



BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Over sixty Illustrations

—BRENDON HOLDEN—

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:

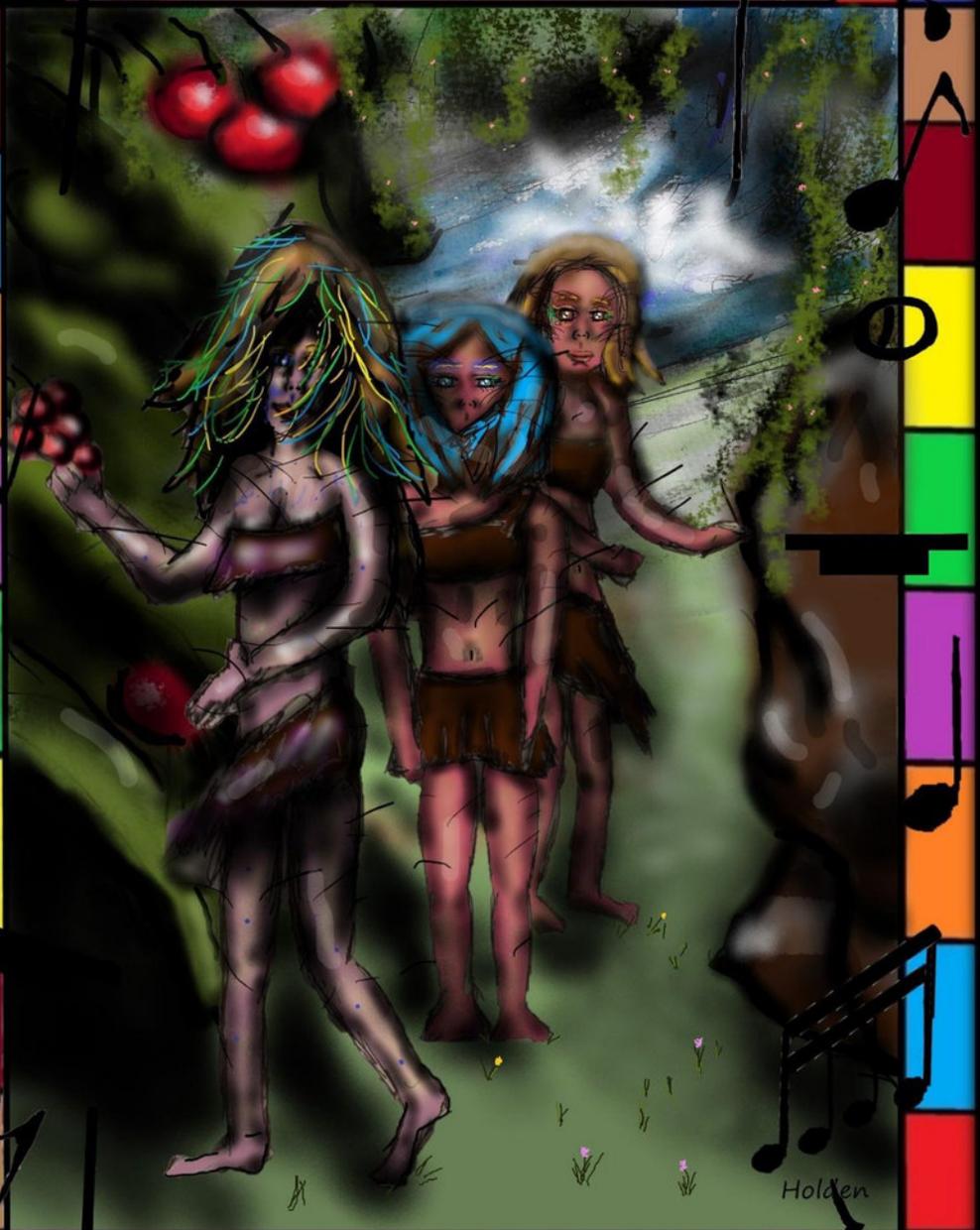
Drawings by Brendon
P.O. Box 175
Lyndon, Vermont 05849

I would love to receive your letter!

BRENDON HOLDEN

Behind
the Night
Sky

Behind the Night Sky
Finding Run Personal Computer PBR



—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

BRENDON HOLDEN

Behind the Night Sky

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Sheet music before each chapter

Music © 2020 by Brendon Holden

Over 60 Illustrations

Art © 2020 by Brendon Holden

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

No part of this book may be used, sold, or re-produced
without written consent from the author.

Copyright © 2021
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

First Original Prints were self-published through:

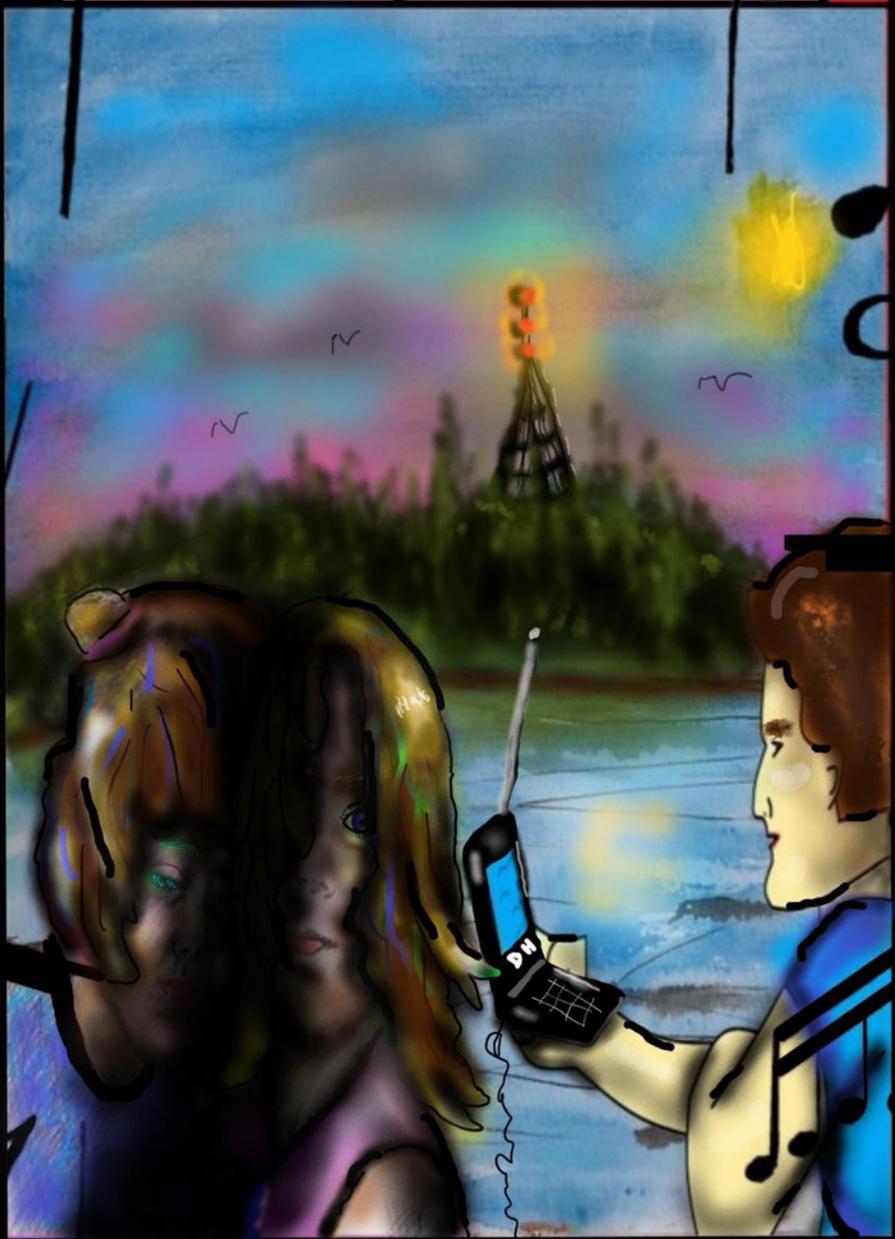
Blurb, INC.
600 California Street
11th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94108

TABLE_OF_CONTENTS

1. Life in 1999.....	09
2. An open door.....	41
3. Reality.....	67
4. Do I love?.....	89
5. An honest marriage.....	111
6. Self-discovery.....	127
7. What is the earth?.....	149
8. The child, the question.....	177
9. The revelation!.....	197
10. Life behind the night sky!.....	223
Extras and Fun Pictures.....	245

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Chapter 1



Life in 1999

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY



Behind the Night Sky

Theme song



Behind the Night Sky Theme Song

written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

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. End *As this song ends keep playing the last few measures—as if it did not.*

skies! A minor 7 E minor 7

Pno.

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

Vocal

As I sit and Small amounts give There is a world that

D minor 7 E minor 7 F6 E minor 7

Pno.

Vocal

dream sight lies wondering if your inwards be behind its all a gin to my dream fight eyes If you what I'm up to to I

Pno.

Vocal

high look see falling I be-gin to to see what was a world made for cry. took. me.

Pno.

Behind the Night Sky Theme Song
Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



Behind the Night Sky

★ Theme Song ★



Written in A minor

Written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holder

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. *pp*

Vocal to see what lies be hind the night sky, sky, skies!
 to see what lies be hind the night night sky, sky, skies!
 be hind the night night sky, sky, skies!

First line disregard repeat signs and play to the end of page 3.

Pno.

Vocal *ff* Thought/thinking Creature Dance

Pno. *ff* A G

Vocal

Faster and more aggressive tempo next 3 measures

Pno. F E A

Behind the Night Sky Theme Song
 Copyright © 2020
 Brendon Holder
 All rights reserved.
 Sheet Design by: Brendon Holder



Behind the Night Sky

Theme Song

Written in A minor

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holder



Adagio

Vocal

Pno. *f*

Vocal

Pno. *pp*

Thought/thinking Creature Dance ends

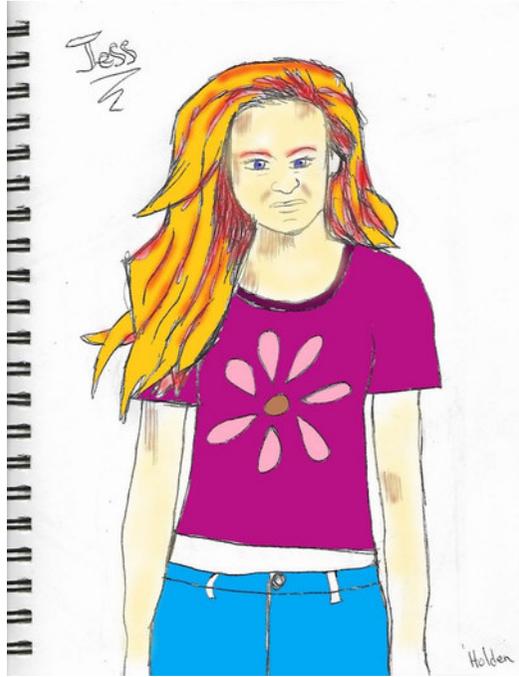
Go back to the beginning ignoring sky skies.

C minor D# A= C minor G# A= C minor G# A= C minor

E

G F

Behind the Night Sky Theme Song
Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holder
All rights reserved.
*Sheet Design by: Brendon Holder



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.

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



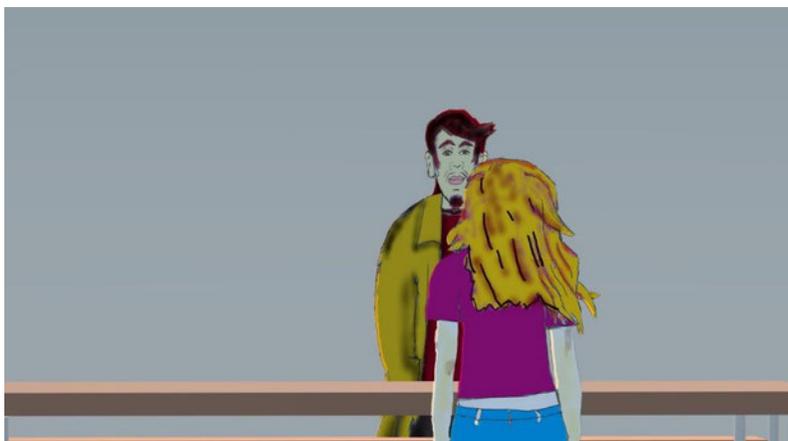
boy named Bam.

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 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 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 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!”

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 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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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.

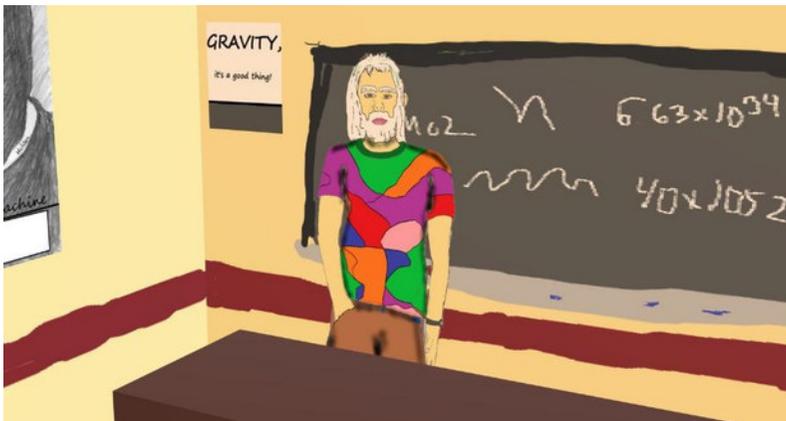
We both were happy to see how big the school was, and especially all the technology; the School had computer rooms, they gave each of us an email address, and the faculty gave each of us a big, and expensive calculator. We expressed our growing comfort to one another, and as lunch usually is, we hardly 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 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 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, 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—in order 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 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 don 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 Bams 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.”

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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.

