

# **Crazy DeJa Vu -Not Again**

Rita is a young female waitress at The Rooster Cafe, a small cafe on the outskirts of NY. Rita and her best friend Nell love a good mystery. After Anna showed up on the scene the mystery got deeper and became mind whirling after she left. Come along on a wild adventure and find out it all turns out. This could even be happening now.

## **Crazy Déjà Vu**

**Part 2**

### **“Not Again”**

**By  
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# **Crazy Déjà Vu**

## **part two**

### **“Not again”**

#### **Chapter One**

Now I am really caught in a science fiction life and there are only a few people I can talk to about what is really happening.

As time has passed, I have learned a lot about painting. But I have this feeling that there is a little something that I am missing. And as time gets closer for me to move to San Francisco I am feeling a little unsure about the whole thing.

I won't know anyone there and I will only have Nell to talk to because Jack phones use is limited.

Jack and I have remained in contact and have become really good friends over the last few years. At least once a week we manage to meet and talk about things. And I often find myself wondering what changes my actions were making for Anna, my future self.

I haven't asked Jack but I don't think there is a way to communicate with Anna. I mean like sending a message to find out what has changed for her. Next time I meet up with Jack I think I will ask about that.

Time seems to be moving faster for me and I only have about another six months before I go to San Francisco and find and meet Master Bastrono.

I was planning to have a few sidewalk sales before moving and found out yesterday that my new

friends (Janis and Fred) that moved into 4A were planning to have one next month for extra summer cash. We decided to join efforts and have even a larger sale.

I was sorting through things to make it a little easier on myself to move when the time came and figured a few extra dollars could come in handy. While going through a few boxes at the bottom of my closet I found a notebook with a pretty but strange picture on the front cover. The title on the first page was "When I get the time and money I want to..."

And on that page, I had written –

"I want to learn how to paint"

"I want to visit and maybe live in San Francisco. CA"

"I want to see the Pacific Ocean"

"I want to make enough money to travel".

But a question started nagging at the back of my mind. *'Would I have wanted to paint or see the Pacific Ocean if Anna hadn't come back. Yet here, right now in front of me was the answer. These were things that I had written down in the past. Things I was thinking about. OR was this a book that Anna had planted here for me to find. But on second thought, how would she have known when I was going to look in this box. Oh duh, she must have known my every move, after all, she had already done these things.'*

Ouch, all this is doing is giving me a headache. I really need to find things I know I won't be using or haven't used in years to put in the sidewalk sale.

I found a pencil and wrote at the bottom of the page. **"If you find that you have to be in control. Don't travel through time!"**

While I was looking through all the other things in the box and separating the ones for the sale, my mind was coming up with questions to ask Jack next time we were together.

For instance. *'When you travel through time, how do you know that you are really traveling back to the right dimension and not crossing into another time frame? I mean I think we live in several time frames at the same time and that is why we have déjà vu and we have fears of things like*

*spiders, water or heights. Maybe we almost died of a spider bite in another area or we almost drowned or fell off something high and got hurt. Who knows? It doesn't seem like it would take much for the vibration streams to be off a little and we would cross into a different reality.'*

These kinds of thoughts are enough to make one's head swirl but I keep going back to them. 'I wonder if these thoughts are cleared up in the future.'

I remember being at Nell's house playing when we were little and hearing her mom and dad talking about such things, but didn't pay much attention then. They were both research scientists in quantum physics. I still don't understand exactly what that is. But I think that is why I feel I can talk to Nell about anything especially the strange things that happen to me.

For her this kind of brainstorming (as she calls it) and thinking, is normal.

As for my dad, he was a chess Master and always said life is like playing chess. "You always need to plan a few moves in all directions before making a move." Mom just said "That means you need to plan ahead when possible" translating it for me at the time.

My dad died about four months after my twelfth birthday but mom and I managed to stay living in the same block.

Nell and I have been best friends since preschool.

About a year after my mom died, her parents moved to Texas for their retirement. Nell managed to stay in their apartment, while I moved down the street to one I could afford.

Jack and I have made it a point to get together at least every Wednesday for the past few years. I have managed to get him talked into watching a movie with me every few weeks and eating somewhere else other than the Rooster Café.

Today is Tuesday and I seriously need to keep my mind on this if I am going to have all of the sales items together in two weeks.

I have managed to paint a few pictures over the past few years. I wonder if I should put them out for sale. I did like Jack said and signed all of them A.M. Stols. I wonder if people will remember all of the talk

about Anna's painting from years ago?

Time passed and Janis, Fred and I piled all of our things out onto the sidewalk after putting up signs everywhere we could find a place to hang them. I even hung one of them at the Rooster Café.

Everything was going really good until a man came by and saw my paintings and asked if I was the painter and not thinking I said yes. I am the one who painted them but they were signed A.M. Stols. And of course, the signature was the same.

"I don't think you are the same person I am thinking of. I met the real A.M. Stols." He said.

"Where did you meet her?" I asked.

"She stayed at the Clair Mont Hotel." He said rather rudely.

"Yes, on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, Mandy was the floor maid that took care of all of her needs and Danny the bellhop would run special errands. My hair was lighter then." I said with a smile.

"My sister lived here and I am helping her out today," I added. "Are you interested in buying one of my paintings?" I continued raising one eyebrow.

"Oh, I am sorry for my rudeness. Yes, I am interested. How much are you asking for this small painting of the meadow? He asked holding up the small 8x11 inch painting.

"I am asking \$500 for that one,"