



CHAPTER 8

GUIOPERA I

The Inaugural GUIOPERA - A Pantomime, a Play and its Players

Summary:

First we met John Lazoo, the illiterate but magnetic figure whose idea for a stage play became the modus operandi for the Tongue Murders, for which he was charged and tried, and then mysteriously able to walk away from. The love of a woman was enough to take center-stage in John Lazoo the book, thus introducing Genesis Jones, a worthy adversary by plot, but also the valued prize whom Lazoo eventually wins. In book II, WIPE, Polina Rada supersedes the potential global phenomenon of a video game with her wish to be part of a family. Afamasaga the narrator, Lazoo the poet, Metofeaz the writer, and Jon Le Mac the producer, otherwise known as LMLA-ink (for Lazoo, Metofeaz, Le Mac and Afamasaga), come close enough to telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth in the GUIOPERA.

GUIOPERA I Character Profiles

John Lazoo: The illiterate poet, a former gigolo hustler and onetime thug, he can make you think, as you dare not breathe in case he hears your fear.

Polina Rada: This little miss is five. An orphan in Russia, she watches younger ones come and go as she waits for the family they promised her.

Afamasaga: The Pacifican enters a room, the pin's velocity already falling from his hand, its decibels audible above the silence he brings as he gives us his all.

John Page: At 17 years old, the grocery boy slides the condoms up under the sleeve of his leather jacket as his

handsome smile captivates the lady boss.

etfiction Concepts: Timeline

1920: Jon Pierre Solomon is born somewhere near Antarctica.

1926: Rozelle Zofen is born in Vienna, where she is raised by her mother; her father is unknown.

1938: Rozelle's mother dies, leaving 11-year-old Rozelle to find her way in life.

1938: Jon Pierre is forced to flee the Pacific. While a stowaway on ship bound for Europe, he meets an entity who advises about the Book of Seeds.

1940: John Poet Soldier, a name Jon Pierre is given, writes 'Illicit Blade of Grass'.

1956: Janine Elton is born in a New York City orphanage.

1965: Jon Pierre finds baby Metofeaz Litigatti on the streets of Venice.

1970: James Elton is born in a New York City home for unwed mothers.

1970: Young Afamasaga meets John Poet Soldier and War Veteran at his second-hand bookstore on his way to school one day.

1972: Genisis Jones is born in upstate New York.

1972: Afamasaga and Le Mac steal the POEMBOOK.

1984: Afamasaga and Le Mac meet a DJ in Peter Jackson Town.

1989: Polina Rada is born in the USSR.

1990: Afamasaga, Le Mac, and Metofeaz meet for the first time in France.

1991: Lazoo arrives in NYC; Metofeaz is homeless.

1996: Afamasaga and Le Mac arrive in NYC and form LMLA-ink.

1996: Genisis and John meet for the first time.

1997: Tongue murders take place.

2003: Alfario writes Chapter Zero of John Lazoo.

2006: Afamasaga begins to spin the stories.

2007: Three books and the POEMBOOK are published as free eBooks on the Internet.

GUIOPERA I Pilot Scene:

Imagine this ...

Polina Rada leads a procession up the path, the same path Jon Pierre Solomon walked about the time of World War II. Afamasaga and John Lazoo flank Mademoiselle Rada, close in behind them come Metofeaz and John Page, who holds the hand of his wife, Santana San Fe. The two former players share a fleeting joke in the passing moment.

Metofeaz mutters, "I can't see the countryside from the head that is in front of me."

John Page smirks famously and replies candidly, "You ought to then feel for those behind you, Feeaz."

In two days the house that Rozelle built will go under the hammer. The boss of LMLA-ink has called a family meeting. Polina and company see the house after Lazoo pushes back the old wooden gate on its rusty hinges.

On the balcony overlooking the Thinking Creature and his steadfast friends, who watch the water atop the terraces, Le Mac stands behind his rig of turntables. Below and in front of him a group of musicians, 27 of them with woodwinds, horns, and an Angelic figure who plucks the strings of the upright harp as the flute player's head weaves while negotiating a triplet trill he aptly adds to the tails of a crescendo from a quintet of strings, which are held in under chins or standing still. And in front of them a lone figure holds her microphone ever so close to herself. The boys, who are now the men of LMLA-ink, including John Page, are all suited in black with cowboy boots. Accompanying them for this monumental and revealing event in black dresses are Genesis, Santana, Arley, and her daughter. Ms Rada, on the eve of her ninth birthday, is in her black dress, too.

As they walk towards the house, the Maestro warms to his role as master of ceremonies for the next three days, during which a documentary is made and a Pantomime played in honor of the birthday girl, who now smiles and asks, "John Lazoo, are you the Voice?"

Lazoo begins to recall his mother's stories, and therefore may, if required, recant for his captive audience, an enclave of thinking. This special group breathes, and therefore it believes his every word from theirs and his beloved books. He says, Rozelle's 'Besame Mucho' haunts, as a presence sulks and then it saunters when it is asked to leave the surreal surroundings. The Poet Soldier lies upon the ground moments before he is to take the stage. The singer's slender neck bends like the notes of her haunting lyric, her lips are rounded and a cleft for the theft, so his hand has to touch his chest to see if his heart is still there. Her blue eyes shine grey, the flute player's mesmerizing movement takes the intimate and close crowd away as Ms Zofen's sultry and well rounded voice collects from the afternoon's atmosphere an ensemble of emotion and lonely longing love. Someone laughs with audacity at anyone who claims they have some."

Lazoo sees and therefore he says. His mother's recollection was pure, even for someone in a platonic relationship with the man who wooed women as he willed the gods to look down on him with pity. Occasionally they'd smile him onto the next escapade. The Poet Soldier enjoyed a blissful existence afforded by ignorance, his ride on the steam train today indicative of his fortune. The little pleasures he finds are his escaping fantasies. They seem harmless to a lady who, when away from the carriage she rides today, is a mother, or at least a leader in society. The way her dress is hitched is matter-less. Her back is wet, as if it were well-connected to a mattress. Her lust is equal to his as they rush together through the long tunnel that darkens the event, which is something to lessen the boredom for JPS, his willing partner, who is someone he stumbled into in the dining car of the steaming engine that now blows its whistle to let off all of its steam. As his hands clasp for her and her hands for him, they puff spores of hotness over each other as she recollects respect and he is bearing up through the sweating he now blinks to see through, and beyond.

Meanwhile their luggage is being transported to their rooms by many hands. Metofeaz has already changed into costume, that of a soldier's uniform, during the hot summer. He throws his muscular shoulders forward, "one, two," one after the other. The camera crew and the lighting guys discuss the findings on the meter that is held out in a fingerless-gloved hand. Afamasaga nods at Lazoo who has a question. The leader understands as

he puts away the papers given to him only the day before. They're the results of a DNA test, showing the probability of the DNA donor's chances of being the father of the person now walking towards him, whose name some time ago was James Elton. The Pacific Islander smiles first, then holds his arm out to guide the MC as he seeks clarification of a question of fact to the side. Their conversation is therefore held in a shadow, the one right there. He sees it and now steps into it.

The woman we now know as Rozelle holds Polina's head in her palm. The heiress looks down at Genisis and Arley and her daughter, who speak to each other standing in front of the giant, orange Thinking Creature. The American woman runs her hand down the former Russian orphan's dark, thick, silk strands. Something about the little girl's past, held inside her, draws the older girl to the younger.

Ms Rada lets out her thought, "I think that Arley and Afamasaga would make a good couple."

The tourist straightens the strap of her sequined gown and then notices Le Mac, who instructs the props crew about the Thinking Creature's color, "HTML Code is hash ff6600, PANTONE. I don't know."

John Page sits down fast on the king-size bed to test its torque. The thing really on his mind comes out of his mouth as the antique bed fights back. Santina has her hair above her head, checking its effect in the mirror in which she acknowledges her husband's thought. "Yes they are normal people, and good for Polina to be around, dear."

John Page smiles as he nears her and wraps his arms around her so she can see his fingers meshed on her tummy, his wedding band shining and his face lost in her neck and her hair now dropping to cover the kissing sounds that moisten and cause her to shut her eyes.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 1:

The next morning the place is abuzz with activity. Polina's questions can be heard above everything else, "Genisis, were you in a U2 video?"

Genisis laughs as she makes her way down the staircase. "Yes, I actually won my role in a radio competition when I was fifteen."

Polina has one eye on her idol in front of her, a blonde woman relaxing in stone-washed denim and Nikes by Le Mac. Polina's other eye is on her hand, which has a huge rock on it and is resting on the banister. The props person's voice becomes audible. "A Tiffany rock worth more than all your miserable lives has run astray!"

Genisis looks over her shoulder at her new shadow and smiles. At the bottom of the steps Lazoo and Afamasaga discuss stuff.

The table in the ballroom is set for breakfast. Arley and her daughter, who rarely speaks and hangs close to her mother at all times, are seated. So are John Page and Santina. Metofeaz and the Tourist can be heard arguing, their voices seemingly coming from the balcony.

Genisis and Polina enter into the ballroom. Genisis grabs Polina's hand, and the little girl's energy causes them to swing their arms as they walk. The props person has caught up with the little thief who has the diamond ring. Polina shows the teenager, who looks to be from LA, her other hand. "See? Nothing. Nada. Like Polina Rada; you have nothing on me, ah?" The little miss's delivery alone grabs everyone's attention.

John Page reaches for a glass of water.

Genesis and Polina are standing in the middle of the room. The props person examines the girl's bare hand. Afamasaga and Lazoo stand in the doorway, attracting Polina's awareness. Genesis conceals her smile, which seems to be contagious, as one begins to break out on Polina's face. Genesis takes Polina's hand. She holds and cradles it in two hands, the whereabouts of the diamond now unknown.

Polina begins to laugh, "If there were such an ornament on my persons, it would clearly be far, far too hard for me to hide, but if I had a beautiful assistant who could conceal an item of such splendor, then there could only be one person in this world worthy of such an introduction, da, da!" Polina points to Genesis with her free and bare hand.

Genesis holds her other hand. The older girl now curtsies and bows her head. With her head bowed and in an almost perfect Cockney accent, she begins, "Sometime today a little hand was handed to me. Since then, and having held this delicate hand so tight, it grew an object of great value. I was wondering, Miss, does the object you seek resemble this-here diamond ring which has grown on Miss Rada's right hand?"

Meanwhile, laughter can be heard from the balcony, where Metofeaz and the Tourist have stopped their counterpunching for a second as the volume increases. Metofeaz now turns and walks toward the sound of laughter and chatter. The Tourist decides to follow.

At the head of the table the PACIFICAN sits alone. To his right, John Lazoo and Genesis and to his left Polina Rada, John Page, and Santina San Fe. Metofeaz and the Tourist now enter the room, followed by Jon Le Mac. They sit across from each other. Metofeaz is next to Arley. Arley's daughter asks Genesis, who sits next to her, a question which Polina wants know about.

The breakfast lasts and goes well into the afternoon. Stories from Lazoo, stories from Polina, and tales by the Tourist keep the affair light and yet interesting. A butterfly on its way to new life would have excited itself from the conundrum and passed wind, all of which the boss feels proud of having dreamt up, created and therefore he owned. He excuses himself to take a call from overseas. He is at pains to leave Lazoo, Polina and company - this we can see by his pause after excusing himself and his obvious dread of having to leave the table.

The phone call is from somewhere in the US. Hariss Clariss, on a witness-protection program designed by LMLA-ink, is ready to be handed over to a designated bounty hunter who will pass him on to the FBI for a handsome reward at about the time the documentary being filmed is released.

"I've told you not to call me by that name, already," Afamasaga reminds the financier, repeating his new name, "A-F-A-M-A-S-A-G-A. The G is as in a song, ah? And this is no holiday. We needed to get the story right. JPS was here and this is where it all started. I wanted to bring you, but it was too risky, mate."

Lazoo enters the room and the boss puts his hand over the mouthpiece of the heavy antique phone. He hands the receiver to Lazoo. The voice coming from the ivory-colored piece is distinct and makes the MC shiver as he reluctantly takes it. "... and I think I deserve to at least get to talk to John," the voice demands. "I am paying for this shenanigans of yours."

Lazoo rolls his eyes and interrupts Clariss. "It's a pantomime and it will increase the value of the whole package. By the time you get out it'll be worth ten times your real-estate portfolio. You have 12 freaking percent of this."

There is silence as the PACIFICAN standing by the window winds his hand in the air, causing Lazoo to elaborate, "There's the doco. There's the pantomime. There are the scripts and also the manuscripts. And then there's the tell-all, if anyone of us is desperate enough ..."

The PACIFICAN now turns his back, the smile on his face one only Lazoo can bring.

Tonight the first scene of the pantomime will be performed on stage and shot onstage and backstage. Genesis Jones tells the story of her appearance in the U2 video, 'I still haven't found what I'm looking for.'

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 2:

It is eight p.m. and the light reflects a balmy summer's evening somewhere near the equator. Afamasaga nods, Le Mac tips his head slightly left, while Lazoo stretches his neck to the right and Metofeaz shrugs his shoulders.

The two cameramen, poised either side of the path, out of the ballroom, into the lounge and then onto the balcony, look like frogmen. Seeing them dressed in their close-fitting black suits, bodies hunched over their equipment, Polina recalls Alexvale Rokov III's description of the combat swimmers, which incidentally was a vocation her loyal pen friend had been interested in. Her last letter from the London kid had been a while ago now, but since returning from their holiday to the Americas, he has successfully auditioned for a part in a local TV program and is now in the midst of rehearsals; a good enough reason for the lack of letters, Polina thought.

Behind Polina, the huge TV screen--easily the size of any cinema screen-- showing the U2 video in which Genesis Jones had a walk on part. In front of Polina, between her and the dark recording devices, is Genesis on her left and Arley on her right. Polina feels obligated to bridge the gap, fill the void, replace the silence; so her question is carefully placed in the middle, like a comic strip balloon appearing between the two women. Both the women have black bobs, the wigs made from human hair; "from China, but not made in China--where were the wigs made?" Polina quietly masks her concern that although the two beauties stand almost shoulder to shoulder, they share nothing else apart from the same hairpiece they wear on their heads, held very, very high, up there in the air.

Lazoo enters just as he is most needed; behind him can be seen a camera, and the boss drilling the MC as usual. Lazoo catches every innuendo, palms off every slippery one and then feasts upon a dumb question with an array of one liners mangled into such a ball of fury it disintegrates into morsels for consumption long after it hits one in the guts of his or her ignorance. "The devices capture the rapture, digital formats are becoming warm, not too far off in the future coldness--colder than this front that has hit us--will have to be manufactured on video cameras." The boss shouts out, "CUT!"

No sooner is the order given than Arley's daughter is next to her mother. Genesis steps out of her heels as two wardrobe people appear around her holding a pair of high leather boots. "But that's not what I wore," she says as the two assistants each take an arm, lead her to a chair, sit her down, and then begin sliding the long leather footwear onto her long limbs.

Out on the balcony, the musicians are entertained as Metofeaz and John Page take turns at being the conductor with first the most absurd and then the most offensive conducting styles they can improvise. Le Mac, in the style of a golf or tennis announcer, offers a running commentary of the impromptu event: "Now John Page, a strangled chicken with a bottle of Tabasco sauce in its rear end, will conduct Motserella's Passing of Wind in a minor key of he..." John Page's face contorts and then his lips are stretched to make a duck's face as he waddles on the podium and then lifts a leg in the air; all the while, the needle being dragged across the record by Le Mac leaves nothing more to the imagination.

The call comes to take their places, and Metofeaz reminds Page and Le Mac: "Careful. He may read something into that." The three of them laugh as they pass the bottle of tequila amongst them till the Tourist, on her way to center stage, reminds them of the liquor ban while working. "Careful boys. Someone may not rise to the occasion." Her smile is enough to send Feeaz wild. "Close that trap of yours till it's time to squeal,

okay?" He says.

Jon Le Mac and John Page look at the ground, their smiles barely concealing their need to laugh out loud. Metofeaz is annoyed. The sounds of the band and the small orchestra mingling, samples and percussive pelting of strings, tits and tats on wind instruments, form a whirlwind of song and atmos, drowning the boy's now uncontrollable laughter.