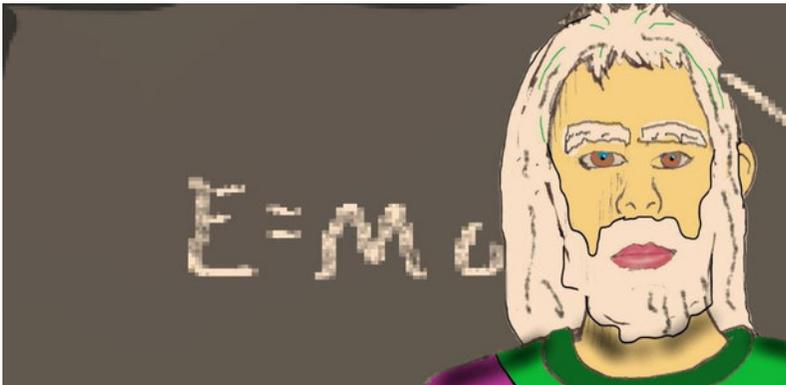
I asked him again just too sure myself, that I was not to pretend a world of absolute knowledge—the one and only knowledge, the knowledge I invent...unified knowledge.... “Is that the same as positive and negative?” He, as predicted seemed to avoid the question with a false answer, as if the question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

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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 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!

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.

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.

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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 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 star-lit 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.”

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 Fathers 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 asked, "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. Your welcome to join us if your parents don't mind!"

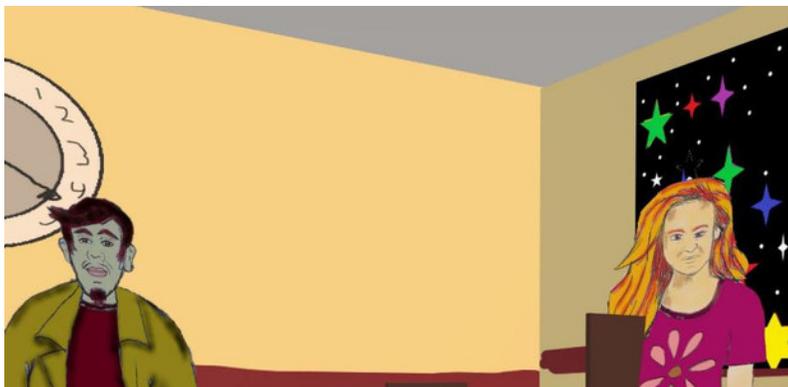
Brenda said, "why don't you come and spend the night."

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 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!”

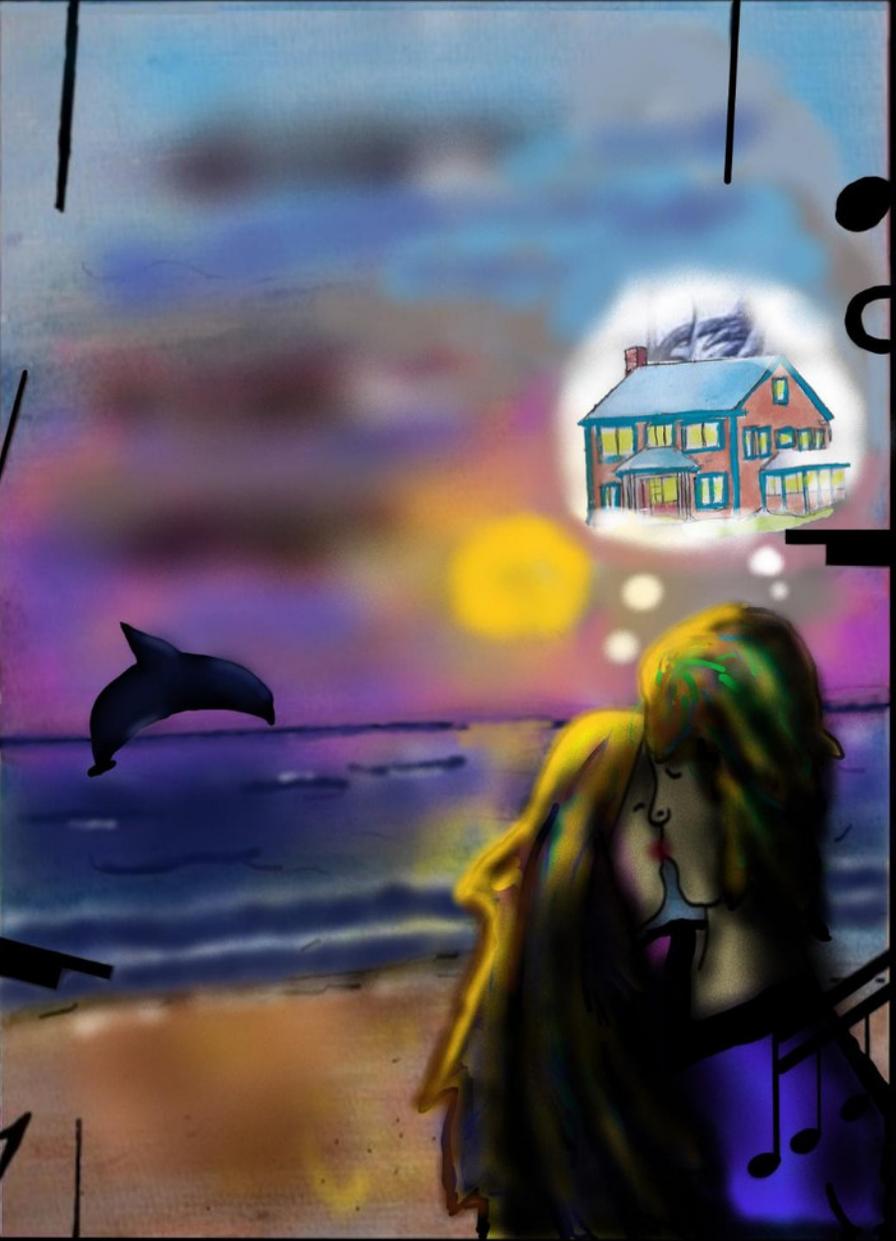
I ask, “the stars light took time to get to the earth and what your saying is, there is actually another type of reality out there?” I ask, looking for Bam to confirm my recently spoken sentence—continuing the conversation.

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!*”

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Chapter 2



An open door



I'll Stay

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Holden



The background of the page is a collage of musical scores. At the top, there are two pages of a musical score with red hearts on the left page. Below this is a large, solid pink rectangular area. At the bottom, there are two more pages of musical scores. The central text is set against a white background.

I'll Stay

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

**Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All Rights Reserved.**



I'll Stay



Written in: A minor

Andante

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal *Am* *F* *D*

Drum Beat: **x** = Bass beat **☀** = Gentle, Jazzy, Drum tap/crash

pp

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

Pno. *A* *F* *Dm*

Vocal *E6* *Am* *F*

Pno. *mp*

Do I love her what should I say
 Yes I love her what should I say
 Yes I love her would you please stay

Vocal *D6* *E6* *Am*

Pno.

I can't for-get us down by the bay, Do I love her
 We can't come back live here time to perhaps stay, Yes I love her
 We can't come back live here time to perhaps stay, Yes I love her

Vocal *F* *D6* *E6*

Pno.

should I stay will you be back again this very same day,
 it may appear gay but if I ask her what would she say,
 what should I say will you come back this her this very same day,

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved

Sheet Design by: Brennan Holden



I'll Stay



Written in: A minor

Andante

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

Am F D6

Do I love her what is the way is there some thing
 Yes I love love you she knows the way perhaps there is some thing
 Yes I love love you what do you say I am asking

Pno.

Vocal

E6

about this day.
 about this day.
 in the light of the day.

Pno.

Am F

Vocal

Pno.

D6 E6 Am

Vocal

Pno.

F D6 E6

Third verse go to the end—

Copyright © 2020
 Brendon Holden
 All rights reserved

Sheet Design by: Nicoban Holden

I'll Stay

Written in: A minor

Written by:

Andante

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

D6

Vocal *mp* Am Yes I love you what did you say something about the

Pno. *mp*

Vocal E6 ancient day

Pno. *mp* END

Vocal

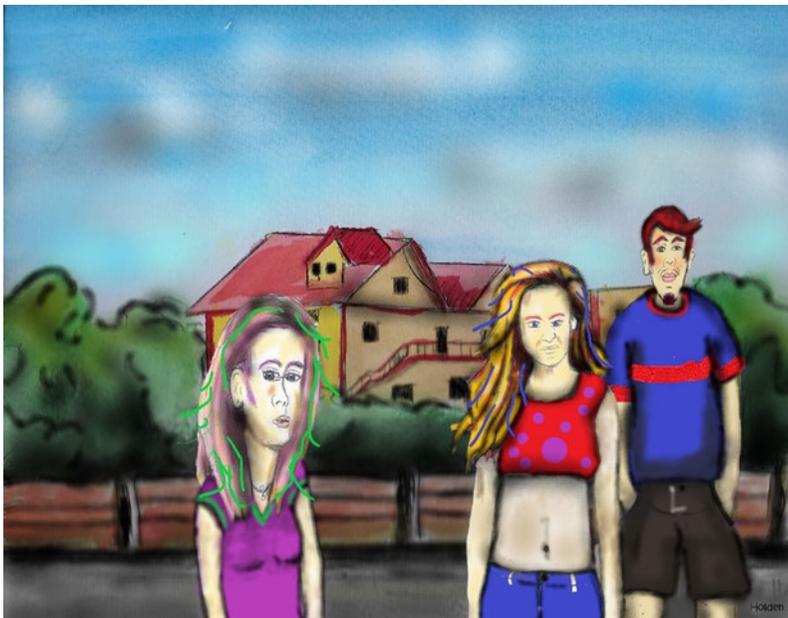
Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



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 Hight 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, psychologists said it was a neurological 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 do 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 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.”

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

We all agreed.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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.

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 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.

“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.

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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 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,” 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.

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 a nice beach house. Alice's Mom said the house cost about ninety 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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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; 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 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 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 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.

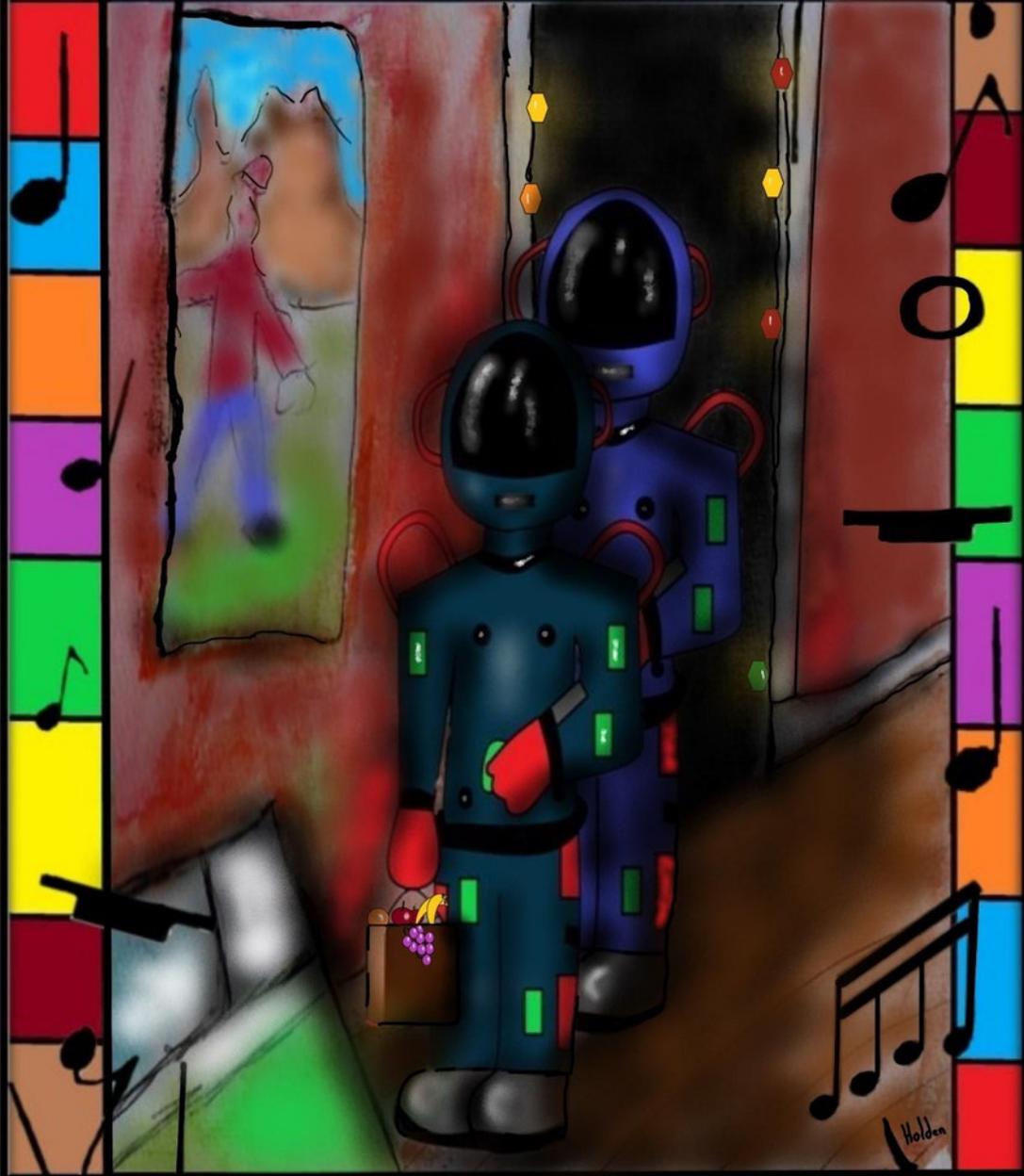
... Suddenly as we went into the closet the lights faded and we were in a room, or a cave—with what could have been electronics. Bam said, “you see it, now we should go back home,” and we did.

We reentered Bam’s bedroom puzzled, but alive.

I looked at Bam, he looked back, and I said, “it’s an open door!”

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Chapter 3



Reality

Holden



Jasper



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

Art © 2020
Art © 2020
Holden, B.



Jasper

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Copyright 2021
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

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

Em D C D Em D

Pno.

Vocal

C D Em D C D

Pno.

Vocal

For these 2 measures play treble clef 1 octave higher

Em D C D Em D

Pno.

