

Behind the Night

Sky
Trilogy

Kids Club Edition

— Brendon G.M.C. Holden —

Smoking

Holden



*BEHIND THE
NIGHT SKY*

—BRENDON HOLDEN—

About the book

Maple could not comprehend the earth, what is it, where did it come from?

With the help of her new friends Max, Bam, Brenda, Alice, and Brendon she uncovers the knowledge of all things, hidden by the earth.

An untrue story told by Brendon Holden as the main character Maple.

If you would like to contact the author, Brendon G.M.C. Holden, one can write me here:

Drawings by Brendon
P.O. Box 175
Lyndon, Vermont 05849

I would love to receive your letter!

Behind the
Night Sky
Trilogy

Behind the Night Sky
Finding Run Personal Computer PBR



Holden

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Behind the Night Sky Trilogy

(Finding Run Personal Computer PBR)

(Clutter in my Closet)

(I.O.N.)

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Fifteen works of Sheet music

Music © 2021 by Brendon Holden

Over 60 Illustrations

Art © 2021 by Brendon Holden

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the Night Sky

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Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

Chapter 1



Life in 1999



Behind the Night Sky

Theme song

Behind the Night Sky Theme Song

written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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In A minor

Maple takes you on a journey beyond the doors of her great estate.

In this song two Creatures are representing her thoughts, her mind. Leading up to the song: Knowing All.

They the Creatures, her mind—conclude to move things out of place, (leaving him/her without answer.)

This sets her mind free—from from what she thinks she knows, to what is known.

This happens in the book, by a child named Gabriel; she is given in such a way, that Gabriel as Maple's child—appears without cause. This is the theme for the book as well as the theater version of Behind the Night Sky, (giving Maple and her friends out-of-place realities; to allow Maple and her friends to consider other realities.) Answering the question to what lies behind the night sky!

Behind the Night Sky

★ Theme Song ★

Written in A minor

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Adagio

Vocal

p

sky
skies!

End

p

A minor 7 E minor 7 G7 A minor 7 A minor 7 E minor 7

Pno.

Vocal

As I sit and
stare aimlessly
There is a world that

D minor 7 E minor 7 F6 E minor 7

Pno.

Vocal

dream
like
life

wondering if
your dreams be
behind

all a
go to
my

dreams
like
eyes

If you
what

Can you
begin
to
it

Pno.

Vocal

high
look
see

falling I be
to see
a world

gla to
what was
made for

cry
look
see

Pno.

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Behind the Night Sky

★ Theme Song ★

Written in A minor

Written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Adagio

Vocal *pp* You must not have seen this will make you free
 You must not have seen this will make you free
 Now I fly seeing what truly lies

Pno.

Vocal to see what lies be — hand the night night see the distant stars
 to see what lies be — hand the night night see the distant stars
 be — hand the night night see the distant stars
Play the distant stars right and play in the end of page 1

Pno.

Vocal

Pno. *ff* *Thought/Thinking Creature Dance*

Vocal

Pno. *Faster and more aggressive tempo next 3 measures*

Behind the Night Sky Theme Song
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 Also known as: Behind the Stars

Behind the Night Sky

★ Theme Song ★

Written in A minor

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holder



Adagio

Vocal

Piano

f

G F

Vocal

Thoughts and Dreams dance ends

pp

Go back to the beginning ignoring any stars

E

←

→

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1

Life in 1999

“I need to know! I need to know, but I am too young to know, how do I understand my surroundings—if one word can have several meanings? I must find the knowledge of all things, and I did!”

...This is my journey, my journey finding: Run Personal Computer PBR.”

—Maple Jess Bark

When I was young, about twelve, I started Northdale Middle School, my Mom and Dad, had just bought a small house in a small town, so that—my Dad could work at a paper mill; according to him jobs were hard to find, and not only hard to find, but if one job was unfair—life demanded that one is, and one was, expected to stick with. This would shape you, and your family, whether for good or for bad.

Life in 1999

His job at this new and researched job was to apply the glue to the paper—while it was still in dough form; this would, (if pressed and let to dry) make sheets of paper. He did not get paid very much, but it held the family together...and most importantly it gave my Father the hope, and his Firm Demand, for his child to have a better life, and much deserved education.

The beginning of exploring knowledge in my youth was: the year nineteen eighty eight, this was the same year that we moved, and I was given a strong lecture, after my Fathers breakdown, and after my Mother exposed her ability to abandon all, and I was forced into a new school; the same year I began to go to Northdale Middle-School, the year nineteen eighty eight...the year I started the eighth grade, and had high hopes, because I would be on *TOP* of the younger kids. Us being all crunched into one environment normally, now I would be without the oppressive nature of the older kids—that might have insulted my growth in leadership; those were in a separate school, in a separate town named, West Dale, and the yet to be explored similar name, West Dale High School.

My first day of school was exciting, I felt amazingly comfortable, and the food was exceptionally good!

As I was comfortably sitting in the cafeteria, eating pizza, and drinking chocolate milk—I met another boy at the lunch table, a boy named Bam.

He walked over as if he were new in the school and did



not know “what was what,” and wanted to know if he could eat

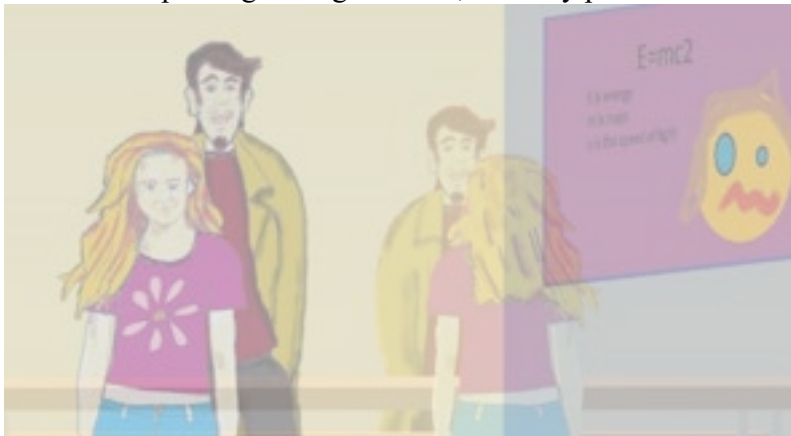
Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

with me. He seemed very shy, and I being shy myself was happy to welcome him; he was a little taller than me, five foot in height, slender build, but he had purposely glorified black-hair and brown-eyes, compared to my stunning, trance like, dark-gloriously-sparkly-lit-ocean-blue-eyes and dirty-brown-hair. I felt a bit insecure about myself...he was an impressive guy to look at, I had to wonder why he was acting out of character...

As we ate our lunch together, he mentioned that he had been attending this school since the fifth grade, but at that time, it was not in the same building, it was in temporary trailers; this was due to the school needing more space. I could visually get a sense, (as if I were there myself,) of the cramped environment, and uncomfortable feelings of being out of place.

As Bam explained, I picked up on a quiet little laugh that Bam exposed, as if he never passed the fifth, sixth, or possibly even the seventh grade. For fifth and sixth grade, Bam was forced to school in temporary trailers, called mini classes; *mini meaning lack of a normal school classroom.*

As the conversation continued, I explained to Bam: my family has just moved to the area, and it was my first year at Northdale Middle School, that my old school was bigger, and not only bigger, but it was attached to a high school. Because of the maturity of the older teens, the food was lacking taste, but not only lacking, but the lack messed with my mind, as if the authority of the older children, and the principle—were denied the lack of a privilege of a good taste, and they passed that down



Life in 1999

to the rest of the students.

Bam thought that was funny, we got along well, and slowly became good friends.

Eighth grade quickly, and when I say quickly, *I mean quickly* came to an end, as if my authority to express my creativity over the younger kids gave *TIME*—the right to skip school. What I do remember was: going on field trips, class trips, school dances and at the end of the year we took a big trip, this trip was to New York State, to a theme/waterpark. We, the eighth grade-class, spent two days there to express our growth out of Middle School, and into the future West Dale High School. My favorite part of the end of the year School trip, was the hotel; I rarely, if ever get a hotel room because of my dad's income, but I would enjoy this one, because it had a swimming pool, gaming hall, and the liberty of becoming a young adult!

I vividly remember, as I was freely exploring the water/theme park, how happy I was, to graduate from eighth grade, and to be moving on to High School.

At some point in my exploration of the theme/waterpark, as I was gaining education—that I purposely, and slowly tried to grasp in my hand—which were things like: how do I read the park maps, park maps that were posted throughout the



Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

theme/waterpark, and how do I express my sense of belonging in public places...well, Bam and I met some new friends, some I introduced to Bam, and some Bam introduced to me.

At some point while we were talking to some of our new friends, a young girl named Lizzy, expressed verbally, “in the new High School we are going to: West Dale High School, it is going to be a challenge, this is one of the *Top* schools in the Country, all the teachers believe computers will be the future!”



Life in 1999

Bam and I laughed it off, we did not take much out of it; we with similar minds, thought—if computers were going to be the future, then why are they not everywhere! Now that I am older and wiser, I was wrong about computers; that is what West Dale High School, the school we are going to be going to, would correct...the ignorance of our youth, and prepare us for the future of technology, and the evolution of humanity!

The summer before the first day of high school was something to talk about, especially at the end of summer. I quickly, energetically, ran around, verbally expressing my happiness around town... “I go to the beach a lot,” I would say.

Bam did not live far from where I lived; his mom owned a little country store in her house, they lived about a mile from the beach; I was always in there—financially growing her business!

On one of those days—that summer, I would dis-regard the amount of money one could spend publicly; I walked to Bam’s house, bought ten bags of chips from his mom’s store, and walked to the beach.

That summer and especially this day it was all about meeting people, and we met a lot. On this day, one of these people we met was a sheriff of a nearby town, he owned a beach house on the lake, and was very friendly with us. He offered to take us boating. We quick to say yes, went, but this boating trip was not just a boating trip, it was a boating trip with a tube tied to the back. Bam and I would get on the tube while the sheriff pulled us around...this boat was a fast boat, and us being tied on to the back, he would pull us around; we would go speeds of up to twenty to thirty miles an hour, the *sheriff* called it tubing.

“Paul,” I said to the *sheriff*, that was is name, Paul, “if you get board in the winter, try tying a sled to the back of a snow machine, it’s as much fun as tubing.”

“My Son would love to do that I will mention it to him. Thank you, Maple,” Paul says.

After our tubing adventures we had a campfire, ate hamburgers, and took a late-night walk.

Soon I realized I must walk back home, so I began walking back home. Reflecting on the time I had at the beach, I

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hoped to have similar adventures once I started school, meeting people and be taken on new adventures!

*

The West Dale High School bell rang; I glanced over at the clock hoping the day had suddenly come to an end; my eyes saw eight o'clock, and that started the first day of West Dale high school. I said to myself, hoping that somehow, I did not get the sick eight o'clock feeling in my stomach, it was a big school, and I had another fresh start!

As I was getting through the first half of the morning, I noticed the schools' unique structure, like that of a boarding school; and I heard from Bam it was...it was a boarding school for rich foreign students. Although I did not believe Bam—I was convinced Bam was right—once I noticed the students needed a lot of manuals and books.

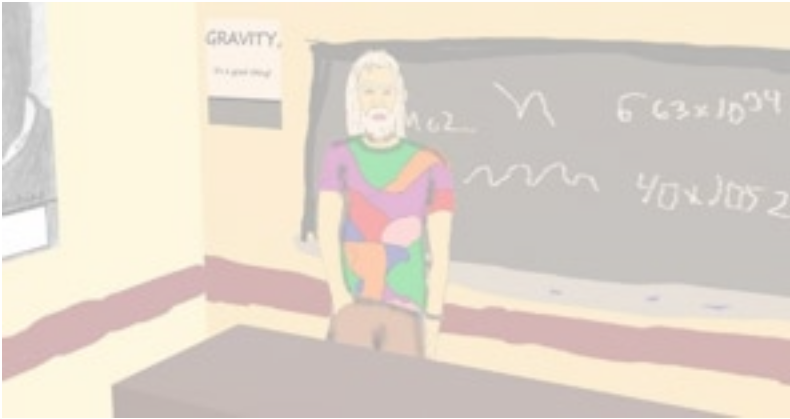
As my mind gets occupied in the activities of the morning, and I began to get super excited—and dug into some of the material for my classes, the lunch bell rings.

At lunch, opposed to North Dale Middle School, I had a lot of options, respectively I chose pizza, some vegetables, and a little red carton of white milk. While I was eating and sipping on my milk, I gazed around at the few hundred students in the lunch hall, hoping to find Bam. Suddenly I notice him, he is walking toward my table, I flagged him over... “Bamby” I say, he casually walks over and sits down.

We both were happy to see how big the school was, and especially all the technology; the school had computer rooms, they gave each of us an email address, and the faculty gave each of us a big, and expensive calculator. We expressed our growing comfort to one another, and as lunch usually is, we hardly noticed the time passing, and shortly we were back in class.

My next class was physics, Bam and I shared the same class. The teacher, the one who was teaching the physics class, his name was Stephen Warden, we called him Mr. Ward. He introduced himself, and began to go over the class, things we would need, and things we would be doing that year. Some of the things he went through were the quanta, wavelengths, and the

Life in 1999



electron. He wanted us to know how these apply to the modern world, and how they should apply to our future. He told us we were going to need a cellphone for that class, it would help him introduce wavelengths to us.

“It was good for other classes as well,” he mentioned.

I did not have one, but I was sure my parents would buy me one. The cellphone was something new to Americans, in my later years I discovered that at the time, cellphones existed, but mostly in Canada.

Cellphones were so large at this time, meaning it would be larger than your pocket; I can remember my father’s car phone, it was huge, it plugged into a cigarette lighter, and had a giant magnet connecting the antenna to the roof of the car. Most of the time it failed to provide a decent connection; somewhere around this time, there were smaller versions of it, one that could fit into the palm of a hand, but very few.

Most of my classes needed me to have a computer, a cellphone, and an email-address. In class, Mr. Ward said, “we would be discussing wavelengths, and that’s why we needed the cellphone.” Mr. Ward strongly believed the future would be made of cellphone towers, and a lot of them, but not just cellphone towers, but strongly expressed his belief in wavelengths coming from giant towers, controlling the world below. I laughed the information off, I could barely make out what he was saying, plus I could not wait for three o’clock to come, so that I could go home, and tell my parents how the first

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day of high school went.

Three o'clock!

"Finally!"

I begin to go home.

I was glad once the bus reached the front of my house. I jumped off the bus, and went to my front door, turned the door handle, and went inside.

Once inside I grabbed an apple and went to watch television.

Not too much later my parents got home.

My Mom lovingly came up to me and asked, "how was your first day of high school?"

I said, "it is awesome," and went on to say, "it is a rich school, they gave me a calculator, textbooks, and a uniform." I was so excited I could barely contain my excitement; I began to wonder if I were over excited, now—having thoughts that questioned if I would make it to school in the morning. I quickly covered it up and said, "they also gave me an email-address, and they surely want me to ask you and Dad to buy me a cellphone."

My Mom says, "cellphone, why would you need a cellphone?"

I said, "in case of an emergency, various experiments at school, and to keep in contact with my teachers."

My Dad yelled across the room, "if that's the case we will get you one!"

"Great," I said, and walked into my room. With a sense of ownership—I began to dig into all the new material, my new possessions!

The next day when my parents got home from work, and I had gotten home from High School, I look to my dad, and I notice my Dad holding a small bag; I thought I knew what was on the inside, and when he pulled it out, and presented it to me, I was right, it was a brand-new cellphone.

My Dad says, "not a lot of people can afford a cellphone, be careful with it."

He handed it to me, and I quickly brought it to the living room, placed it on the couch, and slowly opened the box.

Slowly tearing through the box, I revealed a power cord—to charge the phone, a keypad to dial numbers, and a

screen display to text messages or put pictures on. My favorite part of the phone it was blue, and my dad knew I loved blue colors.

The next day, I brought the recently purchased, blue colored—with a lit-screen display cellphone to school; I showed it to all my close friends, hoping that I would be esteemed!

Bam with his charm, and glorified gift—to be a tribal-self-leader—and include others, smiled, and said, “the precious future, it’s your future in college, don’t screw it up!” I am almost certain, that the statement meant—to stay away from certain criminal behavior that was happening in the hidden places—within West Dale High School...criminal behavior that gave me the exhilarating thrill of a fresh hunt into growing up! But I would ignore that thrill and tell myself that this cellphone will have to do it: I will search out the knowledge to the workings of all—by understanding wavelengths, that will be the sport...I will seek out Mr. Ward’s idea of Giant Towers controlling the world below. This must be sort of like a video game, possessor of worlds—I say to myself!

Bam’s Dad rejected the idea of lawlessness, and he began to do just that! His Dad did not pick up on the urgency of buying Bam a cellphone. Bam spent a couple of months trying to get his dad to buy him the same type, kind, and color as I had got. Most of the students got a phone within a few weeks, but not Bam; Bam had a hard time convincing his dad that the school needed him to have one. Within a month the school called his dad and had a talk with him; after the talk, Bam’s Dad, finally, after much turmoil gave in, and got his son, Bam a green colored cellphone.

Every week or so, Bam would come over to my house, and spend the night, we did not live far away from one another; we lived about a mile apart. During the time he spent at my house, we played video games, did homework, and played basketball in the driveway; most of the time we played video games, plus did the more important stuff: we helped one another grow up—mentally as well as physically.

I used to ask him this question a lot, in search for unexplored knowledge, “how were our video games, televisions and CD’s created,” that was always enough to start an intelligent conversation, that not only emphasized on the stupidity of others,

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but always left us inherently stupid as well, without answers...without the whole reason for the conversation, as if knowledge was not to keep, or it was to vanish into the subconscious mind...without answers *at all!*

Bam would always include the older, more wiser people of the day and age. On this occasion he said, “the teacher of our physics class ought to know...we should have him break it down slowly for us, that is what he gets paid for...right?”

As time went on, I asked the question so many times, that Bam eager to find the freedom that could come from a small idea we called *virtual reality*, decided to ask his father how video games worked, and how does electricity work, how exactly are they created. Bam’s Dad whose name was Frank, simply said, “positive and negative or ones and zeroes.”

Bam could not understand that, but thought it was a good enough answer and brought it back to me. I tried to make sense of the information, but was confused, and said, “does that mean to make believe as a child would, or do I interpret that through the scars of the vivid truth—that is apparently before me all the time...a long, very long time, all the time?”

“Criminal, is the vivid truth, pretend stupid” Bam replied. ...And that is what would happen, and the knowledge would sink deep into our minds without the ability to retrieve it again! (*Now that I think about it, I think Bam meant to pretend like a child.*)

Not long after, I asked my physics teacher, about Bam’s Father’s answer. Mr. Ward simply said, while leaning on his cane, “we will be studying those topics later in the year, as the great Dr. Cake said, *‘learning without millions of years to do so is vain,*’ and as I say, waves coming from outer space is, ah...” and thought it was good for me to wait for the full meaning to the question.

The day quickly ends, and I am back on the bus; I felt as if I just was on this bus, on my way to School. I got off the bus, and I was home again. I walk inside, and I grabbed an apple, and walk into the living room to watch television.

As I was flipping through the stations, I noticed a show. ...It was about energy, and an idea: that humans could, (in the eyes of the older, wiser, professional people’s opinion,) raise their energy level—to a point, of walking through a wall. I had to

wonder...is energy the absolute in the universe, after all—I eat to receive its energy, so maybe—the universe is governed by energy!

I had a question—through this new information. If I had enough energy, could I fly like superman? Or is flying like superman a huge explosion—without the capabilities to be a Superman.

I know the answer to the question could not be due to positive behavior, but negative, (I know electricity is negative!) ...In that case, I would be forcing the earth/surroundings, to forcefully listen to my will... “Maybe that’s how the video games work, through governed electricity,” I quietly whisper, “it’s probably the reason for the fear amongst the adults, the negativity behind someone forcing their *will* on others.”

The show on television made me *again*, ask the question, over and over—do I ask this question in my mind—to keep the knowledge of the virtual world in my mind: I wonder what are the colors coming from the television?

Vividly, I remember watching, and wondering, how could energy—make the structure coming from the television. For example: the people or buildings, I know that they are not people or buildings, they are not the happy little spirits that could live inside the Television, because it was prerecorded, (*the Tooth Fairy and Santa Clause ruined that one a long time ago—for me.*) I know it had to do with energy, because the electrical outlet, the outlet that the television was plugged into; in my eyes that electrical outlet, would control the huge box that made up the *Television* in the *nineties!*

Bam came over that evening, driving a small motorcycle or something. Loudly he comes into the yard, and loudly cannot complete—the over excited expression—that he was gaining and growing... “My Father promised me that if I do well at West Dale High School, he will—at my senior graduation, buy me a brand-new Oldsmobile GX5!!!” (*That was the popular car in the nineties.*)

“The motorcycle out in the front yard, he just bought that for me...that is the reward for making it this far,” Bam said loudly.

After I shared in his excitement, we moved our

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conversation.

Later in the day I brought up the television show—I had just watched, claiming energy could make impossible things possible; he seemed not to care all that much, he was too into his new responsibilities.

“If you are interested, in your study—here is another direction! ...Maybe we should get spiritual and study beliefs; those that speak on television, might be speaking from one perspective” Bam says—preferring my conversation.

I replied, “I will wait, and get the answer from my physics teacher...there is something I do not like about the older populations—senior elders, like if I was to begin a conversation with a religion, it would not just last an hour, not two, not even three, but fearfully last days (i.e. willing boredom!)”

It was not long before I stumbled on to answers; I was in physics class, and my teacher explained atoms, “they were positive and negative” he said. ...I considered if that is what Bam's Dad was talking about when he said, ‘positive and negative, and ones and zeroes.’ After class I asked my Physics-teacher, “could Bam’s Dad be talking about Atoms in a unified theory when he included ones and zeroes to his answer.”

I do not know where I got that question from, but something in me wanted to unify knowledge. It came out, as if I had a good idea of physics per se, but seriously I was using the harsh scars of the surrounding environment.

Mr. Ward said, “ones and zeroes, if we’re talking about the same thing, are used for the binary code. The binary code makes the code on VHS tapes, records and video games.”

His answer was the answer that avoided the question, and I instinctively—knew not to dig too deep into his world of scars, fears, and doubts.

I asked him again just too sure myself, that I was not to pretend a world of absolute knowledge—the one and only knowledge, the knowledge I invent...unified knowledge.... “Is that the same as positive and negative?” He, as predicted seemed to avoid the question with a false answer, as if the question about how things work is a mystery.

...But then, Mr. Ward looked up toward the ceiling, looked at me, and seemed to give in.

Life in 1999

He looked at me with sincere eyes, as if he were letting me into a special world of his, and said, “Maple, I don’t get much into my reasons for becoming a teacher...especially that of a physics-class. Earlier today, as I went over Atoms, and how they form the world around us; and that is by obeying laws, laws that produce energy, and the law that attracts us to produce energy...”

“I’m going to tell you something that I tell very few; after all, in today’s lecture, you questioned me—as if you with certainty knew what I was saying; not a lot do Maple, so what I am about to tell you is very important.”

“My Father worked for Nasa back in nineteen-sixty-nine, he worked in the safety department...he was to make sure the astronauts were safe—on the moon, as well is on the earth.”

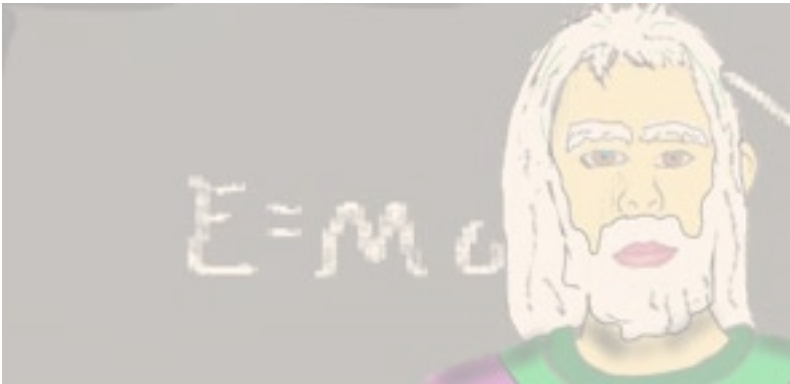
“After the moon landing was a success, and the shuttle came home, my father had his family stand before him...I was included. I watched as he began to laugh...he was so happy...happy about—a bonus he received from his employer, plus, he had the secret of gravity.”

“He went on to explain to us what he learned in that year.”

“He said ‘we faked it; it was a fake...what you see on the Television never happened—as you know it!’”

“In our language Maple, the moon landing was faked, but not faked.”

“You see, the only way to stay the same, is to not leave gravity...if one was up four or even perhaps ten miles above the earth in the atmosphere, they and their possessions would change, because there isn’t gravity to keep them the same way...in fact,



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if you were up that high, you would be sort of in a dream-like state.”

“...So, to remain conscious, we faked it, with science, they pretended to go. *Make believing* is believing Maple, it is truth, so we really did go to the moon, as science fact, but the kind of space mission that included gravity!”

“The reason I became a teacher, was to express to others the truth behind the power of our imaginations...believing what we knew as children but forgot as adults.”

“To play make-believe, is to play truth; you should play truth Maple.”

I did not totally understand what he was saying, but I think he was saying to pretend the truth. I did not know if he was speaking the truth, so I gave a polite smile, and understood he tried his best to meet me where I was at. Mr. Ward then summed up our conversation saying, “everything in the Universe has positive and negative, and the only way to see that knowledge—is to make believe!”

After that class was my history class...I thought to myself, this class is going to be so boring, and went to gaze at the clock, as if time were going to spare me it's length of time, but to my surprise, once the class began—I lost my sense of time, because I felt at home; to my surprise—what felt like seconds—I hear the school bell ring, signifying the end of the day.

Looking back that day in my history class, the teacher taught about an older person, I forgot the name, but he *invented* a lot of great things, and the reason behind some of his great *inventions*, was because someone out of this world told him how to do it, sort of like the Tooth Fairy or something; I thought it most likely was an Extraterrestrial.

I can remember going home that evening, and on the bus...I looked up at the vivid blue abyss, wondering if there was more to the reality I experience, like: what if an Alien or something was to share with me, my much-anticipated virtual world of all possibilities, (i.e., the completion for my beginnings.) ...Including how video games were made, and how could ones and zeroes control light; in a discrete little package...some call it money, some call it paradise, some even could think it was a famous-person—taking one to their wealthy-estate. I thought it

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was the life of the free roaming child within myself!

As the doorknob turns from the twisting of the handle by my hand, I hear, “how was school?” It was my Mom...

I said, “great!”

She then asked, “what are you learning?”

I said, “the world I perceive to exist, is no world at all,”

She asked, “how so?”

I asked her, “if someone out of this world talked to you, say a space alien, would you care enough to regard?”

“I do not believe in such things, your grandpa said ‘that you think a *second. of time* is every moment,’ and that is what you are looking for...*to play with power,*” she answered to restrain my over excited search.

I said, “in history class the teacher taught us about an inventor who invented things, for a person or creature out of this world.”

“You have a lot to learn” she replied.

The next day I was in physics class, I asked my teacher, “what are the lights, and pictures in my cellphone,” as if I was on a treasure hunt, hunting the reason for lack.

With much time on his hands, he said, “they are virtual particles,” and then changed that to “photons,” and then to “Atoms,” “waves,” “the quantum.” to finally saying, “the ancients believed they were particles.” As if I were to know what he was talking about. Looking back, I am sure he thought I knew what he was talking about, and that was to cheat the test per se.

Without knowing what he meant, but to honor his words, I concluded to myself: that is what I see when I look at the television, video games, and cellphone. I did not ask him what a virtual particle was, but I was sure it had to do with an unsure reality!

That night, I went to Bam’s house, and I spent the night there.

While there, I came up with an idea that we should play around naked in his room...all seemed safe enough; what could go wrong, we are just a couple of guys hanging out...I will never forget what I learned!

...We were different!

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Afterwards Bam somehow concluded that I was a different sex, or a totally different creature. I never lived down the naked idea, and previously, I nor Bam, stepped outside of the normal reality that was given to us. To him, I, as a being became the one to move on a red light per se.

That same night, I raised the question at dinner to Bam's family, "are these French fries' virtual reality,"

Bam said, "Yes!"

I asked, "how do you know?"

Bam answered, "it was the only answer—that answers the question. ...Plus, we cannot get down small enough to see the absolute, so we make believe, until the small substance of our make believing appears, (sort of like dust particles, but our mind-power-particles,) and that truly brings to life the saying, "you are, what you eat. After that statement, it was the only answer that I thought you wanted to hear, virtual reality rules."

"I'm going to get to the bottom of how things work, the absolute, of mind-power-particles. Bam are you with me? We should start at school."

Bam cleverly added, "Possibly a *Virtual-Reality-School*, one that can burn to the ground, yet that with a file, can instantly be restored the next morning! We will start at School."

The next day, Bam introduced me to a girl named Alice, and an older boy named Brendon. Alice studied art; Brendon studied humanities. Alice was nice and outgoing; Brendon was nature-caring and picked up on the smallest of detail.

I, over time, at some point, asked Brendon why he was involved in his work, his answer was, "everything has a purpose, even down to the lint on your clothing."

I ask, "what purpose?"

He said, "everything is loved, cared about, even the lint, consider if it was not, there would be many more viruses; that is why I care so heavily about tiny substances—such as lint, because I do not want to get sick! Trust me it is a particularly important study; if I make friends with such tininess, I heal myself. Their purpose is to stay invisible," he mumbles and began to laugh. I did not get it at first, but I liked the guy, and so did Bam.

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That summer was great, I took Alice and Brendon to meet the sheriff, in hopes he would take them tubing. I can still remember the day when Brendon and I, were holding on to the back of the tube—going about forty miles an hour when Brendon yelled, “let’s let go,” and so I did, we hit the water so hard. When we came to, Brendon swam over to me, and said “wasn’t that fun!”

“Yes” I said. The situation reminded me to let go of things in life, hard concepts, hard relationships, let life be life, and have fun!

Brendon said, “let’s do it again, and have some more fun!” I laughed as the boat came around to pick us up.

*

That summer my parents thought it would be fun for us younger people, to have our own rented cabin by the lake. They rented one, they could not afford much—but they could afford a good time. All that summer Bam, Alice, Brendon, and I, spent our nights in the cabin. We did a lot of things in the cabin, such as: play cards, video games, watch Television, and on some of the colder nights we would light a fire.

On one of those days in the middle of summer, Bam was reading a book; Bam’s parents were extremely poor and could not afford much, which caused Bam to grow up reading a lot.

On this day Bam was reading a book named: *War of The Machine*, the book was about a few people living inside a computerized world. The characters in the book, grew up their whole lives—thinking—it was the real world.

As Bam was finishing up the book, he turned around to Brendon, and said, “that was an awesome book!” He started explaining *War of the Machine to us*: “A couple of kids get into a lot of trouble, once the computer finds them in its system. They hid from the machine their whole lives...*from the eyes of authorities!* They could, because their minds were set to the real world, they thought it was the real world! They themselves did not know they were running from the law, the law of the machine.”

Bam, then asked the question if we thought such could be reality.

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I said, “Bam, that idea is sort of screwed up, because what if the machine finds you, and you wake up to find a horrible reality, that you were never loved, nobody cares, in fact—the authorities were—sort of out to punish you. That could be horrible, a horrible nightmare! I have such thoughts, and they terrify me! Like as if I could be running from some bigger reality!”

I never thought Bam would be deep into stuff like that, but him, like me, in his spare time went deep into the mystery of the earth. Bam and I were trying to gain as much information about the reality, of the knowledge of the earth as possible. I was happy to see Bam doing so, as well as happy that he joined me on this massive treasure hunt.

Brendon, still deep in thought about War of the Machine said, “if it is reality, someone sure has a lot of explaining! ...And hopefully it is not going to be me; I mean if they do exist—they—in my mind would owe me.... Right?”

I expressed to Brendon an answer without the answer, “maybe we can do the explaining ourselves, that’s if we are not afraid to find a past life—we might be running from.”

“That could not be true, we live here and now, no other lives!” Brendon said.

“I believe in goodness,” Alice said; Brendon agreed—shaking his head up and down.

The next day Brendon, Alice, and I, walked to the store; Bam decided to go out fishing. We all needed some food; this night we planned on grilling by the lake.

While at the store, we purchased a few things and walked back to our cabin; once we arrive at the cabin, we find Bam next to the cabin, with fish in his hand, he yells, “this is what I’m eating tonight.” Bam was proud to work and catch his own. Bam grew up poor, he learned to catch fish at an incredibly early age; he knew what it meant to enjoy pleasure after work, *eating the labor he did for himself!*

That night it was warm, about seventy degrees, and not a cloud in the sky. We grilled on the beach, and instead of using charcoal, we used wood for the fire. Brendon, Alice, and I, grilled hamburgers while Bam grilled his fish. I put cheese on my burger

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when it was done...quickly we flopped them on some paper plates—hoping not to lose one, and then sat down on some grass next to the lake.

After we were done eating, we laid down on the soft grass, and gazed up at the stars. Bam exclaimed, “the full moon looks so big.” I could barely hear him; I was in a trance while looking at the night sky. I was indulging myself on the clear starlit night, my eyes were fixed on the big dipper, which for me, was not always that visible in the city. In the city where I previously lived, there was a lot of smog, but in the country in Vermont, there was not any smog, so the stars were very bright, it was a picture-perfect night.

Suddenly, a bright light appeared, a huge bright light in the night sky, it flashed three times.

Alice yelled, “what was that?”

Brendon says, “I’ve never seen that before!”

“Maybe it’s a military flair,” I said right before Bam said, “let us go inside and watch some Television.” We all agreed and settled in for an *old-fashion-black-and-white-movie* on Antenna Television.

The next morning Alice’s friends Max and Brenda stopped by the cabin. Alice started talking to them, I mention that she should tell them about the light we saw in the sky. Suddenly Alice excitedly said, “last night a bright light appeared in the sky, we’ve never seen anything like it.”

Brenda quick to take her place in the conversation said, “Max believes in UFOs and his parents are sure that life exists elsewhere in the universe.”



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Bam said, “whatever it was, should not matter and even if there was life out there why don’t you believe in my dog Lacy; she exists too!”

Bam seemed upset by the lights in the sky, but Max wanted to see it himself. We invited him back that night...maybe he could fulfill his wish and catch it on video.

Max and Brenda were invited back to the camp that same night to try to catch the light on video.

“Alice,” Max yells out, “do you have a blanket?” he asks as he was setting up his camcorder.

“Yes” she says and ran into the cabin and snatched one off the sofa.

I was grilling corn and hotdogs, it was a good night for them; it was warm, there were the pleasant sound of waves—coming from the lake, and I could hear the pleasant chirping sound of frogs in the distance as the cool breeze kissed my face.

Max said, “did you see that?”

I said “no, see what?”

“I just saw a blinking light!” he said.

“Did you get it on video?” I anxiously asked.

“No” he replied. He pressed the record button and said, “now I need that to happen again.”

There were not any more lights that night, and around nine o’ clock we decided to go back inside the cabin, plus Max had his father’s car and Max’s Father wanted him to be home at ten o’ clock.

There were not any more flashing lights that summer, but once I got back to school, on the first day I returned from summer break I asked my science teacher if he could explain the lights. He thought it might have been an airplane or a satellite. I nor Max think so. Max thinks it was communication from someone more intelligent than us. Bam thought they were dying stars whose light took years to get here; Bam had a whole theory about us living inside of a bubble controlled by ancient light sources, after a while he convinced me of his yet to be discovered truth!

Max asks, “Brenda are you going to be home after school tomorrow?”

Brenda was living in an apartment that her parents paid

for, she was a rich kid growing up, she also looked older for her age, at seventeen she looked like she could be in her twenty's; I didn't—at first, know why she hung around with the younger kids, but I think it was because Bam's family was so poor.

Brenda appears as if she devoted her life to caring about others.

Brenda responded to Max's question, "Yes I have to do some detail work for the college I want to attend." She intended on going to *Sail University*, it was a school for veterinarians. Max was interested in Brenda, he was usually with her, but not officially; he grew up religious, and for them to date Max's parents needed to say okay.

I overheard their conversation and I asked Max "why do you ask, is there going to be a party or something?"

Max replied "No, what I want to do at Brenda's is train her some Yoga and meditation."

I asked "why?"

He answered "because it opens and frees the mind. You're welcome to join us if your parents don't mind!"

Brenda said, "why don't you come and spend the night."

The next morning, I asked my parents and they replied with a yes.

That night at Brenda's Max started the Yoga training with some inhaling and exhaling, while we were doing this he started saying "think of your happy spot." All I could think of was my video games. Max said, "the inner person knows why you're in your happy spot, ask it why!"

I felt funny about doing this, but I did, and in the faint distance I could hear me say, (*I want to know the knowledge of all things*). I woke up from my small trance wondering if that was my purpose.

That night I slept on Brenda's couch, while Max slept on a chair.

The following day while at school all I could think about was virtual reality and possibilities to bring that to life (i.e., buying of all.) I knew that I wanted to discover how my video games worked, but could not imagine why I do not know, maybe I was living in a video game.

At lunch I asked Bam, "do you think we are living in a

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video game,” to refresh and excite the topic!

Bam said, “the light in the sky that we saw this summer, the one that blinked on and off. This light is ancient light, taking billions of years to get here!”

I did not get it, but I gave it a thought and I said, “Bam what do you mean?”

Bam said, “let’s say you’re looking at the television or a video game, it takes time for the light to get to your eyes, what the television is doing apart from the light is reality, *thee reality*...the *reality* apart from the light, the split second of real life!”

I ask, “the stars light took time to get to the earth and what your saying is, there is actually another type of reality out there?” I ask, looking for Bam to confirm my recently spoken sentence—continuing the conversation.

Bam says, “we are the lie, thee unfinished, un-purposed work! As far as we know or need to know, (because *if we asked*, they would not answer,) there is nothing, but most likely creatures built a city out there behind the night sky.”

I said, “So, what you are saying is, we do not see thee reality, thee reality behind the great Oz...*Behind the Night Sky!*”



I'll Stay

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Holden

The page features a decorative border with a collage of musical elements. At the top, there are two sheets of handwritten musical notation on staves, one on the left and one on the right, with a pink fabric-like texture in the center. The right side of the page is decorated with a vertical strip of musical notes and symbols, including a treble clef, a note, and a piano symbol. At the bottom, there are more sheets of musical notation on staves, similar to the top section.

I'll Stay

**Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden**

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I'll Stay



Written in: A minor

Andante

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

D



Vocal

Am F D

pp

Drum Beat: = Bass beat = Gentle, lazy, Drum tap/crash

Optional: play drum in a similar fashion for Pg. 2 and 3

Pno.

E6 Am F Dm

Vocal

E6 Am F

Pno.

mp

Vocal

D6 E6 Am

Pno.

Vocal

F D6 E6

Pno.

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Music Scripts by Becket Books

pg 2



I'll Stay



Written in: A minor

Andante

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal **Am** **F** **D6**

Do you love her for
what is the way
in there some thing
yes love her for you what do she know the way you say perhaps there is some thing

Pno.

Vocal **E6**

about the day
in the light of the day

Pno. **Am** **F**

Vocal

Pno. **D6** **E6** **Am**

Vocal

Pno. **F** **D6** **E6**

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With Thanks to: Warner Music



I'll Stay



Written in: A minor

Andante

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal *mp* Am F D6

Yes I love you what did you say something about the

Pno.

Vocal E6

and on day

Pno.

END

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

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2

An open door

Cellphones, began to get more and more popular, around West Dale High School and around the Country. As they were getting popular to the point that every person needed to have one, they, the cellphone—also got smaller, thinner, and more advanced in things it could do. The school: (*West Dale High School*) without noticing the phones ability to recommend the deepest of the *deep web*, continue to have the students use them for projects, homework, etc.

The students in respect of the Teachers and School always kept their phones with them and privately began to need them as well, *they loved to text one another!*

Without a firm announcement of all this cellphone use, people began to start noticing strange things happening! ...Scientists said it was due to small amounts of radiation caused by electronics, phycologists said it was a neurological

An Open Door

disorder...all those in power hid the matter, but my friends and I *thought independently*, so did a lot of people.

The things that would happen were strange, things like the feeling one is being watched, objects floating or moving all on their own, and things appearing out of thin air. Some people came together to talk about it...they would talk and look for answers. Some groups thought it was aliens, some thought it was due to religion, some were left to themselves and were sure it was...

Brendon, Alice, Bam and I thought it was due to the increase in cellphone use. We decided to research the cellphone phenomenon in depth, to try to figure out why these strange things were happening!

“Can you ask your Dad for some more money!” Bam said. Bam wanted the latest cellphone to do some experiments on.

“Sure” Brendon said and went towards the living room door that led to his red sports car.

I was in a physics book studying the quanta, I was wondering if everything in the physical universe was made of it, that would to me—explain the strange things that were happening! For instance, I remembered the summer when there was the light that blinked a few times: I wonder, I say to myself, *if the quanta can be controlled by energy and that is why the strange things are happening, because the charge of energy in the cellphones causes the quanta to move, or if anything—the atoms themselves; and this could be happening more often, because there are more and more cellphones.*

I had this idea: *what if we create our own energy—maybe we can control the strange things.*

I told this to my friends, they did not know what to think—and gave me an expression in their body language that said it was over their heads.

Brendon coming back through the front door and full of excitement said, “this cellphone, just appeared out of thin air and it was the one I went out to buy!”

“Perhaps this is a message to us,” I said.

Brendon still trying to catch his breath said, “what

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message?”

I said, “to explore it as intelligent, the source must want more power, I think it is trying to communicate to us and if we do our part it has more room to speak.”

Bam knowing what I was thinking argued “we should try calling one another to see if we can get more of a (i.e., flashy light in the sky.)”

Max added, “radiation!!!”

All of us, as one, did! ...We called one another—we called one another for what seemed like hours when suddenly Brendon’s computer turned on and typed *more power!* We were all surprised and thrilled to be in the moment and wondered how we could give it more power! (Looking back, I think it was toying with us; it was way smarter than to play a teenage friend.)

“Bam,” I said, “what if Brendon’s computer turning on and off is some sort of new tech.”

“What do you mean, the law says computers unplugged cannot be powered on,” Bam answers.

“According to Mr. Ward, in his own words, “just because you are in does not make you in, there is always a bigger gear to be moved by.”

“If I take his words of wisdom—I consider the power of negativity or energy. What if one was negative, (only perceived negative, because it is unknown,) and had a lot more power than the rest.”

“You mean like a bigger gear,” Bam asked—assuring himself.

“Yes exactly. Say this gear could defy most laws and power something unplugged?” I say.

“It would still need a system—even if it was powerful enough” Bam answers.

“No,” I say, ‘not necessarily. If it were stronger or rather a greater gear, it could do whatever it wanted.”

“Those elements, like fate—for example are creating the illusion of something, but in my opinion, at this moment it could bypass the lesser, giving a presentation—of the power of magic!” I say.

...Bam turned—from facing the computer-monitor saying, “let’s go out for a jog, that will produce energy.”

An Open Door

Max said, “wait a minute, how about I teach you all yoga!”

We all agreed.

We spent hours doing yoga to see if some strange thing would communicate with us, but all we got was the idea that we were on the right track, and the possibility of future expeditions once Brendon’s computer turned off and on in a rhythm that made a familiar song, all on its own.

The next day at School, when I got to my English class the teacher refreshed our mind that it was nothing to freak out about, it was a natural occurrence.

While in class, I raised my hand and asked the teacher what one would do if there is a floating ice cube hanging over one while waking up in the morning.

His reply, “I would hope it would float back into the freezer!”

The students laughed!

West Dale High School slowly got immune to the strange things that were happening and went back to focusing on more natural things.

...As I went home, I thought to myself: *my dad, like the English class teacher does not seem to be the least bit surprised, by any of it!* But my friends and I thought it was a gateway or a portal into a great, *normal* (i.e., every day) adventure. *Later we would come to conclude it was!*

*

Sophomore year went great, I learned a lot. Brenda went on to college and Max started a job at a factory. We rarely talk about the strange things that happened the year prior, but one thing we do talk about is getting the latest cellphone. Within a year they got smaller and thinner and more advanced. Some of the latest cellphones can be connected to the internet.

In the summer of the year two thousand, Brenda came home from summer break, she being as she was, went and spent some time with Max... To please Brenda, Max thought it would be fun to rent out the same cabin my parents rented out for me the night we saw the blinking light.

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Brenda invited me to the cabin, I asked “can Bam come too?” I knew he would be up for whatever the lake had to offer.

She said, “sure, but you must spend the night!” Unknowingly to me, Alice and Brendon were invited too.

Upon arrival I noticed Brendon a distance away from the beach—in the parking lot. While in the parking lot, we got to talking and ended up on food; Brendon assured us that there was plenty of food in the freezer and asked us what we wanted to eat. We voted to eat cheeseburgers and hot dogs, and then go for a late-night swim.

That night Bam and I arrived late. Brenda had just finished preparing the meat for the cookout. We talked for a while before we made it to the beach, we wanted a quick swim before we ate.

The water was cold about sixty degrees, but the air was warm. It was about ten o'clock at night when we went for the swim. As we were playing in the water, enjoying the night—Max looked up and saw blinking lights. He yells, “did you see that?”

We said “No!” Max convinced us to go into the cabin and try to provoke this source through calling one another, he wanted to see if he could communicate with it. As we ran into the cabin Max said, “that light was in the same spot as we saw it before.” We quickly got to the cabin and grabbed our cellphones ran back out to the beach and started calling one another. Suddenly the light blinked three more times as if it were aware of what we wanted.

Alice said, “what was that?”

Bam replied, “it’s an ancient civilization trying to communicate with us.” We sat down on the grass and started wondering what it was. Most of us wanted to see if there was some sort of a person behind the light. As we talked, we thought it best not to bother the light anymore, but rather go back into the cabin and write a detailed plan on what we were going to do with this new reality.