The streetlight, which Page and Feeaz lean against while they drink the tequila which is supposed to be water, comes on. A few meters away, center stage, the Tourist checks her mic, "Muwah, muwah."

In the ballroom, Polina feels the hairs on the back of her neck literally stand on end as the video on screen begins to roll. The mic, attached to the neckline of Genisis's two-piece purple mini suit with a white trim, is "on" as she clears her throat and smiles at Lazoo who winks back at her, the camera catching it all. The two frogmen cameramen come to life, their rhythmic movements mirroring each other, their cameras attached to their torsos as they begin to wave their bodies and then lock them and make waves with their limbs; all this causing a floating like experience on screen as they reverse in front of Genisis and Arley, who wears an identical suit only in navy blue.

Polina, wearing a white mini two-piece and white high leather boots, begins the event.

Santina San Fe, wife of John Page, saunters up to her man under the lamp post.

Afamasaga, standing behind the cameraman shooting over Lazoo's shoulder, is in contact with Le Mac on the console where he cuts in between the cameras and Bono, the Edge, Adam Clayton and the drummer.

A voice pure and perfect with a hint of a European accent says, "Genisis, did you meet the band?" Polina winks at the camera.

On screen is Genisis, her smile and her eyes sparkling even more now as they are set off by the deep, deep black hair of the wig that she wears atop her noggin.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 3:

Polina did the math in her head as she walked to the hit song. If Genisis were fifteen when the video was shot, which would have been sometime in 1986 or early '87, that would mean Genisis was born in '71 or '72. She wondered about Genisis's early years on earth. Polina herself had vivid memories of the orphanage and of her first year in this dimension. She remembered that from her bassinet facing the high windows, she could see the snow falling. It seemed the snow would fall down on her, but the walls, the ceiling, and the glass in the wooden window frames kept her warm and dry from the elements that held other memories and meaning for the baby without her mother.

The sound from the live musicians coming through the doorway Polina, Genesis, Arley and the amphibious cameramen are fast approaching intensifies the experience all the more for Polina. A glimpse of the PACIFICAN gives her confidence in the task at hand and in her ability not only to remember her many lines but also with an irascible trepidation to flounder when required as to fool Lazoo into letting her in on the plot--and with poise to undermine the master when the limited opportunities present themselves.

Now there is darkness, and then there is a light, under which John Page coerces Santina San Fe, dressed meagerly into some kind of human interaction, which the sexy whore rejects with a soft palming off to his chest. Then there is darkness again, footsteps from the east, left of stage--belonging to Genisis, Arley, Polina--keep coming.

The familiar guitar riff is rousing; the funk classic "Picking up the pieces" enforces good vibrations upon the proceedings. Lazoo, with the hand bound leather book, bigger than a dictionary and heavier than an encyclopedia held to his chest, slides in from right of stage. The Funkster, with white skin and in his country heels, begins to shave the floor of any decency. The sometimes paltry demeanor is once again flamboyant and flabbergasting to say the least. The Minister of Enjoyment is in the house and is ready to preach what he has practiced and is eager to pronounce as his own.

In the shadow of this buffed-up brightness, not quite off stage, Metofeaz and the Tourist stand toe to toe. The music stops. There is darkness again, footsteps keep coming, and Lazoo's breathing is mixed down. Metofeaz and the singer's lips touch, the skin of her well rounded lips clings to that of his defined lips like her hand's grip on his undershirt that does not want to let go. They are caught in this regretted loving pose till Lazoo's opening line "In the beginning" forces her to push him hard out and onto the middle of the floor where he lands on his backside as he arrives center stage. The frogmen with their cameras move over him; Genesis and Arley tower over the writer; Polina walks up to him and lifts his bowed head by the chin.

Genesis tells of her experience. "Obviously we didn't make the cut..." She points to Arley who is playing the part of her best friend Danielle. "But I did meet the blonde girl in the black dress..." Polina's voice cuts through with her line, "My, my Metofeaz; what have the gods not done for you? Did you not stare into a night once upon a time and marvel at the moon? Did you not pen with ink from elk, Love's thoughts and freeze hell with glee from a heart so loved it fountains to this day feelings from your works?" The reply is mumbled and weak as he says, "My hope was that the love would be protected and remain supple through whatever time and reality would do to the love." Lazoo walks in and amongst the players on stage. Everyone is ready for what one presumes could be only from him.

"A love would never last in an evil and stupid one-sided game like this," John Page whispers into the ear of Ms. Santana San Fe. It causes her to stop smiling and slowly open her eyes to see the reflection of Metofeaz on the floor in the eyes of her man.

Metofeaz violently shakes his head, as if the action should rid him of what we know to be voices.

Polina is careful of where she is to place her hands next and tries to touch the troubled man on his left shoulder, but his shaking has spread to his body and from down stage where Lazoo is now seen to be standing in front of Feeaz, the audience may witness an act of savagery as Lazoo kicks the writer, who is struggling to find some sense, in the face. He is thrown backwards onto his back where he lays twitching. At which point their gaping holes--their open mouths--fall open as they gasp from watching the conductor administer the only medication required for such weakness in character.

Arley is the first at his side. The orchestra maneuvers its way from the illiterate feel of funk to a morbid piece that embosses the scene in the air that it is first uttered and now lays bare to breathe for itself. The soft notes of the Tourist's voice are there also next to him as Polina begins to feel what an antagonist must feel about a protagonist. She begins to feel a fear from which anger could come, on top of which an evil could find a home.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 4:

The call to stop the action has been made; this Polina can tell from the many different bodies belonging to people with no names in the frame of the ultra blue picture she stares at. John Page has her close by his side, his arm around her, while Santana crouches to be lower than the tall girl. Polina is obviously distressed from the realism of the scene she had just worked and witnessed. Now she watches over the shoulder of Afamasaga. She is numb and dumb. Her ears feel as if they are only painted on; plus, every single one of her seven senses is deafened and her energy drained by the awesome bolt sent via the frequency by the Hit Man. The blast hit everyone on the MindMorph Dimension's (MMD) F3quenZor (F3QZ), pronounced

Free-kwen-Zor. This frequency in this dimension is shared by only a handful of humans, Shapeshifters, Witches, Warlocks and creatures of Lazoo's kind--a mutt, a mutant of a man, a deliberate mistake of society and a creature without habit whom some say has not a heart.

Santina's lips move in slow-motion, and her Dad's arm around her is beginning to make her sweat. She feels an attack coming on, but she cannot let it happen as she is around "others" and does not want to draw attention to herself especially around the more mature members of the Semi-System (S-SYS). She had promised each and every one of them she was ready and up to the task of interacting with humans on record for the sake of Life Form Reproduction (LFR) on the SenFenide Dimension (SFD).

Polina remembers the faintness of an imminent moment when an untamed horizontal heat rose rapidly, suddenly sending her head vertically, with such force it would have snapped the neck of a mere mortal male. Then she sinks into the depths of what the boss calls the "Endeavor" because of the way one fights to escape the drowning of all senses in a whirlpool of a liquid derived from the brain's endorphin molecule. The harder people fight, the deeper they are dragged down into the pool. Polina is carried by John Page up to the bedroom where there is monitoring equipment to measure the girl's brain activity so all sorts of calculations can be made of what her threshold will be and how quickly she will adapt to the Ultra-Currents flowing through the F3quenZor. Afamasaga is aware of Polina's abilities as she was a co-designer of WIPE's environments; implanting an image of one's imagination onto digital platform for a code emulator to ghost is a natural thing for Polina to have done; she only needed minimal coaching. But deciphering data from Lazoo not in byte size packeting was a whole new ball game even for the blessed child from a moon in the Amalgamension Dimension (AMD).

Her parents are bed-side in case Polina gains consciousness, both wanting to be the one their daughter sees first. The boss and Lazoo are in the corner quietly discussing the data from the monitor she is hooked up to.

John Page's mood is as dark as the dim lighting of the Art Deco house last renovated around the Second World War by Rozelle Zofen. The room is mainly lit from the stage lights outside. Santina stands opposite him and offers him her hand as a comforter. The bed made from a dark wood is solid while the white bedding is soft and sunken around where the girl lies seemingly peaceful; only she knows the troubles of those connected to her on this F3quenZor, and their dreams.

Outside, poolside and under the eye of the orange Thinking Creature, Arley Evon sits alone, her wine glass half-empty. She imagines Rozelle making her way down that staircase in one of her lavish gowns, and then how the singer would make the giant statue sit for her. Now the middle-aged model conjures up the way the creature felt when he would have to stand to face the sun and watch Ms. Zofen leave him for a day in her long life that he watched with pain from his stayed position.

Afamasaga stands at the top of the stairs watching Arley, who is deep in thought. Seated at a table in the middle of the balcony are Le Mac and Metofeaz who talk with a number of the crew.

John Lazoo sneaks into his quarters, causing Genisis to turn in her sleep.

The Tourist is on her way out to the balcony, where she can hear Metofeaz laughing. The look on her face is a concerned one, which is overcome by a smile she tries to resist. Her footsteps can be heard.

The Rhythm and Blues track playing makes everyone outside the bedroom where Polina is now awake feel light and breezy on a midsummer's night. The bass line runs, then meanders off somewhere else for it to be brought back into line by a player who cares but is not scared to let his imagination run away.

Maybe he wants to go to the park?

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 5:

PART 1

Polina smiles as she closes her brown eyes. Then she smiles again and finally she decides to remain tight lipped in reply to John Page's question. So he asks her again, this time choosing to smile so as to lighten his tone, "Did the packet exceed the limit, or did you multiple-pose as receptor as well as originator?"

Santina holds Polina's head closer to her, looking up at John. The look says what has to be said. John Page bends down in a look of admission to his woman, as Polina slowly opens her eyes. He kisses both of them on their foreheads, the gentle touch almost like a switch, both of them closing their eyes, and by the time he has reached the door, Polina has sighed and Santina holds their little girl closer.

Outside on the balcony, Metofeaz is center stage with the Tourist in one arm and a bottle in the other. Genesis, looking for food, comes out of the kitchen as John Page passes through the foyer on his way to the small party brewing, its epicenter wherever Feeaz was standing, who is now moving down to where Arley is relaxing.

Genesis enquires about Polina, "How is she?" Page mumbles "Fine" and they walk together out onto the balcony. Page clears his throat as if to change the mood; next he sounds as if he has an overly enthusiastic reply to Genesis's very interesting question, which she has not even asked, "I was in Vegas when they shot that video, I was!"

Genesis pretends she did not hear him, pulling back her hair and tying it with an elastic band from around her wrist. Page lets her walk ahead; he smiles at the sight of her and how her long shadow is cast by the lights from the balcony.

The sound of her footsteps becomes a deeper tone, her next step louder and further from her last. Genesis is long gone, out onto the balcony, where other figures move about. John Page, a GuidingMaster from the AmalgaMension Dimension whom Lazoo, Le Mac and Metofeaz believe is a Shapeshifter in earth terms but Afamasaga knows is a Warlock with an Angel's heart, stands in the same spot. Afamasaga stands a meter behind Polina's bodyguard. The time is coming when Polina will assume her mantle and PAGE1 will be surplus to requirements. "What to do with such talent?" is a burning question for John Reyer.

John Page's landing in the MindMorph dimension is a worthy story Afamasaga thinks.

Afamasaga lets the star of WIPE leave the CirConference he folds back into himself. Page trips as he leaves the density of heavier atmos the boss brings back through his nostrils. John Page turns quickly as he finds his feet; gaining his balance, he catches the mentor laughing, not in a cynical or demeaning way, but more out of admiration for the way Page absorbs all that is hurled at him. The laughing is now reciprocated by PAGE1 as the two boyish men shake hands and head out to where Le Mac is getting started, and where Feeaz is already warm and nearing hot on the thermometer.

PART 2

Lazoo lies wide-awake staring at the shadows that move and then dart across the ceiling, the jostling figures cast by the crew downstairs, letting off some steam after a frustrating day that yielded nothing.

On one hand, he counts the times in his life when he could have used means other than his hands to save himself from danger. He can only think of a couple other than when he was beat almost to death by the guards on his eleventh birthday, which was the last memory his mother Janine has of him in this dimension.

On the other hand, Lazoo counts the times entities have used their abilities against him, a human, whoever, or,

whatever his parents were. Shuggit, during the trial, was the most devastating case along with this evening, which could have been much worse had it not been for a warning from a node that sensed a pre-pulse prior to the delivery of the bolt that hit Polina. Genisis had absorbed most of the shock from the blast and was now wired from it. But was it Polina or one of the others? Lazoo grabs the pillow still indented by his woman's head and holds it to himself.

Afamasaga passes Ms. Jones the dish of brown rice; the seafood she devours is not enough to fulfill the opening that is her mouth, which she wishes to stuff to no end. Now the catering crew members are summoned, one of them--slow dancing with Ms. Evon to the Tourist singing the classic "Summertime"--drops the dark haired babe immediately and heads for the table where Ms. Jones is feeding herself under the watchful eye of the PACIFICAN. Arley's comment is indicative of how she feels about the attention her rival receives. "Damn, if Genisis were constipated, they probably climb up there to assist her, damn..." Her reaction is justifiable, as, in her mind, if this princess hadn't been sunbathing in Central Park one summer's day then she would've been the leading lady in this noodle pseudo whatever it is that she was caught up in.

Arley stands still in her own dense silence, not completely stunned, but nor is she quite coherent enough even to launch an attack that could perhaps demoralize a homeless person whose shopping cart a dump truck had just reversed over. Above the bed of heads, Ms. Evon's tired eyes can see the Tourist, sultry and voluptuous, singing a song. To her left is Genisis Jones, with her mouth full of food, still stunning and a star. Upstairs is Santana, who will star in the stupid Video game story, and then Arley not much more than an extra. Yes, she did appear above Times Square on a billboard, but only for a total of forty-eight hours over six months in five second bursts, once every two hours as a model for LMLA-ink's fashion label Charley Stevonsen worn by all the subjects in the Tongue Murder saga.

Le Mac had promised her a lead role in his story, which will be the second documentary, to be shot six months after this one. Metofeaz had already shown her a manuscript for his autobiography with her as one of the lovely leading ladies, and had also promised that when the book about Lazoo's case was written, she would have a huge part in it.

Metofeaz seizes the microphone from the Tourist, as Lazoo enters the party.

Lazoo seats himself next to Afamasaga, and they both watch the crew under the spell of Feeaz who now decides to incite a chant "dada da da da..." The drummer leaps up onto the platform as he produces his sticks from nowhere. The Latin looking guy replicates the rhythm using the sticks he holds above his head; the chant becomes louder as Mr. Litigatti stands with his arms open in the direction of Lazoo who is deep in conversation with the boss.

Lazoo pretends he does not notice what is going on as he asks, "When are you going to tell them?" Afamasaga smiles at Metofeaz, who now uses his open arms to rouse the small crowd, raise the volume and enlist the audience's help in getting Lazoo to the stage.

"I don't think they'd be that interested; they're just here for the ride," Lazoo offers another angle. "We could build it up into something?" Afamasaga smiles even brighter at the crowd now facing them. "The guy was an out and out loser. I made this thing what it is today, along with you and those two." Lazoo chooses to change the subject as he reaches out to hold Genisis's hand held out to him. "The morons want a dose; I'll get up on stage if you get on the guitar, deal?"

The drummer is already behind his kit and setting a groove as Lazoo takes the mic, annoyed but smiling at the boss still on his arse next to Genisis. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a poem called 'She comes to him.' from the POEMBOOK 'Moon, man.'"

Arley is suddenly freed from her cauldron of fear, and instantly swept up in the frenzy Lazoo and Litigatti

have created; she glances over at John Reyer who smiles at her.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 6:

PART 1

It was nearing midnight and the reality of loss was presenting itself to the organizer, pestering him with deadlines and the budgets they protect. A tap on his shoulder snaps him out of a state he promised himself a long time ago he would never enter into, and if he did he would escape quick smart--worry. It was Polina with Arley's daughter; the sight of them he accepts and believes it will bring the party to a civil ending sometime soon. They're dressed in their pajamas, and are wrapped in blankets.