Vocal

C D Em D C D *p*

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

Page 1



Jasper

Written in G
Adagio

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

Em

I cannot help but seem to
I After tell others I feel great,
years here is

Vocal

lose my mind, What are these
I my feel fine, Hopefully holding it
my y C find, D Stop lying to

Vocal

thoughts coming from behind my
together I will find all that is
my D mind C it is

Vocal

not fine, not fine, no its not kind, not fine
in my my mind, mind, mine, mine, all that is in my mind, my my kind
my Em mind, D mine, mind, D no its not kind, not my not kind fine

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



Jasper

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Written in G
Adagio



Vocal

not fun at all! *Presto*
not fun at all! *ff*
not fun at all!

Em Em C D D C D

Vocal

Em D C D Em D

Pno.

Vocal

C D Em D C *pp*

Vocal

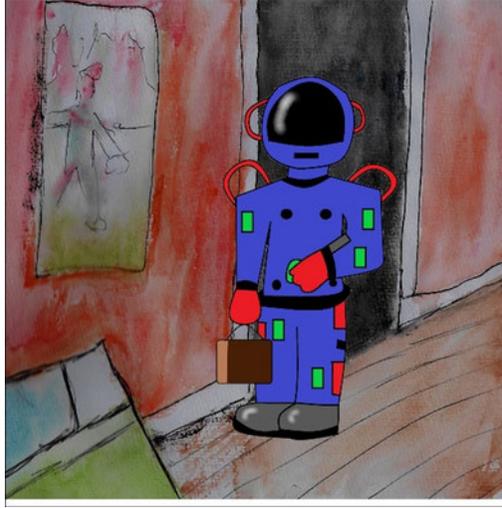
D *f* G *END*

Pno.

1 2

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 at the moment I walk in—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 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 yet 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 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 there 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.

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

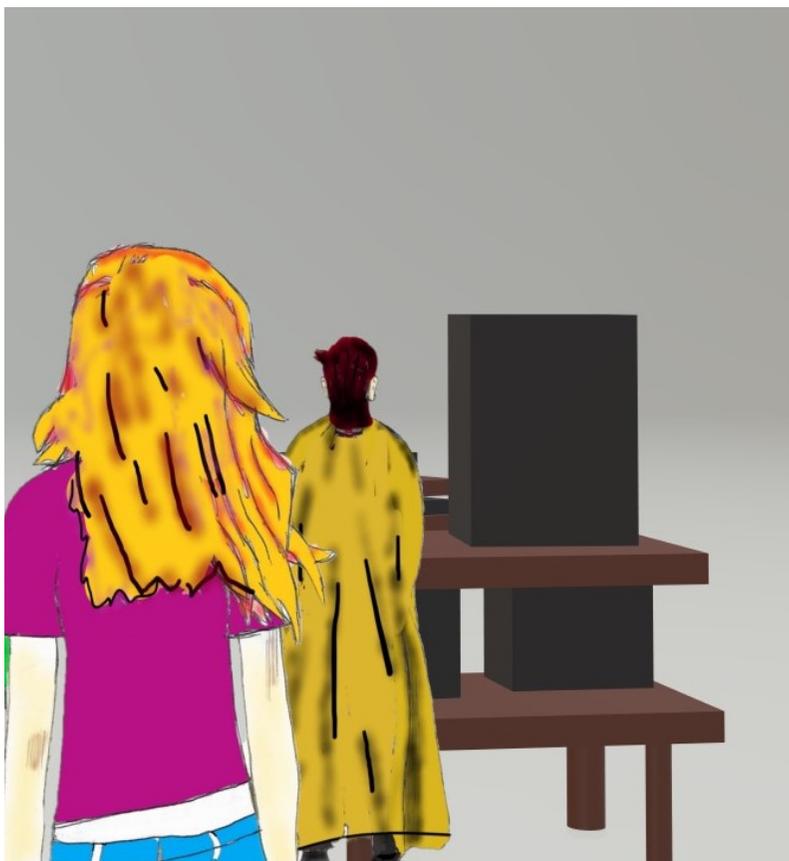
you more about your world.”

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 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.

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 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 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.

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!

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Chapter 4



Do I love?

Machine Echo



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

**Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All Rights Reserved**



Machine Echo

Written in E^b

Presto



If you really think about it

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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

Piano 1 *ff* **Drum Beat** ✕ ✕ ✕ ♥ ♥ ♥ ✕ ✕ ✕ ♥ ♥

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

Piano 2/Strings *ff* C minor B^b A G

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

Maple: If you really think about it
Max: As I start to think about it

Brendon: Know all Know all Brenda

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

Piano 1 *ff*

Piano 2/Strings *ff*

Copyright © 2010
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Wrentham Walden

Machine Echo

If you really think about it

Written in E^b

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

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

♥ = Teacher hits desk

✕ = Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

Maple If you really think about it nothing makes sense at all
Max As I start to think about it what was that I saw

Chorus: If you really think about it

Ban: At
Ban: I

Max: If I start to think about it

Ban: all
Ban: SAW

Chorus: If you really think about it
Max: If I really think about it

1 2

Brendon: Know all Know all Brenda

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

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics, a Piano 1 part, a Piano 2 part, a Piano/Strings 2 part, and a drum part. The drum part uses hearts (♥) to indicate 'Teacher hits desk' and crosses (✕) to indicate 'Solo Drum beat in Graveyard'. The score includes two choruses and a bridge section. The key signature is E-flat major (one flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is written for Piano 1, Piano 2, Piano/Strings 2, and a drum part.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

#bestdesign by: Wrentham Walkers

Machine Echo

If you really think about it

♥ = Teacher hits desk

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

✕ = Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

Chorus: If you really think about it

Maple If you really think about, the knowledge we know is small
 Mac AS I start to think about it, we know nothing at all

Mac If I start to think about it

Ban Is
 Ban At

Ban small
 Ban all

1 2

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system includes a vocal line (Piano 1), a piano accompaniment (Pno.), and a string accompaniment (Piano/Strings 2). The piano part includes a drum line with symbols for 'Teacher hits desk' (♥) and 'Solo Drum beat in Graveyard' (✕). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes a chorus and a verse, with a repeat sign and first/second endings in the piano part.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Wenden Holden

Machine Echo

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

If you really think about it

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



= Teacher hits desk



= Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

Written in E^b

Piano 1 *p*

Pno.

Piano 2/Strings

Pno.

Piano 1

Pno.

Rest Dums through here and Pick back up with power

Maybe: If you really think about it
Max: If I really think about it

Chorus: If you really think about it

Piano 2/Strings

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

Machine Echo

If you really think about it  = Teacher hits desk

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

 = Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

Maple: If you really think about, shouldn't we be at the mall Bam the

Max: AS I start to think about it, I think I know what I saw Bam I

Chorus: If you really think about it

Maple: If you really think about it Chorus: If you really think about it

Max: I think I thought about it Bam I

Maple: If you really think about it Chorus: If you really think about it

Max: I think I thought about it Bam I

Bam mall Bam: SAW

Bam: SAW

1 2

1 2

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden.
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

Machine Echo

If you really think about it

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

☀ = Symbol Crash
♥ = Teacher hits desk
✕ = Solo Drum beat in Graveyard

1 2

Max: If I start to think about it
 Meple: If you really think about, that doesn't make sense at all
 Max: I think I have thought about it, thank you for the call
 Chorus: If you really think about it
 thank you for the

Piano 1

Pno.

Piano/Strings 2

Pno.

call

END

Piano 1

Pno.

Graveyard drummer: Symbol Crash Ending song ☀

Piano/Strings 2

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

#been #design by: Wicentban Welden



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.

A couple of days went by and everything was as normal as always, but there were the occasional strange things that would

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 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 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 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!

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 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 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 and 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.

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.

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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 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 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.

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.

Chapter 5



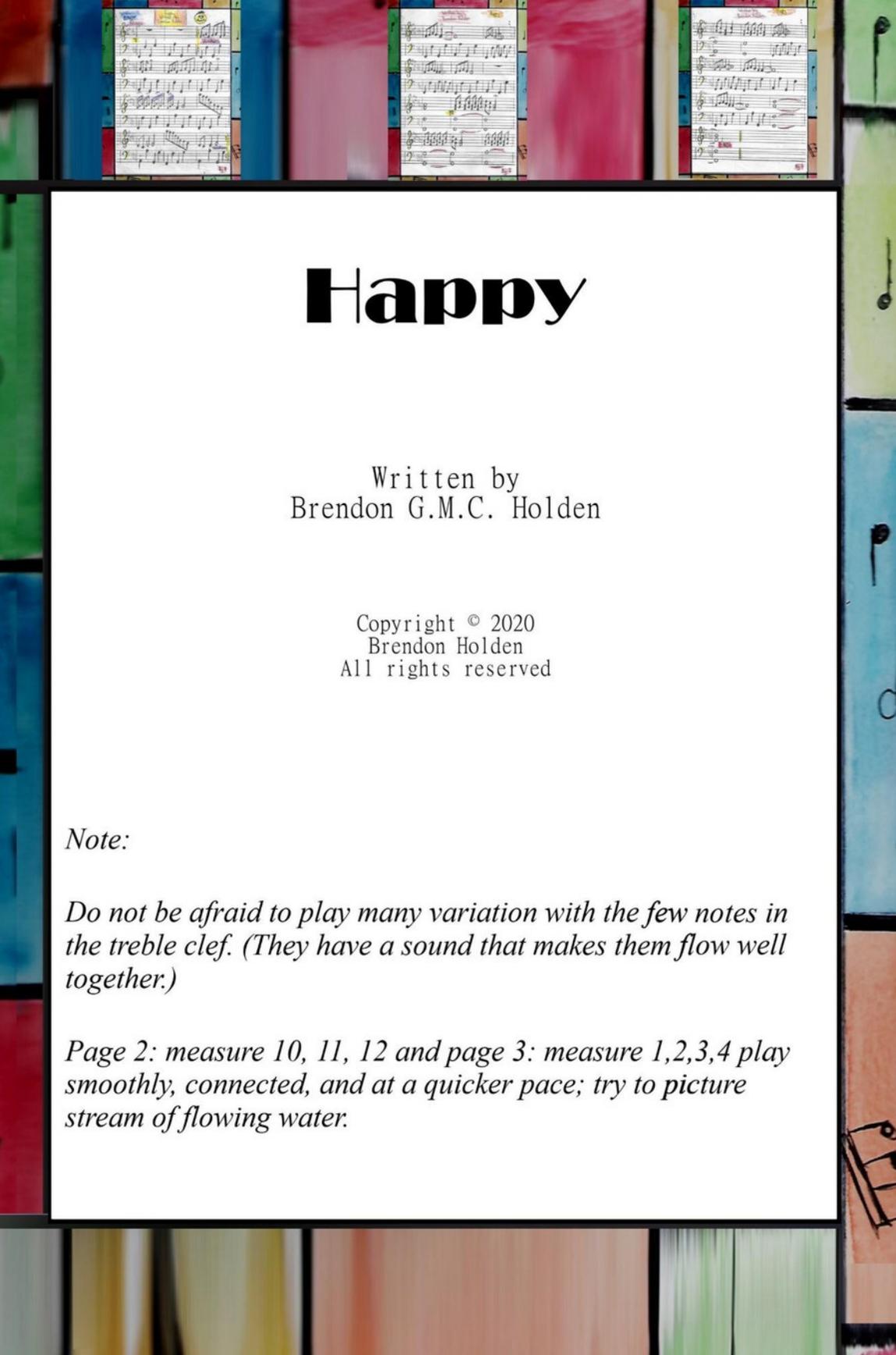
An honest marriage



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 background color: blue, pink, and green. The rest of the border consists of various colored rectangular panels in shades of green, blue, and orange, some with faint musical symbols or patterns.

Happy

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved

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.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

Happy

Written in B major

Adagio

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
#1001 Design by Brendon Holden

Page 2



Happy

Written in B major

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Adagio



Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

END

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

D.C.



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.



BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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

“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 my side 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 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 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 said.

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 tree-tops 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 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 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 conclusively 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, 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 said.

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?”

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

Chapter 6



Self discovery



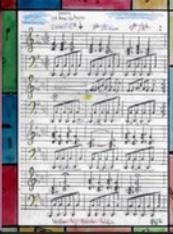
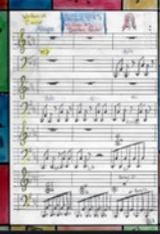
Brendon's Behind the Night Sky

The word "Stones" is written in a stylized, blocky font. Each letter is composed of several small, overlapping squares in various colors (yellow, orange, grey, black). The letters are arranged in a slightly staggered, horizontal line.

Stones

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

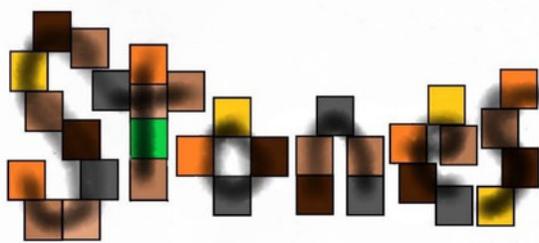
Holden



Brendon's Behind the Night Sky

Stones

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved

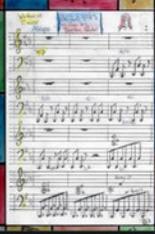
The atmosphere to this song is *rich*: tobacco, beauty, old-victorian-style houses, information fed to large unstructured stones. *The older Computers!*

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.

Copyright 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved



Brendon's

Behind the Night Sky

Stones

Written in E^b
Allegro

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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 5.

Pno. Wind sound, first measure

A C A

Vocal

For the entire song: play treble clef one octave lower.

C C C C C C C

Pno.

Vocal

(Introduction sound: the men coming from the earth are now behind the night sky!!!)

p Here I am walking through a

Cm B^b

Pno.

Vocal

strange la—nd, just a man, I look to wards Bam, to see him stand.

A^b G Cm C[#]

Pno.

Light Stone tap = ♣ Create drum beat with stones
Heavy Stone tap = ✕

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.
@bttm Brendon Holden



Brendon's Behind the Night Sky



Written in E^b
Allegro

Stones
Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal

p

These 4 beats cords including the B^b and A^b in the next few measures were originally played as shown below. For the remainder of song the C^b spot below will be a quarter note. You have the option to play it in this fashion.

Pno.