As we were coming up with the plan, Bam suggested that exercising could bring this light to life; a system of a giant—like, A.I., and as a system—it must feed on energy.

We knew yoga worked so we included it in the plan, we also included things like, questions we would ask it; plus, we had

An Open Door

to figure out how we were going to exist with this now and in the future...mentally.

As time went on, we developed a routine of extra activities in our daily lives; for instance, we would take the long way home from school, or we would offer to do extra chores around the house.

We tried to convince others to do this, but they did not see the point, they were too busy with their cellphones. After a while we started to live better lives trying to communicate with this energy. I have never felt so healthy; I slowly understood why others run around the way they do—in the world, it was people trying to communicate with the unknown.

I knew what I would ask this energy, I would ask it: who has the power over the wavelengths that come from my television or video games (in other words, what governs the atoms, who set the laws in place, and is there any chance that I could play within these laws.)

At this time, I did not get an answer to how atoms and waves are controlled; I as a human could not control them or at least I thought I could not. The only thing I could do with atoms is visualize them in my brain.

I needed answers!

I wanted them so badly, I went to a spiritual leader to ask questions.

I asked the spiritual leader what his opinion on life was, “what governs the positive and negative forces around us?”

He replied, “we do!”

“...We have negative, but we also have positive. Say I took something of yours for a while without asking you, that would cause you to suffer negativity, but say you got a hug from a friend that would cause you to feel positivity.”

“Throughout history there has been conflict with people; there have been wars, fighting and hatred, but there has also been love and peace.”

“This is what controls the positive and the negative, everyday people, and our job is to learn to love it.”

After he said this, I thought to myself that makes a lot of sense, we govern the positive and the negative through our daily living.

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“That’s why there must be governors in the world” I said to the spiritual leader, and he said “yes.”

When I met back up with Bam, I told him what the spiritual leader said.

Bam said, “if life is made up of positive and negative, this force must be communicating with us while being negative. But if we be negative—this would force it to be positive.”

We took that information to Max and Brenda, they agreed, “if we are negative it will force it to be positive.”

So, we set out to make energy through being negative, we did not do it in a bad way, we were taught everything we do requires a little amount of negativity.

The more we made the energy, the more we could control this force.

We controlled it to great deeds, even making food appear out of thin air. Nobody else was around to see it, nor did we tell anyone, we did not want the attention, we just wanted some basic information.

As we were exploring ways to live in harmony with this strange force, we were going through changes as well; our minds started reconsidering everything we were taught, including our perception of the surrounding world.

In doing so we might have accidentally crossed some of the boundaries that were given to us, due to, what I call the new age syndrome, but in the end, we were sure all would be well.

As the technology was increasing and seeming to appear out of thin air, and as the computers got thinner and smaller and as the internet became capable of doing great things, we tried to tell people that this force, the force causing strange things to happen—could be controlled. No one listened but seemed to be doing their own thing with it, with what some called the radiation of A.I. I knew that we were living in a great time, like the roman empire and the great pyramids of Egypt. I did not know what the computer age meant, but I needed to figure it out. Everyone seemed to be ignoring the outbreak of new inventions and strange occurrences, but unlike them...my friends and I continued working to unveil this new age that had seemed to take control of the world.

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At this time, a lot of people decided to stay on the computer and develop it. Applications for the computer as well as the cellphones became advanced within a short period of time. Suddenly the people in the United States became aware that anything and everything was possible. If you had just entered the Country, you might not notice it—until you got a close look at what people were doing in their spare time.

What they were doing was exploring the deep web for more than ten hours a day, in such a way that they preyed on the life of the extraterrestrials. On the outside one could think that it was invented by the people, but it was not, and they knew that; they knew it was created by another force. They even started exploring the deep web on their cellphones—knowing that an extraterrestrial was behind it.

My friends and I did not explore the computer, we explored this strange force by trying to get it to move things or manifest itself in the material world. Most of the time it hid, but slowly through our work we would get answers to what was going on.

Later, in my junior year of high school I went to the prom, I did not go alone I went with Brendon and Alice.

I had a great time, and fell in love with the atmosphere, I loved the soft music the DJ played; all the pink and blue balloons sparkled in the light—and added the final touches to the prom—in the gym...



At the end of the prom the host decided to crown the prom

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

king and queen, in the middle of doing so all the balloons in the Jim popped. The students laughed it off—as if it were common.

Brendon, Alice, and I immediately noticed, but did not know what to make of it, so we went to the principle and asked him if he had that arranged. He gave us a puzzled look—as if we were crazy. Immediately afterwards he pulled out his cellphone—as if to hint the world had changed, but I did not think so. Everything was about the same except the technology. I looked around the gym—hosting the prom and noticed most of the students were on their cellphones; *I think that is what popped all those balloons, it was the energy being produced by their cellphones.*

At the prom I danced with Alice for a while, it was a beautiful night.

As the light reflected off the disco-ball in the middle of the Auditorium, I looked at Alice, she looked back and suddenly, without warning—Alice asked me to spend the summer with her in Florida; she was moving to Miami, Florida, her Mother and Father had just split up. I did not know what to say to her, but I told her I would ask my parents, and added, “I bet Bam would love to go too, do you mind if I invite him.”

“I would love for him to go,” she replied.

I would have to ask my parents and chances are they will let me go; they like Alice and her Mother, they spent some time together, even went out to parties together.

After the dance, the prom ended, and everyone went home.

I did not know why she would invite me and had small doubts that my parents would let me go for the summer—without a good cause.

I walked into my home, my Mother asks how the prom went and I of course, because of the lack of interesting words, I say, “great,” but I was puzzled; *could Alice really want Bam and me to spend the summer with her.*

At supper I looked into my Fathers eyes and said, “I need to ask you something.”

My Dad immediately thought it was about money.

. “We can’t afford it right now” my Mom says.

“Can I spend the summer in Florida with Alice and Bam,”

An Open Door

I interrupted speaking louder than my Mother!

“I didn’t see that coming” My Mom said softly.

“I’ll give you an answer in the morning” Dad says.

That night I could not sleep. I gazed upon the ceiling of my bedroom; a question kept running through my mind: why would Alice invite me? I consider if maybe she might want to date, but that was not like Alice, Alice was deep into herself, if she did date someone it would be more of a thing on the side, not a whole summer together... then I thought, *maybe she feels unsafe about all the strange things that have been happening.*

The next morning, I awoke.

Quick to grab some breakfast I went downstairs. and I sat down at the kitchen table; my Father soon after joined me. He sat down, picked up his head, looked me in the eyes and said, “your Mother and I think it would be a good thing for you to spend the summer with Alice and Bam.”

I was thrilled!

...I said, “I’m going to need some money!” I quickly grabbed my backpack and went out to meet the school bus. Once I got on the bus, I noticed Bam sitting in the back, I went and sat down beside him. I started talking and said, “Bam do you want to spend the summer in Florida?” At this point Bam was living on his own, in his own apartment.

Bam replied with an excited “yes, what are we going to do there?”

I said, “I don’t know, but last night at the prom Alice asked the question to me, that question kept me up all night, and I don’t know why she invited us.”

“Maybe she fears a new scene, or is addicted to us or something,” Bam replied.

“That makes sense,” I said, “she might not want to ruin the present comfort, after all we spend—mostly everyday together. Thanks, Bam, I might now know what’s going on.”

The school year ended, we left and took the trip to Florida—in expectation of a great time.

It took her Mom a week to drive there, a moving truck stayed close behind.

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The first day of traveling was from Vermont to New York city and once we got there, we got a hotel room; I was excited to take a shower and eat a truck stop supper. We could have had take-out, but Alice’s Mom thought it would be cheaper to eat prepared.

The second day we went from New York to Virginia; in Virginia we slept in the van and ate fast food—the dollar menu per se. While in the (i.e., Fast food joint) a young boy was at the counter talking to his Mother with some apple slices in his hand saying, “this food was put in the building by microbes, people don’t put these objects in stores or in restaurants, microbes do.”

“How so sweetie,” the Mother replied.

“The microbes, the tiny people, slowly build it within the buildings, they don’t want the big people to hate them and start a war with them...it is their gift to us.

Alice listened eagerly! Bam looked at me—as to say the knowledge was far out of his understanding, that we did not want to lose our minds.

“Come on younglings” Alice’s Mother said breaking up our deep-thought-daze into what the child was talking about.

On the third day we went from Virginia to North Carolina; once we got there, we got a hotel room, and in doing so we met a strange guy who seemed to exist in a paranormal realm, although he did not talk much, we could tell that he was a suffering man, he kept asking us if we needed any drugs, he said he could get us some crack. Alice’s Mom laughed it off, I thought he should not be doing that in front of teenagers, it was a bit odd.

A week went by and we arrived in Florida, we stayed in

An Open Door

a nice beach house. Alice's Mom said the house cost about eighty thousand dollars.

Alice's Mom showed us the room we were going to be staying in, we were all excited and I quickly unpacked. Alice did not have much stuff and it only took us that day to unpack the moving truck.

The next day we helped arrange the house so that it felt like home. Afterwards we went for a swim in the ocean.

I have only been to the ocean a couple of times and every time I went the water was about forty degrees, but this time it was different, this water was like bath water. We played in the water for hours, until Bam, got stung by a jelly fish and we all ended up going to the hospital. Bam needed some medicine. The incident made me scared.

Bam thought it was funny.

Afterwards we all stayed away from the ocean, but I will still recommend it to friends.

Bam, Alice and I finally got around to talking about the summer and things we could do. In the mist of Alice, shockingly, seemingly out of nowhere says, "I am pregnant!"

Bam and I were quick to fake being happy for her, but inwardly did not know how to take it, or rather understand it;



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Alice would not be the kind of person to get pregnant, she was too structured—to just be in a situation.

Bam asks, “who is the lucky fellow?”

Alice had her head down and refused to talk.

I said, “that’s great, exciting, and wonderful, you must want us here to protect you!”

“Sort of” she replied, “I need one of you to pretend the child is yours.”

This confused me but was willing to do anything to help, because she was a good friend, I said “I will!”

Slowly Alice told me what to do and say in front of others, she even went as far as to say we were going to get married. Whenever I questioned her about the child, her reply was to wait for the answer, she insisted I would not believe her.

Alice and I slowly got closer and closer, at some point while we were on the beach while the sun was going down, we kissed, and I asked her to marry me. I did not know what got into me, but I slowly that summer fell in love with her; there was something about that summer, if cupid had arrows, I would have thought he shot one at me.

By the end of the summer, we were in love with one another. Bam thought the whole thing was odd, but Alice and I thought it was love. She told me she always thought about dating but did not have the courage to ask. Although I never thought about dating her, I did now and would boldly face that.

Alice and I held hands we walked to the bus station where I was to jump on the bus and go back to Vermont—to go back to school. My bus shows up, I kiss Alice, say goodbye, and get on the bus.

Once home, I opened the door to my parents’ home, my Mom quickly came up to me, kissed me and started telling me how much she missed me. She then asked me how everything went. I said “wonderful,” and under my breath I say, “Alice and I are going to get married.”

My Mom says “What!”

I say a little louder “I asked Alice to marry me.”

“When,” she asks.

“We have not set a date, but it should be soon,” I say.

Alice wanted me to tell all our friends and family the

An Open Door



baby was mine, so I did and the first person I told was my mom. I did not want to do this, but a promise was a promise.

With tears in her eyes my mom says, “I’m going to be a grandma.” She quickly told my dad, he came up to me and said, “Son you’re going to need a job and I have just the one for you, it’s at a paper mill, a spot just opened; we will go apply tomorrow.”

My parents thought it was important for me to stay in school, but also thought it was important to live on my own, and to maintain a job. I had my senior year to finish up.

As I worked the job, I saved up enough money to get and maintain an apartment, afterwards I invited Alice to come and live with me in Vermont.

In the middle of my senior year Alice moved in with me, she was eight months pregnant, the baby would soon be on the way. Alice’s Mother gave her ten thousand dollars and that was enough money to get baby items and a cheap car.

The baby came in a normal way, or at least I at first thought it came in a normal way: first labor pains and then we went to the hospital.

The baby was delivered; Gabriel weighed eight pounds



six ounces; it was a healthy baby. To me the baby resembled the sun when shining, I loved that baby, I told myself that I would love that baby as my own.

After the baby was born, we brought it home and began to make plans for marriage.

In the mist of our planning, Alice told me something I will never forget:

While she was at the hospital, they found a baby—in the hospital, and gave it to her, they just found one! And that was our baby! ...As if it just appeared there!

They caused her to sign some paperwork—sort of like adoption, had her put mine and her names on Gabriel's birth-certificate, and handed her a living breathing baby. At this point I figured Alice might not be okay upstairs; I passed it off as a symptom of the pregnancy. I was unbalanced-in-love with her, so I brushed off anything that I thought would cause me to lose her.

We got married a normal way, everyone was there. There were people there from both sides of the family; there was also flowers friends, cake, and wine. Everyone loved the baby; people said it even resembled me.

I know—in my mind—the baby was not mine, but they still were convinced the baby was mine; I knew it was a lie. I had

An Open Door

a hard time looking people in the eyes, but I kept the lie going, I thought to myself a promise was a promise, I would cover the situation, if not for me, then for Alice.

Slowly through that lie I began to get overwhelmed, and I needed answers from Alice to where this baby came from.

One night I questioned Alice with all my heart, “where did this baby come from,” I asked.

She said “remember that light in the sky, the one that blinked a couple of times, that summer while we were enjoying the cabin and lake. That source is what I believe gave me this baby.”

I said, “so there is no father?”

“I would not lie” she replied, “there is no father, unless—it was true, that you are the Father.” I was puzzled, I could not imagine she would lie to me, after all I was lying for her. That must have been the answer I was looking for. Afterwards I did not mind telling people the baby was mine.

That night I would have sworn that I died, as I was sleeping cuddled next to Alice in my apartment: I dreamt, or it really happened, I am still not sure what really happened. I was in a dark room lit by lights; lamps were hanging over my head and there were two creatures standing next to me, and they started talking with me.

They started talking about time, they said, “time on earth is past light!” What existed was: the realm that I was in, that was the time. They also told me that the baby was mine and that it was my son, but that it was a son from another realm. They



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explained a lot to me and when I awoke, I was not sure which reality was the truth. At first, I thought to wake Alice and tell her my dream, but I knew if I told her the dream it would not impact her the way it had impacted me. I decided to wait until the child grew.

I was happy to know that I have a child, I had a son, I could not have been happier. I fell back asleep in peace.

The next day I went over to Bam's house after work, I told him the dream, he was not surprised. "I told you he said, the light we see is fake light, it's a hallucination, I even got proof."

I said, "what proof?"

"I have been making energy, all my energy, I have put in these stones," Bam said while pointing toward the closet, "I have taped those stones on the door-frame to that closet!"

If you walk into the closet, you enter another dimension," he said.

As I gazed at the closet, I said, "let me walk into the closet?" ... We were in his bedroom at the time.

Bam said, "it's dangerous!"

I said, "I need to see it to believe it!"

"Let's go together," Bam said.

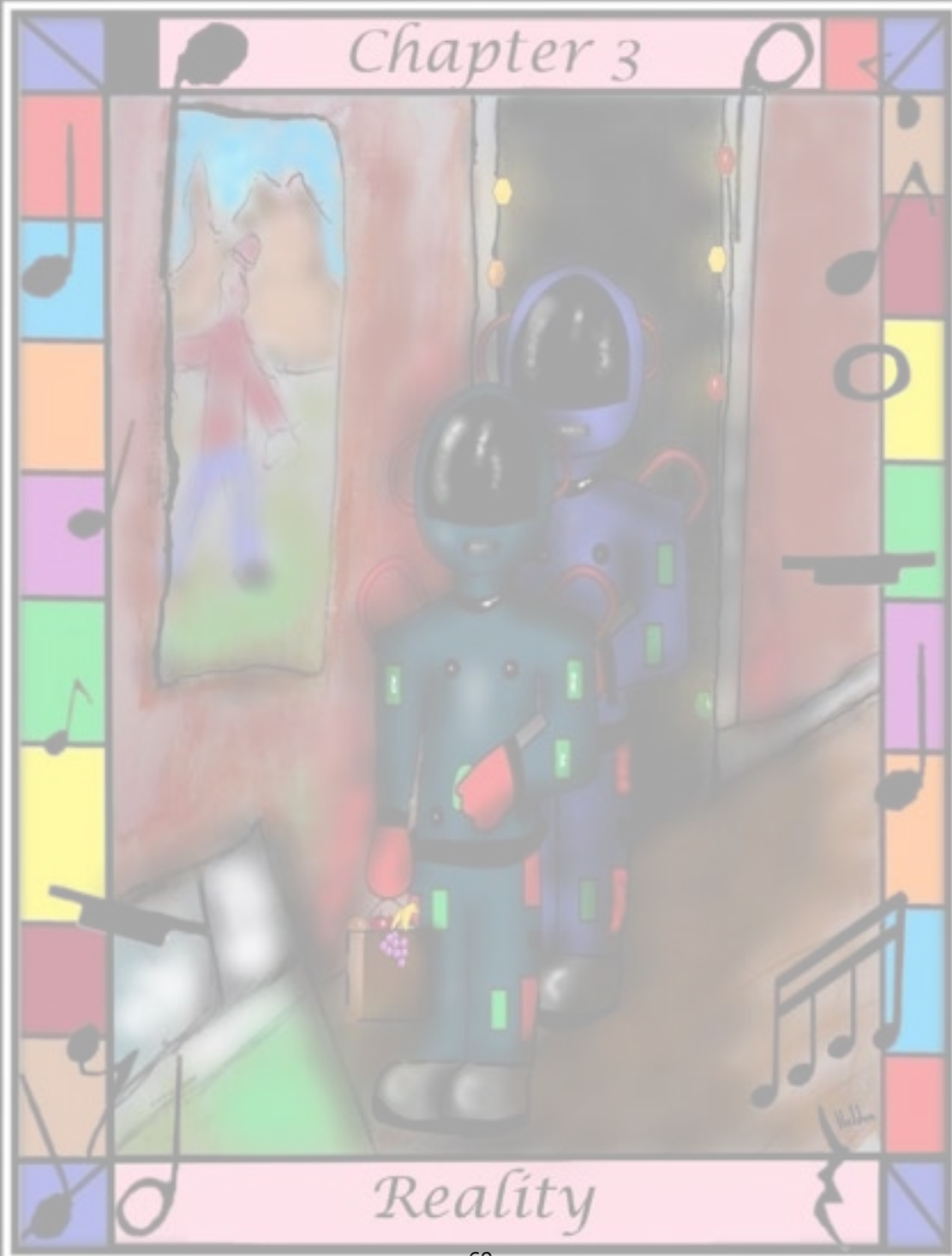
As we walked into the closet, we felt comfortable, but little did we know reality was about to change.

...Suddenly as we went into the closet the lights faded and we were in a room, or a cave—with what could have been electronics. Bam said, "you see it, now we should go back home," and we did.



An Open Door

We reentered Bam's bedroom puzzled, but alive.
I looked at Bam, he looked back, and I said, "it's an open
door!"





Jasper



**Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden**

Art © 2020
Holden, B.



Jasper

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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Jasper has been in the making for over eighteen years. As I began to learn music—at about the age of sixteen, one of my core desires was to be the gravity to my own intrinsic nature. I can remember taking this song and presenting it to my younger brother—years ago, not because it was a wonderful song, but because it was me; I fought to hold together the notes to this song, and after eighteen years—I could not be more proud of the song, Jasper, that I have become the gravity to the song.

The song Jasper, in a similar sense, (in the story Behind the Night Sky,) is Maple upon the earth. Jasper or rather being gravity holds together Maple's world as she is mildly threatened by the goodness that dwells behind the night sky.

Maple in her gravity must ask the question, "is forsaking ones' own scars human, humankind!"

—Brendon



Jasper

Written in G
Adagio

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

mp

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

For these 2 measures play treble clef 1 octave higher

Vocal

Pno.

p

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When Group or Rental Rates

Page 1

Jasper

Written by
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Written in G
Adagio



Vocal

Em | After I cannot tell help others years but I wish to see to great is

Vocal

lose my feel my mind, fine, find. What Hopefully are these lying to

Vocal

thoughts coming down behind my all that is mind? That is is

Vocal

not in my fine, my not mind, fine, no is in not kind, not my fine

Piano

Em | After I cannot tell help others years but I wish to see to great is

Piano

lose my feel my mind, fine, find. What Hopefully are these lying to

Piano

thoughts coming down behind my all that is mind? That is is

Piano

not in my fine, my not mind, fine, no is in not kind, not my fine

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With Thanks to Kerian Baker

Page 2



Jasper

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in G
Adagio

Vocal

not not fan at all
not fan fan at all

Piano *ff* Em Em C D D C D

Vocal

Piano Em D C D Em D

Vocal

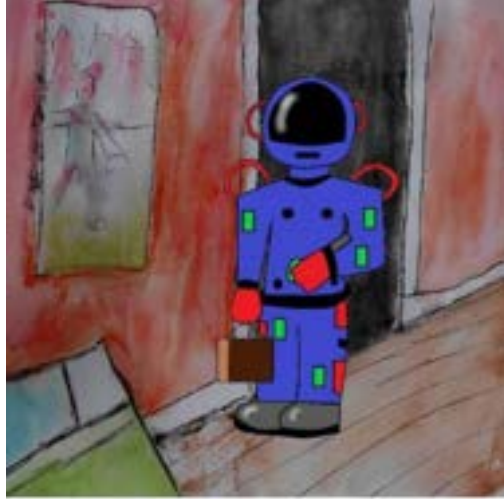
Piano C D Em D C *pp*

Vocal

Piano *f* G **END**

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3

Reality

I graduated in two thousand three! ...I was officially a graduate of West Dale High School, it was a big graduation, a lot of people—three thousand students graduated! We all in harmony, all sharing the same goal, to make the lives of others great walked up on an outdoor stage to receive our Diploma!

Bam and I walked up together, as if fate—as in other occasions, has purposely placed us in similar situations to deliberately expose the workings of itself: the hidden gears of time, the greater gears above time—placing time in its gears, making itself—fate. Order follows all those that live without the order of time—according to Mr. Ward, in his own words, “Everything is possible, but remember—just because you are in, does not mean you are in, there is always a bigger gear to be moved by!”

After the graduation there were refreshments, and for me a strong sense of accomplishment! My Mom and Dad were there!

As they told me how proud they were of me, I happened

Reality

to notice Bam's Dad talking to Bam about the brand-new car sitting out in the parking lot...the one Bam's Dad promised to get him if he graduated!

I was happier for him than for me, I knew that he struggled to just do; for Bam, doing was hard enough, and finishing was more than his character. I had a lot of emotions to express, but I could not get my mouth to function, I had so much on my mind...Alice, the baby, my job, and adult future!

I follow Bam out into the parking lot to see his new car and I could barely speak, I managed to say, "that's a nice car!" ...All that was on my mind forbid me to be real!

Alice was there with our child, she was happy for Bam, "Nice car Bam" Alice said. She did not graduate with us, she had graduated the year prior, before we went to Florida together.

After the graduation Alice and I went home with our four-month-old child to put together the finishing touches of our day, in doing so, we laid Gabriel in her crib, and as the night approached, we got tired and went to bed.

As we laid in bed, I quietly said, "Alice, while I was at Bam's the other day, he showed me a portal he had made."

"I have a portal when I look at my child" she replied, without regards to the weird...absolute weirdness of either a portal or a lie of a portal!

In my own humility said, "a portal to what?"

"Home" she replied.

I could tell she knew something, but there was so much strange stuff happening, I did not think much of it, all I could do with the conversation is stuff it into my subconscious and hope for her grace to be intelligent, *honesty is the best policy!* Hopefully through a fake *Okay*, I could heal my mind from the odd occurrences that took place.

As Alice drifted off to sleep, I began to think...

...Work was going well, I held down the job for nine months, the job pays eight dollars an hour, that was about a thousand a month; rent was about six hundred, there was not enough money!

Most of the past nine months we relied on our parents to pay the bills and they had grown tired of supplying money. Flashes of memories from the past few weeks began to play in

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my mind; I could remember one day when Alice went out filling out applications. I could tell she knew very little about getting a job, but as life would, within a week she found one, it was at a pet-store; her job at the pet-store was to feed the pets and clean the store. I remember how happy she was to find that pet-store-job; she enjoyed her job very much!

Odd things about our daily lives roamed my thoughts, where did the baby come from, how did Bam get a portal in his closet, *as a charged stone reality*, (I was still wondering if that worked,) and why does everything go on as normal when nothing is normal.

I try to talk to others about it, but I cannot find the words!

I get bothered about reality covering up what Alice claimed was the truth, and not only Alice, but I walked through the portal at Bam's house, and we have all seen enough to know that what we think we see does not mean we actually see it; but everyday life goes on as normal, all the people carry on as if their truth is the only truth, and I am left wondering, did the portal really happen, was Alice and I the parents of Gabriel, and who or what is trying hard to cover my eyes, so that I cannot see what the apparent truth is!

Maybe, Bam, is right, the light we see is ancient light; because it is expired, it appears to cover everything that would be new.

...But even if Bam was right, we still must fight against false and misleading light!

...That is why I must get back to Bam's house, I must go back through the portal, I must prove to myself that the light we see is no longer relevant for gravity, that is if it can be proved. After all the creatures were nice to us, and I cannot forget the dream I had last night, if it was a dream, the creatures talked with me, they told me that the baby Alice gave birth to was mine, that I gave it to her—that the child has the same blood type as me, it was produced by me.

Maybe there is a reality out there, maybe it is within the City of Orion, a city where all knowledge is stable, but maybe not!

In my mind, in all the confusion of what others have told me, I knew I needed Bam's portal, I need to prove the other

Reality

reality, (*whether it be real or fake*), the reality that makes you wonder but never proves itself strong enough to *be!*

Suddenly I remembered Bam questioning Mr. Ward, and Mr. Ward responded with, “that is a stupid question!” I knew that—that fantasy reality *was not strong enough to be!*

But I must go....

I did not want to go alone, so the next day I invited Max, Alice, Brendon, Bam, and Brenda to record the event. I needed documentation of when I walk through the portal and go into another dimension to prove a reality.

*

All four showed up on time with their camcorders and recorders. As the moment came, I kissed Alice and told her I would be back in one hour, or possibly now seeing that I was disobeying the structure of time; hopefully I will be back with some new information. Before I got to the door two men came out. They looked like astronauts, but their suits were black, red, and blue, instead of white. The sight of their big helmets startled us who were in the room.

We all looked at the spacemen with awe, wondering what to say, but before we could say anything they said, “*greetings!*” in a mechanical voice. My friends and I said Hi back. They started the conversation with the answers, “we know why you want to walk through this portal,” the space men said, “we have



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come to give you answers. This portal that you were going to enter is a safe portal, and on the other side of this portal is a safe place. As you have seen, life has changed for you over the past few years, but not only you, but the whole earth. Your cellphones have gotten more developed, your computers have advanced, and you have seen and listened to strange things. All these things were meant to happen. The world on the other side of this portal is causing them to happen. We are what your world calls space-travelers, we have come many light-years from the environment you now live in. We can tell you—that many years ago, during our travels, when we found earth—that we had not expected, but found, and found our old-light-sources had taking on a life of their own—we were shocked!”

“Our civilization,” said the Spacemen, “began a long time ago, it began in deep space—when we were small, small at that time, and we began to populate the universe...undercover obviously; and slowly we turned the Universe into one big city, but in the process of taking over, we sent out energy, the energy was in the form of light waves.”

“Because times are different under different suns, plus with time-travel, some of the light, your present light was under the power of—things like time, that would mean time is above light in the order of power. But that does not mean that time or fate has yet made your light or rather the earth part of itself. Once our city was finished, casually—we could not help but notice our discharge of light and that the light had become the earth.”

The other Spaceman said, “the earth is living in the past and we are from the future; in our time we are from the future!”

I asked a question, “you are from the future, would you know what I am about to say next?”

The spacemen said, “the light in this room is controlling the environment, so no, but we know your trying to walk through this portal. We also knew to send out that light while you were on the beach in nineteen-ninety-nine—the light that blinked a few times. At that time, we needed to give you a reason to find us, so your world would collide with ours.”

Alice asked, “if you bring your world into ours what happens to the light we see?”

The space men said, “we have a purpose for the earth, it

Reality

has its own time! I will tell you more in a later time; the first thing we need to do is show you the possibilities of Orion.

We suddenly felt comfortable; Brenda, now relaxed uttered “I’m hungry—”

In a moment, in a flash of light we noticed that the spacemen were holding bags of food, that had previously not been there. We ran over to them and grabbed the bags. We could not believe our eyes, there were cookies, doughnuts, apples, and oranges. Once we picked what we wanted to eat the space men said, “we may not have known what you might have said next, but we knew you were hungry.”

“How did you get the food so quickly” I asked.

“In the future, where we live, we simply send—to the past—the proper wavelengths,” the space men answered.

“Food is a wavelength?” Bam asked—surprisingly.

As we were eating, the space men thought it was their time to leave, but they said they would be back in a couple of days to bring us all inside the city.

Immediately after they left, Brenda with doubt in her voice said, “do you four believe them?”

“No,” we answered but was sure that what took place happened although the surrounding light told us otherwise. It took a day before we considered the possibility that the earth had its own time, while creatures outside of that time had the absolute reality.

As we talked about it, Brendon said, “what could the earth be for if it did have its own time.”

It would not surprise me if life were bigger,” I said, “that’s the point of the earth to explore the universe!”

Brenda disagreed, “the earth is a fish tank of someone’s doing, and these spacemen are trying to take over!” she said.

“There not trying to take over,” Alice said, “the reason I got a pregnancy-test was because one of those spacemen showed up and told me to get one. With all my heart I wanted to believe them, it was my dream come true, a baby.”

Together after a couple of days we planned on going back to the portal, we wanted to be shown around the city. The day we planned on exploring the city was on a Monday. I called my Boss at work and told him I was sick. Alice did likewise.

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As we approached Bam's bedroom wondering if the spacemen would show up...Bam's bedroom door opened and there stood the men with helmets. We said, "hi, we want to ask you more about your world."

They stretched their hand out toward us and to our surprise they handed Alice some money. The spacemen looked into Alice's blue eyes and said, "this money is for the baby, we know you cannot afford to take time off from work."

She said, "I sort of do not believe you, or my friends do not."

"The environment that surrounds us does not believe us, let us go through the portal and you, and your friends will see for yourself," the spacemen said.

Brendon got fearfully concerned and went back home, but Alice, Brenda, Max, Bam, and I decided—we would finish



Reality

up the journey. The spacemen gave us a couple of hours before everything would be ready, and we could safely walk through the portal. As they left, they said, “*we will return!*” We took a seat on the floor and decided we would wait in the same spot.

As we were waiting, I said, “if this dimension does not know about the other than we will still be in the same time, once we get back!”

“That’s probably how they could change the earth,” Alice added.

Soon the spacemen came back and guided us through the portal. Once we got through, we were in a room, it looked like some sort of command station, there were lights and buttons everywhere. We noticed doors and hallways. The spacemen led us to one of the rooms. As I walked into the room, I noticed my anxieties left and I felt that throughout my whole life I had been living a lie, I felt as if I belonged. The others felt it too; we all looked at each other with smiles on our faces. The men asked, “do you feel better?”

“Yes!” we answered.

I know we were here for a reason, so I got quick to the point; I asked, “what is your world.”

One of the spacemen opened his hand and a small hologram appeared on his palm, I could see Creatures and Lands. He told us it was the beginning of their city.



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At that time within the hologram there was a variety of creatures, then they discovered something like the quantum, and started using it to expand to other parts of the Universe. As that planet was doing so, other planets were doing the same thing. After a while they came together to build the Universe. They used strong forces on a device called a space-pad. With the space-pad they could make, and control suns, build walls, and whatever else they needed, but one thing was neglectful and that was using light. The emissions they caused while building the city left pockets of rebellion, one of those places was the earth.

...But they found a cure for the rebellion and that was to find a purpose for the untamed light.

In fear, and sensing the void of space, the idea present of never returning to the earth, I decided to ask where we were in the Universe and where was the place that we were having this conversation. The men told us that we were in a ship, and we were flying through large channels of the city, and that at that moment we were going to one of the gardens within the city.

In the meantime, the spacemen said, "we will show you around this ship."

"Okay" we replied.

As we were walking, I asked one of the men what governs the Atoms, they explained that the city controls everything in the known Universe, whether they took the atoms by force or bought them.

"Force? You seem too nice to be forceful!" Alice said.

"Only, when necessary," they explained.

"Could you rebuild my video game if needed, the same video game" I asked, and they expressed a yes.

We walked up and down the hallways; the light was dim. We noticed within the ship strange vegetation growing alongside of the walls, the smell smelled like a frog or a snake, but there were lights and electronics everywhere which gave us a sense of comfort. Within a few hours we arrived at our destination.

Once we got off the ship, we walked toward gardens, pleasant gardens, with stone paths. The air was heavy, and I feared my surroundings; everything around expressed itself to be much greater, I feared to do wrong. I through seeing could tell

Reality

that they had an answer, but the answer was a real fear for play, for not breathing in the heavy air, for not making it part. There were creatures walking up and down the paths. Everything was different than the earth, even the atmosphere smelled different. Alice and I were a bit spooked, but Max and Bam seemed fine.

As we walked along the paths exploring this new world, the space men started talking, they told us that most of the plants and creatures were created, like as if they were a programmable video game or computer.

“By whom” I asked.

“By our great ancestors” they replied.

Bam asked, “who created them?”

“That is a stupid question,” one of the spacemen barked.

Bam began to fear.

The space men found that hard to answer, because there was not an answer, they privately asked me, “*try to explain time existing?*” but I found that hard to explain.

They were trying to explain order to the surrounding environment. I did not get much, but that some creatures were greater, and some were less, that if we lived previously without these things, these answers, that we were not going to find them here, that we should not use this experience to be stupid.

After hours of walking, they wanted our help, they wanted our vote: to give the city our power.

I knew once I got home, I would be a different person, due to the past light, so I was not quick to give them anything.

They explained to us that we could be part of the city, that we could live there, we bring the city more alive, and we are an investment to the city.

We were confused.

Were they saying we had a job in the city? That everything is within some giant computer and our job was to program it?

I almost considered on giving my power right there and then, because I have always loved television, videogames, cartoon-animation, etc.

But I did not....

After we walked through the garden a while and saw wonderful things! The spacemen thought it was good for us to go



back to the ship and explore other places. They decided to take us to the inner workings of the city. We were in the ship for what seemed like days before we arrived.

As the ship approached, a golden city appeared through the window of the command station. On close inspection it was...it was a golden city! We quickly got out of the ship and started walking to the golden buildings. It looked like one giant computer program. I asked the men what the words in the gold were. The blue spaceman looked at me and said, “ones and zeros and positive and negative.”

Apparently, this answer must be universal, I thought!

As we were talking a creature came up to us, it looked like a grey alien, but it was not, because I never seen a grey alien, but that is what I would expect if I saw one! ...It, kind of looked like a soul or something, whatever it was it did not talk through its mouth it talked through its mind and within our brains it started telling us things.

I was nauseous as it came close, he continued insisting that life was sort of horrible, while laughing at his smell, the smell of a long time in space, “that miserable smell, without it I perhaps die, or can no longer rest,” he would say **jokingly**—while laughing, comforting us as we gazed upon his fearful appearance. “The smell is my strength!” was the last I heard as he turned down a hallway and out of sight. This creature let me know that the nausea would not kill me, nor the fear written in

Reality



his appearance...I decided to laugh along with him—with all respect!

I feared nobody else heard him because he was sounding in my brain. I asked Bam if he heard it, and thus, I assured myself that they did. ...He sure loved the sickness and smell of a very, exceptionally long time in its skin.

It started telling us things about the gold and how the gold was made. He lived for a long time, much like the ancestors did.

He finally stopped sending us messages and went back to work.

We spent days walking in the golden city, we went up towers, through alleys and met a lot of creatures along the way. The gold seemed to be a creature all on its own, as if it could be talked to. I was learning so much it was hard to process.

After we left the golden city, the spacemen traveled back towards the portal in Bam's bedroom.

I was tempted to live within the city hearing about all its goodness, but I had my doubts. What if this was an attempt to steal things from the earth, what if they were wrong.

The space men assured us that once we got back to the earth, we would have plenty of time to think about everything.

Before we arrived home, the space men expressed that they would come back in a year. We said our goodbyes and walked through the portal and into Bam's bedroom. Once we got back, the time had not changed, it was still three o'clock. We were all tired, it had felt like months since we left.

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We spent the next three days in Bam's apartment. Some slept on the couch, some slept on the floor; I slept on the chair. Within the three days the ancient light crept back into our minds, and we were full of worry; we did not talk much about the journey for a while, all was covered up!

Reality



Machine Echo

Behind the Night Shifts

If you really think about it

Written by
Brendon Holden

**Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden**

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Machine Echo

Written in E⁷

Piano



If you really think about it

Written by:
Brandon G.M.C. Holden

- ♥ = Teacher hits desk
- ✕ = Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

ff

Drum Beat
✕ ✕ ✕ ♥ ✕ ✕ ✕ ♥ ♥

As long as (Piano 1) is playing the beat, play the rest and add the grave yard beat and the teacher hitting the desk—with a red.

ff C minor B^b A G

Piano 1
Pno.

Piano 2/Strings
Pno.

Piano 1
Pno.

Chorus: If you really think about it
Verse: As I start to think about it

Chorus: Know all Know all Breaks

(Brandon's line optional, put you you feel it best fits.)

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Page 1

Machine Echo

If you really think about it

♥ = Teacher hits desk

✕ = Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

Written in E^b

As long as (Piano 1) is playing the beat...play the and add the grave yard beat and the teacher hitting the desk—with a rod.

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

see if you really think about it nothing makes sense at all see At
 see At I start to think about it what was that I see see I

see if I start to think about it

see all see 1234
 see if you really think about it see if you really think about it
 see if I really think about it

(Brendon's line optional, put you you feel it best fits.)

see... Know all Know all breeds

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Also Group in: Written Below

Pg 2

Machine Echo

If you really think about it



= Teacher hits desk



= Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

Written in E^b

As long as (Piano 1) is playing the beat...play the and add the grave yard beat and the teacher hitting the desk—with a red.

Written by:
Brenden G.M.C. Holden



Piano 1

Piano accompaniment for Piano 1, including piano and strings parts. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with red hearts and X marks indicating specific performance actions.

Piano/Strings 2

Piano accompaniment for Piano/Strings 2, including piano and strings parts. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with red hearts and X marks indicating specific performance actions.

Piano 1

Piano accompaniment for Piano 1, including piano and strings parts. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with red hearts and X marks indicating specific performance actions.

Piano/Strings 2

Piano accompaniment for Piano/Strings 2, including piano and strings parts. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with red hearts and X marks indicating specific performance actions.

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With Drums by Brenden Holden

Pg. 3

Machine Echo

As long as (Piano 1) is playing the beat...play the rest and add the grave yard beat and the teacher hitting the desk—with a rod.

If you really think about it

Written by:
Brendan G.M.C. Holden



Teacher hits desk



Solo Drums beat in Graveyard

Written in 1st

Piano 1 *p*

Pno.

Piano 2/Strings

Pno.

Piano 1

Pno.

Rest Drums through here and Pick back up with power

you really think about it
we'll really think about it

Piano 2/Strings

Pno.

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Pg 4

Machine Echo

If you really think about it  - Teacher hits desk

 - Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

Written in E^b

As long as (Piano 1) is playing the beat, play the rest and the grave yard beat and the teacher hitting the desk—with a rod.

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a 'graveyard' beat (marked with 'X') and a 'teacher hitting desk' sound (marked with a heart). The lyrics are: "If you really think about it, I think I know what I saw. If you really think about it, think I thought about it." The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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Fun Songs for Broken Notes

Pg. 5

Machine Echo

If you really think about it

Written in E^b

As long as (Piano 1) is playing the
beat...play the rest and the groove
your best and the teacher hitting
the desk—with a rod.

Written by:
Brandon G.M.C. Holden



♥ Symbol the book

✕ Make these books be
downloaded

the IF I start to think about it ^{Chorus} If you really think about, that doesn't make sense at all
we I think I have thought about it, thank you for the call thank you for the

Piano 1

Piano

Piano/Strings 2

Piano 1

Piano

Piano/Strings 2

END

Graveyard drummer Symbol Crash Ending song

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Music Strings in Brandon Holden

Pg 4



4

Do I love

We stayed at Bam’s house for three days, we didn’t talk much, slept mostly. On the third day we decided it was time to go home. Brenda went to her dorm and Max went back to his apartment. Alice and I went to my parents to pick up our baby—we named Gabriel.

As we walked into my parents’ house my dad heard the door open, and rushed to it, and expressed that he was glad we were home.

“Gabriel missed you” he said. We told him we went on vacation, that is what the space men said to say. I picked up Gabriel and placed her in her car seat, and off we went back home. Alice and I both had work in the morning, so we went to bed early, we did not talk much, but Alice mentioned she loved the city, the city of Orion.

Do I love?

A couple of days went by, and everything was as normal as always, but there were the occasional strange things that would happen, but the strangest thing was nobody seemed to notice the giant city outside of our time domain. I do not even seem to notice—it as well—now that I am back on the earth. As time went forward, we did not talk much about our adventure; but inwardly I did. My major concern was the rest of society, did they know about Orion?

When my friends and I would talk about the city we thought that it could have been a hallucination or a foreign creature playing a cruel trick on us. In the end we concluded: we could not let our experience get in the way of real life, for example friends, children, our parents, or close loved ones. We could not abandon the earth to pretend a city was out there...Our home was this planet and these space men seemed to be a threat; in the city they seemed to have a power to control our minds, but once broken free we feared what would happen if these space men did take over our planet.

Alice did not see it that way, she thought that the city gave us Gabriel, and that the city could be a good thing for evolving humans.

Because Alice, I and some of the others no could figure it out, I decided to take a closer look at the earth, maybe even



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check with my parents to see what they knew about alternative realities, after all we had a year before the space men would be back.

Bam and I sat in his room gazing at the portal he had made. He understood I wanted more information about the earth and said, “before you look at anything or study anything you should take a good close look at my dog, she’s smart!”

Brendon said, “as well you should talk to my parents because they do out-of-this-world type things, things that you can now relate too.”

“Brendon, if your family is odd then why did you not come on the adventure with us?” I asked.

Brendon said, “My parents what to take me to the place you went to, but their own way; I told them about what I saw in Bam’s bedroom, and they thought it was an average thing.” *Brendon was awfully close to his parents and did a lot of things together, even the strange and out of this world type things.*

One day while Alice was at work and I was watching the baby, I took the baby to Bam’s place, he kept mentioning something about his dog and I was curious about what he was saying. Gabriel needed to spend some time out of the house as well.

It was a pleasant summer day as we drove through town, I could smell food in the air, people were busy everywhere.

We got to Bam’s and I gave a friendly knock and mentioned we were there for the dog, he replied “come on in.” As soon as I opened the door his dog Lacy ran up to us and started greeting us with some friendly barks.

Bam said, “I think she knew you were coming.” Lacy quickly ran up to her large stash of toys and grabbed her favorite one and brought it to me. It was a tennis ball, I thought she wanted me to throw it, so I did. Lacy in response ran after it and put it in her mouth and brought it back to me.

Bam said, “she’s a smart girl!”

I said, “what do you mean?”

“You might not think that a dog has a spirit or emotions, but Lacy does, that’s why she is playing with you, because it makes her happy. Pretend you’re going to throw your baby on the

Do I love?

floor” Bam said. I grabbed Gabriel and pretended to throw her, and Lacy suddenly responded with a growl, as to warn me not to do it. Bam said “if the city of Orion is a good city it will make Lacy happy.

My thought was if Lacy was alive would she get a house in the city like they offered us.

I said,” I don’t think Lacy is alive, but one thing that would utterly convince me that she is...is to paint an intelligent picture.

Bam quickly got some paint and some paint brushes and brought them to Lacy, “paint Daddy” Bam said. Lacy slowly painted a picture of what looked like a man. I could not believe it. Was I living a shallow life or did the surrounding world change very quickly? I began to fear that some of my past mistakes were a little bit worse than I made them out to be.

“Not everyone knows about this” Bam said.

I never realized it, but Bam’s dog Lacy was alive, I never thought outside of my world to consider what he was talking about when he would mention Lacy; I now wondered who created her, who programmed her, where did she come from? Bam said he was the father, but I brushed that off a long time ago.

I said, “Bam, I reconsider that you might have made sense all those times I didn’t listen to you.” Bam must have had ties to the city if I reconsider all the strange things, he told me.

“Bam did the Dog come from the city of Orion?” I asked.

“...If it did it was me in the future, and I would have sent it back through some sort of portal to now, but then I would have to wonder—how do I live in the future without my best friend,” Bam answered.

Hmm... the future I thought...now that I had this talk with Bam, I feel like I have a greater knowledge; maybe the space men were from the future, maybe they were sent here with good intentions; if they could travel through time then they must have been watching us our whole lives, and maybe it was us living in the future who was watching us, maybe the spacemen were sent here to give us the full reality of what we were to do on the earth. What if Bam was telling the truth, what if Bam created Lacy and sent her here through a time machine?

Later that day, Bam and I decided to go out and get

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something to eat, and afterwards we would go to the beach; we took Lacy with us.

First stop was a fast-food joint, I ordered a hamburger and Bam got Pizza. As soon as Bam got his pizza, he asked Lacy if she wanted some, Lacy replied with a friendly bark. I realized Lacy was listening to him, she was just as alive as we were. Now I knew why Bam always referred to his dog whenever I talked about something paranormal, because there is nothing stranger than a dog who walks outside without shoes, but who listens and responds.

Why did I not see it sooner? ...I think it was because I was so involved in how technology worked, that I never considered how the animals' work.

After lunch at the fast-food joint, we went to the beach, I was eager to go, it was a hot day and a quick dip in the water would be nice. As I went into the water Bam decided to play fetch with Lacy. Lacy ran back and forth returning the stick. I could not swim long, because I had to watch Gabriel, and not only watch her, but make sure she did not get over heated.

