. Amy knows that can't be true, but why would a company dedicated to saving lives quash the best chance at a cancer cure to be discovered? And if there really is a conspiracy, how deep does it go?

Amy struggles to find the answers, but can she prove Big Pharma is only out to make a profit on treating symptoms rather than curing illnesses before someone else she loves dies from the same disease?

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“Wilson, get over here you, little shit!”

*Oh, Jesus, not again. What the hell does he want now?* Johnny thought as he stood by his locker, not wanting to turn around and face what was before him.

TJ McMahon, the leader of the group of assholes who picked on him relentlessly every day, ordered Wilson across the hall. Johnny Wilson didn't dare say no, but he wanted to. He wanted to tell them all to go fuck themselves and leave him alone. But, he knew where that would get him; in the bathroom again with one of them trying to shove his head in the toilet and flushing it, giving him a swirly. He closed the door to his locker, after thinking for a few fleeting seconds of just running as fast as he could, not stopping and never looking back.

Johnny Wilson was a smaller, unassuming kid, who always kept to himself and never bothered anyone. He was a loner, came to school, got decent grades, and got along well with his teachers. But, for some reason unbeknownst to him, he was TJ McMahon's favorite target.

It all started his freshman year of high school as he walked to class. Johnny was looking down at one of his books to make sure he had the

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right one, and he accidentally bumped into TJ, who was standing with a group of his friends. It was on from there.

Every day from that day on, TJ had to do something to Johnny to humiliate him in some way. TJ always made sure his group of friends and anyone else around saw the embarrassment he caused Johnny. TJ made his mission to make sure Johnny Wilson got some type of proverbial crap dumped on him every day.

TJ McMahon was your basic high school jock. He was good at every sport he competed in, was popular, always had a lot of friends or followers around him, had to be the center of attention, and the girls were always swooning over him even though he was an asshole to most of them. TJ grew up with a silver spoon in his mouth. His parents were wealthy snobs and known to have the most extravagant lifestyles in the town. He came from a whole line of money dating back to his great-grandpa, who started the McMahon empire. So, people put up with anything TJ threw at them just to be in his orbit.

“Wilson, why are you such a pussy?” TJ asked, and everyone laughed as Johnny walked over to the group, obeying TJ’s orders.

“What do you want, TJ?” Johnny asked as he stood in front of TJ, not making eye contact and preparing himself for this day’s humiliation.

“Wilson, I’m hungry. Go get me something to eat.”

“What do you want?” Johnny asked, deflated.

“Jesus, Wilson, figure it out! Get me something to frickin’ eat! God, you’re so stupid. Go, Wilson! Go!” TJ tells him, shoos Johnny along as the rest of his followers watched and laughed.

Johnny slowly walked back to where all the snack machines were located, knowing whatever he chose would be wrong, and then he would have to take more shit from the reigning king of assholes. As he stood staring at all the choices he had, he decided just to punch the buttons and see what came out.



The whole time he was waiting for the machine to cough up whatever was associated with the numbers he had punched, he thought about how many times he had to put up with TJ's crap. As the Snickers bar fell to the bottom of the machine with a kerplunk, Johnny thought maybe luck was on his side this time. He had seen TJ eating Snickers before, so hopefully, his feeling was right. *Probably not*, he thought to himself.

"Here ya go," Johnny said, looking down as he held out with the candy bar.

TJ quickly snatched the Snickers from Johnny's hand and opened it.

"Holy shit, Wilson! You got it right this time. But, dumbass, how am I supposed to eat without something to wash it down? Now, go get me something to drink," TJ told him with an arrogant smirk as he leaned against his locker like the king he thought he was.

Once again, Johnny did what TJ demanded of him. It was much easier just to do what TJ asked, or Johnny's whole day would be filled with TJ and his friend's bullshit. So, he went to get TJ something to drink. Johnny knew exactly what to get; he couldn't miss on this one. After he brought back the pop and handed it to TJ, the bell for the next class rang, saving him from anymore crap from TJ and his group of buffoons.

Many days and nights, Johnny would lay in his room fantasizing about the different ways he would get back at TJ and all the others who thought it was funny to bully him. It was his favorite pastime. He could actually leave the world in his mind and be someone else, somewhere else, and not have the king of assholes ruining his day, his year, his life.

He did have moments of weakness, though, where he thought if he just disappeared and left the world, it would be a much better place and they would have one less person to pick on. But, every time he went to that dark room of despair, it pissed him off. He would never

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let them take him there. His desire to make it all go away grew more and more every time he stood at the doorway to that room.

