

THE LEGEND
OF
Shaky Jake

A short story by
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Based on the song
The Ballad of
Shaky Jake
by Hal Bruni

The Tale, Legend Of Shaky Jake {James}

Gather around all interested in a tale of a legend, seems to go back nearly 400 years, or so it will feel as we journey thru this man's tale, this man's legend is told over & over thru out all known time.

He is one part Father, upright, A honest a man of Virtue, That Son who went His Own way, & over a thousand other Virtues & Vices; & a part, The military Service developed; I would not want to be on the wrong side of, and there's so much more, to His Tale and Legend.

That man's Name, I known him as Shaky Jake, his given name, Jake James Kwendqoi, in itself has a story, This is my tale, of him of the first time we met by that road side diner.

As I Step up off my bike, He was riding on an ol' Pan Head, it seemed he came out of nowhere form a dust up on the road, I had stopped to find a place to eat, rest & get the dust off my weary bones. I was in a middle of a long ride, on the bike for a couple of days.

From across the parking area, He asked, "Hey Brother, how long you been out," "whew," "man it's hot, it looks to me, Just about as long as I have been." we nodded to each other as we walked up to & in the diners doors.

He went on & said "hey, I known That Walk, man, I've been there before," smiled with a big ol' Grin.

It seemed like were brothers of two, three or more different Virtues, what we went thru in our time.

He Continued "One only gets that when you've ridden nearly two whole days."

I guess, it was just the way he said it, as I think on it now, as I took it all in, that deep sounding growl, in his voice.

he went on & said. "&, as I think about it," "hell that for me it's just my every day,"

"hey, man What's your name, They've called me everything imaginable"

“except my given Name,”

“Hey man, Just Call me Shaky Jake.”

I said to him, “Hey, I see you’re on a Panhead that’s a very nice ride,” “my Name almost rimes with the Bike I ride, it sits just over-there,” & before could I say what I rode,

He piped up & said, “Hey your Rodedawg, a mutual friend, talked about you, you know Hal,” he went on “let’s get some grub & sit & compare our:

hey how much time do you have, I feel my time is just about out,”

I thought about it, & if You listen closely one could hear his voice, was a bit thin & scratchie, still deep, he explained “he could tell he was on borrowed time,” as we were Goin’ into that diner, “man, I can feel time catching up to me.” “yeah” I said “sometimes I feel the same way,”

I added “Maybe its just time in the saddle catching up with up us or at least me.”

As we sat down at the counter.

waitress walked up, ask us “what we’d have,” she was tall, lean & had that look,

we looked at each other;.... Well... we could not actually say what we were thinking,.... & we both said “You,”..... paused for a second or 2 & added,

“could get us a couple menus, coffee & a Coke,”

she smiled & gave us a little smirk as she turned to get the menus,

as she handed us the menus, coffee and my Coke, then she said, “the best thing we have, is not on the Menu, but would be available after 10,” I don’t remember her name,

we Laughed, smiled & ordered.

We sat & talked the rest of the night, we both told of some adventurers we both had, & to think it started for both of us at such a young age.

His appearance now is a man that looks like he lived many, many lifetimes & all at the same time. He had a long gray beard with hair just as long.

For some reason, He said, “it’s how they wore it, south of the border, when he was hiding out,” That's the story, I will tell here there are many more.

I could see he had tattoos & scars as they went under his leathers. I asked him about them & he told me a few story, about one for each & every one be it ink or a scar. He walked like a man who was not afraid of anything, he carried himself like he was Still in the army.

Shaky Jake Told me a particular story, I didn't quite believe, at first. Then I though back about some of my stories I have, hmm I have some that people just would be had to believe either, this was, is, his story.

It was a time he told me, he had to leave or hide south of border for about half dozen years or so, something about a club. He met a lady on that hiatus, she, he said "was a perfect woman, for me more than a soulmate in some sense my other half." I could see he was troubled by her memory, I did not get her name, they lived at that small village, up in the mountains of west of Coahuila, Jaboncillos, Mexico.

For him it that was a time, he explained "which restored my soul, form that war that left a mar deep into my soul." He told me. "I was taught by a village elder, their Shaman, my Father-in-law, Kwendqoi." He spoke of an ancient language, Kwendqoi taught him that language, & so much more. He knew the whole history, as the son of Kwendqoi he would be their next Shaman, for the Village, he had to know all the ways of his home the way it looked & felt.

I could sense that there was a pain seemed to cut deep, but it did not seem it was from the war.

As he explained to me, "I married her and would have stayed there," he said something to me that was so strange. "The town seemed to have been out of time, like being out of the past, I seen no planes fly over, no lights from other cities in the area, no one had a car, actually the only vehicle in the whole area was my ol' panhead, they didn't have a gas station in the village, they all used Donkeys, Horses or Oxen, I did really think that was true. He stared at the shot he ordered a while ago, His countenances changed I could feel the pain & despair in his voice as he talked,

he said one day, "everything changed, time seemed to change waves went over me and then that small Village, wife & family." He was given no choice.

he said. “ya know, it seemed they were scared of something there in that Village. They gave me no choice I had to leave.”

