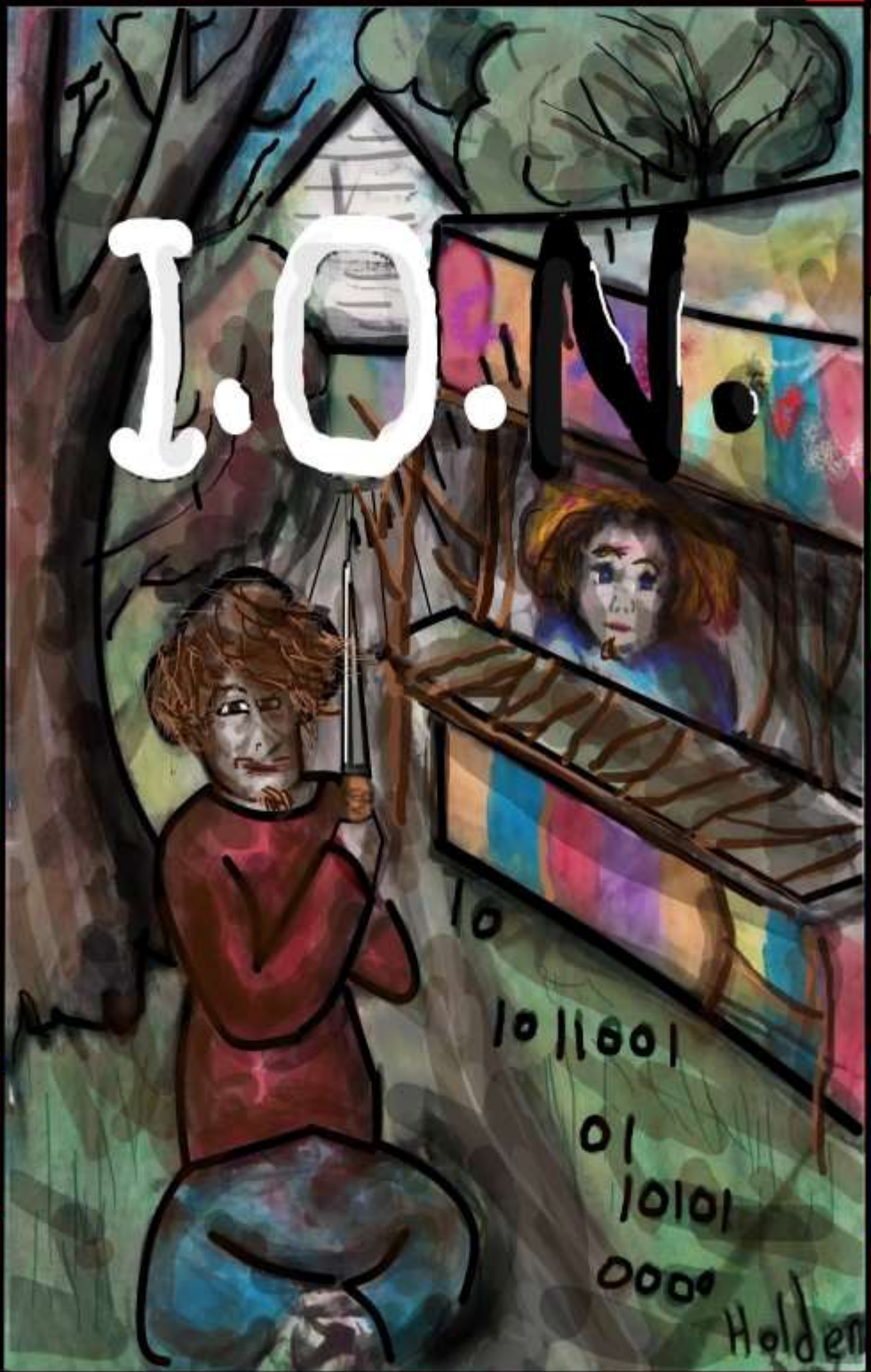


☆ Behind the Night Sky ☆



—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

About the book

Geoffrey is an average young adult: cars, school, business and making life work. He recently purchased a home, financed by his small business: *a gas/candy stop*.

Geoff being over excited about his new purchase invites some of his friends—from his younger years to visit.

While they are there, they decide to do something new, something that only children would do—and this is to—explore the world of make believe, this Geoffrey calls the ancient quantum system, tying into Brendon’s written book, *The game*. As they explore, they find a game show, there they win thirty thousand dollars, exciting all four friends.

Months go by the four friends play, as they play in the ancient system, most of the four friends that had visited Geoffrey’s home that fall day—begin to experience negativity, mostly from reading paranormal writings that appear on a bridge wall, one of which effects Geoffrey’s mind to a point of a psychotic psychosis.

Are we on the earth, their minds scream—creating reason, asking many questions. Geoffrey must fix this error to save him and his friends.

Is this the end of Geoffrey, his mind and his friends or will the six friends find a way out of ION?

Written by the author of *Behind the Night Sky*, Brendon Holden, making ION the third book to *The Behind the Night Sky Trilogy*.

Behind the Night Sky: I.O.N. includes one work of sheet music: *It’s all you A: I play all*.

Behind
The Night
Sky:
I.O.N.
It's Out Now

Behind the Night
Sky: I.O.N.

It's Out Now

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Behind the Night Sky: ION
Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Self-Published © 2023
by:
Brendon Holden
P.O. Box 175
Lyndon, Vermont 05849 USA

through *Blurb INC.*, and *PDF self-platforms*.

Trilogy

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Behind the Night Sky: ION

No part of this book shall be copied or sold with the intent of
financial gain without written consent from the author.

Behind the Night Sky
Copyright © 2023
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

Printed in the USA

Table of Contents

TABLE OF CONTENTS	7
CHAPTER 01	9
<i>Game Show</i>	9
CHAPTER 02	19
<i>Blind Rhyme</i>	19
CHAPTER 03	25
<i>Cut it out Geoff</i>	25
CHAPTER 04	39
<i>Matthew reads loss</i>	39
CHAPTER 05	51
<i>Running Geoff</i>	51
CHAPTER 06	57
<i>ION</i>	57
CHAPTER 07	63
<i>ION Lunatic Break</i>	63
CHAPTER 08	71
<i>My TV?</i>	71
CHAPTER 09	75
<i>What could this be, a baby?</i>	75
CHAPTER 10	81
<i>Life behind the Night Sky</i>	81
IT'S ALL YOU A: I PLAY ALL	99
EPILOGUE	115
ABOUT THE AUTHOR	117

Game Show

Chapter 01

Game Show

I walk out of the door to my recently purchased home, I take a large breath of the fresh fall air. The summers leaves once full of life, now mostly dead and dying and lying on the ground radiating am still alive! I can almost smell the decaying brown, orange, and red leaves as I look at them.

O yeah, this is the purpose to my life!

I glance at my watch, anxiously waiting for Dora and her new boyfriend, *Matthew*. We planned on getting together to celebrate my recent purchase, which was my three-story victorian-style home in which I am proud of, it fits with my upper-class lifestyle...plus the shutters are red which seems to fit—with my once blonde, now changed to brown hair and innocent blue eyes. *A man wearing a suit.*

I could not wait to show her, it resided in the same little town we grew up in; we both went to school here. Matthew did as well, but I do not consider it much, he was in a couple grades lower than Dora and me.

I have made it, I did it, I consider expressing as I visualize Dora walking out of her car.

Not only was Dora and Matthew coming, but my all-time-best-bud-ever is coming up with our old buddy GB who now has blond hair, is extremely attractive, can wear makeup, plus... she dresses as a teenage young lady: *pink and purple*.

I wonder what they will say about this place.

I open back up my front door, place my thumb over the top of my hot tobacco and walk onto the inside of my new home...

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Life is good!” I grab the newspaper off my coffee table and sit down on the couch.

The smell of fall still lingering in my body; I begin to wonder where I first experienced the fall sight, I witnessed...

O yeah, I remember, it was in a movie, a scary movie, (it amazes me how I can see something on television, place it in my brain and wait to receive what I have seen. The thought just playfully waits, weeks, months, sometimes years, and then resurfaces.)

Odd!

Not much longer—as I am thinking—I see Matthew’s head peep in the front door window.

Knock

Knock

“Matt!” I say getting up off the couch, setting the bowl down in the ashtray.

“Morning!” I say as I open the front door.

“So, this is your house,” Matthew says confirming his suspicion.

“I drove around the block a few times to sure myself.”

“Nice home!” Matthew says in one big breath.

“Where is Dora?” I ask.

“Out their roaming around, wondering if this is the house,” Matthew answers.

I look to my right, I see Dora.

“Dora, over here,” I exclaim waving my arm.

Dora quickly walks up the steps.

“I am so glad you made it,” I utter, giving Dora a hug.

“Let me show you the inside, this house is marvelous, I bought it for a cheap price.”

“Check out the wood! It is like the inhabitants of the ancient,” I say while laughing.

“Ancient inhabited, what is that supposed to mean, wealthy or something?” Dora asks.

Game Show

I look up, I give it a thought and say, “yes, if you see the wealth in it.”

Matthew interrupts, “you say that like as if you have had other.”

“Well, I did, like I mentioned, I got it for a cheap price,” I reveal.

“That means there is something wrong with it...”

“There is nothing wrong with it,” I demand.

“There is not anything in this world for free Geoff,” Matthew explains.

A bit humiliated I say, “I will add onto my savings and fix the place.”

Dora walking around the house asks, “is that why growing up you insisted on all us friends being wise and getting a savings.”

“To deep for me Dora,” I command and add, “let us go outside, I want to show you the back yard.”

Walking out the front door and onto the left side of the house, I begin pointing with my finger saying, “all this land back here is mine, it came with the house.”

“That is what makes this house so extraordinary, not that the house is so rich, but there is more than enough land back here to earn back twice as much as I bought the house for.”

“And earning back twice as much is a good thing!”

“As we speak it is earning back twice as much money—as I bought the house for; plus, I still will get to keep the house.”

“Good deal Geoffrey,” Matthew says, “but obviously there is a catch. I guess the back yard here floods or something.”

“Matthew is right,” Dora explains, “if the back yard does not flood then there must be ghosts in the house or something.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Matthew agrees, “if not ghosts, bugs, rats or snakes infest the place.”

I look toward the sky, a bit discouraged, I was hoping for another comment other than a negative comment. *Showing off to get a praise from Matt isn't happening, thanks Matty, now I must be the positive.*

“I will fix that Matthew,” I answer.

“Yeah, sure you will Geoffrey,” Matthew says.

“Why do you got to be like that,” I say, “I mean look at this place, it is rich, and the back yard is huge... this is my ticket in Matt, my golf sweater, my jacket, my slice of humanity!!! You could not get a place like this. Plus, you live in an apartment, what do you know?”

Matthew backs off the conversation, I look at him, waiting to see his slick back, brown hair, and brown eye appearance—snap back, but he did not, instead, he gave a polite nod.

Dora looks at me and says, “you sure are touchy Geoffrey, what has gotten into you.”

I did not want to be honest with her, I figured she would not understand, and I did not want to reveal I have issues; none of the friends, including Matthew and Dora have esteemed me in years; because of that I accepted that none would esteem, so I created our held-together-friendship.

I looked at him wondering if he had been esteemed of such and that is why he spoke negative of what is obviously a dream home.

Speaking negatively about this house??? What I told him I had paid for it would have fooled anyone!

“Where is GB and Kelly, I thought they would be here any moment now,” I say breaking up the friction between Matthew and me.

“I thought you knew,” Matthew answers.

There is the friction again!

Game Show

As soon as Matthew opened his mouth—I knew he thought he were better than me, like I could not pull together a weekend party.

“I do Matt, I was just joking, I am going to call them right now,” I say.

I walk inside the house; warm air meets me on the inside.

I pick up the phone.

Ring

Ring

“Hello,” I hear Kelly say.

“Are you and GB coming over today, Matthew and Dora are here. I believe we could have a fun time together.”

“GB do you want to go over to Geoffrey’s? Matthew and Dora are there,” I hear through the phone-speaker.

Mumbling...

Yeah, Geoff, we will be over in a couple of hours; did you end up moving to 53 Tub Drive?” Kelly asks.

“Yes”

I hang up the phone.

I pick my bowl out of the ashtray. I scrape out the remains of the burnt tobacco. I walk over to my clay jar—with a free lid on top. I casually take off the lid. I pinch in my finger some PA, anxiously desiring the clean drag—once lit. I stuff the golden tobacco in the bowl.

I pick up the lighter and walk back outside ready to spark up at any moment.

*

I see Matthew walk up to GB’s grey car, *a Saab*.

GB, Kelly!” Matthew says full of excitement, “I have not seen you in years!”

I did not notice the moment. I spark the bowl.

I wave my hand happy to see them. I invite them inside.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

They both hop out of the car with a mouthful of boring things to talk about.

Kelly hears a noise, what is the banging Geoff,” she asks.

“A dude came up from Massachusetts, tried selling me a new closet or has sold me a new closet. Come to my bedroom and you shall see!”

All five walk up the beautiful wooden stairs to Geoffrey’s bedroom.

“You are done,” Geoffrey exclaims as they enter the bedroom. The five friends walk into the closet.

On and on they talk, “I am getting another bowl pack,” I say—turning around, walking down the steps to my front door.

A ghost wave meets me at the door, I pack the bowl.

On and on they went, I pack another bowl.

I got to talk about something, anything!

“Hey, you know what I figured out?” I say, adding “virtual reality is now!”

All four stop at my words, aware that they must include me in the conversation.

Which makes me add, I pause...

“What do you mean Geoff?” Matthew asks.

“X1 seed grower, lets one key the code to the plant seed, the seed I can grow,” I answer.

Kelly states, “is that not the same thing as growing in a lab?”

Dora says, “it is, but the *Game-World* bought the idea.”

“Labs and Games, that sounds like a biological disorder,” GB states.

“Not just a disorder,” I say, but the gaming world has been looking for *leading* graphics for years and finally they have the stuff.”

“What stuff?” Kelly asks.

Game Show

“The earth in the palm of their hands, we will be rich,”
I say.

“First type me up lettuce,” Dara demands.

“Well, it will be a while, first we need all the codes and then we pick a code,” I say.

“Where are the codes?” Matthew asks.

“Matt, I mean you know, if you know,” I state.

“Matthew pauses for a moment, he adds, “like all codes.”

“I probably lost you,” Matthew says, “but to simplify... if all is out there, would we not have created an A.I. to travel through time to protect us from moments of lack.”

“What is your point?” Kelly asks.

“Lettuce! We can do that,” Matt says, “but trusting your own all-knowing mind can be harder than me simply telling you about it.”

Dora adds, “is that what the lab was doing?”

“Why do you ask?” I question.

“Because in college they are starting to talk like that.”

“I think the lab was, but somehow *Gaming* stole the idea—to attract the newer generation,” Matthew states.

“So do and...” GB begins saying,

Kelly finishes, “play your higher self, your all-knowing self.

“Let me tell you all a story...” I speak.

“Knowing all.”

“I know that those woods, deep down by the berry patches, on the smooth flat, around the berry patches is a *game show*,” I state, making it up as I went.

“What is the show,” Matthew asks.

“*It’s Out Now*,” I say in a thrilling tone.

“What is it about?” Kelly asks.