His fantasies were not warm fuzzy ones like someone else's mind. In one, he makes TJ strip down naked in front of everyone and lets anyone TJ had everyone picked on or ridiculed kick him in the nuts as many times as they want. Then, after the many nut kicks, Johnny imagines himself pulling out his dad's handgun and shooting TJ the head. Johnny watches the mist of blood and brain splatter against the lockers and smiles as the asshole, and all his troubles disappear. The fantasies were the relief he so desperately needed.

Getting rid of TJ McMahon and his flock of followers was the only thing he could really think about. It had taken a while for him to get to this point, but he had had enough. It was time to change the way TJ, and everyone else, in fact, saw Johnny Wilson. He had the ultimate plan, and he was going to make it happen.

"Screw you, TJ," Johnny mumbled to himself.

He began writing down his ideas; he had been working on them in his mind for months now. He was going to make this all come to an end and change his life and future forever. He was deep in thought and planning when his mom knocked on his door, bringing him back to the reality he was trying to escape.

"Johnny, it's time to eat," she said, speaking thru the door.

"Oh, OK, mom. I'll be right down," he yelled back as he wrote one more line on his manifest of revenge.

Johnny was the only child of Ruth and Allan Wilson. His mother was a short, pudgy woman with short blonde hair, who had a heart of gold was his biggest fan. She was his personal cheerleader for everything he did. She would always tell him every time he would come home with a TJ McMahon story, "TJ is just jealous of you. Keep your head up. It's stuff like this that makes you stronger for the later years in your life."

She didn't understand how bad it really was, but her pep talks really did make him feel better. His father was a quiet man, never saying any more than what was necessary. He kept to himself most of the time, not wanting to engage in any conversation. His father had been bullied too while growing up, and he always told Johnny if he could have somehow gotten back at his tormentors he would have with a vengeance. But he also said he was glad he didn't because he would have ended up in jail. Plus, and he always loved telling the story, because the main person that picked on him ended up going to prison for statutory rape. The best part was people told him that the bully had a few different boyfriends keeping him busy while he is doing his time.

"Ah, Karma! You beautiful thing!" his father would often say after telling the story to anyone that would listen.

Dinner with his parents was quiet. There was virtually no conversation or any noise other than chewing. An occasional screech of a fork scraping against a plate while trying to get one last bite was the only sound. Johnny returned to his room for more planning his ultimate revenge on his tormentors.

The manifest had quickly become his bible. He could go there to write and feel good about himself and his life. It was there all the bullshit that was dumped on him daily would disappear along with the assholes, who did the dumping.

*If only what I'm writing could become my reality. What a different life I would have,* he would think to himself after every good idea he wrote down. He worked on his plans for hours, having a new-found exuberance in the direction it was going.

He decided he had to make this happen no matter what. But, for now, unfortunately, it was time to sleep so he could wake up and face whatever TJ and the dickheads had for him tomorrow. But this time, as he slowly drifted off to sleep, his plans wafted through his mind, giving him one of the best night's sleep he had in a long time.



“**B**eep! Beep! Beep!” The annoying sound he heard every morning from his alarm clock, waking him up to face another day, blared.

Johnny normally woke to wonder and worry about what was in store for him that day. He would lay in bed and stare at the ceiling, wishing he could just stay asleep for the next six months until graduation. Then he could be done with all of it and go somewhere else. Psyching himself up just to get out of bed and get dressed was always the biggest challenge.

Not this day. When his alarm went off, he opened his eyes and instantly rolled out of bed, ready to take on the world. He was smiling at how good he felt. He got dressed and went down the hall to the kitchen, where his parents were already sitting and eating breakfast.

“Good morning, everyone!” he joyfully told them both as he sat down at his place at the table and grabbed the jug of orange juice to pour himself a glass.

His mom, stunned by his enthusiastic happiness, looked over at him from across the table in mid-bite with her mouth still halfway open.

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“Are you OK?” she asked, confused and concerned about his new-found cheerfulness.

“I’m great, mom! How are you this morning?”

She put her fork that contained her next bite down and stared at him for a few seconds, trying to figure out what was going on. This wasn’t the usual Johnny she got every morning. This was not the boy who always attempted to talk her into letting him stay home from school because he didn’t want to deal with all the crap he knew was going to face from TJ. This was someone else. Even his dad noticed the difference for a few fleeting seconds. Then, he went back into Allan’s world, not paying any attention to what was happening around him.

“What’s going on, Johnny? Is there something wrong?” she asked, not sure of how to take his happiness.