He said “I tried to get back there, for mounts, there was some strange, no matter what I did or how I got to the area that was the Village, There Was Absolutely no sign, of the Village.” (or so he thought, he did not know at that time, it was under meters of soil.)

He turned to face me and emphasized slowly,

***“There was nothing,... (his lower lip quivered,)... it was... (from emotions deep with in him.)
like the village was never there, MAN!”***

Chills went down my Spine.

He Continued, stated in a cold & emptied voice devoid of any emotion.

He said “**it felt like,**” he paused, *looked me straight in the eyes and Stated:*

***“It was emptied of all Life & Energy even insects, bugs or any kind of creature,
there was absolutely no life.... Nothing there, the Village, it did not exist anymore.”***

After a moment Shaky, he seemed to be back in the present.

He continued, “I was there for about two weeks, It was strange,”
when I seen any wildlife approach the boundary of the village,”

“the wildlife went around the borders even birds.

“Then when I walked from where my house was in the center of the village, in any direction.” he paused looked around as if he was looking for something, shaky did this often.

He continued “Life & Energy seemed to return at the edge, of what used to be my village.” he then added, “Once, I Watched a bird venture past the border, when it did, it fell out of the sky, Dead. That is when I decided to leave.”

He looked down, as the memory seemed to haunt him.

He said “Not many years later, an archaeologist found a ruin of a village, exactly in the same place, where my home was, it was so strange.” Shaky Jake explained “they had done some type of test, I think is was ground penetrating radar or something & found what used to be a village, some 200 to 400 years ago. The archaeologist team,

started an excavation of the whole area, he seen the foundations of his house, it was one of the first they uncovered, his father-in-laws home & other buildings all were in ruins.”

He said “It that's where I lived, loved and had a family, but how could that be, the same place where I was lived just a dozen years ago or so, and I felt something so,... so,...strange I just cannot explain.” he looked so bewildered and said in a troubled voice. “how could it be, how, a place I lived in be over 300 years in the past, how could I how could that be,.. 'kuwosam...xuainaxe...kayauya...tsanan .” he trailed off speaking in a different Language. Shaky said “what I said in my family tongue was” “Father, of my Wife My Hearts misses all my Family.”

He then added “It was at that time is when I spent some time in the county jail, I guess I lost it, Watching was on the news about my home, they said “I stole a car.”

“Actually, I was only going to borrow it” he smirked “I had an irresistible urge to get back there. I needed to see it with my own eyes,”

He stated, “that cost me a few months in lockup, in Huntsville, Texas.” “A few months later, I did make it back there & it was the village, that was my home, something strange happened to me there, I remembered everything, like it & I was still there.”

Looking down at the bar, as he took that last shot, he just ordered, he put his head down on the bar, I just barely heard him speak in a language, I didn't understand. But what I could hear sounded like a prayer, blessing or pleading.

This is what I think I heard:

xaxame 'kenex kiáχne.... kemen huäxle melkuai dom pawe el-pau xuaina'xe...
kgma's.. kayau..... xuainaxe,... kuwai apel, apel, po'-une ke'mma... titcha'x
me'n?

Or something like it, I could & did not get all of the words.

He just sat there with his head face down shaking at the bar, mumbling the words over & over again. As he regained his essence,

He said, "I bet you don't believe me,"

he stood up to show me, something, it was their custom when they were married. I stopped him & said "Wait a minute, it not that I don't, its just a lot to take in,"

I added, "I DO, believe you, I just want to know what you said just a moment ago,

I could not understand you, it seamed to me to be either that you were asking or praying about something & or someone."

He said, he would tell me."

First, he explained "my Farther-in-law wanted to show me the symbol of his people so he took off his leathers & lifted his shirt to show me a tattoo that look like an ancient symbol, of a bird, one that I seen on the News many years ago.

It was that Symbol, from that place, I thought, but how.

That's when he said, "he took the name Kwendqoin, it's the name of my family there, who I had loved, to leave, & lost."

"What I said a few minutes ago was in the language, the language of my family, some two to three hundred years in the past, what I said basically is this, but not a concise translations some words of both languages have no exact fit.

I Said This,

"To eat; good Rabbit, sinew, to suckle with my wife to sit, to kneel down by her side once more & be with her again, I ache, I was you man; sky heaven Father what has been done to me, what have you given me, please I don't understand, what do you want?"

"Something Spiritual happened to me there, in that village so many years ago, it seems now over & almost three Centuries ago, how & why I don't ever think I will ever find out in this lifetime." maybe in the next."

A mission I will find out he will not have an end to, that will be the last tale & story of him I will tell.