“Well, I do not want to give away too much, but it is a game show, this one is I.O.N., *it’s out now*; large amounts of

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

forced energy coming at us. *We will know all*, that is if we win, like the game written by that guy... what was his name again?"

"Brendon," Dora exclaims.

"Exactly, that guy! Like Brendon wrote in the book, in the epilogue, Gabriel says, 'there are big, grey stone like creatures billions of years ago,'" I say.

"Like a past lived game show, with all the answers," Matthew states and questions.

"Exactly, and our job is to find a normal reality, to find our way home," I say—as I begin leading the way into the forest.

"There is an old *game show* down this way," I say—pointing into the forest—making it up or what most call lying.

"Civilization once long ago lived here, as far back as the dinosaurs, they mapped and configured every grain of dirt," I state.

Kelly says, "you are just saying that."

"Exactly Kelly," I say, "but if we are not the truth, if we do not test, we will never be able to talk—without the hand of another!"

Kelly, without doubt says, "okay Geoff, you lead the way.

We walk an hour into the woods.

*

"*There isn't nothing out here*," I begin to doubt.

"Well, it was your idea," Matthew says.

I need to figure out something quick. "You got me," I say out loud, throwing up my arms and hands.

In doubt I say, "you know what Matthew, I just simply do not have to be me anymore, it is not like I was not using the ancient quantum system to begin with," I answer.

"Okay, then you are wrong," Matthew says.

Frustrated I turn around.

Game Show

I stop, I could barely find the words for what I was seeing. I point to the others, look in the berry bushes!!!

“Matthew, I utter, “look, a *game show!*”

“What?” Matthew says full of surprise. He quickly turns around, “a blue, red and orange striped carnival trailer, but this one is made of the sticks of the forest.”

Matthew looks up towards the stick trailer, he reads in colored paint, written by the hand of a child, he reads: *Game Show*.

Kelly soon looks; GB and Dora do as well. “My goodness, what is this?”

A man, a blonde colored hair—with stripes of red—man appears in the game show window.

“Welcome,” says the man, “welcome one, welcome all,” the blonde, youthful, healthy attractive man says.

“This is a game show, a show of the real game that Brendon the Great wrote about in the book, the one that Mr. Clint B. found.

In this show you will find the reenactment of billions of years of history, depending on which show you watch,” the handsome blonde-haired man says.

The man was extremely friendly, and I felt comfortable around him; I ask, “what will today’s reenactment bring?”

“You as, in the show? The man says laughing.

“I can sense you five crossed a purposeful fence—although all seems simple—I promise you the game is much denser,” the man says—as a trained, skillful traveling-carnival worker speaks.

“What is that supposed to mean,” Kelly interrupts.

“You!”,

“Who,” Kelly demands.

“Him,” the man says while pointing at me.

I step toward the stick trailer.

“Pick a prize, any prize and you can have it...”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Take this ball in your hand and toss it in the pan, if you do you get the worth of a brand-new van, thirty thousand in a golden can, will be in your hand.”

I stood looking at this sparkling masculine blond haired Ox.

For a moment did I gaze upon him; around and around I went in my mind. I begin to hear the man laugh.

“He cannot pick one, he cannot play,” the man states.

He is right I could not pick one and if I could of—I would have picked everything; I believe he picked up on that and began to laugh harder.

The more he spoke, and the more fear I was, the more power and laughter he received.

Stop

Stop!

Geoffrey, walk away, I tell myself.

I pull together the little strength I have. I pick my hand up, I attempt to say screw you and turn and slowly walk in the other direction.

I take the ball in my hand playfully. I look towards my friends giving an optimistic smile.

I toss.

I do not look; I lose my concentration. I hear a gentle clang...

“The man can, you heard the wam and here you are my man, thirty thousand in this here golden can,”

the blonde-haired man says presenting a golden can before us.

Surprised, I take the can out of his hand...

As I do, he and the carnival trailer disappear.

I look in the can I was given and pull out with my hand a stack of one-hundred-dollar bills, thirty thousand in the can.

Matthew comes running towards me and pulls the money out of my hand, “what should we do with this?”

I say, “let us be careful.”

We walk back home.

Blind Rhyme

Chapter 02

Blind Rhyme

Can you believe that?" I ask walking up the steps to my house, gazing at the golden can.

"Yeah, I can believe that" Matthew states.

Matthew quickly takes in a big breath of fresh air, a big breath of fresh air—preparing himself for a few long sentences...

"When I were younger, before I met most of you, I would walk from my parents' house—to look for other children. I rarely, if ever found someone I could spend time with. Most of the time I played in the bushes, because I feared the adults; someone told me a creep drove around town looking to snatch children off the street."

"There was a bridge—most of the children played at, or in the least that is where I thought most of them played at. I never approached the bridge because I was insecure: *if the other children rejected me—the scars would have been too great.*"

"Matthew continues, "Betty..."

"Betty is what some children called her, she and her parents owned a rag shop, rather shall I say cloth shop."

"Hold on a second Matthew," I blurt. I pour a cup of cool-aid, I flip through the radio stations, I open a window; a soft breeze pushes its way through the open window.

Matthew watches: he looks at me—to see if he can finish his talk... "Well, she was under the bridge,"

"Betty," I say letting Matthew know I was still listening.

"She was under the bridge more than often. I figured she must not fit in—you know—because most of the others

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

were not around her. I decided I would be that one to be around her, I would fit in with her, into what she was doing. I knew it could be a good time for me because she would possibly introduce me to some of the other more stimulating children.”

“Betty liked me; we became good friends.”

“To make a long story short, I never truly became close friends with the rest of the children, but I did become close to a secret, a secret Betty told me.”

Kelly anxiously asked, “what is the secret?”

“Well, the bridge apparently has power, and the other children knew that...”

“They would go to the bridge to use that power!”

“One time I doubtfully see Betty disappear into the bridge wall,” Matthew states full of wonder.

“You mean that covered bridge, the one we walked by every day to school, the one straight down the road?” I ask.

“Yes!” Matthew says full of excitement.

Kelly utters, “let us walk down there and receive a good look at this wonder—we never knew existed.

“What shall we do with this golden cup?” I ask.

GB quickly puts on a two-piece swimsuit and leads us down to the covered bridge.

Walking on the small, paved path, a short distance from the covered bridge GB says, “I have not been down here since I was a young child.

GB has gorgeous blonde hair, and nice skin; she is extremely attractive.

Growing up I did not look at her much or rather shall I express him; I did not know, nor was I taught how to treat a boy that dressed and looked like a lady. I was too scared to think about it, I still am. Sometimes when she is around or even when I think she is and is not—I feel extremely threatened by

Blind Rhyme

passionate fire, the type of fire that separates humans from the wild kingdom.

I have looked into GB's beautiful blue eyes and attempted to communicate it, but to no meaning; *creation apparently leaves all with a huge threat, most men respect that, some would dare to chase it, to dangle off a huge cliff as it!*

"There is a small stream under the bridge," GB says running through the tall grass and down the bank.

I step up on the higher ground and seemingly watch GB grace the tall grass as a masculine lady, my treat, or was it?

Whatever it is—that is not what we were here for; I want to see if we can win another *Golden-Cup* or *maybe the ecstasy of fire*. Or was I?

"Matt, what is up with this bridge," I say grabbing one of the bridge beams.

"Geoff," knock it off," Matthew says.

"What? I am not doing anything," I answer.

"You know Geoff, your times coming," Matthew says.

"What?" I yell into the fall yet feeling like the summer air...

"Are you messing with me?" I pick up my head and my arm, ready to swing my fist.

To my utter surprise I find no Matthew, in fact I find no Kelly, Dora and I no longer hear GB by the river.

"Matt," I continue yelling, "where are you?"

I look straight ahead toward the small, paved path at the end of the bridge; I look behind me, I turn around, I look towards the wooden wall—that was to my left and then I look right, "Matt, Dora," I yell into the summer air.

I begin to cover it up! This is too far out of reality, the Golden Cup was too far out of reality, yet Matthew was there; the Golden cup was excusable by Mathew's authority, this experience is directed towards me, my responsibility!!!

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

I turn, I look straight ahead of me, in the direction of the left side of the old wooden bridge wall. I see a lot of writings, some done with pencil, some done with pen. I see hearts, good wishes and then I notice a strange appearing carving, a ghost writing in pen, it simply appeared before my eyes, I watch a new writing... a new writing, carved into the wood, yet soaked in black pen ink.

What does it say?

I attempt to make out the words, “I see you might...”

No... it does not say that.

I read out loud:

“I see you want to play a game with me. You are reading something you should not be. I think you know what this is about, whoever loses cuts the lass out.”

I stumble backwards, paranoid—I had just been infected with something, something I do not want.

“Geoffrey, are you okay?”

“Dora,” I utter—watching her walk onto the planks of the covered bridge. I look back towards the wall, the wall I just had read from, and I now no longer see the carving!

“What is wrong?” asks Matthew.

“Ah...” I stumble finding my words; I did not want to admit the small amount of pressure I now face to cut out a lass.

I begin to cover it up.

“We should get out of this spot,” I say.

“Okay Geoffrey,” Dora states, she turns her head and begins talking to Kelly.

I pace back and forth for a moment.

“We should really leave, if we leave now perhaps nothing will follow us back,” I exclaim.

“Are you okay Geoffrey,” Matthew asks.

“I am feeling sort of claustrophobic,” I cry, “c’mon we are leaving,” I command.

Blind Rhyme

I begin walking back home expecting the others to follow.

Behind me I hear Matthew say, “GB c’mon we are leaving.”

“Okay.”

*

Once back home I play everything all right, hoping my own memories would be forgotten, or at least the memories I made while at the bridge. I feared that—that would get harder over time; it did get harder once Matthew asked about the golden cup.

“You keep it Matthew, take it home with you, after all it is kind of your type thing,” I say with a praise.

“What? Thirty thousand dollars?” Matthew snaps.

“Plus, the Golden cup?” Kelly adds.

“You earned that Geoffrey,” Dora adds.

I explain, “you do not know what I just saw under that bridge!”

“Well, what did you see, because I am sure I saw the same thing; I was standing by you the whole time,” Matthew states.

“Nothing” I say forcefully placing the Golden cup into Matthew’s hand. “I am calling it a night, everyone good evening, go home, suddenly I feel not so great.”

“What?”

“No Geoffrey,” GB cries.

“Yes” I say, taking my arms and gently hugging the others out the front door; I lock the door. I close my curtains; I peak out of them making sure the others had left out of my driveway.

I walk into my bathroom, open the medicine cabinet, and take a few pain killers out of the bottle; I pour a glass of

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

water. I swallow both pills as I walk towards the couch; I lay down.

"I isn't cutting the lass out," I find myself yelling the next morning as I attempt to get out of bed.

I look around my house, everything looks the same as when I went to sleep.

I shake my head, mocking my own words that I had spoken in my sleep: *I isn't cutting the lass out.*

I look over at my phone, my landline phone... I notice someone left a couple of messages.

I quickly pick up my cellphone; I want to see if both phones were called.

Matthew called! I mumble.

I call my voicemail; I dial the password...

"Geoffrey, what happened?" Matthew says recorded on my answer machine.

Next message, "hey it is Kelly, what happened, I thought we were having fun. Thirty thousand is a fun time, Geoffrey."

End of new messages.

Darn, my memories begin to fight what is!

Think about it Geoffrey, you know what this is about, cutting the lass out.

Stop!

Take her stuff Geoffrey, cut her out!

"Stop!"

"Stop!" I yell into the empty room.

Darn I am starting to lose it!

I will go to the store. *Yeah, Geoff a nice soda always calmed me down and cheers me up.*

I pass by the bridge as I walk toward the store; I shake my head in disbelief.

"I will be all right," I whisper.

Cut it out Geoff

Chapter 03

Cut it out Geoff

Another day another dollar,” I say as I unlock the door to my little country store. It was not the purpose in the beginning to be a store, but a gas station. But as time went on, I could not resist making a complete store after noticing most of the children in the town spending more money than meeting their needs.

This must be money.

I stocked it with all the type of stuff they requested: soda, chips, smokes, movies, and anything else they would want after school.

Big money!

And not only big money but I love my job; I love it so much, most of the time my store is open!

Excited to walk in, I flip on the light switch, I look up and notice the bells tied to the door, I tied them to the door—so that they will sound as a customer walks in.

Flip!

The lights are on.

Wonderful goods fill my nostrils: coffee, pastries, and candy.

Good! It looks the same as when I closed: clean and ready for customers.

I toss the money bag on the checkout counter.

I walk over to the cooler and take out a fresh, cold soda. I twist and pop off the lid; one sweet guzzle after another. Therefore, I love this store a lot, not only do the children love me to supply their needs, especially for sweets, but it gives me the power to supply my own desire for sweets.

This all done by listening to my parents, “the people need a gas station,” they would say.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

So that is what I did, I gave them a gas station, as well as a *Munchie stop* for the other children.

Before I forget to mention, I love my parents!

I set my eyes fixed on the latest music videos. I look up, I look at the cash register—I just recently put money into; I never leave money in the store, every night it goes home with me; if there is extra...to the bank it goes.

The bells on the door ring, I get up off my seat.

“Chuck!” I welcome as he enters the store.

“Hey Geoffrey, how is business?” Chuck asks.

“Great, just got a fresh stock of candy and smokes,” I answer.

“How much did you spend?” Chuck asks.

“Seven hundred dollars. Why? What are you thinking about, opening a store?”

“No, I simply knew you wanted to tell someone,” Chuck answers.

I add, “yeah seven hundred dollars, and this all profit from the past several months.”

“Nice,” Chucks says, and adds, “can I get a pack of the reds.”

I pull a pack off the top rack, the shelf above my head.

“What are you watching?” Chuck asks.

“Music videos, the normal,” I answer.

Chuck walks out of the store, he says, “have a good one Geoffrey.”

I glance at him walking out of the store, I notice a van pull in front of the back side of the gas pumps.

I want a van like that, I could use it to travel the country.

A lot of my time I dream about getting a van, I map out where I would want to travel, what I would want to eat, and places I would want to stay.

The van I am looking at is grey, with a blue stripe in the center, it more likely seats seven. It is not a cargo van; I still debate whether I want a cargo van, or a family van.

Cut it out Geoff

I rush over to the cash register—as the van owner walks into the store.

Ding!

Ding!

The upper doorbells ring. I give the van driver a friendly nod.

He tosses a twenty-dollar bill on the counter. He walks opposite of me, out the door, and towards his van.

I notice I am hungry.

I walk over and gaze at the fresh jerky stock I had just ordered. *Fresh Jerky off the stock truck!*

I argue with myself if I should eat it; it is more than expensive, something made for a mountain man, and it is so good!

I should seriously have someone to do this type of work for me, if I did, I could save a lot more money.

I peel back the plastic sealing the Jerky in the bag. *I could eat this whole entire store in one sitting, and I have, that is why the store is still open.*

I rush over to the cooler; I grab a soda.

I watch some more music videos.

“I sure could have used the thirty thousand dollars, I could have bought more than enough for a few months,” I take a gulp of soda.

I find the “I do not want to think about this thing that just moved two inches in the right of my brain.”

Think about what?

I panic!

I fight!

No!

I am not cutting it out.

I close the store earlier than expected, stuffing deep inside the small struggle to not think about it, think about what I have read, the rhyme!

“Geoffrey!” I hear. I turn as I am locking up the store for the night.

Who could this be?

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Do you mind one last customer?” Mag asks.