“Nope, nothing wrong here. Just happy to be alive,” he told her with a smile she hadn’t seen for quite some time.

“OK. Something is up, young man. You are far too happy this morning. What did you do?” she asked.

“Geez, mom! I’m just happy this morning. Can’t a guy be happy?” he asked, still smiling.

“Uh, no, you’re never happy about going to school. That’s what’s confusing me,” she replied.

“It’s all good, mom. I have plans and ideas for school. Just don’t worry. Everything will be awesome here in a few days. I’ve got this,” he told her as he took a bite of his toast. He was still smiling at the ideas that raced through his head. This day was his beginning to an end.

TJ McMahan arrived at school in his usual way, parking his classic corvette sideways in the school parking lot so no one could possibly get near it. The car was a gift from his parents for just being a great son. Plus, there was no way he was going to be seen driving anything

but the nicest car in the school; they had an image to uphold. TJ and the vehicle he drove was part of it.

Most people understood his reasoning for parking the car the way he did, but others just thought it was him just showing off his good fortune of being the rich kid, and he was an asshole for doing it.

TJ made his way through the double doors of the school into his kingdom, with his followers waiting for him on the other side. His school status made a lot of different individuals want to be his friend. Many thought they might gain popularity somehow by hanging out with him, even though most thought he was dickhead.

As TJ and his group all hung around his locker, talking about girls, cars, and sneaking booze from their father's liquor cabinets, the first bully victim of the day walked in through the doors. TJ paused for a few seconds before pouncing, letting the victim think maybe he was going to get by without any hassle.

"Good morning, sloth," TJ told the kid as he slowly walked by the group of hecklers, wishing there was another way in, but there wasn't. "Dude, you look so nice today in your new clothes. Looks like someone's mom went garage selling last weekend," TJ said, laughing and pointing at the kid and what he was wearing. "Nice shoes too. Pretty sure I saw those hanging over a power line down the street. You climb the pole to get those or just throw something at them until they fell?"

Everyone laughed at what TJ said, whether it was funny or not. The kid lowered his head, looked straight down at the floor, and walked at a faster pace to get by TJ and the group's harsh remarks. Inside he was trying to hold back the tears of frustration, anger, and hurt. He couldn't understand why TJ felt it necessary to pick on others and make them feel bad when his life was already perfect.

The thirty minutes before the bell rang for class to begin was always TJ's time to show off to everyone or bully whoever was the lucky one coming through the doors. It was his morning ritual every day of the

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week. He lived to make other people's lives miserable. It made him happy to see others unhappy.

"Life is good, and it sucks to be you," was his catchphrase that he used it on everyone after he destroyed them with his bullying.

This morning's breakfast had been one of Johnny's most relaxed since starting high school. His parents were still baffled by the fact that he was at ease and enjoying the candid conversation. Johnny excused himself from the table to go to his room and prepare for the special day about to unfold.

His mom stared at him with concerned confusion as he left the room, not sure of what had just happened or who was sitting in Johnny's seat. Shaking her head and wondering what he was up to, she smiled, thinking to herself how nice it was to see him so happy. She wished it could be that way all the time. After a few moments of contemplating the last twenty minutes, she went about her day, more happy than usual, since Johnny was in such a good mood.

On his drive to school, Johnny felt more at ease than he had ever felt while heading to school. It was if every worry had left his body. He was about to change everything in his world. He would be rid of everything bad. He would make it better for himself and anyone else, who had to endure the constant belittling and emotional frustration brought down upon them daily by TJ and his group of friends. His plan slowly raced through his mind as he approached the parking lot of the school.

Looking for place to park, he noticed TJ's corvette parked in its usual way, sideways and taking up two stalls. He decided to park as close as he could, right in front of the classic beauty. He sat in his car in a quiet, almost meditative trance, staring at all the people entering the doorway, which led them to TJ and friends. He was excited about finally ending the unnecessary torture he and others had encountered every day of their high school life. It felt good to Johnny to have the power to stop the pain for once.



Pulling down the rear-view mirror, he looked at himself, checking to see if there happened to be any left-over breakfast on his face. Smiling at the reflection of himself in the mirror, Johnny told himself with a slight giggle, "This is going to be freaking awesome." He pushed the mirror back up with a quick thrust almost to where it needed to be.

Johnny reached behind the passenger seat to grab his backpack. Holding on to it like it was his lifeblood, he opened the door to his car and stepped out onto the cracked, rocky driveway, making sure he didn't slip and fall on all the loose rocks that were everywhere in the parking lot. The sun was shining, and the birds were welcoming everyone to the new day with their beautiful melodies. Johnny looked up and thanked God for his blessings, then started the walk he made every day.