Polina is about to ask something when John Page pulls her pony tail from behind "Ouch! You, that's my hair." She's now giggling and Arley's daughter is trying not to laugh. "As I was about to suggest before I was rudely interrupted," the little actress now cuts her eyes, with the knowing of a cat on her ninth life, up at John Page who smiles down on her and offers advice, "people shorter than me should never try and make me the brunt of their jokes." Afamasaga now begins to wind his hand in the air to bring the little Miss's request. She clears her throat, looks at her friend and is happy that she has everyone's attention and so she asks to be told the story of John Page.

John Lazoo, as if it were planned, thanks the crew for a day's work and advises everyone of tomorrow's start time of 11 a.m.

Seated at the boss's table are the two children, Genisis, John Page, Afamasaga, and one of the frogmen cameramen still in his suit, with his cap off and his camera still "on" as the red light in the middle of his chest suggests.

Santina pulls up a seat in between Genisis and John Page, as Lazoo and Metofeaz carry over another round table to place next to this table. Metofeaz continues to mumble, as he grumbles disgruntled at the party ending so abruptly, "Could've given everyone notice, bro." Lazoo just shrugs his shoulders after he places the table on the ground, and then he intercepts the bottle of Tequila the Tourist is handing Metofeaz, who now tries to grab at the bottle Lazoo lifts above his head and passes to Le Mac who has now stepped in between the poet and the writer.

Afamasaga waves at the props person and types on an imaginary keyboard in the air. Le Mac, the dark skinned peacemaker, eases Metofeaz into the seat as Lazoo watches on. Once he is seated, his head is hung for a moment until a ThinkPad is placed in front of him. Lazoo starts walking toward the platform with Le Mac quickly making his way to where his turntables wait. Lazoo's step onto the slight elevation is picked up by the microphone, amplifying the vibrations up into the Public Announcement system.

While the writer lifts his head to notice everyone, including Polina and Arley's daughter whose mother has gone missing, staring at him in silence, the props person is busy connecting wires to the portable computer. Her exclamation, "There it's done!" is confirmed when she pushes a wire further into the ThinkPad, her body all over Mr. Litigatti who tries to look uncomfortable about the situation as the Tourist tosses him a throw away smile for his efforts to make room for the young woman trying to do her job. Finally there is an image on the plastered wall of the house; it's a WordPerfect window.

Metofeaz rubs his hands, not with glee, but with trepidation as once again he is about to put his ass on the line for this irascible mob waiting for him to falter, or fail.

The boss readies himself by sitting up straight, then pushing himself away from the table; he then leans forward with his elbows on his knees, and clasps his hands.

Metofeaz's tapping on the keyboard moves the table he is on; occasionally, it rocks the one next to it. Eventually the process is completed as the words line themselves up in the window on the wall of the châteaux.

The needle Jon Le Mac places upon the spinning vinyl record introduces the analogue warmth we want. As people in places wait to hear another story about a John, we all wonder what wonderful record is about to be thrashed and trashed in the making of a sour son of a bitch mortal, and manly for all people to admire, loathe and love?

On stage, Lazoo is looking down at the ground waiting for a question from John Reyer, who is deep in concentration after reading the words.

Le Mac tweaks the knobs on his mixer as Feeaz continues.

Psychedelic Furs come as a new wave and while there has been time since they first landed, we look back with nostalgia at the way they fooled us, for now they are nice and old and memorable and most importantly, comforting. The guitar is played rigidly and as stiffly as the way the wiry figures stand straight and still up on a stage built by people who will never, ever be fucking famous. Their words are meaning many things to people now, but nevertheless, here they are for what they were originally meant: There's an army / On the dance floor / It's a fashion...

Afamasaga clears his throat and asks his first question of Lazoo, which turns out to be more of a suggestion, "Location, action, attraction, and the poor sod whom he inhabits?"

Metofeaz is unstoppable...

Sometime in the eighties, just past the halfway mark of that decrepit decade, an entity without an entitlement landed on the crust of this planet with every intention of making a difference that would soften everything, including the heart of a heathen, the ugliness of a racist and then the core which is the home of the seeds of this evil earth, it would melt...

Lazoo nods to Le Mac who cross-fades into an atmospheric track as he begins.

PART 2

Lazoo: The Nevada sand mass is no mess for the Sahara, but nonetheless finding his pill amongst those granules of silicone was definitely a task for none other than the just flown in, and the sometimes flighty Mr. John Page, his code on all F3quenZors on the AMD, MMD and SFD is the soon to be famed PAGE1.

Polina smiles at Arley's daughter as she whispers in her ear, "That's my dad Lazoo's talking about," pointing to John Page who smiles with tight lips and then makes a monster face at both girls, before he takes a cup of tea from the tray of steaming cups being placed down on the table.

Lazoo: After consuming the life changing, form finding and human endearing capsule, PAGE1 encounters an "Endeavor."

Metofeaz's tapping is like a counter action for the soft and almost strained voice of the Maestro.

The searing sun careers overhead. It is followed by a puffing of white fluff, and then comes the dark stuff. Luckily, the moon wasn't so moody tonight, and it decided to be a crescent up there in his sky. This is the sum of one whole day here on earth. If he rode a camel, he would probably be aroused by the hump upon the creature's back, so the creator makes him walk to the nearest town right after he has his mini-episode that the

lucky bastard receives from downing his tab he finds in the sand.

Polina interrupts, "Was his 'Endeavor' like the one I had tonight?" Le Mac puts his finger on the record to halt it; Metofeaz is still tapping; Afamasaga answers quickly, "Same concept, for different reasons, emotional growth all the same, to adapt to humans and the way they are." Then the boss nods at both Lazoo and Le Mac; the record is let go as the illiterate elaborates so we may comprehend.

Lazoo: The oasis in the second to last decade of the twentieth century flourished through the abundance of wasteless cash thrown away by the teaming gamblers who flocked to the neon gem in the Nevada desert that is Las Vegas.

This is where John Page is heading; he can see it now off in the distance.

John Page walks down the highway. Cars, trucks and busses run through him; when he does manage to inhabit someone, he is immediately knocked to the ground. In his wake is now a trail of bodies, maybe twenty. The ambulance heading toward him goes through him, and then he is a medic, only to be steam rolled by a MAC truck, which leaves the colored man dead in the middle of the road.

Page stands still.

Polina has her hand in the air indicating she has a question, as the tapping by the writer has stopped; now Metofeaz's head is hung again. Afamasaga waits for Polina's question that she hesitates to ask from anticipation of what might happen next.

Lazoo looks down at Metofeaz, who looks up at the guy who cannot read or write a word. The look is venomous from both men who are vital members of the team. Lazoo shrugs his shoulders and adds, "I only have a handful, remember, Feeaz? Give a little, ah? All that language and nothing to say, must be demoralizing to take the lead from a guy who can't read, ah? Go lay ya head on a pillow; it's soft to match your mettle, mate!" Lazoo's last word is accentuated by the accent he said it in.

What happens next is pretty predictable: the table is flipped into the air and the portable computer is sent flying, which Polina throws her blanket on the floor for; the machine lands on the woolen sheet with a thud, and the battery comes loose.

Afamasaga is on his feet following the writer stomping out of the scene. Lazoo's head is now hung as Le Mac offers a commentary in the style of a Monday night football commentator, "Ms. Rada made the catch, with no regard for her personal safety, while the mature adult stormed out of the match, after chucking his toys..."

This brings some light relief and presents a chance for everyone to grab a cup of tea. Lazoo steps down from the platform and asks Polina about her question, which she is still thinking about, and then she takes a deep breath and asks tentatively, "If John Page is my GuidingMaster, why was he involved in those people being killed?"

Afamasaga is walking back. Lazoo is about to answer the question, until the answer is given quickly by the boss. "Yes, PAGE1 is to inhabit someone, but those people were actually entities here from the SenFenide Dimension looking to inhabit PAGE1." Polina thinks for a second then confirms for herself, "So it was their choice to inhabit him, and not the other way around? The PACIFICAN smiles at her and quickly adds, "This lot were different, Polina, especially PAGE1; an anomaly, shall we say?"

Lazoo is now nodding his head as he heads back up to the stage with his cup of tea, and another for Le Mac, who comes down to meet the MC. They share a quiet joke and then they take up their positions.

Afamasaga quickly says, almost whispering, as if he is the reason for the disruption, "Listen to this; Lazoo will cover it."

Polina looks to John Page who winks back at her as Le Mac lets go a track for Lazoo to talk over.

Lazoo: The open door to the hotel room lets seep the sound of a television, and perhaps a body fit for a heart of gold.

Up further, another room, from its door wide open, laughter belonging to two girls by the sounds of the conversation. Down the end of the hallway carpeted in a grey synthetic material with darker grey speckles, two more doors lay open almost opposite each other.

Then as if swept by a sudden gust of wind, one by one they close, starting with the girls' door--"SLAM"--and then the other two.

This door is still ajar. Something about a door in that state is intriguing. Was it left that way? Or was it meant to be closed?

The room is empty, and after encountering the force field from electricity, the radiation from the TV is almost ticklish. The single seat directly in front of the TV would mean that this person was here alone, or trying to be alone.

One thing about the MindMorph Dimension was the persistence of its controllers; either humans were just downright stupid and could not remember what to eat, or there was some serious reward for reminding the average cretin of their favorite poison.

On the AmalgaMension Dimension, it was considered obscene to suggest to someone else food to eat, let alone trick someone into consuming toxic chemicals and riding destructible, but non-degradable, carriages that emit poisonous gases.

The woman sprawled across the carriage is edible; this is the thought that PAGE1 has before he realizes he is now sitting in front of the TV, in the seat he was previously looking down on. Now his thin hand is inside a bag made of thin acrylic fiber, in which he finds a thin object he now puts into his opening mouth.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 7:

PART 1

The year is 1986, the year the United Nations branded The International Year of Peace. Afamasaga is twenty-one years old, same as Metofeaz and John Le Mac. James Elton is released from Juvenile Hall at the age of sixteen. PAGE1 has found a shell, the term for a body, which an entity treats as a house and not a home, in this case the unsocial and or unsavory character he now carries on as in the MMD.

They say that in every dimension there is an image of us, and what are the chances of all three images wanting to escape to the same dimension and then all three of them meeting in a hotel room in Las Vegas, USA in 1986? In theory it could not happen as this would cause skewed points crossing all points which are meant to be parallel, creating, if at all possible, sub dimensions, whose miniscule subjects of existence could not support its reason of existence, which in this case was John Page, age seventeen, unemployed orphan of LA living off of his wits in LV.

The dark club is sweating from the heat. There is sweat on the skin of everyone, and on the walls that have felt the heat from the bodies that flesh it out against each other in the pit. This place tonight drips condensation.

The little known band render a ridiculous but raunchy rendition of the cult classic covered by everyone from Sid Vicious to Elvis and Sinatra. The two chicks over by the bar are the same two from down the hallway. John Page says to the lesbian drug dealer for whom he is here as a bodyguard tonight, "Hey, you reckon you could do me a favor? See those two over there?" The client is larger than the bodyguard, so she has to look down on him as she says, "Whatever you want, honey; 'cause you're so cute I'll do whatever for you." Page smiles and continues, "We take them; we can't lose. If I win, you win! If you win, I watch?" And off he goes; the byline he claims is in the beeline he skewers to acquire some sort of intimacy he mistakes for a mixing of fluids found floating close to some membrane covering a vital organ of influence.

Quite sometime later, PAGE1 can be seen standing on the balcony. The neon lights of the strip offer a hazy glow to the dawn darkness immediately in front of him. The sun is innocuous in its slow rise, and majestically it will take down the almost full moon who has had enough for this night.

Inside the two girls are asleep with the client, on top of the bed; only their wigs have come off.

John Page laughs; he is actually unsure whether to laugh at how he lucked out, or how he is considering finding a job, like one in a supermarket.

PART 2

The dark hair is silk like--the sheen of the finely placed arrangement is misleading as it is not wet. And as the camera pulls away from the back of Polina's head, there is movement around her. The crew are done for the evening, Afamasaga wipes the table with his hand as a cleaner copies his action in earnest with a wet rag. Polina's big brown eyes are transfixed on a light in the distance. Everyone at that moment is busy making his or her way to bed after a long day; Afamasaga acknowledges this, "It's 3 a.m. Breakfast is at 11 a.m." Polina still stares.

At the banister stands Metofeaz; quietly going through the motions, he stares off into the distance. As the help hurries to clear the area of the equipment, Polina walks to where the writer stands.

John Page, Lazoo, Afamasaga and Santina watch her with concern. Metofeaz smiles when he looks down to his right to see the little miss looking up at him.

Metofeaz's voice finds supple soil to lay his words as he begins to wave his right hand at the night, making Polina want to copy him. "Who are we waving at, Feeaz?" Polina asks as she begins to laugh at herself and the moody and sometimes blue guy she is mimicking. He laughs too, "The old lady, who introduced John Poet Soldier to Rozelle Zofen." Polina laughs louder now and says, "The one who wore no brassiere?"

Polina suddenly stops. Her hand is still up in the air as her eyes are now fixed on the Thinking creature. Le Mac aims the spotlight at the huge orange, half-man, half-gargoyle; the bright light, singling out the large and gothic looking statue, gives it a sense of isolation, only associated with something that could feel loneliness, and not a stone idol erected by Rozelle for her company, and other reasons.

Metofeaz notices this and stops; he now stares at the creature too and offers an explanation for one of the many questions that may spout from Ms. Rada at any given moment. "Ms. Rada," he begins. Polina shivers, shrugging off time's cobwebs that drag and then drape themselves over her, and then she looks up at the man who is possibly the creator of this scintillating, yet still very sensitive story. "Yes, Mr. Litigatti?" she replies. Metofeaz smiles at her, and then at the creature and then back at her. "Love melts everything, Polina, yet love can also freeze time." It was as if his words were what she waited for. She is quiet for a moment, and then she says, "I'm real tired now, Feeaz." He laughs, "My words are that boring, are they? That they make you want to sleep, ah?" Polina rubs her tired eyes as she also wants to laugh. Afamasaga is now standing next to the writer, who has a look of contentment in his eyes. Polina moves in between them, just as Afamasaga reminds her of

the time, at which point John Page calls out "Bedtime, Ms. Rada."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 8:

The props person, the frogman, and a cook are the only ones left. The three of them park themselves at a table and uncork, to unleash and then unwind themselves from the coiled condition they incur on a daily basis from having to deal with LMLA-ink and their shit.

Lazoo, Metofeaz, Le Mac and Afamasaga sit down to assess their day's work and plan for tomorrow, which is only hours away, as their day is measured in the time one works.

The sit down lasts as long as it has to and then they give in to tiredness.

Lazoo makes his way up stairs, while Afamasaga follows Le Mac who follows Metofeaz downstairs to rooms where the doorways are boarded up.

They bid each other goodnight and then enter into their rooms leaving the hallway empty.

Now the sound of footsteps fills the damp air--they sound like high heels on stone slabs. Upstairs, the help begins to impasse its conversation, as if they each speak different languages; then the lights they sit under suddenly blow fuses.

The only light left is that on the chest of the frogman slumped back on his seat. The girl from LA and the cook from Rome are slumped forward on the table, as spilled red wine runs amongst their fingers.

Rozelle seems amused, but she is more concerned about the thinking creature whose head from the balcony looks as if it is bowed. She looks about the place with her hand on her chin and then she smooths the front of her velvet gown.

Rozelle Zofen, an embodiment by a select entity with an entitlement like Polina, had her MMD image or ID identified at conception; however, unlike Polina whose GuidingMaster located her and bonded with her, Rozelle's either did not attempt to locate her, or she had disembodied her GuidingMaster by disembowelment.

Also when Rozelle's entitlement was lifted, which usually happens when an embodiment's AMD ID is returned to that dimension, her MMD and SFD IDs dispersed into this dimension and inhabited others.

Rozelle is about to head down the staircase to where the orange beast awaits, till a thought crosses her mind, making her do an about turn and head into the house. In the hallway at the bottom of the staircase leading up to the guest rooms, she stands and looks as if she watches the portrait of herself that hangs at the top of the staircase.