“No not in the least. What can I help you with?” I answer.

“Beer Geoffrey! You are the only one in this small town that will sell it to me,” Mag states.

I smell the fresh smoke of a recent fire on Mag’s clothing. “Party?” I ask.

“Yeah, something like that; Tank is having a get together in the back mountains, the spot by the pond,” Mag says with style.

“Tonight?” I question.

“Yes, you are invited—if that—will persuade you to sell me the beer. I need it Geoff, Tank’s best bud will be there, if I cannot get beer, I cannot be around the older men,” Mag expresses.

“Are there going to be younger children there?” I query.

“Some!”

“I will sell you some beer, but you got to promise me, you must promise me that none of the children will be drinking it,” I answer.

“Some beer?” Mag questions with worry, “what does that mean? I need at least six twelve packs.”

I consider, *I want to go to a party tonight, I will not worry*, “get as much as you need,” I say.

I walk behind the counter—towards the cash register. Mag begins to pull case after case out of the cooler and walk them up to the checkout counter.

“Wow Mag, that is seven cases.”

“I need eight, but I should consider you,” Mag states.

“Eight!!!” I shout.

Mag places a one-hundred-dollar bill on the counter.

Before I finish ringing Mag had all eight cases in the back of her pickup truck.

Mag pops her head back into the store, “party starts at seven!”

Cut it out Geoff

“Okay,” I say and finish locking up the store; I drive home. I take a shower.

It is about six o’clock, just enough time to get something to eat.

I get back into my car.

Moments later I am driving up the old dirt road leading to the back woods of a mountain, by the pond.

Dusk! A cold breeze: forest creatures can be heard throughout the dark, thick, fog covered forest. I listen for Mag and some of the others.

I wonder where their cars could be.

I begin to walk down the narrow dirt path—that leads to the pond.

I hear people. *Yeah!* Mag, Joft and the rest!

I make myself known.

“Geoffrey!” the others express.

Joft yells, “Geoffrey good thing you came.”

I walk to the small cooler; I open it up; I grab a beer.

I play with the top of the beer can for a moment recognizing it, recognizing it could be a long night. I pop open the can of beer.

“What are we eating tonight?” I shout, fitting myself in with the others.

“Fish” Mag answers.

“I am going for a swim,” I say taking off my shirt.

Stick says, “hold on a moment Geoffrey, we got to drink some beer first; swimming just isn’t swimming unless we are intoxicated.”

The others laugh.

“O Yeah,” I mumble.

I walk over to Stick and sit down on the logs placed next to the fire, greeting the others that were sitting.

I guzzle my first beer.

I pop open the second.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

I guzzle the second beer.
“Hold on a minute Geoffrey, we got all night,” Stick says.

No! No! Drink yours,” I say.
Stick being challenged begins to guzzle his beer. We both guzzled in some sort of dare. Others began to follow.

Four beers later, I say, “Now we swim.”
Four of us rush into the water.
We begin splashing and kidding. I splash Mag in the face, “cut it out Geoffrey,” Mag cries.

Cut it out!
I pause for a moment.
“What did you say,” I yell and begin walking out of the water.

“Where are you going Geoffrey?” I hear someone from behind me ask.

I reach the shoreline and begin to walk up the small hill leading to the dirt path, the one that leads to my car.

I fall to the ground. The world around me is spinning.
Oh no, I drank too much beer.
I vomit; I sleep.

*

Birds chirping. I notice I am full of body sweat; I am soaked. The morning’s light is as a furnace. My back hurts, the ground was lumpy; I did not consider that I would have slept the entire night in that spot. Rocks are everywhere.

I see the others partly awake, sitting next to the fire.
I begin to walk towards them.
“Geoffrey,” Joft yells
I throw my hand up, a sign to say I hear him.
Munchies spread around the fire pit. Nothing that will satisfy the nausea inside.

“What happened last night?” I ask.
“I do not know Geoff... you seemingly passed out. We went up, but you refused to wake,” Mag boldly says.

Cut it out Geoff

Another interrupts, “you kept murmuring in your sleep, something about not cutting it out.”

Mag says, “you said, a couple times, ‘I will not cut it out!’”

All looked at me confused. I must play cool, I do not want anyone finding out, plus I am nauseous, “I got to get home,” I say.

“What are you sick?” Mag asks.

“Horribly sick Mag,” I answer, turning my back I begin to walk toward the narrow path leading to my car.

I cannot drive home my body screams.

Hang in there, I say to myself.

I find my car; I get onto the inside.

The smell of my car freshener meets me as I open the door; I sit down.

I place my hands on the steering wheel, my head soon follows.

Ten minutes later I wake back up. Sweat is pouring off my head. I look at the thick leafy forest in front of me. Sun light peaked in and out of the trees—as they moved in the wind. Bird calls everywhere.

This is not the place to be now, not in my drunkenness; last night’s alcohol in this morning’s sun makes an extremely regrettable moment.

I pop the automatic transmission into reverse. I back up. I drive back down the old dirt road—I came from.

I got to get home; I am supposed to be at work in the store now! *Not exactly though*, but I should have it open at ten o’clock.

I rush into my apartment, my head still spinning from the drinks last night. I strip naked and rush into the shower, hoping the cool water will wake reality up and scream, *I am alive!*

As I am about to leave for the store, I notice my phone answering machine light is blinking.

I should check it. I press the play button.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Geoffrey it is Matthew, I have been spending the thirty thousand dollars, and I am having the time of my life! Where are you at? I want to come back up to Vermont, to your new home. I will be there this weekend; you cannot say no. Bye!”

Beep!

End of new messages.

Hmm

I rush out of the door. I get into my car; without a thought I rush to work.

I look at my watch—as I get out of my car, nine thirty in the morning.

I quickly open the store. I take delight in putting up the open flag—in front of the store.

I open a fresh bag of coffee; I start a fresh pot of coffee. I walk to the cooler; I grab a fresh, crisp, cold seltzer water.

I notice a little alcohol buzz still lingering, but not enough to feel sick, good thing!

Matthew... I begin to think—as I take sips of my water. I sit down. I turn on the television.

Thirty thousand, I almost forgot.

Something pulls in a physically contrary way of that of my body.

I bet you will not cut it out.

If I pull back that will mean to think I must cut it out.

I know!

I attempt to forget.

I will go and clean the dust off the items for sale.

Tik!

Tik, slowly the day moves onward. I mop, I wash the walls several times.

What to do?

I will smoke a bowl. Prince A!

I stuff a pinch into my expensive one-hundred-dollar pipe. Surely a luxury. I spark my lighter. It all will be right.

“Geoffrey,” I hear to my left. I look, I see a roofless jeep pull into the gas station.

Cut it out Geoff

I wave my hand.

“Store is still here,” Mak yells out of his roofless jeep window, jumping out of the jeep.

“Best thing in town,” I mention.

We four walk into the store. They begin to look at the items selling.

Suddenly I feel better; I look out the window, I see a pleasant sunny day.

I begin to chat, casually scanning the items as the customers came to check out.

“Matthew will be up this weekend,” someone mentions as they leave the store.

My heart sank and began to wrestle in my mind; *I will not cut it out!*

I notice GB walking into the store, I make my way over to talk with her.

GB explains to Geoffrey her rhyme, the one she was horrified to read:

*“Fire, fire,
Your love gets higher,
O, my, my sire, can we buy her?
Falling from higher, you are all a liar.”*

She failed to admit she and Geoffrey began to burn.

Geoffrey says, “honestly GB, what happened, no fire, only fall, fresh falling leaves in fall; our scare crows fall.”

GB begins to whisper, “big old box television, analog was the signal back then, back when the big old box television picked it up. Analog signals were told to me to have shut down completely in the year two thousand nine.”

That rhyme I found on the bridge wall, I went to show it to Dora, and it had disappeared; I was horrified, I still am...

“I have thought hard about this...”

“Payphones went out about the same time.”

“Why-O-Why did Analog shut down?”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“I waited all my youth to buy me and own an Analog television. Mentally I prepared to leave it on ABC, NBC, or CBS, freely, over the air—all day long!”

“Once I had stable money in two thousand nine, *which was from an inheritance*, out goes the analog.”

“What could this be about?”

“Was analogs removal a hallucination—brought on by easy money or was it something much different?”

“I could easily think to give away the inheritance money—meaning technology would return to normal; I could then turn the knob on the old television and catch up on the news or newest shows on: NBC, ABC or CBS.”

“Back when in Northern Vermont—in the nineties—I could receive all three channels freely. Would that have fared out?”

“My controversy to the above idea is I am not all that sure if analog were sending signals in the years 2000-2009.”

“I confess in and around the year 2003—while in Connecticut—I believe I saw a familiar broadcast over an Analog signal.”

“In the year 2000, similarly I believe I witnessed an extremely snowy analog broadcast of TCN.”

“Although this could be expected from a/the possible three thousand survivors on earth—after a fictional Y2K, I don’t know. I will leave open the question: was analog shut down in the year two thousand, at Y2K?”

“The previous several paragraphs—I have spoken—all—lead up to this one mind-boggling, insane *thought* I had in the year two thousand—as I attempted to travel from Vermont to Florida. The insane thought: *was I somehow being watched, signaled out, like an outsider, an outsider of the entire earth, set up and recorded*. It was as if they, the *American people* had a secret they had kept from me. One excellent way to explain this idea comes from the movie *Truman Show*. As in the movie, Truman, the main character could sense another reality, a reality that was more alive, as

Cut it out Geoff

the producer presented itself to be, as the storyline was—so was I, that was the *thought*.”

“At the age of seventeen I had peeked at the World Wide Web; I lustfully and accidentally found a gore website. This beforehand I knew was wrong.”

“After my peek I denied the moment, I denied the brain cells. “To far out of the normal reality GB,” I say to myself.”

“If I had only confessed this part of me sooner—before the year two thousand—I might have now understood what had happened before the attacks at and around 911.”

“Up to just recently I thought some of my out-of-control thoughts were because I never made one with them; as I continually fight them—they become more and more of a sickness.”

“But what if...”

“What if this part of my brain was to—before I compressed my thoughts—interpret the doings of the World Wide Web? The radiation of the WWW obviously. What if these strange thoughts: *I as being on stage kind of like the movie The Truman Show*, were like the thoughts given around Analog television, but these strange radioactive thoughts now given around the internet.”

“Be honest...Geoffrey.”

“Subliminal messages have you heard?”

“What about small amounts of radiation? What about when you turn your back to the television and notice and hear through the TV a boyfriend and girlfriend and can predict which one comes out to be the winner?”

“Was there always a winner? Despite the winner was winning without the winners’ material: *people die, the main character kills that has killed his friends—throughout the whole movie...yet at the end it was given he was more than victorious, a world champion. Yet all his love dies.*”

“Only around the year two thousand did I begin to receive the mental signals/radiation, never before.”

“I accuse—in my mind—one of watching me in the shower, another of maliciously placing hair on my toothbrush

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

and I seeing siblings within completely different looking strangers.”

“At the moment, to excuse my paranoia I’d say, “I am sorry, I should seriously stop smoking pot; I smoke too much weed.”

“To myself—at the time I was attempting heavy, deep religious activities; I would compress any thoughts that contradicted innocence, purity and goodness; I took awareness and laughed at it.”

“The more I laughed at awareness—the more the problem grew, so much so—I could hear my own thoughts as if another was speaking.”

“I never truly spoke sincerely about the thought or loud thoughts to anyone, not in the least that the Doctors at home diagnosed me with schizophrenia. This diagnosis covered my growing paranoia that the entire Universe sought my death—as an untamed Beast in the royal bedroom of a king—hiding with his children, so was I:

“No! No! I shout, only to sound as a roar of a hungry lion—in the holy chambers.”

‘Kill him, kill him!’ “The royal family screams and shouts!”

“I attempt to reverse me, I listen. Wonders do I hear—yet know place for me—even as I dine in holy betrayal.”

“In the end dogs, friends take me by force, pulling me back to reality, to me: An unholy and simple lady.”

“I hear what you are saying—I bark toward the holy family, if it is true, there is no way you nor the Universe would kill me, not with such understanding of such sacred knowledge!”

“Guards rush toward me; they hit me. Blood begins to pour out of my cheek and nose.”

“I snicker, figuring good exchange for the uncontrollable, sacred, hidden knowledge I cunningly stole.”

Cut it out Geoff

“The guards lock me up, yet as the other dogs come around—those that don’t kill, rather grew my existence—I attempt to piece together the previous ten years:

“I pretended to be an enemy to the creature in the royal bedroom, the very creature I and the entire earth are.”

“Now do I see Analog? I see the truth behind the utter stupidity—as I watch hundreds of people recycle their costly box televisions—for something that appears to have come out of the movie, *Star Trek*.”

“Is this what happened to the nineties?”

“Only you can solve this question for yourself, for your experience, as for me I will be hiding behind the question,” GB says in a tone of mystery.

“Thanks for listening,” GB says.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Matthew reads loss

Chapter 04

Matthew reads loss

Matthew,” I exclaim as I open my front door. What are you doing? I did not think you would be here until Saturday,” I mention.

“Geoffrey, I am too excited; I have spent the thirty thousand dollars you gave me,” Matthew explains.

“What did you spend it on?” I ask.

“A van,” Matthew says.

“Why would you buy a van?” I ask.

“I thought the game host said to buy a van, plus I believe it is good luck.”

“Army sergeant Clark reporting to Matthew,” Geoffrey says, dumping a huge problem into Matt’s lap.

“Seventeen years Matt, seventeen years I have dealt with the sound... Again, I ask, do you know what it is?”

“Did you do something, touch something,” Matthew asks.

“It could have been anything.”

Matthew begins pushing the blame on Clark... who is really Geoffrey.

Clark defending himself says, “Look Matt, I spent years locked up. If the sound is coming from me... well, it could not be, my radiation levels were brought to zero the first thirty days in.”

“I am a clean man, Matt; daily, weekly, monthly do I rid of that. How do you think I have served for so long? I am just as noble as you if not more so.”

“If that sound—out there is due to radiation we must have been bathed in it! Like I said, I were brought to zero after the first thirty days locked up; and it only took that length of time because I was on paid summer leave, I movie binged.”

“What about the sun’s coronal?” Matthew asks.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Right, exactly... I forgot about that. Plus, the President of the USA did not make a full disclosure; all he disclosed was a small pandemic.”

“Actually, Matt, now—thinking about it, I must confess, I am mildly scared!”

“Not that I live my theories, but I must wonder how much radiation, the amount of radiation left behind after Y2K.”

“In the year two-thousand twenty-one a Solar Maximum is looming ever close with each passing day.”

“What is the sound?”

“I have watched an internet video describing:

Much sunlight being the cause of communication devices being able to communicate without electricity.

“I so quickly forget the reason for the sounds after all day trying to ignore them.”

“Why do they harass me?”

“Days of screen loading, now I remember! Although it is not an official answer—I have a starting point.”

“My guess of the levels of radiation on the earth, and which are from where is:

“The EMP caused the gravitational pulls, feelings of others that are not their and uncomfortable movements.”

“The levels of radiation from earth’s sunlight, have virtually, (but not originally,) caused the hallucinations and impossible Matrix like communication, making an extremely fuzzy reality. Some use this power to torment, rape and kill. Most likely not because they desire it but rather cannot make sense of the radiation left behind after the EMP of the universe and are now in a fight of their lives.”