Over three years of the same steps with despair in his soul, always looking down, and not wanting to face what was ahead of him, but this time, he held his head high, looked straight forward, and smiled as he began the walk toward his future. With confidence, Johnny pushed open the double doors leading him into TJ's lair. Taking the twenty or so steps to reach TJ, he did so with purpose.

"Wilson, you're looking a little overconfident there, you little douche," TJ said, smirking as he watched Johnny walk towards them. Johnny did not turn off to avoid them as he usually did. "Feeling a little cocky today, Wilson?" asked TJ.

"You got something to say to me, TJ?" Johnny asked, as TJ took a few steps towards Johnny.

TJ was ready to start the browbeating of Johnny Wilson for the day. Johnny stepped right in front of TJ and stood there, not saying anything, just looking him square in the eyes. TJ looked around at everyone in awe of Johnny standing up to him then laughed at Johnny's bravado.

"You must have a fucking death wish, Wilson," TJ said. "No one, and I mean no one, walks up on me like you're doing right now. So, I

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suggest you better back the fuck off, if you know what's good for you." TJ barked, bumping his chest into Johnny's.

TJ's entourage still couldn't believe what was going down in front of them. They all stood silently, watching to see what was going to happen next. No one had ever walked up on TJ like Johnny was doing, and they didn't know what to expect.

"Get to stepping, douche bag," TJ told him, taking a step back from Johnny and shooing him with both hands.

Johnny didn't move; he didn't even blink. He just stood there staring at TJ like he was trying to figure out what he was looking at.

"Oh my God, Wilson! Are you on freaking drugs or what?" TJ asked, leaning back against the lockers and putting up one foot, trying to look relaxed. "Go the hell away. I'll tell you what; I'll even let you slide with your fucking fake badass attitude you think you have going on standing there acting all macho. I won't kick your ass here in front of everyone and embarrass you. Then you won't have to go home and cry to your fat momma about how life sucks, and you just want to end it all."

Everyone laughed at what TJ said, even Johnny huffed a little, evil chuckle, surprising TJ. Shaking his head with confusion, TJ stepped away from his resting place against the lockers and took another step towards Johnny. This time with anger in his eyes.

"You are a fucking idiot, Wilson," TJ said as he got virtually nose to nose with Johnny.

"No, TJ, I'm not a fucking idiot. What I am is sick and tired of the daily bullshit you feel you must lay on everyone just to make yourself feel special," Johnny replied, smiling at TJ.

All TJ's followers stood slack-jawed at what was just said, again waiting to see where this showdown was going.

“You just signed your death warrant, asshole!” TJ reached out to grab Johnny by the collar.

Johnny quickly stepped back from TJ’s grasp, “No, you freakin’ piece of shit, you just signed yours!” Johnny quickly reached around his back and pulled out his dad’s handgun, pointing it directly at TJ’s head.

“Holy shit, he has a gun!” someone yelled as everyone backed off from TJ.

“Ya, I kind of have a gun here, people! I would appreciate if no one here in our little soirée try to run because I will fucking shoot you in the head. I really don’t want to do that quite yet. So, um, yeah, don’t freakin’ move assholes!” Johnny shouted at them all as he waved his gun back and forth, pointing it at every one them, then finally aiming it back at TJ’s head.

TJ stood as still as he could, not moving, afraid if he did Johnny would put a bullet through his skull. His whole body trembled as he tried hard not to piss his pants. He felt like everything was going in slow motion. His mind raced, trying to find the right words to say.

“What, what do you want?” he stuttered, staring down at the floor as he feared this could be his last few minutes on earth.

Johnny giggled slightly at the dread in TJ’s voice.

“What do I want?” Johnny repeated TJ’s words. “Hmm ... I’ll have to think about that for a while.”

Johnny scratched his head like he was really trying to think what he wanted from the outcome of the situation. But he knew exactly what he wanted, and he was going to make it happen.

“Well McMahon, it kind of goes like this.” Johnny pushed the gun against TJ’s forehead. “I have been dealing with your fucking bullying for three and a half years and I’m done. Not going to happen to me or

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anyone else anymore! You've picked on the wrong guy too many times, so now it's my turn!"

TJ tried to back away from the gun. Johnny pressed so hard it was leaving imprints in TJ's forehead. But Johnny stood his ground, not releasing the pressure. In fact, he pushed the barrel harder against TJ's head. Johnny looked around at the others standing in awe and fear of what was happening. With his other hand, Johnny pointed at one of the boys that was standing in the middle of the group.