All of a sudden, she is standing in front of the mirror beneath the grand painting. Her image is seen in another mirror, one suspended in mid air behind her but not seen in the mirror on the wall. An ArtificialFact, or AF, the mirror prop is known as. Through the hanging mirror, Rozelle smiles at herself and at her image in the AF mirror that does not rebound countless images in the hanging mirror.

The second Ms. Zofen takes her eyes off the suspended mirror, it drops like a heavy object, only to disintegrate into a thousand eyeballs. The thousand eyeballs dilate, contract and melt as if they burn from a sudden and extreme heat. What the thousand eyes have seen is flashed all around the room in interlacing holograms; it's as if she had seen it all before; she patiently waits till the last purple tinted fiasco withers in its aged and stale state; a younger man pulls from an older man's mouth a book, which then flies off, as the pages begin to flap in a wind. Rozelle checks her nails, but soon she senses someone and then a smile comes across

her pale face. The voice is calm, "We look in man's mirrors and we are able to lie to ourselves, Rozelle. We glance into the Mirror of All Points and we find a correlating line that maps misfortune, lust and love with contours that remind us of how backward and naive we are; that we trust ourselves with our greed."

Rozelle hurries down the stairs; she enters into the ballroom and it is empty. Out on the balcony the three that were seated at the table are now naked in fetal positions on the cold floor.

Her rushing stops when she enters her quarters. She sits at the head of the bed; the likeness is not uncanny, but eerie. The blonde hair that masks her face is thick and shiny. On the floor naked in the fetal position is Metofeaz Litigatti.

Where there is usually a knock there is a lion's yawn and in steps Polina and John Page, who begins immediately, "I came to ensure Polina's DimensionalEQ." Rozelle scoffs without hiding any mockery in her tone, "Equilibrium for a woman? Huh! Doesn't exist in this Dimension; she's a hunchback with a princess's appearance." Polina shivers at meeting an image of her, if her entitlement is taken from her. "It's my birthday today; is that why you're here?" Rozelle pats the Tourist's mane and points to Feeaz on the ground. "I came to see who Metofeaz had brought here; she's been here for a week and he seems to be still infatuated. She also ruined my favorite party dress. I just had to touch her myself."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 9:

Sharon Smith stares at the piece of paper on the bathroom vanity unit. The cigarette burn she can see just above the document reminds her of where she is right now. A door slams and it makes her think of her new husband out there in the room watching ESPN.

The newly crowned National Karaoke Champion is also newlywed Mrs. Robert Smith. Bonus number one, she didn't even have to change her last name. Bonus number two, is coming and as she waits for it, the just turned sweet sixteen honey blonde waitress from the south begins to cry. The wedding certificate takes the shape of her clawing hand which then crumples the paper and ensures it is nothing but pulp as she screams within herself, shaking her fists as she slides down the greasy hotel bathroom wall.

Lilies, lilac, and lavender grow lovely and wild around her ankles, knees, and thighs as her feet walk her body across another field, finding new feelings and forwarding them onto what she now believes to be nowhere... (From Illicit Blade of Grass - Page 66)

The text is soft and italic for it to be more cursive; so true and less corrosive in the ceramic acoustics of the room, she lays spread upon the floor. This is a dream sequence to her dream of dreams she has been having since her father left her mother and her; she had been seven and he went to be with their next-door neighbor's Russian catalogue bride of twelve and a half weeks.

Today's installment is light and breezy as if the object of the poet's desire, admiring and all his life is afloat in a paddock of wild flowers on some summer's day when all of nature's treats meet in this one field of infinite feeling.

"Ron, Ron, you alive in there?" Her new husband's black Mississippi drawl is hurried, out of concern for her, causing a more catastrophic clash with the foreign accent in which her dreams are imagined.

The summer frock she imagines the luminous figure wears is a singlet and 501 Levis faded and tight when she pulls herself to her feet and she checks herself in the mirror. "Yeah, Bobby; Ron's OK," she shouts out, and then quickly offers a softer, "Yes, honey; I am all right."

In the space of forty-eight hours, she had met him, become his best friend, and married him whilst wired in

midst of a drunken stupor, then lost him as a new best friend.

She now remembers what the ball of paper is, lying on the floor. She bends down to pick it up. The person on the other side of the door walks away and then the channels on the TV start changing. A montage of quick fire dialogue comes. It is not at all random, all of it selling something. It coerces the numb, the nimble and the nutty nonsensical ones. And over time, the barrage of messages have humbled many minds into submission; it insinuates and the feeble ones masturbate to the dumb stimuli.

After five minutes, she is ready to face him. The crumpled piece of proof is best flattened by the palm of her hand, which she now uses to smooth the front of her green singlet; she likes feeling the contours of her curves as she repeats the action as if shooing away the event that just took place in her head. "It's all in the head," she says to herself. "It's all in there, ah?"

She scans the seats each time she wakes; still the same stench, still the same expression from the five-year-old boy watching them from the seat behind the driver. Sharon nods at the giant African American bus driver whose nose fills the rearview mirror.

Robert's head is against the window as he sleeps; his arm next to her arm offers an explanation why the boy is staring, and she pokes her tongue at the boy, who now seems uninterested. He sits down facing the front only for his head to pop around the corner of the seat by the time she counts to "...forty-two, forty-three." She now offers a gentle smile, which has more of an affect on the child than the poking tongue from an adult; the child smiles back and now waves to her to come up to where he is.

The radio cassette player, their only other belonging, is almost the size of a small suitcase; Sharon lifts it up and places on her lap the metallic silver color of the boogie box, and its flashing lights mesmerize the boy as they twinkle while she tunes it into a station. Rick Dees's sleaze hits a high note with a couple of girls about the same age a few seats back.

The little boy wants a closer look; now Sharon does what he did to her and the little boy is coy, but he is much too interested in the large radio. His father tells the boy, "Go on, son."

The music is by the Rolling Stones; a whack black disco bass line, an electric piano that harms no one, and Keith Richard's tamed, subdued, riled guitars bridge the rift that some say exists. Mick's dysfunction lyrics make it one beautiful fucking mess, "Oooh oooh oooh oooh oooh oooh... ...I've been walking in central park / Singing after dark / People think I'm crazy..."

"The Tourist"--, a name the drunken writer in the bar had called her--she smiles remembering it as the little boy stands in the aisle looking at the radio. Robert turns on his side and pulls his jacket over his head to get some peace.

On arriving at the bus station, they are torn as to where they will live. Six blocks apart, at her mother's place? Or in his grandmother's garage? They figure the privacy of the tin shed is what a new couple requires.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 10:

PART 1

Polina yawns. Her eyes widen and seem like they are about to pop out of her head and then she remembers what today is. She now closes her eyes as she thinks deeply and looks at John Page sitting at the end of her bed. "Yes, Ms. Rada, it is your birthday now in both hemispheres." Polina quickly corrects him. "Sectors, Mr. Page. Sectors." Before he can retort, Ms. San Fe is there with her toothbrush and dressing gown. "Where's the Tourist?" Polina asks as she steps into her slippers and puts her arms out for her dressing gown. "She's

probably getting her makeup applied," is Santana's quick reply.

Le Mac signals the start of a new day; he blows on the needle he is about to apply to the spinning vinyl and smiles.

The kick drum and then that phased snare drum come; the familiar rhythm floods the floors of the once hum house. The classic eighties bass-line pounds into reality an ambiance; it makes Metofeaz smile as he zips up his boots.

John Lazoo straightens the noose of his necktie as Genisis turns down the back of his black collar.

And the PACIFICAN talks to someone on the phone as he takes a sip of his first cup of tea for today.

The help are bright and cheerful for this is the day they had come here to be part of.

Soon the gleam of the occasion shines over the once overcast and daft feeling festival with its glittering arrival. The help are lined up all in cream with a dash of orange here and there, carefully accessorized, where most appropriate; a sash, a ribbon, a wristband, or a white spotted bandana, all add to the overall effect. Afamasaga in black walks by once and then he whispers, "Spring forth the fine features, one wishes one had," and with that and no more, their heads are up and their steps never more broad or with more bounce.

They disperse to their perches and quarters, as the musical ones take their places in their harmonious formation, quickly so not to be sprung out of place.

A hush sweeps over the area cordoned by all three of the dimensions, and then in the instant of a two-finger clap, the band, the horn section and the string quintet burst out as a combed collective cohering to compound feeling.

The frogman now in a white suit does Al Jarreau better than he would admit himself. "Oh, yeah... Does anyone want to go waltzing in the garden?" The question is asked again, and again, until the horn section exclaims an answer in magnificent and crisp stabs, as the Latin drummer boy twirls his sticks in the thick air. This makes the birthday girl in a plain white silk dress, and ribbons in her hair, smile, giggle, and then place both her hands on her knees; her knees are together; they bend this way, and then they are dragged that a way.

"FEEAZ!" she says. Lazoo says, "Who?" Polina skips a step or three, and then she stops and puts her hand up in the air. "I do, LAZOO!"

The frogman smiles at her as he begins to scat; the Latin drummer sits on a fat four by four groove of snare and bass drum. Lazoo is dressed in black head to toe; now he is in his open arm pose as he begins to move.

Metofeaz feels he is now ready, all in black too; the smile becomes real as he begins to step along the runway to where the hit man is in a grooving state, zoned, as his moves soothe any discrepancies in their friendship. "Does anyone want to go dance up on the roof?" Mr. Litigatti is there, he and Lazoo together in the middle of the platform, shoulders only; this makes the invited guests laugh and clap; the frogman is hitting it, just as Ms. Rada is halfway down the runway; she skips and then stops to take a bouquet of flowers, one from Arley, then another from Santana and a third one she adds to her clutches from a beaming Genisis Jones. The band is now ruthless in the way it belts out the classic. Horns accentuate Jarreau's soul, and the rhythm counters and flatly punches them in the mo, and then pinches the hearts and minds of those who witness the Semi-System in action. Le Mac says, "WOW!" Afamasaga, says, "Yeah!"

The party starts proper when each member of the crew present Polina with a gift. Each gift she accepts graciously and exchanges for a kiss and a hug.

The house is fully transformed into a tropical rainforest; with clever editing, it looks like they are on a rooftop garden in a concrete jungle and not in a valley of vineyards somewhere in the south of France, according to the visuals on screen.

PART 2

Metofeaz Litigatti is twenty-one years of age today according to the passport he examines closely before he hands it to the woman behind the counter at McCarran International Airport. Dressed smartly in black and still sober for today, he manages a smile and then he swipes the article off the counter, once the girl places it back down on the counter. Without a word, he picks up his bag, dons his sunglasses and heads off into the terminal.

The old fellow had promised him that if he showed up in Vegas on his twenty-first birthday, he would find family. "Celebrate your third significant milestone in this Dimension at an oasis where money is water."

The party with the roadies is starting to heat up; the Englishman and the Irishman are beginning to let their feelings be known about their American buddy, a convicted armed robber by the name of Mick Haze, who also happens to be a boxer. The Englishman reminds Mick of the Rolling Stones. "Your mother even named you after Jagger, a pom?" Mick looks down at his glass; he can see three faces in his dark whiskey, "Metofeaz, would you say my mom's a whore?" Metofeaz, scribbling something down on a napkin, quickly folds it up and tucks it away in his top pocket and shrugs his shoulders, and then he shakes his head, and then he nods his head and then finally he laughs. The Irishman now adds his bit. "Nah guy, she probably paid them, if the facts be known." Still smarting from what they thought to be clever, the two members of U2's entourage are not ready for what happens next.

PART 3

"One of these nights..."

"Sharon Smith, ah?" Metofeaz smiles at the reflection of himself in the mirror. The girl next to him stirs her drink; then she places the black plastic in her mouth. Pulling the thing from her mouth, she smiles with her eyes. Now she reaches over and starts to stir his drink, twice clockwise, and then twice counterclockwise.

The Eagles in the background are of no help at all.

"...The full moon is calling / the fever is high / and the wicked wind whispers and moans..."

But he does manage to collect himself and change the course of the confusing situation. "How old are you Sharon?"

The barman places a beer on the bar; she now grabs her drink and the bottle as if she is protecting them from a thief who wishes to steal her precious goods. She saunters off and then she flicks her blonde head over her shoulder and winks as she laughs.

The writer reaches for a coaster to his right. A woman in her twenties smiles at him. He feels he has to ask her for the free piece of card. "Lucky lonely coaster, I want it; may I have it, ah?" The lady laughs, "Is that a line, or a warning?" Metofeaz clears his throat, "That's a sign."

"Arley Evon?" Metofeaz snorts his delight in meeting the woman who now crosses her legs his way; her hand he picks up off the thing he wants to write on. He sniffs her slender hand, not that she can detect his intent from his instinctual, habitual way.

He offers a smile that does away with her next question. It also affords him the right of way to give her back

her hand. "Waste not, want not. Your lips are a better place, wouldn't you say?"

The lady in a purple dress lifts her glass to her lips as he waits for some sort of recognition for his approach, either one of disgust or of interest.

Silence is a weapon both use with ease.

"...You got your demons / you got desires / well I got a few of my own..."

Side on, he is lean, primed, wearing black jeans, a black sweater, and sporting cowboy boots imported from nowhere; his black hair is messy as he leans on the bar for support.

She sits on a bar stool; she is interested, as her hanging white high heel suggests, but at her waist she is twisted, facing the mirror where she can see his profile. From his calmed expressions, she feels warmth, while she sees the side he cannot hide or control. Every once in a while, she'll turn her head for a view of the real thing.

"...Someone to be kind to / In between the dark and the light..."

He traces her profile using his eyes, storing away in his memory the angular but inclined way it all means a place made for his weary gaze. Her skin is tinted with blood from somewhere exotic. And when she turns her head to see whether he is still standing there, her smile is as bright as a light that finds you in the darkness, with eyes that are deep for a pleasurable pursuit one persists with in search of a soul, akin.

"...Swear I'm gonna find you / One of these nights..."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 11:

PART 1

As they wait for the signal, the frogman and orchestra play another chorus of the song Shadow Dancing, which makes Polina's head swing.

Seated at a round table in the middle of the balcony to the right of the runway amongst a handful of other tables furnished with lucky locals in dinner attire are the girls in gowns.

Ms. San Fe confirms for Ms. Rada that she too had a crush on Andy Gibb, and Arley, "Yep, me too, honey." And then the Tourist adds, "Bit before my time." Genesis rolls her eyes for the singer to catch her in her compact mirror; she plays within the roving spotlight that scans the stage, and the tables on both sides of the runway, "Tut, tut, Ms. Jones; he's a bit normal for Mrs. Lazoo, isn't he?" Now Santina rolls her eyes, at which the Tourist, who is now standing as she is about to take the stage, pouts and leans on the opposite hip as she makes her exit, leaving her mark for the others to reside under when she says, "You can turn the clock back, but not the time, my dears." Arley takes a sip of her drink, while Ms. San Fe is tight-lipped as Genesis looks at Polina in a confused manner, at which Polina shrugs her shoulders and turns down her lips.

Offstage, John Reyer asks John Lazoo, "Is she ready?" Lazoo confirms with Jon Le Mac that Polina is ready; the affirmation they wait for they receive from John Page approaching the table, via Metofeaz Litigatti who says, "She is bro; she is..."

The hum of the public announcement system, coming through the speakers he stands next to, is comforting for Afamasaga, who checks the infrared remote in his grip; this he does by changing the applications on the ThinkPad that waits for LMLA-ink on the table in the middle of the now dark and empty stage.

PART 2

The musicians are on the scaffolding over the banister; their heads move as they apply their postures to their instruments, and then with a unified flex, they assume positions of readiness and imposing belief.

The Tourist who holds the silver-plated microphone on the end of a stand in her gloved hand glances over the orchestra and upon the head of the Thinking Creature. And then she looks at the others statues; all of them are a replica of the same creature, but only the twelfth one was gifted with some kind of mind, transcending the boundaries and rules of metaphysics, quantum physics and love to give Ms. Zofen what she craved.

To her right, LMLA-ink lined up ready to take the stage; the man who had got her in, Metofeaz Litigatti, was eager to take his place.

Down to her left is Ms. Polina Rada, an entity with entitlement, and her GuidingMaster, John Page, at the next table watching her, waiting to catch her if she falls or support her when she weakens.

PART 3

On a cloud swept by emotion, the musicians transport their feelings epitomizing intimacy...