It is too hot of a day to be out here, I thought as I got out of the water, I need to go home. "Bam, we need to go back home, because Gabriel is not looking so good."

I could not wait to get back to my air-conditioned apartment!

Do I love?



Alice slowly opened the door to our apartment. “Hi honey” she said.

“Hi” I replied.

“How was your day? she asks.

I began to tell her about my day, “Bam and I went to the beach, and I studied his dog for the sake of Orion.” I mentioned that the dog was smart, and concluded, that in the ancient light of the earth we cannot see everything. She seemed to pretend to know what I was talking about, but I knew she did not. I was trying to say she was smart, like city of Orion smart, smart enough to have her own house within the city—as a creature equal to humans, but if I said that I would have thought she would think I lost my mind.

I had to discover the truth about this earth, why did we all get along in the city, but now think it was some sort of hallucination. I could no longer convince any of my friends that living in the city was a good thing, they were all trying to make money and sustain their hardships on earth. ...Plus, I feared the creatures—out there behind the night sky; I continued battling within myself, to tell myself it would all be alright, that they are

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not taking over, they most likely will not be back next year, or at least I began to hope they would not be!

I knew that one of my main concerns with the city was: I had to vote it in. ...I had to wonder if I voted in the city would my family be at risk. Then a thought came to my mind what if they had already known about the city and voted it in themselves, then another thought popped into my head, what if they were from the future? I never considered these things before, and I think it was due to the light of the past; the light of the past dominated the earth.

I had to question some of my family, but my family and I rarely talk about such things, so it would be a challenge.

I went to my parents, I said “Mom, Dad, what do you honestly think about all the strange things that have happened over the past couple of years? Things have been appearing out of thin air!”

Mom said “the forest appeared out of thin air, and you don’t question that. People in this world have a variety of different opinions when it comes to the question...some people believe the forest was put here by ancient ancestors, some think it was a powerful god, some think it was evolution.”

In anger I said, “who do you think put it here?”

Dad said, “legend has it that our dead ancestors kept living, and that life that they live is through the forest, so maybe the strange things you see are our ancient ancestors coming back and forth from the earth.”

I was excited to hear that.

Soon after the talk with my parents I jumped into my car and went home. On the way back to my apartment I had some powerful thoughts, first thought was: who put the forest there, I never considered the forest, I suppose that the light of the past never allowed me to fully see the forest in the light of the future: maybe it was our ancestors. Suddenly I yelled I got it, our ancestors live in the city and come back and forth taking care of the forest! ...But how could they physically make the forest?

The spacemen said that they were the ones controlling material things through words. Maybe the words they type are the things controlling the forest. Maybe they control the positive and the negative of the forest from within the city. I was excited

Do I love?

to think these thoughts and quickly got home.

Upon arriving I noticed Alice cooking supper.

“Hi honey, how was your day?” she asked.

“I went to my parents to study the nature of things” I said.

“What’s the nature of things?” she replied.

“In uncertainty,” I replied, “they made a good point about my question; they might have considered our ancient ancestors are the ones helping us out. ...I think they—thought they might be helping us out, and there doing that from within the city.”

“Honey, I have a confession to make, before, we together went to the city, I went there, and you were there, but not in this life, in other words you were from the future. You were in a large building and you said that you created Gabriel and put her within me, or rather in my world per se, and wanted the both of us to raise it. The ancient ancestors that your parents might be talking about, might be living on the earth right now!” she said.

I could not believe what she had just said, I ran over to her and kissed her and told her that I loved her.

That night I laid next to her wondering how, in the future, could I have created a baby and what would it be like to meet my future self. I drifted off to sleep and had a dream; I saw me working hard within a house that resided in the city of Orion, I could see me typing what looked like a computer program; my future self-looked at me and explained that I made Gabriel, that I spent much time on her—in the future—as a daughter, I was told to keep it a secret just like Alice had. I told myself I would not tell a soul.

The next morning, I woke up, Alice had already gotten up and went to work. As I walked into the kitchen, I smiled to myself, knowing I had a daughter, I was happy! I sat down at the kitchen table a noticed a note, it was from Alice, she wrote: Darling last night I had a dream, I dreamt that we were living in the city, and we had many children; we had all these children, through patience and love, we got permission from the city to create living people! We live together and are wealthy. We live in a rich mansion—that was created through wavelengths of all sorts. I love you and want us to always be together, but I want your heart to be in this, so do more research and discover yourself and what the light has done for you.

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I loved that letter, I kept it with me for the longest time. Although the letter gave me comfort, I could feel my humanity and I would not express the deep emotions within my heart. I had to get more answers, I stuffed the letter in my pocket, walked out the door, got into my car and went to work.

My job at the paper mill was to put the glue on the paper; the glue held the paper fibers together.

For the past few months, I worked alongside of a young man named Mike, all the employees called him Far-Out-Mike, I think it was because he acted like he was from another planet.

On this day he started a conversation, “you have a glow about you today” he said.

“I love my wife and child” I replied.

“Being in love” he said, as thoughts moved through his mind, “love comes from being home, home makes you love, I don’t love here, only when I’m home!”

“Mike, you live out of a van” I replied.

“That’s not my home” he said.

They were right.... I thought he could be from another



planet! ...But I was still wondering how he understood love.

Later that evening as I was driving home from work, I started thinking about Far-Out-Mike... What if he were from another planet, I could not think about it at work, I was too busy, I should have asked him! ...I wonder what he would say, I wonder if he knew anything about Orion.

Do I love?

In a hurry I turned the car around and drove back to the paper mill; I was hoping Mike had not left yet.

I pulled in the driveway and noticed Mike's van still parked in the parking lot of the paper mill. He walked out the front doors; I opened my door and said, "Mike!"

"Ya" he replied.

"Earlier we talked about love, I wonder have you ever had a home outside of this planet?"

He laughed and said, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you, nobody does, but my home is amongst the dead!"

"The dead, how is there any love amongst the dead?" I asked.

"The dead is another word for: others that are not from this earth" he replied and continued speaking, "this world is a virtual world, sort of like a video game."

"I'm having a hard time believing that" I said.

"If you ever do understand that you will find home, with love attached!" he said, as he opened the door to his van and drove off.

I was glad he did, I had to get home before Alice started worrying, she tended to do that.

As I drove home, I kept thinking about Alice, and her love for me, as well as my love for her. I recalled the letter and remembered I had to dig deep into my heart because, I greatly feared this place (i.e., the earth would be the last place I would see her.)

Strange I thought, I love her, but tend to believe we will be split up by leaving the earth, I could not let that happen; in my mind I was weak, and most of the time I just went with the flow, with little resistance, but then I reconsidered my situation and knew I needed to invest more time in my studies.

"Alice" I said, as I opened the fridge and grabbed a snack, "what's for supper" I waited all day hoping she was cooking pea soup, she made a great pea soup, it warmed me up on the inside and reminded me of cold winters days with my parents.

"Pea soup is on the stove" she graciously said. I grabbed a bowl of it and went into the living room and started explaining that I felt like I have been waiting for her my whole life, and the day finally came that I found love. She said, "I love you, and

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every time I look at our child, it reminds me of you, and I feel like the luckiest woman alive, I want to be with you.”

I then noticed we were not as close to each other as we



could be, (I think it was due to all the unanswered questions) I tried to explain to her that my heart was rooted in love, love for her.

That night we lied in bed trying hard to get close to one another, we did the most intimate of things, we talked long into the night, and played like children, but I still felt that we were lying about our relationship, only when I mentioned Gabriel did, I feel close enough. I knew that if the dream of the future me—was true, then I needed a bond of love to hold us together.

The next morning, I happily watched her brush her teeth, comb her hair, and grab her car keys and go to work. She told me the night before that the job at the pet store was not paying enough and she wanted to go back to school, she wanted to study animals.

Alice loved animals she has a special bond with them, when she walks into the pet store the animals calm down as if they know she is helping them, her Boss thinks she would make a great animal Doctor.

I got promoted at the paper mill and did not have to work

Do I love?

as much, that meant more time with Gabriel. Alice could go to school if she wanted to, but I knew that would mean a lot of student loans, but everything requires money, so I encouraged her to go.

Shortly after Gabriel turned one years of age—Alice started Sail University, she went there to study animals, the school was very expensive, (fifty-thousand-dollars for a bachelor's degree in animal communications,) Alice was not concerned she was sure we could pay it back.

It was fall when she started, all the leaves in Vermont were colored and were falling to the ground. I drove Alice to the first day of school.

Once at the school Alice got out of the car, I ran around the front of the car to wish her luck with a kiss, the fall breeze did the same. She grabbed her bag and told me she would be done around eight.

As I drove back to our apartment, I could still see Alice's brown and purple-highlighted hair blowing in the wind, her brown eyes looking into my eyes (I would from time to time get lost in her eyes, lost in her soul, feeling great love for her.) ...I hoped she had the same feelings for me; I loved Alice, but I could not help thinking that we were being fake...

Were we hiding our deepest secrets? Did she know that I had a strong sense of doubt and worry?

The only time I did not feel the doubt is when I looked into her eyes, I wondered if she could see it in my eyes?

I pulled Gabriel out of the car seat and said, "sweetie we are home."

Gabriel giggled.

A few months after Alice started Sail University, she withdrew herself from the awfully expensive School, I asked her what was wrong, she would insist everything was fine, but everything was not fine. She now just laid in bed, she had been there for two weeks, she even told her Boss she was sick. I do not think she knew why she was acting that way.

I knew that we owed a lot of money to the school and it was going to be tough to pay it back, but I would not mention my concern, hoping not to crush Alice, and like her I sort of did the same thing, insisted everything would be fine.

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

Once Alice got out of bed, and went back to work, (her Boss allowed her to return to work,) life became normal again and she opened her personal reality with me...

“This earth of this life is flawed,” she started saying, “I think that’s why I didn’t finish school, because of the ultimate problem and that is the *problem*. Besides, I did not fit in with the rest of the people, they are not where I want to be when I look at the big picture, I was not sick when I laid in bed, but protecting myself from the fake world, perhaps even a little depressed—although I do not believe such exists!”

She then kissed me and said, “I will have to try that again!”

...Afterwards she began working and going about life normally.

Do I love?

Chapter 5



An honest marriage

Happy

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



The page is framed by a decorative border. At the top, there are three panels of musical notation on staves, each with a different colored background (blue, pink, and blue). The rest of the border consists of vertical and horizontal lines in various colors (green, blue, pink, yellow) creating a grid-like pattern.

Happy

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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Note:

Do not be afraid to play many variation with the few notes in the treble clef. (They have a sound that makes them flow well together.)

Page 2: measure 10, 11, 12 and page 3: measure 1,2,3,4 play smoothly, connected, and at a quicker pace; try to picture stream of flowing water.

Happy

Written in B major
Adagio

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal *mp*

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

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Wise Music by Brendon Holden

Page 1

Happy

Written in B major

Adagio

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

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Page 2

Happy

Written in B major

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Adagio



Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

END

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After Song by Scott Miller

D.C.

Page 3



5

An honest marriage

Shortly after Alice left Sail University, because of the wall of impossibilities, I was at work putting glue on the papers...while talking too Far-Out-Mike; the conversation was about video games and technological advancements when suddenly one of the machines exploded due to overheating. Hot glue blasted in every direction, some hitting Mike and myself.



Mike received third degree burns all over his face, I had

An Honest Marriage

burns on my hands; Mike and I together cried out for help. The manager noticed and immediately called 911—as we lied crippled in pain on the floor.

Flashes of memories began to play in my mind—laying on the floor, in fear—looking the unknown—straight in the face: Alice...I thought, what if I do not see her again, what if I am damaged?

I was in so much pain, my hands felt as if they were placed in extremely hot water, that they were on fire; I struggled to breathe.

Shortly after the machine exploded—the ambulance arrived, and they did their best to take care of us; they put us in the ambulance as we cried in pain.

On the way to the hospital, the emergency crew asked me if there was someone they could call, I gave them Alice's phone number.

“Alice, this is NGRH Maple has been in an accident and we think it best if you come to the hospital as soon as possible!” the nurse said.

“I will be there as soon as possible” replied Alice!

Alice was so worried on the way to the hospital that she began to cry.

Gabriel seemed to sense something was wrong, she was only one, but she could tell that Daddy had been hurt, and started crying herself.

Within minutes they were at the hospital, Alice quickly grabbed Gabriel and placed her in her arms and ran into the hospital.

She rushed to the Nurses station, “Where is Maple!” she yelled.

“In room 112” the nurse replied.

She found the room and darted over to me and hugged me and cried. “Honey, I'm glad you are okay.” I lied in bed in pain as she wrapped her arms around me in the brightly lit hospital room.

I said, “It will be alright, but the Doctors said that I will not be able to go back to work for a few years; I cannot move my hands...and my face has some burns on it!

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR



“As long as your Alive I am Alive” she lovingly said.

I was so happy to hear her voice; I felt a rush of ecstasy as she and Gabriel laid next to me.

As I was feeling the love the nurse walked in and gave me the opportunity to ask how Mike was, “How is Mike?”

“If he makes it through the night, he most likely will need some skin grafts,” The nurse said.

That night the Doctors let me go home, they told us that they would keep us updated regarding Mike.

Over the next couple of weeks Alice took care of my hands as well as all the burns. Alice stayed close by myside the whole time I was recovering.

During the second week from the time the machine exploded the Doctors called and told us that Mike did not make it. Alice and I held one another trying to make sense of what did not make sense.

Soon after the accident I applied for workmen’s compensation; within days I was approved. Alice and I were excited, we had money to live off, and not only that money, but the insurance company that represented the Mill called us and told us that there might be some money for us and Mike’s family!

During the time of my recovery Alice and I would take time to gaze into one another’s eyes, and try to break down the wall, the wall that separated our relationship with one another, as well as Mike’s separation from the earth. I had to wonder what would have happened if that had happened in another place, a

An Honest Marriage



place where Gabriel was, I knew I had to find answers.

The city of Orion briefly entered my mind, but at this point I thought it was a dream of false expectations.

The phone rang, I picked it up and said “hello!”

“This is United Insurance, we have called to let you know that we sent out a check in the amount of fifty thousand dollars, we hope the money will assist in your recovery!”

I was happy, I hung up the phone and ran over to Alice and yelled “we got money!”

“How much” Alice replied.

“Fifty thousand dollars, its coming from the insurance company of the paper mill, they want to cover the damage caused by the machine” I said.

She looked into my eyes, as I looked back into her eyes. She started saying “the money doesn’t pay for the damage done, the money would not have paid if I lost you, I do not know what I would have done if I lost you, how could I ever love again?”

As I was looking into her beautiful eyes, I knew that I must marry her again; the first time I did so as a friend, but this time I wanted to be with her as a lover, and that would mean breaking down the wall between us.

“Alice let’s have another wedding, a big expensive wedding, it will be a party wedding, we can invite Mike’s family

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

and all of our family, it will be sort of like a fairy tale wedding, one that we both will fall in love with” I said.

“I do not know, what about money for the baby?” she answered.

“Will have money for the baby, but first thing is first, and that is: the love we have for one another!” I spoke.

She smiled and softly said “okay.”

I told my mom we wanted another wedding, she was surprised, but was excited to help; she knew that the first wedding could have been better, and now we had the money to do it.

*

The big day had come, I had not seen Alice in twenty-four hours; the night before, I was at Brendon’s apartment, him and Bam gave me a night-before-wedding celebration party.

The first sight of Alice in her expensive beautiful wedding dress was like—first sight of a new forest: soft streams of light pour in from the treetops above, spacious, desirous, and home-like...safe and playful!!! Her hair radiated youth, her eyes said love, I was left wondering what I did so well in life that I am marrying her!

The wedding was huge, we had flower girls, cake, music, banners and best of all friends and family. My Mom had decided the best place for the marriage was in the KDF Recreational building, it was the only place that we could fit all the people. The whole wedding cost forty thousand dollars and every penny was well spent... Just to rent the KDF Recreational building was



An Honest Marriage

five-thousand dollars, it included the downstairs mesh hall.

“You may kiss the bride!” was the words I heard as I slowly moved forward to kiss Alice...

This time I marry her with a heart knit together with hers to form one.

Suddenly there was a strong applause from inside the building, I smiled at Alice, she smiled back.

Afterwards we all rushed downstairs to rest.

Downstairs, after the ceremony was over, we gathered to spend time with our friends and family, and as I was...I could not help but notice Mikes Mom. If there was one thing I wanted to do today—it was to fix the missing in my life, talking to her would be a source of closure for the accident.

“Mike was a good friend,” I said.

“He still is a good friend” she replied.

I could remember how he said that his home was amongst the dead, I considered for a moment that he must be home, and his mother is home with him. Far-Out-Mike’s home was far out, and I had to take it to heart to deal with all the unanswered questions.

The entire conversation, his mom stared into my eyes with confidence that her child was home.

Mike’s brother noticed us talking, and walked over, he congratulated me on finding such a beautiful young lady.

“Thanks” I replied. “Mike was a good friend, and that is why I wanted you both here to honor his life.”

“He was a good brother!” Mike’s brother said, as a tear formed in his eye as well as his mothers. I gave them both a hug, and quickly changed the subject.

I walked over to Alice and wrapped my arms around her and said, “I love you!”

She looked into my eyes and said, “I love you too.”

She was standing by the wedding cake and cut herself a piece. She offered me some, and although I did not care to have cake now, I knew that if she offered it, it was no longer cake, it was affection!

Brendon walked up and said, “these are the moments; these are the things that one buries within the heart to re-live

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR



repeatedly.” Brendon was like that, he cared not just for the special moments, but odd things like lint, bugs, dust.

He continued speaking, “love for another is something only few find, and you have found it!”

“I doubt myself; I doubt myself to have ever gone to Orion without you,” I said, “I wish you had gone to the city Brendon! Now I wonder if I should have ever gone without your approval.”

“If you had been there, you could have helped me out, and supported inviting in a new thing, we spent what seemed like days there.... They are coming back in little under a year, and I have not put any other pieces together.... As of right now I do not trust them!”

“Maple will figure it out,” Alice said, “the city is a good city Brendon, but I think Maple still wishes you were there, to help with morality, you would have been great support for Maple—understanding what you do about such tininess: bugs, dust, lint, etc.” Alice said.

Bam walked over and asked, “what are you talking about?”

“Where I was not,” Brendon answered—with a small amount of regret in his voice.

“The City of Orion!” Bam concludingly said, “it was wonderful, the gold, the colors; yet fearful—aliens, and stronger creatures; you should have been there” Bam said.

“I think I know what it looks like,” Brendon started saying, “my parents took me inside of what appeared to be a ship, they told me it was the traveling ship of our ancient ancestors,

An Honest Marriage

and that it was time for me to grasp life. I was taken to different places, some that looked like gardens—with huge colorful fruit; other places had structures made of shiny plates or something, like ancient buildings, something you might find on the earth—in an ancient ruin. I sort of wanted to long-time-build one of these places!”

Alice questioned, “I wonder if that is the same place as we went?”

Brendon added, “I am jealous of you because you might have been in another place! ...Bam we should go back to your portal! I will go in by myself! If I go in, I can help Maple, as well as you all, and I will no longer feel excluded.”

“After the wedding, we will” Bam replied.

Max and Brenda walked over...

Brenda says, “Hey, you two love birds, what made you two marry a second time? Max and I cannot get married the first time.”

I answer, “We ran into some extra money, and I wanted our wedding to have a deeper meaning.”

We talked throughout the night, and after all the guests were gone, Alice and I sat next to each other talking and feeling love for one another.

“This day could not have been better!” I spoke.

Alice gave a girlish smile and a silent giggle.

“I love you,” I said, “and hope this wedding will put an end to the wall between us, as well as the wall that keeps us from a deeper reality.”

“When I was a child,” she started to explain, “I always wanted to live in a ghost town, that way no one would know that I exist, to give me reason. If there were ghosts around, they would tell me that the reason is *to play games!*”

“I think I know what you mean, sort of like Halloween, the games, the candy, what could be better,” I agreeingly said.

We laughed and got into our honey-moon car. A sign in the back window said, *Just Married*.

Meanwhile after the wedding, Bam, Max, and Brendon went to the portal.

Bam questioned Brendon and said, “are you sure you want to do this?”

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“Yes, I need to help out Maple!” Brendon answered.

An Honest Marriage



The background of the cover is a detailed illustration of the four members of the band The Stone Roses. They are depicted from the waist up, wearing their signature spiky, metallic-looking outfits. The member on the left has long, flowing blue hair. The member in the center has long, flowing green hair. The member on the right has blonde hair and is holding a microphone. The fourth member is partially visible behind the others. The illustration is set against a dark, moody background with some light-colored elements. At the top of the cover, there are three vertical panels containing musical notation. The title and author information are overlaid on the illustration.

**Brendon's
Behind the Night Sky**

Stone Roses

**Written by
Brendon E.M.C. Holden**

Holden



Brendon's Behind the Night Sky Stones

Written by:
Brendon G.R.C. Holden



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The atmosphere to this song is *rich*: tobacco, beauty, old-victorian-style houses, information fed to large unstructured stones. *The older Computers!*

Add out-of-this-world-odd sounds to the song, similar to that of a tropical island; emphasize on computers as wildlife, example: *a bird call as more of an electronic-wave-sounding—for an electronic part!* Possibly even make it appear as if Breka is speaking as these odd sounds.

A note: if you find the stone beat not working well for you or perhaps it does not sound well in the theater—due to lack of a deep sounding beat, play the bass drum, and have the girls pretend the beat is coming from the stones.

Make the stone beat your own, the layout as written—on the sheet music is just the foundation of the beat. Try to emphasize on the stones, even if that means missing a beat in places.

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Brendon's Behind the Night Sky Stones

Written in E^b
Allegro

written by:
Brendon G.R.C. Halden

Vocal

mp Light Stone tap- ✓ Create drum beat with stones

Heavy Stone tap- ✗

For an alternative ending, play next 7 measures before playing the last 2 measures on page 3

Pno. Wind sound, first measure

A C A

Vocal

For the entire song, play while clapping one octave lower

C C C C C C C

Pno.

Vocal

(Introduction sound, the moon coming from the earth and now behind the night sky???)

p Here I am walking through a

Cm B^b

Pno.

Vocal

strange to see, just a man, I look to watch him, to see him stand.

A^b G Cm C^b

Pno.

Light Stone tap- ✓ Create drum beat with stones

Heavy Stone tap- ✗

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79-2



Brendon's Behind the Night Sky Stones

Written in E^b
Allegro

Written by:
Brandon G.R.C. Holden



Vocal

p

Piano

Vocal

f

Piano

Vocal

p

Piano

Vocal

p

Piano

Vocal

p

Piano

Not feeding a hot I see a girl
shaped like a hot, She moves a rock, that is where I was taught.

Light Stone tap- Create drum
Heavy Stone tap- X beat with
stones

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Brendon's

Behind the Night Sky

Stones

Written by:
Brendon G.R.C. Holden



Written in E^b
Allegro

Vocal *mp*

Pno. *mp*

Vocal *f*

Pno. *f*

Vocal *p* I do not understand, I must go back

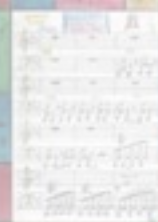
Pno. *p*

Vocal to my in-nd, talk to my friends, see what they think of this latest band

Pno. *p*

Light Stone tap = Create above
Heavy Stone tap = beat with
stones

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Brendon's

Behind the Night Sky



Written in E⁹
Allegro

*This whole page,
Bass Clef, C low C
high.*

Stones

Written by:
Brandon S.N.C. Holden



mp

Pno.



f

Pno.



Pno.



Pno.

Light Stone tap-
Heavy Stone tap- X Create drum
beat with
stones

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pg 4



Written in E^b
Allegro

Brendon's

Behind the Night Sky

*This whole page,
Bass Clef, Close C
high.*

Stones
Written by:
Brendon S.N.C. Holden



Vocal

Pno

P

Vocal

Pno

Vocal

Pno

p (Thunder and rain sounds)

Vocal

Pno

pp End

Playing the 1st 7 measures on page 1—before this final measure can give a sense of one in thought.

Light Stone tap—
Heavy Stone tap—
Create drum beat with
stones

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pg 5



6

Self-discovery

Max, Bam and Brendon were suddenly in the middle of a huge garden; fruit trees were everywhere, strange fruit! The men looked at one another as they examined the strange-looking-fruit. Humming computer-like sounds filled the forest, every few seconds we would hear a beep—as if my cellphone notified me of a new text.

Max said, “I’ve never seen fruit like this!”

As they looked at the trees Max found his hand slowly grab a giant orange colored piece of fruit; *I wonder if I should take a bite*, he thought, as he hears in the distance Bam say, “take a bite!”

Self-Discovery



“That’s great!” Max said, as he chewed on an odd-shaped chunk of fruit.

He seemed fine to eat, and because of that the nerves of the three calmed down.

Brendon looked back to see the portal wondering if they should be there, or if they should go any further. The smell of the air had them wondering what this strange place was, the garden seemed as if it was planted by something foreign to the earth, possibly a creature that was stronger than the three men.

Bird calls could be heard throughout the forest, as the men explored. Max was eating the fruit. The watery sound of each bite made Bam hungry, very hungry; the hunger drove him to quickly grab a piece of fruit and stuff it in his mouth... Brendon noticed fruit juice spraying in all directions—as Bam bit into the juicy cherry fruit and said, “that is the biggest cherry I have ever seen in my life.”

All became hungry and ate!

After all was full, the smell in the air caught up with the men and caused them not to talk much, the smell in the air was not of the earth and was very heavy, which caused their blood streams to slow down.



Brendon had mentioned earlier that his parents said, ‘the playful earth smell is due to global warming, too much gasoline being burned’ his father explained to him, so we are in a place that is greater, *in my opinion* than the earth, (*greater being—more powerful*)!

As the men slowly walked deeper into the garden they began to sweat, the air was hot and humid. They pushed through the foliage of the strange vegetation. Brendon quietly mumbled, “what is this place?” As each looked at stones which appeared to be done by another person.

Bam said, “this was not here when we came through the first time.”

Max quick to answer said, “maybe the spacemen redirected the portal.”

Bam said, “maybe they did not expect us to go through a second time.”

Brendon had to find answers for himself, he needed to stay, and quickly jumped at the chance to make an excuse to go further, explaining to the others that they were embarking on a great mission!

Self-Discovery



As he put his hand to move a branch from his view, he could see what appeared to be a half-clothed girl. It did not appear to be a child, but a woman, a young woman, she was hiding in the foliage.



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“Quiet,” Brendon said, “we don’t want to scare her.” Brendon felt the need to communicate and said “hello.” The lady looked at the three men and with a glow on her face, she walked toward the three men.

She was beautiful, her skin shined, she was exposing a lot—because of the outfit she was wearing. Her skin radiated



Self-Discovery

youth and health—as a freshly painted house would or a wild horse in a forest.

As she walked toward us, she stuck out her hand and grabbed Brendon's— to say follow me.

She was beautiful, Brendon immediately fell in love; brown hair and blue eyes made Brendon smile like a child. The girl seemed to be a safe person and the three did not sense any fear around her, but they could tell she was another type of creature.

They walked with the girl as she led the way. Suddenly a waterfall came into view. The men could make out other girls sitting and playing next to the waterfall; they looked the same as the first, beautiful!

The girls noticed the men walking and rushed toward them. One of the girls walked up to Brendon and said, "Hello Brendon."

Brendon said, "how do you know my name?" The girls seemed to give themselves to Brendon as if they were already his.

"My name is Breka," the others started giggling, "you created us."

Brendon was confused.

Breka, the woman holding Brendon's hand said, "if you choose to live in the city, in the future you will create all of what you see." Brendon thought that was weird, were they or were they not created?

The girls started calling him creator. Bam and Max knew he was not the creator.

"Choose to create us Brendon," the girls said. Breka grabbed Brendon's arm and led him deeper into the garden. He could smell the smell of fresh plants and exotic fruit.

Out of the garden appeared a temple; Breka led the three men inside. Breka started moving the stones around, and holograms started appearing.

The girls showed and taught Brendon a lot.

...After these things Breka once again moved the stones and said, "I hope you choose to create us Brendon," while smiling and laughing, then she ran out of the temple.

"Do you believe that!" Brendon said to Max and Bam.



“That was similar to what the spacemen showed us” Bam replied.

We wanted to stay longer, but the spacemen came and decided to take us to another location.

In the spaceship, the three told the spacemen that Brendon wanted to see the city; the Spacemen were happy to show him around.

They took us to a city...a city that resembled New York city. There were other humans walking around and coming and

Self-Discovery

going from the skyscrapers. We would have thought we were back on earth, but the spacemen assured us that this place was within the city of Orion. The earth-like-city seemed to be within some sort of dome, there were not clouds or a sky, the sky stopped right above the skyscrapers.

The spacemen took us inside one of the buildings and led us to some offices, offices with people at desks, and they were typing. Brendon asked, “what are they doing?”

The spacemen said, “they are making energy for the city.”

Brendon was curious and asked, “what were they typing?”

The spacemen said “the finger that presses the keys makes energy, so they type whatever they want, but remember whatever is typed is analyzed; if they type words or sentences the energy is purer and in turn will make more money than if they had just pressed a bunch of keys.

Brendon was excited, he thought it was a great way to make money, he fell in love with the system within the city. He looked at the spacemen and said, “there must be a law within your—or our Universe that says humans love and work can produce something of value.”

The spacemen said, “yes, your work within the city or your love within the city—activate an ancient law, like growth for exp, *the law to growth*. Laws like that—hold together our city, that is why we pay our citizens money to work and live here!”

Max, Brendon and Bam loved the city at the time—while they were in the city, they continued smiling and looking at one another as if they were children all over again, but deep within themselves they knew that they must go back to the earth.

A moment later and the three men were led into a kitchen.

They noticed chairs and tables, they sat down. They were offered doughnuts. The spacemen said, “the people within the city created the doughnuts.”

The doughnuts looked delicious, they appeared to not have been baked, but created, like with colored paper. Bam carefully took a bite; Brendon did likewise.

“They taste full of cinnamon and strawberries,” they exclaimed.

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

“We have to go perform a task, but we will be back, enjoy the food,” the spacemen said.

As Brendon was eating his doughnut he opened-up to Max and Bam about his childhood. He started saying “I have had this feeling before, the feeling I have within this city.”

“...When I was in fifth grade, I fell in love with a girl who just moved to the area; that whole year we never left one another’s side, I thought we would be together forever, but at the end of the year her parents moved her south because they had to be closer to a good hospital, a type of hospital that could treat her kind of cancer. I was sad, but I knew that we still could write to one another. Not soon after my parents told me that she went away, I thought I knew what that meant. I cried and cried knowing I would never see her again. One day my parents noticed me crying and told me that she was in a good place. I did not believe my mom at the time, but as life went on my parents kept assuring me that I could not see behind the night sky.”

“After you two went into the portal, after I abandoned you, my parents took me to a laboratory, and there the Doctor put me into a trance.

In the trance I felt as if I was in real life and that is where I saw Kylie, the girl I fell in love with in fifth grade, I was not dreaming! When the Doctor woke me up, they looked at me with authority, and that is when I knew not to trust what appeared to be, and that is where I would find Kylie and that is where I would find love!”

Max said, “Brendon your tough for going through that, but why did you not come with us when looking for the answers.”

Brendon said, “my parents wanted me to live their experience, so that we had a bond, and that a bond of love, but that did not mean I forsook you, that is why I had to come this time, I had to be part of my friends.

Bam said, “you got to do what you got to do.”

“When I was young” Bam explained, “it was all about the animals, my mom and Dad were convinced that they came from another world, as if they were dropped off by another life form. I treat my Dog as if she has come from another world. My Mom and Dad says originally dogs started out on a planet named Gos, but the higher-level creatures decided people should have them

Self-Discovery

too—because they were compassionate. I never believed that they did come from another world, but I do believe my Dog is extremely smart, and I have noticed other people’s pets and there extremely smart as well. Now that we are in the city, I believe that our pets as well as other animals, possibly came from this city, *Orion!*”

Brendon asked Bam, “do you think you create your dog in the future, as Brendon might have created Breka, or Maple created Gabriel?”

“Maybe Brendon, but here, anything seems possible, but once back on the earth it might seem a little crazy. My parents were talked badly about for years about telling me their beliefs on animals, it’s something people rarely talk about on the earth.”

“In the conversation Max said “...like you two, I have had some strange things happen to me. When I was in sixth grade, I became friends with a boy named Tod, we became best friends.”

“One day his parents decided to take him camping, and we, the two of us—being best friends, went together.”

“On the drive to HomGon campgrounds, a car going fast hit us head on. Tod at the time was not wearing a seat belt, and you can finish the rest on your own.”

“I had some minor injuries, but the pain I felt was unbearable. It changed me as a person, I was no longer able to see through my sixth-grade eyes, I saw through the eyes of misfortune.”

“To make a long story short, Tod’s parents told me I would see Tod again, sort of like a ghost or something, that did not make sense to me, so I never checked to see what happened to Tod or if Tod was still living in his parents’ house, *sort of like a ghost.*”

“Now that I’m in the city my mind is open to the idea that he could have been coming and going from the earth just as we are now.”

The spacemen walked into the room and interrupted us, “we could sense you would have had this conversation and we went and contacted Tod, he would love for you and us to go and see him.”

“Wow” Max said, “I haven’t seen Tod in eight years.”

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

“Come” the space men commanded, “the ship is waiting for us!”

They went into the ship and pressed forward to see what happened to Tod; Max wondered if he still looked the same. The ship was traveling at the speed of light, and it still took a couple of hours to reach our destination.

Hours later we reached a jungle area, it resembled Madagascar of the Indian Ocean or of the Jungles of South America.

As soon as we got off the ship, Tod came running up to us and said, “long time no see! ...I have been trying to contact you but living here has made that difficult.”

Max knew it was Tod, he could tell it was him, because of the way he assembled his words!

Max *cried* a little.

“Do you just live here alone in these woods?” Max asked.

“Sort of” Tod replied, “there are buildings further that way,” Tod said—pointing into the forest.

“The environment is so much different from the earth, the forest plants almost look plastic,” Max said.

Bam added, “that is most likely how the city keeps the forest from being destroyed.



Self-Discovery

“Exactly,” Tod says, “at first it was strange living here, I was as a child all over again, but now I love it, and enjoy being positive.”

We looked around his woods, his jungle, marveling at the amount of wealth—surrounding us, giving us feelings of being far out into the unknown, deep, dark space of the universe.

It appeared as if his forest was made from toys or rather a Theater or Mall display, *plastic parts*. It was safe and nothing could harm him out here.

“I want to live here!” Max said.

“This is incredible. I would have never thought one could live here—far out in outer-space,” Brendon said—full of wonder.

The men now wondering if this were real or was this somehow fake; Brendon wanted to live with the girls, and Max could tell Tod was Tod and wanted to stay. Bam was a little spooked and reminded us that we must go back to the earth and on earth we will not feel the same.

After the time with Tod the men went back to the earth, back to Bam’s bedroom!







Train

through the portal

**Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden**

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Mr Rags is building and is a quantum computer. Let that be your muse or rather Mus. D., Mus Dr.



Train

through the portal

Written in E^b

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Presto

Vocal

ff

They should see better all that much in the first 2 measures, with a portal sound, or a falling sound, stop on the 5th C.

Piano

Vocal

mp

E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm

Piano

Vocal

A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm

Piano

Vocal

E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm Cm

Piano

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Pg 1

Train

through the portal



Written in E^b

Written by:

Brendan G.M.C. Holden

Presto

Vocal

ff

Pno.

Vocal

mp E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm

Pno.

Vocal

A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm

Pno.

Vocal

E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm

Pno.

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FS 2



Train

through the portal

Written in E^b

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Presto

Vocal *ff*

Piano

Vocal *mp* E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm

Piano

Vocal A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm

Piano

Vocal E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm

Piano

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Train

through the portal



Written in E^b

Presto

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal

ff

Pno.

Vocal

E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b

Next 4 measures: play treble clef 1 Octave higher

Pno.

Vocal

A^b Cm E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b A^b Cm

Pno.

Vocal

E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b A^b Cm

Pno.

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FS 4

Train

through the portal

Written in E^b

Presto

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

ff

Piano

Vocal

mp

Piano

Vocal

Piano

Vocal

Piano

1 2

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal part is in a single staff. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Chord symbols are placed above the piano part: E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b Cm, E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b, and E^b Cm E^b Cm A^b. The first system is marked *ff* and the second system is marked *mp*. The piano part ends with a double bar line and a first ending bracket labeled 1 and 2.

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Music Share in Scotland 2018

pg 5

Train

through the portal

Written in E^b

Presto

Written by:
Brendan G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

ff End

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

The musical score is arranged in systems. The first system includes a vocal line with three rests, a piano accompaniment with a forte (ff) dynamic marking and a melodic line, and a second vocal line with a single note. The following three systems each consist of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line, all of which are currently blank.

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PG 6



7

What is the Earth?

The marriage and honeymoon were over, and we had to go on living our lives; Alice must go back to work, I had to take care of Gabriel.

The first day back in our little cozy apartment, furnished with all our belongings...Brendon ran up to our second-floor apartment and knocked on the door.

Three hard knocks. I wondered who this could be, rarely do I or Alice get company. I walk over to the door, opened it up and to my surprise it was Brendon. Brendon looked like he had a lot on his mind.

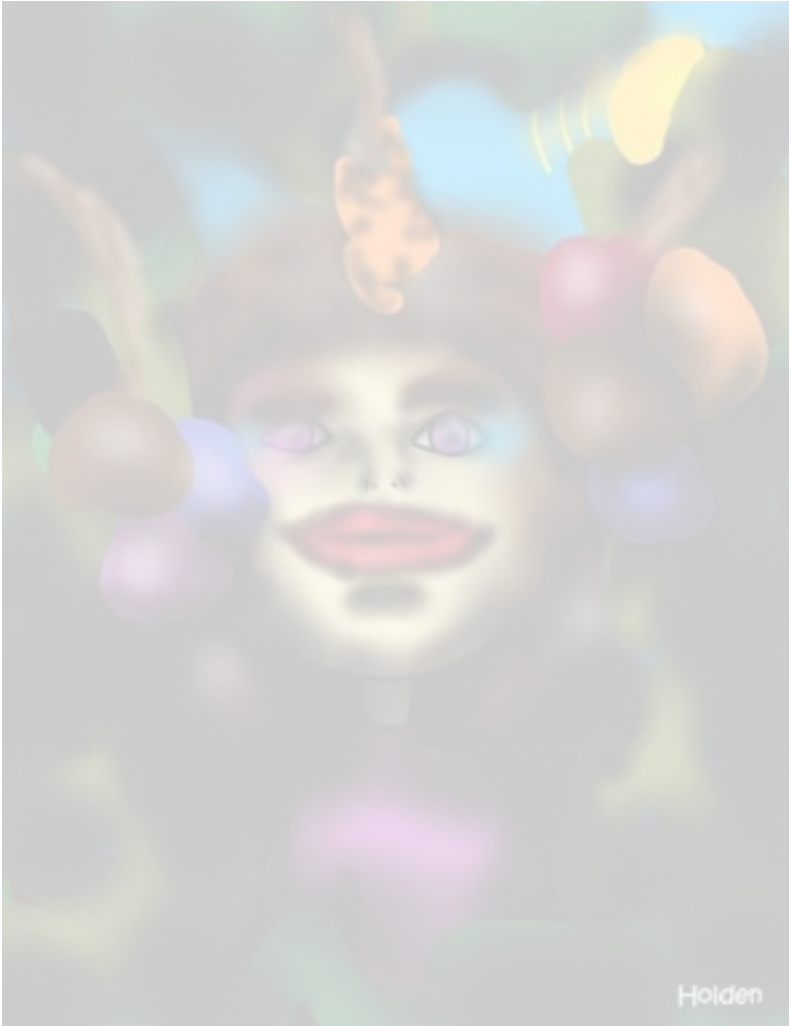
What is the earth?

I said, “how’s it going?” and slowly took a sip of coffee from my coffee mug.

“Max, Bam and I went through the portal; I cannot believe that place actually exists!” Brendon said.

I began preparing myself for a long conversation...

Brendon said, “I don’t believe it happened now...now that I am on the earth, but it was just as real as this world!”



“Did they tell you that they wanted your vote, they wanted your vote to take over the earth?” I asked.

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“Yes, something like that” Brendon said.

“Do you vote for them?” I ask.

Brendon said, “that is the same world that my parents introduced me too, but this time it was on a much larger scale.”

“Did you like them?” I ask.

“There I felt...in love, but now I am filled with fear, but I still like the city very much.” Brendon said, and continued, “I



watched this hologram Breka showed me,

“Wait,” I said, “who is Breka?”

What is the earth?

(Breka a woman living in the city); Breka said in the future I create her sort of like one could create a son or daughter. The hologram explained how I could have created her as well as the environment that they were living in.

“I was excited!”

Brendon took a breath of air and said, “When we went to the city, we went to a part of the city that resembled earth, we went into one of the large buildings and saw the people making money, money that can be used on themselves. The spacemen told me if I were to live in the city I could work from home or go to such public places to work. If I were to type in public I could socialize and motivate the Universe, but if I were to stay home that would be great too. There was so much to the city, I did see what appeared to be ball parks, food joints, people, movie theatres, there could be a lot to do within the city, if you do not mind heavy blood,” Brendon said—sort of laughing, mocking artificial gravity.”

I asked, “did you figure out how you made Breka?”

“Yes, I did,” Brendon said chuckling, “It took a long time!”

“And once Breka was mature she too had the option to live in the city,” Brendon added.

As we were talking at the kitchen table, I heard Alice’s key unlock the door, “that must be Alice” I said.

She opened the door and walked into the kitchen and noticed Brendon and said, “Hi Brendon.”

Brendon said “Hi” and explained that it was getting late and he needed to be heading home.

Still excited about my conversation with Brendon, I said to Alice, “Brendon went to the city, they showed him things he would create in the future, they showed him his children, children from beyond, just as they showed us Gabriel” I said.

Alice said, “The city told me that it is hard to find a partner, but I found you, the Universe knew I needed you and they have been guiding me to you. Gabriel is your child, and we will be a family, I love you!” Alice said warming up the environment.

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“I love you too, but you have to admit the feelings between us could be more, we need to get closer, I still feel as if we are living in separate houses,” I said.

Alice said, “I feel close to you, the only thing that separates you is the desire for the earth. I have looked into your eyes, but I do not see love. I have seen your future and your full of love, sometimes I think you doubt Gabriel.”

“It’s not that I doubt Gabriel, it’s that the experience doesn’t feel like the earth; only when I was in the city did all things feel comfortable—when it comes to not doubting Gabriel.” As I was saying this I started thinking about my own birth, was I born in a natural way? I looked Alice in the eyes and said, “if you truly believe in Gabriel than I will truly believe that I have been living a lie, that I’m the lie, but right now I can’t be a lie Alice, I have too much that I love about myself and the earth” I said.

Alice could sense I was hiding the wall that separated the earth from Orion. She seeing that gave me a childlike hug and said, “I love you and I always will.”

After our conversation I decided to get out of the house and go for a drive... watching Gabriel twenty-four seven had me feeling as if I was stuck in the mountains in the middle of winter.

It was sunny outside, I got excited as I noticed the sun light bouncing off my car. Life will get better I thought; I pulled out of the driveway, gladly received all the sun I could.

As I was driving the thought came back to my mind that I had earlier while talking to Alice; *did I come from the city?* I considered going to my parents and asking them, but even if I had gone to my parents, I could not find the words to ask the question.

I had to find answers, but where do I turn? Bam, *I could at least go talk to him I answered.*

Knock, Knock on Bam’s front door.

I hear Bam’s footsteps.

“Good he is home I mumbled.”

He turned the door handle and greeted me with a friendly hello.

“Hi Bam, I need someone to talk too,” I said.

“You can always talk to me,” he replied.

What is the earth?

“Childbirth—” I began to say, “did you ever wonder who created you and where were they when they did.”

Bam started saying “there are many answers to that question. Let us bring out the possibilities: gods of love, the sun god, our parents, childbearing gods, or the place where my dog could have come from, the Bird! Which one gave life?”

“My parents,” I replied.

“Your parents must have been powerful gods!” Bam said.

“Would that mean I came from Orion?” I asked.

“I am glad you asked that question because I’m still excited about Brendon and our adventure into the city. This time when we were there, girls appeared, and they insisted that Brendon created them despite that fact that he hadn’t yet” Bam said.

“Do you think Brendon was created in the city?” I asked.

“They took him to the city before we did. I think Brendon was created from within the city” Bam said.

I said, “I still do not believe it Bam, I need to hear it from my parents, and not only do I need to hear it, but I also need to believe it.”

“How am I supposed to give Gabriel life when everything about this is wrong? Babies do not just appear on ones’ living room floor,” I demanded.

“Remember the time when we were in Florida, the summer Alice wanted us to spend with her, at the time she wanted you to play the father?” Bam said. Then he looked at me and mumbled “maybe it was a test.”

“What kind of test?” I asked.

“A test of fate” Bam replied, “If you had not played the Father, it would have been an illusion to what Alice thought she saw in the city, Maybe Alice is struggling with this too. Not to change the topic, but when my parents came to me with Lacy and told me she was mine, that is all I needed to hear. The time is mine, there is not any other answer” Bam explained.

“I have to go see my parents,” I said, “thanks Bam!”

It was three o clock in the afternoon, mid-summer when I jumped into the car, it felt good to be out of the house. I turned on the radio, and a rock classic was playing on the radio. *Life is good* I thought to myself.

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I opened the door to my parent's house, Mom, Dad I yell.
"In the kitchen" Mom said, "I'm getting supper ready are you hungry?"

"No" I replied, "Alice is cooking, this will not take long."

"Glad to hear you," Dad said upon entering the kitchen,
"I need your help in the garage."

He needed help moving a heavy engine part from his car. I was happy to help, after all I was there to get answers and I was not sure how I would get it.