"Craig, you hang out with this dickhead, and he freakin' bullied you for years. What gives?" Johnny asked. He'd always wondered why Craig would do such a thing.

"I, I don't know," Craig answered, nervously.

"Because he's a pussy! That's why!" TJ blurted out, surprising everyone, including Johnny, that he would say something like that with a gun held to his head.

"And that, asshole, is the exact reason why I'm going to put a fucking hole in your head and splattering your tiny brain all over your locker!" Johnny angrily told TJ, poking him with the gun's barrel.

Looking back over at the group again, Johnny asked all of them, "Why do you guys hang out with this guy? I don't understand. I've seen him pick on every one of you at some point."

They all shrugged, not knowing how to answer the simple question.

"Because they are all pussies, just like you, Wilson! You're not going to shoot me, or you would have already done it." TJ took two quick steps back from Johnny, separating himself from the gun and regaining his composure.

He was staring down Johnny with a smile like he was almost daring him to do something. Johnny looked at the floor, lowering the gun that had been pointed at TJ with a defeated look on his face as if TJ had won the battle

TJ took one more step back, shaking his head. “Jesus, you are pathetic, Wilson. I thought for a moment you’ve got some big balls. But now I see that they are shriveled up,” he said with a quiet laugh.

Everyone looked at TJ as if he were insane to say stuff like that to a person holding a gun.

Johnny had enough of these dickheads bullying and cocky attitude. He had come to do something about it, and it was time to make it happen. After a few fleeting moments of wanting to run from the whole situation, TJ finally said the one thing that was going to make him complete his plan.

“Wilson, I knew you couldn’t do it.”

All the angry, depressing days of wanting to kill himself boiled in his blood. He raised the gun once again, pointing it towards TJ.

Johnny told him, “You’re wrong, mother fucker! I can do it!” He slowly pulled the trigger.

With a blinding flash and deafening boom, the gun released the life-changing bullet. Everyone watching ran in several directions scattering like mice on a sinking ship. Johnny watched as if in slow motion. TJ slumped down against the lockers, his eyes still open and a look of shock his final expression.

The lockers were now covered with a crimson mist of blood and brain matter. It was just as Johnny had imagined. The feeling of power coursing through his veins was overwhelming. He had just defeated his tormentor. He was a hero in his mind, and nobody was going to ever pick on him again. He had done something anyone who had ever been bullied wanted to do. Standing proud over TJ’s limp, lifeless body, he heard footsteps running towards him. He turned around to see police officers all pointing their guns at him, telling him to put his weapon down. Johnny’s plan hadn’t include the police. He hadn’t thought past the gratification of watching TJ’s life disappear in front of his eyes.

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“Put the gun down, now!” the police kept yelling at him.

All the commotion and people running and trying to surround him confused him. He couldn't think straight.

“I don't understand.” He told them, still holding the gun. “I didn't do anything wrong. He deserved what he got.” Johnny said, pointing the gun down at TJ.

“Drop the gun, son.” one of the officers told him. “Drop it now, and we will get you some help.”

“Help? Help? I don't need any help,” Johnny said, confused at everything going on around him and still holding on to the gun. He stood for a few seconds trying to get his mind thinking straight. All the officers finally got into their positions, aiming their weapons at him, waiting for him to put his gun down.

“This wasn't how it was supposed to be,” he mumbled incoherently, lifting the gun as if he was going to hand it off to one of the officers. A younger, over-eager officer mistook his motivation to hand over the weapon as threatening. The officer fired one shot, striking Johnny in the chest. He fell to the ground writhing in pain, looking up at the array of officers surrounding him. He slowly closed his eyes, succumbing to the blinding bright light before him.

“Johnny, Johnny.”

A warm, bright light was shining like the hot summer sun. Johnny was still stunned at what had just happened. But, the excruciating pain of a bullet ripping through his chest while spinning through his organs, chopping them like a blender, was gone. He was staring at the light, waiting to see where it was going to take him.

“Johnny.” he heard the voice again but couldn't see anything because of the blinding bright light. “Johnny, wake up.”

*Wake up?* he thought. *What an odd request.*

He assumed he was dead, and the light is the passage to the gates of the great kingdom of heaven. His mind was in a deep hypnotic state, unable to comprehend anything. He had just been shot after fulfilling his lifelong fantasy of ridding the world of his tormentor. He was sure he was on his way to meet God, and that was OK with him. Even though he knew he committed one of the worst sins possible, he was hoping he could be forgiven.