Metofeaz's shoulders sway the way the gentle breeze utters silence. His eyes are still dry as he plays the keys, sounding in words the way it was for her.

Shhh... For the love she feels for him, Rozelle Zofen watches the steam locomotive pull away from the lonely station in the south of France.

The Tourist stands alone beneath the single light of significance presenting a reincarnation of Ms. Rozelle Zofen.

Behind her, a dark blue screen; in front of that only in silhouette, Lazoo stands to the left; he is solemn. Seated at a table with a bottle of wine, Litigatti scrawls what is seen up on the screen that flashes images--a montage of Rozelle and Jon Pierre Solomon in his younger years.

"Illicit Blade of Grass", he now has in his repertoire; the Poet Soldier leaves her, the object of the woven words still a mystery for her...

Sun seeker, fine features, promiscuous dirt, illustrious dust. How is it you know?... (From Illicit Blade of Grass - POEM / Novel)

The PACIFICAN talks with Le Mac; their conversation is unheard; he holds his chin and thinks as Rozelle begins to sing.

"Bésame / bésame mucho..."

Polina is mesmerized; while holding back the tears that house her own hurt, her heart harbors what the singer signs in hand movements that torment the atmos, that hinder her advance for the one thing her character yearned for yet had been offered by many men.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 12:

PART 1

...Polina Rada was on the back seat of a teetering car, wrapped in her bed clothes, a leather jacket, and her mother's winter coat. Her parents kissed with their eyes shut tight...as they cocooned their Polina to keep her warm. The car creaked, and Mr. Rada accepted that the only position he could assume at that time was that of a father concerned about the transfer of his remaining body heat to his baby daughter... (From WIPE page 1)

Polina dreaded her dream of dreams. To escape the inside of the confronting cauldron, she lives for others, including this new boy from Georgia.

He refuses to speak any language, but he understands Polina's smile and warm hand in which his little hand is held.

On the eve of her birthday, her fifth one, she is more concerned with what she can do to cheer up her smaller shadow who would tell her he missed his mommy if he knew how.

He has tears for his thoughts that now escape his flooding eyes and roll down his rounded cheeks.

Polina quickly takes herself down to his eye level and produces a handkerchief she uses to WIPE away the waterworks that begin in earnest once the girl is eye to eye with the little fellow.

After a minute or two, Polina hugs him close to her. Shortly after he has stopped crying, he takes the cotton material from Polina's hand and holds it, examining the contents before he carefully places it in his pocket.

The Orphanage mistress is once again adamant the boy has no papers. "Polina, for the last time today, Afanasy has no papers," she says. This usually means a child will not be here for long, which brings a smile to Polina's face and then a regretful glance at Afanasy, as she wishes she would not want to invest too much of her time in him.

Earlier in the day, Polina had witnessed Afanasy being personally escorted to the Orphanage buildings by KGB in a state vehicle.

Polina looks down on the boy's dark hair and imagines her own dark hair from atop.

They stand at her bedroom window looking out over the carpet of snow that covers everything, including the tree outside her room.

In her dream, a woman tells her that someday three men will come for her. "Beneath the naked tree, three handsome gentlemen will come to see you..." Afanasy smiles at her inflection and is well aware of how the words make his friend feel; this he makes known first by pointing at the base of the tree where snow is piled up, and then by laughing, which he quickly tries to conceal by placing his pale fleshy hand over his mouth.

Polina holds him close to her with her left arm while she takes his hand from his mouth with her right hand.

He is shy at first, looking up at the much taller girl, who nods at him, "It's okay." He blinks and then his brown eyes twinkle right before a burst of brightness is beamed from his brilliant baby smile.

The afternoon wanders off unnoticed by these two, who are satisfied to be alive and standing next to each other looking out on winter from the insides of a home for children who have no immediate family.

PART 2

John Page stands in the doorway to the bar; he scans the dive for any signs of disharmony.

He flattens his bum fluff mo, which falsifies his age to be much more than his wiry frame of sixteen or seventeen suggests.

The guy at the bar, trying it on the brunette woman who appears to be way out of his league, is the guy with the cheesy smile from the TV advertisement for the fast food chain; his smile, he is trying to put to good use.

The woman who humors him by paying him some attention is still waiting for someone important, with something to offer.

Behind John Page in the foyer, the gentleman from the last room down the hallway enters the lift to take him upstairs to his room, which he has left unlocked.

The dapper guy, who is in his thirties, pays close attention to the suit John Page wears. Page stares him down with confidence that a kid could afford such fine threads and that the suit, shirt, tie and boots were indeed his own.

The lift doors close and John Page ushers out any doubt down the shaft of the rickety elevator that now shudders to a halt on the first floor.

The Eagles lyric on the duke box harmonizes with his intent; the blonde girl crossing the square dance floor realizes Page has caught her winking at the guy at the bar, who is reaching for the wonderful looking woman's hand. She continues toward the table where, waiting with his back turned, is the guy she was very intimate with a moment ago.

"...Were gonna find one / One that really screams / I've been searching for the daughter of the devil himself..."

The heavy looking character from the sweat pit the night before eyes him up and down. Page pretends he doesn't notice him. The other two characters in the crammed booth speak in accents that add an antidotal quality to all the crap that flows from their pasty faces. "God saved the Queen; therefore any republic is only an island and not a nation..."

John Page allows himself to be spotted by the group of tourists checking into the hotel. Their luggage surrounds them. The guy doing all the talking and pointing is walking toward him. "Damn, do I look like the concierge?" Page ends it with a smile as he backs out of the smell of carpet wetted from spilt and spat booze to turn his body and square his shoulders for the approaching guy to reach out to.

Page's handshake is firmer than usual, but he has to add so as to sure up his chances, "An off-duty one, I do admit, but I do take my job seriously, so I am always at your service."

The group from somewhere in the Midwest gravitates toward the warmth he emits as he braces himself by straightening his arms suddenly as if about to perform some sort of operation with his wiry hands.

Page is only half ready for the elevator door opening; the dapper guy from down the hallway steps out from the cabin. The unmistakably angry older man is now eyeballing the temple of the younger one's whirring head; Page's mouth however continues to deliver dialogue as if the unforeseen occurrence was planned.

Page is busy negotiating his fee for tonight's tour of the strip. "It's a complete insight to Vegas, on the tables, under the tables and into the heart of this marvelous place. I charge according to the experience which is unique since it is authenticated by the mitigating factor that I was born in one of the casino's myself..."

The group now crowds the young guy standing tall with his neck bent from having someone's face so close to his own, from whence the shit flows.

"...Coming right behind you / swear I'm gonna find you now / One of these nights..."

PART 3

The hallways of the old building echo a different song; Polina recalls its words even though she has yet to hear them out in the open.

The large arched window at the end of the corridor lets in the moonlight; a shadow reaching the far end is cast by someone sitting with his knees hugged close to himself.

"...It used to be pain / but now it's done / she's as numb / as he is dumb / too blind / too blind to see..."

Polina listens to her pillow with an attentive ear; she hears her mother's melody and her father's account of the rousing guitar that accompanies the mournful lyric.

"... The moon and its stars / have been and gone / the sun that withered their love / leaves them high and dry..."

The shadow moves as if it too hears the same song Polina listens to inside her room behind the closed door.

"...committed to an end / that does not come..."

For Polina, the morning comes when the intrusive sound of the black Mercedes Benz's engine leaving the iron gates of her home interrupts a gentler episode of her dream. She makes it to the window in time to see Afanasy looking back at her from the fast fading vehicle. He wants to wave to his friend standing at their window, but he cannot bring himself to, until she says, "Happy birthday, Afanasy."

On leaving her room, she is again reminded of the little boy from Georgia when she finds the handkerchief outside her door.

She bends down and picks the article up; she quickly scrunches it in her hand and marches off down the cold corridor to start her day.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 13:

PART 1

Polina takes the handkerchief Santina hands her and looks around the room as if she is lost. She turns her head again, and then she finds John Page sitting at the table behind her, just to her left.

Center stage the Tourist continues to caress their ears with her song.

The PACIFICAN whispers a translation "...I want to have you very close / to see myself in your eyes..."

The audience seems engrossed in his story LMLA-ink tells with their hands, their hearts, their mouths, using the beautiful minds they have committed to his care. Afamasaga is grateful for this and his acknowledgement is a slow nod of his head Le Mac notices. Lazoo stands still; his hazel eyes are locked on the grey blue eyes that continue to shine for him from in the middle of the audience.

And Metofeaz continues to flow as his creation on screen begins to bloom.

...News of the invasion reaches Rozelle before the broadcast on the radio does. The night has been long. The

people do not mind that she repeats her first set as her last. Waiting for his appearance, she warns her band that her voice is weak and that they may need to carry her. The band plays the outro forever, and when she is satisfied that the only movement left in the bar is by those leaving and the employees cleaning, she gives the signal to round it off after the next chorus...(From Illicit Blade of Grass - Page 21)

PART 2

Jon Le Mac unloads the equipment onto the sidewalk, as John Reyer, Le Mac's manager and roadie, stands there thinking.

From a distance that's all the PACIFICAN ever seems to do.

Le Mac, an African American kid from LA, swears his father was from a Pacific Island. "My pa was from one of those Pacific Islands, but he knew what work was. You must be the new crop."

Afamasaga nods his head slowly and notices the guy in the phone box has hung up the phone, which he heads toward as Le Mac continues, "You must be lacking in that work gene bro; better get yourself a pair. Ain't nothing come from nothing..."

John Reyer Afamasaga's accent changes depending on his mood; today it is a mixture of English and Hawaiian.

The woman on the other end of the phone says, "I love your accent; where's it from?"

Afamasaga places his hand over the receiver as he shouts out to Le Mac. "Careful of that sign; it cost us a lot of money, mate!"

Le Mac brushes him off. "Just shut the fuck up and do the bin-ness bro..."

"Let me guess, you're Australian!" says the woman.

Afamasaga clears his throat. "Paul Hogan's doing an interview with your station today at six. But he can't make it; Paul can't make it. I'm sorry."

The siren is here before the ambulance screeches to a halt right behind Le Mac's black panel van.

The PA system, now blocking the entrance to the venue for the first ever American National Karaoke Championships, is more of a concern for Afamasaga who hurries the conversation with the girl from the Radio Station. "He is the celebrity judge."

Afamasaga hangs up as the Personal Assistant wants to know more. "Can we do the interview there?"

The attractive paramedic extends the ambulance trolley; it clicks and clacks into full size. Afamasaga's attention is divided between the contraption and the woman who wheels it to where she cannot go any further.

Another ambulance has arrived and its driver and co-pilot step with urgency out onto the Vegas sidewalk and start to assemble their gear.

The heat floats on the horizon, as the sound of more sirens come closer. The black and white units that carry the cherry red lights are more than likely headed for the same address the ambulances are now queued up at outside.

Afamasaga notices the smile on Le Mac's face; it annoys him.

The medic has her hands on her hips; the equipment in the doorway is an obstacle to reaching the accident where four males are reported to be in need of serious medical attention.

Running into the hotel with his bag, the driver of the ambulance demands, "Who the fuck owns the gear? Get it out of here before I report it as a fucking hazard."

The second ambulance crew and their trolley come to a standstill in front of the huge stack of speakers and lights.

Afamasaga walks to the sidewalk where he can see to his left the police approaching and to his right a News Van with a cameraman already with his camera on his shoulder, shooting the unfolding fiasco.

PART 3

John Page watches the action on TV. Outside the last of the ambulances leaves; he laughs out loud at how the vehicle doesn't stop at the lights. "See that? The carriage with the wounded, whose health and safety should be of the highest importance, chooses to forego the law of the land and ignore the safety signal. Incredible!"

The lesbian dealer, who is also the receptionist, laughs too and shakes her head while she counts the money stacked in small piles on the orange bedspread.

The woman warns him, "They'll be back; you know that, don't you?"

But Page is unperturbed. He looks at the threads he is dressed in and then stands up and leaves the room without saying a word.

He slowly closes the door behind him and makes his way down the corridor.

Two figures emerge from the elevator in the hallway's center. The darker guy takes his key and enters the room opposite the lift, while the other one enters the room next to it. Both doors shut quietly as John Page passes by on his way to the last room down the hallway.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 14:

PART 1

Metofeaz holds his jaw and moves it side to side.

Arley Evon is still there, sitting at the bar with her back facing him, ordering her drink.

"Make that two, please," Metofeaz shouts out and then points to something behind the bar. "Turn it up, will ya." The hit of the summer by Anita Baker "Caught up in the rapture" he wants more of. The persona he walked into the bar with is now completely gone.

He shivers and is obviously still shaken by the ugly ordeal. "Where's the guy in the clown suit?"

The barman shrugs his shoulders and picks up a glass to shine.

Re-entering the bar are the younger woman and her boyfriend.

"Hey, babe, there it is." Sharon Smith refers to the song playing loudly in the empty bar. The young singer's head now slumps as she asks for her boyfriend's reassurance. "Do you think I'm as good as she is?" The boy reassures her, "Of course you are, babe."

PART 2

An upbeat R&B track plays.

The dance floor is inconspicuously filled with toned, tanned and turned on bodies that move with sensual motion in a self-satisfying manner.

The looks on their faces underplay their parts; they breathe easily to make sure their frowns are foreign, as they feint "Cool."

Afamasaga utters something to Le Mac who cues the next record.

Jon Le Mac looks out on the crowd; the once empty dive bar is now fully refurbished by the clientele themselves.

The sparkle is coming from the women in shimmering, slinky, sexy wear, dripping in jewels, here seeking out the few exclusive celebrities rumored to be in the swelling crowd.

PART 3

The pounding is first noticeable in his head.

John Page lies as if splayed like a person pan-caked into a pavement face up on the king-size bed in the room slightly larger than the other rooms on this floor.

Now the pounding in his head is reverberated by the thumping coming through the floor.

The light outside is dusk and his throat is as dry as he is parched.

He turns onto his side. On the bedside cabinet, empty and half-filled bottles of alcohol line his view of the otherwise pristine room.

On the desk, a briefcase is open showing documents neatly placed in manila folders.

In the open wardrobe hang clothes of two sizes--at one end one for a larger male, at the other end suits just as fine but tailored for a slighter man.

There's a gap in the hanging garments that disturbs the tidy arrangement; the suit that once hung close to the others is obviously gone.

John Page reaches for one of the bottles as the sound of someone knocking on the door cuts through the calculations in his head, the pounding of his brain and the thumping from the floor.

Page launches himself to be seated on the side of the bed, with his hands by his side.

The knocking comes again, as he stretches his neck to the left, and slowly to the right.

The pause is a magnificent silence as his stomach begins to churn.

He reaches over to the drawers and takes a bottle in each hand and unscrews each top with his mouth.

The knocking is now louder as he stands and takes a swig from one bottle and then the other.

With the bottles by his side, he walks slowly to the window, his shoulders relaxed since it is obvious the person at the door was a visitor with no ill intentions.

Down on the street, a long black vehicle pulls up to the front of the bar.

A character, wearing a hat and dressed in a plainer version of the suit Page wears, jumps from the driver's seat and races around to open the door on the opposite rear side of the car.

A leg that seems to be as long as the car itself is extended from inside the cabin; then material both thin and sheer appears at the end of the leg.

Standing tall on the sidewalk is a woman who looks like the world is at her feet.

Page takes another gulp from one of his bottles and then walks backward till his legs find the bed and he collapses back onto it.

This time when he comes to, it is dark outside and the knock at the door is complete with a voice--that of the gentleman from the group of tourists in the lobby. "Hey, mister, we want our money back!" The other voice is from the receptionist. "He's just resting. He's good for it; I promise you."

Page listens to the noise outside the door of the last room down the hallway.

Then he slowly rises to his feet and walks to the wardrobe and fingers through the suits until he finds one with a passport picture in the jacket pocket that he likes the look of.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 15:

PART 1

A sugary soul track blasts from the speakers.

The help push the tables back to the wall as the affable audience begins to dance around the runway.

They smile, but no one smiles quite the way Lazoo smiles at Genesis dancing; her body movements fulfill the space between the pair.

Her grace glazes his dumb gaze, until she is suddenly taken by someone who cuts in between the beauty and the giddy guy who is gaga from the way she looks at him.