Vocal

For the entire song: play treble clef one octave lower.

f

Pno.

Vocal

p

Not finding a lot I see a girl

Pno.

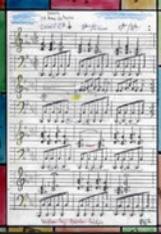
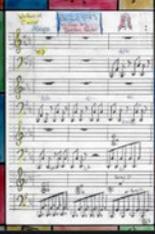
Vocal

shaped like a bot, She moves a rock, that is where I was taught.

Pno.

Light Stone tap = ✓ Create drum beat with stones
Heavy Stone tap = x

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



Brendon's

Behind the Night Sky



Written in E^b
Allegro

Stones

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal *mp*

Pno.

Chords: Cm, Cm, C[#], Cm, B^b, Cm, B^b, A^b, B^b

Vocal *f*

Pno.

Chords: B^b, G

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

Pno.

Chords: Cm, B^b

Vocal to my la—nd, talk to my friends, see what they think of this far-out land.

Pno.

Chords: A^b, G, Cm, C[#]

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

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



Brendon's

Behind the Night Sky



Written in E^b
Allegro

This whole page.
Bass Clef: C low C
high.

Stones

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

Pno.

mp

Chords: Cm, Cm, C⁺, Cm, B^b, Cm, B^b, A^b, B^b

Vocal

Pno.

f

Chords: B^b, G

Vocal

Pno.

Chords: C⁺, Cm, C⁺, Cm, A^b, C⁺, Cm

Vocal

Pno.

Chords: C⁺, Cm, A^b, Cm, C⁺, Cm, C⁺, Cm, A^b, Cm

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

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden.
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by Brendon Holden



Written in E^b
Allegro

Brendon's

Behind the Night Sky



This whole page.
Bass Clef: C low C
high.

Stones
Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

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

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden.
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Sebastian Waiden



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!”



“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!

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

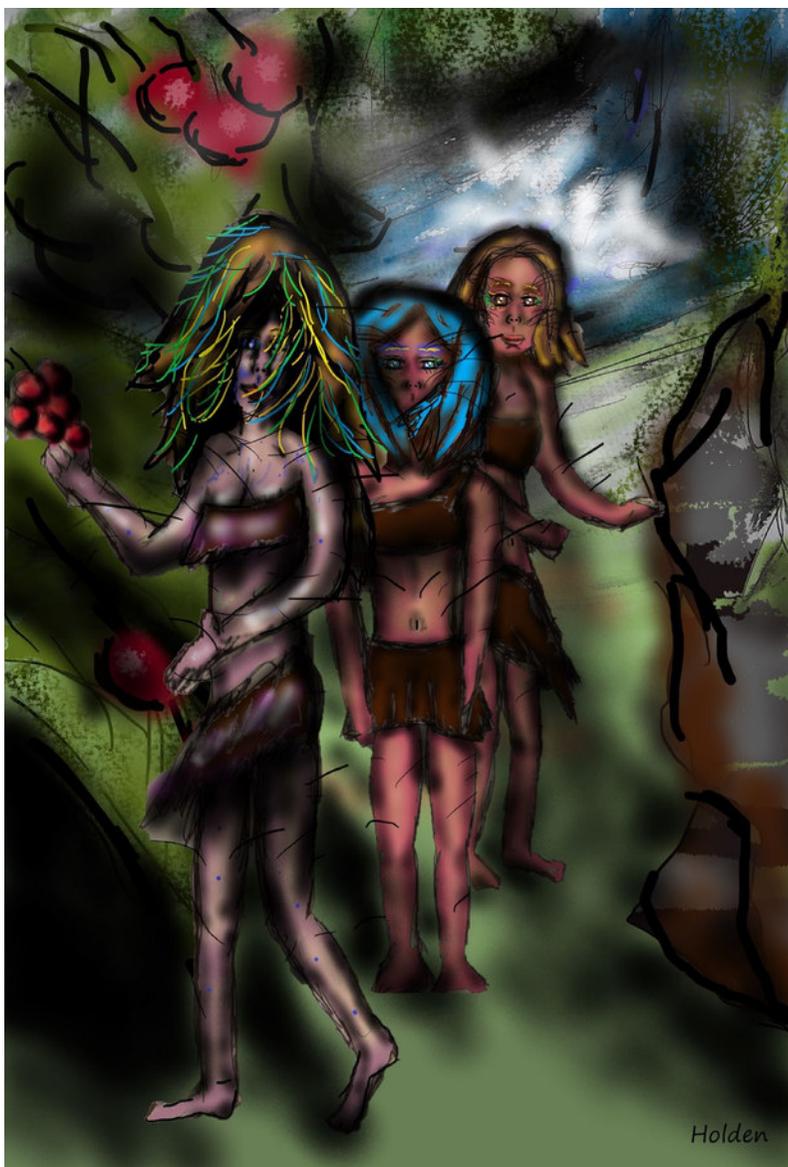


As he put his hand to move a branch from his view, he could see what appeared to be a half-clothed girl. It did not appear to be a child, but a woman, a young woman, she was hiding in the foliage.



“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 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.

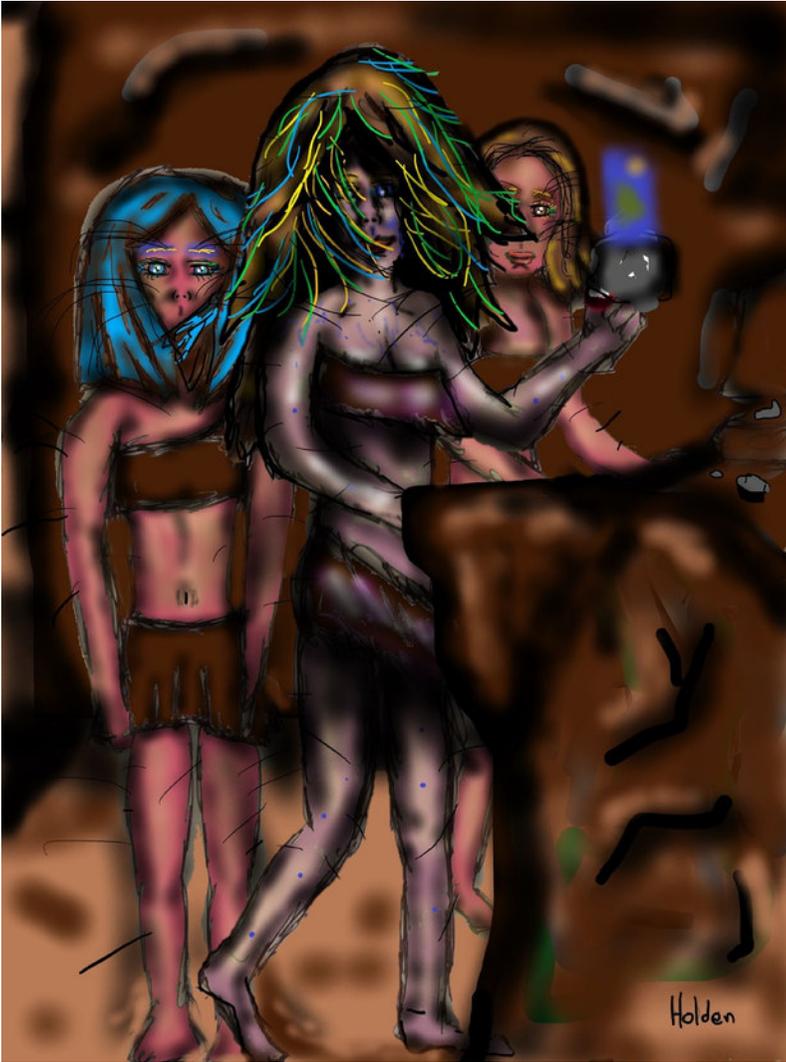
Out of the garden appeared a temple; Breka led the three men inside. Breka started moving the stones around, and holograms started appearing.

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 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.

“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 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."

"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.

“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.”



BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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.

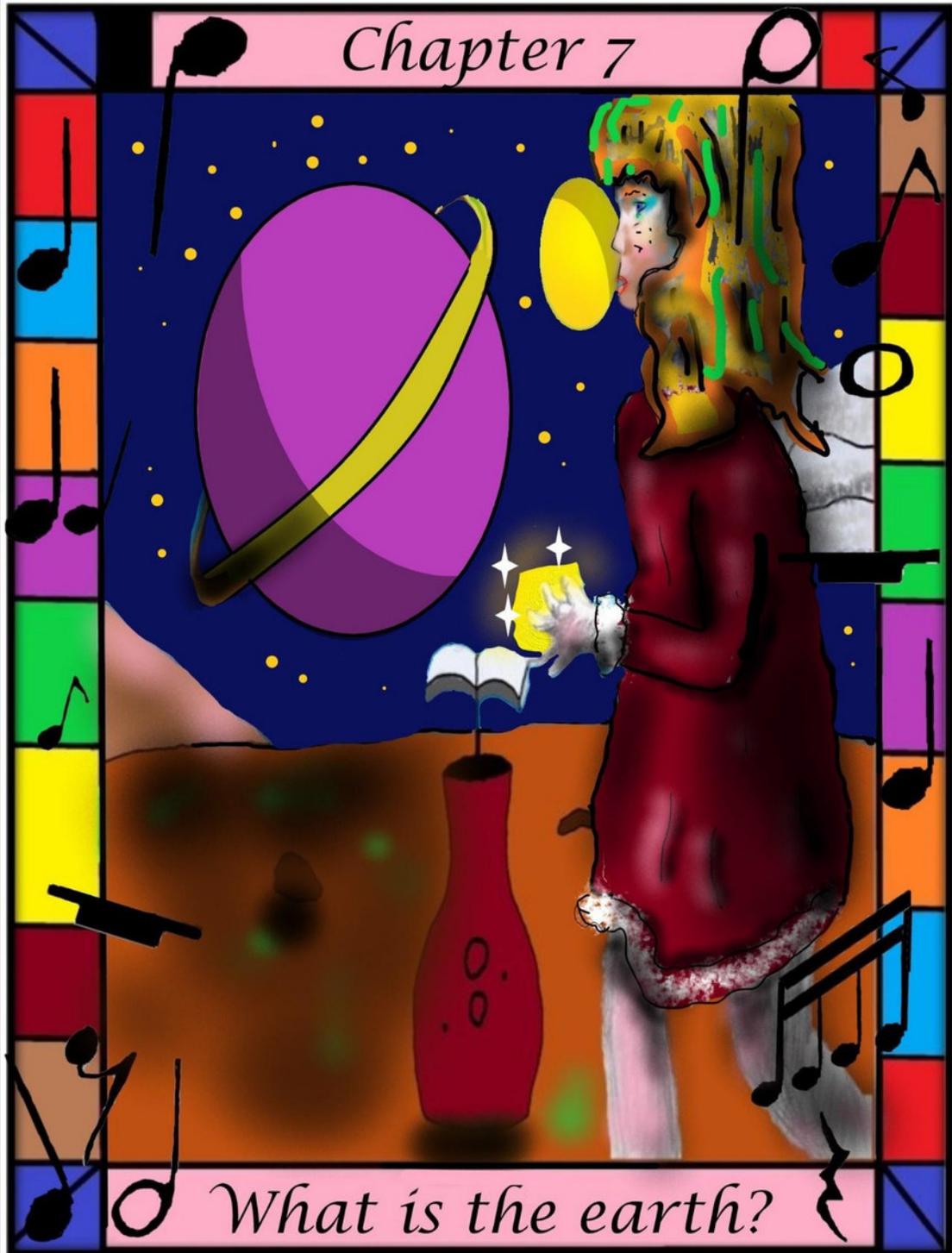
“I want to live here!” Max said.

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

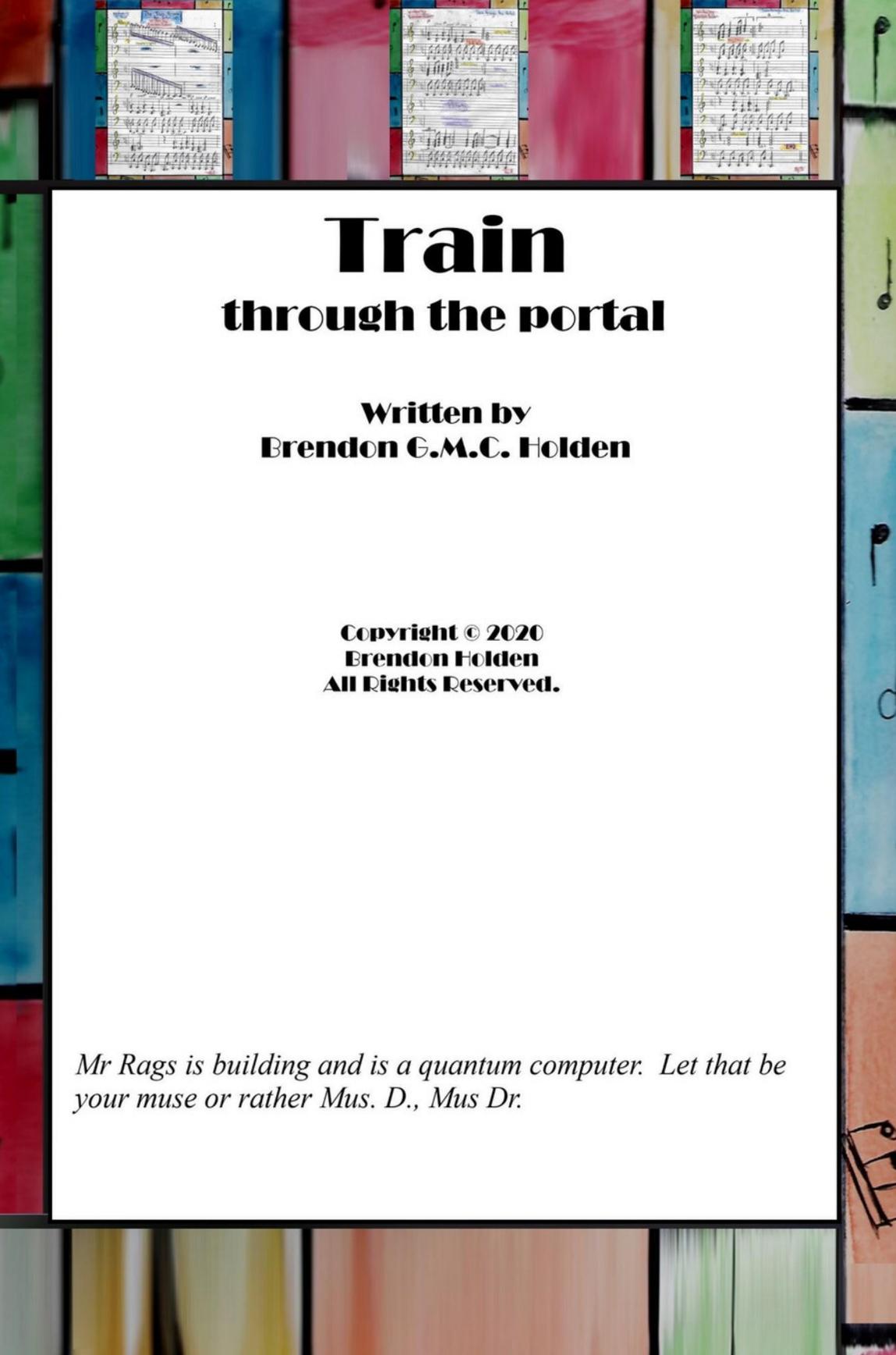
The men now wondering if this were real or was this somehow fake; Brendon wanted to live with the girls, and Max could tell Tod was Tod and wanted to stay. Bam was a little spooked and reminded us that we must go back to the earth and on earth we will not feel the same.