“Johnny, you need to wake up!”

This time his mind cleared, and he recognized the voice. “Mom? Mom, is that you?” He put his hand up in front of his eyes, trying to see through the light.

“Yes, it’s me, baby.”

“Why are you here?” he asked sadly, thinking something bad happened to her, and he missed the whole thing.

She was surprised by his question. “I’m here for you, Johnny.”

Sadness quickly overcame him. “But what happened, mom? I don’t understand why you are here.”

“We are in the middle of a bad storm, Johnny. You need to come with me,” she said to him.

“A storm?”

“Yes, a storm. You need to get out of bed; we need to go to the basement.”

“This isn’t the way to heaven? I’m not dead?” Johnny asked.

“No, honey, you’re in bed. Lightning hit a transformer. Sounded just like a gunshot and took out all the electricity. We are in a tornado warning now. So, come on, we need to go.”

Johnny rolled out of bed, realizing it had all been a dream, a very vivid, realistic dream. The transformer exploding was surely the sound of the gun going off in his dream. They all rushed down into the

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basement to wait out the pending storm. Johnny sat on an old couch in a back corner of the basement, listening to the loud cracks of thunder and watching the quick flashes of lightning that lit up the tiny basement windows. The dream was running through his head, and he could still feel the gun in his hand as well as hear both shots that rang out in the dream, the one that he put into TJ's head and the one that was put into him.

He was at last free in his dream. The relief of never having to deal with TJ was soothing to his soul. He couldn't get out of his mind how vivid and real everything seemed. But in reality, it was all just a dream. His life is still as it had been when he fell asleep. The antagonist asshole was still alive and waiting like a spider in its web to devour its next victim.

The storm passed without any real damage occurring anywhere. But the storm for Johnny would still be brewing until he could graduate and move on from TJ and his cronies.

*Only a few more months*, he told himself as he walked up the steps from the basement with a slight smile on his face, remembering the feeling he had in his dream when he pulled the trigger and watched TJ drop like a rag doll. At least he can keep the dream as a go-to whenever he had to face TJ.

*It could lessen the humiliation TJ will cause*, he thought to himself.

"Are you OK, honey?" his mom asked as he exited the basement door into the hallway.

"Ya. Why?" Johnny asked, still a bit lost in his fantasy dream.

"You were out of it when I was trying to wake you. You kept saying, 'it's done it's over. I am free.'"

"Huh, not sure where that came from or why I would say that," he told his mom with a grin on his face. "But I'm sure it was a great dream."



“I’m sure it was,” she replied. “You better get ready for school. You don’t want to be late.”

“Yea, school,” he mumbled as reality hit him in the face.

Although his dream brought him peace and the memories of it would always be there, he would still have to face the demon of TJ for a few more months. His mom could tell by the look on his face and his changed demeanor that school was still the one place he didn’t want to be.

“Just find hope. It will all be a distant memory soon” She patted him on the back. “It will all be over, and you will be rid of TJ before you know it.”

“I know it will.” Johnny walked to his room to prepare both mentally and physically for his day at school. He had been doing this for almost four years, and he knew that he can make it through the short stretch he had ahead of him.



“**Y**ou made it, son. I am so proud of you.” Johnny’s dad patted him on the back and gave him an awkward hug. Johnny smiled back at his dad, surprised at his feeble attempt of the hug.

“Yep, never thought this day would ever get here, but I did make it.”

“We are so, so proud of you, Johnny,” his mom said, with tears of happiness trickling down her cheeks.

“Thanks, mom and dad. You guys really helped on those bad days. I’m glad you pushed as hard as you did. Without your faith in me, this would not have happened. I love you both. I have to go line up now; I’ll see you in a while.”

Johnny lined up in his position in alphabetical order, ready to accept what he had been so diligently working for. Even he couldn’t believe this time had come so quickly, though there were moments he thought time stood still or maybe possibly started going backward. He succeeded. It was time for him to start making a difference in his life and the life of others.

## STAN FAIRBANKS

He waited in line with all the other students, who were thinking of their futures and what lay ahead of them. He thought back to some of the difficult times he had gone through with TJ McMahon. He was proud of himself for not letting the big dickhead totally get him down, though there were times he really wanted to give up. TJ also led him to this day, the day he was going to walk across the stage and receive this diploma. His mind was filled with memories of the constant bullying he and others endured every day. Thoughts of violence entered his mind on most days. That one gratifying dream had kept him awake many nights, wishing he had the guts to go through with it in reality.