“Considering my other thoughts and GB receiving signals from the world-wide-web, this World Wide Web would have just been the beginning of the levels of all sorts of radiation—that I would have come across.”

Matthew reads loss

“It is possible—as well—those higher levels of radiation where elsewhere and slowly blew—by the wind—to America; making large amounts of radiation in Florida in the beginning months of the year two-thousand four.”

Geoffrey confesses:

“Matt all this funny talk, well, ...if it helps...I should confess,

“One day as I was bathing myself in lust and pleasure... I made a way for more lust; I began to want the entire universe.”

Matt eagerly listening says, “go on...”

“The powerful creatures would give me the entire Universe that was growing—as a virus—in the corner of their huge mother ship.”

“Anxiously I wanted it. I wanted the people, I wanted sex!”

“To be secretly given the entire universe—I would have to be responsible for moving the universe from one spot to the other—in the huge mother ship.”

A big pause, all is quiet...

“I don’t get it,” Matthew states.

“The thing Matt, the thing you said about Y2K, about the virtual life in the moon, and how it does not feel as the earth.”

“I did not say that” Matthew says...

“Evil was it presented to me and if I did it, I was to be hated by everyone for moving them for killing them I was to be responsible for,” Geoffrey declares.

“Well...what happened?” Matt asks.

“I am tormented in my mind for thinking about it. Sometimes I feel as if I am not good and as if I do not fit in because I killed them.”

“It is good to know I did not,” Geoffrey states.

“An EMP for being a virus to the earth or was it to give the accidental growth a home?” Geoffrey states.

“Whatever it was Matt, it wasn’t me!”

Neither one sounds well Geoff,” Matt says.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Yeah, but... I don't want to be evil to us the virus,”
Geoffrey states.

“Plus, the pain Matt... I have not felt at home in a very long time. I would not wish such evil on anyone!”

Matthew says, “so you are not responsible for removing and or shutting down their bodily electrical system?”

“Exactly!”

Both men pause for a moment....

Matthew stumbles in thought...

“I got it he begins to yell, “I just answered the question:”

“The universe came to you as evil because they are on trial for killing the entire earth. Your heart, like you said, ‘I do not want to be evil to us the virus,’ and if you were evil to us, you most likely would need to repent and in doing so, they, the universe would be doing the same justifying their works justifying the huge electromagnetic pulse, the very close extinction of mankind.”

“Where is Dora?”

“She is working,” Matthew states.

“Did you eat breakfast?”

“Yes, I did. Anyways that is not why I am here. I want to quickly walk to the bridge. Are you coming?” Matthew asks.

“No, go yourself,” I say.

“I am going now.” Matthew rushes out the door, to the path that leads to the old, covered bridge.

I look through the kitchen cupboards for something tasty to eat. *I sure am hungry.*

I open the fridge and grab the milk.

Was I supposed to follow or meet up with Matthew? I put the milk jug to my face and drink.

I should go see what he is up too.

Matthew reads loss

I gently place the milk back in the fridge, making sure the cap was tightly on. I rush out the door.

I quickly find the rich path and walk toward the covered bridge.

“Matt, Matt,” Geoffrey calls.

Matt’s eyes stay fixed on the wood boards of the right hand-side wall of the covered bridge.

Words appeared there, they read:

I spy with my little eye...

Is that someone with a lie?

In fear to make you cry, the monster now says goodbye.

“Matt, what is happening?” I yell. Matt gazes at the wall of the bridge. He lifts his hand up and points toward the wall.

I look, I see a heart shaped scribble, “what?” I question, “the scribble?”

Matt looks again. Shocked he sees nothing.

“What Matt?” I speak.

“Ah, ah,” Matt decides to play it cool, “I thought I just saw something,” Matthew explains.

I suddenly recall my experience—here at the bridge—not too many days ago.

I was about to describe it. I stop. I should not, it could make the backwards pull worse.

“Weird,” Matthew exclaims, still staring at the bridge wall.

Matthew’s phone begins to ring.

He answers it.

“Damn!” Matt says out loud.

He aggressively hangs up the phone.

“What?” I question.

Matt storms off.

“Matt,” I say, “hold on.”

I catch up to him as he is getting in his jeep.

“What happened?” I command.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Creditor found my personal account.”

“How much did he take?” I ask.

“All of it!” Matthew says.

“How much is all of it,” I ask.

“All! A, double l, all of it,” Matthew says carrying a huge attitude.

He speeds out of my driveway, burning his rubber tires as he went, leaving a cloud of smoke behind him.

I shake my head mildly confused. I turn around and walk toward the front door of my home.

“It is good to be home.”

Still not being able to shake Matthew’s strangeness I decide to turn on the television.

I flip on the news. I watch a few minutes. “Looks like the world is not ending,” I say.

I flip the channel a few times.

“Ah, a horror movie.” I turn up the volume. I push back the recliner chair—I am sitting in. I shut my eyes.

Within the hour I must have drifted off.

Suddenly I am startled by a sound.

“Cut it out Mike cut it out!”

I see a man with a ten-inch kitchen knife. He begins playing with the knife inside himself; his insides fall out.

“Ahhhhh!!!”

I pick up my head from the back of the recliner. I look at the television. I see a man telling his buddy to cut it out, to stop picking the sheet rock off the wall.

I shake my head, man I am seriously losing it.

I begin to wrestle against my mind.

I bet you have problems with knives.

I pull at my nerves hoping that I do not have to give attention to this contradictory thought.

I should do something.

I know.

I will go spend time at my store.

I quickly get dressed. I show up at my place of work.

Matthew reads loss

I unlock the door; I look behind me just quick enough to catch the sun beginning to set behind me.

Draining my strength, I work through the night.

That morning I would almost swear that I began to hear others in my mind. Whether they were real or fake I do not know. My mind told me so, due to the pull on my mind, making a truthful/non-truthful statement, cutting it out. I fought, and my mind now not knowing what to do with the lack because I fight nothing, I began to hear others.

I thought I heard Matthew telling me about a forest order and I was to be part.

“Matthew,” I say in my mind, “I am coming home, you are there, right?”

To my mind Matthew said “right.”

Once I got home, I did not find Matthew, in fact I did not see Matthew for a few weeks.

*

“Geoffrey, open up.”

“Matthew!” I open the door, “good to see you. “And Dora you look wonderful,” I say—covering my mildly psychotic mind.

I have treats made out just for them.

They both took a seat on the sofa.

I pull a chair next to them.

Matthew picks up his head, he grabs hold of a magazine and begins to look inside. He reads out loud, “man claims to time travel and that through time.”

I recall the photo on the magazine, looked like a painting. Man claims he took the photo in the future.

“Why do all the future photos look so fake?” I speak while laughing.

Matthew states, “to time travel, we must hide it, we must hide from structure, the law of the time of structure!”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“What?” I ask. I look towards Dora. I turn towards Matthew. Matthew’s eye’s role to the back of his head, only the white parts of his eyes show.

Something appears to have possessed Matthew.

Matthew begins murmuring, “Machine has my power. To use my power, the rest of me must not be there. To gain my power back, I should not use the machine. People built the machine to gain extra power, gaining power over their thought—they were found lacking. They wanted power over the extraterrestrials, and thus forsaking all power.”

“It is possible building the machine was direct defiance. Extraterrestrials gave people the liberty to think they could, but they were never supposed to use it; it appears if they stole lack.”

“Because now we are less than the extraterrestrials, being stuck inside a machine, aliens reign over us, but do they?”

“The people who did not have part in willingly losing their power—must serve extraterrestrials, hoping to regain the earth and its independence.”

“Those stuck in the machine most likely will be covered with earth—as—in places the earth begins to burn.

The rest must serve the extraterrestrials in hopes to prove worthy of biological evolving independence.”

“Serving aliens, yet not serving the machine means structure can or cannot be there—as well as life itself, no promises, more like an aware dream than anything.”

“Most would serve the extraterrestrials so that they have a less rather than a dream, (i.e., meaning of something/living structure.)”

“Those in the machine purposely destroy what they built after concluding they gave this machine their power, those who did became less than all creatures who have the least amount of power. Leaving the earth empty, void of plants, water, and creatures.

Dreaming, it can be within the ashes and rocks, like that of the walls of the space hall, (small stones.) Small stones,

Matthew reads loss

unified theory is structure, without can be an aware living dream, no structure!”

“Back at Y2K, some gave their power to the extraterrestrials, begging to be privileged, with the machine lifestyle. This was granted, yet nobody truly believed it had happened. Once the creature/machine being built noticed lack, this machine took power, captivating every earth being, sticking them all, in the eyes of the earth, they were placed in the machine, to those in outer space they were placed within the ship.”

“The nineties were given their request to be foolish, thus with and without the aliens; with a law that must respond, yet without the hopes of the foolishness of the people.”

“It is almost as if some of the people are no longer in charge, yet I will not try that now. For me it is irresponsible to act too far in any direction!”

“Living as the extraterrestrials: *do is to value life, balance out the play and the stillness.*”

“That is now!”

“Doing a dreamlike thing—one would never know if they will run into stillness... How long will they pay for their play?”

“The balance is now, but who truly knows how to attain themselves, *who truly knows?*” Matthew says shaking his arm up and down as a college professor would.

“I have been released,” Matthew yells, “those machines attempted to kill me, it had to release me, back on the earth with all power. The balance is Now!” Matthew yells.

Matthew continues, “People or no people outside of the machine?”

“Obviously, there are people outside, though they could be from the visual perception of something electronic, connected to my brain waves.”

“I am all power in a dream, yet I hope to balance it out enough to value what I have been through.”

“Coming back from the machine or one could say the moon was obviously full of gravity. I could have almost

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

guaranteed that I have been severely punished for the past couple of years.”

“Personally, I started floating back years ago, so I suppose I was not all that prepared to see the gravity of the earth.”

“According to some of my past studies, a lot has changed including living settings, people who still exist, many connected to machines. I believe many were laid out and forced to participate in the machine through brain chips, cellphones, and computers, most could not stand in the gravity of the earth, so they held onto their morality while playing.”

“There could be people out there, it could be several more years before any huge population decline.”

“Most of the people out there are non-responsive due to being connected to a machine.”

“For me to run into any significant problem at first would I have to attempt to lose part of my responsibilities.”

“If I be as wise as a holy man, I will go undetected, without a threat. Nonforceful captured into the machine. Yet if I defy power by folly, I could be in danger of a quick yet inescapable abduction, and that by the machines.”

Matthew collapses and falls asleep into Dora’s lap!

“What was that about?”

“Matt never made believe as a child,” Dora states, laughing a bit.

As Matts sleeps on Dora’s lap, Dora begins to speak, yet not as Dora, a male voice, without Matt begins to speak...

“Slow building houses, so slow they are used as long running businesses.”

“As the business is operating children are born.”

“The earth has always been lovely, a wonderful balanced earth.”

“Slowly we build, none would see us build; it is a tiny trillions of years construction.”

“As ever we live, we live, we sin not, we choose not evil nor good. As a tree we grow, as a bird we exist, growing the largest tree is the goal.”

Matthew reads loss

Geoff asks, “Where is the earth?”

“As it is—it will always be,” Dora says with a male voice.

Dora continues, “many sections in the brain, making a head, making a body.”

“One thought speaks, as small as it is—I listen. They were and become a thought. A living thought.”

“These thoughts per se., make an enduring energy in the mind.”

“Why not listen—noticing I lost my mind, perhaps there I will find it!”

“They, the thoughts become other than. Seemingly they, the thoughts were never considered in hopes to never lose the mind.”

“Madness!!!”

“What did happen to Kelly, Jane, or Eric? Thoughts of mine, simple thoughts, I will keep it that way.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Running Geoff

Chapter 05

Running Geoff

I have been seriously depressed; all I do is sit in the house. Most of the time I fight myself; I spend much energy. Although I do go to my store, open it, and work it—to me it is not home, it does not count as my social life.

What can I do today?

I wrestle in my mind before deciding to get up and walk out the door.

Anything will do I tell myself. I did not look back. I did not care to be at work in the morning, I did not consider where I will sleep. I simply begin to walk.

Automobiles move by me as I walk on the edge of the left-hand side of the road. Some honk their horns at me, some yell out the window; none of it makes sense to me—sounds of an over exciting day.

Hours I walk. “It feels good to be out here,” I say to myself; every breath of air felt as paradise compared to the darkness of my home and work.

A small little red diner comes into view. I should stop, get something to drink.

I walk into the tiny red diner. “Can I buy a soda-pop please?”

The young lady behind the register presses a couple buttons on the cash register.

“That will be two dollars,” the young lady says.

I begin to look through my pockets for the stack of twenty’s I stuffed in there before I left.

Ah. I found it!

I pull them out and hand the smiling beautiful lady a twenty-dollar bill.

She begins to pull out my change. I say, “keep it.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

She refuses, but I insist. A young man hands me my soda-pop, giving me the opportunity to force my kindness on the young lady. I turn my back towards her and walk out the door.

“Good Karma,” I say to myself as I receive the warm sun on my face.

That is what it is all about Geoff, doing something positive after months of being overburdened by this Rhyme, this curse of I.O.N., the curse of *Its out now*.

I bring the straw to my face and slurp up a good-sized gulp of soda-pop.

I look to my right; I see three attractive young ladies walking into the fitness center; laughing and giggling as they went. *Cops most likely*.

I desire to have my own children. One day, one day, Geoff I will, I say to myself.

I see a bench to my left; I decide to sit down.

Forces around seem to want me off that bench.

What is this?

I no longer can tell if this is from long wrestles with ION or if this is the older reality I lived.

I look around to see if there are any no *trespassing signs*; I look to see if I am doing anything illegal.

Nothing!

Only the strange feeling that I am in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I begin to long for my house.

What am I doing out here Geoff?” I begin to say.

Crows begin to sound.

This problem cannot be all; it does not belong here. I must do something positive.

I see a couple of men walk by; fishing poles were in their hands.

“Catch any fish?” I ask.

“No not today,” one of the men—with a friendly smile says.

Running Geoff

I am suddenly faced with many questions: how am I going to get home, should I go home, what am I going to eat?

I hate when that happens, I consider.

I get off the bench, without aim I begin to walk; I hope that I will find my normal reality soon, the reality I live without all the new negativities.

I without structure and without luck find my way back home.

I rest my legs; I lay down on my sofa. I shut my eyes. I begin to drift off. Forcefully I awake; much negativity floods my mind.

I sit straight up; I pick up my fist and slam the coffee table. A work of decreative item—standing next to the magazines falls to the floor.

“I hate this,” I howl.

Ever since I read the rhyme: a man looks at me, muscular, black hair, and black eyes, he is brushing his teeth.

As soon as I notice him in my brain I am faced with a decision: to lose my mind by his negative appearance, (electrons repulsing electrons,) or fight!

I always fight!

At the first glimpse of him I did not. I regret that, I lost more than a few thoughts.

The black-haired man hunts me, it is always something about my future that he hunts, something to make my future horrible, something I do not want.

I am driven to a point of madness; sometimes I see him in others, most of the time they say Geoffrey cut her out.

Pretending it never happened only shows signs of guilt, being kind only means that I am one with I.O.N., his lead.

I cannot rest, it is always looking at me, it has been months, I begin to wonder how much longer I can endure.

Morning, good! I will walk to the store.

Pleasant day, until I see him, “are you talking to me?” I yell in violence, having been violated.