On stage, Lazoo now grins at the sight of his woman in a twirl; the unknown guy acknowledges the Maestro by standing back with one hand on his hip and the other presenting a pirouetting Miss Jones.

This makes Polina laugh, and now she is beside herself at the funny face John Page makes as he backs down the runway with his little girl in tow.

Le Mac grins as he pushes a series of buttons; the streamers from the beams fall as the balloon cradles open up.

Page's tuxedo shines in the flashing lights; his hair is darker, but his boyish face still holds his chiseled features in place to produce a man as ruggedly handsome as he is compassionate.

The chorus of the thumping disco-like-ditty accentuates Polina's delight.

Metofeaz smiles at the figure of Rozelle as he approaches her; her hips switch the humping movement that holds his attention.

He glances over his shoulder in time to catch Arley looking his way as she takes the hand of a reluctant PACIFICAN, who begins to laugh.

And now Ms. San Fe makes her way up the steps of the runway; her dress she holds; John Page waves her on toward him.

PART 2

The party lasted three days, during which time Lazoo, Metofeaz, Le Mac and Afamasaga performed on stage all three stories, with help from the Tourist, a host of musicians and local actors.

The auctioneers were about to pull the plug on the sale of the property, which they have had to postpone for a second day in a row, although many wealthy bidders have come to the small nearby village to be a part of it.

Afamasaga still holds firm that Rozelle's Chateau will be vacated by his crew by tomorrow. "I promise this time tomorrow you will have the house." The English real estate agent and his assistant are frustrated, as another potential buyer drives up to the house.

The couple in their thirties, from a boat somewhere in the Aegean Sea, park their Bentley on the side of the dirt track behind a long line of other gleaming luxury cars and walk toward the rustic wooden gate, which Afamasaga leans on as he humors the two sellers who are in no mood for a joke. "Hey, think of it as an open house?"

He now stops smiling and changes his accent to an almost perfect English one as he taunts them. "Wouldn't it be rather tragic if we suddenly did not require your services?"

The real estate agent is bright red as he teeters on his toes looking down on the colored guy who stares at the ground.

The footsteps that crunch the gravel keep coming until they stop in front of the gate next to a pair of hush puppies and a closed toe pair of dark blue pumps.

Afamasaga looks at the two pairs belonging to the new arrivals. "Hmm. That's what I like about people who own boats; they have impeccable taste." He now stands up and pulls back the gate for the well-off couple to enter.

PART 3

Inside the house, the Tourist entertains the healthy group of buyers who dine lightly on finger food, champagne and cocktails.

Down by the pool, Polina sits on a silver lounge deck chair in between John Lazoo and John Page, who are clothed head-to-toe in white loose cotton, with sunglasses and a healthy helping of sun block, which they urge Miss Rada to take more of. "Little Miss, my mother's words were:

'...If you burn, it will blacken your heart...'" (From John Lazoo - Page 7)

Lazoo nods to her as he holds the bottle out for her, so she cups her hands and Lazoo squirts the lotion until she nods, "That's enough, Mr."

John Page watches the interaction between his step-daughter and one of his few close friends. Then he lies back and places his hands behind his relaxed neck.

Polina is silent only for the time it takes the orange, yellow and pink water lily to drift from one side of the art deco pool to the other.

"John, what was your mother like?"

Lazoo's head turns to Page, whose head remains still into the blue sky as he replies in an almost dead tone, "Go for it, John James; you're better at it."

Polina agrees, "Yeah!"

John Nicholas quickly corrects Ms Rada. "It's 'Yes,' Polina. 'Yeah' is for the three-hundred and sixty-five days you were born in."

She shushes him with a finger to her lips.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 16:

PART 1

Two blonde pigtails swing this way and then that-a-way.

Little Janine is delighted by the movie, starring Shirley Temple.

Saturday night at the New York orphanage can sometimes be magical, mystical and magnificent for a three-year old orphan with little or no expectation of a world that is lonely and empty.

PART 2

Afamasaga excuses himself from the round table, the three business men and their lawyers all stand; their hands cross the table on which contracts lay in an almost sealed state.

He glances over to where Arley Evon and the Tourist have a captivated audience of their own; the wealthy wives agree as their eyes marvel yet again at the story of Rozelle Zofen.

From the balcony, Le Mac watches Lazoo closely and then watches Page who shows no sign of fatigue.

The four o'clock sun--trance-like, terrifically efficient and truthfully accounting for all that fate could deal, or destiny could possibly design--envelopes the events that take place.

PART 3

John Nicholas Page smiles in the warm glow of the afternoon sun; the Thinking Creature's orange body seems to have its own hue, silently oozing warmth after basking in the ultra-violet rays of the French Summer.

Polina is absolutely absorbed in John James Lazoo's fairy tale depiction of his obviously idolized idea of one Janine Elton--a poor little orphan girl just like Polina was herself.

Her questions come to fore only to be gently pushed back into their curious but unconscious origins by the Master Storyteller, who reads none, writes nothing but wholly satisfies the thirst of the most antiquated purists of his adopted art form.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 17:

PART 1

In a mirror...

The red lipstick head is pushed down and then around on the full and fleshy lips that now pout, before they are licked so they glisten.

Different from the lips in the painting that hangs in the eerie entrance at the top of the staircase, they are dark--as dark as the fine velvet in which Rozelle is dressed.

The gown is lavish; its pearl buttons are smooth, as smooth as the fingernail that pokes it through the embossed button hole of the gown. The forever young woman does up the buttons to a point, allowing her alluring bust to create its cleavage, deep with depth not far from her still aching heart.

The Tourist is teary eyed and smiling all at once; the mascara is thick, and then a lone tear escapes from its duct.

Dissolving a clump of paint, the tear starts to streak her grief-like stricken face.

The streaming streak is black; it runs down her cheek, and then down her neck and around the curve of bosom and into an abyss.

PART 2

The full moon harbors everyone's resentment; the weight slows its rise into the black blue sky.

Once it is above the countryside, it chooses to hide behind puffed up atmos, grouped like sheep scattered without their maybe drunkard shepherd.

Afamasaga stands on the balcony studying the dark night as he watches the Real Estate agent and his assistant leave.

Over his shoulder the lanky lad from Tottenham dressed in a Hotspur's home strip laughs as he throws back to the PACIFICAN dressed in a black suit, a Charley Stevensen original, "Only if you weren't such a wanker, gov!"

John Reyer manages a smile as he counters what to him is a compliment. "Your commission is now more than the price of your last two sales. I'd say you're definitely the wanker here."

Jon Le Mac walks to his side; they watch the pair hop into their rental car and drive off with wheels spinning, sending stones flying everywhere as seen in the tail lights that flee as the dust settles.

PART 3

Fire light flickers upon their faces.

The burning torches that hang from the ballroom walls never wallow, even in the evening breeze which comes and goes.

Everyone is dressed in evening-wear by Charley Stevonsen--a gift from Afamasaga.

Lazoo's face is as bland as his eyes are expressive with anticipation.

The others are subdued while anxious; the character of each of these individuals is summed up in the steely look upon the face of John Page.

Le Mac is edgy; this is evident in the way he avoids eye contact with everyone, choosing to focus on the wine being poured into his glass.

Afamasaga is calm for now as he watches Le Mac as everyone else does.

The PACIFICAN clears his throat and passes on to Le Mac, "We were made to relax, something which you are already aware of."

Seated around the long dining table set with silverware and fine china is everyone minus the writer Metofeaz Litigatti who has been diagnosed with malfunctioning of the Collaborative Chamber which is the nest of this Semi-System's birth, aging and controlling cell.

Mutation by the Moon is a natural happening for an entity, something which Lazoo, Page, the Tourist, Genisis and Polina had all undergone in their Shells in MMD, this dimension.

But somehow the trigger for Metofeaz's mutation from current state to his next had been stalled, causing a glitch in the nerve centre of the Semi-System bringing heat from other so called Semi-Systems, with less than admirable intentions, looking to consolidate their own agendas in this dimension namely the small blue Planet Earth.

The interest in setting up an organic headquarters in this Sun centric Solar-System complete with breathing nodes with skin that sweats is coming from the SenFenide Dimension, in particular.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 18:

PART 1

The frogman brings the ringing phone to his side.

The wine glass Jon Le Mac lifts reflects the faces of those gathered around the table lamented in the body of the fermented grape.

Afamasaga takes the mobile device and smiles bravely for everyone to witness.

Lazoo figures it is best to toast than to test the fragile cloth that lines the cloak under which they have hidden without detection since coming together, and to accept the course of events which have led to this, an end that is maybe imminent.

Afamasaga says little as he ends the call with, "That's all he has to say?"

Polina swallows the lump that is lodged in all of their throats as Afamasaga thinks carefully of the words he is about to speak.

"Feeaz capitulated under extreme conditions."

John Page squints in pain.

Lazoo finishes his wine in a gulp and advises the rest of them, "Love or loathe Litigatti, he would not succumb to the scum he detests. Even in his condition, Metofeaz still breathes the same truth in which I believe."

Across the globe in some hospital somewhere in Malaysia, Jon Pierre Solomon lies close to death.

The character referred to as JPS, as in the Poet Soldier, some would say is bitter, torn and twisted.

PART 2

Metofeaz Litigatti lies freezing, while hell's flames lick his limbs as he fights the fury of the fever he encounters. "It's fucking hell, like I could never ever write, you know?"

His teeth are chipped from their clattering as he holds his knees even closer to himself.

His facial hair is growing by the hour as his condition worsens.

Afamasaga stands in the corner under the monitor which now shows the wooden gate, and then a view of the pool where the statues seem larger than ever, right before it switches to a view of the ballroom, now empty.

Lazoo crouches down and takes the pitcher and pours some water into his friend's mouth now open seeking whatever is available to him.

Water drips down his face and before his agony is heard throughout the house, the skin touched is torched as the water molecules fry on his wasting, withering skin.

PART 3

John Page holds Polina's head close to him, covering her ears from the wailing sound coming from the rooms beneath them.

"Does this mean we must defend our place in this Dimension?" The big brown eyes that look up at him are enough to make his start to water.

"This means you must preserve your ideals, Polina; what you have felt and encountered in the last two years must be the basis of your future."

He continues as she hugs him closer, listening to where the words are coming from.

"Love, Trust, Honesty and Respect, Polina, are to be your ID's cornerstones. This you will spread in the most spectacular fashion one day when you are ready."

John Page looks up from the crown of his daughter's head to see his woman, Santana San Fe, sleeping, peaceful and oblivious to the turmoil that is coiling by the second.

Polina has a question, which she feels she needs space to ask, so she detaches herself from him and walks toward the window.

"Uncle Lazoo says you gave up any chance of further Dimensional Evolvment when your mind self-encrypted its passageway to its current state."

Polina does not dare turn around to see her MasterGuide's reaction.

Page stands over the sleeping woman who had helped him evolve in his earth Shell.

When an answer does not come, Polina is cautious, but bravely she continues, "Your battle in WIPE was not a myth, was it?"

The tears that begin to swell are evident in her voice which begins to fail the girl.

"You fought a war against a Semi-System from the SenFenide Dimension on your own, to find me, didn't you?"

John Page's head remains still, his long hair drapes the sides of his face as he touches Santana's face.

"Genesis and Lazoo deciphered the decryption code, whether or not they are aware of it."

Polina's words find a way through her crying.

"If you go to war you will die, PAGE1; your Dimensional Power Source is forever severed, you are human in MindMorph Dimension now."

Page sniffs as he tries to make her laugh. "They don't know that; they think I've evolved into some, ah? What do you call those things, a numb mutant noodle-eating killing crab-cake of some sort?"

Polina's tears do not stop.

"Lazoo and Genesis will always be there, and you have Santana, Polina. Afamasaga will deliver; the PACIFICAN owes you."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 19:

PART 1

The Vangelis track is not intended.

The credits rolled back up the screen into the reel from where they came, the director ensuring that all the names and their work remained in the can and on the screen.

Lazoo thought of the lines and the plot. The main character was a good one in that he was central, the anchor and reference point to all that was said out loud and unspoken inside, which came from him. On that note he shut his eyes sometime during the night. Janine's poems took over and he awoke, wild and willful. (From John Lazoo - Page 38)

Polina's head rests on the arm of John Page, who looks at himself and then Polina, who had fallen asleep during the movie Blade Runner, which he, Lazoo and Le Mac watch till the end.

Afamasaga keeps watch over Metofeaz and is in constant contact with Jon Pierre, who, according to his PA, will be lucky to be alive this time tomorrow.

"Just put him on!" Now the worked up guy presses the off button and acts as if he is about to chuck the phone, but then he decides against it, after noticing the woman sitting in the corner of the stone floor room, not much bigger than his lavatory.

PART 2

Lazoo straps the swords to his torso, ripped and ready; he looks at Page who chews on something, John Page's eyes are red and his smile is as awkward as ever.

"The old man would've wished a happier ending, bro, but since it's you, we must make it morbid, but magnificent, ah?"

Page shrugs his shoulders. "Yeah, whatever." He studies the array of weapons on the table and chooses the bullets. "Let's just fucking do it, and shut the fuck up about it, ah?"

Le Mac watches the two warlocks.

Afamasaga unbuttons his shirt as he surveys the remaining gadgets.

PART 3

Le Mac studies the plan on the blackboard where Afamasaga scrawls every last detail that will have to be taken into account.

The opening to their Semi-System, since Metofeaz's brain had rejected the signals for mutation, has now widened into a gaping hole, with adequate bandwidth to transport a Quadular-System that will decimate their small cell on landing.

Their only chance is to entice Point-Slayers, who would hopefully inhabit select individuals, whose Earth Shells would be killed immediately and their Collaborative Chambers harvested before the entity had time to re-inhabit--hopefully sending an abort signal back to the source simulating a lost transportation, resulting in the originator choosing not to send any more.

Page's head is hung as Lazoo's head is flat on the table; both men sleep as their human shells will be required to be on alert, watchful and tuned to the hum of all three Dimensions for what Afamasaga suspects to be a long and hard fight. "Each Point Slayer has the capacity to nullify energy equal to that of a small town grid; their modulators, however, can be deceived by setting a minimal reference level, ensuring minute output and thus bugger all power."

Page's head comes up and his eyes are now a flaming red. "Again, I say 'whatever'."

Le Mac is empathetic and advises the PACIFICAN, "Round it up, bro. Either way you're going to have to fight. Theory class is over; it's time to test the program."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 20:

PART 1

Arley Evon scans the bar. The clientele are everyday people; the profiles she has in her satchel are the targets

she must identify within the given time.

Sharon "the Tourist" Smith AKA Rozelle is already seated and surrounded by a group, which consists of two of the targets.

"Rozelle Zofen, is my name." Her hand is placed in mid-air. The one most eager pushes the other one out of his way. "Kevin Conway, and your hand is..."

Arley leaves the bar and crosses the street to another location she has been advised is a "nest." With a red marker, Rozelle crosses out the pictures of the profiles she has in her clutches as she waits for the passing limousine.

PART 2

Afamasaga places the sheet over Metofeaz's wasted body and then he steps back as the compressor motor splutters and then idles.

Le Mac, covered head to toe in black and complete with a gas mask, tests his spray gun.

Afamasaga steps back as he watches Le Mac preserve the writer's almost dead body.

The painters in black, now with their black masks up and black goggles down, their spray guns testing the air, sprayed a black mist into the atmosphere. Lazoo could only look. (From John Lazoo - Page 200)

Lazoo breathes in the fumes--the Dimensional mist from their place of birth.

Page covers his nostrils with his arm, until Afamasaga motions for him to leave the room.

The black substance covers the still figure on the ground until it is mound without any contour or definition.

PART 3

Genesis, Santana and Polina check their luggage now assembled in the entrance way; Polina has a spare pillow tucked under her arm that she places on top of the pile as she notices something in the air. "What's that smell?"

Genesis is hesitant. She also can sense the solidified particles on Jon Page who stands behind Polina as she checks the number of suitcases in the pile.

Genesis pulls a handkerchief from her handbag and passes it to Santana, who immediately places it over her nose and mouth.

Santana turns her head the other way as Polina smiles for a second when she hears his voice. "It's me Polina."

Page stands still.