He wasn't sure what he wanted to do after high school. But for now, he was quite confident after this day he can effect change for himself and others.

It was a long road through college before he put his high school years behind him.

"Johnny Wilson," he heard his name called, with a few faint claps and a woohoo the time had come.

He took a couple of deep breaths and walked up on the stage, proud of what he had accomplished and filled with gratitude for the people that made this happen. He shook some hands and walked off the other side of the stage, a graduate: Johnny Wilson, Doctor of Psychology.

"Dr. Johnny Wilson, Doctor of Psychology! Damn that sounds freakin' awesome, doesn't it?" he asked both of his parents as they sat together in a restaurant not that far away from his alma mater.

"Yes, Dr. Johnny, it really has a nice ring to it," his mom said, between bites of cheesecake.

His dad, also with a mouth full of food, nodded his head in agreement without saying anything.

After a few minutes of everyone chomping and chewing and no one speaking Johnny decided it was time to tell them he got a job offer in

Chicago as a clinical psychologist with emphasis on children and young adults. He wasn't sure how they would take it, since it was over a thousand miles away.

*But what the heck, I'm a psychologist now I'll help them understand my decision,* he thought.

Johnny explained what he would be doing and who he would be working with. They could see his excitement and passion, and both agreed, though sadly, he should take the job. The one part he left out was his office location, south Chicago, one of the worst areas in the country.



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## EXCERPT FROM THE CURE

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Have you read Stan's debut release, *the Cure*? This action-packed medical thriller will draw you in with a story line of family suffering, conspiring Big Pharma, and the rights of the average person lost in in a system designed not to let them win.

Check out an excerpt below and stop by his website for updates on its release!

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**Excerpt from *the Cure*  
by Stan Fairbanks**

Amy Spenser, a bright, inquisitive girl, had always looked at things a little differently than others. Growing up in an unsavory neighborhood with drug addicts for parents, she learned at a very early age that she had to be the parent. Her parents' only concerns were where to get their next fix and how long they could make it last. She knew that living a life like her parents would get her nowhere but in jail or possibly dead.

## EXCERPT FROM THE CURE

Amy woke up pretty much the same way every day of her life. Alarm went off, first thought—*Did they finally do it last night? Time to go check. Nope, still breathing. Wow, how can they do that?* Then, as she stood there, looking at her two pathetic and worthless parents, her curious mind kicked in. *Why would they put their body and mind through that? What is their chemical of choice this week? Why? Oh well, another unsolved mystery of Ron and Judie.*

At the age of fifteen, Amy was far ahead of everyone in her school; always the first to raise her hand, always the first to finish the test. Her favorite classes were biology and chemistry. She had always been fascinated by the what and why, and how miraculous the human body is. “What is the reason our body, and the whole world in fact, exists? Why is the universe full of so many things that could help humankind, yet still remain untouched?” She knew there were things out there that could treat or even cure Alzheimer’s, dementia, cancer, heart disease, and many other illnesses and diseases. Her mind constantly raced. Thoughts of helping people and finding the answers to possibly cure these wretched diseases excited her. She wasn’t happy in the world she lived in, and she felt she could and would make a difference.

First step, Ron and Judie. Two of the most narcissistic people one would never care to know. She believed she could help them, or at least try to understand why they did the things they did. So, she decided to start with watching and observing their uncanny and weird behaviors.

Ron was a scruffy-looking man of thirty-five years who looked like he was sixty from all the hard living he had done. This morning, as usual, he sat in his chair at the table looking like death warmed over. Judie, sitting across the table from Ron, was a frail, thin lady with straggly ratted hair and deep pitted eyes, staring at her coffee after shooting a glare of disdain at Ron.

Amy noticed the look in her mother’s eyes and asked, “Why the death glare?”



Judie replied, “Your father, the asshole at the end of the table, has decided to sell part of the score of cocaine I earned last night to help pay for rent. The cocaine I got by giving a blow job to our drug dealer.”

*Way to go industrious, Ron,* Amy thought. “I guess if that’s what you gotta do,” Amy said.

Judie, with her just rolled joint in hand, snapped, “What the hell do you know about rent or anything, in fact? All you do is wake up and go to that shithole of a school and try to learn something. All that will get you is nothing but a worthless piece of paper.”

*Thanks, Judie,* Amy thought, *piece of shit bitch.*

Ron said to Judie, “Don’t worry, baby, I got us some good meth the other day, so our party isn’t stopping anytime soon. We are the best party hosts and greatest parents alive! No one better than us!”