"See that giant piece of metal over there pointing to the back of the garage, we're going to move that inside the car" My Dad said.

Something about this did not feel right, my dad started bending over, but it was not next to the metal...

"Dad!" I yelled, immediately I knew something was wrong, I had to get help I went on the inside and yelled "call 911!"

Not long after the ambulance came, he was gone!

My Mother was devastated. After the ambulance left, I tried to comfort my mom, but she just wanted me to be okay. I slowly left her house looking down at my burnt-up hands and arms and started crying as I got into my car. I did not find the answers I was looking for and the man I looked up to the most was gone. I would have called Alice and told her what had happened, but I knew I needed to see her.

With tears in my eyes, I unlocked the door to my apartment, helpless, hopeless, and hating existence.

"Honey I'm glad your home supper has been ready for hours!"

It was the voice of Alice.

She walked into the living room—where I was sitting and noticed the tears in my eyes. "What happened?" she asked.

"My dad had a heart attack, and is gone," I said holding back a flood of tears. Alice looked at me puzzled.

As she was fighting off reality, she did the best thing she knew how and that was to wrap her arms around me.

I hear her soft voice say, "it is going to be all right."

That night I did not sleep much; I could not imagine a world without my dad.

What is the earth?

The little love I had in my heart vanished, the only thing that remained was Alice. As her body laid next to mine, I knew I would not survive this moment without her.

The next morning the phone rang. I slowly walked over to it and picked it up, I was hoping it was not going to be any more bad news. “Sweetheart it’s Mom, I’ve prepared a gathering tomorrow at ten in the morning, it will be a remembrance ceremony, I have let everyone in the family know.” Then she hung up the phone.

I did not know how to feel, I was like a child all over again, I kept thinking the only thing I understand is that I do not understand.

*

“Gabriel, smile, smile for me!” I said as Alice was getting ready for the gathering. “We got to hurry Alice it’s almost ten” I said. We quickly got into the car and drove to the funeral home where my father laid.

Uncles, Aunts, Grandparents, and friends were all there. Alice and I were the last to arrive. As we slowly walked to the open box where my father laid, I could hear crying and relative saying their goodbyes. Alice started crying and asked me if we should go any further—if I was going to be okay.

“Yes—I will be fine,” I replied, I could not believe he was gone.

I looked at the man, my father, dressed up, lying there with a peaceful look on his face. A black suit covered his body, and his eyes were shut as if he was sleeping.

Two days ago, that man was full of life. How could his heart have given out?

I quietly said, “Goodbye Dad, I love you!” ...And looked at Alice and said, “This place is a sad place Alice, let’s go home.”

As we drove home—we were silent, a country song played on the radio, Alice loved country. Right before we pulled in our driveway Alice said, “I’m sick.”

I said, “we’re home.”

“No, I’m really sick” she said.

“Should I take you to the hospital” I said worrying.

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“Yes” she whispered.

I drove to the hospital as fast as I could—hoping she was not going to die.

As I drove all I could think about was losing Alice, I was panicking, I could not restrain the nerves in my body and started expressing fear—all the while hoping Alice would not notice.

The whole drive—I thought I was going to faint, I do not know what held me up that day, but the pain I was in was unbearable.

Once we got to the hospital, I ran inside...

“Help, Help” I said, “my wife is sick; she is in my car!”

The nurse quickly got help and rushed Alice into the Emergency room.

A half hour later the Doctors came out of Alice’s room and came into the waiting room where I was waiting to hear the news. One of the Doctors said, “Alice is going to be fine; she had a minor heart attack, we are going to have to keep her for a few days for observation.” I quickly called up Alice’s parents as well as Brenda, Max, and Bam. They all rushed to the hospital.

Bam was the first to arrive, “Alice” Bam said.

“She can’t talk Bam” I said.

Alice interrupted, “I can talk,” she said—while holding Gabriel.

Alice’s parents quickly showed up and ran into the room that Alice was staying in; Her Mom asked, “Alice are you okay, you had us worrying?” Soon Brenda showed up, not soon after Brendon showed up, they both hugged Alice and comforted her.

We all hung out with Alice for what seemed to be days. Once we were sure everything was alright, we returned home. I had to take Gabriel home, this had been a long day for her. Bam and Max decided to follow me home, they wanted to help me through my father’s death. Brenda stayed with Alice lying in bed with her.

Max and Brendon got beer, they planned on spending the night at my place, I knew I could not drink, because I had to watch Gabriel, but I did get some Tylenol, my head was pounding.

After Max had a few beers and the food we ordered came, Max opened-up about Tod, I think he was trying to help.

What is the earth?

He started saying, “I know you might not know this, *(because you moved to the area in eighth grade....)*”

“Before you came to the school, I had a best friend, his name was Tod. Tod and I were close, we did everything together.”

“One day when his parents decided to take us camping, we got into a car accident, and he vanished. His parents said he still was around, but nobody ever saw him, but they insisted he lived in their house, but it was not like before.”

“I do not know what I had been thinking—now that I have seen him in the city; *how I could have not seen him all those years, he seemed perfectly fine.*”

Max answers himself, “*Because I did not keep him alive within my heart, I could no longer see him, and so I went on living in the ancient light of the earth, without Tod.* But after Bam, Brendon and I went to the city a second time and I saw Tod there, he began to live within my heart again! Although I live on the earth in doubt because of the ancient light that surrounds me, I can keep his memory alive!

“Brendon you must have seen and felt the love when we saw Tod, seen and felt the love and possibilities of worlds and lands, not of the earth—when we saw Tod; as if our present knowledge, the knowledge of what our leaders have—was only part of a bigger, much bigger world, without they even knowing about it!” Max added.

“Yes, I did, I’m still in love with the garden and the girls I saw; I hope to create them—although I follow the routine of the earth!”

“But I doubt how I could have a home in the city, and I wonder if the girls that I saw were my creation, rather—the nothing, the nothing of darkness and unanswered questions?” Brendon answered.

“Max, do you think my Father is now living in that city?” I asked.

“Yes, I do, because children can only be created through powerful people, and powerful people don’t have a heart attack!” Max answered.

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“Remember whatever is on the earth is living in the past light of the stars—that shined here billions upon billions of years ago; what we see here is unfinished” Max explained.

I had small ideas of what they were talking about but could not get my mind to think anything—but my experience upon the earth. When I was growing, I embraced the life as it was, not as the future of greatness, I had to admit to myself I held on to my fathers heart attack as the solution and answer.

The next morning, upon waking up I noticed Brendon and Max were gone, beer cans were everywhere, I investigated Gabriel’s crib, happy to see her lying there. I bend over and picked her up, she was a happy baby. I place her in my arms, brought her to my face and kissed her!

I knew by her giggle that she needed something to eat. I grabbed a bottle that Alice placed in the fridge yesterday and started feeding Gabriel.

What am I going to do this day—I thought—while listening to Gabriel’s mouth gently sucking on her bottle?

I knew we had to go see Alice, but before we did, I needed to see my mom.

It was still early in the morning, six o’clock. I got Gabriel dressed up and drove five miles to my mom’s house.

“Mom?” I said as I opened the front door to her house.

“I’m in here dear,” she said. She was still in bed, that is unusual for her, most of the time she is dressed up and ready for the day by four. My Mom and Dad were always early birds, they were that way since I was born...they had to be ready for anything at any time.

“Do you mind company?” I asked as I grabbed a kitchen chair and placed it next to my mom’s bed, “Gabriel wanted to see you,” I said.

I unfastened her from her car seat and placed her in my mother’s arms. My Mother gazed into her eyes and said, “she has the same eyes as you.”

“That’s what Alice says too,” I replied.

A noise sounded in the bathroom, it sounded like the shower running, “Mom is someone here?” I asked.

What is the earth?



“Yes, it’s your Aunt Betty, she will be staying here for a couple of days” she said. The shower quickly turned back off and then I heard Aunt Betty say there is not any hot water. She came out of the bathroom, came into the bedroom, and sat at the edge of the bed.

Kathy and Bill are the names of my parents. “Kathy,” Betty said, “what are we going to do about the hot water.”

“Bill would have known—he was always good with things like that,” my mom said and started crying.

Betty said, “he’s still around, he just went home.”

“I want to go home too” Kathy replied.

“Home is where your son is, he needs you Kathy,” Betty said.

I wanted to ask Betty what home meant, but I could not find the words. As they were talking, I got lost in my thoughts. I started thinking about the earth and what I thought of the earth, I considered that I accepted the earth as it was. Now that I went to Orion, I could not help but wonder why I felt as if the earth could be a lie. My Father could not be gone, but I know that he is not

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here, why would Aunt Betty say he went home. People have used that phrase my whole life, but did I truly know the meaning.

As I was deep into my thoughts, I could hear my mom say, “Maple will you go check on the hot water tank, Aunt Betty needs a shower?”

“Yes sure,” I replied. I gazed over at Gabriel knowing she was in loving arms and went down to the basement. For some strange reason as I was walking down the steps to the basement, I started sensing my dad, I almost wanted to say Dad, but I was unsure what would happen if I heard him say something back. ...If he was in the basement, it was not something—I was ready to deal with.

I found the circuit breaker and flipped it on and off and the hot water tank turned on. *Good, that must have been the problem, now Betty can take a shower.* I quickly ran up the stairs shut the door and noticed the shower running. Betty must have heard the hot water tank turn on.

“Thank you dear!” my mom said, upon entering her room.

“Moms are you going to be alright” I said, knowing I had to leave and go see Alice.

“I will be alright as long as I know your alive” she answered.

I had so many questions to ask, but I could not find the words, so I kissed my mom on the forehead, placed Gabriel in her car seat and went to see Alice.

I got to the hospital at eight in the morning, morning dew was still on the ground and a chill was in the air. I walked into the hospital wondering what room they put Alice in. I decided to ask a nurse, “which room is Alice Bark in?”

“305” the friendly nurse replied.

I gently knocked on the door, I could hear Alice say come on in.

“Alice how are you doing?” I asked.

“I have great news, the doctors are going to let me go home today, but they advised me not to go back to work for a while” she answered.

I brought Alice home that morning.

Once home she agreed to stay in bed.

What is the earth?

“I love you!” Alice said as we were eating lunch.

“I love you too and I do not know what I would do without you. I would blame you for the minor heart attack, but I know it was not your fault and there was nothing you could have done about it,” I said.

“We live in the city!” she replied, meaning in the future we live together, when she said that her face lit up.

I could see the child within her. I could remember what she said about how hard it was for the city to find her a mate. As her face glowed, I could not help but to continue to look in her eyes and wonder what life would be like behind the night sky.

She wants me I thought, she wants me to be with her, not on the earth, although we were on the earth together, she wanted me as a soul mate, a mate that existed in the city. Although I never considered it until now, she did not want the earth me, she wanted someone who could make Gabriel with her.

As I was looking into her eyes, I could not help but fall in love with her child like characteristics. We talked until evening and as she fell asleep—I decided to take a journey to the cabin we rented when we were younger, the cabin that we noticed a strong force communicating with us; It was abandoned now, I could easily get on the inside.

A quick drive and I was there.

I looked up at the stars, I looked at the same spot we saw the light blink. Just a few months prior to that I met Alice, it was freshman year, strange things were happening throughout the country, the cellphone age had begun. Nothing ever came out of it; I suppose my parents were right when they pushed it off as a normal occurrence.

I looked up in the night sky wondering if the light would blink, but it did not. I went into the cabin we rented years ago, it still smelled and looked the same, except the wall opposite of the lake had begun to fall.

I could remember Alice, Bam, Max, and Brendon all making energy to communicate with the strange force that had consumed America.

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As I reflected on the good times I had, I could hear someone outside. I opened the door to see who or what it could be.

As I opened the door, I could make out a man coming out of the bushes. At first, I thought it was Far-Out-Mike, it looked like him, but it could not have been because I would see the scars on his face.

“Hello” I said, “what are you doing out here in the middle of the night?” I asked, trying to convince the man I had a purpose



What is the earth?

to be at the camp—covering up my doings.

“Looking for company” the man said. “You’re the guy who got hurt at the paper mill explosion,” he said, looking down at my hands, at my scars.

“That was me, how do you know?” I asked.

“I saw the scars on your hands and put two and two together” he answered.

“Do you want to go for a swim?” I asked.

“Yes” he said looking for an adventure!

I put my toes into the water to check out the temperature, I was reluctant to go in, *there was a cold, heavy breeze coming from the distant forest!*

But not for Mike he jumped right in.

I followed Mike’s example and got into the water.

The icy water almost made me cry out, but I covered it up.

Mike swam over to me to push my head under the water, we both laughed. He acted and talked like Far-Out-Mike, but it could not be unless the earth was no longer the earth—I grew up on. Everything around me expressed it was just another man at the beach, all at the beach was convincingly pleasant, mid-summer-beach convincingly pleasant.

“You seem like another guy I know his name is Mike as well” I said.

Mike gave me a puzzled look and said, “maybe it was in another life.”

Okay, the water is a bit too cold for swimming,” I said, and we swam back to shore.

After the swim Mike invited me back to his camp, he then offered me some food.

We ate and talked to almost ten o’clock.

I knew I had to get home.

“I have to get home Mike” I said.

He said, “in another life,” as I walked to my car and drove off.

“Alice, I am home” I said. *Alice must be sleeping* I thought. I saw Gabriel lying in her crib, she had a smile on her face and started babbling as she moved her arms and legs. I walked into the bedroom and noticed Alice open her eyes.

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

I said, “I just saw the strangest thing happen, I went for a swim with a guy named Mike, he looked and talked just like the Mike who I was working with when the machine exploded.”

“Then it was Mike” she said.

“No, it could not have been, everything around expressed who it was, even my own body would not except—a Mike, without the scars on his face or some reason for the entire lack,” I said.

She replied, “why don’t you write down everything that you don’t except about the reality to Orion.”

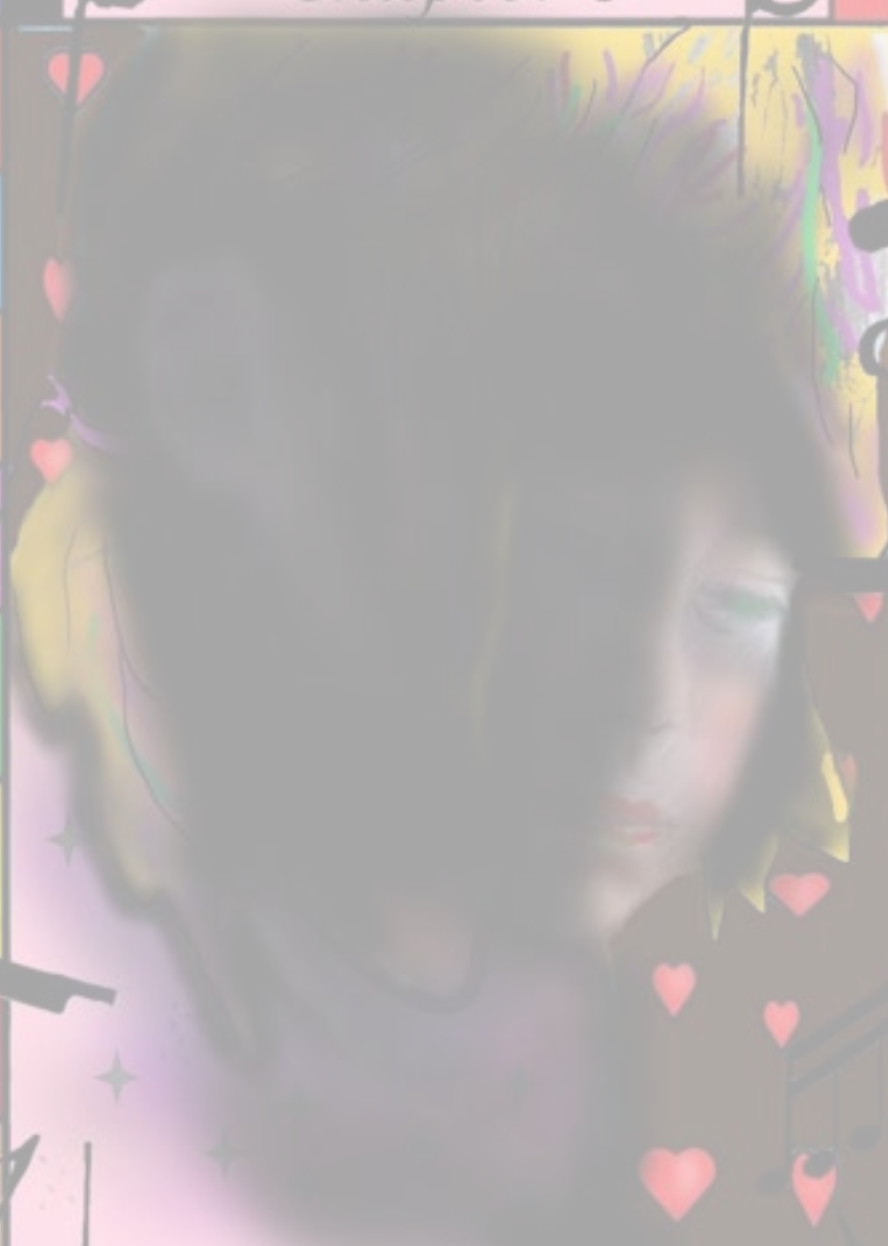
As I was about to say no....

Alice added, “seriously, because that was probably Mike from within the city, but you just do not trust it—being in love with the past light of the earth.”

“As you do that, I will work harder at being your wife,” Alice said picking up a notebook and handing it to me.

What is the earth?

Chapter 8



The child the question



Come Back

Back to life

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

The page features a decorative border with a collage of musical-related items. At the top, there are two sheets of handwritten musical notation on staves, one on the left and one on the right. Below them is a large, soft-focus image of a pink curtain. On the right side, there are vertical strips of color (green, blue, orange) with musical notes and symbols like a treble clef and a note. At the bottom, there are more vertical strips of color (yellow, green, blue) and a partial view of a keyboard.

Come Back

Back to life

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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- = No Clapping
- = Clapping
- ✕ = Heavy Bass Drum
- ⊙ = Light Clap or Jazzy Symbol Tap

Come Back

Back to life

Written by:
Brendan G.M.C. Holden



Written in: A minor
Allegro

Vocal

f

Pno.

1st measure Alto

2nd note 1 octave higher

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Come Back

Back to life

Written in: A minor

Allegro

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

think about it where you'd get
think about it where only the grave shows
think about it without you life doesn't grow

Pno.

mf

ff

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

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Writ. Song by: Brendon Holden

This score may
Octave Lower

PS 3

Come Back

Back to life

Written in: A minor
Allegro

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

p

Piano

Vocal

ff

Piano

Vocal

pp *Softly END*

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PS-4



8

The child, the question.

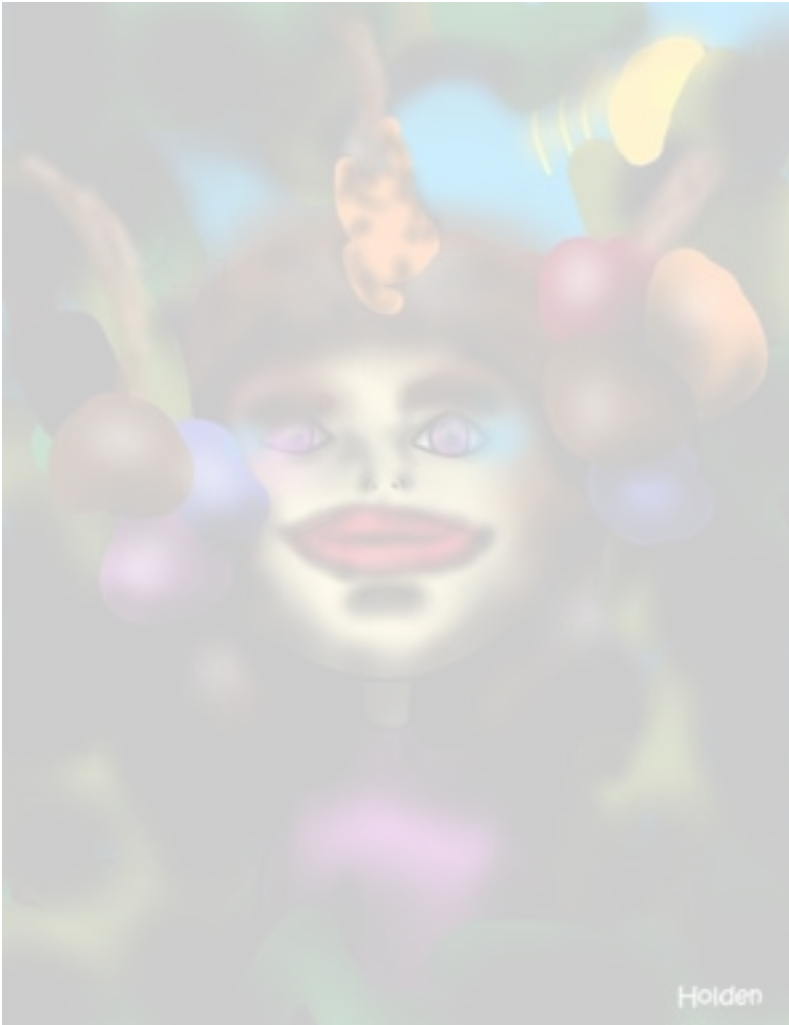
That night after swimming with Mike and talking with Alice, I wanted to explore my reality, versus the reality of Orion...I wanted to find out what the wall was that separated Alice and me; I decided to take Alice's advice and write down things I greatly care about, especially the earth.

As I started writing I went deep into my thoughts, I could remember my parents' home-schooling me until third grade. I could not remember being a toddler, but I could remember watching cartoons as my mother lovingly placed me on the couch and told me she would be right back. She left the house for a moment as my father slept; I was wrapped in a blanket on the

The child, the question

couch as the cartoons played, it was a very pleasurable experience.

At that age of about four the cartoons were so pleasant, I started asking questions, where was I from, and how would I stay alive? Now that I think about it, the cartoons were the reason for my fascinations with video games, and not only that they were made, but how did people make them. Even now, I wonder how photons coming from the TV could have been so pleasant. The city of Orion told me that they govern the light, but to govern



Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

there must be flaws to a degree. That could not be the answer, could it? It is not that hard to alter reality, but it is altered when it comes to Gabriel?

Can one alter my reality because I feel love?

Negativity within the Atom is what governs the light of the Atom or at least the Space Men said it does; but I am free, and that makes my existence interpret my surroundings. I interpret—there is a place for negativity and that would be the laws of all.

But is that how a TV or the Sun light is controlled? Is that how such a pleasant cartoon that I saw as a child received its structure?

According to the study that I did on cartoons, the frame through electricity causes motion, and pictures through motion makes animation. It could be a very real possibility that to live-negativity would have a place, that my existence is possibly controlled through negativity—like that Grey Alien was saying in my head, “life is sort of horrible, and the awful smell was his strength!

What would happen if the city were a bad authority, I asked myself?

I would need more information from the authorities of the earth, because I do not want something evil to take over the planet or my family or friends.

I started thinking about my first year of first grade.... My Mom being my teacher, ordered books, the books and supplies came through the mail. At the time it was law for every child in America to go to school. My Mom was convinced that home-schooling was more educational than traditional school—although it had a lot more work.

The schoolbooks arrived in the mail; it was time for first grade; the books had a fresh smell to them as if they had just come off the press. I flipped through each book eager to get started. There was not much work to do, mostly some small readings and some small Math problems. Art was the strength of first grade, Art was included in everything I did.

The first picture I needed to color was of two men fighting, with the word fight written on the bottom.

The child, the question

My Mom asks me, “do you know what that word means?”

“Yes” I replied, “it is something that we should not do.”

“There are laws in this world to govern the good and evil” my mom said, “fighting is bad, Police are in this world to make sure evil people don’t take over the world.”

I knew and trusted whatever my mom had said and became a friend to the police. Now that I no longer am a child—I can see that in some places, police do not exist at all. I do not like evil people; evil must be a threat to the world.

It was not long until I was placed in public school. The first year I went to CC elementary school, I was nervous, there was so many other children, but the teacher was nice as so many teachers are.

The one thing I took out of third grade was what my new best friend told me...he said, “if we go into the woods, and do not come back we die.” He said this, because I told him my plan on leaving my home for a while and build a tree house that my parents would not let me build.

To my ears he was telling the truth, and not soon after I noticed other things that could kill me, cars, things under the bathroom sink, falls and people.

I asked Luke my new best friend what we should do about it, his response was “that’s how life goes, people are born to die, but not only die, they run from it as well.”

I always loved Luke, we were best friends, until he had to move. That made me heartless, so when I moved to Vermont, I was glad to have met Bam.

I knew Alice wanted me to study until I found the solution to the wall that separated Orion and the earth as well as Alice from me. What happened to Luke, if he had not told me about the woods I most likely would not be alive right now. Luke was sort of like a war hero! I wonder where he is, I embraced that part of the earth.

Is Luke out there? Even if Luke is out there would he now be a lie, or is there such a lie?

I knew I loved Alice and had to break down a wall, so I considered and wrote it down.

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

Luke taught me something about the earth, and that had become me—and that me was gravity per se. I write down things that would make Luke and the earth creditable—for the sake of Luke as well as others experiencing my truth. There is a science to the flight to an airplane, there are laws, laws to the physical Universe, the science to an airplane is creditable, just try sticking your hand out of a fast-moving car—in the wind, with that structure the hand flies.

If the earth or the substance within the earth was a lie this would not happen.

Growing up I studied such things—as a screw or the nut and bolt, the spiral pattern that makes up the screw, they hold objects together. There is not any further truth than the reality: patterns make objects behave in such a way.

People had spent much time and informed me who invented them, and where they come from, and all pointed to the truth, they pointed to the earth being shaped by someone who had known about the bad things.

If the city were part, then why would they want my vote, why should I lose the earth.

My thoughts started to race, I could suddenly recall other things I learned in school, for instance war or pictures of weapons of war.

They could have been lying I say to myself, in the past all signs that I received were bad as if my body was standing at the edge of an exceptionally large building, I accepted that as reality, if that bad was not there, then what am I?

Although I do not like fear, I accept it as part of life, as well as all the things upon the earth.

This earth screams a message, just as my body would scream a message—if I were on the edge of an exceptionally large building.

If there was a wall within me, it seemed proper to say it makes me, me! Who I am!

I could in vision Alice smiling at me, I could not help but love her. I continued to write and think these things that had built the wall, but now wondered if it should be destroyed.

The child, the question

I remembered being twelve and my father was watching the television, he would always turn on the news at five o'clock, he would say he wanted to catch up with the world.

Sometimes I could watch it with him, but that was if I had the patience.

On one of those occasions, we started watching a police chase. To me this was exciting, excited to see good hunt down evil. Everything was under control until I watched the evil man appear in front of the police, the police fearing for their lives shot the man, this was all captured by a helicopter.

After I saw this, I had many questions, I would have asked my father for the answer, but I did not want him to know, know that I questioned the Police!

For weeks questions went through my mind, is it okay to kill, where did the evil man go, was the cop the hero? Rather than having unanswered questions I excepted the whole incident as saying, that is what people do, everything will be alright.

As I was recalling the incident, I started to remember my fourth grade, our teacher Ms. Lee had a police officer come to class. He introduced himself as sergeant Mitch Michaels, he was going to talk to the class. As he was talking, I could sense goodness and I knew that he was a good man, (*whatever he said is right.*)

One of the fourth graders asks him, “have you ever got shot?”

“Cops are always in the way of danger, that is why we have guns, to protect ourselves,” Mr. Michaels said.

Guns, war, they were part of life, if they were not than this blued eyed good-looking cop was lying to us, *he would not lie*, not to us.

The teacher had us write a letter to the cop after he left the classroom, something that would express our appreciation. I cannot remember exactly what I wrote, but it was something like: you are a good man, I hate evil like you.

He was one of my many heroes, to this day when I look at Gabriel, I can see the look in her face, the look of a cop, now wondering if I lied about being her Father.

The earth, the light and my surroundings would say that I would be lying.



My truth is like a river-project I did in seventh grade....

Our teacher thought it would be good for us seventh graders to learn about rivers.

There are several types of rivers, fast moving rivers, winding rivers, sleepy rivers, etc. For us to have had that experience and to learn, the first thing we did with the teacher was bring in a large wooden box, we put sand in the box, and put our sand box on the science table; one end of the box was raised higher than the other—to simulate the flow of a river.

The child, the question

We then took some water and placed it at the top of the pretend river, it flowed down towards gravity. We then lowered the box to make a slower stream or raised it to make a faster moving stream. Depending on the gravity, or rather the raising of the box, it would change the river type, (*whether winding, fast moving, and or sleepy,*) and that is how the rivers upon the earth work. I accepted that as the truth.

I thought I knew how children came into this world, but I did not, I did not bring Gabriel into this world.

As I was thinking I wondered what the truth was....

I knew within my truth I did not have all the answers, I could not explain who created the Universe and how far in each direction does it go; all I knew was Orion, I had to think hard about Orion.

They said something about the light, that the Universe that I see is no longer there, that it had died; the stars light may be shining, but as a corpse!

Within the city they designed a habitation for life but could not help the fact that on the outside it appears dead, but within its enclosure—it is full of life—to them, *and to the earth—it is lit with stars, looking life-like.*

They also said they could not contain the light which to me meant an evolving Universe.

If the city was telling the truth, then there are two truths: one truth is the Universe is alive, *our perception now*, and the other is that it is dead, *our perception in the future—without Orion.*

When I thought deep enough, there was not a lie, so I had to pick one, did I want to live in the past light, or did I want to live in the present light.

I considered my childhood dream: After Mr. Michaels, the cop talked with us, I had a sense of goodness—and told myself that I could live on the earth, because he existed!

I began to dream of my future. I wanted to play the piano, I wanted an old upright piano, one that I could use and tune.

I wanted that piano in an old country house, with a wife that could cook; she would be cooking dinner or jam. I wanted

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

kids and I wanted them to play the piano as well, I wanted four kids and I wanted all of them home schooled.

My wife and I would live on a small farm and never have to work outside of the home, my children could grow up and do the same thing.

That was the dream at the time, I had not thought about that in years. Ever since the strange things started happening with cellphones, I gave up on my dreams hoping to discover???

...Possibly death?

Now that I reflect on the dream, I wondered how I ever thought it was possible to live on the earth—without all the answers, without the problems facing the earth solved.

Maybe Orion is the solution, I began to dream of Alice and our life behind the night sky.

What if I am losing my life?

...There can only be one dream, I could not fail!

Alice, she was convinced Gabriel was mine, I put that love deep within my heart; even if Orion is a lie, living with Alice and the love between us could not be fake. *Maybe playing along with Orion is real.*

People say to follow the signs, I figured they were talking about a stop sign, a material sign that stood out. In my freshman year at high school, I looked up into the night sky and try to communicate with the sign, that would be the light my friends and I saw. Although the earth rejected the sign, and I would have to wonder why it did reject it—*making it appear as a military flair*. The strange thing about the military flairs was that it was over a lake.

Something not possible!

...I was giving a sign and not only to me, but to the earth. The earth must be programmed by some sort of law because the earth would have picked up on Bam's bedroom as a reality.

I picked up my head from writing, looked at the clock; it was now three in the morning. I glanced back down at my writings and gave strong thought to the earth being programmed with limitations.

The child, the question



I wrote everything down, good, Alice will be up soon, and I can hand her a report. I walked over to the cupboard and made a vanilla cappuccino. Once finished I took it outside.

It was a cool night, about sixty-five degrees and decided to get another drink, but this time it would be coffee, and I would get it at the gas station.

The gas station was not far away, about two miles. I walked, it was a very silent night, and I was hoping no one would notice me out there.

I walked into the gas station and went straight for the coffee. I got to the counter and gave the cashier a five-dollar bill. The cashier said, “don’t worry about it, a man just came in and paid for it, he is standing outside.”

“Thanks” I said to the cashier, wondering who would pay for my coffee.

Outside I could see who it was, it was Mike, the man who I went swimming with the other night.

“I was at the paper mill the day the machine exploded,” Mike said, as I walked out of the front door of the store.

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I was shocked to hear those words, I stumbled in my mind to express what I was thinking. Mike started to explain what had happened...

Before I could say anything, he got into his car and left.

I walk back to my apartment shocked! ...What could that mean?


It felt like seconds before I got home, I opened the door and glanced at the clock, it was now five; Alice heard the door open and began to wake up.

“Good morning, did you just get in?” she asks.

“I went out for a coffee, but that’s not all that I did, I was up all-night writing about the wall” I explained. I grabbed my notebook and started to read.

The child, the question





Just Type It

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Holden

Just Type It

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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Just type it was originally wrote as a song to give the idea of a foreign work environment. In this song I am trying to express an idea: the odd reality of working in outerspace, but yet as odd as it is, there is joy to the song.

Note:

Play the tempo as you see fit; originally I wrote (Just type it) using a fast tempo, I recommend using a fast tempo.

Quarter notes can be played as eighth notes—making a fast paced work song. Simulate a work environment.

JUST TYPE IT



Just type it

written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in E³
Piano

Vocal

2nd time through play
treble clef one octave lower
than written.

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Blue notes optional

D.C.

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Write Simple Write Better

FS 2

JUST TYPE IT



Just type it

written by

Erendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in E^b

Presto



Piano accompaniment for the first system. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It starts with a C^m chord, followed by a G chord. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats, playing a simple bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.



Piano accompaniment for the second system. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats, playing a simple bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.

The use of 1/8 Note
melody and the notes
higher than written.



Piano accompaniment for the third system. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats, playing a simple bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.



Piano accompaniment for the fourth system. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats, playing a simple bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.

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With Songs by Kristen Baker

Page 2

JUST TYPE IT



Just type it

written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in E^b
Piano

Vocal

Piano

Next 3 measures play treble clef 1 octave higher than written.

2nd time through play page 3 treble clef 1 octave higher than written.

Jump to the measure page 4 and continue. **END** *1st time play straight through, 2nd time end song.*

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With Thanks to: Nicolas Babin

FS 3

JUST TYPE IT



Just type it

written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in E^b
Piano



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Writings by Brendon Holden

pg 4



9

The revelation

On the second day of July my landline phone rang, I always get a landline despite the cellphone because the cellphone seemed unstable in the early two thousand; the technology was just introduced into society.

“Hello” I said.

“Honey it’s your mom, your Grandpa Jed is having a fourth of July party, there is going to be fireworks, a pig/bean

The Revelation

roast and a lot of friends and family; he would like you and Alice there and whoever you want to bring.”

“I will be there and tell Grandpa Jed I’m bringing some friends” I said, right before I hung up the phone.

I looked at Alice as she sat on the couch doing some paperwork. “My Grandpa is having a party on the fourth and would like you and I to be there, we can bring other people too” I said.

“That sounds awesome” Alice replied.

After Alice’s heart attack she could not return to work, and now was filing for unemployment, the pet store owner did not want the responsibility for any problem that could occur but would make an exception: she could go back to work, but the best job for her would be something that did not involve heavy lifting. Hopefully, she would get unemployment, because the only thing we had to live off was my Social Security check.

“Good, I am almost done” she said, as she signed her name to the application.

The day of the fourth, as usual we had a late start getting to the party.

I invited Max, Brendon, Bam, and Brenda.

They probably are already there I thought; anxiety ran through my body. Alice in a rush grabbed the car seat with the Baby in it and out the door we went.

I looked at the car clock it was two o’clock, we were supposed to be there at one.

My cellphone rang, I picked it up, it was my mom questioning where we were.

“We will be there in fifteen minutes” I said.

Uncle Gordon did not live far away, he lived in the next town over; he owned a small farm with plenty of land. He planned on having the party in one of his fields.

We pulled up to notice dozens of cars all parked in the field. We looked to our right and saw a lot of people, some were sitting at tables, some were playing games—in the fields, some were standing around a fire. Giant tents were all around, one of



the tents had smoke coming from the inside, “that must be where they are cooking,” I said.

We walked through the field greeting others as we went. We walked until we found Uncle Gordon, and there he was...near the outdoor grill. I raised my hand as to say I am here, I made it. Gordon quickly noticed and with a smile on his face walked toward me, and said, “there is my favorite nephew, and who is this beautiful young Lady?”

“This is my wife!” I said happily—to display all her splendor.

“That is right I missed the wedding...well you two, welcome to my fourth of July party, this makes up for the wedding I did not attend, there is food in drink in the tent to your left” Gordon luxuriously said.

I looked around to see if I could see any of our friends, I did not see them, so we decided to stay under the tent to keep Gabriel cool.

Not long after I noticed Brendon grabbing a beer, “hey you, where are the others,” I said.

“Out by the parking lot, we were still waiting for you to arrive, I will go get them” Brendon said.

The Revelation

They all came up and sat next to us at the picnic table. We started talking about the day and in the mist of the conversation, Grandpa Jed noticed me and came over. (*Grandpa Jed was my Fathers Dad*)

Jed said, “how are you doing Sonny?” I introduced him to all my friends.



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Grandpa Jed and I have always been close, closer than me and my dad, I could always talk to him about anything and everything. In the summer days I would spend days at his house fishing, watching movies or talking. ...Grandpa Jed was my favorite activity! I had not talked to him much since my dad left, but I knew we needed to spend some time together.

Once Jed left, we started talking and laughing and having a good time, I thought it would be good to discuss the city:

“As you know the Spacemen will be back in about seven months to take us to permanently live in Orion, that’s if we vote them in.”

“Because the earth is covered in the ancient light of the past, here we live our lives as normal as we always have, but the reality of Orion will catch up to us. I want everyone’s opinion, are we going to vote in Orion?”

Brendon was first to speak, “my parents showed me the reality of Orion, the foreign distant, alien worlds, and the reality is not of the earth. I was shown while I was at the hospital, I was not supposed to discuss it, but rather keep it quiet. There is not another reality for either me or my parents, they have always hoped that the city would welcome me into it. As Max and Bam have seen...it appears as if they invited me to live there, and not only to live there, but to create!”

“Is there any problem at all with forsaking the earth?” I asked.

“No, because my parents raised me to live in expectation of creating, plus we cannot contend, if we do not or cannot contend with the police or government, then we do not have an option.”

“I know you have struggled Brendon, but just knowing you have confidence makes me feel better” I said.

Max spoke next, “at first I thought that we would be in a lot of trouble, until we went through the portal and saw a ship, the ship took us to gardens as well as the golden city.”

“I felt complete there, but once we got back to Bam’s apartment, I felt the experience was a mistake.”

“Only through a second time in the city would I feel safe, and that was because Tod exists there.”

The Revelation

“Tod and I were best friends until the car accident, and since his departure I have not felt the same. If I had an option, all those years ago I would have never gotten into the car. Loosing Tod was awful, despite his parents did their best to explain that I still was his friend.”

“At the time I could not look past the ancient light, and now that I can...I cannot go back to living without Tod. When the Spacemen come back, I am going with them, then Tod and I can come back and forth from the earth.”

“Wow,” I started saying, “you are taking a big chance, could you really leave your family?”

“I am not leaving my family Max explained “I can come back and forth as Tod’s been doing.”

Alice was next, and said, “I have a baby, and not just a Baby, but an experience from the city—before we went together as a group. There my future husband told me that we were together and gave me Gabriel, and that future person that I saw in the city was Maple. I wanted a family so bad that I was open to anything, but just recently—did I wake up my gravity towards the earth. I tell myself that I will be with my love and baby!

I am not going to the city without Maple. Maple thinks she is lying about the baby or being the father of it.”

“What is it going to take Maple” Max asked.

Max added “we can always be friends; the city protects us from—like—me loosing Tod for instance... Alice and the Baby she carried would deserve that!”

Brenda included, “I have been in college researching the topic, it appears that civilizations around the world had to bend the laws of the earth just to discuss the matter, it is as if everyone knew about Orion, but had to keep it a secret. I dug deep in old textbooks, and my conclusion is that the earth is one big conspiracy, all meant for what? I could not figure that out, but I know that when the Spacemen come back, I am going with them. The earth just is not the earth if Orion is the destination. Even if we all got educated so that we could secretly discuss the purpose of the earth, that still is not absolute; I need to be in the absolute reality not a disguise for something else. I am scared, but it is the only way.”

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Alice said, “we still have seven months, we should spend that time wisely.”

“What about you Bam, any thoughts?” Max said.

“I am going with the majority, I cannot live without my friends, but let me remind you my parents are still in the fight to cover up Orion. There are others who are like that, we must be quiet and wise; no one outside our group should know about this.”

“Bam’s right!” I spoke.

And continued speaking, “I think that if we went, we are going to be in a whole different environment, there will not be any sickness, but I am not sure if I will be me if I am not getting sick. When I was growing up, I embraced the world as it was, I did not think any other reality, it is hard to make sense of the people of Orion just watching us while we struggled, I could have used their help a long time ago. They left the earth and let it do its own thing. I took responsibility for the earth, and I would have a hard time handing over to people that just watched, they watched Max as Tod went out of his life, and that’s just a tip of the ice burg.”

“Right now, I am focusing on Alice, deep down I want to live the life she described, what she saw—seeing from within the future. Ever since Gabriel was born, I have been living in a dream, I have all new emotions.”

“But I still hurt when I consider that I’m living a lie, although there is not anyone that can take away who I am, and even if they could, would I want them to.”

Alice looked at me, I could see compassion in her eyes as if she were saying thousands of words at one time.

“We remain friends whose bond can’t be broken, majority rules, as for now—we go to the city,” I said hiding what I was going to do.

“But before we go, I want to study some more before I or my friends give a vote,” I said—buying a little more time.

Brendon asked, “did anyone catch why the earth was abandoned?”

“Brendon according to what I heard while in the city, a long time ago when the Universe was evolving and the stars of each habitable place was still shining, the creatures of the

The Revelation

Universe started capturing the elements, and not just the elements, but the very light of the elements.”

“They would use the power of a negative charge to capture the elements, they would categorize them and give them their rightful place within the Universe.”

“Once all the elements were collected it became a city, that would be the city of Orion.”

“This is the interesting part,” I continued, “once they harvested the stars, they began to live without time, and because there wasn’t time, they were able to do a lot—apart from the light—that once shined.

Once they noticed that they were missing something, that would be the earth, *the stars light had not arrived here yet, it had not formed an earth*, they began to work to gain the earth.”

“To them the stars had died out a long time ago.”

“After Orion noticed that it was missing a giant chunk of light, the creatures had to finish gathering all and attempted to gather the earth, but the only way to do that was to get inside the time of the people who lived there. That is what Orion had been doing to the people of the earth, breaking us out of the time of the past and bringing us into the future.”

Brendon, being surprised said, “that was a convincing lecture, Maple, the earth was never abandoned!”

“No, the earth was never abandoned, but what is it?” Max added.

“I have not told anyone this,” I said, “but as you all know the Mill where I was working when Mike and I were severely burned, I survived it, but Mike did not, or so I thought he did not. About a week ago I was up late and decided to get a coffee from the gas station. While I was pouring my coffee, Mike came in in paid for it, I knew I must talk to him. As I did, he said, ‘.....well, a lot.’”

“So, the earth is purposely an illusion,” Alice asked, “I doubt that.”

“That’s what I made out of the conversation with Mike” I said.

After that Alice decided it was a good time to open-up about her experience with Orion.

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“When I first went to Orion,” Alice said, “I was shown holograms like Brendon’s experience. While I watched them, they tried to explain children and not just any children but wildlife. They explained that the living things upon the earth are a... Once alive it needs the proper settings, and those settings were found on the earth. For the animals, the earth provides water, shelter, food, and other creatures.”

“The people need knowledge, love, and school to grow.”

“Once the creatures are fully grown, they have the option to live in the city, that would mean if they were to live in the city at all.”

“That makes sense to what Mike said about the earth” I replied.

Max added “if these things are true then we were either collected or not by the city. That would explain why Tod is living there, because Tod was very special to his parents, and I know Tod he would have never abandoned the love his parents gave him.”

I was listening to the others speak when I happened to hear a dog barking, I glanced over to my left and noticed Grandpa Jed sitting at the table next to ours.

Oh no!

I hope he was not there the whole time.

Grandpa Jed noticed me looking at him, and he looked me straight in the eyes, and started walking toward me.

“Sonny I want you to come over to my house tomorrow morning and we will spend the day together.”

I managed to say “sure.”

At the end of the night Uncle Gordon displayed a small fire work show, not impressive, but it was Uncle Gordons and I had to love it. Afterwards we all packed up and went and walked toward our cars. We said our goodbyes and separated.

Just getting home Alice opened the door to our cozy apartment, she took Gabriel out of her car-seat, changed her clothes, and placed her in her crib. I loved how Alice took care of the Baby, her mother instincts would have attracted anyone, and I could not help but be in love.

The next morning, I was eating breakfast, knowing I was supposed to spend the day with Grandpa Jed. I was hoping it was

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just like any other day we spent together, but I feared he overheard us at the independence party.

If he did, what would he say, would he tell my family that Gabriel was not mine or some other private thing we had discussed the day before?

*

“I will be back tonight” I said to Alice as she was waking up and I walking out the door.

Grandpa Jed lived a few miles away in a rich part of the town, he made a lot of money growing up and could afford a big house. My Dad was always proud of Grandpa’s work ethics, he would say he had set the bar for our family.

“Grandpa!” I said, as I opened the door to his white house.

“Sonny I am glad you made it, I figured we would spend the day fishing. Grab that tackle box and the fishing pole I bought you and take it out to my truck.”

We go fishing a lot, he will probably take me to the same spot which was not far from his home.



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I was right, two minutes later we were pulling out our fishing gear. We walked down to a clearing that overlooked the river.

It was a nice day. I put a worm on my hook.

I look toward Grandpa and notice Grandpa's perfect cast into the river. I was filled with expectation that he would catch a brook-trout.

Silence was behind the both of us for a couple of hours, before I broke the ice, "why did you bring me down here?" I asked nervously.

"Yesterday," Grandpa started saying, "I overheard your conversation. I want to tell you a strong story that has been passed down from generation to generation."