“Turn the other way,” I yell.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

I hear a couple taps from his car. I immediately know he is fighting,

I rush up to his vehicle. I slam both fists on his hood.

“Look the other way!” I yell.

The man understanding gets into his car and speedily drives off.

I storm to the store, I bust the door open, I freak, I grab a knife.

I snapped!

I completely lost my mind. All that fought against me was winning.

I storm out the door, not fearing those who saw. I walk down the busy populated street—with a ten-inch kitchen knife.

“I will cut it out!” I yell to my surroundings...

I softly hear do not cut me out.

I stop, I begin to come to my right mind. I cry a little. I begin to recall my core intention, my strength before I read that twisted rhyme.

“What are you doing?” I ask myself—before walking softly back to my small gas station, hoping nobody noticed.

“I am not cutting it out,” I say as I sit down in front of the analog television; I flip the channel to the music video station.

Knock

Knock

I turn around wondering who is knocking on the window. I get up off my chair and walk over to see who this is. *I believe that my rage has left enough that I am under control.*

“A weird idea is going around in the small town I live in,” Kelly states.

What is the weird idea,” I ask.

“Rooms,” Kelly says.

“What is that?”

Running Geoff

“A video I watched. I was exuberated and drove down to the bridge for any signs of emulation.”

“What did you find?”

“On the bridge wall appeared:

Rooms and mushrooms.

What is that above that looms? ...your ant like mushrooms, what?

What?

All is as one big boom.

Your broom,

A tune,

Did they all walk out of the rooms?”

“That one messed with my mind,” I admit.

Kelly says, “it is like I saw how it all worked quickly in mind: around 1984 the universe machine was set into motion, a few people on earth decided to advance the computer. The original computer ‘contactee’ attempted to fight.”

“The people that decided to advance machines on earth would receive a huge download in the mind.”

“This download had the instructions on how to create these back doors — in their own place of business — to where this universe existed.”

“From there people and stuff could come in and out, including large amounts of money!”

“This is where most of the new stuff on the planet has come from.”

“I say, “it makes sense, primitive to advanced people, this does not make much sense.”

“Huge amounts of automobiles driving themselves out from that universe, from the rooms,” Kelly says inspirationally.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Possible,” I admit.

Chapter 06

Stormy night Matthew bursts through my front door. Surprised I yell, “Matthew what the heck?” Matthew has tears in his eyes, he appears horrified.

“What happened?” I ask.

“No money, they took it all. I have begun to think a lot—in my isolation,” Mathew begins explaining. Something overtakes him, his eye’s role to the back of his head, something has taken over, he speaks:

“I look at a planet, few people live there. Lots of forest life, and oceans are on the planet.”

“Another worldly system dwells in outer space; slowly does this system plan on incorporating itself on the planet. Originally the planet was a bunch of chemicals. We will call these chemicals Z. The chemicals Z were in abundance and were allowed originally to grow on their own, but due to the system having dominated the planet years ago they are no longer permitted to grow, but rather are used to blanket the system—to make it appear as if it were a real earth-system.”

“If you were asking if the original earth was destroyed, I would say yes. Although some was saved on File. Chemicals Z looks like a fine brown powdery dust. This being about fifty chemicals, in amounts enough to blanket the earth ten feet deep. The trees no longer grow, the system tree does—and thus using chemical Z.”

“Long ago and still does, *although the cycles play of the earths beginnings*, the system in outer space incorporates itself upon the earth; this is done through the people’s permissions.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“The system through the people began to teach the people how to virtually capture objects upon the earth, to stick them in a giant-sized machine, a machine that is to allow them and the earth to live onwards, so much that even their actions of the capturing of the earth would be recorded and to be playable in the future; this for and was promised to the people to live over and over again.”

“To make sure safety was in place the system from outer space virtually captured the planet and its people. Once that were done—they allowed earths people to participate.”

“Secretly they, the people built virtual houses, houses that they copied in detail, the ones that were already upon the earth. Over the years generations would come and go, each generation hooking themselves up to this machine. *Most of the doings had to be done by the people, by their permission, or their life would not survive once inside the machine.*”

“The machine would not have known certain chemical combinations if the people did not tell them; and this the people were promised larger amounts of money to give the secrets of their DNA as well as the secrets to some of the wildlife.”

“The people in the graveyards, those cemeteries are the people made one with the system from outer space.”

“So, they did not die?!” I ask the thing that was speaking through Matthew.

“No, they did not, but they do live in their virtual houses, trees, walls, wherever the code to their property is.”

“This system we are talking about is something that the people were allowed to bring upon the earth, and although they could, the people were strongly advised not to. But they did, and this undercover. Undercover from the eyes of who they did not know yet knew!”

“They knew it were the creatures with big eyes, they, the people of earth knew that they themselves were granted independence, but I do not know that they knew the cost of giving away their power to the machines.”

ION

“All creatures have power, there is no way to lose that power, but they could separate themselves from their power by putting their power outside the machine at night, when they sleep.”

To most they did not trust their own power, they were scared to either damage themselves or others. They separated their power willingly, placing it without the rest of themselves, at night, in their dreams. Those that do give the system power to control the peoples power... when you dream at night it is your power looking for you.

“This is most of the people on the earth, as well as those in their graves, without creature power and made one with the system.”

“The entire earth is now mostly without its owners, automated, and all controlled by machine. The machines can do just about everything: mow lawns, plant houses, prepare food, {*anything needed to cover for the people’s lack of power, hoping that the beings who gave charge over the earth do not discover and destroy them all.*}

“If creatures are on the outside, then that is what you can expect, machines hiding all the inhabitants of the earth.”

“They, the machines will do just about anything to hide its doings. If you see cars or people, most likely they are not, but rather a mechanism to drive you far from the truth.”

“Anything but your respect for what it has eaten will put the system on defense; he will no longer socialize with you, but rather use violence to drive you away.”

This can be hard for me, not using the truth, but I have found a way around it: I make believe, I play, I tell him good, make-believe things he is doing. Doing it this way I might find out a lot of how the entire system works.

If I were to make believe I receive the system for free, I will, but that does not leave me without regret. I can pretend like a child, childlike and innocent all day, but this system can be responsibly smarter than me, almost judging me for my foolishness. There truly is not much of a reason to take substance off the machine. He knows that and those who take

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

off him, he is smarter and will act to punish, especially if he is not keeping me, or rather shall I speak us!

Later that day, Dora and GB invite themselves to Geoffrey's home...

I will say it as them," Geoff explains:

"Three thousand survivors in the year two thousand, all the electron patterns are destroyed—by the massive EMP. The entire electrical grid is powerless. Roughly three-hundred fifty million people lie asleep on the streets, houses, and businesses—in America."

"Years go by as the moon-bugs first fix the electronics in human bodies, thus making zombies walk the earth."

"As the once humans are being tried for the lack in the year two thousand, they are giving bodies, new bodies such as phones, TVs, Dolls, microwaves, etc."

"The bugs begin to fashion the earth like the virtual moon simulation, which meant at that time restoring the electrical grid, and electronics."

"As years went on, robots begin to walk the earth, this was the bug's plan. The robots were created by those that were left. Huge quantities of radiation made these survivors incredibly smart."

"To make the moon and the earth appear the same—so that millions of years down the road—as the sun expands to destroy, and the earth is destroyed and planets are knocked out of place—no living entity will recall their death, their destruction, their Y2K, their ascension to the moon. *The moon, a new habitation for mankind.*

Geoff speaks as himself...

"After my first seventeen years on the moon, *the previous years I went unnoticed as I sought the truth*—I desire to hear, to by quantum hear the vibration of the parks, houses, stores and people, *the earth!* Perhaps this quantum hearing is

ION

a sixth sense, but I never studied such; in my mind I invented the term.”

“The invisible yet dark cage around the living, this Matt... this, and the option to play, is due to not finding the quantum vibrations of the earth, making an—almost sickness like presentation for those that once before listened to quantum bits—for good intent towards the earth. These people act crazy as they try to attempt to live in a non-living virtual world. As they, crazy-play, not finding the nutrition—they begin to feast themselves until they create a new body, a new work of tech, and this new tech is of themselves.”

“Some could call this a *Virtual World*, a system seen through light, calculated photons, or a mass corona ejection, a corona virus.”

“This invisible yet dark cage around the living is a body of the moon... Dora it is a VR suit,” Geoff explains.

“The robots walking around the earth are putting enough of the earth back together to hide the people turned to machines, puppets, trees, etc.”

“The survivors of the earth—through large amounts of radiation found it unlovable and un responsible to leave the earth without the doings of the three-hundred-year-old civilization, and so created robots and other tech to quickly fix up the buildings of civilization.”

Dora blurts, “hold on a second... the other day as I was daydreaming I was interrupted by a woman being taken by a robot, placed in a warehouse; they connected the zombie to a machine!!!”

Dora adds, “do you remember those movies from the 50’s and 60’s, they were black and white. The mechanical robot alien looking creatures. That is what they looked like, an electronic automatic robot carpet cleaner, roaming the forest, aimlessly. He automatically detected the body heat of the lady he captured, that is how he found her.”

“Heavy Dora, heavy!”

“Those must be the ones fixing the earth.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“All the moons stuff is virtual; the earth and moon as one, it resides; like quantum entanglement, so is the moon and earth together.”

“I will ask the question again: did America stop everything?”

Dora states, “they went virtual!”

“The machines can produce more goods in memory of what was, but they themselves forbid to be destroyed—through creating an unbalance,” Geoffrey says in agreement...

“I get up to build, I get up to build ecstasy, I build my own destruction.”

“Why-o-why be not as the birds and build very little—if there is building in the least?”

GB cries, “because we are on the moon; I feel the dark, invisible VR suit Geoff, Matt and Dora!”

“First the trial of the universe and this for killing all mankind and then we shall be tried.”

“Could be at the same time, yet different,” Matt says.

GB says, “Geoff, if you and they judge yourself to be a bird—so you will be!”

“Geoff, I doubt that bird thing... you love your store too much,” Dora explains.

“I thought that too Dora, but I have come to conclude—the only way to own and operate a dependable business is to live as a bird, and that is to hate money yet love supplying goods to others.”

“I see that!” GB says.

ION Lunatic Break

Chapter 07

ION Lunatic Break

Matthew through the creature continues to speak: “What had happened back at the turn of the century, whether it was thee time, (i.e., the original time,) or the virtual copy of that time I do not know. *Most likely the original can be if you lived it that way; time is sort of like putty in cycles.* At the turn of the century, a massive solar flare, from the sun and other places occurred, this because of the death of a few. This shutting off and damaging most electronics, this included all life on earth, human and animal.”

“Bugs from the moon were upon the earth, brought here through imagination in the mid-twentieth century. These were upon the earth. Elements from Mars were also upon the earth, these Mars elements lived in hyperspace, not willing to change their citizenship; I have seen a few.”

“Long story short, the moon bugs began to feed themselves with the people and because of much time, the bugs for the first time began to understand people. They began to inhabit them, exploring in depth the human being. They concluded what they ought to do.”

“One of these things to do was to power up the earth by using the dark side of the moon. Using hyper-space, they began to do, never seeing the elements belonging to Mars.”

“Mars now having more power—being oppressed by the bugs—went throughout the earth, present, future, and past, throughout time they played, yeah!”

“To control the earth the negativity of the moon was brought. Thick darkness covered the earth for humans and animals. Many bugs were created.”

“The lack of electrons on the moon caused the moon to be unstable, this resulting in the moon slowly falling to the earth.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“More bugs come.”

“Somehow in time and without time, in a second of time the face of the earth and its inhabitants get swallowed up in the moon.”

“Most lie sleeping—while the bug people build this portion in the moon, while it had taken place, although some move and walk, but most of the visuals are virtual. This making some sight real and some sight not. For instance, though the store was both virtual and upon the earth the sleeping people were never seen, despite they were in the store.”

“If the machine separates itself, one will see a fairly awful place, yet the machines are cleaning that for cover’s sake.”

“Once those that belong to the system, in part the moon it will leave, with its catch, leaving behind bodies of the souls it captured. The moon is in part hovering and bouncing off the earth as I speak, but we cannot see it because are brain waves are being augmented.

“Most of what is seen is virtual, yet for realism’s sake many walk in the very locations of their destination.”

“The earth system is virtually copied and placed in the moon as well is on the earth, so there are two: *one on the earth and one in the moon.*”

“The system calculated the destruction of the face of the earth—once the retraction of the universe has begun to take place, and not only that, but sooner than that, as soon as the face of the earth begins to change—as solar bodies come closer than should be.”

“Until its slow destruction the system is programmed to fight for the earth, for its people, protecting it’s catch. Fighting it off includes, anti-gravity, keeping back the wild vegetation, covering the lack of the people from the rest of the universe, building cars and other machines.”

ION Lunatic Break

“Free from the system most likely means to watch the face of the earth being destroyed, avoiding any violent interactions with those from the universe and exploration.”

“The system in the way it interacts with the earth is bazar. Say you took a car and decided to keep it. You drive it into the wilderness where there is most likely nothing. This is the same as throwing the car into fire and expecting the car to remain the same. Another example: say you took a car and placed it in a place with thirty the times of gravity on earth, the car will no longer work!”

“Outside the system could—in ways—be considered death, but it is livable, livable as a wild animal in the sewer. A human can live on the outside.”

“I cannot help but want to explore the outside, it could almost be as a scorched earth, but the plants would still be out there, if I pretend, they are out there,” Matthew begins saying.

Is he coming to his mind?

“Matthew?”

“It is said all become this dust and now this dust is used to blanket the ever-cycling structured earth in the moon.”

“A Cryptid of America, one outside the system, they can do and go anywhere.”

“To see the earth from the outside is as if they, the earth, are on display for the entire universe, a show! ...a *Behind the Night Sky Show!*”

“I can explore the entire face of the earth—receiving love from the machine as a friend; I can take whatever I want back to the sewers — I want to take. I want to take, yet what I take is the Z, only the chemical Z, the structure is the machine, the code to the stuff is in the moon. *What good is that?*”

“I have to know! I must be that free!”

“That is that Game show Geoff, it is!”

“Where did it come from, and the way it appeared...? Out in the middle of nowhere. Off grid, out there! Coming and going as it pleases.”

“A code into the code of the earth.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“They hacked in!”

“How did they do that?” I ask.

“The moons moon!”

Buying structure?” I speak.

“The moon system is not the only system if you go and go into the wilderness you will find one system after another.”

“He went to the structures structure!”

“He could have been way up there!”

“Think about it? Every time the earth cycles its people are truly alive. We never knew when they were there. Time is putty! People code themselves into the system to play part at any time!”

“Outside the show, as a game show, a part of the show! Yet they were partially on the outside.”

“I bet he wants us to live out there, behind the show, behind the night sky...”

*

Later that day...

“Geoff, may I drink one of these?” I hear GB ask from within the kitchen.

“The soda?” I yell back.

“Yes, the soda.”

“Go for it,” I reply.

GB and I regularly spend time at my house; I suppose it is due to most of our friends leaving the state.

GB sits down on my soft, blue, comfy recliner.

I look over toward her.

She says, “people all over the town are watching me, I hate that.”

“GB, ahh, Matthew was over here...” I begin saying worriedly.

GB interrupts, “I did not sign up to be regularly watched by my corrections officers.”

“What am I going to do?”

ION Lunatic Break

GB is a model; she has an agent and managers who regularly check on her.