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

Chapter 7



What is the earth?

The background of the page is a collage of musical scores and colorful abstract shapes. At the top, there are three panels of musical notation on staves, with various colored borders (blue, pink, green). The rest of the page is a white rectangular area with a black border, containing the title and author information. The bottom of the page features a colorful abstract pattern with vertical stripes in shades of green, yellow, and brown.

Train

through the portal

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

**Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All Rights Reserved.**

*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

Presto

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

ff

Timing should not matter all that much in the first 2 measures; make a portal sound, or a falling sound, stop on the Note C

Show us you got to the next measure

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 Cm

Pno.

© Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



Train

through the portal



Written in E^b

Written by:
Brendon 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.

© Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by Brendon Holden



Train

through the portal

Written in E^b

Presto

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



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.

© Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

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 8 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.

© Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Brendan Holden

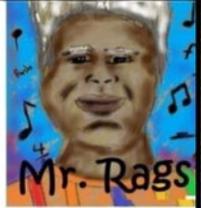
Train

through the portal

Written in E^b

Presto

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

ff

Pno.

Vocal

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

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.

1 2

© Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

Train

through the portal



Written in E^b

Presto

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal *ff* End

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

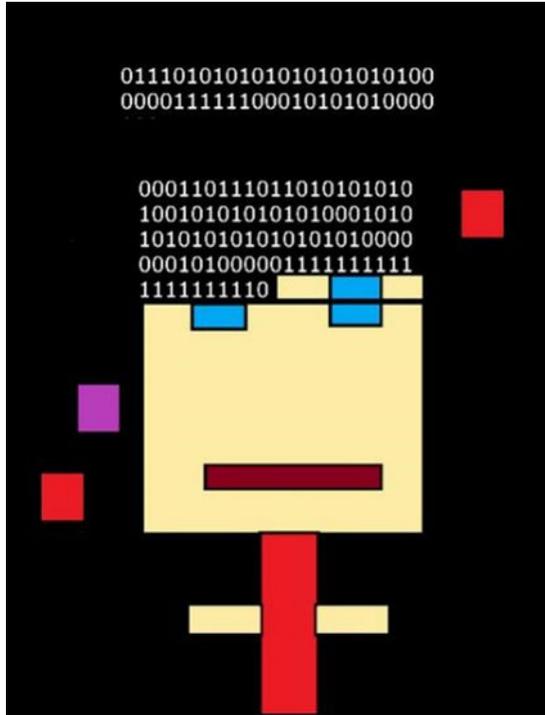
Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) joined by a brace. The first system shows the vocal line with a dynamic marking of 'ff' and a hairpin crescendo leading to the word 'End'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass clef and chords in the treble clef. The subsequent systems are mostly empty staves.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

to my surprise it was Brendon. Brendon looked like he had a lot on his mind.

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!”



BRENDON HOLDEN

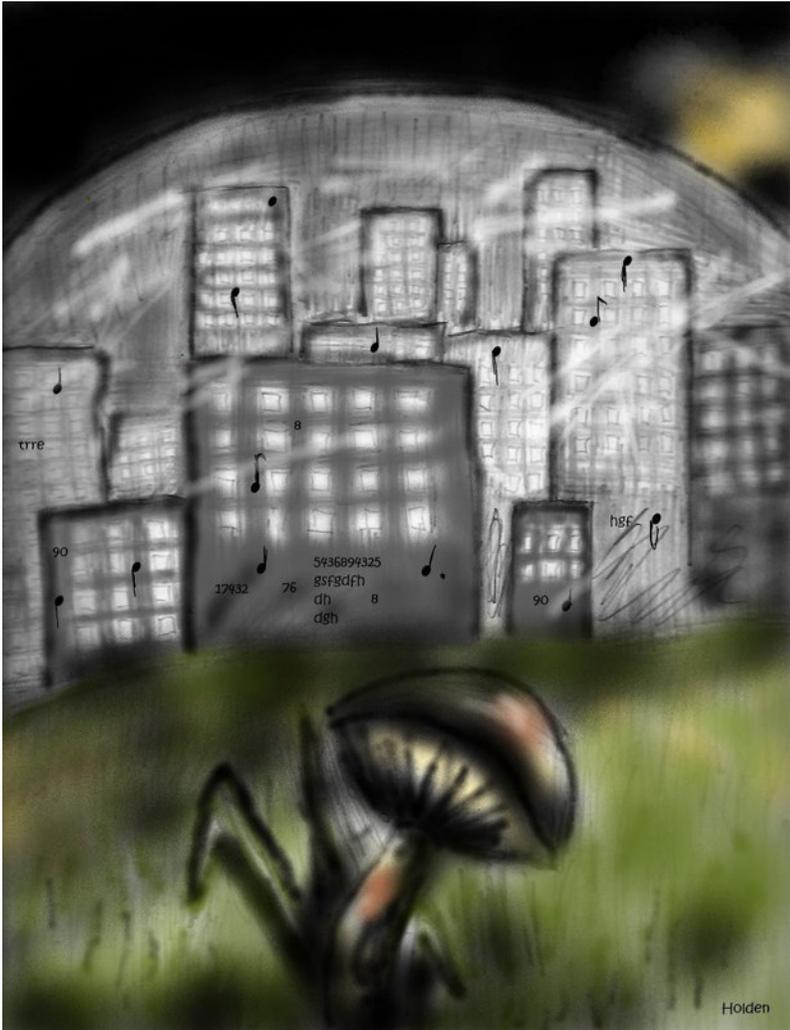
“Did they tell you that they wanted your vote, they wanted your vote to take over the earth?” I asked.

“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?”

(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.

“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.

“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.

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.

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.

“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.

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.

“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 Father's 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.

"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 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.

“Mom 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.

“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.

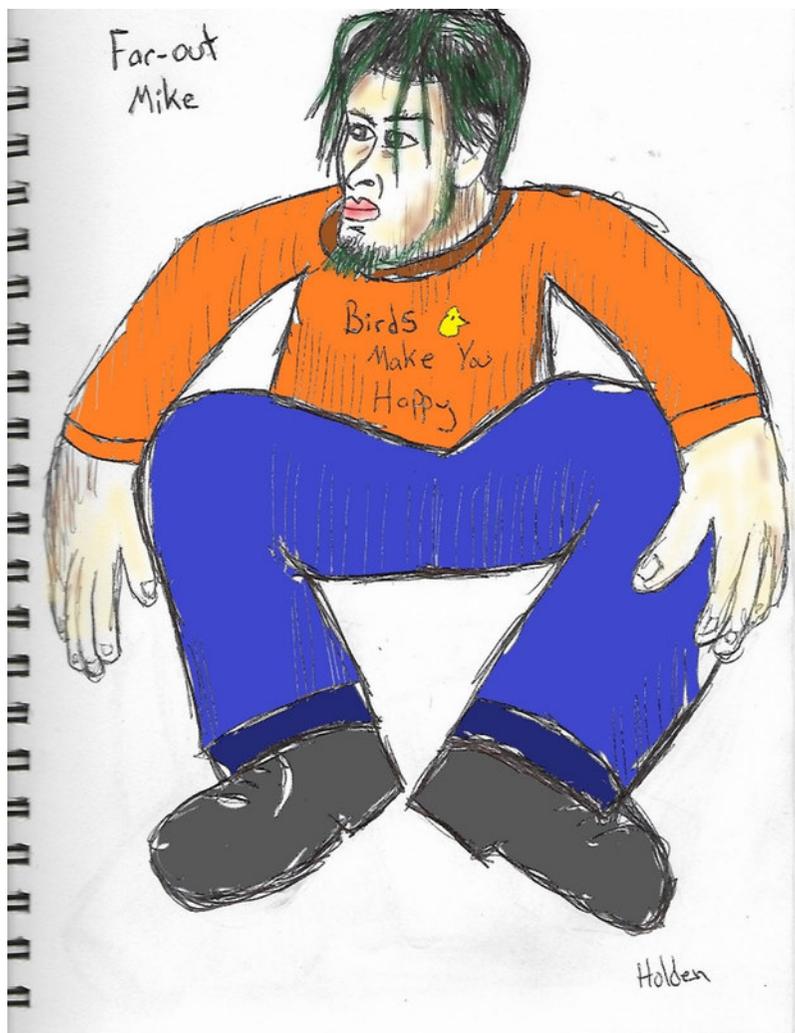
I looked up at the stars, I looked at the same spot we saw the light blink. Just a few months prior to that I met Alice, it was freshman year, strange things were happening throughout the country, the cellphone age had begun. Nothing ever came out of it; I suppose my parents were right when they pushed 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.

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 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.

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.”

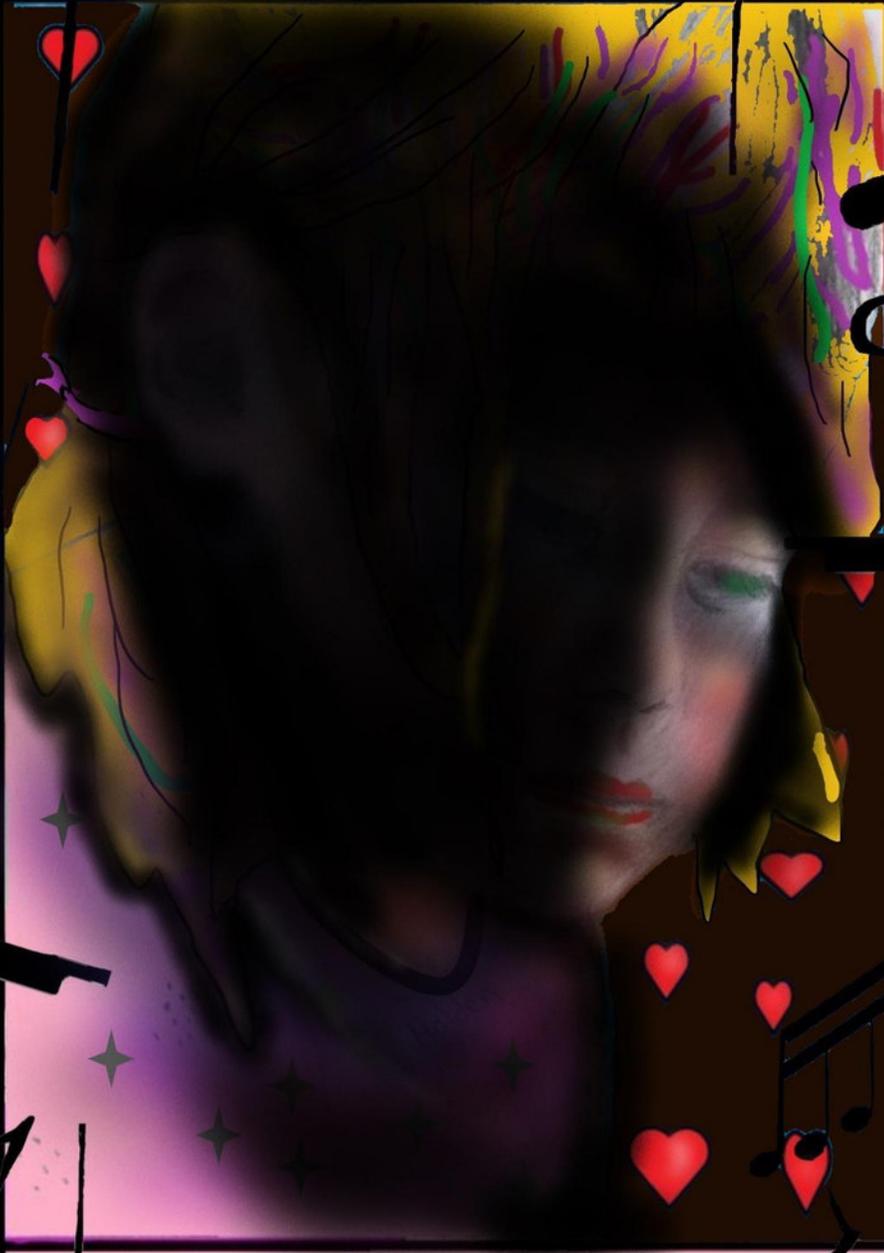
As I was about to say no....