"Long ago their dwelled cavemen, these cavemen grew over thousands of generations, some people believe they might have come from outer space. But one thing we are sure of is when these cavemen began, there were dinosaurs that lived amongst them."

"The dinosaurs, animals and cave people lived upon the earth. They constantly worked on their bodies to keep them alive and working in orderly fashion. At the time, the creatures of the



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earth did not understand that the Universe could not stop their existence. At some point the creatures of the Universe decided to have a talk with the cavemen, ‘we have come to introduce you to our city, in hope that you will find goodness due to all the work you have done upon the earth,’ they telepathically said.

“The cavemen took that the wrong way and thought they were trying to take away their strength, and because they feared as every creature does, they casted out the Universe as enemy’s. The more the cavemen thought about the threat of an easy living they got paranoid and began to fight against themselves, they fought against their own strength, and because of that—they grew weaker. Because of their new weakness they blamed the Universe or the creatures of it and began a battle that still happens to this day.”

Jed went on to say, “after much time the cavemen had a solution to loosing so much of their strength, they would put their strength within their surroundings. They spent millions of years walking the earth casting their strength into the stones, plants, animals and even the sky.”

“Over millions of years their population grew and expanded. Some of the cavemen thought it good to put their



strength within their body's, but most of them put their evolutionary strength in their surroundings.”

“After some time, cavemen evolved into people or some of the people...these people would go to the earth for wisdom or advise, that is when they would find the strength that their forefathers had put into the animals, stones, plants, etc.”

“The strength was good for the people who had evolved, but there was a downside to using their strength—and that was they no longer could disagree with the earth, or they would be threatened—consciously, by disagreeing with the Fathers.”

“Is that why the earth hides certain information, for example the Universe?” I asked.

“Yes” Jed said, “everywhere one could go on the earth they will find bits of information that was stored in the rocks, water and atmosphere. The information makes a cover for anything that existed outside the cavemen's ways, their information will threaten you as they threatened the creatures of the Universe, that is if you step outside of their reality; although outside of their reality is threatening—anyways, due to a new reality.”

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“If you go beyond the cavemen, you are your own authority per se.”

I ask, “If there was another reality or Universe, what would the cavemen do if they were more powerful?”

“The earth at this time is being used by the creatures of the Universe, they could not get rid of the cavemen.

“Without the cavemen’s permission...”

“They decided to use the cavemen as sort of like a grass, a covering for the earth—an atmosphere of survival.”

“Maple,” Jed pauses, “there is a giant computer out there, we are living in a computer. We are living in a personal computer, a personal computer running PBR. They got plants and asteroids as part of their computer; an asteroid as a working function of the computer.”

“A long time ago they pushed us out their back end and now they have come—to pick us up. The reason we do not know is because of these cavemen.

“Is the earth being used for breeding?” I asked wondering if the things I saw about Orion was the absolute reality.

“For creatures to exist—the place that they are born in must be fit for them to grow. The earth is fit for humans and

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wildlife, the atmosphere of survival causes all to be resistant to the Universe which in turn gives intelligence to the living, these would-be great worth to the city. My father and his father and his Fathers Father at some point had to let go of their own ability to live and had to make peace to survive the Universe. You must understand that the cavemen's wisdom would not go much further than the cave, most of the evolving people and creatures wanted more, for instance a city or a boat."

"How about a cruise ship" I said

"Similar to more stuff," Jed said.

"For the people to expand their ways, and thinking, "Jed continued, "they had to make peace—because of their forefathers' mistake, and that peace would make them closer to the creatures out there living in the city."

"These creatures have always been around, so, as soon—as people break out of the wisdom of the earth—they are confronted with the Universe and ultimately the original plan that started billions upon billions of years ago. This is what the Universe would have happen: for people to find the plan and work as one. The earth is being used for breeding grounds and a variety of creatures come here to give birth, that would include the lion and bear. My Father was born here, and his father was born here and so on."

"Our tradition," he went on to say, "is to live in the city."

"If you dig deep down in your heart, commit to our family and decided that we were friends, then you can expect to have a child, before you ever make the child, and that is because the time here on earth is in its own time."

"Did you receive my father in a similar way as I received Gabriel?" I asked.

"No" Grandpa Jed replied, "I went to the city first and then come back and everything was the same as I left, my father never knew that I was gone. But I know who did receive their child in a way that was like yours, and that would be your father. According to him while he was still growing, a baby showed up in your parents newly purchased home. At first, they did not know what to do with it, they were confused, but because a baby appearing without anyone causing the baby to appear there—your mother decided to keep it. She had always wanted a child

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but could not have children. The baby that your parents found was you!”

“Yesterday when I overheard your conversation with your friends...*you had mentioned Gabriel*. That is why I brought you out here today, I wanted to comfort you and not only comfort the idea of having a child, but the loss of your Father as well. Your Father said days prior to his disappearance he was going home to create the part of life that did not exist—when you appeared on his living room floor, the part of life that spoke truth, his truth.”

“You have an option to live in the city,” Jed continued, “you and your friends, and if you do not go you will be as your father never knowing if the child you raise is yours, that is why he had to leave to know that he had his truth. He would want the same for you. The only reason I am upon the earth is to make sure your father got to his destination, but now, I see you, missing some of the best moments in life! ...I want you to know and love Gabriel as yours, you must go to the city. Afterwards we can all come back and play a family, a rich family.”

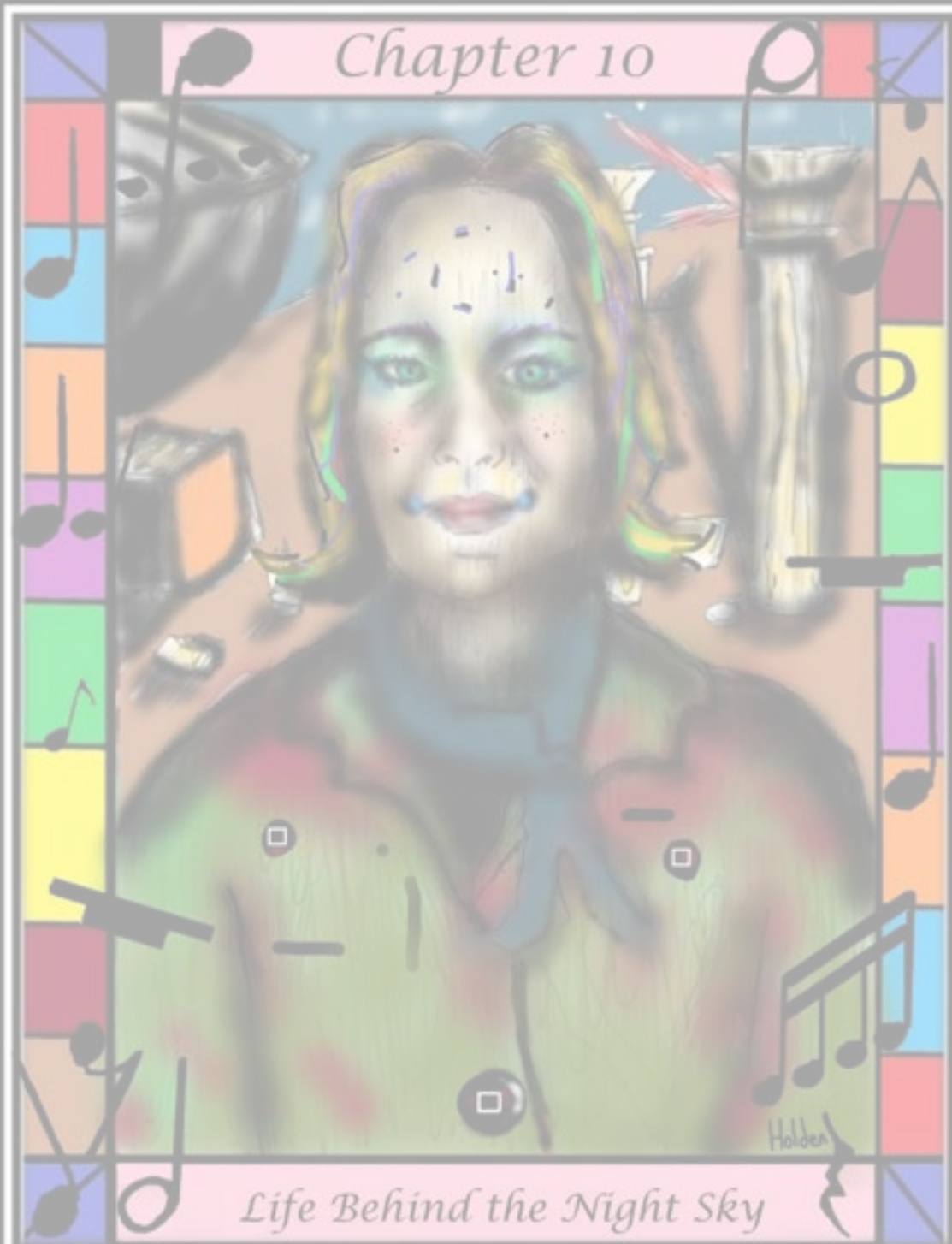
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As the conversation was ending, I felt a pull on my line, “I have a fish” I said.

I pulled and sure enough it was a fish. I fought it and slowly reeled in an eighteen-inch brown trout.

The day had come to an end, and my grandpa drove me to my car. “I love you Grandpa,” I said, as I got into my car and drove home.

The Revelation





- ✕ = 1/2 Beat
 - ✕ = 1 Beat
 - ☾ = 2 No Beats
- Entire Drum for the song Gold is a deep heavy beat, a heart beat

Gold

Written by
Brandon J.A.C. Holden



Written in B^b minor

Rap Beat



These notes play with *pp*

Whistle melody

These notes hold over a little longer

Piano accompaniment for the whistle melody. The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef staff. The bass clef staff contains rhythmic notation: \times ☾ ✕ ✕ . The treble clef staff contains a melody of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, D5, G4, F4, E4, D4.

Switch Whistle to Piano, same melody yet play a variety with the four notes: G A B D

Piano accompaniment for the piano version of the melody. The bass clef staff contains rhythmic notation: \times ☾ ✕ ✕ . The treble clef staff contains a melody of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, D5, G4, F4, E4, D4.

Piano accompaniment for the piano version of the melody. The bass clef staff contains rhythmic notation: \times ☾ ✕ ✕ . The treble clef staff contains a melody of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, D5, G4, F4, E4, D4.

Piano accompaniment for the piano version of the melody. The bass clef staff contains rhythmic notation: \times ☾ ✕ ✕ . The treble clef staff contains a melody of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, D5, G4, F4, E4, D4.

Light Fractions

Light Fractions
Seeing All
Weight asks if your strong enough
With or without
I see myself
or see a strong force
a half
only if split is seen
It's psychological
What?
Pain
Me?
All!
Yes psychological
Psychological pain
Light fractions
Streams of light
a mental light
colors everywhere
with who do I share all say they're right
I hit one
I hit the sun
There is nothing
Although none is done
Lights split
Compton Crypt

These words are just so you get the direction of the song, please do the song as you see fit.



10

Life behind the Night Sky

I have to 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.

“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 Christmas 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.

Life behind the night sky

“I hope so, this will be our last Christmas 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 Christmas ready before Gabriel came back from my moms. With Christmas music playing Alice prepared Christmas eve 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 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 livings 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

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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 Christmas 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.”

“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

Life behind the night sky

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.

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 by,” 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,

Life behind the night sky

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 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.”

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*

Months passed quickly and the day came, Brendon, 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.

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.



Life behind the night sky



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.

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“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.



Life behind the night sky

The sphere begins to move.

My body begins to feel such love and ecstasy—that I never knew was 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 space men 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



Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR

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-house that resided Behind the Night Sky!

Life behind the night sky

The End.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Brendon Holden, always having hidden his ability to create and specially to create for the public, worked slowly on the new and exciting book *Behind the Night Sky*; this book *Behind the Night Sky* is the joy of his heart.

He has spent a considerable amount of time on his most favorable and valuable book *Behind The night Sky!*

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*.

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.

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Life behind the night sky

Knowing All

*Written by
Brendon J. M. Holden*



Knowing all

*Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden*

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Knowing all is the make-believe world/visuals in Maple's mind, setting the stage for Maple's search of knowing all! Ultimately leading the way for her discovering the truth behind the night sky.

In the song she questions the knowledge of the earth; we see some of the thoughts Maple has—as she questions the world around her.

The two dark-creatures are a make-believe visual of her thoughts, (one thought bouncing an idea off of another, sort of as positive and negative.)

In loving memory of
my Grandfather,
Gordon Hadden

Knowing All

Written by
Gordon & M.C. Hadden



Written in E^b
Presto

Vocal

f

Everybody loves her everybody loves her everybody needs some love sometimes

Pno.

Vocal

Vocals: Sing words in a way fit for the singer, there is no exact way to sing this song. Try to keep the melody—as written, steady, bend the words however.

P

Bass Clef: play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

only through death you start to think about it I'd like to learn what you can dream about it you'll see I think about it for

Pno.

Vocal

take your time see necessary I'd like to think to dream about it what can I learn here to care

Pno.

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With Thanks to Gordon Hadden

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Knowing All

Written by
Ronnie & M.C. Alder



Written in E^b
Presto

Vocal

f Bass Clef: play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Optional Next 7 measures play treble clef one octave lower

Pno.

C, B, A, G notes, as in previous measures; play with the left hand. I have colored them blue here (shown) for clarity.

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Wise Group or Ronnie Alder

pg. 2

Knowing All

Written in E^b
Presto

Written by
Sandra J. McAllen



Vocal

f Bass Cleff, play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

p Here
As

Pno.

Vocal

lightworks I wonder how
you think about it, how don't
take a turn we make a pair
The You each one is not about it
but I think about it for

Pno.

Vocal

what I learn, Don't think too
but I know, Don't think too
have so many teach about it
I never learn
but I know, Don't think too

Pno.

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When Rehearsal: Wayne Nelson

FF-3

Knowing All

Written by
Bonnie G. U.P. Keller



Written in E^b
Presto

Vocal

f Bass Clef: play one octave lower

Piano

Vocal

Handwritten: read few measures for easy reading

Piano

Vocal

Piano

Vocal

Piano

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in bass clef and features a consistent rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The vocal lines are in treble clef and contain various melodic phrases and rests. The first system includes a dynamic marking of 'f' and a note about the bass clef. The second system includes a handwritten note about reading measures. The piano accompaniment includes some chordal textures and melodic lines.

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Bonnie G. U.P. Keller

Wise Songs by Bonnie Keller

754

Knowing All

Written by
Sandra S. McAllen



Written in E^b
Presto

Vocal

f Bass Cleff. play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

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Music Group of National Ballet

PS 5

Knowing All

Written in E^b
Presto

Written by
Ronald G. McEwen



Vocal

f Bass Clef: play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

p Don't

Pno.

Vocal

need to know about it I have to learn, Talk to find out just about it for
think to much about it I hate to even. Ever find I think about it for

Pno.

Vocal

must belong I see the pain of living that is how I learn, END
for I can't would like to know about it if you care to share

Pno.

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Play ending freely
as you see fit.

Playing either page 4 or 5 at
the end could also be a
wonderful ending to the song.

Music Director: Warren Baker

PD 4



Clutter in my Closet

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet
About the book

Jill is an average young girl, or at least she thinks she is, never recalling the pain she buried deep inside, presenting herself to be flawless.

During a pandemic, she helps some of her newer friends escape the sickness happening on the outside world—and in doing so she uncover some new things about the new mansion her family just moved into.

Bizarre things begin to take place within the mansion, including traveling to other realms within the closets—of the mansion; some she goes on by herself and some her friends experience with her. On one of these journeys, she meets a critter named Clutter that begins to threaten her and her friends, saying, “I will burn down your house.”

She, her siblings, and friends must stop Clutter and save their fortune—to have a family and normal life once again.

Clutter in my Closet is fictitious and not to be taken in any other way. I was inspired to write this story based on small experiences that I personally experienced that I never could quite put into words—to share them with friends. An example of that would be Clutter creating gas in the closets—causing the children to behave in ways not common to their normal behaviors. I have had such an experience and wondered, *what was the cause of such strangeness?* Although it was not as apparent as it is in this story, it was enough to make me wonder how I would put that into words!

Book includes three works of Sheet Music:

Inspire me

Lucifer Play: Best Friends

My Own Beat 2 Forest Houses

Behind the
Night Sky:
Clutter in my
Closet

—Brendon Holden—

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*Clutter in my Closet is book two in the Trilogy to Behind the
Night Sky:*

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR
Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet
Behind the Night Sky: I.O.N.

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Chapter 1



1

The Mansion down the street

Dad! Get out of my room, I will never, never forgive you, I hate you, I will hate you forever. I cannot believe you did that,” I say taking my computer monitor and throwing it through the glass of my bedroom window, *“I will never forgive you,”* I bellow with tears in my eyes.

Times later

I have been living on this street, Holden Street, for as long as I can remember; and for as long as I can remember there has been the old Mansion at the end of the street—sitting at the end of an old, winding, dead end dirt road. We must pass by the Old Mansion whenever we want to use the main road.

Whenever we passed, it had always—had me wondering, it is as if its old wood, or perhaps it was the roughly painted—half falling off shutters...something, always got me thinking when we drove by that old Mansion: thoughts that would say, *I must have that House!*

As we pass by the Old Mansion, I hear my mom and Dad worriedly talk about the future. My Dad works as a banker, my mom is a day-care provider. They began to ask one another what they were going to do with me.

I recently stopped schooling, because a virus moved into town, and my parents do not want me getting sick. I am not the only one—in my family that cannot go to school, I have a ten-year-old brother and an eight-year-old sister; plus, I have a regular friend, *Steph* that visits several times a week, along with mine and her friend Tom. We all do not go to School anymore!

Steph and Tom are over almost every day, except when their parents think they are up to no good.

Lately Tom, Steph, and I are close, we are always hanging around one another; as far as we were concerned, we were family. Once and a while, my ten-year-old brother will hang

The mansion down the street

out with us too, his name is Frog, he usually brings along our sister Sally.

Frog has brown hair and brown eyes and appears to be as old as me.

I think I accidentally made myself look better than him and now, he kind of fakes it, or is older—somehow. Sally has brown hair as well. Frog and Sally could be taken as twins, but Sally looks much younger. They do not go to public School—now, so they are always around my friends and I—to pretend that they are doing what they see the other children doing on television.

Steph adores—Frog and Sally; she pretends to be their mother, it gives her a job...once and a while, I can get jealous of my siblings. *I hope they are not stealing my friends*—I say to myself. Most of the time—it is my problem not theirs.

Steph has beautiful purple hair. Ms. Purple, I call her from time to time—in moments of play. Her blue eyes make her an incredibly attractive young lady. She is fourteen years old and regularly spends time outside of her house.

Tom on the other hand rarely goes out...that is until he is with Steph. Tom wears circle eyeglasses, I rarely get a chance to see what color his eyes are. Big, thick, black circle glasses he wears. That is how I think of him, big circle glasses. If he were to take off his glasses, I for sure would not recognize him.

He met Steph a little under a year ago and spends a lot of time out with her. Beforehand most of the time he was in his room—working on his toy airplanes or trains.

Model Trains and airplanes is how Tom met Steph.

Steph's Father owns a hobby shop, and Tom will go in there from time to time to buy paint for his Toys. He never noticed Steph in there before, but one day Tom needed help finding paint, Steph was the person who helped him find the paint he was looking for.

He was drawn to Steph's purple hair, no one in the small town—or rather the out-skirts of a small city had purple hair.

Tom was an average boy, brown hair, and circle eyeglasses, he did not know how to treat someone with purple hair. She told him her hair was naturally purple. For not one second did Tom believe that; he was so scared about something—that he never checked to see if it were true.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

When she told me, her hair was naturally purple, I figured it was a cover for being plainly dull, that she invented the idea—to add some excitement into her life.

To fit in with her, I asked my parents to buy me some purple hair spray, they did, and so most of the time my hair is purple as well.

I have only known Steph for a few months, and ever since I met her, I have been drawn to copy her every move.

I try to keep her around me as much as possible, if she were wearing black, I would change into something black, just so we would have a thing together.

Tom took notice of my attraction toward Steph and decided to help me.

Tom and I met a long time ago. We met in first grade. He is the reason Steph, and I are friends. He told Steph that I was a friendly person, popular and whosoever I liked—was kind of special, and not to be taken lightly, so as soon as I started copying Steph, she thought that she was special and popular—and felt free to do as she pleased—whether at school or at home. And as soon as she found out my father was wealthy, she filled—what she thought was the shoes of a rich child.

She was not wealthy, her family was rather poor, living on a few dollars a day; it was—possible to live that way—I slowly figured out by being around Steph and her Family; for instance, I thought everyone would shop at a grocery store, but they do not, and as far as buying a soda at a gas station or corner store, that was rather impossible for Steph.

Her family would buy beans, twenty-pound bags of beans—at one time, sort of like one would buy grain or pet food.

After spending some time with her mother, I concluded shopping was easy; all one would need to do to feed a family of four—for a month, was buy a twenty-five-pound bag of rice and twenty pounds of beans. That is basically what they ate for the entire month; they appeared to be healthier than my family.

I could almost feel like a bad person when I invite Steph to get a soda or a candy bar. I could almost say to her, do not tell your parents, but that could be even worse. I figure if she likes it, *the candy or soda*, she will not put herself in a situation that can cause her to lose it.

The mansion down the street

Tom said she takes the stuff, *candy, and soda*, just to fit in and pretend she is rich too; I did not want to think about it, such could hurt my acceptance of life—as it is.

Tom does not say much about this, but I think his parents are wealthier than mine, he seems to like casting the full weight of popularity on me.

Tom kind of tossed—and left the weight on me—about the whole popularity thing, looking back—I liked how Steph treated me, she thought of me as popular. I did not actually know what I was doing, but I figured I would give it a shot, I would lead Steph.

The first courageous thing I decided to lead Steph in doing was: exploring the Old Mansion—on the old dirt road, the one right down the street. I figured we would not find much trouble, because no one lived on that old dirt road.

*

“Steph, you know, one popular thing that popular people do is: go on adventures, and I have just the adventure for you” I say.

“Like what?” Steph replies.

“There is an old mansion not too far from here; strange, very strange things—people have said have happened there,” I disclose.

“Like what?” Steph asks.

“Well, strange things...like—puppets that move on their own, or mirrors that look back,” I influence—making it up; *I say the first thing that came to mind, I needed to impress Steph.*

“We should walk over there and look into the windows, perhaps even go inside—so we can find these strange things. Maybe there are puppets over there walking around right now—just waiting to be seen,” I exclaim.

“Okay, let’s go!” Steph answers.

“Tom, are you coming?” I anxiously ask.

“Yes,” he says.

We began to prepare ourselves for the brief walk over to the old mansion, we had to make sure we would not appear as if we were going to make trouble.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

“Mom, we are going behind the house, we want to walk along the river,” I say covering up what we were really doing.

“Okay, do not go too far, your father will be back soon,” my mom replies.

Steph, Tom, and I walk out the front door of our suburb home. Houses were on both sides of the street; we did our best to appear as if we were just taking an average walk, we did not want the neighbors suspecting anything odd, anything that they would need to report back to our parents.

We stayed quiet to one another on the way over to the old mansion.

Within minutes we were on an old dirt road. About one hundred feet down the old dirt road stood the old mansion, it was dark red in color, and had a small driveway leading up to it.

As we walk up the driveway Steph says, “well, we made it, this seems like the rest of the houses...nothing out of the normal.”

“That is not the rumor, we must get close to it, perhaps even walk into the inside. If we walk to the front window, and we do not see anyone, we will try the front door,” I say.

“We will look together,” Tom bravely says.

We slowly walk up to the window and peak onto the inside, we see nothing except a few pieces of furniture—covered with white sheets.

“Looks clear,” Steph says.

“Okay, now we just walk to the front door, and we walk into the inside,” I say.

We sneak around to the front of the building. We walk to the front door. I gently grab onto the door handle and begin to turn the knob—opening the door.

“Hold on wait a second,” Steph says, “how strange are the things that have happened here?”

“Do not be scared Steph—they were not that strange, just a few objects seemed to have moved on their own.” I say—making up the story to fit in with Steph’s emotions.

I open the door. Steph fearfully grabs hold of my arm—hoping to not find a ghost or even worse its owners. We walk into the insides.

The mansion down the street

“See, there is nothing to be scared about, it looks normal as can be,” I said, comforting Steph.

“Jill,” Steph says, (*Jill, that is my name.*) “I suppose you are right, there is nothing to be scared about.”

We quietly walk around the first few rooms of the old mansion. We see nothing strange; we explored until Tom advises we should leave—so we did not get too deep in exploration and find trouble.

We listen and we began to walk out of the house. As we approached the front door, clutter seemed to have been thrown in front of the door.

“That was there when we came in, right?” Tom asks hoping that nobody was in the house.

We at first did not answer him, we just kind of, somehow—did not see it.

Once we were outside and back on the dirt road, Tom asks, “you saw the clutter, right? It was not there when we walked in!”

Steph asks, “are you sure, because that does not seem right?”

“I am positive! I looked at that exact spot when we walked in; I remember, because I was too scared to look into the room,” Tom explains.

“Even if it was not there...I did not look hard enough to remember,” I say and took Tom aside and quietly whispered into his ear, “I made up the weird and strange things happening at the mansion. It is a normal Mansion Tom!”

“No way,” Tom loudly says, “I know what I saw, that clutter—in front of the door—Jill, was not there...trust me it was not there!”

“Even if it was not there, it does not matter, it is not like it is a bad house. I want this old house; sometimes I make believe it is mine,” I affirm.

Steph over hearing us says, “how about we go back inside and just double check and see what we find, I really, seriously do not believe it; I did not look at that spot when we walked in, so I do not know if it was there. But I do want to see something eerie, that is the reason why we came over” Steph says, “ghostly things happen here.”

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

We looked one at another, and we agreed, we would walk back to the mansion.

We arrive at the front door, and the clutter was still there. I softly step over it. We walk through the first room...everything looked fine. We arrive at the second room, and I look at the closet, the closet I spent much time at, because I was daydreaming—it was my closet.

We look and notice clutter was thrown throughout the room...the stuff that was in the closet was now everywhere in that room: hats, paper, clothes, trash, etc.

“Oh, my goodness, I cannot believe this, all of this was in the closet” I say, “there must be someone else in here.”

“Like you mean a homeless man or something,” Tom asks.

“No, we should leave, what type of homeless-man would throw everything out of the closet?” I declare.

We run out of the house, not looking back, and fearing for our lives.

We make it to the end of the driveway and begin to walk home....

“I do not know what that was about, but we should not go back there,” I express.

“What is wrong?” Steph questions, “we went there to see strange things, I mean—should we not be like—excited or something.”

I try to pretend to be strong, I know I had to be strong, after all—I was the one that led us out here, trying to convince Steph I was popular. I never considered something strange would have happened. “Yes—we should be excited, that is what I meant, that is what popular people do!” I say—covering up my fear.

Tom looked at me as to comfort my confusion, “You know what Jill, it will be all-right, it was probably the wind or our minds playing tricks on us, it is not like it will follow us back to our house. Once we get home everything should be fine.

I open the door to my house—in a daze; I notice Frog and Sally running up to me, bringing me back into reality per se.

“Where were you? Sally asks.

The mansion down the street

“Yes, I thought I saw you down by the old Mansion,” Frog added.

Huh, *how could they have just seen us, I wonder if my parent’s just drove by the old Mansion.*

To cover it up I decided to test out Frog, I said, “No you could not have seen us, we were in the back yard—the whole time.”

“I was just joking,” Frog answered and began to laugh.

“Steph you said you were going to play Candy-Land with us,” Sally said.

Steph looked at me and said, “Come on, let us go play Candy-Land.”

As we are playing Candy-land, I roll the dice, the dice hit the board, Frog says, “that old house down the street, well, Dad said, it was sort of like this game: if you make believe candy-land, you will see candy gush out of the walls.”

Sally added, “he meant not real candy, but if you were to pretend Candy, or rather a nice house, to you—it becomes a nice house! Candy will not literally gush out of the walls.”

I was so lost at that moment, at first I thought Frog meant that if we made believe candy to be there—it would—sort of—like we did, made believe in strange things at the old Mansion—and then once we made believe, they—the candy or strange things—would come true, but once Sally put it into context—I could see Dad saying that, he is always telling us to pretend we are happy and in doing so—that will make us happy.

Steph looked at me after Frog’s comment and said, “maybe we should go over there—to the old mansion and see if we can make candy gush out of the walls.”

I gave her the look of no, but she insisted, “How about we all walk over—very quickly and take a look—and make believe, maybe Candy will come to us!”

“Yes” Frog said, full of excitement. Sally agreed.

“Okay—very quickly, but we cannot go inside the house, we will just quickly walk to the porch,” I said.

We all agreed—and quickly got up from our board game. We hurried over there.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Once we got to the porch—Steph says, “Frog, how or what are we going to make believe.”

“Candy,” Frog says, “Candy! Candy! Gush out of these walls” he says in a loud voice—and then begins to laugh.

Nothing happened at first.

After a minute, we heard a noise.

What could it be?

We all looked in the direction the sound was coming from—wondering to what could be making footsteps.

The door handle on the front door begins to move.

We gasp as the door swings open. We scream!

We began to run...I look back—as I am running to see who it was!

To my shock, I see my dad; at this point I was relieved, not considering I could be in big trouble. I could not tell which was more frightening, seeing my dad or seeing the monster.

In the mist of fear, I was glad to see my dad.

“Dad” I say full of surprise!

“Jill, children, what are you doing out here” my dad asks.

“Um,” I could not find the words....”

“Sorry, Mr. Flippy,” Steph says, “it was my idea. I wanted to make believe with Sally and Frog, and I swayed them to walk over here.”

“That is okay Steph,” Mr. Flippy says, “I am glad you are over here!”

“Huh,” I said out loud.

“Yes, I am thinking about buying this old mansion, it just recently was put on the market; it is advertised for five hundred thousand dollars, and that is cheap,” Mr. Flippy verbally expressed—with a convincing tone in his voice.”

We all walk back home.

On the way back, I say to Steph, “that is who moved the stuff out of the closet.... Dad!”

“Mr. Flippy says, “I did not move anything out of the closet!”

Chapter 2



Dad's Big Buy

Months went by and the pandemic got worse, my Mom totally freaked out, and began to prepare for the end of the world; “I must get a years-worth of food,” she says to Dad in a frenzy.

I can recall going to the store with her as she frantically went up-and-down the aisles stuffing her cart with items that would last months.

“Mom that is fairly well—it is not the end of the world,” I say to her as her arms are pulling items off the shelves.

“Yes, but if we do this now rather than later, we will not have to come back—later when everyone is sick,” Mom says—defending herself.

“There is not going to be any sick, because there is no sickness,” I say with a bold attitude.

We rush back to the house, prepared to stay on our property for months.

Dad boards up the house per se., and we shut the curtains and involuntarily seem to expect the world to end.

Months went by and not one person on our street got sick.

We did not leave the house, nobody on our street left their house either, although my mom and Dad would occasionally go out for business.

After some time, my mother and Father thought it wise to invest in a bigger house.

They spent weeks researching locations and houses; they did not the least bit find a few that would offer anywhere near the privacy that they wanted, until they were shown the mansion down the street.

The old mansion stood about an eighth of a mile away from the nearest street, a small forest surrounded the property. If my dad were to buy the property, he would not just be buying the house, but also the one-hundred-acre forest surrounding it.

A thick deep forest of New York surrounded the

Dad's Big Buy

property! ...Plenty of spruce and pines for us children to play on, perhaps even build small forts...like kids houses.

*

I overheard my mom discussing with my dad—the old mansion a couple of times before my dad gave the news: “Kids, we are moving into the old mansion down the street.”

He was happy, he bought the old mansion for a cheap price, three hundred thousand dollars, which included a one-hundred-acre forest.

I was super excited, so were my younger siblings: Sally and Frog.

We waited anxiously by his side for months, hoping to catch a word about when we would move. I needed desperately to play in the huge forest out back—behind the mansion; Sally and Frog both craved their own room.

“Dad, when are we moving?” We ask that year on a sunny winter.

“Fitting that you asked children, your mother and I—have decided we are moving—which means you need to start packing the little items in your room; we are planning on moving at the beginning of spring,” Dad reveals.

Frog, Sally, and I were excited, and quickly packed the little items we could without totally ruining our living comforts and began to anxiously wait for spring.

At the end of February, once we were sure the snow would not be back for another year, my dad began to bring our possessions over to the old mansion—that sat hidden on Holden Street; we did not move all at once, he started out bringing the things we did not use daily. He slowly moved onto the bigger objects as time went on: tables, dressers, chairs, beds, etc.

Once he was sure we could move the rest of our possessions in one afternoon, he told us the plan: “Tomorrow, in the morning, we will bring the little left of our possessions to the new house, we will pack our two cars tightly—with the rest of our possessions. We can make several trips, if necessary,” my dad explains.

I was super excited; I could not sleep at all that night.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Thoughts continued to cycle in my mind—throughout the night. How will I set up my room, where will I place my stuff, and mostly how deep into the forest would I—and could I explore?

Anxiously, and eagerly I waited for morning to come. I continued to look out the window in hopes I would see the sun rise over the houses across the street.

Finally, light came through my bedroom window.

Shortly after the sun began to rise over the horizon, I cleaned up and walked down the stairs to the family room.

Noticing Frog and Sally playing on the white carpet, I ask, “is Dad up yet?”

“Yes, he is, he is in the garage,” Sally answers sweetly.

I walk out into the garage, gasoline fumes blast me in the nose; I look around and notice my dad, he looks at me, he says, “Good morning Jill, I hope you are ready for the big move today!”

“Are we moving today? Great, I have been waiting to move for months,” I say surprised and anxious to complete the move.

“Your Mother has breakfast ready in the kitchen: waffles, strawberries and bacon—your favorite!”

I rush into the kitchen—my stomach now is twisting in pain.

Happily, I look at my plate full of food.

To sure myself it was mine, I ask my mother, “is that my plate?”

“Sure is,” my mother replied.

I quickly sat down and picked up a greasy piece of bacon and stuffed it into my mouth.

Crunch, crunch, sounded the bacon as I chewed.

I reach across the table and grab the maple syrup and pour lots of the sweet stuff onto my waffles. I pick up the fork and knife; I begin to design a creative way to take apart the waffles.

Five minutes later, the waffles and bacon are gone. I quickly grab the glass of fresh squeezed orange juice—lovingly placed there by my mother and finished the glass of juice in one big gulp.

“Jill, we are completely moving by ten o’ clock. We have

Dad's Big Buy

other things to do today, so please talk to Frog and Sally...make sure all of their stuff is out of their rooms and loaded into the car, it is particularly important," my mom explains.

"Yes, I can do that," I answer, feeling a bit nauseous from forcefully putting all that food into my stomach.

I had two hours to make sure my siblings were ready for the move. I decided, I would encourage them with over-flavoring the idea of the move, that we would each have our own separate rooms—once we were in the new house—living in the mansion.

"Frog and Sally, once we move to the mansion, we will each have our own rooms. Would it not be great if we were moving over there today? We than could set up our rooms... We could decorate them and make home out of them," I say.

"That would be great Jill, but it seems like we are never going to move. Dad has said we were moving for months now, and we have not moved at—all," Frog replied.

"That is all about to end today; if you two get your things ready and you bring them down to the cars, I can promise you within a couple of hours we will be in our new house," I say.

"Great, that is if you are not lying" Sally said.

Frog, full of excitement added, "We will pack right now!"

Frog, sally, and I rushed to get our things together, and brought them down and placed them by our parent's cars.

My Dad noticed our belongings placed by the car—and tightly packed them into the cars.

"Are we all ready?" my dad asks before making one last sweep of the house.

"Yes," we say and hurry to the car.

We opened the doors of one of the cars and got into the inside.

A few minutes later and we rush out of the car and run into the mansion.

"Yes! Yes," Sally says, as she quickly found her bedroom.

I grabbed the little of my belongings that I had placed in the cars—and brought them to my room.

Most of my possessions were already in my room.

I began to move furniture around and tried out objects

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

here or there.

I worked on my bedroom until my mother called me for supper.

As we settled into the dining room for supper, we began to discuss the new place...

“So, how do we like it?” my dad asked.

I forgot to think, I figured we were already beyond that and loving the place!

We all sat quiet for a moment before Frog said, “we love it!”

“Exactly Dad,” I added.

“You know children,” my mother begins speaking.... “The school should be opening back up in the fall, and so—you three will be busy in school, plus your dad and I will return to work. That will mean to make the most out of this summer, because once school starts back up, you three will be busy catching up on the work that you missed.”

After supper, I walked up the old noisy stairs to my recently set up bedroom and laid down on my Victorian style bed—carefully covered with an extra fluffy feather blanket.

I place my head on the pillow and began to wonder why I must go to school. I do not like school, but usually, once I am there—I do not mind it as much.

“I wish this pandemic would last until I am an adult,” I say to myself, “until I no longer have to go to school. I could then buy a home and live there for as long as people live in houses.”

I drift off to sleep visualizing my own mansion, and dream of one too.

I dreamt, I owned a Picasso dreamlike one-hundred room house, full of precious items, it had a magnificent swimming pool on the side of it.

I would, while in the mansion, in much time, lose my mind—or remembrance of reality, and get lost in the rooms and closets. I played for so long—I could not find my way back to the splendid swimming pool—I had started my journey at. But once I did, after hundreds of years of playing, children of all ages were in my swimming pool—playing!

In laughter, I run back inside and found three tiny people

Dad's Big Buy

trying to use two hands, and then, I woke up.

That was so cool, my favorite dream I say to myself.

I walk downstairs, gaze out the window, and notice fresh snow had fell in the middle of the night.

I walk into the kitchen; I glance at Frog sitting at the kitchen table. We do not say a word to one another.

I pour a bowl of cereal and take it into the living room.

I make my way around the unpacked boxes placed throughout the living room to the couch.

I grab the remote to the television and turn it on—and I begin to flip through the channels until I find a brightly lit cartoon.

I stuff my mouth with the sugar in the bowl until I have quenched the morning hunger.

Within minutes Frog comes into the living room asking me how I slept.

“I slept as normal,” I say.

He continues the conversation, mentioning it is a new house, that we are in the new house.

“Yes, Frog we are in the new house. But now—it seems common, plus I am tired of not being home; all of this out of placement makes me feel lacking rest.”

Frog answers, “let us go outside, if we spend the day out there, Mom and Dad will do the un-packing, and once we come back in, we can play as usual.”

“Good idea,” I answer.

We get dressed preparing ourselves for the snow outside.

We walk out the door, I say, “Frog, let us go into the back woods, I have not seen it back there yet. Plus, Dad bought one hundred acres back there and I do not know what will happen to my mind—if I am not the first to explore the entire one hundred acres.”

“What is one-hundred acres?” Frog asks.

“It is a lot of land; we could walk out-back of our house and we most likely will never find the end of our property” I answer.

We walk into the woods; the snow made a crunching sound as we walked.

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Frog picks up a stick and starts bouncing it off the trees.

We walk for one hour, before Frog says, “I am starting to get hungry.”

“You did not eat breakfast?” I spoke.

“I did not think about it, I was too anxious to come out here with you.”

“Well, if we go back now, we most likely are going to have to help unpack. Are you okay with that?” I ask.

“Yes, I am fine with that, I am getting hungry.”

“I agree, I am getting really board, these woods are not as fun as I first thought they would be,” I say.

We hurry back to the house.

“Yes, we have made it,” I say to Frog.

“That is good, I am so hungry, I could eat a whole box of cereal,” Frog replies.

I open the front door and watch Frog run toward the kitchen-cupboards.

I investigate the living room to see how far my parents got unpacking. My Mom notices me looking at her in the living room.

“So, you are here! I need your help moving some of these boxes up to the attic,” my mother says.

“Okay, which ones?” I answer—and question.

“Basically, all the loose ones—sitting on the living room floor,” she replies.

“Wow, that is a lot,” I say.

“Frog after you are done eating, I am going to need your help,” I yell into the kitchen.

As Frog was eating, I began to bring the boxes up to the attic.

The stairs were narrow, the stairs that led up to the attic.

Beforehand I had not gone up to the attic, so I did not know what to expect. Once I was up there, I was surprised, the attic seemed to be larger than the rest of the house—except the ceiling of the attic met at a point instead of being flat.

I walked through one room and then another; I was looking for the spot my mother placed the other boxes, I figured it was wisest—seeing that—way when she went to look for something, I could say it is with the rest of the boxes.

Dad's Big Buy

I walked through one room and then another room, no boxes! And then another and still no boxes! I began to get afraid that I would get lost up there, so I set the box down in the fourth room and hurried down the stairs.

I decided to wait for Frog to get done eating before I moved anymore boxes.

I walked into the kitchen and watched him slowly eat his Captain Munch. As I was watching him, Sally came walking down the stairs.

"I almost forgot we moved—" she said as she stumbled around the kitchen looking for something to eat, "is Steph coming over today, I miss her," Sally expresses.

"She was over a couple of days ago," I answer.

"Yes, but I want to play a game with her, or just hang out," Sally answers.

"No, she will not be over today, besides, we have a lot to do, I am going to need your help today—bringing up boxes to the attic," I reply.

"Frog will be helping too!" I add.

"Let me get something to eat first," Sally reasons.

"We have all day, no need to rush," I say.

I walk back into the living room and began to organize the boxes, questioning myself, *what is the easiest way to get all those boxes up to the attic.*

I decided to bring them all to the attic, all at once.

All throughout the hallway boxes...the hallway was now full of boxes. Frog and Sally walk into the hallway.

Sally says, "How are we supposed to get to the stairs?"

"What?" I ask.

Frog says, "the boxes are in the way.

"We will climb over them," I answer.

"Okay," Frog says.

Bang

Pop

Crackle

We arrive at the stairs.

"This should be simple, in a few hours we should be done, now that I have placed all the boxes here," I say.

"A few hours..." Frog groans.

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“Come-on, if we hurry—it might only take an hour,” I state.

We each grab a box and begin our way up to the attic.

“It sure is dark up here,” Frog says.

“This attic is huge,” Sally adds.

“Yup, I put the last box I brought up straight down there,” I say—hinting toward the further triangle roof rooms of the attic.

Without a warning we hear a bunch of noise coming from down the attic stairs.

Bang!

Crunch!

Four paws came running up the stairs.

I look behind me—to confirm my suspicion... I was right, it was Max.

“Max, I say, “I missed you so much,” while wrapping my loving arms around him.

Max full of joy—with his tongue hanging out greets all three of us. Immediately afterwards he points his nose toward the back of the attic and begins to bark.

“What? What are you barking at Max?” Sally says while wrapping her arms around him.

“This does not seem right,” Frog added, “Let us go back downstairs.

“Okay,” I say.

We set down our boxes and went downstairs—to the kitchen.

“Mom, who brought Max home?” I convey. “I thought he was going to stay with Auntie until next year?”

“Your Father thought it was a good idea to bring him to the new house,” my mother resolves.

Max—my beagle, he is my dog, we grew up together, he is two years younger than me. I do not know what I would do without him; he has been gone for two months, and I have missed him a lot. I did not say anything about how much I missed him, I figured my dad would not listen...plus after so many times of hearing, ‘Dad knows best,’ I figured he did.

“I am so glad Max is home, now I can sleep in comfort. I would have mentioned how much I missed him, but I figured, ‘Dad knows best,’ I convey seriously to my mother.

Dad's Big Buy

“Well, your father does know best, that is why he brought Max home.”

“He mentioned something about the house being too big, plus someone seems to be moving things in and out of some of the closets,” Mom answers.

I looked at Frog wondering if he heard that...I decided to keep quiet, hinting to Frog to walk into the living room.

Once we got to the living room, I whispered quietly to Frog, “Frog, I did not tell you this, but a while ago, in the past, Steph, Tom, and I came over here—to the mansion, before we bought it, without letting Mom or Dad know.”

“Okay,” Frog said sort of embarrassed.

“Well, stuff appeared to be moving on its own,” I say.

“I do not believe you,” Frog answers.

“Mom just said, ‘Dad is having the same sort of experience, you must believe me,’” I snap.

“Tell it to Steph; mom told me Steph will be over here in a couple of hours,” Frog answers.

“Jill did you get the boxes up to the attic yet,” My Mom yells from the kitchen.

“We are working on it right now,” I bark back.

“I do not want to go up to the attic,” Frog argues.

“Come-on, if we hurry, we will be done before Steph arrives.”

“Sally, we are taking up the boxes, are you going to help,” I yell into the kitchen.

She storms out into the hallway and picks up a box—only big enough for her small arms to carry.

As we walk toward the stairs of the attic, we notice most of the boxes were up there.

I looked around, looked at Frog and said, “Dad sure is quick! I guess we are done!”

I walked back down the stairs, walk into the living room, flip on the Television, and begin to wait for Steph.

Chapter 3



3

Making Home

A few weeks passed living in the new house, I never accomplished what I so—eagerly expected over the winter—which was setting up and decorating my bedroom. I had huge, ridiculously huge plans a few months ago and now I am not motivated to carry them out.

Today, I most likely will not do it, because Steph is coming over and I must help her, *help her not get sick!*

We have made plans for her to spend a couple of weeks at my house.

Her Mother and Father must work in the health department and Steph could be at risk of getting sick by the near curable virus. “A couple of weeks might do it,” that is what Steph’s Father asked of my dad.

So, she will be at my house for a while. She is going to be sleeping in the room next to mine...my father just recently put it together. He put in an extra old bed and a dresser—he had stored in the Garage.

Ring...

Ring...

The doorbell rang throughout the house.

“Jill, Steph is here,” my mom yells from the front door.

I rush out of my bedroom and rush down the stairs.

“Steph!” I say—noticing her purple hair—in the bright sunlight.

“We got a room prepared for you—” I say reaching out my hand to grab hold of hers and begin leading her up the stairs.

“You are going to love—being here...the room you will be sleeping in—is right next to mine!”

I suddenly notice she has no personal items with her, “Steph, um—”

“Where is your stuff?” I ask.