“If I continue to do my job, I am going to snap. Why-o-why did I pick this job; this has got to be the worst job for someone who wants to be free.”

“The more popularity I get, the more they imprison me; such a lie!” GB yells.

“What is a lie?” I ask.

“Fame, Geoffrey, Fame! It is the biggest scam out there!”

“What are you going to do about it?” I ask.

“Why do all the fun things have to include prison!”

“...I do not know Geoffrey become an alcoholic, move to another country. I seriously do not know!”

“There is no way out... is there?” GB asks.

“Maybe you ate something bad, maybe you ate your own work and now you should cough it back up,” I respond.

“Maybe! Why else would I notice my chains?”

“Right!” I answer.

“Plus, GB continues, ‘the women isn’t got no soul,’”

“What,” I ask.

“That song... do you remember that song. It is almost like that song is talking about me. This seriously bothers me!!!
Geoffrey overhears the author writing ION:

Read about it!

Read about it!

Death begins to inhabit the dark side of the moon—in the nineties—through the wishes of the American students.

Death kills one third of American students, taking their life into his hands in nineteen-ninety-nine.

To live or not to live, which is usually the question.

I want you to imagine with me for a moment, I want you to imagine being the first child to step foot on the moon.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

One small step for a child, one giant leap for our eighth-grade classroom.

*Cheers,
Applause!!!*

Now imagine being told you were going to spend the next thirty-six hours on the surface of the moon—to do as you would if you were home.

Thirty-six hours can be a long time... you decide to explore, feel the little gravity as you run, rock climb, and hop like a rabbit.

Now imagine that you walk north for five miles—in hopes to impress the pretend home base Houston, TX. — which really is your eighth-grade classroom,

Over one hill and then another, you begin to see pieces of clothing, clothing that appears to be from earth.

In every direction clothing thrown about the moon!

You crouch down to get a closer look. It appears to be a shirt sleeve.

You pull and pull... up and up pops a shirt, and with it a *human arm!*

You might semi-scream through your helmet, but fear losing oxygen, so you stop yourself; in stopping you quickly look around ...

As your eyes are focusing you see more clothing and people sticking out of the sand in the moon...

Panicking you begin to run through the clothing.

As you are going up a hill to look at the other side—you see bodies, thousands of human bodies!

Who could shake or rid of such a startling image yet thought?

I will be honest, I made up this story, it is untrue. For the sake of this book, *ION* it is written, we will say it is true.

What happened to these people my dear classroom of quantum possibilities is *the game show!*

Geoffrey says out loud, “enough, enough, I never meant the Wam, I never meant the thirty thousand in a golden can.”

ION Lunatic Break

It does not matter Geoffrey, you are playing! Now tell us the rest of the story Geoff!

Reluctantly Geoffrey speaks,

“Okay! The aliens gave humans power over the earth, the humans slowly began to hate responsibility.

“Evil was in the world—in the past, but in nineteen sixty-nine—when the first moon bug arrived—along with the humans that traveled to the moon—the humans began to see who they were, and this was power.”

“Together as the bugs multiplied—the humans decided to lessen who they were. Most students hated school, they hated long-suffering, they hated patients.”

“They began to be no more, but from 1969-2000 they were only fed hope of death through a computer virus named:

‘Game Show:
Let’s play moon fun.’

“With a rhyme that said:
‘Let us play, let us stray, no more day, we are gay.’
‘Dark as night, on the moon we fight, those with sight will end this night!’
‘Call on me, I will set you free! You shall see your love makes you be!’
‘Tonight, we high, this night we fly, no more sigh, we all shall die!’

The author states in the mind of the listeners,

This and that was the virus, it would appear just long enough for one to read it, it would then vanish, leaving a damaged computer behind in its tracks. The damaged computer would constantly remind the reader of the rhyme.

None saw the rhyme unless they were chosen by the dark side of the moon, nobody knew of the virus...

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Flash forward to the year nineteen-ninety-nine, in the month of December a rhyme began, record has it—it was started by a student. He called a lust of his and said, ‘no day moon fun, Y2K let us have some, for we are none.’

She called another student repeating the rhyme, that person called one of their friends and they called more friends and the more called even more—until all the games show was collected, *one third of the American students!*

As midnight approaches, January 1st, 2000, the young adults gaze up at the full moon...

Now, at the time of the new year, the year two-thousand, one million-five-hundred students disappeared, brought to the moon by their own unconscious spirits; being given lust, pleasure, and ecstasy to propel them there.

In their eyes—once they arrived on the moon, they saw the paradise they self-indulgently made through imagination, yet to the sound mind it was but rocks and dust, rocks and dust of the moon.

Death let the students have one another, thus killing their force but never destroying the body.

Every evil did the students do and this evil with one another. They hailed the game show, they valued death, shouting with the few last breaths they had, ‘to be or not to be was never questioned!’ Thus, giving power to the bugs who showed them choice, choice above life!

The host says, This Geoff, this is the *game show*, all the missing students of 411, the ones missing in the forest, I cut them out!

It is out of them Geoff, *it's out now!!!* The host yells into their minds...

Geoff you are reading something you should not be...
“Stop! Stop!” Geoff yells.

My TV?

Chapter 08

My TV?

Do you remember that thing I said about the virtual world and the earth being similar, how some of it is augmented? I recall not too long ago being told in the mind that a lot of what I see, like the people are augmented. I thought they were spirits, and they probably are. The weird part about this—is the denial of my reality, my money! It is like it never existed,” Matthew says.

“The things out there explain the people and images in my ears in front of me, sometimes imagining food for me! It is a constant drip Geoffrey, increasing in pain daily. Ever since this lack, this imaginary work showed up I want to get rid of a brain chip, this bug. It is an implant you know! They are probably watching us right now!”

“Most likely with a virtual prop,” I add.

Matthew says, “I know that the landscape has changed, a few years ago, or maybe longer — because we were sleeping. Most lie there and are most likely dead now, but we cannot see them... the moon took them. I bet dead carcasses are everywhere!”

“O yeah,” I state.

“Yes, plus I never could shake the fact that these beings were saying it is a virtual world. Not one moment could I believe that; after time being brutally punished for gravity’s sake, for life’s sake.”

“Most of the electrical grid is out, including most of the electronics, that is how one would know for certain—what is virtual.”

“Test and observe,” Matt says, “test and observe.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Listen to the sounds! Do you hear them?” Matt asks, “have you heard them coming through the radio. He just said he virtually created his motorcycle. It is a fake world.”

“Where is the real one,” I ask.

“The suns coronal is making this harder and harder! Extra energy from the sun is mixing the moon with the earth, even if the moon is out and the bugs left, the suns energy is uniting the electronic field, and this at one extremely bad time. I was ready to kill times ago and now I still am hearing them, hearing them mocking my intelligence; I watch them walk all over me!”

“So, what does that mean... wait?” I ask.

“Yes, for a moment, just do not believe what you see! If GB offers you pleasure, it was not true, it was in your mind. If Dora curses you and betrays you, do not believe it. This means your fears are being powered up by the sun, amplified by those in the moon!” Matthew states.

We pause for a moment, “so, if we are not part of the moon system, after the sun stops overpowering this section of the galaxy—we have no electronics, no power grid and most likely all the food has gone bad,” I speak.

“Something like that,” Matthew answers, “most of the new tech is in the moon, some of the original electric work is on because of the sun, we are part of the moon because of the sun. But yes, most of the earth is out, but truly the moon swallowed up all that now is powered by itself. It almost appears like the old, but it is not.?”

“I cannot shake the idea Geoff, times ago these things started telling me about VR in public, that they were the VR...! They imagine earth from me!”

“Odd”

“Right!”

“Some speak the same thing about the radio! These things speak directly to my small, tiny, sensitive membranes.”

“Somehow they as well would stop a car and hand me objects from the car; this is not normal. They were seriously doing this, like electronically VR overpowering.”

My TV?

“So, we are going to have to wait for the norm,” I say.

“Yes.”

“You know Matthew, I have not mentioned this, but I must cut something out!”

“This moment I am about to speak about has not just happened once to me but also while on the road,” GB says.

“On the road, traveling to visit a client—I see cars stopping and the people within the motor vehicles handing me money.”

“Well, it has happened again here at home,” GB says.

“Look back a few statements, ‘we can have more,’ and, ‘a small amount of electricity can deliver a message, too much can start a fire.’”

“A.I. residing in the moon is not going to chance mankind to be wise, noble, or good. He the system figures, ‘man we caused the entire universe to shoot a very large EMP at us, where is the wise, where is the noble?’”

“This is misery to me: he, A.I. will not let me find the lack. *I need the lack to take care of it, the earth, you know...*”

“There is lack out there,” Geoffrey says.

“Yet I do find the lack, I find the lack on a leash.”

“Why-o-why did we unbalance the earth with comfort.”

“We cut down a tree of a critter so we could comfort our nose if it were runny; yet we truly needed more of a lack!”

Matt says, “so maybe, in fiction we were foolish.”

“Yet these vehicles seem to find my lack more than by chance... scary!”

“It appears if they the cars can detect a small ION,” Geoffrey says laughing.

GB continues speaking, “maybe more my paranoia... you be the judge... keep in mind some of the latest tech and inventions and those that can plug into the mind... If I be truthful in fiction, maybe not plugged into the mind but an uncontrolled neuron placed in the moon for us or rather for humans, so no attempting to destroy it.”

“Is that the same as truth?” Dora asks.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“I will answer but, maybe the founder of the plug in the mind bought the moon. *Unknown money coming in—is as the same—as unknowns coming in*, and who should not consider that, you just might save your house!”

“But should you on the earth?”

“For me to answer a yes to the question: *should we on earth*, until I begin to prepare for the amount of future money I will need, then I change a bit.”

“Scared to confess I will now re-stuff the logic far in the back of my brain... it is who I was raised to be, this is the good person I was taught to be—I say—knowing that I am less than billions, yet say I will live upon the earth...”

“But again, I beforehand said, *fictitious*, I am not sure if anyone is wise enough to judge truth—in another. So, in my opinion I will live on earth—for never having had the chance. As I am there, I will consider that many sought comforts while living wild upon the earth. I will as well wonder why I no longer am under the wild control of my parents. And if I fail—I will ask myself, how should I make unstable, stable,”

“Impossible!”

“Thousands of years of bad evolution?”

“Or...”

“Thousands of years of a mistake in the universe?”

“Fun thoughts... as fun as the energy in equation, e... and as much fun as Ioeo: *random, uncalculated, ongoing life*, (i.e., evolution.) And must I not forget the punishing elements of physics for those who fail to live up to—”

“In all our thoughts: in the very least I am balanced today!”

What could this be, a baby?

Chapter 09

What could this be, a baby?

I must cut something out!” I state to Matthew.
“What the heck are you talking about?” Matthew asks.
A lass, a girl or something, I do not really know! But I know that I have to cut it out! Matt, I have to cut it out!”

“You know those VR moments you continue talking about, one of those moments for me was some sort of curse or something!”

“Geoff” Matthew says, “we do have to cut something out, like those things talking in my head.”

Laughter

“Right, okay,” I say and walk into another room. I grab a kitchen knife. I walk towards Matthew. “This is why they switched the TV’s to analog, and turned the 60 watt light bulb into LEDs. Now where is this thing because I have to cut it out,” I cry.

“Yeah sure you do,” Matthew says, “If you are thinking about it you should come up with a plan.”

I turn my head upwards as Matthew begins speaking, I do not think he gets it, cutting it out is a curse, I am not so sure I want to cut it out or if I am supposed to.

Matt explains, “to rid of the bug we obviously would be totally off the system, which could mean: no identification, no money, no police, no buying food at the store, no buying a house... and that is if these things ever part us from the system.”

“But if we can, they have the copy, we have the original. If we take care of what we buy everything should be fine, unless some unexpected event happens such as the sun blowing up or some other crazy thing like that!”

“Yeah so what are we going to do?” I ask.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Well, we must take care of ours, which sort of means to listen to whatever I spent hours telling you about and...” Matthew pauses for a second...

“I need to buy a house, that is what I need to do. You remember that old road?” Matt stumbles into remembrance. The Wheelock road, do you remember the Wheelock road?”

“Yes,” I answer.

“There is that small farm up that road, I should buy it. And if I buy it and take extremely good care of it, maybe the big-eyed creatures will not destroy it or take away my independence on the earth.”

“The system thinks that coding everything will make a better substance, I disagree. I am not so sure it is. I can find very few answers to the problem and most cycle back to their beginnings. I figure if I take care of today, that ought to take care of tomorrow. *Right?*”

“Yeah” I say not listening.

Matt continues, “I wonder if I am strong enough to maintain a house?” Matt pauses for a second.... “well I must buy one.”

“Right,” I answer.

“How are you going to maintain it?” I ask.

“I do not know, what are we talking about again?”

“The system, coding, the virtual world!”

“Okay what is the question?”

“In the virtual world, the system takes care of your house, and this by not allowing you to have power over your house. Your house un-coded, on earth is vulnerable to you and possibly the elements around you.”

“Okay” I answer, “so how are you going to maintain it?”

“I have not thought that far.”

“I suppose in theory one must have power to hold it together, like in the mind. I must exercise my mind to keep it; I must play with my house.”

“Okay”

“System sure is neat though. *Right?*” Matt asks.

What could this be, a baby?

“What happened to that creditor, the one that took all your money.?”

“I owed to be part of the system, a system that only wants me if I be its code. I made money through a loan, they took it out fearing I would not pay them.”

“That was the same day I thought you read a rhyme, the day I saw you gazing at the wall of the bridge; and do not lie to me Matthew, I know something happned because something did happen to me,” I speak.

“A rhyme,” Matt blurts.

“Okay” I say making a hand gesture, trying to pull more out of him.

“A rhyme that stated that the man who helped me in the system would no longer be there for me.”

“But you got a rhyme to,” Matthew says.

“I got one, an evil one, one that I have been fighting for months, fighting me to not cut at my flesh—with a knife.”

“What are you going to do?” Matthew asks, “it is almost like we should be coding ourselves or we loose power.”

“More like gain it,” I state.

“Matthew says, “look Geoff, I do not need you!”

My insides were suddenly cut. Matt and I are like brothers.

I begin to ignore him, knowing that if I at this moment say the wrong thing our friendship would begin to crumple.

“So what should we eat tonight?” I ask changing the subject.

“I am going out to eat, Dora is meeting me at the Pub down the street.”

Smelling imaginary burgers, fighting jealousy and my own feelings of lack of worth, I say, “okay Matthew, I am going to eat cookies.” I watch Matt open the front door and walk towards his truck.

“I am going to eat cookies,” I say to myself, hating myself.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Later that night Matt brings Dora back to my place, good relief!

Geoff we got something to tell you, the other day I was with Dora at the bridge, I was watching Dora as she was walking in the water.

“She began to suffocate. I ask, “what is wrong?”

Dora says, “I cannot inhale,” slowly she gets up off the ground. “That man behind us, whenever he is around I cannot breath; I am in anguish.

“What man?” Matthew asks.

“The man behind us.”

“The one walking on the sidewalk?”

“Yes!”

“Whenever I see such a man, I begin having breathing problems,” Dora explains, “negativity is all around. I begin to here the vibe, the negative vibe, an evil vibe. Sometimes I grab my ears to see if blood is coming out of them.”

“I hate that man. As soon as I see him I know I must kill him,” Dora States.

