

Novels By Russ Fine

October, 2025

It's fall, and I'm looking forward to some cooler weather. I'm probably in the minority, but I also like the winter snow.

There are now hardcover versions of the *Future World History* trilogy, *Janus*, *Frank Carver Mysteries*, *The Artifact*, and a *Frank Carver Trilogy* (it contains the last three Frank Carver novels). They are all available on Amazon or at my signing events.

This month's newsletter includes a short story titled *My New Life*. I hope you enjoy it.

If you would like to read any of my previous newsletters they are all available on my website.

As always, if you have any comments or suggestions regarding my novels please let me know. I look forward to hearing from you.



Website: NovelsByRussFine.com

Email: NovelsByRussFine@gmail.com

Phone: (865) 431-6576

Book Signing Events

October 10 - 11

11:00 - 3:00

Kroger

**1550 Oak Ridge Tpk.
Oak Ridge, TN 37830**

October 24 - 25

11:00 - 3:00

Kroger

**507 N. Foothills Plaza
Maryville, TN 37801**



 **Locally Signed**

My New Life

My name is Steve and I want to tell you a little bit about my life. The last two years have been really interesting, but prior to that time my life kind of sucked.

Both of my parents were teachers, and they thought I should follow in their footsteps. So, after I graduated high school I was accepted into one of the ivy league colleges. I majored in English literature and education. During my final semester in my senior year I was required to work as a student teacher at a high school in the city. The school I was assigned to was not in the best of neighborhoods, to say the least. During that time I realized that teaching was not something I was cut out to do. So, after graduation I told my parents that I had zero desire to be a teacher. To say they were upset would be a gross understatement. They basically disowned me and told me I was no longer welcome in their house.

I had to find a job, but I quickly learned that the only job I was qualified for gave me the opportunity to ask people, "Do you want to make that a combo?" I worked in the fast food industry for four years, and during that time I was promoted to assistant manager. My job really didn't change, but I was earning an extra \$3.00 per hour. I lived in a one thousand square foot studio apartment, drove a ten year old car, and in four years I managed to save \$2,000. Additionally, I still owed about \$90,000 on my student loan.

I was home watching one those ancient alien programs when I heard them say that it was likely that people with RH negative blood and blue or hazel eyes were probably descended from aliens. It didn't sound logical, but since I had those physical characteristics I wondered if I was part alien. My question was answered several months later.

While waiting on a customer I realized that I knew what he was going to order before he ordered it. I thought it was just a coincidence, but over the next couple of weeks it began to happen with almost every customer. I slowly realized that if I was looking at someone, I was able to read their thoughts. It was interesting, but I discovered that I really didn't want to know what my customers were thinking. Quite often their thoughts had nothing to do with food.

I was sure there was a way to use my ability to make money. Then I realized the place to do that was Las Vegas. I had some vacation time coming, so I took two weeks off, took all the money out of my savings account, and drove to Las Vegas.

I booked a cheap motel room in Henderson and arrived there late in the afternoon. I checked in, unpacked my suitcase, and drove to the closest casino. I sat down at a \$2.00 black jack table. I played about twenty hands and realized that even though I knew what cards the dealer had, it did not give me a significant advantage. So, I got up from the table and thought about what form of gambling would allow me to best use my ability. Then I realized the answer was poker.

I walked over to a Texas Hold'em table. There were no empty seats at the table so I watched them play for a while. When a seat opened up I sat down. I bought sixty \$5.00 chips and began to play. There were five other players at the table and one of them was way ahead. I realized that he bluffed regularly and I decided to take advantage of that. After playing for about a half hour I was up about \$200.00. During the next hand four of the other players had good hands. Two of them had two pair, one had three of a kind, and one had a straight. I had a flush. The pot quickly grew to about \$700.00. Then the guy who constantly bluffed raised the bet by \$100. The next two players folded, and it was my turn. I knew he only had a pair of jacks, so I raised the bet by another \$100. The next player folded so there was only me and the bluffer left. He stared at me, obviously trying to decide if I was bluffing too. After about twenty seconds he folded. He asked me what I had and I replied, "Cards."

At this point I was now up over \$1100.00. I decided to quit. I cashed in and went back to my room. It was obvious I could make a lot of money playing poker, but decided I didn't want to draw attention to myself. So, I decided I would go to a different casino every night and play until I was up about \$1000. I felt that as long as I didn't get greedy, nobody would realize what was happening.

For the next five days I went to different casinos, played poker, and left when I was up more than \$1000. Since playing poker paid a lot better than working at a fast food restaurant, I called my boss and told him that I would not be returning to work. I had worked for him for over four years and we became friends. He asked me what I was going to do for money. I wanted to be honest with him but I knew I couldn't tell him the whole truth so I said, "I'm in Las Vegas and I discovered I have a knack for playing poker."