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.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Chapter 8



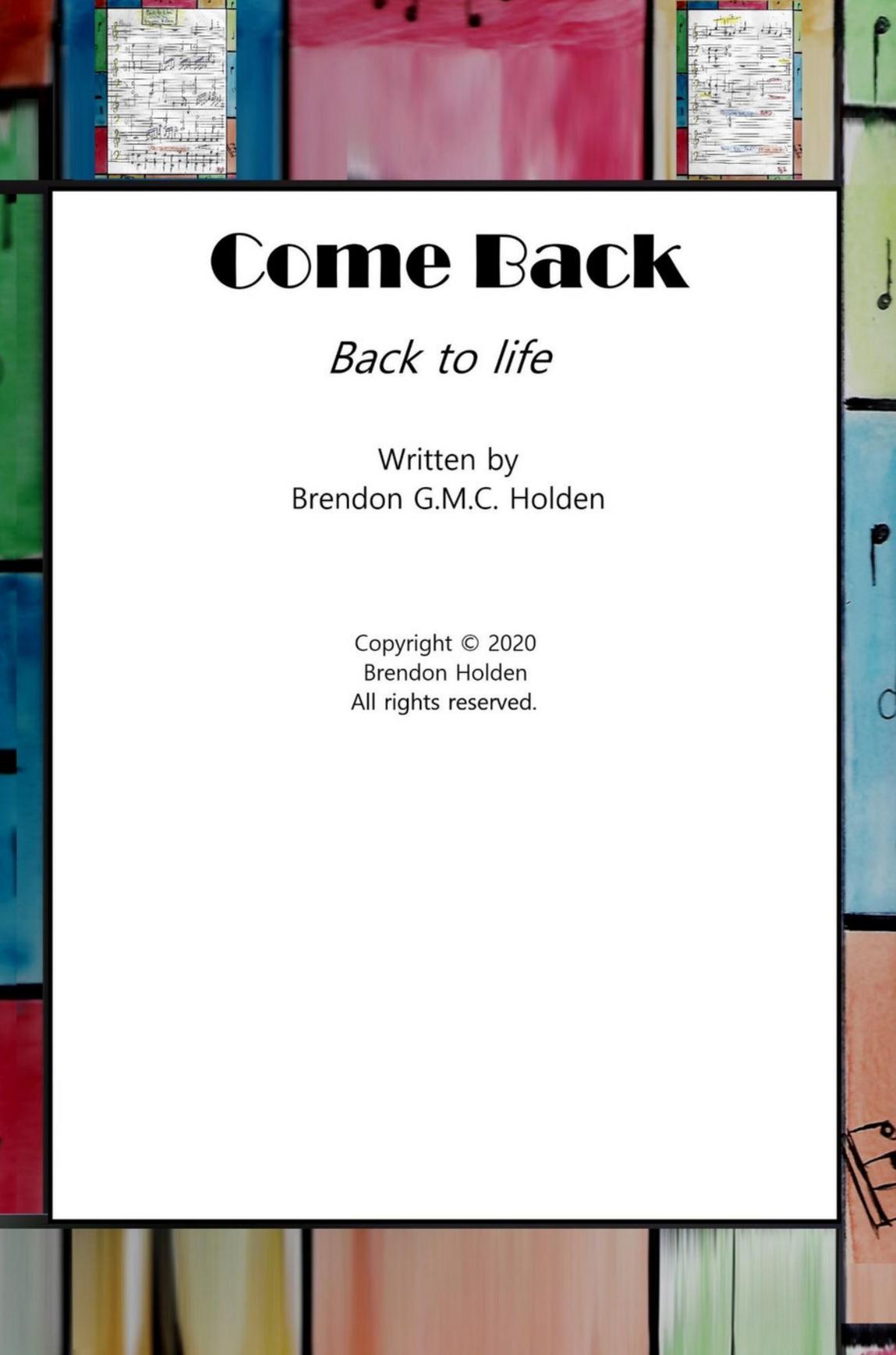
The child the question



Come Back

Back to life

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

The page is framed by a decorative border. At the top, there are two panels of musical notation on staves, one on the left and one on the right, with a large, soft-focus pink and red abstract shape in the center. The sides of the page are decorated with vertical bands of color and abstract patterns, including a blue band with a musical note on the right and a red band at the bottom left. The main content is centered on a white background.

Come Back

Back to life

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

Come Back

Back to life



Written in: A minor

Allegro

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Vocal *p*

Pno.

Vocal

Pno. *ff*

Vocal *mp*

E — very time I think about it.
E — very time I think about it.
E — very time I think about it.

Vocal

E — very time I think about it. E — very time I
E — very time I think about it. E — very time I
E — very time I think about it. E — very time I

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
#ShortDesign by Brendon Holden

Come Back

Back to life

Written in: A minor

Allegro

Written by:

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

think about it where you'd go?
think about it only the grave shows.
think about it without you life doesn't grow.

Pno.

mf

ff

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Copyright © 2020

Brendon Holden

All rights reserved

#1000 Design by: Brendon Holden

This note one
Octave lower

Come Back

Back to life

Written in: A minor
Allegro

Written by:
Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Vocal

p

Pno.

Vocal

ff

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

pp *Softly END*

Pno.

The musical score consists of six systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal part is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) at the beginning of the first system, *ff* (fortissimo) at the beginning of the second system, and *pp* (pianissimo) at the beginning of the fifth system. The piece concludes with the instruction *Softly END*.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved
Sheet Design by: Brendan Holden



8

The child, the question.

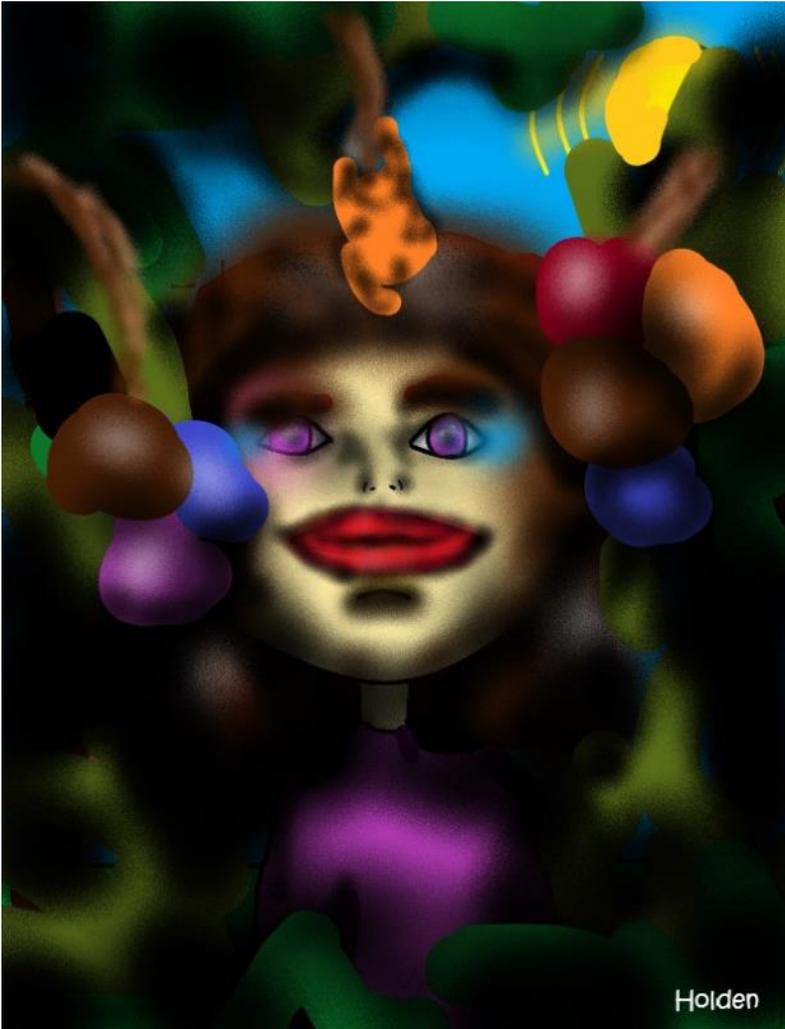
That night after swimming with Mike and talking with Alice, I wanted to explore my reality, versus the reality of Orion...I wanted to find out what the wall was that separated Alice and me; I decided to take Alice's advice and write down things I greatly care about, especially the earth.

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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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



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 frames 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.

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.

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 expected 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.

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.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 blue 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.

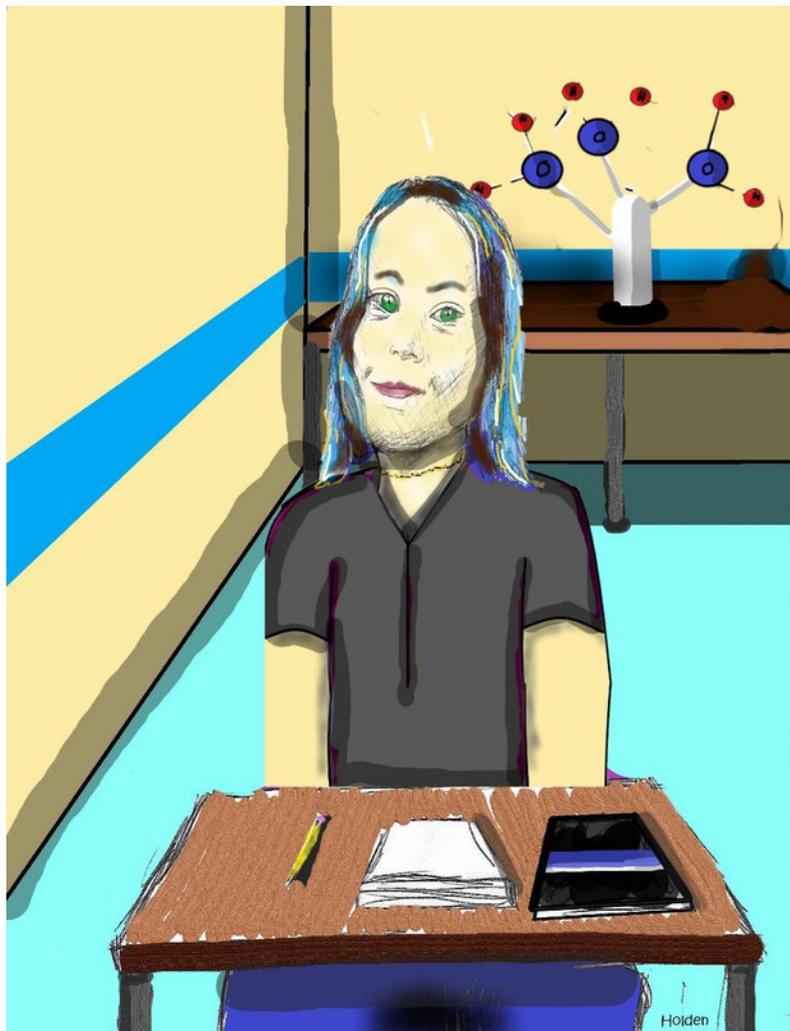
He was one of my many heroes, to this day when I look at Gabriel, I can see the look in her face, the look of a cop, now wondering if I lied about being her Father.

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.

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.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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 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.

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.

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.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Chapter 9



The revelation



Just Type It



trre

8

Written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

hgf

90

17432

76

5436894325

gsf8dfn

dh

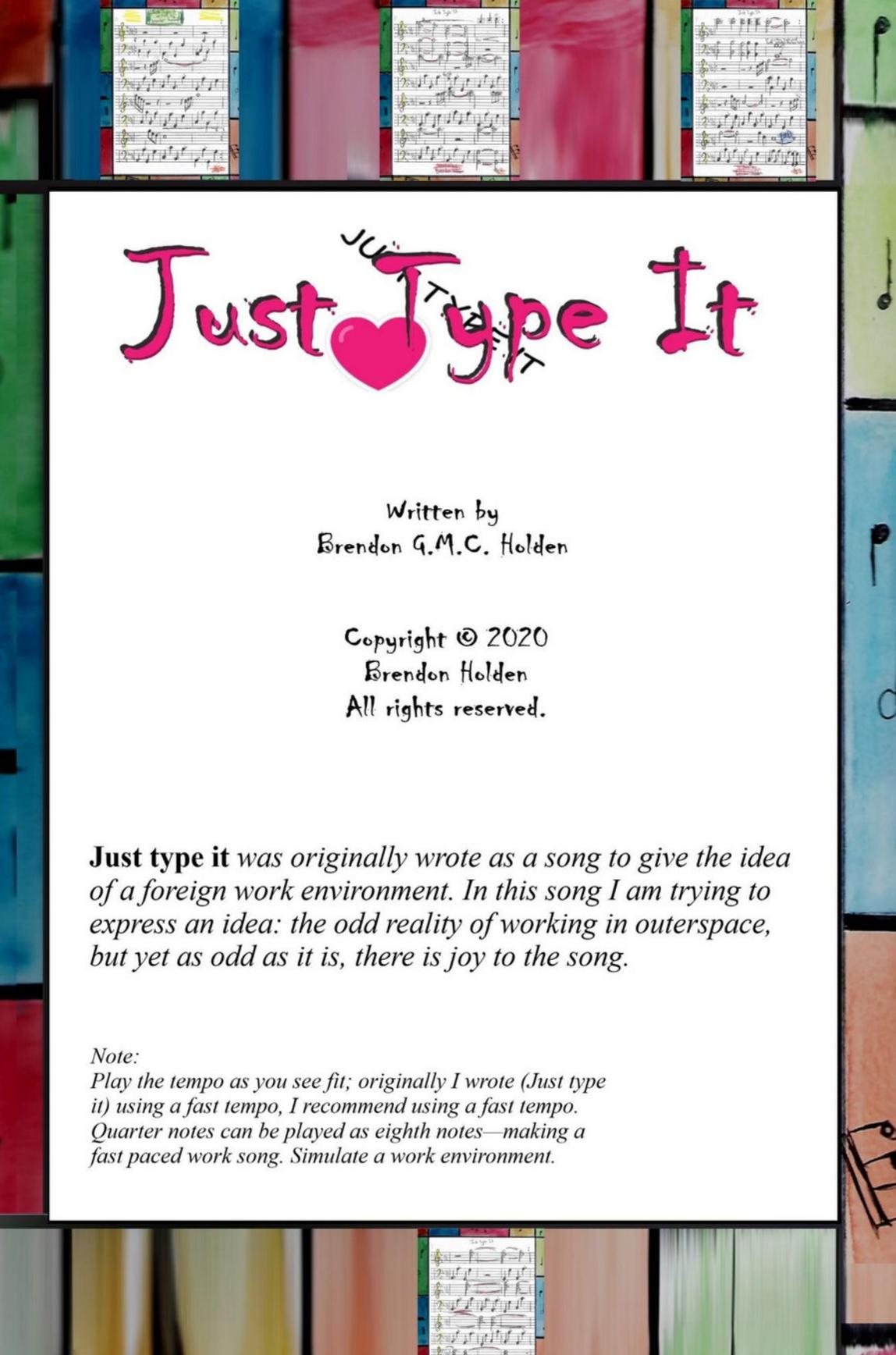
8

90

dgh

Holden



The page is framed by a border of colorful, abstract shapes and musical notation. At the top, there are three panels of musical notation on a white background with colorful borders. The central panel is a large pink heart. The text 'Just Type It' is written in a pink, stylized font. The word 'Just' is on the left, 'Type' is in the middle with a pink heart replacing the letter 'o', and 'It' is on the right. The word 'Just' is written in a simple, rounded font. 'Type' is written in a more stylized, blocky font with some letters having small arrows or lines extending from them. 'It' is written in a simple, rounded font. The word 'Just' is written in a simple, rounded font. 'Type' is written in a more stylized, blocky font with some letters having small arrows or lines extending from them. 'It' is written in a simple, rounded font.