Amy shook her head. She wanted to shoot them both in the head and bury them in a hole in their own back yard.

Neither Ron nor Judie had worked in the past three years. For a while, Ron had a good job wiring houses for a local contractor, and it was going fairly well until he went to work one day stoned out of his mind, telling his boss—an ex-junkie himself—that he had taken too much cough medicine. So, he was fired. Ron discovered it was much easier to just go on the system and live off all the great working taxpayers who paid in for people like Ron to survive, providing medical care, food stamps, and cash assistance. “Hell,” he told Judie, “if you could just pop out two or three more kids, we could live high on the hog. Thanks, all you working-class douches” He laughed.

Judie was once a bright young aspiring musician who could play almost any stringed instrument put in front of her. She met Ron one night at a club she was playing and they both hit it off immediately. Ron was the bad boy type some girls really liked. He introduced Judie to her first of many tastes of drugs. Never looking back, they both

## EXCERPT FROM THE CURE

went down the road to nowhere. Amy swore misery and self-pity was a place where she would never go.

If there was one person Amy admired the most in the whole world, it was William, or Bill she called him. Bill was Amy's paternal grandfather, a hard-working, honest to a fault man who had always taken care of his family. Amy had always been his favorite, albeit only, grandkid. He always told everyone, "She is just like me, only a hell of a lot smarter and getting more beautiful every day." He was more of a father to her than Ron had ever been.

Bill worked for a metal processing plant in the worst part of town. He got up every day at five a.m. to be to work by seven. He worked ten hours a day, five days a week, and at sixty years old, it was starting to wear him down. He seemed to be getting tired a lot easier these days. He was pretty sure it was just his age catching up with him.

Bill had worked for thirty years for the company, which had just been sold to a much bigger conglomerate. They told the employees it was a better company with many new perks and benefits. Bill thought, *All right, five more years under this new management and I will be free to retire and spend more time with Amy. Then I can help her with all her research and clinical ideas.*

The new company called in the day shift to tell them all the new legislation in health care was affecting the cost to offer health care to the employees. It was just too much for the company to absorb financially. Instead, they would offer a stipend of \$259 a month to help defray health care costs. *Holy shit*, Bill thought, *sure is some great new benefits. Wow, what a better company. Fucking Obamacare!*

Bill had been in excellent health all his life. He'd never messed with drugs like his son and daughter-in-law, only drank occasionally, never smoked, and very rarely took an aspirin.

So, he thought, *I should be good! I'll just get some health insurance from my buddy. He has some good affordable plans.* As he was talking with his friend and finding out about his insurance policy, his buddy said, "Bill, you

know with this new Obamacare in place, you make too much money to be on the program. So, what I'm going to tell you isn't what you want to hear."

Bill said, "Ah hell, it can't be that bad."

His friend told him, "Well, your premium will run you eight hundred seventy-nine dollars a month with a five-thousand-dollar deductible and a one-million-dollar lifetime benefit."

Bill exclaimed, "You've got to be kidding me! What about this Obamacare?"

His buddy explained, "With your age, it really makes a difference, even though you are the picture of health. I'm sorry, man, but that's the best you can get."

Exasperated, Bill replied, "Well, shit, sign me up then. Man, when in the hell did this health care crap get so screwed up?"



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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Stan Fairbanks is a successful businessman, having owned several businesses through the years partnering with his wife Lisa. They currently own and operate Wahoo's Restaurant and Bar, and Oldie's Ice Cream in Gold Canyon, Arizona. Stan has experienced firsthand the suffering caused by healthcare and pharmaceutical greed.

He survived a massive heart attack, after the emergency room wanted to transport him to another hospital due to insurance. He has lost his mother, friends and other family to cancer countless times. He has endured the pain and suffering of those closest to him, who are forced

to bankrupt themselves to live paying for medicines insurance won't cover.

His aim is to bring awareness to the pitfalls and atrocities of healthcare through fiction writing. He began writing as an outlet for frustration, then for entertainment and ultimately was inspired to share his experiences with others. Through his research, he discovered most people had similar experiences, inspiring him further. He grew up in Concordia, Kansas but has lived in Washington state and Colorado. He and his wife reside in Gold Canyon, Arizona. They have three amazing adult children, three fur babies and a tortoise. Stan is a Christian and credits God for every success.



Word of mouth is crucial for any author to succeed. If you enjoyed the book, please consider leaving a review where you purchased it even if it's only a line or two; it would make all the difference and would be very much appreciated.

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Website: [Stanfairbanks.com](http://Stanfairbanks.com)

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