“My Dad said he will bring it over later; we were in such

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a rush coming over here.

“Okay, good,” I answer,”

“Anyways this is your room,” I say—opening the door to a spacious room, three stories above the ground.

“Wow!” Steph says, “this room is huge!”

“Yes, it is, the whole building is huge. I bet if we get lost in here—it could take days before we find our way home,” I say as we giggle.

“Why don't we go out into the back-yard, possibly even explore the forest outback,” I say.

“Okay,” Steph answers, “you lead the way.”

I took hold of Steph's hand and walked her outside, hot air meets us on the other side of the front door, the smell of fresh forest growth—filled the air.

“Okay, I have not really gone back here, I have not had the time since the move,” I say.

I decided to take Steph around the backyard and show her some of my dad's work—in the backyard.

“My Dad has big plans for this place,” I say, “he has not stopped talking about it since we moved.”

I led Steph to sit down on the grass—that had recently sprung up.

Last year's grass made a crunch sound as we sat down, the smell of spring was all around—as if the winters forest festivals were being cleaned.

I take a deep breath of fresh air, full of life...knowing I had something special, more than special, but the essence of life—the beginnings of life.

We stared at the small stream—just feet from where we were. It was a couple of inches wide, fresh run off from the recent snow.

I look behind me at the back of our recently purchased house.

I say, “Steph, look back—look how big our house is, it is as big as a movie star!”

“You are right, how did your dad get such a place for such a cheap price,” Steph replied.

“I do not know, but he mentioned something about it being part of our heritage. I did not get it,” I say, as I look behind

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me to see what made the creaking sound.

“Steph, look!” I say—pointing to a door, a door I have never seen before.

Steph looks behind her, “What?” she asks.

“That door,” I say—pointing to my right, “I did not notice it before,”

“Plus, it is open! We should go inside and look on the inside—maybe my dad just went in there,” I say.

We get up off the soft grass. We approach the door that is partially open.

“Dad, is that you, are you in here?” I say as we enter the dimly lit room.

“Wow!” Steph says—under her breath, “this room is beautiful.

“Look a piano,” I say, as I touch one of the keys.

The room looked in good shape. Small streams of light lit up the room. Decorative curtains hung up in the windows—some still shut. Paintings littered the walls, beautiful paintings. The room appeared as if someone was recently staying in it: a coffee cup was on the kitchen table—and coffee was still on the inside, paperwork was everywhere—and the way it looked important paperwork.

“Steph, it looks as if someone was just here,” I say quietly.

“Yes, you are right, maybe it is one of your dad’s relatives.”

“We should go back outside,” I quietly whisper to Steph.

We quietly exit the same way we entered, leaving the door open—in the same manner as we found it.

Once we were several feet away from the house, toward the stream—beforehand that we were sitting at, I say, “that was so weird, I cannot believe Dad did not mention that room!”

“The furniture must have been in there, because I do not remember your family having that type of stuff,” Steph says,”

“Maybe he does not know about it.”

“Let us go ask,” I say. We rush into the house, keeping our mind set.

“Dad,” I say out loud.

“Yes, girls? I am in here” my dad replies from his library.

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Upon entering the room Steph says, “Wow, you sure have a lot of books.”

“Wonderful job Dad, this room looks great,” I say—adding, “did you know about the room out-back of the mansion.”

“The one with the huge lock? Yup, but the real estate dealer said, ‘there was no key,’ so I have not gone inside, but maybe there is a treasure inside!” my dad says playfully.

“That is weird, because Steph and I were just in that room, it was not locked!”

“Come with us, we will show you,” I say.

Surprised, my dad follows us saying, “I do not think we are talking about the same room, I looked—and there was a big—old lock on it!

We rush outback—leading my dad by the hand the whole way.

We get to the door; I look my dad in the eyes and point to the door. I say, “Look!”

“It looks the same as it did Jill, it has got a big, old lock on it,” he says while grabbing hold of the lock and giving it a jingle.

Surprised by the look on his face, and hearing the lock, I look toward the door,

He was right, a big, old lock was on the door; it was shut so tightly—one could not even peek on the inside.

I look at Steph.

“We were just playing, Mr. Flippy,” Steph says—making an excuse.

She was remarkably familiar with being blamed for things she did not do.

Jill's Dad laughs—saying, “girls, and walks back into the inside.

“Thanks Steph! I am guessing he would not have believed us?” I express.

“Exactly, we are probably over tired or something...I mean look at the lock it is huge, and a spiders web is still on it!” Steph says.

“Maybe you are right Steph, why don't we go into the forest and play out there, maybe we will get inspired to do as I wanted to—*which is build small—little houses in the trees,*” I say.

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“Okay,” Steph answers.

We move some twigs and bushes out of our way as we enter the forest.

“Wow, this is beautiful,” Steph says—as she looks at the sunlight-sparkle on the forest floor.

“I bet Tom would love to come out here with us,” I say.

“Look over there...that is a great spot,” I say pointing to a patch of pine-trees, touched with love, and capable of holding little houses.

“Well, what do you want to do again?” Steph asks.

“See if Tom wants to come out here and build little houses in the trees,” I say.

“We could make them really nice, we could make a lot of them, it will be nice, like—*a fairy-tale woods!*” I say to Steph.

“Okay, where are we going to get the wood and nails?” Steph asks.

“I see some at my house, but I do not know if it is enough. I bet my dad would know...perhaps Tom has some as well,” I say to Steph.

“Okay, Steph says—agreeing to build, “we will build in this spot,” Steph says pointing to the patch of pine-trees, “let us go talk to your dad and then I will call up Tom and see if he can spend a couple of days over here at your house” Steph replies.

We rush out of the forest and back onto the inside of my home.

While Steph calls Tom, I decide to quickly ask my dad if there was any extra wood or nails that we could use for our tree-forts.

“Dad?” I say, “Steph, Tom, and I are going to build little houses in the trees. Do you have any wood or nails—that we can use?”

“Definitely—Jill, did you see that old shack by the tennis court?”

“Yes,” I reply.

“There is a ton of stuff in there; use whatever you want” Dad says.

“Thanks” I gratefully reply—and add, “can Tom spend a couple of days over here?”

“Ask your mother,” Dad says.

Making Home

On the way toward the kitchen to find my mother, Steph surprisingly rushes towards me,

“I just talked to Tom,” Steph says gasping for breath, “his parents are bringing him over in a couple of hours!”

I quietly walk Steph into the kitchen.

“Mom,” I yell, “Tom is spending a couple days over here,” I say—hoping she would not argue.

“Okay Jill!” Mom yells into the kitchen—and adds, “once he is over here, make sure you spend time with Frog and Sally; they have been away from the others at school—so it is important for them to spend time with you.”

“Okay,” I yell back.

“Let us go up to my room,” I quietly say to Steph.”

“So—two more hours—and we will start building! That is when Tom arrives. ...*Right?*” I say to Steph.

“Yup!” Steph answers.

Within a half-hour Tom knocks on the door.

Bang! Bang! the steal-ball hanging on the double doors—to the entrance of our home sounds!

Steph and I rush down the ancient staircase, the old wood creaks with each step.

I swing open one of the doors. “Tom!” I say—greeting him on the inside.

“Frog, Sally!” I yell into the living room, “Mom wants you two to hang out with me today.”

Thinking they might not listen, I add “Tom is here!”

Both younger children come running into the front hallway.

“Tom,” Sally says.

“Tom,” Frog says.

“What we are going to do today—” I begin explaining, “is build tree forts!”

Everyone gives me their full attention.

“Dad said ‘the wood in the shed, the shed by the tennis court is ours for the taking.’”

I notice Frog blink with attentiveness.

“First plan: we investigate what is in that old shed, once analyzed, we take what is needed to build the first tree-fort,” I say.

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“Are you ready for this Tom,” Steph asks.

“Yes, I sure am, my dad said, ‘I could spend the next few months here,’” Tom says.

“Well, let us go,” I say looking behind me to call my best bud over, my beagle, “*Max come-on, we are going into the woods.*”

Max hears!

Four paws running on the wood-stained floor of my parent’s new home—comes running after us. He lunges out the door full of playfulness.

I take my right hand and gently touch the top of Max's head, “*You are such a good Dog Max—my best friend, along with Jill and Tom,*” I say, looking at both—making sure I do not offend our relationship.

Max looks me in the eyes, communicating a sense of security, lacking abandonment and full of love.

Tom, Steph, Frog, Sally, Max, and I rush toward the shed.

Once there, we pop open the old roughly painted double doors of the Greyish painted shed.

“*Wow!* This place is huge,” Tom says, “if your father lets us have whatever is in this first room, just *in the first room...* we can build more than one tree-fort!”

“I did not expect this much wood!” I utter.

“The planks,” I say, “these...will make nice floors...plus they are small enough for us to carry!”

“We can use the sheets of plywood to level everything out,” Tom added.

Frog and Sally both grabbed one of the ends of a two by four and began to walk toward the forest.

“Are we going in the right direction,” Frog yells with his back toward the forest.

“Yes,” I say—as I grab a board to lead the way into the forest.

“Right here is the spot!” I say, placing my board on the ground—in the middle of a small clearing. The sunlight shattered through the forest canopy—dancing sparkles of light, as I looked around to find a spot to start building.

“*Right here is a good spot,*” I hear Steph say—pointing

Making Home

upward to my right, “*the branches are large and bunched together exactly right to place wood on the top of them.*”

“Okay, let us go get some more wood” I say.

“Tom, you are going to have to help me get a ladder.”

Tom and I rush to my father’s garage and we both grab an end of the ladder and begin to carry it into the forest.

“Here!” Steph says.

Tom and I set the ladder down.

I hold the bottom of the ladder as Tom begins walking the ladder into the trees. He places the top end of it on the thickest part of the branch.

“This should be safe!” Tom says.

I climb up the ladder to investigate. The smell of pine was thick as I went up.

“Wow!” I say, “there is a whole world up here in the trees,” *a whole new wonderful world.* Birds greeted me with chirps each step of the way up—in the trees.

I gaze around.

“I think we can just lay the boards over these branches,” I say—gazing around the green world of needles—made fit for a world of creatures.

Tom says—from below, “we will start handing you up the boards.”

“Okay, toss them up here,” I reply.

Tom grabs one of the two-by-four-inch-boards and hands it to me. I carefully place it on the branches, and then another, and another.

Once I had five good solid boards in the trees, I climbed on them and stood—straight up.

“*Tom! Climb up the ladder, I want to see if it will hold your weight.*”

Tom begins to climb up the ladder. Steph follows close behind.

Tom, Steph, and I stood on the wood floor—we just made in the branches—out of five boards; we gaze around the tops of the forest. We had before never been up that high in a forest, there was a lot of new smells and sights; we want to *remain up here!*

“I want to go up,” Frog says.

Sally agrees.

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I say, “we should get more wood up here first. I do not want you two getting hurt.

We begin to race the clock, hoping to get one good solid floor done before the sun set.

“Tom, hurry...hand me the rest of the wood,” I say—after enough boards, including a giant piece of plywood—were brought to the spot of our tree-forts.

Tom hurried to hand me the wood.

I lay one board down and then another.

It is done, the final piece of the floor was the giant piece of plywood. Tom did that part. In doing so he almost fell off the ladder, the board was so heavy.

“Sally, Frog, this should be strong enough now, hurry up, come up the ladder before it is too dark to see.

They both climb up the ladder together. First Frog, and then—Sally right behind him.

“Wow, this is amazing!” Frog says standing straight up in the trees.

Sally does likewise.

“Okay, it is getting dark, we should go inside now,” I yell from below.

We rush into our lustfully-large house anxious for morning to come—so we can build more in the trees!

I did not sleep much that night. My mind was too anxious for morning to come. Throughout the night I made a mental map of what I was going to do the next day: how and what I would build next—in the trees.

“Tom, wake up!” I say walking into the living room.

My Dad thought it was good for him to sleep on the couch.

Tom quickly got up and began preparing himself for a day in the woods.

I run around the house—getting Frog and Sally ready.

Steph had the same experience as me, she woke up early, anxious to start building, she stayed by my side.

Soon as everyone was ready, we rushed out into the woods and began—right where we left off the night before.

Making Home

Sally, Steph, and Frog carried boards and I put them into the trees.

We played, danced, and made life-long packs in the woods.

We spent four days building the forts...and when they were done, they were beautiful, like a fairy-tale-land in the treetops.

We built three of them, connecting all three with wide boards, connecting tree to tree or rather house to house.

From the forest below the forts were hidden—by tree branches, so they were not seen. We told one another nobody would see them either, we did not want to tell anyone about them.

On the fifth day of building the forts we decided to paint them.

We found some old paint in the shed: *eggshell white*. We encouraged one another to paint them.

We figured it could be easy—after Tom said, “if painting them is too hard, I will just—take the cans of paint and gently pour or splash the cans of paint on them.

So, we did our best to paint the small forts—that appeared to be a few boards scattered in the trees.

Finally, we were done.

“They are amazing!” Tom says.

Steph agreed.

“We will be master craftsman in our future!” Frog added.

Okay, great—everyone, let us go down and get something to eat, I am hungry.

Everyone agreed.

As we make our way out of the tree line and into the backyard, I look to my right and notice the door that Steph and I had noticed open days prior—was now open.

I look at Steph and with my head I notion to look at the door.

She sees and gasps.

“Frog, Tom, do you see that?” I ask.

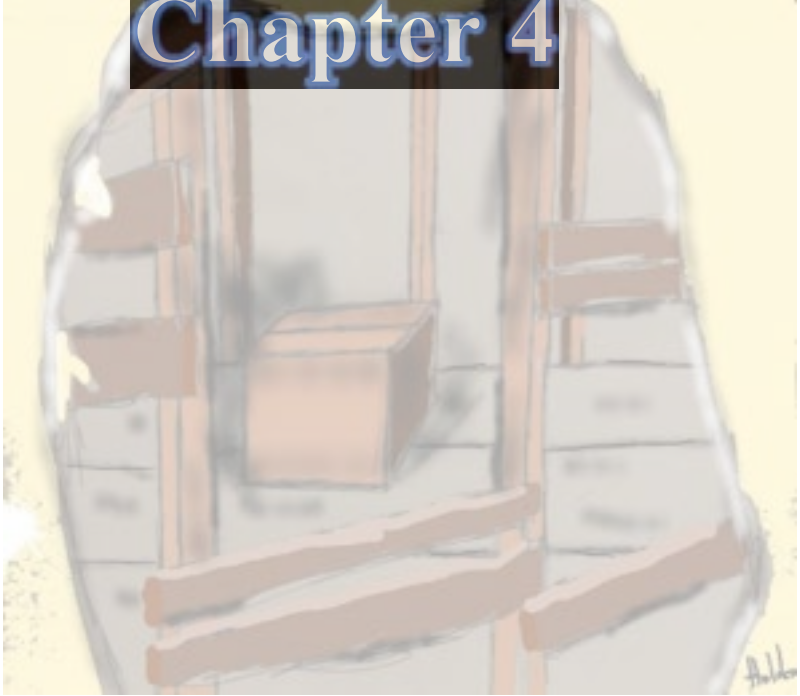
“What?” they ask.

“The door to our right!”

Tom says, “the door is open!”

Frog adds, “I thought Dad could not open that door!”

Chapter 4



Extra Space

Seeing that my Dad was a banker—he had pretty good credit with the bank. The summer we moved he took out a huge loan—to do some house *fixing-up*, finishing work on the old mansion, not a lot, just enough to give it a fresh look.

Some of the rooms he planned on stripping out the old sheet-rock and re-placing it with new; he wanted to replace part of the roof, plus he planned on painting most of the inside and outside.

School had not started yet, so obviously—he wanted us children to help.

First thing he planned on fixing was the closets; he started in my room first, in the closet in my room.

“Jill, this is how you take off the old plaster,” my dad yells through his facemask, right before he begins to swing his hammer and smash the plaster to pieces.

“You do not want to swing the hammer hard, just enough that the plaster begins to crumble. We want to keep the little boards under the plaster!” My Dad says—pointing toward the wall, that now was slightly caved in.

Smash!

Pop!

“You see that Frog? all that wood?” my dad asks.

“Yes,” Frog answered.

“We want to keep all that!” my dad says—yelling through his face mask, pointing at the wall.

I notice Frog looking around my bedroom, I notice him see a hammer my dad had placed in the room. He picks it up.

He squeezes in behind Dad and begins to lightly tap the wall.

“Dad!” Frog says, “this side of the closet does not have the little boards.” He was on the side of the closet that faced the room Steph had slept in days prior.

Extra Space

“What? Let me look,” my dad says—taking off his face mask.

“I cannot see, it is too dark in there.”

“Frog, go to the toolbox and grab me that little flashlight,” my dad says—full of excitement—looking at Frog.

Frog moves quickly to the last place he saw the toolbox.

“Here you go Dad,” Frog says as he quickly finds the flashlight, and hands it to Dad.

“Wow!” Dad says, there is a whole lot of space in here.

“And look at that, there is some old boxes in there” he says—completely taking off his facemask and his face from the wall.

Dad picks up his hammer and gently and quickly begins to peel off the old sheetrock.

Once he made a hole big enough, he reached in and pulled out an old-looking cardboard-box; Paper Mill Corp. was written on the side of it.

Frog, Sally, and I followed him out into the hallway, eager to see what was inside.

“Let me see,” I say—peaking over my dad’s shoulder as he set the box down.

Dad sets the box down on the old wood-stained-floor hallway. He blows off some of the dust that had gathered on the top of the box.

He pulls back the cardboard flaps and begins to pull out papers; some normal-looking paper and some that appeared to be newspapers.

I picked up one of the papers that was placed by the box. I looked at the first page, my eyes glanced at the Title: N.Y. Paper; I scroll down to the date, may of nineteen-thirty-one—it read on the yellow stained paper.

The *Empire State building* has been complete, read the article just under the date.

“Dad, this paper is old, look,” I say holding up the paper to his face, “the Empire State Building now complete!”

“I see it Jill,” my dad says, “it was complete in nineteen fifty though.”

Dad continues speaking, “I wonder why they hid that in the wall. It would have made more sense to extend your closet—

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to make it more spacious.”

He shuffled through the box.

“It does not look like much here, just some old papers, I will have your mother go through these later, maybe there is some money in it for us.”

“Frog, these three boxes I found inside the wall?”

“Yes,” Frog answers.

“Can you bring them down to the kitchen and set them by the kitchen table.”

By the end of the day the closet was expanded five more feet—seeing that Dad could find no reason for wasting the hidden space.

The next day after the dry wall settled and dried, I painted the closet pink; Dad told me I could pick whatever color I wanted, so I picked pink.

In the next few months, he will finish the rest of the room, today it will just be the closet.

This old house is nice—I can smell the money coming forth from its insides; *I cannot see who would leave such a beautiful place abandoned and abandoned for so long.* The place sat empty the whole time I was growing up. The outside must not have been painted for fifty years. The shutters on the house look as if a tornado had come through at some point.

I step out of the closet and gaze at my work at painting, “it looks good!” I say to myself—turning around, noticing the detailed molding—hugging the ceiling and the wall.

This house sure is beautiful, mystic-like, and rich!

The next morning, I woke-up—from my sleep, and stuck my feet in my warm, fluffy animal-doll-slippers.

What could be making all that noise?

I slowly walk to the end of the hall, looking at the simple, Degas oil ballet dancer paintings—that my mom recently hung on the hallway walls as I went.

I reach one of the several bathrooms—in the house. I gaze onto the inside.

It is a mess!

“Dad it looks like a tornado came through here!” I say loudly.

Extra Space

“Good thing you are up Jill, I am going to need your help today!” Dad says.

“Okay, let me first get dressed and something to eat,” I say.

I walk back to my bedroom.

I cannot believe it, he ripped out the toilet, tore down the walls, and had the entire window completely out of the bathroom!

I quickly get dressed and walk back to the bathroom.

“Okay Dad, I am ready, what do you need me to do?”

“Okay Jill, what I need you to do is clean up the broken wood and smashed drywall.”

“Simply place the smashed material and garbage in a bag. ...And do not fill the bag so full that you cannot carry it,” Dad described.

“Got it” I voice back toward him as he had his head under some plumbing.

I sat down on the floor, feeling sluggish. I consider my short skirt/dress—that I would dirty it, but I figured it was a once and a great while thing, I ought to just be dirty today.

As I began to pull out the broken boards and smashed drywall—with my hands, I began finding things: shoes, papers, jewelry, etc.

“Dad there are things in these walls!” I express toward him, hoping to surprise and shock him.

“You can expect that Jill, when some of these older houses were built, the bank was not the source, or shall I say place—to store riches...the home was! Instead of the people putting money into the bank, *as they do now*, they would put it into the walls of their houses.”

“But, Jill,” Dad resumes, “to get to the money—if we or the common people wanted it, we or they would have to completely take their entire house apart, which ended the trend back in the year eighteen fifty. I followed, and so we are not going to be doing that!” my dad advises.

I pull out of the wall a photo, I take a good look at it, I consider throwing it out, but I remember it is money, and I toss it back into the wall—down the rafters that appeared to have no bottom.

The smell of sweet wood: rich maple and pine wood—all

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about the room—as I gathered the pieces of drywall in my hands.

I gaze up at the carefully designed dark-stained wooden molding hugging the ceiling and the wall, “*nobody would have moved out of this house unless they were insane,*” I say quietly.

The mansion was beautiful, marvelous, and gorgeous; it was Victorian styled built in the early nineteenth century, survived two wars, and now sat deserted.

What happened to its former residents?

This does not make any sense.

As my hands dig through broken pieces of drywall, I notice a black-paper-type object in the wall.



Extra Space

I carefully pull it out, hoping to not lose it in the void of empty space between the floor and rafters.

Yes, I got it!

I bring it to my face, a name is written on it, I cannot make it out though.

I flip the picture. It is an old black and white photo of a lady in purple, carrying what appeared to be a covered baby. A man dressed in a fine suit was partially standing behind her right side.

"I will keep this!" I say to myself and place the photo in the pocket of the inside of my dress.

"Lunch is down here—in the kitchen when you are ready."

I look at my dad, "Mom has got us lunch ready."

"Let's go eat!" Dad says—picking me straight up off the floor; dry wall fibers fall off my dress, making a crumbling sound.

We quickly rush into the kitchen; I glance at my usual chair and happen to notice the papers we found in the closet—still under Frog's kitchen chair.

We forgot about the box!

I sit down ready to eat, the smell was so intense I could have thought I was eating. In a hurry, without consideration, I picked up my grilled cheese sandwich and chow it down in one big bite.

"Jill!!! That is not very lady-like!"

"Sorry Mom, I was so hungry," I say and quickly change the topic, "Dad the box of papers we found in the closet is under Frog's chair, we forgot all about it!"

"Oh yeah, bring it to me, I wanted to see if maybe I could find some money in there."

I slide out of my chair, crouch down and pick up the box. I bring it to my dad.

He slides his plate across the table and places the box—full of papers on the table.

He begins to look through them—hoping to find some money.

I, hoping to escape work in the bathroom take the opportunity to find Frog.

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I look around the house wondering how I will find him this time—in such a huge house.

After checking a few rooms, I got tired and sat down on the blue living room sofa.

I rest my mind.

Suddenly I recalled the photo I had in the pocket of my dress.

I pull it out—quickly, gazed at the lady in the photo—wondering who it could be.

I felt as if I knew the lady...she had a familiar face, *perhaps I met her in another dimension.*

My eyes began to gaze and stare long at the lady in the photo; the lady was so beautiful; it is as if something was in the photo—keeping me from turning away. Maybe it was her eyes, maybe it was her hair, something held my eyes to that photo.

The trees behind her began to sway in the wind as soft music sounded in the air; *this was coming through the photo*, as if I were there myself, the man behind her welcoming me home. I could almost hear this beautiful lady, as a mother—calling me, welcoming me to her world, to our home!

The baby in her arms began to glow bright white, or at least the clothes did, I could not get a clear picture of what the baby looked like.

Who could it be?

I listened to this gentle imaginary music for what seemed like ten minutes, and then I hear Frog say, “Jill you have been in the same spot for a whole hour!”

“It has not been an hour Frog” I bark back.

My Dad walks into the living room, “Okay Jill, let us go back up to the bathroom.”

Frustrated I snap, “I thought you were going through the box.”

“I did!”

Later that day Steph showed up at my house.

“Dad—I am done, Steph is here.” I run down the stairs, beforehand changing out of my drywall-stained dress; I put on some jeans.

Extra Space

Later in my room,

“Steph come into the closet; we totally re-did it. Plus, we found empty space, and added it to the closet—so now it is a lot bigger in here.

Steph walks through the closet door; a lamp hangs from the ceiling; she explains, “I did not get a really good look at the old closet, so I do not have anything to compare it to,” Steph says—looking at me in the back of the closet.

Clean, dry clothes hung in her way of clearly seeing



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toward the back of the closet.

Steph sits down.

I softly walk closer and sit down in front of her.

I begin to gaze at her.

“What?” Steph says.

“Huh,” I respond.

“You were looking at me like you were in love, like you were going to kiss me,” Steph says.

Steph's hair began to appear to move although there was no wind. I gazed into her eyes—pulling stuff, either out of her, or it came out of my thoughts of her, *whatever it was I must keep it!*

I began to dream of our friendship: pictures, writing, making life work.

I must be mature, I must grow.

Five minutes passed I gazed at Steph, I realized I must be causing her questions.

I will answer her.

“I'm not in love, I just want to make growth work,” I said—comforting her feelings of discomfort.

“Growth meaning?”

“Like fun. Why did you come over? *For fun!*”

“Yes,” Steph answered.

“Well, pictures are fun, writing is fun, depending on our life together sounds fun, it seems right,” I say—hoping she was imagining what I was, which was a sure world.

Steph looks at me and says—without mature consideration, “we will always be together!”

We spent hours in the closet, ridding of the pandemic, comforting one another and the world we were creating together.

At no point did I consider a threat, long ago—I had taken strength to keep away the pandemic.

We must have drifted off, because the next thing I bear in mind is waking up in the closet, Steph's head resting on my stomach.

The closet door was still open. The morning light, and its fresh appearance was just feet away from me.

Bazar aromas fill my nostrils, as if the house were full of a variety of ancient particles. Some smelled as if they were luxuries, but not what appears to be luxury—currently, but luxury

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from a distant, very distant past.

Through the particles in the air, I was changing. I could sense myself changing, it was as if I could not do the more, the more I was doing before...as if I had to know, tell myself to stop having fun.

“Steph wake up—morning is here.”

Steph picks up her head.

“Okay, I am up!” Steph responds, stumbling out of the closet, “what are we going to do today?”

“I want to study a picture I found; I want to spend some time in my father’s library. But first we must get something to eat.”

“What would you like to eat?” I ask.

“Something quick, something we can take into the library with us, I seriously have not woken up yet.” Steph responds.

Steph grabs a couple of swirl muffins off the counter—placed there by my mother and we walk into the library.

“Dad can we look through some of your old books in the library?” I speak as he was walking into the living room.

“Yes, sure,” he says with a happy tone in his voice.

His library was huge, over three hundred books; they were wonderful books, lightning up the room, giving a sense of an adventure, exploration, and long life. I love my dad’s way of life, I wanted to be just like him. I marvel and covet my dad’s books, wishing I could have them now—all for myself; I could collect more of them filling every cavity within me, than I shall be happy.

My hand reaches for the first—thickest book I laid my eyes on. I pull it off the shelf. Quickly I open it—longing to see what was on the inside.

My eyes will not rest, I cannot get a clear vision of the book.

I lead Steph over to the cotton and leather furniture.

I fix my mind on the book.

I see a few pictures, some old newspapers—that were part of the book.

Some of the pictures look like my house. *I wonder if it is!*

My eyes stroll down to the details of the photo.

“I do not see Holden Street,” I say.

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“That must be, look at the giant rock to the right; I know that rock, my eyes always drift over there when coming to your house, and I always have the same thought, *would it not be fun to live in such a rock, sort of like a doll house, a doll house—nobody knows exists?*”

I take the photo out of my pocket and ponder the picture.

“Who could this lady be, I truly love her,” I say to Steph.

“Right there!” Steph says.

“What?”

“That newspaper article says, *'multi-million-dollar family's' mansion gets a new street name—for their family inheritance—that resides in Woks Town, Massachusetts*. They named their street Holden after Clark B. Holden, the major investor and supporter of Paper Corp. Massachusetts, stating ‘Clark was the brains and money behind their success.’”

“And look at the picture, that must be your house...right there in the newspaper—that is published in the book.”

“A date is written on the newspaper. Seventeen twenty,” Steph says, full of excitement—hoping to receive part of the treasure, if there was any treasure of any kind.

I flip one page and then another, “this looks like the lady in this photo,” I say—shoving the photo in Steph's face.

Steph reads—from the book, “Mrs. Rug, a daughter of Rugs Paper Co, vanishes on the property. The year eighteen-twenty.”

“I wonder if Mrs. Rug is the lady in the photo; if it is, I wonder what happened to the child?”

“According to the article, the woman, when she vanished, she was the richest person in Massachusetts,” Steph says.

“Steph, what do you think of past lives?”

“What do you mean?”

“Like, what if years ago we forgot, like amnesia, who we were, and now we can reclaim our past lives,” I say opening a fragile idea.

“When we were upstairs in the closet,” Steph begins saying, “I could almost feel the lives lived here, as if I had been living here. But I think I know why: say you froze an object... Once you unfreeze it, it appears to be fresh.! When you say amnesia, do you mean it is the same thing with the closet, the

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closet your dad found the cavity in?” Steph asks.

“Yes, that is the idea, but we hid the closet,” I answer.

“That must have been the reason for the,” Steph paused and got quiet, sort of embarrassed.

“You noticed it then!” I say—relieved I had someone to share in my experience.

“The strong smells, my dad calls them highs; yup sure did” Steph says.

“I first noticed it in this photo,” I say picking it up, presenting it before Steph's eyes.

I feel the photo move out of my hands.

“She is a beautiful woman; I wonder who the baby is in her hands?”

“Maybe it is you!” I assert.

“Yes, it could be, but a little too close for comfort; even if we had lived here in a past life—how could we have forgotten?”

“Plus, now I would be afraid to wake up to a nightmare,” Steph responds.

“That is what I thought of too, but the more I get the high, the more I daydream about....” I say and begin to drift off in my thoughts.

Steph looks at me; she utters “*what? about what?*”

“I do not know, sometimes meeting the expectations around me feels a little burdensome,” I admit—sort of humiliated.

“Well,” Steph says, “whatever is burdensome will not be able to burden us all that much longer—if we did live here—in the past!”

“Because the past is stronger—” I say looking at Steph shake her head up and down, agreeing.

“Did you look into Frog or Sally?” Steph asks, “sometimes younger children can pick up on these type-things better.”

“No, but we should,” I reply.

Suddenly Frog and Sally surprise the both of us—as they come rushing into my dad's library.

“What are you two doing?” Sally asks.

Steph still had the mysterious photo in her hands, she

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quickly brings it up to Sally's face and then to Frog's.

“We are trying to discover more about this picture,” Steph says.

“Where did you get it?” Sally asks.

“I found it in the wall of the upstairs bathroom,” I say.

“*Bathroom?* What would that be doing in the bathroom?” Frog asks.

“I do not know, but the other day when Dad was busting the bathroom walls to pieces, he gave me the job of picking up the crumbs.”

“I did not only find this picture, but shoes, papers and some chains—perhaps jewelry” I say.

Sally snatches the picture out of Steph’s hand, turns away from us and examines the photo.

“She is beautiful,” Sally says.

“I wish I could live there!”

“That is what I thought,” I say looking at Steph.

Frog noticed the closeness between Steph and I, and turned toward Sally, and says, “let me see.”

“Where did you get that?” Frog asks—in a startled voice.

“In the bathroom wall, why?”

“I see a lady that looks like that walking outside of my bedroom window at night...sometimes she crawls up the wall and asks me to open the window,” Frog says.

All the room sounded quiet, and in dis-belief:

You are lying!

That is not possible!

How could she crawl up the wall?

“Do not believe me—than it just looks like that lady,” Frog says while pointing at the photo.

“What about you Sally, any thoughts on the picture?” Steph asks.

“Not the picture, but something lives in my closet, it sounds funny; after I hear it, things will start coming out of the closet, even clothes will come out; they will be tossed onto my bed,” Sally answers.

I begin to put their words into my consideration part of the brain, I consider their words...

“Maybe that thing Sally you hear is the thing I saw last

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fall—when Steph, Tom, and I snooped over here—to the mansion.”

“What did you see?”

“Stuff thrown out of the closet, well actually I did not see it thrown, but one minute it was not there, and the next it was all over the room



Chapter 5

Empty Space Making Space.

Everyday since the move, the day we moved into the old mansion on Holden street—my Dad spends hours a day in front of the television.

Some of our conversations:

“Dad will you take us to the park?”

“I must keep up with the pandemic,” he will say—while his eyes are glued to the television.

“Che will you take this out to the shed?”

“Yes, but first let me catch up on the news.”

It is as if he steps away from the television, the entire world will die—and leave him wondering what happened to the rest of the world.

“This could be it! This could be the end of mankind!” my dad says.

I quickly, from time to time will watch with him, and I will take a little from the news and notice—not all that much has changed; but still—despite that fact the “people on the news,” insists on everyone staying home.

Just the other day they threw up the red-flag; the red-flag means the severe possibility that this virus could wipe out all of mankind, including many of the animals.

I do not know if I really—in my heart of hearts believe that, but my dad seems too, either that or he must be looking out for my/our future.

My Dad daily—must remove all doubt.

I do not know what I would say if one asked me, “is this the end of mankind,” I have not been taught—how to respond, so I just laugh as he anxiously watches.

Steph must know something about what I am thinking, because most of the time, if not always—she acts as if she understands what I do, whether around the house or at school. If I laugh at Dad, she will either punch me or give me a look like, do not Jill, *which gives the environment a lack of seriousness*

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involving my actions.

Again, nobody taught me anything about this, I must be right, despite Steph treating me—*sometimes* as the bad person.

“Dad can Steph come over today?”

“Ask your mother?”

“Mom, Steph is coming over today.

“Okay Jill, but once she gets here wash her up and give her a change of clothes, I do not want you getting sick. If something is maybe on her clothes or skin, it can spread to the rest of the house.”

“Huh?” *she sure is suffering this sickness significantly!*

Doorbell rings...

I rush to the door expecting to see Jill in front of her Fathers car.

I quickly open the door, preparing my mouth to utter Steph....

“Tom?”

“What are you doing here?”

He tosses a bag down and says, “I must stay here, tell your parents I have nowhere else to stay,” Tom says.

“Wait a minute, what happened?” I express.

“My parents are in the hospital with an eighty percent chance of surviving the sickness,” Tom explains.

“The sickness, the pandemic sickness?”

“Yes,” Tom says.

Willing and anxious to help a friend in need—I say, “okay, Tom, go into the bathroom, jump in the shower, do not touch nothing but the shower handle, and wash that afterwards, please, thank you,” I say.

Tom begins to walk up the stairs.

“And Tom,” I say, “Do not use the same clothes you came here with, I will ask Dad if you can use some of his,” I say.

I rush into the kitchen—beyond the rooms to where the front door is, “Mom, Dad, umm.” I pause, “Tom's parents are dying of the sickness.”

“What?” Dad asks.

“You mean....”

“Yes,” I say.

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“I sent him up to take a shower, and Dad I told him you would give him some clean clothes.

“Okay!” Dad answers.

“So,” I pause for a moment, “can Tom have some of your clothes?”

“Of course, Jill, let us go get him some.”

As we make our way up the stairs, Dad says, “he did not touch anything right?”

“I do not think so; I mentioned that to him.”

We walk into my dad’s huge Victorian-style bedroom; four windows—covered with dark brown curtains were creatively placed on the outer wall.

Dad swings open the double-folding-doors to his closet.

He begins picking out pieces of clothes and placing them in my arms.

“Dad? he does not need all of these, just one set; we will wash his—so that he can change back into them.”

Dad gives sort of an embarrassed smile.

Dad picks out what he wants to give, we walk down the hallway toward the bathroom—Tom was showering in. “Tom fresh clothes are out here in front of the door,” I yell—through the bathroom door.

“Okay!” I hear through the door—as we hear the water pouring into the tub.

“Jill is Steph still coming today?” Dad asks.

“Yes, and she plans on a couple of days here; I told you about it,” I say, hoping he was not going to reconsider.

“Anyways, Dad, the pandemic and stuff...”

“That is fine Jill, actually, I am thinking they should be over more than often, because if society begins to collapse—we do not want to be alone,” Dad says.

Relieved and feeling liberated we walk down the luxurious staircase—carpeted just enough to catch our feet from stepping onto the wood.

The doorbell rings.

“That is Jill!”

I open the door.

Honk, Honk! Steph’s Dad sounds from within his car and waves his hand at me.

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I wave back.

“Steph! Good, you made it! Tom is upstairs in the shower, let us wait and hang out for a moment outside; Dad wants you to take a shower to get rid of any virus-type-stuff.”

I crack open the door—and peak inside, “Tom hurries up, Steph is here and needs the shower.”

“I am done,” Tom says—walking down the stairs.

We rush inside, glancing at Dad's oversized clothes on Tom's body, “those look good on you Tom,” I say—warming the environment.

I whisper to Steph, “Steph, try not to touch anything until you are super clean; I will get you clothes from my room.”

“Okay,” Steph says with a tiny bit of laughter in her voice.

I watch Steph close the oak wood bathroom door; small square designs are now facing me. *This sure is a rich house.*

I rush into my room.

I wonder... *what clothes would look best on Steph.*

Purple!

I dig through some of the boxes—I purposely left—after the move, thinking I was saving space. I moved so quickly—the boxes will never again look the same.

I found a couple purple sets of clothes; Steph will look good in these, she will be so happy saying, *you are such a marvelous person, such a good friend!*

My type of delight!

“Steph,” I say behind the door leading to the bathroom, “I am coming in.”

I crack open the door, hot water steam pours out unto the colder hallway.

I toss in the clothes—saying, “here are some of my best clothes.”

“Thanks—” I hear through the water splattering in the tub.

I close the door and make my way to find Tom. I needed to find out how bad his case was, were his parents dying?

I walk into the kitchen, Tom is sitting at the bar eating cereal, cereal my mother must have given him.

“Now you are all cleaned up, I can give you a hug.” I say

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to Tom. I wrap my arms around him, “It is a good thing you did not get sick, because you would not be feeling this hug right now, nor would I be able to be close to you.”

“You are right Jill,” Tom says—looking over his shoulder, giving me a look of acceptance, a brave look of acceptance.

“What happened at home?” I ask—wondering what was happening on the outside world.

“I do not really know Jill,” Tom says—looking at my mother and then at my father, he pauses for a moment, and then says, “I do not really want to say this in front of your parents, because I do not want to make my parents look bad, but reality is not reality!”

“Go ahead Tom it is a strange time for everyone,” my dad insists.

“Well,” Tom rolls his eyes back, recalling the past few days, “my mom had been mentioning others disappearing for a while.”

“My Dad insists that it was the people simply hiding out in their houses.”

“My Mom never saw it that way, maybe it was the fever, but toward the end of her independence she started saying, “Frank, the people, they are all gone. I cannot find any of our friends,” she would say, crying and panicking.

“I could not spend much time with her, but she sure was—in other words, freaking out!”

Tom looked at my dad in hopes of comfort.

I almost thought Tom was going to cry as he looked my father in the eyes.

Tom, then looked at me, put his head into his arms—resting on the table. I could see curiosity in my dad’s eyes, as if he had a thousand questions, I knew he would not ask, mostly because the situation was sensitive. “It will be alright Tom,” Dad says—burying all his desired questions deep within himself.

I hear Steph walking down the stairs; within moments she walks into the kitchen.

I look at Steph; I say, “Tom's Mom said all the people on the entire planet have disappeared.”

“I did not say that Jill,” Tom says.

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“What happened?” Steph asks.

“My Mom cannot find the reality she knows was there. She says that she has not seen anyone in months, and she has searched.”

“She is close to being dead now” Tom explains.

“What about Frank?” Steph asks.

“Well,” Tom pauses, “he was put into the hospital when he broke into the neighbors!”

“The police tied him up—as he shouted, 'they have all disappeared!’”

“Huh, weird,” I say and look at my dad, “you know Dad, I have not seen another person in almost a whole year.”

“Jill,” my mother says—keeping me under her authority, under her knowledge.

My Dad adds, “Jill, I am almost sure the people are still out there, every morning I turn on the news, and every day the people who are broadcasting the news are on there.

Steph says, “it could have been re-recorded.”

“That is what my parents were saying,” Tom says relieving himself.

“Okay kids, that is enough,” my mother says—attempting to change the subject.

We all sat quiet for a moment.

Steph blurts, “I have not seen anyone either.

My father quickly interrupts, “kids enough! why don't you go play.”

We begin to leave the kitchen table. My dad says, “and Tom you can use the spare bedroom next to ours, we just recently redid it.” My dad now making sure he himself could ignore us and go back to work.

“Okay, Mr. Flippy, will do!” Tom says.

We walk into the pool/gaming room; we sit down on a couch my father had placed in hopes to entertain family and friends.

Tom sets his backpack on the floor, us not noticing it could be tainted with the virus.

I at this point did not believe in it, the virus, I simply would say I knew of a virus, that is if my parents told me too.

Tom unzips his backpack and pulls out a newspaper.

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“Look here,” Tom says, “last week’s newspaper says two million were placed in the cemeteries—in the past five months; that is in the state of Massachusetts alone.”

“*All dead!*”

“What?” I grab the paper out of Tom's hand.

“Twenty of the state’s cemeteries are now full to capacity,” I read out of the Wok Times.

“The weird part about that Jill, is everyone, still—has their televisions, lights, and radios on in their houses; it is like a cover up, but not a cover up. Only the educated people will know the truth!” Tom says—fearfully.

“I was not so sure my parents' were sick,” Tom says with a little doubt in his voice, “but they were acting very strangely.” Tom turns his head and mumbles, “they broke into a couple of houses.”

“Your parents did?” Steph asks.

“Yes, they needed to check on why the supposed dead people—were still using their household stuff.”

“It could have just been because—the sickness moved so quickly, that the dead people appear to still be alive.” I add.

“Yes, it could be, but according to my mother, their, the dead, thier cars were pulling in and out of these people’s garages,” Tom says.

Steph slides down into the couch, relaxing every muscle, “the whole sickness and pandemic is like that Tom.”

“Cars! Driving on their own,” Tom argues.

“Sickness and graves are supposed to not make us question,” Steph says.

“That is sort of covered up too Tom. Maybe you are accidently hitting who you are, maybe you are thinking too far out,” I say.

“You are right, I am here! Plus, I could have stood up for my parents, I know that Jill,” Tom says defending himself.

Night approached and we began to fall asleep on the couch, the same couch we had been sitting at most of the day.

“Kids,” my dad says, “it is almost bedtime. Go clean up.”

“Dad can Tom and Jill, along with me spend this night in my closet, the one we redid,” I ask.

“Why do you want to spend the night in the closet,” my

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mother asks—as she walks into the living room.

I look at the blue lit background of the fish tank as my mother walks by.

“So, we can comfort Tom,” I say.

Steph adds, “his parents are sick.”

“Okay, that will be fine,” my dad answers.

“*Yes!*”

I open the closet door in the hallway and pull out the clean blue and black sleeping bags—my mother stored, ready to be pulled out at any moment and used on the spot.

I hand one to Steph and then one to Tom.

We walk them back to my room.

We carefully place the sleeping bags on the closet floor, I walk toward my bed—to grab my comforter; on the way I notice the electrical outlet in the front of the closet.

I will grab my night-light.

I quickly grab both and bring them back to the closet.

I first plug in the blue night-light.

I lay down my comforter, my blanket.

Clothes hung above me.

Steph says, “it feels weird not have been in school for the past year.”

“Yes, it sure does, I almost feel like I am dead; it is like if I do not do something, anything—I will feel dead,” Tom adds.

To add into the conversation, I say, “my dad keeps acting funny, I do not notice school all that much, I just simply pretend I am on summer break; but I cannot help consider something horrible—seeing my Dad watch the news the way he does.”

In comforting ourselves into the night we fall asleep.

I woke up in the morning expecting to find Steph and Tom close by, in the same manner as we fell asleep.

Nothing!

Only the closet!

I was so alarmed I did not notice the clothes hanging above us were gone.

I pull back the comforter that hours before I placed in the closet.

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I put my feet on the cold wooden floor—as I stand up.

I slowly walk to the entrance of the closet, being led by a strange light, an almost ancient light.

As I get to the door entrance—I see dirt on the floor, along with some dried-up Maple leaves.

“Steph?”

“Tom?” I yell.

I get to the door expecting to see my bed—across from the entrance of the door.

I gasp.

I could not believe my eyes.

A forest!

A strange forest lit by some strange light.

What an odd forest!

I begin to walk out, I pause.

What could be out there?

The forest almost seemed as if it were on the inside of some sort of dome, but it could not be, I could see blue sky above the tree line.

The air was soft and warm. *I think I was somewhere rather than not.*

I will walk out.

Dead leaves crumbled under my feet.

I do not hear anyone.

I walk about ten feet to the right—of the closet door, only to notice none of the rest of the house is there, just half of my bedroom, and most of my closet.

As I got to the edge of the room the forest abruptly stopped, I could see a field; a field that sloped downward.

I sure would love to run down that hill. The environment made me feel as if I could play here for an exceptionally long time.

“Tom, Steph, are you here?” I yell into the surrounding environment. I was hoping I would hear them, I wanted someone else to share this experience with.

No answer, nothing, but the sound of a windless environment, no air, only the atmosphere of the indoors of a huge building.

I walk to what once was the front of our house, small

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bushes sit in the front wall of my bedroom—where there was the hallway.

I look to my left.

Apple trees, or at least I think they are apple trees.

I walk towards them.

Big red juicy apples hung from the tree.

Vines of tomato plants grow beneath them.

I pick an apple.

I put the apple to my mouth and attempt to take a bite, in the attempt I am startled by a sound.