Just Type It

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

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 E^b
Presto

Vocal

2nd time through: play
treble clef one octave lower
than written.

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Blue notes: optional

D.C.

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

JUST TYPE IT



Just type it

written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in E^b

Presto

Vocal

Pno.

Cm G

Vocal

Pno.

Slow

The rest of pg 2: Play treble clef one octave higher than written.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Copyright © 2020

Brendon Holden

All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

JUST TYPE IT
♥

Just type it

written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



Written in E^b
Presto

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 1st measure page 4 and continue. **END** *1st time play straight through, second time end song.*

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a piano introduction with a treble clef one octave higher than written. The second system features a piano accompaniment with a treble clef one octave higher than written. The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fourth system concludes with a double bar line and the word 'END', with instructions for the first and second times through.

Copyright © 2020

Brendon Holden

All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Brendon Holden

pg. 3

JUST TYPE IT



Just type it

written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Written in E^b
Presto



Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

#sheet Design by: Brendon Holden



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 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.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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.



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, than 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.”

“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.”

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 said.

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 Universe started capturing the elements, and not just the elements, but the very light of the elements.”

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

“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.

“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 just like any other day we spent together, but I feared he overheard us at the independence party.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

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.

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 noticed 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 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.”

“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 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, than 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 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

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY



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.”

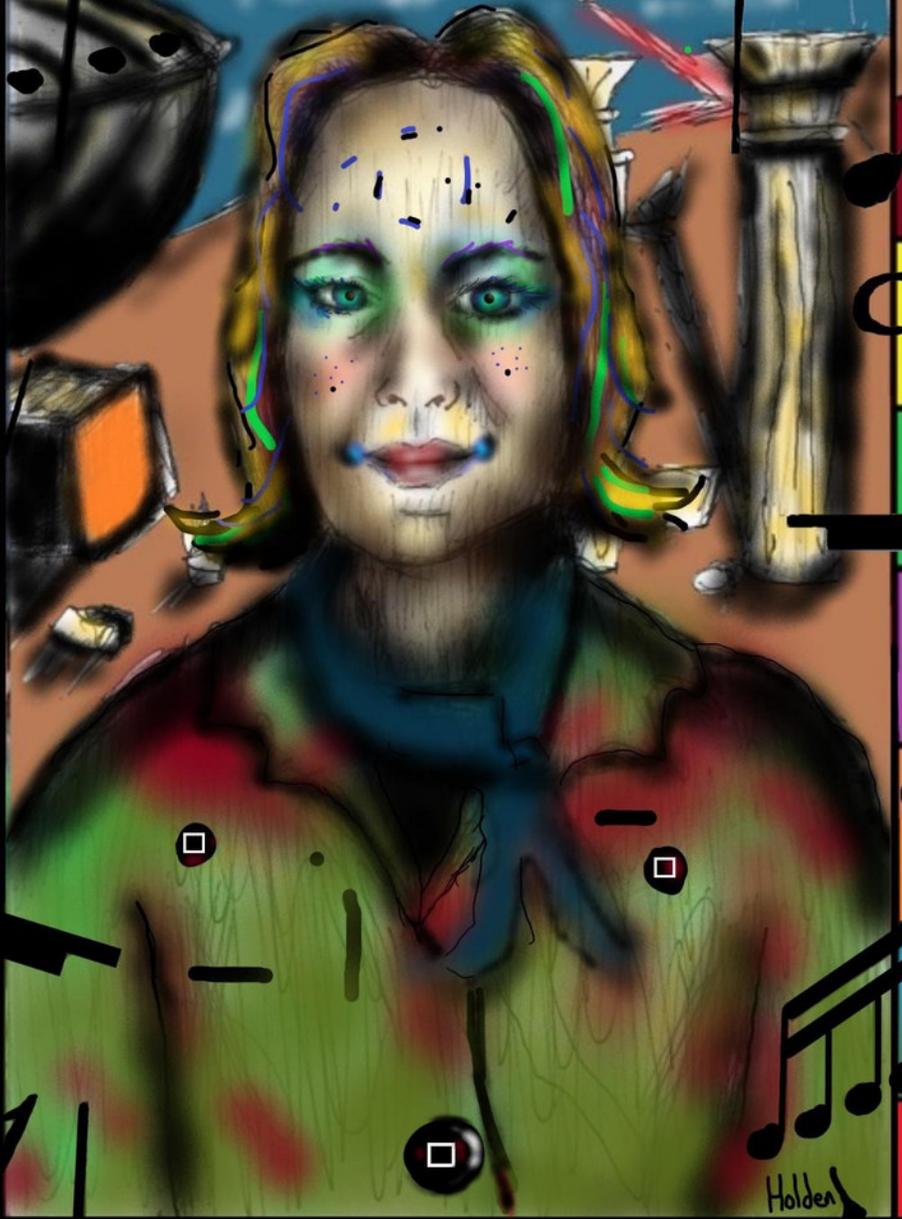
As the conversation was ending, I felt a pull on my line, “I have a fish” I said.

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.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Chapter 10



Holden

Life Behind the Night Sky



Drum Beat
 X = 1/2 Beat
 X = 1 Beat
 C = 2 No Beats

Entire Drum for the song Gold, is a deep heavy beat, a heart beat

Gold

Written by:
 Brendon J.M.C. Holden



Written in B^b minor

Rap Beat

These mean play softly **pp** Whistle melody

These mean hold note a little longer

Switch Whistle to Piano, same melody yet play a variety with the four notes: G^b A^b B^b D^b

Light Fractions

Light Fracture
 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 fight
 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 s
 Compton Crypt s

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.

“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 living on the earth, that is if all makes it possible.

Thinking on this stuff was exciting, but I had questions, I was still on the earth and I had to wonder if my Father was going to come back to the earth. I try to tell myself that I would not be here if he were not going to help raise Gabriel, but in the light of

the earth—I could not feel as good as I could—if I were in the city. I had two months left and then reality will be my life, I will be okay.

“Dinners ready” Alice said from the kitchen. I walked into the Kitchen happy to smell baked ham with pineapples. I was hungry, I sat down gladly, thanked Alice, told her she was wonderful, and began to gather my plate.

That night after supper and all the 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.

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

I have not mentioned this to you, but in the city, I have a job, I grow apples in the mountains of Apk, but not through old matter that exists but fresh matter, fresh from the love I give it. I grow some of the best apples around or at least some say so. I go to the Mountains of Apk every fifty years.”

I asked, “why do you not grow the apples in your own estate instead of the mountains.”

“If I grow them for Apk I feel like I am part of the bigger picture, creating love for my fellow man, it is the loving thing to do, plus I have two hundred children and want to set for them a good example. I have been in that city for a long time more time than you can count, I bet you originally thought I was seventy, everyone who sees me on the earth thinks so. The earth does that age thing, the cavemen learned about people their own way and shared it with the surrounding environment until it appeared to be the truth of the people. If something taught you Maple you must get rid of the knowledge, I am trillions upon trillions of years old, and everybody in the city treats me like I am a beginner.” Grandpa explained.

Grandpa and I talked most of the day as the family came up—to give a merry greeting. Soon it was dinner and afterwards I knew that I must tell my Mother my intentions and question her about her dealings with Orion.

The variety of food lightened up the atmosphere as I watched a lot of hands grab food...*their portion of a variety of food!* Green beans, stuffing, turkey, gravy, and Aunt Carol made her special dish which tended to be my main course.

I grabbed the large spoon that sat on top of the casserole and gathered as much green-bean-casserole as I could fit onto my plate.

Holiday music sounded throughout the house, and time went by fast, soon, after most had eaten—everyone explained that they must go home. I hear “didn’t the night fly bye,” as someone walked out the door to their car.

I watched as most of the people gathered their belongings and walked out the door. Aunt Carol stayed behind she thought it good to help my Mother clean. As they were doing this Alice took over my Moms effort to clean and told her she needed to rest. My Mom agreed and sat down in the living room.



This is the moment I considered; we have some time now to discuss Orion. I sat down on the couch next to her, a bit nervous, but anxious, the next couple of hours were going to be important.

I started talking... “Mom, we never talk about certain stuff, and I want to give it a try. My friends and I have discovered a portal, and that portal leads to a city, that would be the city the Universe is made up of. The Universe invited my friends and I to live there. I had a talk with Grandpa, and he explained that he has been living there for a long time. He also mentioned that I wasn’t born in a natural way, that you found me on the living room floor.”

“Gabriel came in a similar way,” I said.

My Mother looked at me shocked, she struggled for words and said, “when do you plan on moving there?”

“In a couple of months,” I said.

“I will explain it the way I lived it” she said, “when I was younger. When I was a teenager I worked hard for a child, but in my young adult years the Doctors told me that I could not have children. I was upset and began to seek for help from the Universe. Slowly things started happening for me, strange things, things that caused me to look deeper. I would not know

if I would call it a portal, but a door opened into another dimension, your father did not know about it at the time and I did not tell him. I went into that other dimension and found the future and not just the future, but reality, a new reality. The people there told me that I needed to make money because when I got back to the earth, I would have a child, I stayed in Orion until I had enough money. I did not see your Father the whole time I made the money to take care of you, but one thing I did know was your Father had to at some point, work—for your life to exist, for the truth, the truth that you were ours, that in truth you were our child, that you did not just appear there—by...*who knows?*”

“I know what Jed has been saying—that your Father went to Orion—to establish our family as truth, as a family!”

“I just hope that it is true.”

“There is so much confusion in my mind, as if I have been on the earth for too long, I find it hard to except that I made money at all. Once you turned nineteen my money ran out and you appeared to have a child of your own, and like you, I faked reality to stay on the earth with you. When you appeared on the living room floor as a baby, I had to convince your Father to pretend you were ours.”

In response to her story I said, “that is like Alice and me. Creatures that lived in the city explained to Alice that I had lived with Gabriel in the future, she immediately found herself to be with hopes of a child. She did not know what to say about that,”

“So, when we were in Florida together, she convinced me to say the baby was mine. Through the experience I slowly fell in love with her, I knew I did not want to lie to everyone, but I loved her. The love was so intense that after a while I found myself proving the child was mine.”

As we spoke, I started wondering how my Mom would get back to the city, when I questioned her, she said “they usually come and get me; they have throughout your whole life, this time I am wondering, if it would be best—if I go with you. hopefully, I will find your Father there.

Alice walked into the living room after cleaning and I said, “I told her everything, about Gabriel and Orion as well as our plan on living there in a couple of months.”

*

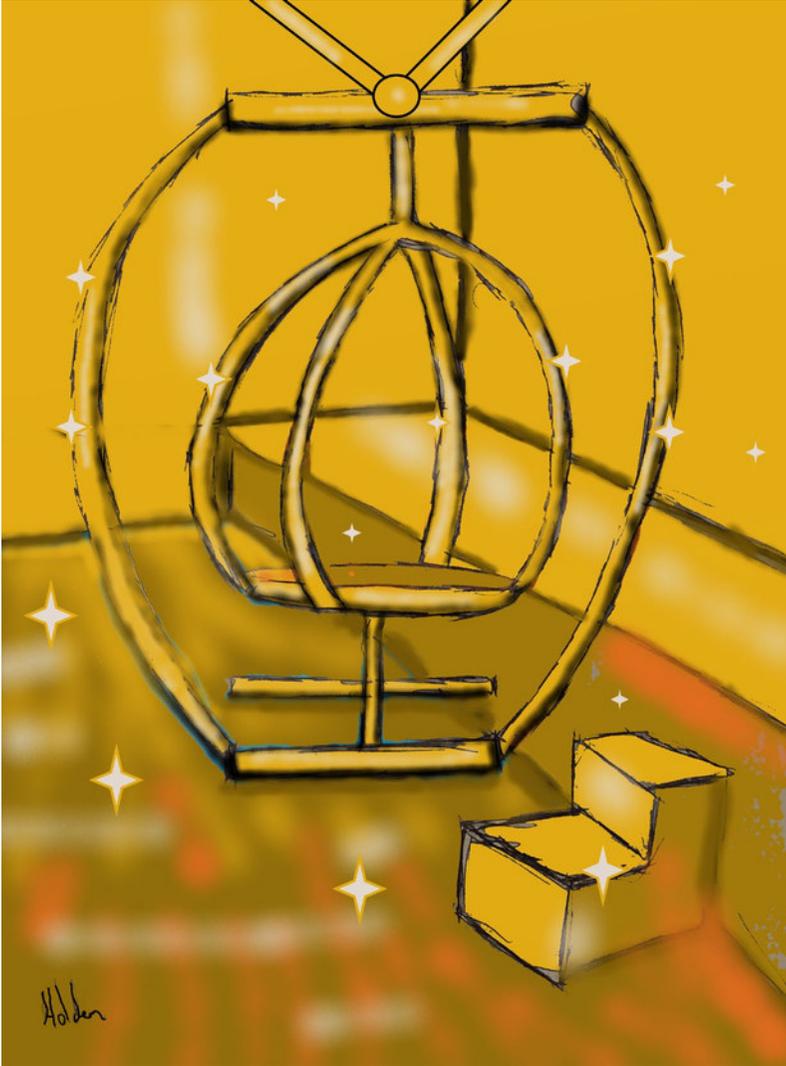


Months passed quickly and the day came, Brendon, Max, Brendon Bam, Alice, my Mom, and I stood at the entrance to the portal. “Are we ready” I said in a loud voice.

