

LEGALS

(Continued from page 10)

must be received by 4:00 P.M. on Thursday, September 15, 2022. The District reserves the right, in its sole absolute discretion, to reject any or all proposals, to cancel or withdraw this bid solicitation at any time, and to waive any irregularities in the RFP process. The District reserves the right to award any contract to the respondent which it deems to offer the best overall service; therefore, the District is not bound to award any contract based on the lowest quoted price or rates.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE THIRD JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, IN AND FOR TAYLOR COUNTY, FLORIDA CIVIL DIVISION CASE NO.: 2020CA000115

SELENE FINANCE LP, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL J. MARTIN, et al., Defendants.

CLERK'S AMENDED NOTICE OF SALE (as to foreclosure sale date)

NOTICE IS GIVEN that, in accordance with the Amended Final Judgment of Foreclosure (Amended to revise the date of sale) entered on July 25, 2022 in the above-styled cause, I will sell to the highest and best bidder for cash on October 20, 2022 at 11:00 a.m. on the east steps of the Taylor County Courthouse at 108 North Jefferson Street, Perry, Florida LOT 3, BLOCK B, PERRY PARK, ACCORDING TO THE PLAT THEREOF, RECORDED IN PLAT BOOK 1, PAGE(S) 77, OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS OF TAYLOR COUNTY, FLORIDA.

Property Address: 906 North Veterans Drive, Perry, FL 32347
ANY PERSON CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE SURPLUS FROM THE SALE, IF ANY, OTHER THAN THE PROPERTY OWNER AS OF THE DATE OF THE LIS PENDENS MUST FILE A CLAIM BEFORE THE CLERK REPORTS THE SURPLUS AS UNCLAIMED
Dated: August 18, 2022
GARY KNOWLES, CLERK
TAYLOR COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT
By:
Marti Lee
Deputy Clerk

INVITATION TO BID

The City of Perry is accepting sealed bids for Replacing windows in the Fine Art Building and the Teen Center at 918 North Washington St. All bids need to be submitted by 1 p.m., September 1, 2022. For more information regarding this bid visit the City of Perry website: www.cityofperry.net or contact Ms. Duckworth at (850) 584-2189. Taylor Brown, City Manager
Alan Hall, City Mayor

INVITATION TO BID

The City of Perry is accepting sealed bids for Upgrade Service to three (3) Buildings at 203 Drew St. All bids need to be submitted by 1 p.m., September 1, 2022. For more information regarding this bid visit the City of Perry website: www.cityofperry.net or contact Ms. Duckworth at (850) 584-2189. Taylor Brown, City Manager
Alan Hall, City Mayor

PUBLIC MEETING

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, Please take notice that the Three Rivers Regional Library Board will hold a Board Meeting on Thursday, September 8th, 2022, at 3:00 p.m., at the Taylor County Public Library, in Perry, Florida.

All interested persons are invited to attend and be heard. Please be advised, that if a person decides to appeal any decision made by the Board with respect to any matter considered at such hearing, that person will need a record of the proceedings, and that, for such purpose, he/she may need to ensure that a verbatim record of the proceedings is made, which record includes the testimony and evidence upon which the appeal is to be based.

"Person with disabilities requesting reasonable accommodations to participate in this proceeding should contact (850) 838-3506 (Voice & TDD) or via Florida Relay Service at (800) 955-8771."

REQUEST FOR PROPOSALS FINAL DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION (DESIGN-BUILD) FOR TAYLOR COUNTY JAIL - HOUSING ADDITION AND REHAB PROJECT

The Taylor County Board of County Commissioners is soliciting sealed proposals from Design/Builder Firms for the Taylor County Jail - Housing Addition and Rehab Project, a Design-Build Improvement Project. Qualified Firms desiring to provide

the required Design-Build products or services must submit five (5) packages in a sealed envelope or similar package marked "Sealed Proposal for Taylor County Jail - Housing Addition and Rehab Project" to the Clerk of Court, 1st Floor Courthouse, 108 North Jefferson Street, Suite 102, Perry, Florida, to arrive no later than 4:00 P.M., local time, on September 30, 2022. All Proposals MUST have the respondent's name and mailing address clearly shown on the outside of the envelope or package when submitted. Proposals will be opened and respondents announced at 6:00 P.M. local time, or as soon thereafter as practical, on October 3, 2022, in the Taylor County Administrative Complex, 201 East Green Street, Perry, Florida 32347.

Proposal information MUST be obtained on-line at the following website address: www.taylorcountygov.com/government/county_bids/index.php. A Pre-Proposal Conference will be held at 10:00 a.m. on Wednesday, September 14, 2022, at the Administrative Complex located at 201 East Green Street, Perry, Florida 32347.