Polina is hesitant, but she cannot resist the human emotion that overcomes her.

Lazoo has joined them and tries his best to be nonchalant about the drastic situation they are faced with. "These things happen."

Genesis is irritable as she touches him on the shoulder. "Hon, that's what Afamasaga would say; you are

entitled to be angry or sad."

Lazoo takes her head and kisses her, and then he hugs her tight. "This here, my woman, is a stand for our future and whoever will be a part of that future."

Genesis closes her eyes as she nestles her face into his neck. Lazoo looks at the ground as he whispers into her ear. "Love, Trust, Honesty and Respect, the cornerstones of the New Global Realm, and we're at the forefront, Genesis."

Afamasaga stands watching them and clenches his jaw to absorb the pain that surrounds them at this point in time.

Polina's hands tugging at each other behind the back the youngest of the brothers is enough to make him look away; then Santana's sobbing confronts him; he accepts the tears as his own that he is holding back as he notices a particular spot on the back of Lazoo's head begin to colorize from the presence of Dimensional Mist particles.

When Genesis lets go of him, Lazoo immediately turns around. She too notices the beginning of the morphing process which Lazoo is central to.

Lazoo smiles so as to calm everyone, true to his calling.

Afamasaga smiles as he empathizes with those he considers his family. He takes something from his suit pocket and hands it to Lazoo.

Lazoo looks at it. "Real smart--giving a document of such importance to the only person in the room who is not equipped to read it."

Genesis tries to smile, but only manages to sigh at the strength her man can portray even in the most adverse situations.

Lazoo's face changes. "You caved in, brother; that human emotion in you will always be your downfall."

Afamasaga is willing to take Lazoo's angst toward him for doing what he thought was right as Lazoo continues, "You're going to fight in that clown suit? Maybe the enemy will have a weakness for well designed clothes and lay down at your feet?"

John Page takes from Lazoo's hand the document and scans it. Then he hands it to Santana.

Afamasaga is about to reply to Lazoo's concerns. As he does, he clears his throat, but Polina steps out from behind John Page.

"PAGE1's story is complete."

And with that, she picks up her bag and the spare pillow from on top of the luggage and heads for the door.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 21:

PART 1

Polina's face is pressed up against the window. The countryside that flashes by is green and a dusty brown where the European Summer left its mark.

The ringing mobile phone is ignored for as long as the caller can hold on.

Genesis looks out the window, and then she focuses on the girl whose eyes are shut as she holds the fluffy white pillow to herself.

Santina's hand finds the phone in her bag and recognizes the number.

Polina opens her eyes as she reaches out for the phone, which Santina holds as she thinks about what to do with it.

"Hey, Polina, it's me!" The phone being handed over in the air has a boy's voice proclaiming itself in familiar tones.

Polina pulls her hair back with the phone and puts the device to her ear. The voice is one she was waiting to hear a week or so ago, but right now she is non-committal to any interaction with anything but the pillow in her arms.

PART 2

John Page listens closely to the conversation between Alexvale Rokov III, also known as HEXV'L, an entity with entitlement from the SenFenide Dimension, and his little girl, Polina Rada or PLANTOM-ZERO from the AmalgaMension Dimension.

These two are responsible for creating the Platform for WIPE.

The code on screen is a binary translation of activity from their F3quenZor; it is being documented for the sake of Jon Le Mac, who will run their Semi-System's operation at ground level or in the MMD.

Afamasaga points to places where the discrepancies are too far apart to be blamed on excitement and to where the calmness in Alexvale's voice is contradicted by his rapid signals that he cannot stop sending on the frequency they once thought to be theirs and theirs alone.

Lazoo studies one of his swords; his concern is noticed by Afamasaga, who folds his arms and stares at the entity with the entitlement he was sent to find.

Lazoo pulls the second weapon from its belt as he advises, "Hanibal's influence on the kid is obvious; Alexvale's formidable years are over."

John Page has something to say, but Lazoo points the blade in the air at the light; he looks along the shining edge of the weapon as he corrects him before he has even opened his mouth. "Rokov is now Hanibal Ammer's weapon; he's no longer Polina's penpal."

PART 3

Grandmaster Flash's Message is loud...

LMLA-ink is assembled on the balcony; the PACIFICAN toasts Metofeaz. "Here's to Litigatti." They raise their glasses as he continues, "Without Feeaz, none of us would be here."

Lazoo turns away and places his hands on the banister; he looks down on the steady stream of figures that begin to arrive.

Arley Evon, the Tourist, John Page, Jon Le Mac and John Reyer Afamasaga look at each other knowingly; the lyric describes the procession now making its way up the dirt path.

"...all the number book takers, thugs, pimps, pushers and the big money makers driving big cars..."

"... smugglers, scrambles, burglars, gamblers, pickpockets, peddlers..."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 22:

PART 1

"Wow, wow, wow, would ya get a load of this..." Lazoo is suddenly smiling, smirking and septic all at once as he stands looking out from the balcony.

Page's bowed head is raised.

The two men had been sitting somber, reflecting on their situation as the others entertained their not so distinguished guests inside the house and down by the pool.

A cable hangs at the entrance way to the balcony restricting entrance to where Lazoo and Page talk.

On the other side of the divide stand some seedy characters profiled as Relevant Shells; a few of them size up the guy who one year ago was on trial for the murder of seven men in the US.

Lazoo stands with his arms folded. Page looks up at him in hopes he'll share the reason for his excitement.

"What if I told you K-MUZO was here, ah?" Lazoo has selected his choice of emotion; it is a smile that is wide.

Page slowly nods his head. "You mean Kevin Zealand?"

Lazoo shakes his head without saying a word, and when the lean and mean figure, the antagonist from WIPE whom Page had demoralized, places his hand on the gate, Lazoo eventually confirms the presence of another known entity from the SenFenide Dimension. "Nope he's here as K-Fucking-MUZO; you must reek of death, brother..."

K-MUZO, a delinquent from the AmalgaMension Dimension who had settled in the SenFenide Dimension, was a downcast to the MMD who had arrived on the tails of PAGE1 and remained an idle entity in terms of the Semi-System's commitment to their backers in this dimension.

His shell a loser, his entity a mystery still, K-MUZO can be dangerous under the right circumstances.

PART 2

Three different conversations take place at the same time as Jon Le Mac sits studying the guests on the many monitors in the basement room.

"How is Alexvale?" John Page talks with Polina on a phone; it brings a serene look to his tired eyes.

In almost a whisper, Lazoo talks to his woman. "It's part and parcel of the rewards that will come, and I stress the word 'come' Ms. Jones, soon to be Mrs. you know who." He has a soft look in his eyes as he unbuttons the third button of his black silk shirt.

Afamasaga is less amorous in his conversation. "If I knew the outcome, do you think I would be having this conversation with you?"

There's silence as the three men listen to the phones they hold to their ears.

Afamasaga now holds his phone away from his ear--the voice is chilling.

"Lazoo's entitlement has been revoked."

The voice labors as it fights to accumulate enough breath to continue.

"Your greed, Afamasaga, has cost your cell dearly."

Lazoo pushes a button on his phone and places it on the desk, where Le Mac has now turned around so all four men are facing the PACIFICAN dressed in black, standing alone in the center of the room, holding the phone that speaks to each of them.

"PAGE1 has already failed in trying to reconnect."

John Page quickly ends his call and puts his phone in his suit pocket.

"Your demise has been your own doing, and Polina is now in the process of finding solace in the company of an entity with entitlement whose Guide is much more devious than you gave him credit for."

The stillness in the room lasts for moments until the shadow that is cast from the many screens becomes a cohered movement on the walls that is multidimensional with a voice that makes PAGE1 immediately start to seethe.

"Guys, you know what they say about men who lock themselves in a room?"

Afamasaga slowly turns around the phone he has in his hand. He puts it square to his face and softly, but with great care as to accentuate his displeasure with what to him was discourse unfounded, says, "Fake love, fake hate, fake even fucking death, but when I meet you again, I will kill the hate in you by ripping out your innards with my hands and feeding it to those who you follow you."

Lazoo's face is red as Le Mac is on his feet with a hand already placed on his shoulder.

On every screen is the face of K-MUZO.

John Page stands leaning on the desk, his face close to the image that is smiling at them.

The Pacifican bows his head as Lazoo walks toward him. By the shoulders, he holds the distraught man who shrugs him off.

PAGE1 stands back from the screen.

They all stand there watching on screen the face of K-MUZO, who toasts them. "You guys make great martinis."

PART 3

The sound of the party from upstairs is distracting at first, but not in an inviting way, as they stand over the

black mound that moves where the rib cage is.

Beneath the black dense and dulled mass, which could be best described as soft carbon fiber, lies the body of Metofeaz Litigatti.

Lazoo steps forward. The rest of their heads remain bowed.

In the corner, a single monitor shows the participants. In one frame, Rozelle Zofen is surrounded by men who ogle her. In another, Arley humors a line of degenerates.

Lazoo solemnly warns them. "We could well be outcasts from all spheres where life form is an accepted concept. We may well be a fragment of the imagination of the mound over which we congregate, but if we do not endeavor, then our existence and its purpose which I do not need to remind you of, will be as distinguished as if we were extinguished right here and right now."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 23:

PART 1

Minutes later...

Lazoo is in and amongst the crowd.

The DJ Le Mac had found in a small club in Amsterdam plays a unique blend of funk-euro beat.

The well paid help, who range from college students dressed in Charley Stevensen to actors who overact and therefore are unemployed, maketh the pending mayhem a lucrative looking affair for the unsuspecting selected attendees who believe they are here as guests in a documentary on the life of John James Lazoo.

Page stands at the door to the ballroom with his hands behind his back.

Afamasaga walks up behind him as Page spots the familiar figure of K-MUZO in the crowd that parts so the two associates have a clear passage in which to communicate.

Afamasaga holds a drink to his mouth. "The fucking jerk is ours if you say so."

K-MUZO holds his arms open. His smile and then his body are noticed by the women around him. "Did you actually think you would be able to own the fucking F3quenZor?"

He starts to walk toward Page and the PACIFICAN.

Afamasaga places his empty glass on a tray that passes and pulls the lapels of his suit together.

K-MUZO's mouth keeps on as he walks toward PAGE1. "You sucker punched me in earth terms, fucker."

Lazoo's head in the crowd turns to see where the rest of the crew are. A sprinkling of security masquerades as misfits; their bodies react, but then they blend as they realize they could've been made in an instant.

PART 2

Alexvale stands with his feet on the ground....Trafalgar Square is jammed. The Coca-Cola sign seems happy with the way its red syrup spills onto the WIPE emblem. (From WIPE - Page 68)

Polina tries to recant in her head the story she is a part of, in hopes John Page's story could end with Santina, her and him settling down somewhere close enough so she could visit Alexvale on Sundays.

Trafalgar Square is teeming with tourists and locals on a typical lazy Sunday in loony London.

Polina looks down at her shoes as she waits for Alexvale who is signing autographs for a bunch of school girls. His face is already on the cover of teen magazines; the new TV show in which he will be the star is destined to be a global hit.

Off in the distance, Hanibal is on the phone; Mr. Ammer, the deadbeat who had spearheaded the rival pursuit to claim rights for WIPE, is now Alexvale's father and manager.

Polina steadies a decent smile that she tries desperately to hang onto, but by the time Alexvale is in front of her, it is drowned in a frown that imminently leads to tears.

Polina does manage to control her despair as Alexvale hands her a napkin from his hotdog.

Polina WIPES her eyes and looks around the busy place and asks, "Was it like it was in the story?"

Alexvale finishes his mouthful and is about to give details when Hanibal is suddenly standing behind him. "You finish your food, son. Let me worry about what happened."

Polina looks up at the guy with the crooked mouth. "Ms. Rada, you're familiar with the term 'Point of View'?"

Polina sniffs as if she has to, and then she looks at Alexvale who looks up squinting at Hanibal even in the overcast London sky, and then she carefully replies, "But in the end the heart feels, and therefore, it tells the eyes whose POV it wants to see."

Hanibal looks at Alexvale, who has shrugged his shoulders, and then he looks at Polina who continues to look at her penpal who is now looking at the ground.

PART 3

The party rages on...

A line of those deemed worthy, whose own life dramas will validate Lazoo's standing as a notorious underworld figure, stand waiting for make-up.

Inside the entrance where Rozelle's portrait is captured in a frame, Arley Evon fronts the camera for the interviews with the so and so's who are willing to spill their guts on tape.

Afamasaga, on his way out to the balcony, stops by and confirms with the fat guy in a pinstripe suit and bad hairpiece, that all will not be revealed. "When it airs, you'll sound like Darth Vader so no problems." The guy slips a wad of cash into the PACIFICAN's hand as he shakes it with both of his sweaty palms.

Out on the balcony still cordoned off are Page, Lazoo, Le Mac and K-MUZO.

MUZO continues to leak from his lips as Lazoo is now unconcerned with the cameras. Page remains unmoved, but nevertheless, he squares his shoulders to portray a brave face to his arch-rival.

"Hell is not a place I would choose for my daughter, but for my ex-wife? Hell, excuse the pun, but I'd pay her next husband's alimony check to have her there."

Le Mac now puts his head to his right side as he continues to try and figure out the reason why they sit listening to the schmuck.

...Page points to pictures on the same wall. "That's my ex-wife," he tells him. Page agrees with him by nodding his head. "That's my daughter," Kevin says. (From WIPE - Page 36)

Page clears his throat as he takes a drink from the passing tray. "I see the daughter and ex routine still serves you well--a slight twist on how the ex is a bitch for the empathetic male; very versatile MUZO; we could use your talent."

Afamasaga pulls a seat out as Lazoo is about to speak.

"It's good actually, finally to meet you, Kevin." John Reyer unbuttons his suit jacket as he smiles at the link between his crew and the faction in his cell, which continues to grow in amounts of energy it sucks from the Semi-System's generator.

Immediately Muzo, the guy whom they all face, becomes uncomfortable. "Hell!"

Afamasaga interrupts him. "You have a fascination with the concept of Hell!"

MUZO stutters, "Hell, I was."

The PACIFICAN is at him again. "You've been there, MUZO? Or, does Kevin Zealand dwell down there, ah?"

Page intervenes. "Ask him about the kid's knowledge of F3quenZor."

Afamasaga locks MUZO's stupid look with a smirk as he takes a sip of his water, which he then places on the table. "All of the Node Addresses are accounted for. If Rokov applies for another single address, it will automatically abolish the F3quenZor."

Lazoo's nervousness is noticed by MUZO, who takes another Martini from the tray next to his face to give him courage. "HEXV'L and your girl could create a whole new plateau." Lazoo looks at Afamasaga, who turns to Page.

"PAGE1? Would you say that under the present conditions in which Alexvale lives, he is capable of crystal code?"

Afamasaga does not look away from Page, whose head is bowed. When a reply does not come, Afamasaga offers MUZO his opportunity.

"We'll give you two addresses in return for Rokov's key; plus we assign which alias Hanibal Ammer uses. Hell, the guy's a drunk; would you want him roaming around in your engine room?"

The PACIFICAN stands, and as he leaves, he throws MUZO another offer. "We're bringing down Point Slayers; would you want to be fucked up the arse by one of those boys, or you wanna be the one doing the fucking up?"

GUIOPERA CHAPTER The BATTLE:

THE BATTLE - PART 1

K-MUZO's red silver rimmed sunglasses he wears in the dark befit his role. His pecks flex as his triceps--the size of boulders--contract to nest his weapon, the K-1Million, the size of a bazooka.

The sound of the metal clicking and grinding, as last minute efforts to ensure all is sharpened to a pinpoint, fades as the music PAGE1 hears whistles in the will of each one of the bodies assembled in the center of the hexagon directly beneath the spot where the body of Metofeaz rests.

The moment nears when all they have they will place on the line for what they believe.

MUZO feels it necessary to release his nervous energy by speaking. "You boys fight for love; that's mighty admirable; that's why the chicks love you guys. Pity there's a rumor around that you boys are all show; that you're a bunch of faggots."

Afamasaga smiles as he steps back, spreading his stance to have his left boot at vertex six, and his right one at vertex five.

Opposite him, PAGE1 kicks the dirt to place his right foot at vertex two and his left one at number three.