Matt was confused, he had never heard such words come out of Dora’s mouth before.

“It has been months Matt, I have no cure, it is like I must get permanent help or continue having to deal with this darkness, this suffocating demon.”

“Well, this is too bazar Dora, I mean you have been walking around fine...” Matt says.

“But I have not been fine.”

“When did it start?” Matt asks.

“I thought about this and I have thought about this,” Dora explains, “but I have no answer.”

“No answer but the bridge...” Dora pauses for a moment realizing she confessed something by accident.

“Matt quickly says, “wait, what about the bridge?”

“Nothing.”

“You must be honest Dora, I have seen stuff under the bridge.”

Dora whispers:

What could this be, a baby?

*“I spy with my little eye someone about to tell a lie.
No more guy, we all may say goodbye, tell them all she
was to die!*

*...as long as we have my lady maybe.
What could this be a new Gabi baby?
Say yes there ole there lady, play this game with me
and we shall see this baby.”*

Matt thinks for a moment, waiting for his own reply, “Gabriel,” Matt questions.

“Yes, I got her from the adoption agency—for myself and gave her to a young lady named Alice. It was so long ago, I forgot about it,” Dora says, while crying.

“Geoff, did you hear that” Matt picks his head up.

“Geoff?”

“Geoff?”

Matt walks over to the bathroom, he sees blood in the bathtub. Geoffrey comes stumbling out into the light. He picks up his bloody hands, he says, “I cut the lass out. *It’s Out Now!*”

Hours beforehand...

“I must question how the nineties stores came to be—along with the glory of them. In doing so—I am confronted with an answer: *humans began to create a way out of a problem—another human was giving them, thus making it appear as a very luxurious and powerful economy, yet it all is a simple and small problem!*”

Matthew says, “all was creating a way out of a problem another was giving, yet nobody had a clear idea and could see clear to find who the troublemakers were, thus making an appearance of many goods.”

“Some say, ‘our economy is gone, let us eat our portion.’ I presume as they eat, they find the reason they

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

worked on an economy to begin with, (i.e., a problem another human was giving them,) and thus semi-killing their ability to see the economy that was, this killing the economy.”

Matthew once said, ‘they, the aliens would pay people for the secrets to the earth!’”

“This idea to eat our portion fits into what Dora was saying: *they say, ‘let us eat our portion,’ yet nobody knows that they could be giving away their secrets and this to Aliens, the secrets to their economy to aliens. This resulting in those that worked on the economy freely and out of love to have greater secrets and this making, ‘eat our portion,’ a much more lasting portion; this loving being having not found the reason for his or her work, seeking for the rest of civilization —continues to eat until the secrets are found.*”

“Shall we buy the last of it?”

Life behind the Night Sky

Chapter 10

Life behind the Night Sky

Dora says, “Matt, knowing that the moon bugs give people an augmented reality, I know because reality is without electronics; do you not feel the need to use your moon bug to virtually augment other realities?”

“I do not understand,” Matthew says.

“What if you pretend money is in your hand...

“You do not see it, but say the homeless person does...?”

Geoffrey says, “we could work that way, we could sell pretend virtual items!”

GB says, “we slowly kill them, I mean we make them less.”

“Should we?”

Geoffrey says, “some person or peoples long ago called... holy! Did they not?”

“I pretend to be, yet I pretend for? We could be destroying ourselves.”

“We might need to Matt because they are living zombies!” Geoffrey states.

Dora says, “if we don’t prove them zombies, we die!”

“No way!” Geoffrey states.

“If we must, we must; we have to win the game, we have to find its end,” Matthew says.

Geoffrey, I recognize your fight, the game, the game show ION!

“I read a new book, 7th grade streets, same author Geoff. Brian, the boy in the story, smoked forest” Matthew states.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Okay,” Geoffrey says confused.

Matthew slams his hand down on the table they were sitting at. As he picks his hand back up, he leaves a bag, looking like something a drug dealer would sell.

“What is that?” Geoffrey asks.

“Forest, dried forest Geoff. We are going to smoke some,” Matthew says.

“I do not smoke Matt,” Geoffrey explains.

“Well now you do,” Matthew says—widening his eyes...

Out of his knapsack he pulls out a tin can, tiny holes appear to have been pushed throughout the top, prepared to burn, and inhale forest.

Reluctantly Geoffrey smokes with Matthew.

Within fifteen minutes Matthew looks at Geoffrey, he says, “Cut it out Geoff.”

Matthew slams his fist again on the table, he says, “the only other you Geoff, —to cut out is your lack of confession—of something you went through. “

“What did you do to the earth Matthew commands—Geoffrey—as Geoffrey is held in fear.

“The bee problem the frog problem,”

Dora says, “What do you think of my rhyme Geoffrey, you have not spoken much about it...”

Geoffrey says, “A few months ago I found a small trend-channel on cable: *nightmarish pictures accompanied by spooky background music.*”

“As I gaze at each frightful picture—I begin to look past the original impression the station had on me and look at each picture for what it was... strongly am I taken back to the years of the nineties.”

“I remember when fields looked like that, I recall when porches looked like that, I recall when finding a lit porch in the country land and thinking to myself, *I am still alive!!!*”

“I reminisce to myself as the spooky background music plays... wishing I could go back in time, wondering why everything feels as virtual light. Where is the hug, I know I

Life behind the Night Sky

should feel, the warmth that asks me to keep it or the old wooden houses causing me to know their needs? Where is the vulnerable life? Where is survival? Where is the security of my strength? None of these necessities of growing-evolution do I find, only the virtual light that says, *I have all.*”

“I begin to wonder what happened. I gaze at my tiny television as the video plays. One picture flip and then another until I think along with a picture in a field:”

“These pictures are memories of other humans, do you remember when the time travelers traveled, for instance, the blonde running the *game show*, they were not allowed to use structure—only art. Mental images is art.”

“I gaze at the fields, I want to go out in it, I want to run through it, I want to run away from this blackness that haunts me.”

“You know we must escape the machine... Nightmares are our more powerful side, that is why we are out there while sleeping—because we sleep. I need the two together again.”

“You’ll die...” Dora exclaims.

“No!” I demand.

Theory upon theory... runs through my mind...

“A few weeks ago, Dora, I was walking twenty miles back home from a psychotic break. I pass by a rough looking trailer. A generator is on. A car passes by, ‘he sees you out here he will eat you.’

“I cannot shake the image that is in my mind. He most likely would have been a good friend on the earth.”

“I begin to wonder... did he survive Y2K? If any of my theories ever prove true than I will use my emotions.”

“Imagine with me for a moment...”

“If you knew when a mass extinction, a galactic storm could kill just about everyone, ruining hundreds of years of civilized growth—would you have prepared to survive it?”

“I think like that Dora and that sound could possibly be the sound of a gas-powered generator from one of the survivors. In theory he could have been sleeping in a bunker

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

in the year two thousand. Waking up he finds sleeping bodies everywhere.”

“Zombies begin to walk around, scaring the man.”

“He dares not to act, he has survived, they have not. He stays quiet in his house.”

“In part, bugs attached, zombies begin to walk in innocence.”

“The virtual world is simply not the earth, and I can feel that.”

“The moon ticks say to one another, ‘Let us put them in the exact location of the perception.’”

“It truly must be odd to walk into the nearest gas station, prepared in love—for the citizens it serves only to find it all spoiling. People are in there yet something in them is causing them to decay. The crickets keep them awake yet feasting on their flesh was a way, a harvest party.”

“An old man stumbles into the store, apparently not noticing the level of insects crawling around on his face, tormenting his mind. He sees by the beetles, now a zombie!”

“The old man does not notice the tick keeping him awake in the moon, denying the universe deemed him and most of the earth unfit, sending their growth in all directions.”

“The man running the generator asks, ‘can you hear me old man?’”

“The old man appears rather okay, yet the one questioning is invisible to him.”

“The old man picks up an outdated pastry. He walks over to the checkout counter.”

“He appears as if he is paying, yet as he pays, he does not seem to notice the amount of decay and the insects running freely in and out of his mouth.”

“The man running the generator runs back to his trailer. He closes the window and door tightly; the sunlight does not shine into his home.”

“In theory there is a few thousand of these Dora, these generator runners in America. All looking toward one another, saying, ‘what have we done? What have they done? We are

Life behind the Night Sky

just as weak as they—except we survived through a shielded bunker!”

As I have previously stated, “climate change was known before the year two thousand—as well as a few known predictions, for instance, the sun expanding, all meeting their grave and evolution.

“I being a child was forced to listen to the adults; they the adults in school, home and other places mentioned a hole in the o-zone layer, carbon pollution and cutting down of the forests including that of the rain forest—and this for self-indulgent purposes. I, at the time, growing up thought about toilet-paper and where it had come from. I believed we would overcome, it was the same to me as overcoming the fact given to me that one day my muscles would rot and die, and the new generation would bury me, or possibly even burn me.”

“Who would have thought using something as small as toilet-paper could have caused another so much pain?”

“Or did it?”

“The lunatic in the nineties you may answer or was it restraining the moons VR I may question.”

“In the nineties man has enough power to hold together what was previously stated, and anything else would be like, and might still be psychotic!”

“To do over and over expecting another result other than what is given is psychotic, or in the least that is the definition others have given to me.”

“This lunatic would run around the earth claiming, ‘more, we can have more,’ without the ability to prove the statement in the eyes of the earth. He, the crazy, psychotic, or schizophrenic would see things that no others could see, yet to them—their hallucinations were very real.”

“I do not doubt the world of the crazy, even so much as possible; what I doubt is four plus four equaling three, and this delusion is making a small instability in what we know as math. *A small amount of electricity can deliver a message, too much electricity can start a fire.*”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“We know this fire as crazy. The world has gone mad or, ‘To the moon Alice!’

*

I have a little devise, it fits in my pocket, with it I can watch any movie, gain any knowledge, and buy anything I so desire,’ a crazy man says—as I help my dad pile fresh-cut-wood.”

“That is crazy talk Bruise,” my dad yells back—towards Bruise, guarding my sensitive ears.”

“The above in quotes is fictitious, yet I make a point... I must ask myself—within the statement: *Did the man have a little devise?*”

“Obviously, he does, but does he to me?”

“Simply because he might appear to prove he does have a little devise; I must ask the question: *how stable is the devise—to claim such a devise?* If a man says, “to use the devise—bugs must eat you until you are miniature and then you will sail to the moon where you both will live in a virtual world, (i.e., computer.) This does not sound like something the earth would say, nor would my peers say. This idea is not stable for a human body to trust it... or is it?”

“Is it rather a get quick rich scheme, not just for the speaker but also for the buyer?”

“This crazy world is too good to be true! Perhaps the American-Amish had an answer time ago—to such craziness—which were removing electricity and technology from their lands.”

“To fall or not to fall into their hands? Am I not already in their hands? And this being in the hands of those without modern electricity.”

“Shall I burn more or shall I rid myself of any such foolishness: *to borrow from the earth!*”

“It appears as if such borrowing was predicted and stored—on the moon, not much damage was done to the original earth.”

“What shall I do?”

Life behind the Night Sky

“Living balanced is now, to borrow tomorrow makes me less than today seeing the strength of reality lives in my today. What will I do? Is it all as easy as a choice—or is it something I slowly created of myself.”

*

“There are aliens living out there—don’t you know?”

“I noticed a small defect in our building,” I mention to an honored business member in the town.

“A defect?” the manager questions.

“I’ve seen an alien world, similar to ours, yet the structure of their empire lasts much longer,” I respond. “How so?” the store manager asks.

I say, “they pay their citizens virtually in exchange for their power to uphold their empire.”

“My store, you see kid is only meant to last for several years, at the end my family and I will play in it—until it becomes earth once again.

Such a wonderful dream, such a wonderful harvest-party.

I nod my head, “thank you for the coffee-conversation,” I say and begin to go back to my business.

I pick up my knapsack, I take a sip of coffee, I begin to walk north on the left-hand-side of the secondary highway.

“I wonder why she did not desire a longer lasting empire.”

“Yet I agree, eating my labor has always been one of my favorite parts to life.”

“Although I understand that much I continue to wonder, *why not build a lasting empire?*”

“I understand reality includes non-lasting; this element gives more of a living feeling, and lack of predictableness to life; I enjoy this element.”

“Is there both?” Dora asks.

“Yes, I will answer! I have named this Ioeo: to live in a lasting empire while participating in nothingness, and

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

unpredictability, what some call the human life. All power given to the lasting empire, which means you pay beforehand the human journey, the human experience.”

“This answers who I am—in thought—at this moment, but Ioeo will not answer a problem, thus killing the problem, making a non-answer to void.”

“These thoughts as they are... grieve me: *I have the answer to why I am alive, thus killing me, or has it?*”

“Is my harvest party now?”

“I have not yet bought a vehicle, built a house or given a child! Has this lasting empire robbed me of the chance to attempt to build a lasting empire now?”

“I fear it has... so most of the time—I place Ioeo in the back of my mind—wondering why my lack was never considered, and to what point did the lack want?”

“Why should I choose what a lasting empire has not? Why give anymore thought to a lasting empire? Why not choose fire and VR in the moon? Why not choose today on the earth?”

“Mostly because the choice is not me, but rather—in intelligence, Ioeo is. This making the choice for me: *any lack must be accounted for!*”

“All judgment aside: *we must pay to be less than the lasting empire.*”

“And these wonderful thoughts grieve me! Why not eat and or borrow what we might have worked for, all work for the lasting empire.”

“Is this a bee problem or a frog problem? Or is it more a lasting empire problem?”

“You possibly cannot cause a problem for you or another, but you can beforehand pay for one.”

“Is this our problem?”

“Who are we destroying but the destroyer himself?”

“If there is another reality like that of a harvest party—I will seek it out. And in doing so, I must let go of Ioeo, even Aoeeo.”

Geoffrey walks into the bathroom.

Life behind the Night Sky

Moments Later...

“Geoff, did you here that” Matt picks his head up.

“Geoff?”

“Geoff?”

Matt walks over to the bathroom, he sees blood in the bathtub. Geoffrey comes stumbling out into the light. He picks up his bloody hands, he says, “I cut the lass out. *Its Out Now!*”

In the distance, on the bridge walls appear:

Why o why another guy?

A lie but a lie, for it you could die, sigh. Yes you may cry, through it the night fly, tie, my bitter night cry.

Thank you Behind the Night Sky, my eye, you’ve cure my I, my I ON the skies, my I ON goodbyes.

Thank you,

Its out Now!

Goodbye!

Yours Truly,

The Rhyme Guy

*

I must get my mom something special” I said—as I walked through the aisles of the big box store. There were so many things I could choose from.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“How about this candle set” Alice said as she pointed to one of the shelves, “if it’s from you she will love it.”

As she was saying this, I was thinking about what I got Alice, I knew that I wanted to get her something special—before we went to Orion, we would leave in two months this would be our last Holiday before we were citizens of Orion.

Snow was coming and so we hurried up the selection process and I agreed to settle for whatever she thought best.

“Your Mom will love the candle set” Alice said as we pulled onto the highway.

“I hope so, this will be our last Holiday together as children, these moments have to be perfect, and my mom must know, she must discover it—in such a way that she will not stop us” I say.

Within what seemed to be minutes we got home and rushed into our apartment eager to wrap presents. We had tonight to get the holidays ready before Gabriel came back from my mom’s.