The County reserves the right, in its sole and absolute discretion, to reject any or all Proposals, to cancel or withdraw this solicitation at any time and waive any irregularities in the solicitation process. The County reserves the right to award any contract to the respondent which it deems to offer the best overall service; therefore, the County is not bound to award any contract(s) based on the lowest quoted price.

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The County, in its sole and absolute discretion, also reserves the right to waive any minor defects in the process and to accept the proposal deemed to be in the County's best interest. The County, in its sole and absolute discretion, also reserves the right to assign a local business preference in an amount of five (5) percent of the proposal price pursuant to Taylor County Ordinance No. 2003-12. No faxed Proposals will be accepted.

For additional Information, contact: Taylor County Jail, Major Richard Johnson
Taylor County Engineering Department 850. 584.4333 or 850. 838.3500

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, Taylor County, Florida.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that MATTHEW DONALD HERRERA, ABBIE ELM 9 BEY, OWNERS, desiring to engage in business under the fictitious name of MATTHEW DONALD HERRERA located at 1306 CAROL ANN DRIVE, KERRVILLE, TEXAS 78028 intends to register the said name in TAYLOR County with the Division of Corporations, Florida Department of State, pursuant to section 865.09 of the Florida Statutes.



2022 Friends of the Library Short Story Contest Honorable Mention Student: 'Painful Paradox' by Jordan Young

SHORT STORY

Continued from page 1

the battle within him. What should he say? What was he to do?

Without any indication, however, his father turned around, expecting his wife to reside in the doorway. However, he was met with the contrary, being his alternate self.

Both in shock, they shared a long moment of silence as rain pounded upon the tin roof, lightning striking in the distance. Voyager hadn't a clue what to do. Did he already make a mistake? Was he supposed to have been seen?

Meanwhile, his father knew who he was to a degree. He knew more than Voyager was currently able to fathom. He looked Voyager up and down briefly, as if gathering information before speaking.

"I know who you are."

Those five simple words prompted an unwarranted amount of adrenaline. He wanted to ask, "How??" But underneath that mask of his, Voyager was sweating bullets.

"I of all people would recognize that 'V' from anywhere."

He motioned to the symbol that stretched across Voyager's chest. Looking down at himself, Voyager noticed what he means. Nonetheless, he remained in a state of clouded confusion. How did he know that symbol? What was it that he wasn't getting? So many questions, but after pondering the statement he gathered the courage to actually speak, albeit with a hint of hesitancy.

"How so?"

Two words. Two words that could offer an enumeration of answers. Hopefully answers that could silence Voyager's echoing mind.

"Don't act like you don't know. I've known this day would arrive since the day I went off the rails. It was simply a matter of when."

"So, you do know what I'm here for," Voyager responded inquisitively.

"Precisely. I also knew that you had to do this. And I understand. Resistance is futile for me, really. I know the pickle I got myself into, but man was it worth it. This is your job, as it was mine."

"What do you mean? As it was yours? How do you even know why I'm here? You shouldn't!" Voyager blurted out, in the spur of the moment.

It was all too much

to process for him, and he didn't like where this was going. How could he possibly recognize anything that's going on here?

Anomalies within time are never knowingly anomalies, right? There's no possible way he's self-aware of his own actions disrupting the continuum. That can't be right. What even was it that disrupted the continuum anyways? This is his own home reality, albeit in the past. There never seemed to be anything off about it when he was growing up.

With a confused look on his face, his father took a step closer, almost studying him for his lack of knowledge.

"I was a Chrono-Guard myself. Much like you are. If I know anything from my voyages across the multiverse, it's that no matter our variants, we all share the same 'V' across our chests. It's our symbol. The consistency of which is surprising to me, honestly.

But nevertheless, I've already come to terms with my fate. You've come to reset me, and I won't stand in your way of doing so. I've lived a life I would have never dreamed of having."

His father leaned back against the countertop, crossing his arms. He seemed ready at any given moment and so nonchalant, but all Voyager could do was think. As if frozen in thought, he stared him down through the dark tinted lenses of his goggles. His dad was a Chrono-Guard. That in itself was a lot to take in, but for the first time tonight Voyager had concrete thoughts. "Our chests," echoed through his mind. It was a stone-cold realization. It couldn't be.

"So you're a variation of me?" he asked, already knowing the answer yet hoping he'd deny.

"I don't understand what's so hard to understand about that, really. You've ought to have done this before, right?"

Ignoring the question and almost forgetting the mission altogether, Voyager abruptly reached up to his mask and his goggles. This was the only way to make him realize why this was hard for him to grasp. His father watches, bewildered as to what's unfolding. With a few clicks of the straps and buckles that fasten both the goggles and mask to his face, he slowly removes both and shakily sets them on the table to his side. Tears swelling up, he looks deep into his father's eyes.

"I still don't get what's going on here..." his father

said hesitantly.

"Dad, I really don't want to do this..." Voyager replied, on the verge of bursting into tears.