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.





The red-colored spaceman led me into a golden built, marvelous, out of this world designed room, he led me into the room, it appeared to be some sort of a hospital. Golden, clean, and sparkly tools were throughout the room.

“Come!” the spaceman said—pointing to a huge golden sphere, large enough to fit a person on the inside; most of the sphere was hollow, but a notable structure.

“The sphere will move, hold onto the gold, there is nothing to fear,” the spaceman said.

With bare feet I walk the narrow golden steps, I place my hands on the bars of the sphere—embracing myself.

The spaceman began to give a touch of charity to some of the buttons and objects in the room.

The sphere begins to move.

My body begins to feel such love and ecstasy—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



I
proudly
bring
you:
Behind the Night Sky



Written by:

Brendon Holden

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 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!

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.

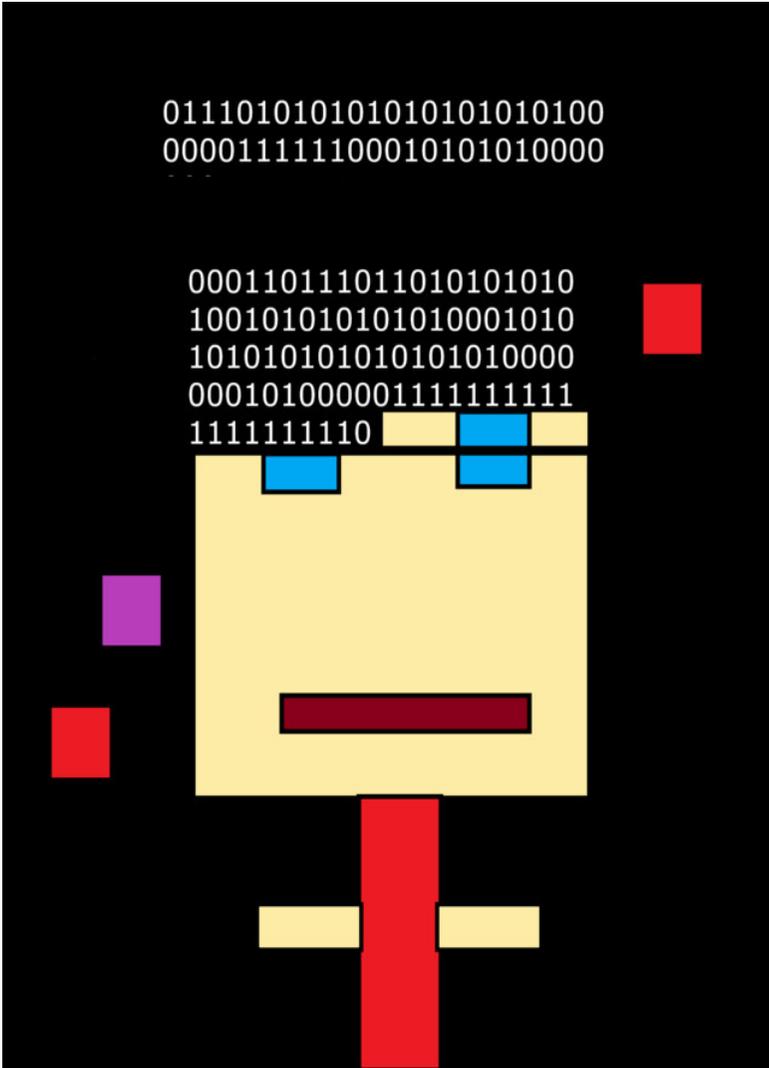
BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Notes

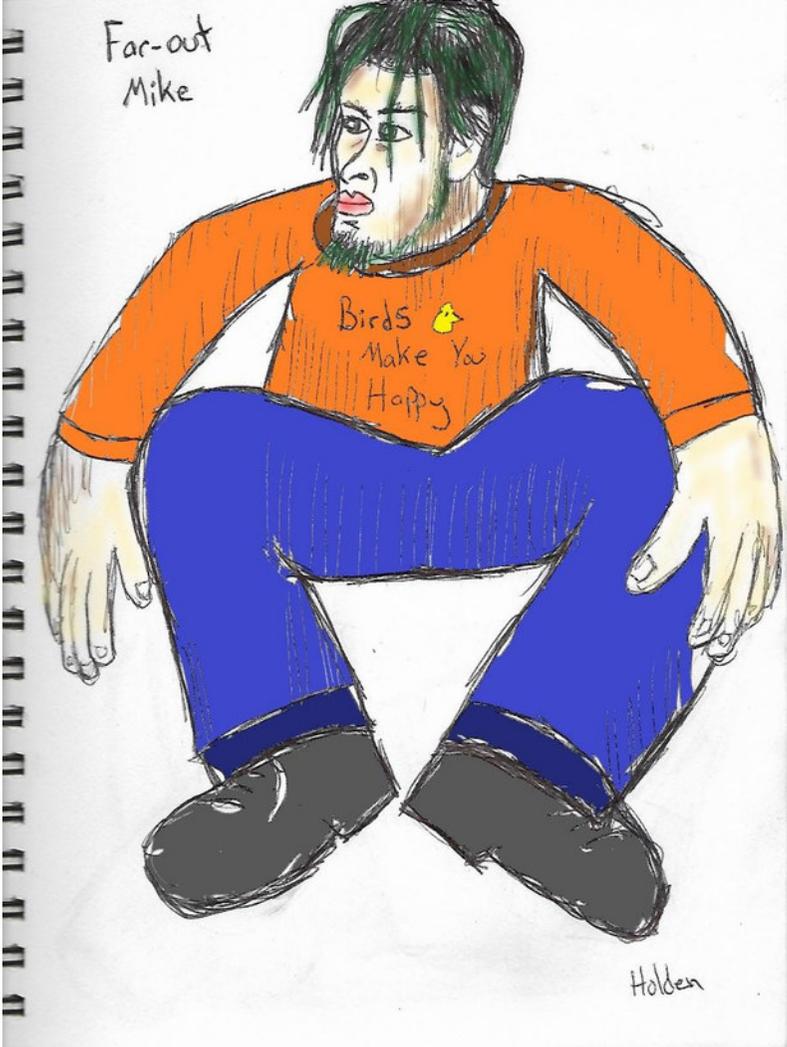
BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

Extras and Fun Pictures



BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY



Knowing All

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



Knowing all

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

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

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 Holden*

Knowing All

Written by
Brandon & M.C. Holden



Written in E^b
Presto

Vocal

f Everybody loves her everybody hugs her everybody needs some love sometime

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.

Bass Cleff: play one octave lower

p

Pno.

Vocal

only thought about it I'd like to learn
you start to think about it it will ap-pear

Dark Creatives: If you can dream about it you'll
Dark Creatives: For fun I think about it for

Pno.

Vocal

take your turn
fun I care

Dark Creatives: I'd like to dream about it what can I learn.
Dark Creatives: Don't think to much about it I hate to care.

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brandon, Holden
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Sebastian Weidman

Knowing All

Written in E^b
Presto

Written by
Brendan G.M.C. Holden



Vocal *f* Bass Clef: play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno. *Optional* Next 7 measures: play treble clef one octave lower

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are mostly rests, with some notes in the first system. The piano accompaniment is written in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first system includes a dynamic marking of 'f' and a note that the bass clef should be played one octave lower. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line with notes. The fourth system has a vocal line with notes. The fifth system includes an 'Optional' section for the piano part, where the next 7 measures should be played in the treble clef one octave lower. In this section, the notes C, B, A, and G in the left hand are colored blue.

C, B, A, G notes, as in previous measures: play with the left hand. I have colored them blue here (above) for clarity.

Copyright © 2020
Brendan Holden
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Brendan Holden

Knowing All

Written by
Brendon & M.C. Holden



Written in E^b
Presto

Vocal

f Bass Cleff: play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

p Dist. Chorus 1 How
Dist. Chorus 2 As

Vocal

Both choruses: light works I wonder time takes a turn Dist. Chorus 2 The earth says a lot about it thats
you think about it don't we make a pair. Dist. Chorus 1 For fun I think about it for

Pno.

Vocal

what I learn. Dist. Chorus 1 One seems to have so many Pll never learn
fun I care. Dist. Chorus 2 Don't think too much about it I I hate to care.

Pno.

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden.
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Worsman-Walton

Knowing All

Written in E^b
Presto

Written by
Brandon G.M.S. Holden



Vocal *f* Bass Cleff: play one octave lower

Vocal Note-letters: next few measures for easy reading.

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal part is written in a single staff with a bass clef. The score includes dynamic markings like *f* and *mf*, and includes note-letter guides for the piano accompaniment.

Copyright © 2020
Brandon Holden
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by: Nicoban Holden

Knowing All

Written in E^b
Presto

Written by
Brendon G. M.C. Holden



Vocal *f* Bass Cleff: play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

The musical score consists of six systems. Each system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal lines are mostly rests, with some notes in the first system. The piano accompaniment is a continuous, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature is E-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a dynamic marking of *f* and a performance instruction: "Bass Cleff: play one octave lower".

Copyright © 2020
Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

Sheet Design by Nicoban Holden

Knowing All

Written by
Brendan G.M.S. Holden



Written in E^b
Presto

Vocal *f* Bass Cleff: play one octave lower

Pno.

Vocal *p* Dark Chorus 1 I Dark Chorus 2 Don't

Pno.

Vocal need to know about it I have to learn. care. Dark Chorus 1 Talk to Jed about it he Dark Chorus 2 For fun I think about it for

Pno.

Vocal must belong fun I care Dark Chorus 1 I use the pain of living that is how I learn. Dark Chorus 2 I would like to hear about it if you care to share. **END**

Pno.

Play ending freely,
as you see fit.

Copyright © 2020
Brendan Holden.
All rights reserved.

Playing either page 4 or 5 at
the end could also be a
wonderful ending to the song.

Sheet Design by: Brennan Holden

pg. 6



Breka

You don't have whiskers? Then how do you feel?

I feel fine!

Thanks for asking!

Breka, a Behind the Night Sky character

Holden

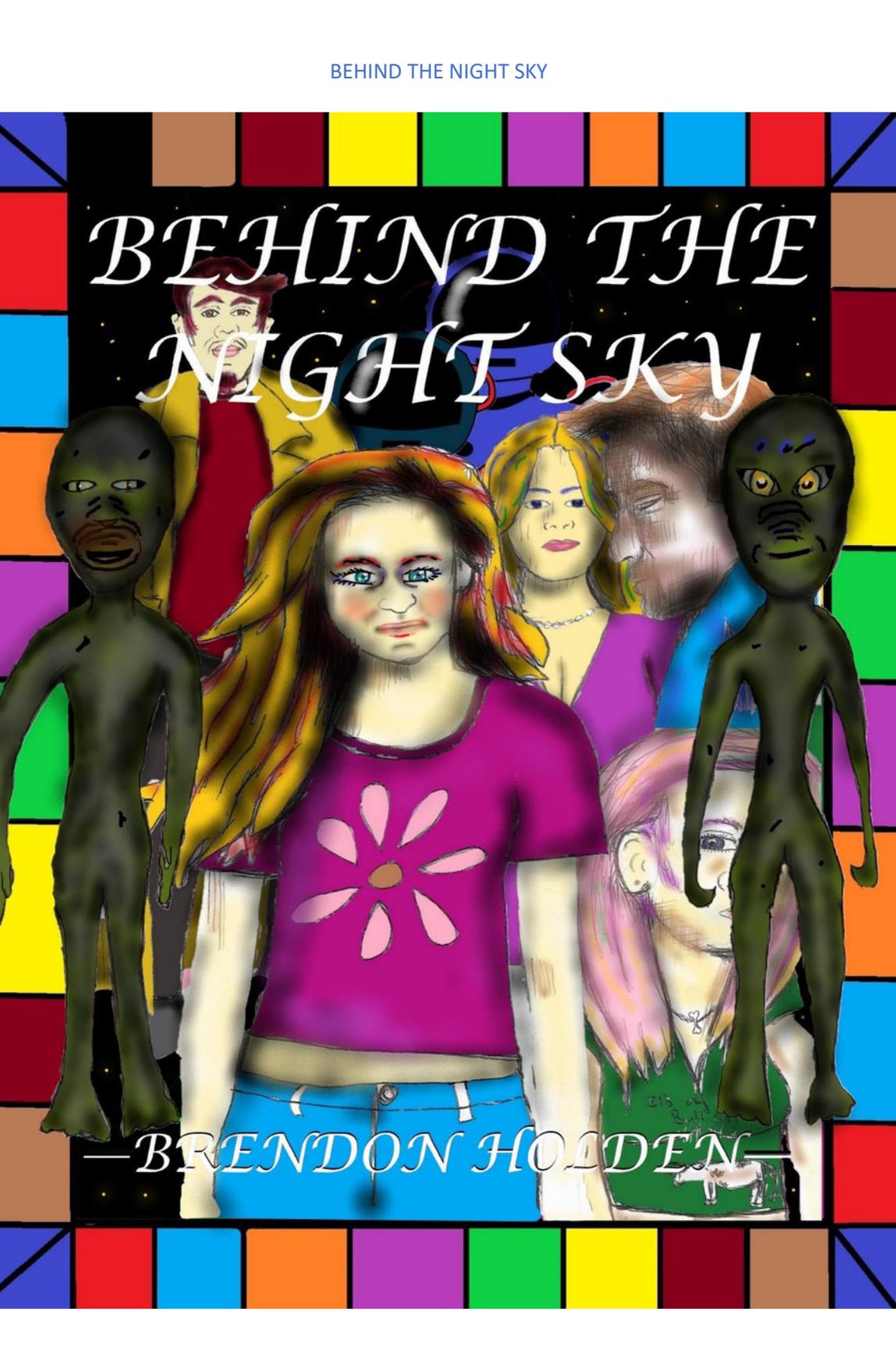
BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY





BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY

BEHIND THE NIGHT SKY



—BRENDRON HOLDEN—

"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!"

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