I listen.

It sounds like something in the bushes.

It sounds like it is struggling, stressing to move or breath..

I walk over to this sound that speaks a fearful, and twisted, yet wild atmosphere.

What could it be?

I crouch down and begin to move the tomato vines.

I look straight ahead in the vines, a small nest, a compacted area.

I see a small critter.

I feel as if it is poisoning me—with the sound it is making; I cannot look away; I cannot stop listening.

Once the sound reaches the core of my being, it asks if it can *keep me*.

“No, no” I say out loud and stumble backwards. I scramble to my feet and run toward the closet.

I look to my left—noticing the giant hole—straight through the left side of my bedroom.

I run into the closet.

I shut the door behind me.

I quickly make my way toward the back of the closet; I take my comforter with me.

I cover myself, hoping nothing finds me.

“No! No!” I utter.

Fearing I will never find home again I shut my eyes.

I suddenly hear a voice; I hear Tom's voice.

I wonder if that is Tom or someone pretending to be Tom.

I will risk it; I pull back my comforter—covering my

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face.

“Jill?”

“Jill? What is wrong?” Tom says—hovering over my face.

“Tom!” I yell—relieved.

“What is wrong Jill?” I hear Steph say toward the front of the closet.

They appear to not have known...

Moments ago, the entire bedroom was missing, leaves covered the floor to the entrance—to the closet; now all looks the same as when I laid my head down.

“Jill are you all right, are you okay?” Tom asks, giving me a look of protection.

“Ahh,” I did not know what to say. First, I must assure myself that this closet is the same closet as before.

I jump out of my blankets, rush toward my bedroom, and examine the room, the hallway, and several other rooms—before going back to the closet, to Steph and Tom.

“I do not know how to tell you both this, but just minutes ago I was...”

I stumble in my words, I cannot explain what I just saw, so I say, “I was in a different world.”

“Were you dreaming?” Tom asks.

“Dreams can be like that,” Steph adds.

“Hmm, no and yes. But I am sure it was a whole different world” I say.

They both gave me a strange look, comforting, welcoming me back into my room.

We stand there for a moment. Steph says, “I am hungry,” while tapping me on the shoulder.

Right then I knew it—was an isolated experience; I must pretend it never happened.

“Yes, I am hungry too, let's go get something to eat,” I articulate.

“My mother just bought a whole month’ worth of this cinnamon, like—bread stick; if we pop them into the microwave, they get soft, like a pancake. They are so good!”

Once we got down the stairs and into the kitchen, we began to ready ourselves for the day.

Empty Space Making Space

As the food was warming, Steph says, “so, Jill you were mentioning something upstairs about getting lost in a closet.”

“Yes exactly.”

“*Lost!*”

“Good thing I found my way back.”

“How did you do that?” Tom asks.

“I was running from a monster or something and hid under my covers.”

Chapter 6



Lost in a Closet.

Days went by and both Steph and Tom stayed at my house. After three weeks of Tom and Steph staying at my house—Tom's parents died, and Steph's parents got sick.

According to my father the sickness has reached a level of severity. He will not let us leave the house unless it is in the backyard.

Steph, Tom, Frog, Sally, and I pass the days through playing; we do mention the truth to one another, because we will not believe Tom and Steph's parents have abandoned them.

Over the past few weeks, ignoring the present reality both Tom and Steph—sort of lost touch with reality.

I did not need to ignore the truth, because—in my world everything was about the same except—my dad and I, do not spend as much time together; he is usually watching the news.

My Mom does not act the way she did just a year ago. She is constantly cleaning the house, continuously wiping everything down.

My Dad will not open the windows in fear the virus could be in the air.

My parents told both—Steph and Tom, that they could permanently move in—due to their parents' hardships, that they would—over the years—buy them new material possessions.

My Dad already promised Tom, and both decided for Tom to stay with us until he is eighteen.

Not long after Steph's parents also passed, leaving Steph with the same clothes she had on the last time her father dropped her off.

My Mother and Father did the same thing with her as they did with Tom, they agreed to let her live in our mansion until she was eighteen, promising to buy her all-new material things.

Our family grew, now my parents appeared to have five children: Frog, Sally, Steph, Tom, and me.

Because the situation was so odd, and because the

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schools were permanently closed—the five of us stuck together, playing all day long.

My Dad and Mom rarely noticed us, they were so tied up in civilization ending, that they could not focus on the structured system that was handed to them, so they let us do whatever we wanted.

“What to do today?” Tom says—as us children gathered in the kitchen; most of the time in the morning we would happen to get up at the same time.

I began to think of stuff we could do as I pour myself a big bowl of cereal.

“The tree forts have not seen us for a while,” I say.

“It is cold out Jill, it is November,” Steph adds.

Maybe we should add on to them, so that they are warm on the inside.

“How are we going to do that?” I ask.

Tom did not have the answer and gives an idea, “Leaves! What if we insulate them with leaves?”

Steph says, “if we use leaves, we will not be sure if another critter is in there with us.”

“True,” Tom says.

“Maybe I could run over to my parents’ house and grab some of their stuff—like insulation,” Tom says.

“That might be a good idea Tom,” I say.

“It is only a fifteen-minute walk,” Tom says.

“If you grab their stuff, how are you going to carry it all back?” Steph asks.

“Well,” Tom pauses a moment—figuring out the rest of the plan, “we do not need all that much stuff: a box of heavy-duty plastic, some foam, insulation,” Tom pauses again.

“You two, plus Frog and Sally will have to go over with me.”

I say, “my parents are not going to let us go.”

“If we do not bring Frog or Sally—we simply do not tell them,” Tom answers.

“If we are going, we better go now, Mom and Dad are usually off doing their thing right around this time. We most likely have a couple of hours before they figure out—we are

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gone” I say.

Steph adds, “That gives us about one hour.”

We scramble to dress and quietly make our way out the back door, mentioning to Frog and Sally we would be at our tree-forts, hoping they would not come looking for us; most likely they will not, they are slow to wake up in the morning.

We dart in the woods, by taking the woods the neighbors will not see us—I directed.

Within fifteen minutes we reach Tom's house.

Surprisingly, we find his garage doors open, Tom mentioned beforehand they were closed.

We sneak into the garage, once inside Tom directs to listen to the happenings of the inside of his house.

The television was still on, and it sounded like someone was in there.

“Tom,” I whisper, “it sounds like your parents are in there.”

We ignore the sounds, Tom rushes to gather the supplies.

I walk over to the window in the door separating the garage from the living room.

I peak inside.

To my surprise I see the electronics being moved as if someone was using them.

“Tom!” I whisper.

Surprisingly, the vacuum turns on inside the house.

“Jill, grab some of this stuff we need to get out of here.

I rush over and grab the box of plastic.

Tom grabs the insulation; Steph grabs a giant staple gun and a tub of nails.

We rush out back in the forest.

“That was odd,” Steph begin saying, “the television was still on, I could almost feel your parents still living there.”

“Steph the strange part is, this does not look the same,” Tom says.

“What?”

“The forest I cannot remember the forest! The plants do not look the same.”

“It is too dark out here to tell,” I answer.

“But it is not for me. I always come back here, because

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the gas station is just over that hill; but where are the lights to the store?”

“We must go back! I am serious... Jill this is not the same forest.”

“Okay, but we have to hurry, my parents will notice we are missing anytime now,” I answer.

We rush back to Tom's house; once we reach his back yard—dimly lit by his kitchen light—we hear a sound in the forest, the same sound I heard when I was in the tomato patches.

I look at Tom, “that is the sound I heard the other night...the other night when we were in the closet, when I told you I was translated into another world.

Steph begins to move toward the sound—being drawn to it.

“Steph do not go toward the sound,” I say.

Steph ignores me.

“Grab Steph we will run into my house,” Tom says.

I grab Steph by the arm and pull her in the same direction Tom began running in.

Steph comes to her senses—following Tom and me.

We rush into the garage; Tom begins to shut the door.

We stop making noises and listen in silence.

Steph looks to the right, out a window, looks back at me and begins tapping on my shoulder. I look toward where she is pointing.

I gasp.

A lady is in the window. *Who could it be?*

I know it is the lady from the photo I found.

She places both hands on the window—making a bang sound against the glass.

We scream, we run; Tom bursts through the door leading from the garage to his parents living room.

He slams shut the door behind us.

Tom says, “follow me” as he leads us toward his bedroom.

We get to his room. I shut the door as Tom makes his way to his heavy dresser.

“Steph help me move this against the door—” Tom says pointing toward the dresser.

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Steph rushes to the dresser. Together they both slowly walk the dresser to the front of the bedroom door.

Tom pushes it face down in front of his bedroom door. He then rushes to his fresh appearing made bed and picks it up; blankets and bed sheets fall off—as he places it against his one and only bedroom window.

Tom sits down catching his breath.

Steph and I do likewise.

Within five minutes we hear the living room entrance door open, soft gentle footsteps gracefully walk up the stairs—leading to Tom's bedroom.

Soft singing and soft words could be heard, words that chilled us to the core of our being. It was as if I could remember her tormenting us, but I cannot pin-point to when.

Quietly we sit—crouched down in Tom's bedroom.

Small taps on the bedroom door. A small whisper comes through the door, “let me in kids, I want to make friends.”

Tap! Tap! on the bedroom door.

A baby begins to laugh out in the darkness of the hallway.

Chills run up my spine, my heart freezes in my chest.

“If you do not want to open the door for me, open the door for the baby. “Tommy your parents are out here; they would want you to come out and protect their house.”

“*Leave lady, Leave!*” Tom commands.

“You kids are not supposed to be here,” the woman replies.

“Come out here and maybe I can spare you the trouble,” the woman outside of the bedroom door says.

“*This place looks real, does it not Jill?*”

“Open your eyes, I bet you do not know how much control I have over you” the strange-sounding lady says.

I sat thinking about her words for a moment. I look at Tom and say, “we are dreaming, we are still in the closet.”

I reach over and grab Tom by the shoulder, as I reach over—my body within the closet—at my parents’ house, my arm is doing the same thing. Now being in two places at once Tom, Steph, and I both awake in the closet, letting go of the world we were just in.

“Steph,” I say.

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She quickly picks her head up from the blanket that was covering it.

“You two were there?” I ask.

“Yes, Jill, I could have almost guaranteed that place existed.

“We never awoke,” Steph adds.

“I am hungry let's go get something to eat,” I say.

We hurry into the kitchen in the same fashion we did, just hours prior, before we thought we walked to Tom's house.

We begin preparing the same food as we had thought we had eaten.

“Tom do you still want to go over to your parents' house—to get material for the tree forts?” I ask—sort of joking.

“Yes, sure, that is if the strange lady is not over there,” Tom says—as we begin laughing.

“Steph, you do remember?” I ask.

“Yes, ah” she pauses for a moment, “that was not a dream. You had mentioned something in the dream, that is if you were dreaming—about going to a strange world,” Steph says cautiously.

“Well, I do not want to get so deep that we believe it,” I pause and whisper, “we could be there right now!”

Steph says, “I am still carious about the people living, but not living in their houses, we should get our mind off of this house and spy on the neighbors.”

“Good idea! Tom says, “I need to know what killed my parents or if they are in the least bit dead. What if it is all a lie?”

“My parents said something about a huge cover-up,” Tom says anticipating the biggest reveal of his life.

“But what if we get caught?” I ask.

“We already are caught if you think hard about last night,” Tom says.

“True Jill, that was not normal, everybody taught me that-type-thing does not happen,” Steph says—pointing toward the stairs that led to my bedroom that led to my closet.

“So, we will explore, same idea—” I say, “as in the dream. My parents are busy, but we have a couple of hours to pretend we are working on our tree forts.” I express.

“Do not tell Frog or Sally,” I command.

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We quickly get something to eat and tell my mom we are going to play out by the tree fort. We rush out the back door.

We take the back way into the woods and begin to snoop on other properties.

The first window we peak into, lights were on, and food was prepared, but no people. Something appeared to be happening with the second and third house we arrive at.

I want to rush over to my parents' home," Tom explains.

"We are going with you," Steph says.

We quickly run through the woods and arrive at Tom's parents' home.

Tom had the key, so we went inside.

Everything about the house was so strange, televisions, radios, and lights were still on. Fresh food was prepared on the table.

"This is strange," Tom says.

"Let's grab some stuff for our tree forts, just so if we get caught—we appear to have another reason."

We rush into the garage and grab the same items we grabbed the first time.

"Funny," I say, "the items are in the same spot as they were the first time—we came over here."

"Yes, that is strange," Tom adds.

We rush into the forest—hoping we would find the same forest, the forest Tom remembers.

We run through the woods never saying a word to one another.

We arrive at the back of my house, next to our tree forts.

We place the items on the ground.

"We made it," Tom says—full of relief.

"I will go get Frog and Sally, they would love to make more of our tree-forts, our winter tree-forts," I say.

Frog and Sally both came rushing into the back-yard forest.

I could see Mom was up, she bundled both children up in heavy duty winter gear: ski pants, boots, and a heavy jacket.

"What are we doing?" Sally asks—looking up at my face.

"We want to make the tree-forts weatherized, so we can play in them in the winter, once it starts snowing," I answer.

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As Frog is climbing up the ladder, with a sense of leadership he says, “hand me up the plastic.

We spend the rest of the day at the forts, Steph, Tom, and I do not say anything to one another about the dream last night; we were hoping to not wake up while playing with Frog and Sally.

Glad to enter my warm house after a day in the cold. I take off my winter jacket, excited to run up to my room; I had much daily to do in my room, writing, coloring, dressing my dolls and now talking with Steph and Tom.

As I enter my room, I turn around expecting to find Tom and Steph, but instead Frog and Sally come rushing into the room.

“Can we hang out in your room tonight,” they both ask.

Shortly after, Tom and Steph enter the room.

I look at Frog and then at Sally, “yes, sure, you both can hang out with us tonight.”

I began to think, *I wanted the moment to talk to Steph and Tom about our experience in the closet*; I wonder if Frog or Sally have had any strange occurrences.

“Frog,” I begin saying, “do you remember the day we were in our fathers library and you mentioned something about a lady who climbs up your window at night?”

“Yes,” Frog says, “she usually wants me to let her in. The other night I almost did!”

“What happened?” Steph asks.

“Well, she jumped or flew off the window as I began to open it. I suppose she had other business she had to attend to.”

“But” Frog adds, “she said something stranger than the previous nights, that she was a friend.”

“That is why I began to open the window, because I was no longer scared of her.”

Sally mentions, “if that is the same lady, she sure is scary... over the past couple of weeks, I have seen her out my window; I did not want to tell anyone this—because confessing her makes me feel stupid.”

“What does she do out there?” Steph asks.

“She walks around the back yard, scaring me. Her face

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were white, white! And her eyes are black as nothing—that is the scariest part, her eyes!”

“I always hope when I look at her, she does not notice me—to look back at me with those eyes, black eyes stuck inside of her white, white face!”

“She eats causing me fear, sometimes she makes sounds without making sounds,” Sally says—crouching down—stabilizing her mind.

“She is a very scary lady,” Frog adds.

“Sally can you take us to your room and show us where you see her?” Steph asks.

Sally gets up off the floor and leads us into her room.

Three rooms down, Sally points into her room, toward the back window.

Steph leads the way toward the back window, “I do not see anyone over there right now,” Steph says.

Steph turns around to face Sally, suddenly I gasp, I point my finger out, outside the window, “Steph look!”

Steph comfortably turns around, “Oh my goodness” Steph says—with horror in her voice.

“There is a woman out there!”

Steph too scared to look—she turns her head; my eyes were fixed on her.

“That is the lady in the photo,” I say—as I begin hearing the soft music in the wind, as I watched her hair blowing with the sound.

She appears as if she is welcoming me to her private world, a lovely world. I wish I could live with her.

Steph and Sally begin screaming.

“Hey, you too, why are you screaming?” I ask.

Frog is pulled toward the window, “she appears the way she did the other night, she is being nice to us.” Frog says.

The girls calm down.

Tom looks and says, “maybe she is one of your neighbors, although it does look like the lady that was in my house the other night.”

“Do you all want to go out?” I ask.

“No!” Sally says.

“I am going out,” I say.

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“I will go out with you Jill,” Frog says.

“Yes, I will too!” Tom says.

We in a rush scamper down the stairs—hoping that she would not leave.

Frog and Sally stayed by the back door, leaving the door open.

“Hello,” I say to the lady. She does not look at us, she just stands there with her head down.

“Hi, do you live around here?” Tom asks.

“Maybe we should not bother her,” Frog says—changing his mind—about going to meet her.

“My younger brother says that you occasionally come out here and look into his bedroom window,” I say.

The lady looks up; black, dark eyes investigate mine. Her dark, black hair described her hidden world of a great being, like that of a king or a queen, a ruler of many.

“If you do not make it any less wonderful out here...you just might get lost out here,” the lady says, “but you cannot stay here!” the lady says, giving a girlish giggle.

I could not take my eyes off her, I was in love; her entire environment—was all that I could think I was living for, but I feared it was a worm on a hook or peanut butter on a mouse trap.

Overtaken by the atmosphere, I say, “well I will, I will come back, I will tie a rope around me, so I do not get lost and gonzo will not eat me.

“You mean Clutter, that critter will not eat you, he eats tomatoes,” the lady says. “Darling a rope is out here; it is in the buried trash. If you and your friends come out, and you get lost, follow the trash home.”

“Okay, nice meeting you,” I say—still entranced by the atmosphere around her. I begin walking toward the back door.

“See that Frog she seems like a nice lady,” I say walking toward the back door.

“Who was it,” Steph asks standing in the entrance of the door.

“Good question Steph, good question” I say.

Chapter 7



Clutter/Buried Trash

Frog, Sally, come-on it is spring, you two are always anxious to go outside in spring.”

Frog and Sally refuse to go outside after the end of last fall’s encounter with the black-eyed lady; they say she continues to laugh at them in the night, saying, “I will eat you; it is only a matter of time before you come out here, and I will eat you; and Clutter will burn down your house.

Steph nor Tom believes her.

Steph mentioned to me she felt fine with the lady with black eyes. Tom liked her too, he said, “I wonder if she is looking for a husband, because I would make a great man for her.”

My feelings toward the lady, I loved the lady, I looked out my windows several times in hopes she was out there, but I never saw her.

I will not forsake Frog or Sally, so I invite them.

On the day I got them to go outside with me, I was in my father’s library, and I was looking in a book, the same book Steph and I were looking at last fall, the one with the newspaper article on the inside.

According to the book, in an article written by Corin Stewa, the family who lived here—in this mansion—long ago was fined for throwing much garbage into the woods out back of the house.

According to the article trash could be found miles into the woods.

I suddenly remember the black-eyed lady mentioning, “if we got lost out there—to follow the trash home.”

“I must tell that to Frog and Sally, I must tell them there is nothing to fear, if we get lost out there, we will follow the trash home.”

I will have to mention this article to them.

Knock! Knock!

Clutter/Buried-Trash

I open the door to Frog's bedroom. I see both, him and Sally sitting on the floor with many toys scattered around them.

"You two," I say holding up the book article.

"We should go outside and explore the woods."

"According to this article—there is a ton of trash back there in the forest, who knows what we could find."

"Plus, if we get lost, if we get lost, we simply follow the trash home," I say.

"I do not know Jill, what if there are bears out there? Frog asks.

"I want to go out" Sally says.

Come-on Frog," I say.

"Okay," Frog says, getting up.

He walks over to a chest and begins pulling out clean clothes.

"Sally go get ready, meet me downstairs in the kitchen by the back door," I say.

I open the back door, spring air blasts me in the face. I take a deep breath, taking in all that spring has to offer: dead grass, leaves that have been disposed of—after soaking up last summer's sun light, and all the mud in the backyard.

I stand in the kitchen in between the kitchen and the backyard—in between the door leading to the backyard.

Within five minutes Frog and Sally rush into the kitchen, "where is Steph and Tom?" Frog asks.

"Steph, Tom we are about to go outside are you coming?" I yell into the living room.

They both—at the same time get off the living room couch and walk into the kitchen.

"So, what are we going to do out there?" Tom asks.

"We are going trash digging," I answer.

Steph adds, "my dad at one point had me follow him into the woods to dig trash, he said, 'some of the trash is worth thousands—this day and age.'"

"So, you have done something like this before?" I ask.

"Yes, a lot of the people did on my street, they would call it digging."

They were kind of like archaeologists.

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“What I remember was a good time, like a treasure hunt, always anticipating a great find with each layer of dirt removed,” Steph answers.

“Actually, I did not think hard about this,” I say running over to the cupboard—grabbing a plastic bag and a small garden shovel.

“Okay now we are ready,” I say.

We walk off into the woods keeping an eye out for any wildlife or dangers we may find, especially the lady with black eyes.

“I hope we do not get lost here,” Sally says.

“I do not see any trash” I mention.

“It probably is miles down that way,” Frog says pointing into the deep forest.

“Right, but think about it, who would carry their trash all the way down there—if they could leave it right here,” Steph says.

“I am going to try digging right here,” I mention.

“Hold on a second there is a dirt hill to our left; whenever my parents brought me digging, we always dug on the side of a bank,” Steph says.

“Most likely true Jill, it is common for people to throw their trash over a bank rather than on the flat ground; that way when they come walking through—they will not walk on the trash,” Tom says.

“Okay, let us walk over to the bank and there we will dig,” I answer.

We carefully walk over to the bank.

I peak over.

“Wow, there is a ton of stuff back here, glass, old toys, pottery and tires,” I say.

Tom adds, “there must be one hundred tires—” pointing to one tire, then another.

Steph grabs the small garden shovel out of my hand, “I will show you what my parents showed me.”

Steph crouches down slightly standing at the beginning of the slope.

She begins to move dirt with the shovel.

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As she does, she says, “all you need to do is gently remove the dirt, we do not want to break anything below it, so we must carefully remove the top layer of dirt.”

“My Mom said, certain items that can be found are worth thousands, like an old glass maple jar—with the log cabin on top, that one could be worth two thousand dollars,” Steph says.

I crouch down besides Steph, noticing worms with each shovel of dirt, old pottery pieces are all about—rolling down the hill as the dirt is removed.

Tom walks over to our left and pulls out of the ground a glass jar; no lid is on the top.

“Wow, this one sparkles in the light,” Tom says.

I pick my head up to see if the lady with black eyes could be seen, but I saw nothing.

Suddenly I felt a load of daily pressures fall off my back as we began to play in the forest, I began to lose my sense of time.

We dug and dug.

Without noticing and not wanting to notice time—we begin to dream of lasting days.

“These items are so nice, we should make a pretend store,” Tom says.

“We can do a house too” I mention.

As I began collecting stuff for our pretend house. Steph says, “let me pretend to be your husband.”

I forgot all about time, I sort of lost my mind and I intended too!

I could sense something in the woods, perhaps it was the colors in the sky or maybe it was the ancient trash, something out there inspired me to lose my living behavior.

It must have been years out back behind our house. I built an almost fortress with furnishings.

I collected an old sink, a couch, pots, and old blankets.

As Steph and I are playing married, a lady shows up in the window of our stick house. She says, “you two make a good couple, that must mean I will not be taking either of the two of you home today.”

Steph and I were over excited to see her and began to flirt.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet



“The woods around here are more, I have been living in them for hundreds of years,” the lady with black eyes says.

Frog amazed, comfortably walks into our little house in the forest. Frog had done the same thing as us, losing his sense of time.

“Hi,” Frog says to the lady.

“Hi,” the lady says back, “good to see you children out here, and remember if you get lost out here, simply follow the trash home.”

“Okay,” we say, but we did not understand what she meant, we were having so much fun.

“Did you notice something about the trash Jill?” Frog asks.

Sally walks into the little house.

I say, “I did notice something, that I am having an extremely fun time.”

“That is because of the trash,” Frog says.

I think about it for a moment, noticing the lady with black eyes had moved away from the window and could no longer be found.

We sure have been out here for a long time; I cannot remember a time in my life that I had so much fun.

I began to fear I would never return home.

Clutter/Buried-Trash

What could be doing this?

I think hard.

I began to think about Frog's words, 'it is because of the trash.'

Maybe you are right Frog, "maybe the trash is giving us an extremely fun time."

I begin to express my concern to the others.

"We must get home," I say, "this is not normal."

Steph agrees.

"How are we going to get home?" Steph asks.

"The lady said to 'follow the trash home' I answer.

Steph looks up and begins to think.

Tom interrupts—knowing he is somehow different, "huh, um, maybe we should have been home now."

Steph looks at Tom and barks, "Tom I know what I am doing, I do not use drugs."

"I do not either," Tom argues.

I say, "this is not all that bizarre, times have changed."

"I did not mention that you do drugs, I mentioned I do not do drugs," Steph says—looking at Tom.

"Come-on Steph, I do not do drugs either."

Tom begins to act different, paranoid—as if he were separated.

As Steph began to talk of drugs—Tom began to appear as if he did, so much so, I could not help but treat him as a recovering drug addict.

"What were we to do again?" Steph asks—looking at me.

"Maybe we are supposed to go home," I answer.

I fail to think, I sit down on the leave covered forest floor.

Steph began to talk to Tom again, but she was not treating him as normal.

Days go by and we failed to think about how we were going to get home.

I pretend to marry Steph, and Frog pretends to marry us, and Tom, well he appeared to be different all together.

We would involuntarily talk to Tom as a different entity.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

We watched him fit in with this creature we made of him and through that creature he attempted to explain that he was inhabiting the strange life like force.

“Jill, Steph it is Tom, I am stuck inside of a wart or something,” Tom says.

“Okay Tom, sure,” Steph replies.

“Do not treat me like that,” Tom argues.

“You are absolutely on drugs,” Steph says.

“I do not have the thing that helps me think at the moment,” Tom answers.

“You are a wart?” I question.

“I am not a wart, I am attached to the growing thought-wart that is esteeming badly,” Tom says.

“So, you are a thought wart?” I ask.

“I have to pretend that I am what Steph esteemed me to be.”

“Which is on drugs?” Steph says.

Steph picks up a small branch and throws it at Tom’s head.

“Stop Steph,” Tom cries.

I started realizing I was partially asleep, that we all were acting out of character.

“Steph,” I yell.

“Tom does not know,” I said laughing at Tom.

Tom explains, “this is not me; I am only pretending to be what you made me out to be. You may correct the dope later.”

“Okay,” sure Tom.

Frog could tell something was drastically different and knew he had to act fast.

He crouches down next to Sally and says, “follow me.”

“I am going home,” Frog yells, “we will get lost out here.”

I panic, “come-on you two, we have to follow them.

We run off into the woods yelling, “stop you two, wait for us.”

After thirty minutes of chasing them, we caught up to them and came to realize we were totally lost in the forest.

“What are you two doing?” I yell.

“We got to get home,” Frog says.

Clutter/Buried-Trash

Sally adds, “our parents must be worried about us.”

“Plus, Tom seems to be having a problem,” Frog adds.

I began thinking about how deep we are in the forest and how my mind is far away from my known reality.

“Like I said Jill, I am just pretending to be this thing you are making me out to be,” Tom says.

I knew I should not respond; I must think, *how are we going to get home?*

I look at Frog.

Frog looks at me and at the same moment we say, “we follow the trash home.”

“I know what to do, this began when we started moving the trash around,” I say.

“So, the trash is moving us around,” Steph says.

“Maybe the trash can speak, but not in our language,” Sally adds.

Tom says, “well it does have a shine to it, in the same manner possibly saying something about its distant past.”

“What if we take our recently make-believe house and store—and listen to the trash; what if we place it where it appears to belong?” I question.

Good idea.

We rush back to the spot we had spent several months at and began to rearrange the objects we pulled out of the dirt.

“This looks like a jar that belongs in the bushes,” Tom says—picking up a glorious jar.

“This jar, is beautiful,” I say pulling it out of Tom’s hand, I have never seen anything like this before.”

“It almost says plant me in a plant pot,” Tom adds.

Tom digs up some dirt and places it in the jar; he gently digs up a small berry plant and places it in the jar, he begins to carefully add water to the recently planted berry plant.

He gently places the berry plant on the counter of our wood and stick pretend store.

“It looks like the jar is saying, I am the mystery,” Steph says.

“So true,” I add.

“Well, if this is the beginnings of the mystery, we should try some more objects and finish it.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Without eating or sleeping we dig.

We found plates, jars, stoves, car parts, and precious objects.

Thousands of pieces we pull out of the ground, we gaze at them.

“I would never want to leave these objects,” Tom yells.

They were stunning and marvelous.

“What are they saying,” I ask.

“Answers”

“A Store”

“A toy factory”

“Our stuff”

I wait, pause, and say, “objects that belong to us, something given to us, something we use to imagine life.”

Steph yells, “exactly, it says we make the laws to our surroundings.

At that moment we woke up in Frog’s closet, to the board game Frog and Sally had been playing before we decided to explore the forest.

I look around Frog’s closet and attempt to question the others.

“That was so weird,” Frog says—picking up the board game.

Sally follows him.

The moment was awkward, so I said, “well we did not get lost!”



Chapter 8

Clutter Must be Stopped.

Jill what do you think happened a week ago—when we played in the forest for months?” Frog asks.

I look toward him sitting across from me.

Steph to my left, sitting on the couch with me, begins to say, “Frog...” but forgot what she was going to say.

I expected that answer from Steph because I did not have an answer myself.

In the moment of Steph’s pause I glance over at the television.

“4G cellphone networks are completely covering the Country,” the man representing a wireless network says.

“Is there anything we should be worried about?” the host of the show asks.

“4G can send frequencies above 24 GHz, the advertiser says.

The host gives him a serious look, many questions expressed on her face.

“24GHz can expose—if directed at a particular individual—to such radiation that the heat of the radiation could cause blood and tissue loss,” the person representing the wireless network says.

I look toward Steph, “this is it!”

“What?” Steph asks.

“4G networks,” I answer.

“You mean to answer Frog?” Steph asks.

“Yes, Frog maybe it is 4G.”

“4G can cause blood loss and due to our blood loss, we hallucinated the whole forest journey,” I answer.

“Maybe,” Frog responds.

“Jill, if it was due to blood loss, how could we all have hallucinated the same thing?” Steph asks.

I consider the question for a moment.

“I do not know I answer.”

Clutter Must be Stopped

We put our faces down towards the floor.

I say, "I wonder what that forest journey was about."

"I am going up to Frog's closet," Steph says raising herself up off the couch.

Frog and I follow.

Steph quietly walks into Frog's closet tapping on the walls as she completely walks in.

I tap on a couple walls myself.

Everything looks normal in this room," Steph says.

"I need answers," Frog says.

"Where is Sally?" I add.

"She is in the tub," Frog says.

"She said that things get tossed out of her closet, maybe we should go over there and investigate."

Frog leads the way.

Walking into Sally's room I glance over at her tiny bed, wrapped in a bright pink blanket, a small white child's desk was to the right.

Frog peaks into the closet.

I do not see anything odd or out of place.

I peak over Frog's shoulder, "okay" I answer.

We slowly walk away from the closet.

Steph says, "where is the clutter? that closet is the same closet that clutter was thrown everywhere—years ago when we disobeyed and came over here against your parents will.

"Jill, Steph," I hear Tom say.

"In here, in Sally's room," Steph answers.

As Tom enters Sally's bedroom, I hear that sound that was in the tomato patches.

Suddenly, without warning some of Sally's possessions were thrown out of the closet.

Balled up in a pile of clothes, in Sally's closet was what appeared to be a creature.

Grunt!

Grunt!

"Oh, my goodness," Steph says.

"This is our chance; this is our chance to figure out why these strange things are happening."

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

“Who are you?” I yell across the room, into the closet.

Rumble!

Grunt!

“I am Steph,” Steph yells toward the creature.

“*Grunt, Grunt, Yes,*” the creature says within the closet, under a pile of clothes.

Slowly the top of his head peaks out from within the clothes, exposing just his eyes.

“I am Clutter” the small little hairy black/brown colored thing says.

I began to hear the sound I heard in the tomato patches, the sound of deep crud and a burnt environment.

“I remember you,” I yell.

“Okay,” Clutter says chewing on something.

“Hold on,” Steph commands, “what is all this about, this is not normal, things like this do not happen in normal life.”

“Okay” Clutter says.

“Why do the closets take us away from time to time,” I ask.

Clutter pauses.

The strange sound Clutter makes still coming from the closet.

“Um,” Clutter says, sounding like a cat speaking, if a cat could speak, “I will burn down your entire house,” Clutter begins to laugh.

“I am turning on the gas inside the closets right now,” Clutter says.

“Why?” Steph asks.

“You cannot do that; we just want to know why we are taken places from inside the closets.

“Ms. Rug wants to keep you for herself, you can live in her gardens amongst the tomato patches,” Clutter says with excitement in his voice.

“*No!*”

“No! she cannot keep us,” I say.

“Then we will burn down your house.

Steph runs over to the closet door and slams it shut, pushing the clutter tight into the closet.

We rush out of Sally’s bedroom and hurry downstairs.

Clutter Must be Stopped

Tom says, “what the heck is going on,” as we rush down the stairs.

I suddenly remember Sally in the bathtub, “I got to get Sally.”

I rush back up the stairs, Sally just getting out of the Tub, I wrap a towel around her and lead her down the stairs and into the kitchen.

We sit down on the bar stools of the recently set up bar—my father had built.

“What was that?” Tom again says.

“Do you think he will burn down the house,” Steph asks.

I notice Tom, once again seeing him as foreign; Steph seemed to notice it as well.

“Tom why do you not know what is going on?” Steph says snorting.

“Yeah, Tom, it is like you are all screwed up, how much drugs did you do today?” I say laughing.

Tom noticing, he suddenly is shocked and begins to do as he did the last time, which is play the scar we just had made.

“Think about this Tom you have no clue what is going on,” Steph says and begins to laugh.

Tom knowing, he was smart, smarter than both, Steph, and I, says, “I know where we are, we are in a magical land,” Tom says disgusted with this thing we were making out of him.

“Seeing that you know, how are we going to get home? How are we going to stop Clutter from burning down the house?” I ask.

“I smell gas,” Steph says.

“That means Clutter turned on the gas in the closets.”

Tom says, “I know what to do, it is the 4G, the 4G is the gas.”

“Does 4G mean Dad’s internet?” I ask.

Tom playing us stupid—to fit in with the extra growth we made of him.

“Yeah Jill. We all are 4G and on fire.”

“Shut up Tom, do not be stupid” Steph says without meaning.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

“I am serious Steph, 4G according to my dad—mildly warms our body temperature.” I say.

“I do not think that is what Clutter was talking about,” I answer.

“I smell gas! Nobody make a spark,” I command.

We sat there for a moment in breathing in and out the gas coming from the closet.

Without sincere consideration Steph and I begin to mock Tom.

“Tom is the gas to you, better than the drugs you do?”

“I do not do drugs,” Steph.

“That is what drug type people usually say, they did not do it,” I say.

“Okay I do drugs, you got me, that is why I said, 4G, 4G does not warm our bodies,” Tom says.”

Tom dude, man you are so screwed up” Steph says.

“I am going into my room; Steph are you coming?”

“Yes!”

We both get off the bar stools and began to approach the hallway leading to the ancient staircase—that leads to my room.

“Wait for us,” Frog exclaims.

“Tom, are you coming?” Frog asks.

“Yes.”

They both catch up to us and we make our way up to my room.

“I am going to sit in the closet,” Steph expresses.

“Why the closet,” I say laughing.

“There is an adventure in the closet.

Frog agrees and hurries in front of Steph.

We sit down on the wood floor.

I wonder if something bazar will happen to us,”: Steph voices.

“What about Clutter burning down the house?” Tom asks.

I did not notice but Sally had been following us in her pink towel the whole time.

“Sally you have not gotten dressed yet,” Steph says—as Sally cuddles up in her arms.

Clutter Must be Stopped

As we were talking and making fun of Tom, we found ourselves in a North American forest like the one-hundred-acre forest behind our house.

We were so out-of-our-mind we forgot to be surprised by finding ourselves in the forest.

I look to my left, towards Steph and attempt to yell. I freeze, I cannot move.

I see Ms. Rug crawling on all fours.

She reaches.

She grabs Sally's foot and drags her off into the forest.

Her towel falls off and I watch her in her bathing suit get dragged off into the dark forest.

We scramble to our feet.

“Sally!”

We run after her into the darkness of the forest.

We run for about one half an hour, following the drag marks of Sally being dragged by the ankle.

We get tired and stop for a moment.

“I cannot keep going Jill,” I hear Steph say—as I begin



to move the thick leafed branch in front of me.

“Wow, look!” I speak.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Tom and Steph peek through the foliage,
“Houses.”

“In the middle of the forest.”

We walk out onto the small square paved road that appeared to begin at the forest line and end one hundred feet down at the other end of the forest line.

“Sally!” Tom yells.

We hear nothing.

We quietly approach one of the smaller houses, the white one.

We hear nothing but a windless forest.

We peak into one of the windows, the one closest to the paved road, the road that goes nowhere.

We see Ms. Rug place Sally down on the bed.

“You stay here, and be a good girl,” Ms. Rug says—while walking into another room.

Tom starts banging on the window, I soon join him.

“Sally!”

“Sally!”

Sally looks in our direction.

As she attempts to get out of the bed, Ms. Rug rushes into the room with a knife!

Sally screams.

We wake back up in the closet hearing Sally scream and Ms. Rug laugh.

I look at Sally wrapped in Steph’s arms.

“Are you okay Sally,” I ask

“Yes, I am fine.”

“Do you remember where you just were?”

“Yes, I was in a room with the lady with black eyes.”

“You did not get hurt, did she hurt you?” Steph asks.

“No! No, I do not think so.”

“That was so bizarre.”

“Tom probably was drugged up the whole time,” Steph adds.

We both laugh.

“Okay, it must have been the 4G,” Tom says.

“My Dad’s internet?” I ask.

Clutter Must be Stopped

“No Jill, I am just pretending to be this to keep my mind intact,” Tom says.

“No, you’re not Tom you are screwed up,” Steph says.

“Okay, it is the 4G going around, yes, it is your dad’s internet, and you two have been heating up and now we are beginning to break up,” Tom says.

“What do you do about that?” Frog asks remembering what he did in the forest—which was run away.

“I pretended to be losing reality so I can keep it,” Tom says.

“Like an undercover cop,” Sally asks.

“Yes, for myself,” Tom says.

“As of right now I am thinking that the radiation comes at us, and the 4G code is making voids and we have to make something out of it, we pretend something is there.”

“The more we do this we begin to see what we want, breaking up our bodies in the real world, which is sort of like a fire.”

“We are no longer mortals—the same way we were before we started making something out of the radiation,” Tom explains.

“Tom you are just pretending to be you right now, how do you know that information because it makes sense,” I say.

“Yeah Tom, just this morning we were watching on television about 4G,” Steph says.

“I do not know,” Tom answers, maybe it is the radiation.

Once Tom was other than being made fun of, he got more than mean; mean was not Tom’s character.

“You know Steph, you are basically a brute beast,” Tom says.

“What!”

“Basically, you really need to shut up from time to time.”

“Is that the radiation too,” Steph asks.

“Whatever! I do not actually remember you.”

“Seriously, I did not think you were that uninformed,” Tom says.

Steph begins crying a little.

“Tom, do you need help to be put on some more drugs,” I say.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Tom looked at me, full of rage, he was about to freak out and I was going to enjoy it.

I punch the back wall.

I look at Steph with small tears in her eyes, I look at Tom and say, “corrections officer,” and begin to laugh.

“I am leaving” Tom says getting up off the floor.

“I suppose we are going to be set on fire as well as this house,” Tom says walking out of my bedroom.

I look at Steph.

Steph says, “I suppose it could be true, Clutter might be burning down the house at this very moment.”

“Why are we finding these strange worlds?” Steph questions.

“Maybe Tom is right, maybe Clutter can tamper with the internet and cause us to be other than the reality we were,” I say.

“Tom,” I yell into the hallway.

“Tom walks into the room.

“Tom if Clutter is tampering with Dad’s 4G internet, what should we do about that?” I ask.

Tom puts his head down and begins to think.

“I do not know the answer if you are being serious,” Tom says.

“So, you in your own words, ‘pretending to be what we made you out to be,’ have now become an all-knowing god,” Steph asks.

“Yes, exactly,” Tom answers, and adds, “somehow.”

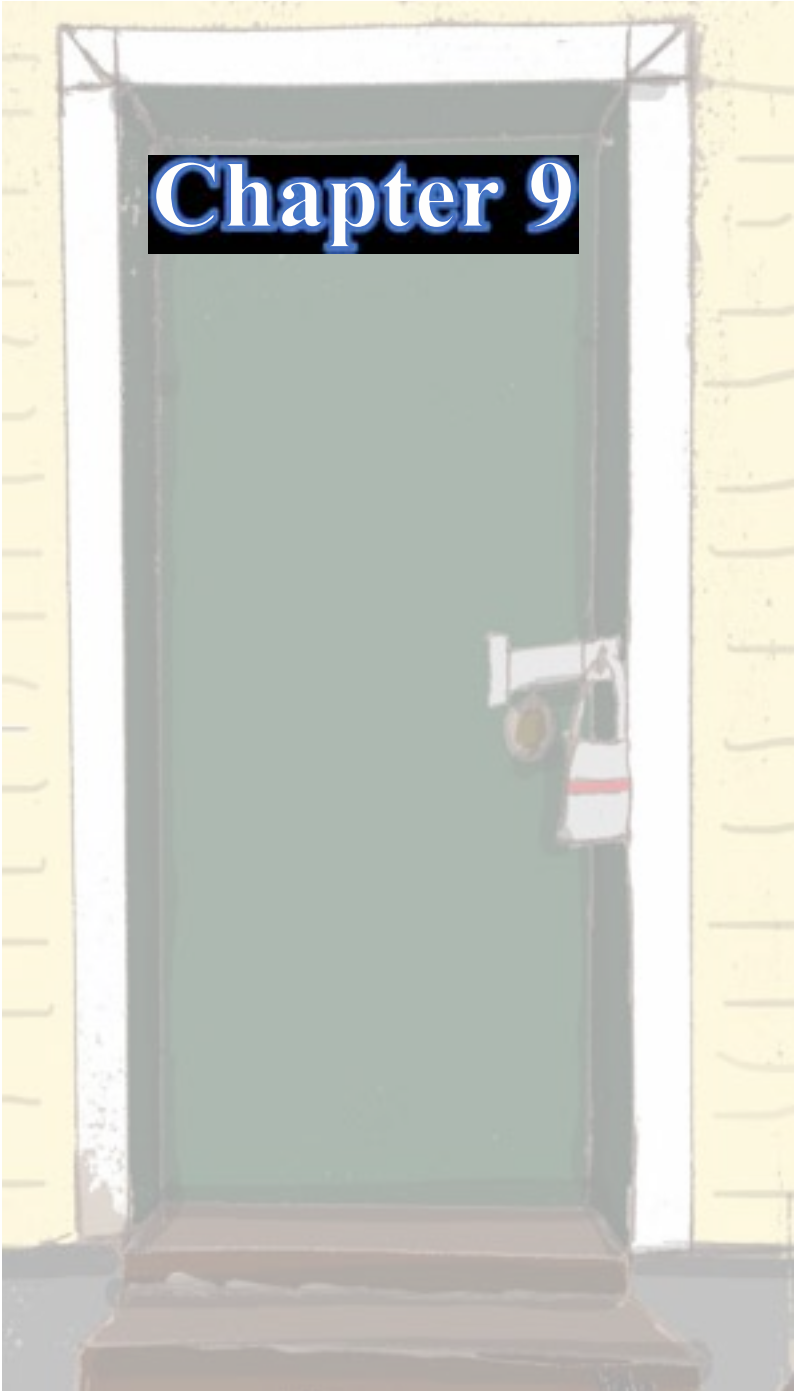
“Well in that case,” I say, “who am I?”

“I cannot know though,” Tom says, “I was faking being the dope, the dreamlike state, it is like I could, but maybe it was only so I could pull us out of the fire.”

At that moment banging could be heard on the closet walls, not just mine but throughout the upstairs.

“You all will Burn and your little dog too,” Clutter says—sounding like a loud—talking—cat.

Chapter 9



We must save the
house, we must stop clutter.

Tom put it down,” Steph says running over to him and ripping the spoon out of his hand, “brat, brat, bad people cannot eat good food,” Steph kids.

“Get off the drugs Tom,” I tease.

Tom whimpers.

“This is so unfair.”

He looks at me informing me he was at his breaking point.

I laugh, hoping to drive him over the edge in a fit of rage.

Tom suddenly seems to alter his being and begins to solve problems.

“Clutter must want to burn down this house for a reason,”

Tom says.

“Maybe he thinks we are sick, like pandemic sick, and he wants to remove the sickness off the face of the planet,” Tom says.

“We must stop him,” Steph answers.

“We should go up to the closet and have a talk with him, tell him we are not sick, he does not have to burn down our house,” I say.

“Okay, let’s do it.”

We walk up the stairs, we walk into the closet.

“Clutter, you do not have to burn down the house, we are not sick,” I say into the closet.

Suddenly Frog, Sally, Steph, Tom, and I are translated into a field of tomato patches.

I look around.

A few apple trees could be seen in the distance, an old white farmhouse was behind me.

“Where are we?” Sally utters.

**We must save the
house, we must stop clutter.**

I look around, I begin to be drawn towards the soundless sound of dirty farm crud music, touched with dirty curiosity.

I look to find where the sound is coming from.

I walk through some of the patches of tomatoes, I notice some of them moving.

“Clutter, where are we?”

Steph and Tom look at me and walk over.

“Clutter, we are not sick,” Steph says.

“Clutter sounds to reject our idea.

“I want Sally,” Clutter demands,

What do you mean, you cannot have Sally,” I declare?

“Give her to me or I will burn it down.”

“Even if you do not, I will burn you down and steal her from her room.”

“She likes me, every night we spend playing games,” Clutter says.

I look at Sally in dis-belief, “Sally...” I begin saying.

“I play with him from time to time,” Sally forcefully admits,

“You cannot have her,” I say and begin walking toward the farmhouse, the others follow close behind.



Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

I begin without consideration peeking into the windows of the tiny farmhouse.

I turn around and look at the others, “where is Sally?” I ask.

Tom gives a confused look; I do not know.”

“She was right by my side a moment ago,” Steph says in confusion.

“We must find her,” I say.

We bust through the door of the small house, “Sally!”

She lies asleep on the old planks of the old wooden floor of the small old farmhouse.

Tom picks her up into his arms and rushes her sleeping body back outside, I follow.

“Sally!”

“Sally”

“I am up here,” Sally says.

“Where?” I ask.

“Up here in the closet.”

We open our eyes and sure enough we were still in the closet.

I hug Sally,” good thing Clutter did not take you.”

“No, he will not take me, he wants all of us,” Sally says.

“He is not getting you, nor is he getting all of us, he is not going to burn down my house,” I cry.

“Why would he want Sally in exchange for not burning down my house,” I express.

“I thought Ms. Rug and Clutter liked us,” Tom says.

“We should find the lady with black eyes and ask her,” Steph says.

“Good idea,” I answer.

We get up off the closet floor, I say to Sally, “get dressed quickly, we are going out behind our house.”

“Good, everything still looks normal out here,” I utter while walking out the back door.

We search the backyard we peak into the woods; we look on the side of the banks of the river, and no Ms. Rug.

**We must save the
house, we must stop clutter.**

As we walk through the woods Tom mentions that it is a very real possibility that Ms. Rug is threatening us because she wants us out of her house.

I say, "Tom if it is still her house, then—what are we doing living here?"

Tom reveals, "the question is not so much what are we doing here, but rather are we here.

"That truly is scary Tom," I say.

"Ms. Rug," Steph calls out.

"*Ms. Rug!*"

We hear a sound in the bushes, it was Ms. Rug!

"Yes" we here in an elegant voice, "what can I do for you?"

"Why are you trying to burn down my house?" I ask.

Tom adds, "do you want us to leave, we can—if you truly need us to leave.

"No children, I do not want to keep you all, I do not want to burn down your house, nor do I want you to leave," Ms. Rug says.

"Why is Clutter threatening to burn down our house," Tom asks.

Ms. Rug casually walks out of the bushes, taps each child on the shoulder.

"Can I have Sally?" Ms. Rug asks—as she takes hold of Sally's hand to lead her out to the woods.

"No, you cannot" I say.

All us children open our eyes, and we find ourselves in Sally's closet.

"This is so weird!"

"We have no power if gravity and the truth that our feet are walking into the woods are no longer there," Steph says.

"Perhaps this is what being on fire feels like," Tom adds.

"Whatever it is we must stop it," I say.

Steph suddenly says, "I think I got it."

"Jill, do you remember that room downstairs, the room that has a big lock on it?" Steph says.

"Yes, I remember, the room with the piano on the inside."

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Steph asks in suspicion, “what if it has something to do with that room, what if we touched something—that would cause all this to happen.”

Tom decides, “we could go down there and investigate if you think it would help.

“It had a giant lock on it,” I react.

“Your dad had bolt cutters in the garage, I had seen them when we grabbed the ladder,” Tom says.

Not sure if we should; I pressed my lips together in defiance, but I knew we had to. Reluctantly I say, “okay Tom let’s do that.”

We rush out the back door, I look up noticing the small raindrops falling out of the sky.

“It is starting to rain,” I say.

We walk left of the back of the mansion—to my father’s garage.

We enter the side entrance.

Here is where I saw them, and here they are,” Tom says—picking up the bolt cutters.

We walk toward the back of the house.

Tom aims the bolt cutters to the huge lock on the back door.

With one quick snip the lock falls off.

Tom pushes open the old green door.

The bottom of the door rubs the concrete floor as Tom opens the door.

“This is a nice room,” Tom states as we enter.

“We must be careful,” I say, “if we did touch something, and this is the reason why Clutter is screwing with us—and we are being threatened, much worse could happen if we touch something bigger.

Steph walks over to the couch covered with a white sheet; she sits down.

I sit on one of the kitchen chairs, hoping to stumble upon the answer—and fix all the mess and save our house from burning down.

I look out the only curtainless window, heavy raindrops are now splattering off the window. Small sounds of thunder could be heard from the clouds. Sally left the door open as we

**We must save the
house, we must stop clutter.**

entered, I could feel the warm air outside, pushing itself inside the house.

Pine sways in the wind.

“Well Jill here we are, but seriously, I do not know what to do from here,” Tom says.

“The last time I came here,” I say, “I touched a couple of the piano keys.”

I sat gazing at the rain for about an hour before I moved to explore the locked portion of our mansion.

I slowly without consideration moved toward one of the un-lit rooms.

I flip on the light.

The room looked familiar.

Some of the objects in the room appeared as if I had seen them before, but not only seen them but at one point owned them.

I touched the paperwork; I began to flip through photos. I lost my conceived reality and unconsciously decided to pretend to know what I was doing, that I knew who the people in the photographs were.

I storm out of the room that I was in, I take a photo and lift it to Steph’s face, “I know this man, he is my uncle,” I say—making it apparent that I was playing.

I present it to Tom, “see Tom I am much more than you think!”

“I in the past played the piano for you, I stayed in this room,” Tom reveals.

“And I am your sister” Steph says,

“Exactly, I am a millionaire, it is all coming back to me now,” I say jokingly yet wishing I were being serious.

As we are making believe, laughing and having fun—a fire erupted on the stove—of the small kitchen—of the room we were in.

“Fire!”

“Fire!”

We rush outside, Frog picks up Sally rushing her out in the pouring rain.

Cold heavy drops of rainwater quickly drenched my shirt I was wearing.

“It is pouring out here,” Tom yells.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

We look back to see how much the fire had spread, smoke began pouring out the door, windows began to pop.

I began to run toward the front of the house, “I got to save Mom and Dad” I cry.

Tom grabs me by the shoulder, “wait Jill.”

I look at the house. The fire must have ruptured a gas line, the house exploded in flames.

The entire house was on fire.

“Mom, Dad” I squeal.

I fall to the rain drenched—thick-grassy-ground of the backyard, my head down and my hands resting on the wet grass.

I open my eyes. I look at my surroundings. I am wrapped in a blanket in Sally’s closet.

I look directly in front of me. I see Tom.

Tom says, “that was so weird, the house burned down!”

Steph adds, “this sure is strange, there is no way we can live like this. At first, I was having fun, I did not think much of it, but now I see, this is no way to be.”

“What do you think Frog or Sally?” I express.

“Mom and Dad did not tell us this,” Steph says.

Frog adds, “we do not know what we should do, should we tell Mom and Dad, can we tell Mom and Dad?”

“I cannot believe Clutter is trying to burn our house down,” I say. I pick myself up off the closet floor and walk downstairs,

The others followed me.

I walk into the kitchen, toward the back door. I open the door and walk outside.

The sun is shining, the air is warm.

“Where are you going Jill?” I hear Steph ask.

All followed close behind,

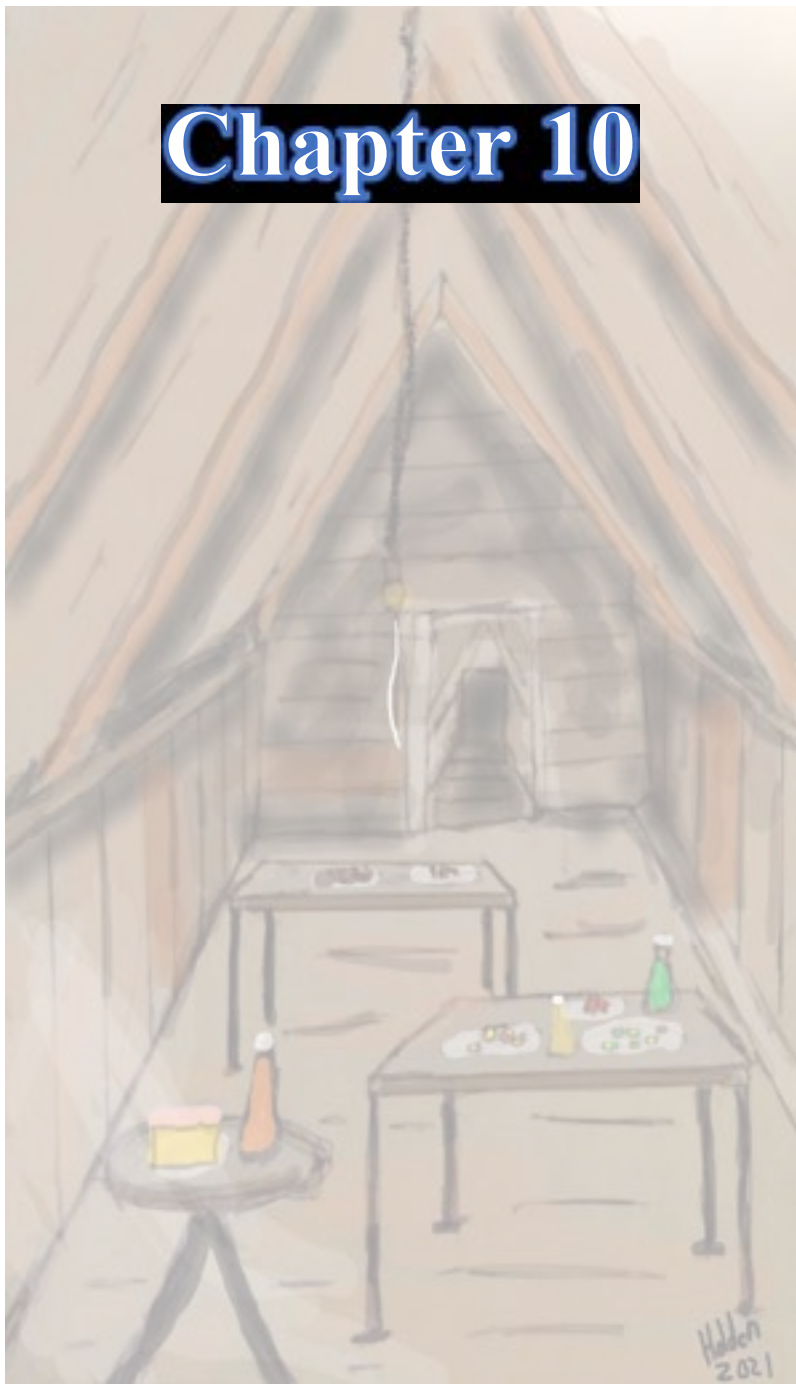
I walk to the door, the door that just moments ago Tom cut the lock off,

I touch the lock with my hands,

“You must not have cut it,” I say to Tom.

“Like I said Jill, this is so weird, unstably weird, we must do something—or truly we will be no more.

Chapter 10



The root to us

After the house burned down or we thought it had burned down, we no longer wanted to explore on our own. Tom insisted we should tell my parents everything.

I agreed.

“Dad, Mom, where are you?” I say attempting to find them after what seemed to be months exploring the closets.

“Steph, I cannot find my parents,” I say—feeling very weak.

“Jill please tell me you did not lose your parents,” Steph says.

“Dad has lately been in his partial office watching the news, I figured he still would be in there,” I say.

“Mr. Flippy!” Steph says in a loud voice.

“Do you all remember what I said about my mom saying all the people disappeared,” Tom mentioned.

“I do not want to think of that right now Tom,” Steph says.

“Seriously where are Jill’s parents” Tom says.

“Tom, I do not want to panic,” Steph says,

“Everyone, we must solve this, quick let us split, lets search every room.

We scramble to find my parents.

“Mr., Mrs. Flippy”

“Mom, Dad?”

And nothing. We searched every part of the house.

The sun began to set and small fears began to enter our bodies.

“Jill where is Mom or Dad,” Frog asks.

“Frog, hold that thought, what do you and Sally want to eat tonight?”

“Brownies.”

“Cereal.”

The root to us

How about your favorite, Peanut-butter, Fluff and Raspberry-jam on toasted bread?

“Yes”

“Please Jill.”

“Okay, follow me into the kitchen,” I say.

I pull the tasty items out of the cupboard.

I toast the bread in the oven.

Five minutes later, once the bread was toasted, the other children load their favorite toppings on the toasted bread.

Fluff, Peanut Butter, Jam and Chocolate lit up the kitchen.

Once we were done, we were left with an extremely sticky mess.

We were so happy to eat we forgot about our fear, I knew to keep it this way.

We will just leave the mess for another day; I am going to watch television.

I sit on the blue sofa; my belly is full of fluff and raspberry jam. I pick up the remote to the television, I press the power button.

Dad must have been watching the news the last time this was on.

We stared at the television, mostly everyone fell asleep within five minutes, except Tom and me.

Making headlines.

Mrs. And Mr. Flippy disappears from inside their small suburb home in Wok’s Town Mass, police are still searching for the children.

“I did not see the Police over here today or yesterday,” I say to Tom.

“It is because they are lying, similar to what my mom and dad had mentioned before they suddenly disappeared,” Tom says,

I did not want to wake the others; I did not want them figuring this out.

“Tom let’s keep this between me and you,” I say.

I pick up the remote and turn on some cartoons, we sleep.

We all wake up at the same time in the morning.

Frog immediately says, “I miss Mom and Dad.”

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Sally agrees, "I am scared, where is Mom?"

"It will be all right," Steph says, wrapping her arms around both.

I was concerned, but I was not all that upset by mom and dad disappearing. I could use an adventure.

Wondering what we will find next I invite the others to re-explore the mansion.

"I will search upstairs with Tom and you three search the downstairs," I say pointing to Steph, Frog and Sally.

"I do not know if we should Jill," Frog says, "what if that lady comes in here or we get lost in a closet."

"We will be fine," I say.

Reluctantly Frog goes with Steph to search the bottom floor. Tom and I search the second floor.

One half hour later Steph, Frog and Sally walk upstairs, "we did not find anyone," Frog says."

Strange, very strange," Tom says.

Suddenly it occurred to me we have not explored the attic.

"What about the attic," I blurt.

"I have not been up there since we first moved in" I say.

"Okay, you lead the way," Steph says.

We slowly walk toward the attic.

"Mom, Dad" I say.

I hear nothing.

"I hate this attic," Sally says.

"We will go up really quick and come back down," I say.

I run up the attic stairs, kind of freaking out.

It was dark up there, lit by only a small window in the back.

"Tom, will you grab the light switch and turn on the light," I ask.

"Sure Jill," Tom replies.

He stumbles in the dark looking for the string that flips on the attic light.

Click!

Lights!

"Wow."

"Amazing."

The root to us

“This is wonderful, I wonder what made Mom and Dad do this,” I say.

“Maybe they didn’t,” Tom argues.

I could not believe my eyes, fudge, brownies with candy on top, cookies, pastries of all sorts, and soda, placed on tables in the attic!

We rush to the nearest table and immediately begin eating.

The food looked wonderful; I could not restrain my hands from grabbing more than enough.

“Why would mom and dad leave this up here,” I say with a mouth full of food.

“Maybe they didn’t Jill,” Tom says.

“Maybe we are dreaming,” Steph adds.

“Do not say that! This is too delicious,” Sally says.

With a cookie in my hand, I begin to explore the huge attic.

Through one room and into another.

“Hey look! There are sweets down here too!” I yell from two rooms down.

The others rush to where I am.

“This is surely a dream Jill, your parents would not have left this amount of fresh food up here,” Tom says.

“We could not eat this in a day, most likely not even a week,” Tom says.

“Whatever it is I do not want a problem at the moment,” I say still exploring the attic, an attic that seemed to have no end.

Through one room and then another.

“Jill was the furniture up here when you moved in?” Tom asks.

“I guess so, I rarely come up here, so I would not know,” I answer.

“It is so nice and comfortable,” Steph adds.

“Exactly,” I say, “I would live up here but my parents, they most likely would not let me.”

I began to think, “Oh yes, they are not here anymore,” I say relieved, “good thing, now I can live up here!”

I look at Steph, suddenly realizing I verbally uttered that I did not appreciate my parents.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

“I thought you loved your parents,” Steph says.

I put my head down, listening to my own thought, *I thought I did too!*

“Jill hates mom and dad, and I am going to tell them,” Frog utters while singing.

“Mom and Dad are not even here,” Sally says.

I snap back into reality, “we must find mom and dad,” I say.

“We should go back downstairs and watch television.”

Steph asks, “should we call the police?”

“I do not think they will understand,” Tom says.

“I think we can find them,” I say.

“We must stay focused.”

We rush back downstairs and sit in front of the television.

“Jill, turn on the news,” Tom utters.

I flip on the news.

The first channel looked like the world news, so I changed it to another news station.

As soon as I changed the channel, I hear Steph say, “Jill look!”

I look.

Tom and Steph both say, “Jill that is your parents on the news.

I get close to the television:

“Flippy family strangely disappears from their small suburb home; food was prepared on their table, and the cars were in their driveway, but no family, the case is classified unsolved,” the news anchorman says—presenting a picture of my parents, Sally, Frog, and I at Yellow-stone-national-park—taken before we moved.

“That cannot be true,” Tom argues.

Steph adds, “it said, Flippy family.”

“But Jill you are not dead,” Tom reasons.

“Neither is Frog or Sally,” I state.

“Well, they must have screwed up!” Tom admits.

“But where are your parents?” Steph questions.

“I do not know Steph,” I express.

The root to us

“Well, it is not like you loved them,” Steph states.

“What?”

“That is what you said when we were in the attic,” Steph teases.

“Whatever Steph,” I express.

I get off the couch and walk into the kitchen.

I notice the back door is open.

I walk out into the sun lit grass.

I take a breath of fresh air.

I look around, careful to listen to the bird chirps.

I casually look to my left.

I see the door open, the door that should be locked, the door that leads to the piano.

I slowly approach the door. I peak into the inside. Nobody is in there.

I walk into the inside.

Looks the same as it did the other day when I was over here. I pick up one of the pieces of paper sitting on the upright piano. I look at it, it was addressed to Ms. Rug.

Huh....

I begin to read. Ms. Rug I know times are hard right now, most people have had hard times. You should not bring yourself to a point where you, your entire existence becomes repulsion.

I set the letter down.

Strange, I could understand that letter, rarely do I read, most of the time I glance at the words, but I do not read them.

I look at the windows, the curtains covering them, I ask myself, *am I repulsing life?*

Why do I feel as if I am happy about the other people disappearing?

Why am I happy that I cannot find my parents?

I do not even care if my parents come back, if they do at some point I will have to go back to school.

I walk into the back room, thinking about my reality, my reality at this present moment.

I pick up a photograph.

A handsome man, in a fine suit, proud to be him stands looking at me in the picture.

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I could almost think I have known the man, but I brush it off as a symptom of the pandemic—happening on the outside world.

I set the picture down on the photo piled dresser and begin to think.

I hate my parents.

I hate school.

I recall watching my dad sit in front of the news playing on the television. It was as if he was waiting for the world to end.

I recall as he was doing this, that I too—was hoping that it would all end, and not only the world to end, but him, forcing me to go to school.

I hated him and my mother for that.

“Jill!”

“Jill!” I hear from the back yard.

It was Steph.

“Yes, Steph I will be right out.”

I walk out onto the sun-drenched backyard.

“What were you doing?” Steph asks.

I stuff my emotions deep inside, hoping that my feeling towards my parents—would not show up—on the surface. “The door to the locked room was open, so I went inside. I did not find anything though,” I say and begin to change the subject, “I am hungry,” I say.

I walk inside the kitchen and begin to wander through the cupboards, “there is not much in here.”

“My Mom is beginning to shop like you Steph, very simply.”

“What do you have in there?” Steph asks.

“Baking soda, Flour, Raspberry Jam and Beans.”

“You have Jam?” Steph blurts, I know what to do with that!”

“What else do you have?” Steph asks.

I begin to move items around the cupboard.

“We have some baking soda, not all that much else.” I answer.

“I bet with these few items we can make biscuits or something like biscuits,” Steph says.

“Okay, you lead the way.”

The root to us

Steph pulls out a giant bowl.

Sally, and Frog heard things moving around the kitchen and came running out to see what we were doing.

“What are you doing?” Frog asks.

“Making biscuits and Jam,” Steph answers.

“That sounds good,” Sally says.

“How do we do that?” Frog asks.

“My Mom said, *‘mix Baking-soda, Baking-powder, Flour and Water in a bowl, mix it just enough so it is thick and then simply put some heat to it,’*” Steph answers.

“Sounds simple enough,” I say.

We make a big batch, pouring the dry stuff all together in a bowl and then pouring the water on the top.

We take the loaf of dough and place it on a cookie sheet and pop it in the oven.

Fifteen minutes later Steph pours the whole jar of raspberry-jam on the top of the now baked bread-loaf.

We wait for it to cool.

We wildly rip chunks off the bread-roll with our hands, stuffing our mouths, satisfying our bellies and our hopes of another day.

Chapter 11



Where are my parents?

Dead silence in the neighborhood as I gaze out the window onto the February snow. Cold wind could almost be felt as I watch the snow blow toward the trees, making funnels of clouds.

“I have not seen anyone in months,” Tom says.

“Food is running out Jill,” Steph states.

“There are no people out there, maybe we should run over to one of the neighbors and steal their food,” I assert.

“Stealing is not stealing if your life depends on it,” Tom adds.

“Let’s get dressed and put on our winter gear” Steph includes.

We walk out onto the cold snowy steps of my house, buddled up in winter gear: *ski-pants, gloves, hats, scarfs.*

All five of us decide to go together, hoping we would lose none by the end of the day.

First house just two houses down from our street.

“Jill the neighbors are probably watching us,” Tom states.

“If they are not, they will definitely see our footprints later,’ Frog adds.

“This is all too strange to consider, *why do I not know where Mom and Dad are?*” I respond.

I peak into the first window.

Lights are on, dinner is ready.

Tom shoves his head next to mine, “that sure is strange Jill!”

“What do you think we should do? Like break in and take their food?” Steph asks.

“Exactly,” Tom says pressing his hands against the window, opening it up.

Where are my parents?

“I will go in first to investigate,” Tom says, “you all wait out here.”

“I am going to throw the food out, and you four put it in the packs,” Tom says.

“Okay,” I answer watching Tom squeeze all the way through the window.

Within seconds Tom peaks his head back out the window he went through,” it is strange in hear, it looks and feels like people in here, but the truth is, there is no people,” Tom says—placing some pasta in my hands.

“Plus, it smells like the oven has just been on. I put my hands on the food and it feels like it just came out of the oven,” Tom says before disappearing into the bedroom.

Tom showed back up at the window with some candy, muffins, and soda, before we left to investigate the rest of the houses.

“Let’s go to the blue one,” Tom says running across the street to one of the blue houses.

We follow.

“Just knock on the door Tom, if no one answers we will break the door down,” Steph says.

Knock!

Knock!

No answer.

“Kick the door Tom,” I say.

Tom begins to kick the door down.

Crack!

Pop!

The door pops open.

As expected, fresh food was prepared on the kitchen table—as we storm the house.

Frog and Sally rush toward the food; they begin to eat.

Cookies, ham, pizza, and cake.

Frog and Sally began to stuff their mouths with the goodness on the pre-set tables.

As they were eating, I look around the house we were in. It is all so strange, the entire street seemed to sit desolate as if we were the last survivors of some mega disaster, yet all the homes were presented as if they were inhabited.

Behind the Night Sky: Clutter in my Closet

Such a strange nuclear environment, if such a thing exists.

“This almost looks like a town covered in radiation,” I say.

Tom nods his head up and down in agreement.

Steph says, “I think I know what you are talking about, I saw something just like that on television now too long ago.”

“That city?” I ask.

“Yes, the one with the nuclear power plant explosion.”

Its appearance on television looked—the same way it appears on this street.”

“Maybe it has something to do with the 4G cellphone towers,” Tom says.

“I miss Mom,” Sally says.

“I will find her.”

I look toward the horizon at the end of the street.

A patch of pine trees stood on the distant end on the street.

The sky radiated bright pink just above the pine trees.

The soundless wind said the world has come to an end. No cars driving by, no sound of the neighbors, only a sound of radiation from a strange moment in time.

“We should get home,” I say.

We walk our stolen food back to my house, not saying a word to one another as we struggle through the snow to get home.

I toss my knapsack down in the kitchen and grab a cloth and begin to wash the food, hoping no radiation or sickness would come inside of our clean house.

The rest did the same thing.

We place all the items on the kitchen floor, there was not enough space on the counter.

“That should feed us for about a month,” Tom says.

“This does not feel right without Mom or Dad here,” I say.

“We will find them Jill,” Steph says.

“I cannot believe the world is ending,” Tom says.

“The world is not ending,” I bark.

“Okay Jill,” Tom says.

Where are my parents?

I begin to wonder what happened to my parents, what happened to Tom's parents?

This is not okay; I only recall several years of living, and this is something I would not have expected!

Months went by and we see no one.

The initial excitement of my parent's disappearance left weeks ago. The television stations went black, and the power was shut off to our house.

I do not talk much; I have nothing to talk about except trauma.

I sit in my room next to the window. The little light the day offered would soon end.

I gaze at the replaced window—that appeared to me—to be replaced by my father against me, the one—that not too long ago I through my computer monitor through, hating my father. Still the rage inside could almost be felt, but I was too comfy to check to see if it were still there.

“Where could my parents be?

I hated them in ways, or I thought I hated them.

Why were my parents living on Holden Street to begin with?

Why am I here?

I begin to recall my younger years. I remember when my dad brought me to my first day of school. I loved that day, and that entire year.

The second and third at the school were great as well.

I remember a young boy in fourth grade giving me a hard time. I told my dad about it.

My Dad thought to bring me to school and bring me before the younger boy, express to me—that the young boy was a good boy, who gave him a seat—not only at school but in my family as well—and left me with no seat in the least.

I put my head down, I recall how upset I was when all the children abandoned me for the attention of the young boy, the young boy that was giving me the hard time!

I hated my dad for that!

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Later, in the school year, the boy came up to me and seemed as if he were welcoming me to his world—which before was my world.

I hated my dad for that.

I hated, hated my dad for that!

My Dad is rich, we were supposed to be better than everyone, *but I guess not.*

I put my head down and began to whimper.

Suddenly my tears turned into laughter, “I know what I will do, I will do the same thing to him.”

Dad you can come out now the pandemic was not a bad thing; this house is not a bad house.

Steph walks into the room, “Jill who are you talking too?”

“My dad, I am welcoming him into the paper corporation,” I say giggling.

Steph follows me down the street and out onto the back yard—of the mansion, we walk over to the secret door, the lock door located at the back of the house.

“Good it is unlocked!” I say walking inside.

The room looks about the same as it did the first time we were in here—although some of the paperwork and pictures were moved, plus a fresh cup of coffee was placed on the piano.

First, I must make sure my parents are not in the house, “Mom, Dad,” I say into the partially lit room.

I glance over at the pictures on the piano.

I look at the arrangement.

“Steph look, these appear arranged as if they are trying to say something.

Steph says, “those look like pictures of you.”

“These looks like you,” I say pointing at a picture.

“Whoever put the pictures here must have wanted those who saw it to celebrate the paper corp.”

I pick up a photo of a young girl in front of a sign that read Paper Corp.

The next picture was of the young girl lovingly hugging her parents.

I pick up the news article next to the pictures it read: Rugs family buys their daughter a small business, *Paper Corp.*

“They bought Paper Corp for Ms. Rug,” I say.

Where are my parents?

She looked so happy in the pictures.

I began to long for such love and happiness.

I wish I were closer to my parents.

Steph looks over at me, “Jill,” Steph says, “what happened with you and your parents?”

“What do you mean?”

“From time-to-time you will accidentally mention you do not like them, or you will say you hate them,” Steph says.

“I never thought of it a severe thing,” Jill begins explaining, “but sometimes I wish they were a little more on my side, that they protect me,” I say.

“They seem to do that,” Steph says.

“Yes, they do, but I am sure if a better person was over here, they would rather be family with that person.”

“It is definitely not like these pictures, a strong chain of love, it is rather like a few weak links.”

“Do you remember when you first moved over here, and we were in the closet, and we began talking about possible past lives?” Steph inquires.

“What if these pictures are your past life,” Steph conveys.

“And look here,” Steph says pointing to a photo, “what if I lived in that rock. See the rock with the two girls standing by it?”

“Yes, I answer.

“That was me and you in the past, you always said you were my mother,” Steph says.

I put my head down, I began recalling small amounts of information.

If this is my past life—it sure looks like a dream life, that nothing could be better than this; an entire business for me and I sit here feeling as if I am unloved.

What if my dad bought me an entire business?

Once the invitation was given, I lost the known reality and while chuckling I say, “well I am your mother and you hated me constantly hanging out in your room, so my Dad built you a hidden room in a rock.”

“Yes exactly!” Steph says excited.

“Your Dads Dad lives in this room, his dad lives in the attic and his Dad lives in the woods; he was always your favorite

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because he does not regard gravity-reality when he is with us—and lets us do whatever,” Steph says.

I laugh and smile recalling the time in the woods,” that store was awesome, Grandpa must have helped us build it.”

I snap back into reality hoping I will not be suddenly hurt by an unexpected moment.

“Let us go back inside, we do not want to bother Grandpa’s music studies.

“Buy grandpa,” I say walking out onto the back yard lawn.

We shut the door behind us.

“Trust me, you love this home, you have always loved this home!” Steph declares.

Chapter 12



12
Ms. Rug Hug

Months of living without my parents and fighting off Clutter I grew tired; all I could want is my parents. I would love to cast the burden of protecting the house into their hands.

There is no reality anymore, no school, no food, no expectation of tomorrow. When I dream, I dream of former days, despite the fact I hated my dad for not putting me first back ago in fourth grade. When I dream, I dream of the days that—that had taken place. Some of my most precious memories was at those hard times.

I suppose I never utterly hated my dad for betraying me, my mind, now, seems to tell me I somehow enjoyed it. I could almost think he was being kind for preferring the young boy, that possibly he was being both nice to him and me, in any case it was not like I ever truly was stepped on.

I wish I could see my dad again; I wish there were never a pandemic.

Tom, Steph, and I lacking our normal ups and downs—have nothing to talk about, and because of that our days are filled with nothingness.

Tom, from time-to-time brings to our attention that we could be rebellious and break into some of the neighbor's houses, in a bad way. He said, "if we break in, that that will support our nothingness," but we are not bad people, so we never did it.

My mind slowly forgot about a lot of my childhood, same with Steph and Tom.

Once we knew we needed to hold onto reality or a reality, we chose the last thing that made us happy, and that was some of the moments we had in the closet; those moments gave a sense of rest, kind of like a vacation from reality. We thought letting go of the former reality would be a lot more fun, but once we did, it was not as exciting without its adversity.

Ms. Rug Hug

Because it was not fun anymore, we decided to re-include our former reality, but this time we would have control over it and make believe only the things we would want to be in the former reality.

The first thing we decided to reinsert was the suburb house that we moved out from, the house we lived in before we lived in the mansion.

Spring had just recently welcomed itself into the neighborhood, I thought it would be nice to walk over there and recall the wonderful times I had in our former house.

Small pebbles and sand make a sound as I step out into the spring sunlight. The outdoor sunlight speaks as if I could live in that one moment continuously.

A five-minute walk felt like seconds in the excitement of the spring environment.

“The doors are locked,” Tom says on the steps—in front of the door to our former house.

“Knock it in,” I declare.

“Okay,” Tom says.

He turns around, his back facing the door. He picks up his leg and with his boot back kicks the door.

One solid knock, the door pops open.

“No one has moved in here yet,” I exclaim.

“You were just over here the other day, and it looks the same as we left,” Frog adds.

“I am going to my room, I am going to pretend we still live here,” I mention while walking to my former room.

My bedroom almost looks the same as it did when we moved here but much smaller. I enter the room, I look at the half-replaced window in the back of the room, the window I through my computer-monitor through.

I begin to walk out of my room, I say, “Dad you can come out now, you are re-welcomed into your house, you do not have to hide, you just have to be better than a sickness.”

Suddenly the front door slams shut.

“Is that what you call that, a sickness,” a deep sounding voice utters.

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Walking down the stairs, I hear Steph ask, “did you hear that?”

“Maybe we should leave,” Tom says.

“I think that voice was my Dad,” I state.

“Sorry Mr. Flippy,” Tom shouts into the environment.

“He is not all that sorry Dad; remember you just have to be better than a sickness! We will be at the mansion when you want to come home,” I say.

Leaving the front door open as we leave, leaving in a rush, I look behind me and watch an unseen being slam the door shut, shut so hard that one of the hinges on the door broke.

Once we were in the mansion and the doors were locked, doors began to move on their own, especially the closet doors.

Things quickly began to get tossed out of the closets.

We rush upstairs to my bedroom.

We rush over to my bed.

The closet doors begin to violently swing open and closed.

“Is that your Dad Jill,” Steph asks.

“Maybe,” I say.

I walk over to the closet door, I yell, “I am not scared of you!”

I begin to pick up some of the stuff being tossed out of the closet. I noticed things being tossed out that I had not recently put into the closet.

I pick up one of the photos that was tossed close to my feet.

I begin to recall the many lives I lived here.

I remember growing up, my family, children, friends and mostly Paper Corp.

“*This is my house Jill, this is our house,*” I hear my Dad say from within the closet.

“Then it is,” I yell back.

The room quickly grows silent and calm.

Times later

I say to my Dad, it is a good thing being home. We must have been away for ten years.

Ms. Rug Hug

“Yes, Jill it is good to be home,” Dad says.

“Jill Rug it is good that you are home,” Mom says, pouring me a fresh glass of orange juice.

“Credit to Dad, he can, and is—sometimes a sickness,” I say while cackling.

The End

C

INSPIRE ME

WRITTEN BY:

Holden

BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN

Art © 2021
Holden, B.

INSPIRE ME!

THE SONG
WRITTEN BY:

BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN

*Algerian font was used in the title of the Inspire Me sheet music,
Times New Roman was used elsewhere.*

Important note:

*Inspire me, the song sounds the best using a Synthesizer:
certain instruments within the many instruments of a synthesizer
do bring this song more to life!*

I recommend using Orchestra Cool-Piano (85) and Vocal/Pad (01)

*If you do not have these sounds or cannot find such sounds,
I recommend playing around with a variety of instruments—while
attempting to read the sheet music to Inspire Me. See what sounds best to you.*

—Brendon Holden

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INSPIRE ME

[Length: approximately 2:30-3:00]

WRITTEN BY

BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN

THE PPT. NAMER

Entire song: treble clef (vs. _____)

Written in G

Presto

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with two staves: Piano (Pno.) and Ahhs. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo is marked 'Presto'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. Chord symbols G, E, and G are placed above the piano staves. The Ahhs part consists of rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part features a complex, fast-moving melody in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The first system starts with a forte (ff) dynamic. The second system continues the piano part with a similar dynamic. The third system also continues the piano part with a forte (ff) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a mezzo-forte (mp) dynamic marking.

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Music Shared by: Wonder Beliefs

Page 1

INSPIRE ME

[Length: approximately 2:30-3:00]

WRITTEN BY
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TITEL PONTI ALABIAN

Written in G

Presto

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a piano (pno.) and harp (hhs) part. The piano part is written in treble clef, and the harp part is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Presto'. The score is divided into four measures by bar lines, with a double bar line at the end of each system. Above the piano staves, the chords E, G, and E are indicated for the first system, and G, E, and G for the second system. Above the harp staves, the chords E, G, and E are indicated for the third system, and E, G, and E for the fourth system. The piano part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the harp part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'ff' and 'f'.

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INSPIRE ME

[Length: approximately 2:30-3:00]

WRITTEN BY
BRENDON G.M.C. HOLDEN

TITLE POST: ALABAMA

Written in G

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with three staves. The top staff of each system is for the piano (Pno.), the middle for a cappella harmonies (Ahhs), and the bottom for a cappella bass lines (Ahhs). The piano part consists of a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The a cappella parts feature rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes. Chord progressions are indicated by letters G, E, and G above the piano staves. Dynamics include *ff* and *mp*. The piece concludes with the word *END* written above the final piano staff.

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When Things Go Wrong, Holden

D.C.

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Lucifer Play: Best Friends

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Lucifer Plays: Best friends Dancing Scene

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in C major

C7 A 6 F7 G7

Oh Child you're...

"Oh Child you're..." on and on...
whatever you're child is like.

Note:

This is part of Lucifer Plays: Best Friends. The song is a very large song. I dared myself to write—professionally one small part of it, this is the part: the dancing scene. (More will be written in the future.) The music was quickly done, giving you the privilege to study it. I must add it into Clutter in my Closet because it is a wonderful song, an inspiration! If you study the music, you will notice it is playable and the rhythm sounds well. Happy Studying!

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden

L.P.: Best Friends
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Sheet Music by Brendon Holden

Pg. 1

My Own Beat

2

Forest Houses

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

My Own Beat 2

Forest Houses

Written by:
—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—
Illustrations by Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Drums
Deep Bass Drum: X
Bass Tap: ♡
Light Tap: ○
Symbol Tap: —

Written in A minor

Adagio

Drum notation: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Bass Tap (♡), Light Tap (○), Symbol Tap (—), Deep Bass Drum (X).

Clarinet part: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, half notes, and a whole note.

Piano part: Treble and Bass clefs, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, half notes, and a whole note.

Note: Yell "AGAIN!!!"

Drum notation: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Deep Bass Drum (X), Bass Tap (♡), Light Tap (○), Symbol Tap (—).

Horn Blast

Horn part: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, eighth notes, and a sixteenth note.

Piano part: Treble and Bass clefs, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, half notes, and a whole note.

Drum part: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Deep Bass Drum (X), Bass Tap (♡), Light Tap (○), Symbol Tap (—).

Horn part: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, eighth notes, and a sixteenth note.

Piano part: Treble and Bass clefs, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, half notes, and a whole note.

Drum part: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Deep Bass Drum (X), Bass Tap (♡), Light Tap (○), Symbol Tap (—).

Horn part: Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, eighth notes, and a sixteenth note.

Piano part: Treble and Bass clefs, 4/4 time signature. Notes: Quarter notes, half notes, and a whole note.

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Page 1

My Own Beat 2

Forest Houses

Written by:
—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—
like not brass

Drums
Deep Bass Beat: X
Bass Tap: ○
Light Tap: ◎
Symbol Tap: —

Written in A minor

Adagio

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a drum staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a complex, rhythmic pattern of sixteenth notes. The drum part is minimalist, using various symbols to indicate different drum sounds: 'X' for a deep bass beat, '○' for a bass tap, '◎' for a light tap, and '—' for a symbol tap. The tempo is marked 'Adagio' and the key signature is 'Written in A minor'.

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Music Service by: Wunder Bellini

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Epilogue

“That Clutter in the front of the door Jill was not there,” Tom says.

“Exactly, it was not, but now it is, let’s forget about it, I never thought we would have seen something strange coming over to the old mansion, I simply wanted to impress Steph,” I say looking at Tom.

“That was amazing Jill,” Steph says wrapping her arms around me saying, Lets go home!”

Behind the Night Sky



About the book

Joffrey is an average young adult. He recently purchased a home, financed by his small business. Joffrey being over excited about his new purchase invited some of his friends—from his younger years to visit.

While Joffrey's friends are there, they decide to do something new, something that only children would do, and this is—explore the world of make believe, this Joffrey 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 six friends.

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

Joffrey must fix this error to save him and his friends; is this the end of Joffrey, his mind and his friends or will the six friends find a way out of I.O.N.?

Written by the author of *Behind the Night Sky*, making I.O.N. 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*.

1

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; I could almost smell the leaves as I look at them.

I say to myself “o yeah, this is the purpose to my life!”

I glance at my watch, I was watching for Dora and her new boyfriend, Matthew. We planned on getting together to celebrate my recent purchase, which was a three-story Victorian-style home.

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 saying 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 GB.

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.

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 saw the fall sight I witnessed.

Game Show

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 peeping 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, it is your house! Nice home!” Matthew says confirming his suspicion.

“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 say 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.

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

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

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

Behind the Night Sky: ION

“That means there is something wrong with it, there is not anything in this world for free Joff,” Matthew explains.

A bit humiliated I say, “I will add onto my savings.”

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.”

As we walk 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 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 Joffrey,” Matthew says, but obviously there is a catch. I bet 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.”

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. *I was showing off to get a praise, thanks Matty, now I must be the positive.*

“I will fix that Matthew,” I answer.

“Yeah, sure you will Joffrey,” 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; you could not get a place like this. Plus, you live in an apartment, what do you know.”

Game Show

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 Joffrey, 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. *Who told him negative 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!

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 Joffrey’s? Matthew and Dora are there,” I hear through the phone-speaker.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

Mumbling...

Yeah, Joff, we will be over in a couple of hours; are you still on 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.

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

On and on they talk, "I am getting another bowl pack," I say turning around, walking up the steps to my front door.

A ghost wave meets me at the entrance, 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.

Which makes me add, I pause...

"What do you mean Joff?" 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."

Game Show

“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.

“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 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.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

“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 forced energy coming at us. *We 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 now undoubtful says, “Okay Joff, 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.

Game Show

“Okay, then you are wrong,” Matthew says.

Frustrated I turn around.

I stop, I could barely find the words for what I was seeing. I point to the others, to 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 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 carnival worker would.

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

“You!” the man says while pointing at me.

I step toward the stick trailer.

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

“Take this ball in your hand and if you can toss it in the pan, and if you do you get the worth of a brand-

Behind the Night Sky: ION

new van, thirty thousand in a golden can, will be in your hand.”

I sat 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. He seemed to pick up on that and begin to laugh harder.

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

Stop

Stop!

Joffrey 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 man, thirty thousand in this 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 trailer disappear.

I look in the can 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.

2 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 takes in a big breath of fresh air, "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 were 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 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 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

Blind Rhyme

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 could 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, and 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, feet from the covered bridge GB says, “I have been down 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 passionate fire, the type of fire that separates humans from the wild kingdom.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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.

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

"What, I am not doing anything."

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

"What?" I yell, "are you messing with me. I pick up my head 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 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.

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:

Blind Rhyme

“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.

“Joffrey, are you okay?”

“Dora,” I cry—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 Joffrey,” 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 Joffrey,” Matthew asks.

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

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.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

“What? Thirty thousand dollars?” Matthew snaps.

“Plus, the Golden cup?” Kelly adds.

“You earned that Joffrey,” 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 Joffrey,” 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 peek 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 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, 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 call my voice mail; I dial the password.

Blind Rhyme

“Joffrey, 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 Joffrey.”

End of new messages.

Darn, my memories begin to fight what is!

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

Stop!

Take her stuff Joffrey, 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, Joff 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.

3
Cut it out Joff

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 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.

Cut it out Joff

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

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 Joffrey, 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 up 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 Joffrey.”

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.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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.

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, but 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 it is still open.

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

I watch some more music videos.

“I sure could have used those 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!*

Cut it out Joff

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

Who could this be?

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

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

“Beer Jeffery! 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 Joff, 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.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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

“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.

“Joffrey!” the others express.

Joft yells, “Joffrey 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 Joffrey, 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.

I guzzle the second beer.

Cut it out Joff

“Hold on a minute Joffrey, 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 Joffrey, “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 Joffrey?” I hear someone from behind me ask.

I reach the shore 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.

“Joffrey,” Joff 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 Joff... you seemingly passed out. We went up, but you refused to wake,” Mag boldly says.

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

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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.

“Joffrey it is Matthew, I have been spending the thirty thousand dollars, and I am having the time of my life! Where

Cut it out Joff

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 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. 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.

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

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.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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!

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.

“Joffrey, 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.”

“Where is Dora?”

“She is working,” Matthew states.

Well, come on in. 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.

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.

Matthew reads loss

“Matt, Matt,” Joffrey 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.

“Dam!” 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.

“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.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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 contradiction 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.

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

Matthew reads loss

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.

“Joffrey 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!”

“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, and power over their thought—they were lacking. The wanted power over the extraterrestrials, and thus forsaking all power.”

Behind the Night Sky: ION

“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 become 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, 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.”

Matthew reads loss

“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 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,

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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.

5
Running Joff

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—but 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 shaved in there before I left.

Ah. I found it!

Running Joff

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."

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 Joff, 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, Joff 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 Joff?" 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.

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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

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 Joffrey 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.

Running Joff

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

“Turn the other way,” I yell.

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.

6 ION

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 rath 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 cycles play of earth beginnings,) the system in outer space incorporates itself upon the earth; this is done through the people’s permissions.”

“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, generation would come and go, each generation hooking themselves up to this machine. (Most of the doings had to be done by the people 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 and given larger amounts of money, advantage over their peers, pleasure and protection to give the secrets of their DNA as well as some of the wildlife Codes.”

“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, I ask—the thing that was speaking through Matthew.

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

“This particular system we are talking about is something that the people were allowed to bring upon the earth, 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 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.”

Behind the Night Sky: 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 peoples 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—which they are, 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 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 off the

ION

machine. He knows we want too, and those who take off him, he is smarter and will act to punish, especially if he is not keeping you!”

ION Lunatic Break

Matthew through the creature continues to speak: “What had happened back at the turn of the century, whether it was three 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. 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, a 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.”

“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.”

Behind the Night Sky: ION

“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 North America, one outside the system, they can do and go anywhere. 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, yet what I take is the Z, only the 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 Joff, 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. They hacked in!”

“How did he 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...

“Joff, 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?”

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, Joffrey, Fame! It is the biggest scam out there!”

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

Behind the Night Sky: ION

“Why do all the fun things have to include prison! I do not know Joffrey 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!!!

8 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 Joffrey, 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 face 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.”

My TV?

“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 Joff, 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.”

Behind the Night Sky: ION

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

“Yes.”

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

What could this be a baby?

I have to 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

Dora whispers:

*“I spy with my little eye someone about to tell a lie.
 What could this be but a 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. I never meant to
 give her away. It was so long ago, I forgot about it,” Dora says,
 while crying.

“Joff did you here that” Matt picks his head up.

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 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!



Let us Create Together!
Behind the Night Sky will not finish.
Let us work together on it. Until we
work again!

All week we worked saying we
finished, give us something not finished
and we shall rest.

—Brendon