In a sudden, immense realization of who he was looking at, his father almost jumped off the countertop and pulled Voyager into himself.

"Oh my god... Andrew! My dear boy!"

He tightly hugged his son close, but Voyager paid no mind. He hadn't been able to hug his father in what has felt like eons. They wished they wouldn't have to let go, but they both knew. Letting go of Voyager and taking a step back to look him up and down, he took a deep breath.

"You're all grown up, my boy!" He chuckles with a tear trickling down his cheek.

"It's rather hard to imagine that the little rascal upstairs right now really turns out to be... you! And you're a Chrono-Guard just like your old man! One of my biggest regrets of choosing this life was that I knew I'd never be able to see you grow up, Andrew. But here you are! Grown up! I knew I wouldn't be there for you, but this is certainly something, boy!" He paused, and motioned to the scar that stretched across his left cheek. "Though, the future hasn't been kind to you, has it son?"

"Not quite... It's been a rough ride," Voyager replied as he reached up to touch the scar. Looking back at his father he reluctantly asked a question that he was itching to have an answer to.

"Dad... what happened? You said you know it's your time, but why? What did you do?"

Looking down as if pondering the answer, his father shook his head.

"I knew it was a mistake. I knew what I was getting myself into, son. We're both Chrono-Guards so we both know the rules. The truth is... I'm not from this reality, Andrew. I'm from multiverses over. I broke the code. I had an earth-bound mission positioned in the 1960s. I was tired of the life I lived. Fact of the matter is, I'm millennia old, though my appearance is only that of a middle-aged man. I met your mother on my mission and I just fell in love, couldn't leave her. I wanted true happiness for myself and wanted to actually live a life. I started aging normally once I refused to return home and renounced the Chrono-Guardians. The rest is history. I never really expected you to be here,

son. If anything, I thought it would have been one of the members of my own team. God how I hated to disappoint them so..."

Silence soon followed the explanation. Voyager was soaking in all the information he was just fed. It all started to come together now. It made perfect sense. But boy, was it shocking.

He was regretting the fact he had just peered at the clock in the kitchen, however. It was 1:02 a.m. He had five minutes. It's extremely alarming but he tried to remain calm to the best of his ability. The deed must be done by 1:07.

"I hate to do this. I can't express how much I want to walk away right now..." he said. "It's plagued me that you could never be there. But, because I understand why, it simultaneously makes it more and less painful. You and I know how time works, Dad. This becomes my past. This is my past. I wake up in the morning and you aren't there. Mom doesn't know where you've gone, because there is no trace of you left. I'm so glad that you never just up and left, but knowing I have to see you fade away is too much. I really don't want to do this."

Another glance at the clock -- three minutes and counting. He could feel himself almost begin to cry again. His father motioned to the reversion device that rested strapped on his hip as he began to speak.

"No matter how much you don't want to, we both know you have to. Don't make the same mistake I did. You know just as well as I do that if you don't do this, you're fated to be reset as well. Do us both a favor, Andrew. Do it," His father said, tears streaming down his face.

"I can't... I can't, Dad," Voyager said, clutching the reversion device in his shaking, right hand.

He began to sob, his father becoming visibly frustrated.

"Just do it, Andrew. There's no time, please. It won't be painful at all, as you know. I'll feel nothing. Merely transported back to my home reality with no memory. I won't be hurt."

"I know you won't be... but I will," he said sorrowfully.

Closing his finger on the button, he pressed it at last. Firing the beam of light through tears, it made contact with his father's chest, seemingly turning him to tiny little pieces of dust.

He knew he didn't feel any pain. It was harmless, really.

But that never stopped the pain within his heart. And he didn't have time to mourn.

He had completed the mission exactly on schedule, which was astonishing, but he must return home. That "home" being the Chrono-Guardian's Domain, where time meets space, and space meets time. More missions are to be given, for many more realities. The loop never stops.

Walking out the back door of his childhood home, he took his cape and attempted to dry the tears streaming down his anguished face.

He reached to the screen positioned on his right wrist and tapped away, setting the proper coordinates for the Domain. There was no downtime, he had to keep moving. As he completed the entry of the coordinates, the multi-coloration of sparks and swirls started to fizz up in the middle of the

backyard. With one, grand, warp-like noise the portal appeared to take him home.

Voyager turned around one last time, though. He took a look back at his home. He gave the house a formal salute as a goodbye, as well as an ode to his now lost father. Turning back around promptly, he stepped in and entered the portal, swiftly closing it behind him.

The backyard remained, with the only noise being the pounding of the rain onto the rooftops. In mere hours little Andrew and his mother will wake, only to find her husband, his father, their world, to be gone.

No explanation, but one isn't needed. Andrew will find out eventually. Time travel is quite the perplexing concept. It creates infinite possibilities and many paradoxes. In Andrew's case an eerily and excruciatingly painful paradox.

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