"You're actually making money playing poker?" he asked incredulously.

"Yeah, I am. It's fun too, and I don't have to put up with unpleasant customers."

"Well, when you run out of money call me and I'll give you a job."

"Okay, I promise that when I run out of money I'll call you."

The next day I opened a bank account and deposited \$7,000, and I started looking for an apartment. I found a nice one bedroom apartment, gave them a \$2000 deposit and signed a six month lease. I continued with the same plan and four months later I had more than \$70,000 in my bank account. I also bought my first new car and paid cash for it.

I wanted to buy some new furniture and I needed \$4,000, so I decided to go to one of the big casinos on the strip and play in a high stakes game. I sat down at the table, bought \$3,000 worth of chips, and began to play. About fifteen minutes after I started playing I had a nagging feeling that someone was watching me. It was making me uncomfortable and I decided to try for a large win and leave. A few minutes later the perfect hand was being played. Just before the last card was delt I had a full house, one of the other players had three of a kind, and another player had a four card flush. When the last card was delt the player with the four card flush got the fifth card he needed. The player with three of a kind bet \$500. The player with the flush raised by \$500. Then I raised by another \$500. The player with three of a kind called and the player with the flush raised by \$500 again. I raised by \$500 too and the player with three of a kind folded. The player with the flush stared at me for several seconds, then he called. At that point I was up more than the \$4000 I needed so I cashed out and went to bar to get a drink.

I was sitting in a booth sipping my drink and thinking about why I felt like I was being watched during the game. Then an attractive woman about my age walked up to my booth and asked, "May I join you?"

I smiled and said, "Sure."

She sat down and said, "I've been watching you play, and you're a very unusual player. Unlike the other players you never hesitate when you bet, and I know why."

"Okay, so tell me why I don't hesitate when I bet."

"Because you already know what cards the other players are holding."

I was unable to speak for several seconds. Then I asked haltingly, "How could I possibly know that?"

She smiled, open her eyes wide, and said, "Look into my eyes."

Her eyes were the same blue as mine. I said excitedly, "Oh my God, you're part alien too!"

"Yes Steve, I am. My name is Melissa and I can read minds, just like you."

"I felt like I was being watched during the game. Now I know why. Do you think there are a lot of people like us?"

“No, I have a brother and sister and we look very much alike, but neither of them have my abilities. I’ve been living here for three years and I never sensed anyone with the abilities I have until I found you. I sensed you immediately. How did you figure out that you were part alien?”

“I was watching a program on television and they said there is a theory that people with RH negative blood and blue or hazel eyes are probably descended from aliens. I thought it was kind of unbelievable until a few months later when I realized I could hear other people’s thoughts.”

“I heard about that theory too, but that was about a year after I developed my abilities. So, I just assumed I was part alien. In addition to reading minds, I can also control mechanical objects. Would you like me to demonstrate?”

“Sure.”

“Okay, let’s go play roulette.”

We got up from the booth and walked over to a roulette table. Melissa said softly, “Bet \$100 on nine.”

I did as she asked and, of course, nine was the winning number. The dealer gave me seven \$500 chips and we walked away from the table. I said, “Wow, that was much easier than playing poker. How long have you been doing this?”

“For about three years. I only do this a few times a month, and I rotate between the casinos. That way I don’t draw unwanted attention. I’m sure you do the same thing.”

“You’re right, but this is the first time I played at one of the big casinos.”

“Let’s go get something to eat and we can get to know each other,” Melissa suggested.

“Okay.”

That was the beginning of our relationship. For the next two weeks we saw each other almost every day and Melissa asked me to move in with her. I immediately agreed. A few months later we decided to get married.

I had only spoken to my parents a few times a year since they threw me out of the house. They never asked me to visit them and I never asked them to visit me. But despite the fact that we were not close, I still thought they might want to attend the wedding. I called my mother and told her I was getting married and asked her if she and my dad would like to be here for the ceremony. I was surprised when she instantly said they would be happy to attend. Then she spent several minutes apologizing for throwing me out of the house. I told her I would get them first class tickets to fly to Las Vegas and arrange for a hotel while they were here. She thanked me and asked what I did for a living. I told her a partial truth when I said Melissa and I made our living at the casinos.

The wedding was very nice. In addition to my parents, Melissa’s parents and siblings were there. After the ceremony we took everyone out to dinner at a very nice restaurant. We all got together several times over the next few days and agreed to see each other regularly.

Melissa and I bought a nice house in Henderson and we continued to earn our living at the expense of the casinos. We are expecting our first child in a few months and we are both wondering if he will have our abilities.

Needless to say, my life no longer sucks. It’s perfect.