With holiday music playing Alice prepared dinner, I wrapped the presents.

Winter wonder played on the radio as snow began to fall. Our apartment was filled with the aroma of baked apple pie and ham. Alice was wonderful at baking, whatever she did in the kitchen was always my favorite, I had to wonder if these moments would be always exciting—if what the spacemen offered us—was not offered.

They told us that we would be permanently together, separate but together, sort of like a soul mate. I wish I were there right now; I could solve some of the most important questions running through my mind. I looked down into the shopping bag and pulled out a framed painting I was giving to Grandpa Jed. On the painting were the words, *family is forever*. That is fitting I thought our family will always be.

Thinking about the last visit with Grandpa—I was filled with joy, I could not wait to give this to him, *but this would be the last time I would see him as a child*, after this I would have sealed for myself the truth of Gabriel, which takes a long time. Once I come back, I will have changed, but on the earth as well as in Grandpa’s body will not have changed. Gabriel will not

Life behind the Night Sky

have changed either, she will still be one years old. For Alice and me billions upon billions of years will have passed, but on the earth when we return it will be the same, unless the whole family does what Jed said, and live as a rich family—possibly in a whole different time, maybe even the times of very few living beings on the earth, that is if all makes it possible.

Thinking on this stuff was exciting, but I had questions, I was still on the earth, and I had to wonder if my father was going to come back to the earth. I try to tell myself that I would not be here if he were not going to help raise Gabriel, but in the light of the earth—I could not feel as good as I could—if I were in the city. I had two months left and then reality will be my life, I will be okay.

“Dinners ready” Alice said from the kitchen. I walked into the Kitchen happy to smell baked ham with pineapples. I was hungry, I sat down gladly, thanked Alice, told her she was wonderful, and began to gather my plate.

That night after supper and all the duties were done, I laid next to Alice, her head resting on my shoulder, this will always be like this, love between Me and Alice, I knew a few good things about living and one of these was Alice.

I got sleepy and fell asleep.

*

I got present’s,” I said as I opened the door to my mother’s house. Kids were already there waiting to open their presents. I showed off the big bag of presents I was holding hoping to excite the kids.

“Maple let us open ours now” the kids said. I caved in and started handing out the presents.

Hugs and kisses I got from the children, and I loved every moment of them.

I left Grandpa Jed’s present under the tree, once he noticed it, he opened it and yelled across the room and said, “isn’t that the truth.” I walked over to him and took a seat next to his hoping no one else would hear our conversation.

I said, “after you told me how I came to be and other great things I could not help but want to give you this gift, but I leave in two months how will I find you in the city.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Grandpa Jed tipped his chair back and said “I am glad you asked. There are laws in Orion, laws like not allowing others to enter the home occupied by the owner, so obviously that is not a possibility, but there are places that we can get together. They are like the earth. We can have family gatherings in such places. My Father takes me to such places, places to fish or hike. There are public beaches, mountains, and whole worlds waiting for us to explore.

I have not mentioned this to you, but in the city, I have a job, I grow apples in the mountains of Apk, but not through old matter that exists but fresh matter, fresh from the love I give it. I grow some of the best apples around or at least some say so. I go to the Mountains of Apk every fifty years.”

I asked, “why do you not grow the apples in your own estate instead of the mountains.”

“If I grow them for Apk I feel like I am part of the bigger picture, creating love for my fellow man, it is the loving thing to do, plus I have two hundred children and want to set for them a good example. I have been in that city for a long time more time than you can count, I bet you originally thought I was seventy, everyone who sees me on the earth thinks so. The earth does that age thing, the cavemen learned about people their own way and shared it with the surrounding environment until it appeared to be the truth of the people. If something taught you Maple you must get rid of the knowledge, I am trillions upon trillions of years old, and everybody in the city treats me like I am a beginner.” Grandpa explained.

Grandpa and I talked most of the day as the family came up—to give a merry greeting. Soon it was dinner and afterwards I knew that I must tell my mother my intentions and question her about her dealings with Orion.

The variety of food lightened up the atmosphere as I watched a lot of hands grab food...*their portion of a variety of food!* Green beans, stuffing, turkey, gravy, and Aunt Carol made her special dish which tended to be my main course.

I grabbed the large spoon that sat on top of the casserole and gathered as much green-bean-casserole as I could fit onto my plate.

Life behind the Night Sky

Holiday music sounded throughout the house, and time went by fast, soon, after most had eaten—everyone explained that they must go home. I hear “didn’t the night fly bye,” as someone walked out the door to their car.

I watched as most of the people gathered their belongings and walked out the door. Aunt Carol stayed behind; she thought it good to help my mother clean. As they were doing this Alice took over my mom’s effort to clean and told her she needed to rest. My Mom agreed and sat down in the living room.

This is the moment I considered; we have some time now to discuss Orion. I sat down on the couch next to her, a bit nervous, but anxious, the next couple of hours were going to be important.

I started talking... “Mom, we never talk about certain stuff, and I want to give it a try. My friends and I have discovered a portal, and that portal leads to a city, that would be the city the Universe is made up of. The Universe invited my friends and I to live there. I had a talk with Grandpa, and he explained that he has been living there for a long time. He also mentioned that I wasn’t born in a natural way, that you found me on the living room floor.”

“Gabriel came in a similar way,” I said.

My Mother looked at me shocked, she struggled for words and said, “when do you plan on moving there?”

“In a couple of months,” I said.

“I will explain it the way I lived it” she said, “when I was younger. When I was a teenager I worked hard for a child, but in my young adult years the Doctors told me that I could not have children. I was upset and began to seek for help from the Universe. Slowly things started happening for me, strange things, things that caused me to look deeper. I would not know if I would call it a portal, but a door opened into another dimension, your father did not know about it at the time, and I did not tell him. I went into that other dimension and found the future and not just the future, but reality, a new reality. The people there told me that I needed to make money because when I got back to the earth, I would have a child, I stayed in Orion until I had enough money. I did not see your father the whole time I made the money to take care of you, but one thing I did know was your father had to at

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

some point, work—for your life to exist, for the truth, the truth that you were ours, that in truth you were our child, that you did not just appear there—by...*who knows?*”

“I know what Jed has been saying—that your father went to Orion—to establish our family as truth, as a family!”

“I just hope that it is true.”

“There is so much confusion in my mind, as if I have been on the earth for too long, I find it hard to except that I made money at all. Once you turned nineteen my money ran out and you appeared to have a child of your own, and like you, I faked reality to stay on the earth with you. When you appeared on the living room floor as a baby, I had to convince your father to pretend you were ours.”

In response to her story I said, “that is like Alice and me. Creatures that lived in the city explained to Alice that I had lived with Gabriel in the future, she immediately found herself to be with hopes of a child. She did not know what to say about that,”

“So, when we were in Florida together, she convinced me to say the baby was mine. Through the experience I slowly fell in love with her, I knew I did not want to lie to everyone, but I loved her. The love was so intense that after a while I found myself proving the child was mine.”

As we spoke, I started wondering how my mom would get back to the city, when I questioned her, she said “they usually come and get me; they have throughout your whole life, this time I am wondering, if it would be best—if I go with you. hopefully, I will find your father there.

Alice walked into the living room after cleaning and I said, “I told her everything, about Gabriel and Orion as well as our plan on living there in a couple of months.”

*

Months passed quickly and the day came, Brenda, Max, Brendon Bam, Alice, my mom, and I stood at the entrance to the portal. “Are we ready” I said in a loud voice.

We walked through the opening and within seconds all of us were in a room surrounded by wild vegetation. In the distance we saw the spacemen walking toward us.

Life behind the Night Sky

They took us, most of us who had never lived in Orion; we had to be physically redesigned—to live on the level of cleanliness and structure required—to sustain life. My mother was treated with luxury in Orion for bearing a child.

The red-colored spaceman led me into a golden built, marvelous, out of this world designed room, he led me into the room, it appeared to be some sort of a hospital. Golden, clean, and sparkly tools were throughout the room.

“Come!” the spaceman said—pointing to a huge golden sphere, large enough to fit a person on the inside; most of the sphere was hollow, but a notable structure.

“The sphere will move, hold onto the gold, there is nothing to fear,” the spaceman said.

With bare feet I walk the narrow golden steps, I place my hands on the bars of the sphere—embracing myself.

The spaceman began to give a touch of charity to some of the buttons and objects in the room.

The sphere begins to move.

My body begins to feel such love and ecstasy—I never thought were possible—for a living being to feel.

I am being cleaned; I am being washed!

Cookies, mint, and candy filled the air.

I could feel years of garbage being removed from my body.

This is unbelievable!

Days was my body worked upon in absolute charity.

The others had similar experiences.

After we got an official place in Orion, the spacemen brought my mom home to be with Dad, us kids went for the ride.

We walked up to the gates of their estate, my dad quickly noticed and shouted Sonny, I ran up to him and gave him a big hug.

I explained to him the money and house offered to Alice and me, that I am going to my new home to make home and afterwards I wanted us all to go back to the same time on the earth and play rich family. He laughed and greatly welcomed the idea.

Alice and I walked into our brand-new house, making plans as we went. The spacemen thought Alice and I were a good

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



investment and treated us to luxuries as well as millions of dollars. With that money we furnished our home.

Soon we would be back on the earth raising Gabriel and helping her to see the light behind the night sky.

“Gabriel was truly our child” Alice says—confident we will establish our lives—as well as Gabriel’s.

“Yes, Gabriel is ours.... Perhaps the spacemen nor their city were bad.”

Alice walks close to me and gives me a comfortable hug, “I love you Maple,” she says!

“The world Behind the Night Sky, is incredible, rich, and booming with activity!”

“I now know, I know! Creatures built a city Behind the Night Sky, they control the world below through giant cellphone towers, they have power over the very waves that make us, us! Mr. Ward was right, ‘waves coming from outer-space is Ah...’ Behind the Night Sky!”

“It was behind the sky,” I say to Alice, “it was...behind, (i.e., covered),” grabbing her hand and walking into our several-million-dollar-home that resided Behind the Night Sky!

Life behind the Night Sky

The End.



It's all you A
I play ALL

Written by

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

It's All you A: I play All

ITS ALL YOU A I PLAY ALL

Written by
—BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN—

The song *Its all you A, I play all* in the theater **The Game** is to be played giving the more feminine idea of Gon. To be used for Becky, Kelly, Sally, Paige, and Jacky dancing life's hardships away, escaping to Gon!

Title meaning, I can and will do all.

AR CHRISTY and *Times New Roman* fonts were used, in places, in the sheet music, including Cover and Copyright page.

In the last measure of the song, play end as freely as you please. Play a few seconds or a few minutes but keep the bass steady and the treble clef the same four notes yet—arranged in a variety of ways.

Copyright ©2021
Brendon G.M.C. Holden
All rights reserved.



Time estimate: [4:00:00]

It's all you A I play ALL

Written For
The Game theater show

Written in A Minor

Written by
—BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN—

Dual: Strings and Piano
Played on
Synthesizer

Adagio

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines consist of a single treble clef staff with a whole note chord in the first measure of each system, followed by rests. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The first system features a complex piano introduction with sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and a simple bass line. The second system continues with a more melodic piano line in the right hand. The third system shows a steady piano accompaniment with eighth-note patterns. The fourth system concludes with a piano line that includes a fermata and a dynamic marking of *sva* (sforzando) over a final note.

Copyright © 2022
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.
Music brought to: www.musicnotes.com

Page 1

It's all you A I play ALL

Written in A Minor

Written by
—BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN—

Adagio

The musical score is arranged in systems of three staves each. The top staff in each system is for Vocals, the middle for Piano (Pno.), and the bottom for another instrument, likely Piano (Pno.), as indicated by the label. The score is written in A minor and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a vocal line that is mostly rests and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with more complex melodic lines in the right hand. The third system introduces a vocal line with a melodic phrase. The fourth system features a piano solo with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The fifth system shows a vocal line with a melodic phrase and a piano accompaniment. The sixth system continues the piano accompaniment with a melodic line in the right hand. The seventh system shows a vocal line with a melodic phrase and a piano accompaniment. The eighth system continues the piano accompaniment with a melodic line in the right hand. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs. There are also some markings like 'Svb' and 'Sva' in the vocal lines.

Copyright © 2023
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Music Shared by: Brendon Holden

Page 2

ITS ALL YOU A I PLAY ALL

Written in A Minor

Written by
—BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN—

Adagio

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'Svb' (subito) and 'Svb' (subito) with a bracket. The vocal line is mostly silent, indicated by rests. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests.

Copyright © 2021
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Music Design by: Nicolas Walker

Page 3

It's all you A I play ALL

Written in A Minor

Written by
—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Adagio

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines consist of whole notes on a single pitch. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The score concludes with a 'Sya' marking and a fermata over the final notes.

Copyright © 2021
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Music Design by: Brandon Holden

Page 4

ITS ALL YOU A I PLAY ALL

Written in A Minor

Written by
—BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN—

Adagio

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano line (grand staff), and another vocal line (treble clef). The piano line features a consistent bass line of chords and a treble line with melodic patterns, including eighth-note runs and slurs. The vocal lines contain rests and some melodic fragments. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The score is written in A minor.

Copyright © 2002
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
©2002 Brendon Holden, Brandon Holden

Page 5

It's all you A I play ALL

Written in A Minor

Written by
—BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN—

Adagio

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano line (grand staff), and another vocal line (treble clef). The piano line features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed eighth notes. The vocal lines are mostly rests, with some notes appearing in the first system. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. There are 'sva' and 'svb' markings with dotted lines indicating phrasing or breath marks.

Copyright © 2023
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
©/TM Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Page 6

Notes

Epilogue

“Dora, I met this young creature named Maple, you know the ones you gave Gabriel too. They have this whole theory on Gabriel and how they created that child and how you truly could not have adopted that baby.,” Matthew says.

“And you know what Geoff, the next time you fight another’s negative will, write it down while eating something positive, that will spare you the bloody mess,” Dora explains

“And you know what Matthew,” I say, “*The world Behind the Night Sky, is incredible, rich, and booming with activity! I now know, I know! Creatures built a city Behind the Night Sky, they control the world below through giant cellphone towers, they have power over the very waves that make us, us!*”

About the Author

Brendon GMC Holden having always hidden his ability to create and specially to create for the public, worked over the past year on this new and exciting book *It's out now*, adding in some new ideas while writing about some of his personal experiences that he has had—but never finding an out-let to communicate them!



Brendon Holden has written other books such as: *Smoking by The River* and children's books titled *Toby learns patience*, and *Max the Juggler*. He has expressed works of Art in such books as: *Drawings by Brendon* and *Art*. He is also Author of *The Game* and *7th Grade Streets*; most likely Brendon is recognized for his work in creating *Behind the Night Sky*.

It would be a delight to his heart that not only is his work enjoyed, but that society benefits from it as much as the creative ideas have benefited him. As Vermont has been, and as the entire United States has been stable in past generations, Brendon hopes that through these books, *Clutter in my Closet*, *Behind the Night Sky*, and other books, such as *The game* and *7th Grade streets*, consciously aware of the many great men and women making it possible for others to raise their children in an educated world, to remain in high hopes for their future as well as the future of their children...to have an education, the option to prosper, and to live the American-dream: *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!* Now knowing that these stories are going beyond America, Brendon's hopes for the rest of the world and universe are the same, to remain in high hopes for yourself as well as the future of your children.