POLINA's BATTLE - PART 1

Polina finds comfort in an old habit; she writes her thoughts candidly to Alexvale about his new mentor.

Santina has set the table for two, but she has no appetite.

Their meal is quiet without Page's one-liners or his aura to fill the space he has permanently vacated to her left.

Polina pauses and places her utensils on either side of her plate; she is about to ask if she could write something on the pad she has to her left.

Santina, to her right, nods her head as she pulls back strands of blonde hair that inhibit her view of the girl. "Go ahead, darling."

Polina's hand is led across the page by a will that fights in the words she writes until the usually neat sloping handwriting becomes messy from the shaking of her hand; Santina gently places her own hand on top of Polina's to stop the girl's agony.

THE BATTLE - PART 1 continued...

LAZOO stretches his neck muscles; the look on his face is an unimpressed one as he places his right-boot next to PAGE1's left foot.

"MUZO, you're a kiddier; jokers rue the moment they realize they're the joke and not the punch line. We're a sarcastic bunch; you have to be weary of everything we say and do...."

MUZO looks at his new comrade as the colored guy to his left offers him advice. "It's your choice, Kev; you fight with half your heart and we'll kill you ourselves."

Afamasaga checks his mouthpiece. "Le Mac, are you there?"

The voice of Jon Le Mac in the earpiece Afamasaga adjusts brings a welcome smile to his face. "The coordinates have been picked up; the first packet is being sent...."

K-MUZO straightens his left leg like an athlete stretches his limbs before a race; then he stamps it next to the PACIFICAN's right foot. He does the same with his right one as he plants it next to LAZOO's left boot.

PAGE1's face is in its customary position--hung, covered by his shoulder-length hair.

The PACIFICAN again has to clench his jaw to take hold of his emotion.

LAZOO crosses his arms across his chest to grip the blades holstered to his back. His hands take an upside down hold on the Aztec carvings on the leather handles of his weapons as he chooses to ignore PAGE1's state. A quick glance to his right gives him a view through the dark hair of the once fiery character.

LAZOO lets go of the handles and stretches his neck, shoulders and now the furious five on the end of each of his slender but well defined arms. He then inhales deep as a massive front blows down through the F3quenZor; like a gust of foul and warm wind, it collects all that is unsaid throughout their Semi-System. The mostly unwelcome signals are hot, hostile, and humongous packets that almost burst at their seams; Lazoo focuses on Le Mac's calming voice coming through the PACIFICAN's headset; it brings him another moment of humanness that beckons him to look at John Page again. He thinks back to his only meeting with the person who holds the connection between him and Shell standing next to him.

LAZOO'S FLASHBACK

...Sitting in a grey Cadillac Coupe de Ville parked across the road from the Bank of Wisconsin...

...James's first job on the outside was as a driver for the bank robbery in progress... (From John Lazoo Page 10)

In 1986 James Elton was sixteen and optimistic, even if he didn't know such a word existed.

This is his outlook as he stands on the almost busy Wisconsin street.

The grey Cadillac Coupe de Ville in front of him is perfectly parked, parallel to the gutter he studies.

Behind him is the window of an appliance store he leans on.

Inside the window, a wall of TV's shows footage from Las Vegas, in which ambulances and police cars arrive at some seedy bar. The entrance way to the bar is blocked by a stack of sound equipment. Draped across a pile of large black boxes is a sign.

James notices a metallic blue Pontiac convertible parked at the lights. The redhead looking at something makes James look around and behind him. He believes she's looking at the action on the many screens he stands in the way of.

James smiles as he feels awkward and in the way, so he steps to the left and then a bit further until the driver notices his girl looking at the good looking guy standing outside the appliance store. The driver's reaction is dramatized when his spinning wheels manage to find traction with the road on which his tires leave a mark as he expresses extreme displeasure.

James marvels at the way in which the driver controls the vehicle which narrowly escapes collisions with a couple cars that zoom across the intersection. He then notices the way the once calm street settles back into its idling pace, as the exhaust pipe of the Cadillac continues to vibrate. James counts the revolutions in his head and is forced to start again every time the engine misses.

Guy Solomon's words ring in his head. "Look, son--they got you! If you want in, and you believe in your purpose, then there is no other way, right? Are you with me, James?"

James takes the three one-hundred dollar bills from his pocket; he looks at the currency and then the TV screens behind him on which the fiasco is fiercely unraveling itself. He could walk away and buy himself one of those sets.

Guy Solomon puffs on a cigarette as he stands further down the street, directly across from the Bank of Wisconsin. He is dressed in a grey business suit he had just bought from the tailor's store he stands in front of.

The person in his fifties, by James's reckoning, is a kingpin; the boy of sixteen had already made up his mind. He now nods his cool head at James, who looks at the money, then at Guy before he tucks the bills away inside his underpants.

THE BATTLE - PART 1 continued...

PAGE1 turns his head so he can see LAZOO's shadow; the light that begins to gather its brightness from the walls of the pipe to Dimension fork is cast from the seven-meter high, carved lime walls of the hexagonal chamber that surrounds the four fighters. The ice-like blocks, one meter high by twenty-five centimeters, begin to emit orange hues of varying shades and depth.

The PACIFICAN relays, for Le Mac's benefit, the progress of their attempts to stimulate the curiosity of the controllers at the canals, which stem from the fork where the different entities will meet before they journey down the pipe to the MMD.

"The wall behind LAZOO is warmest; his entitlement is obviously still recognized at their gateways..."

PAGE1 mumbles something to his left. "You save all your luck for when it's required; the old fellow said..."

LAZOO looks at the PACIFICAN and realizes why he is who he is. "JPS is a non-entity in my mind, brother."

The wall behind K-MUZO begins to turn a tangerine color; he is immediately alert as he cocks his gun; the involved process requires that he acclimatize the coolant to balance the concentrate of the projectiles that will find and reset the capacity in the modulators of the Point Slayers for whom they wait.

As his hands move at a speed that is a blur to the human eye, he smiles, "Where does an asshole go to work?"

LAZOO ignores him, as the PACIFICAN finds it human enough to pass on to Le Mac. "Hey Le Mac, MUZO wants to know: where does an asshole go to work?"

Le Mac's reply is, "Ask LAZOO."

LAZOO smiles slightly as K-MUZO finishes his preparation. Still looking down at his weapon and in a monotone not usually associated with his jovial ways, he replies, "At the Orifice."

POLINA's BATTLE - PART 2

"What's that music?" Polina enquires down the telephone line on which she dialogues intently with Alexvale, who insists on eating while she spends time and long distance charges talking to him.

The music sounds thin down the phone line, which has its own effects, courtesy of the rusted wires that carry their words.

"Oh, that?" Another mouthful takes time as it begins to toll heavily on Ms. Rada's patience. "It's mine and PAGE1's theme song." He now chews her ears off with the mulching sound he makes.

In spite of the munching, it does bring a smile to the girl's face. "You and John had a song?"

Polina, in her striped orange pajamas, lies on her fluffy orange and pink duvet. Her small but well-organized room is decorated with pictures of her, John Page, Santina, the three of them and one of the whole gang including all of LMLA-ink, Arley, Ms. Evon and the Tourist. The picture was taken only months after John Page and Santina San Fe had officially adopted her. In front of the group sits Polina, cross-legged with her elbows on her knees, cradling her face. The picture had been taken at a park where they picnicked on a Sunday afternoon one year ago on the eve of her birthday.

She finds the face of John Page, and then she finds the same smile that is courageous and soothing to her in another picture, where he holds high above her head Tigger, her favorite soft toy, which she now reaches out for.

She looks at the picture of Alexvale on her white duchess as she cuddles the orange soft toy in the arm she lies on and holds the phone with her right hand.

His soft, dirty blond locks frame his mischievous face, which has a smile she imagines John Page owned at the same age.

Polina hears a tapping sound on the other end of the line, which makes Alexvale swallow his mouthful in a single gulp. There is a silence and then the crackling on the line increases till the sound in her head reverberates that coming through the phone.

Suddenly she looks at the handset, and then she remembers his words. "When two nodes transmit on the same protocol, and a third enters the communication, it will overload if one of the nodes has multiple ports assigned using another protocol."

Polina inhales deep and then she exhales in one constant breath till her Shell's lungs are empty, triggering her brain to shut down its nervous system's signals from her ears.

The F3quenZor which she, PLANTOM-ZERO, had promised PAGE1 she would not enter into has suddenly engulfed her conscious mind.

She struggles violently with the way the blanket of great weight bares down on all of her senses; then it continues to disarm her body, limb by limb, and then her thrashing head and eventually her torso, its flow with a great denseness flooding her veins until her Shell lays insanely still.

THE BATTLE - PART 2

They arrive at once; the sound of hell, amplified by one trillion watts accompanied by gale force winds, signals the arrival of great darkness from places evil relies upon for mayhem and the mourning it brings.

The walls at the Apex of the hexagon begin to part as PAGE1's face is once again seen by fiery flames of the wild winds that blow back his hair.

The PACIFICAN is steadfast as he focuses on the face of a Warlock who has humanized the many myths about misunderstood messengers that man had demonized through its many fables supporting beliefs, feebly fearing the unknown.

Sweat, in beads the size of blisters, bleeds from his forehead as he no longer holds back his fear; he shouts above the howling and cracking of the most ancient and hallowed of bones the devil did devour. "I promise you, PAGE1; I will deliver!"

PAGE1 stands against the torrent tides of the circumventing atmos never encountered in this dimension; his torso is torn between the many places the ferocious currents throw his frame while his legs remain planted to the ground, and with a smile, and in a voice that an angel would fall for, he instructs Afamasaga. "I now bleed, and I can cry; please ensure that she does not have to."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 24:

PART 1

"Irrascible trepidation?" Santana's voice begins to croak.

The sight of Polina's lame body in the closed lab surrounded by surgeons, psychiatrists, psychologists and two FBI agents continues to attack her, eating away at the fortitude she struggles to display.

She holds the phone she has in her hand to her forehead.

On the other end of the line Afamasaga is truly lost for words.

The woman in her early thirties takes a deep breath and then she pulls herself together.

PART 2

Alexvale is relieved when the director confirms, "Print that."

Always close by is Hanibal; today, his pal Kevin Zealand is with him making the most of the delights and delicacies available to them on set.

"Hanibal, I'd like to check on Polina," Alexvale says as he continues to play his handheld game.

The two men who are in conversation ignore him. "I said I want to know how Polina is, Hanibal!" Rokov's head is deep in the game he plays, but his voice is demanding.

PART 3

John Lazoo's right arm is severely burnt; his face looks as if he has been dragged behind one of the cars that slide as it leaves the Chateau down the dirt path.

Two bones in his left hand have pierced his skin; he studies his hand, trying to work out a way to put the bones back into place.

Afamasaga, opposite him, has a wooden stake lodged in his right leg; he studies the stake as Lazoo offers him advice. "Move that sucker an inch and you'll bleed to death in minutes." Afamasaga smiles at him. "I'll leave it alone if you promise to do the same."

The ambulance siren, sounding its approach throughout the valley, makes Lazoo relax. "You've been at it for a long time."

Afamasaga looks around the deserted house as he tries to stretch his neck above the banister to see if he can

sight the carriage coming for the wounded. "And I'll be at it for a longer time yet."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 25:

PART 1

Weeks later...

"The Pacifican enters a room, the pin's velocity already falling from his hand, its decibels audible above the silence he brings as he gives us his all."

Afamasaga is hesitant about Metofeaz's suggestion that he, someone from somewhere near Antarctica, should headline the spin-off project for which they have selected the working title "GUIOPERA."

He reminds the healthy looking writer who has started to write a manuscript for Lazoo's story of "Relevance, Feeaz. Who wants to hear about a guy from the Pacific? The world is here, Lazoo, Genesis, Polina; this Kiwi accent people may love in person but on screen it irritates..."

Litigatti turns his back as he looks out on the New York skyline...

PART 2

The walk through Central Park warms Polina up. Further ahead are John Lazoo and Genesis, with her head on his shoulder.

Polina shakes the dewdrops from her woolen mittens. The large silver radio Metofeaz carries on his shoulder, complete with Bass-Boost, is something from a decade or more ago; it plays Stevie Wonder's "Do I do."

"Hear that Polina," says Metofeaz. "The bass is a wonderment of unconscious delight that dances in the depths of the song's almost subconscious melody."

Santina straightens her wooly hat and rolls her eyes at the guy in black, who unzips his leather jacket as he begins to dance on the spot. He shouts out, "Lazoo, do the Lasso; come on, bro, up in the air." His hand twirls Polina around; she spins a couple of times, and then she begins to jump up and down on the spot and clap as Feeaz the clown begins to put his back into it.

Lazoo begins to laugh as, Genesis, with her hands on her hips, says, "Well, John James?" Lazoo's grin is indicative of their Semi-System's closeness, an effect of their recent loss.

Afamasaga and Le Mac at the hotdog cart order hotdogs for everyone. Le Mac catches up with a couple of friends. "Ace, how you boys been?" The dark African man shakes Le Mac's hand as Le Mac turns to the younger man. "Hey, Kid, it's good to see you're keeping it together; Polina recently went through her ordeal."

Le Mac looks at where KONSOLE-ACE-A-LEES and K-MANTONIO look; Le Mac looks back at their faces. "He's the truest one yet." Lazoo notices their attention.

LAZOO stops laughing; his smile freezes.

Afamasaga ruffles the hair of Arley's daughter and suggests, "Ms. Evon, go join Polina."

The PACIFICAN turns to Le Mac. "Lazoo's proud; that's all."

PART 3

Lazoo, Metofeaz, Le Mac and Afamasaga look to their right; the projector is surprisingly quiet in the dark room as they wait for the titles of their doco to hit the screen.

Opposite them, executives and agency staff watch the footage on screen. The boardroom table has food and refreshments spread the length of it.

One by one, LMLA-ink take their glasses of water as they try not to look too eager or self-conscious when a shot of one of them is a close up.

When the lights come on, each of their heads remains bowed, until Afamasaga makes it his responsibility to show they are capable at this level, but before he can open his mouth, the biggest suit of them all asks, "Where's the girl?"

Afamasaga clears his throat before he answers, "We're grooming her; an association with Lazoo at this stage could make Polina Rada infamous and not famous, once she is ready."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 26:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Metofeaz smiles at the way the crowd bubbles under the spell of the DJ.

The funk faithful fill out the floor; as Le Mac plays for himself and his crew.

Arley Avon with her finger says to the writer to come over.

Feeaz and Lazoo share a quiet drink in LMLA-ink's new offices; an old bar in China Town they have signed the lease for.

All of them wait for the return of the Boss who is meeting with the biggest suit of them all to finalize a deal; one that will make each member of LMLA comfortable.

Lazoo is becoming annoyed by Metofeaz's concern with business matters "Feeaz, listen, if he sells out, then he sells out.

Litigatti is sing-song about the way he laughs in the face of his co-writer "Lazoo, Lazoo - you don't have to put on that bullshit tonight"

Metofeaz turns his back as Le Mac mixes in a new song. A group of backpackers walk past; the writer whistles loud, making the group excited.

Lazoo studies the excitable character as he tells him of his decision, "I'm going to be a silent partner; you and Le Mac can take the money."

Feeaz slowly turns around, "Lazoo, you'll resent it, him, me, this, us. How the fuck do you even know the story's his?"

Lazoo takes a gulp of his drink, "Because he say's so." Lazoo looks down at the floor, and then he notices

Genesis enter through the front door.

PART 2

Dejected by being rejected; Afamasaga deals with it, by walking alone through Central Park after dark.

The biggest suit of them all, his one-liners were not humorous; because they weren't meant that way.

He again runs through them in his head. "It's at best a badly made home video," "I'd say mishmash but that would be giving this shambles credence," and on and on...

Hariss Clariss kept ringing him throughout the day to check on his progress; each time Afamasaga had managed to keep a smile on his face to go with rushed dialogue to keep the unsavory character at bay.

PART 3

Polina shouts out "Who is it?"

The voice on the other side of the door says, "It's me!"

Polina shouts out to Santina, "It's John Reyer!"

Santina cleans her hands with the tea towel as she makes her way down the hallway to where Afamasaga is standing with Polina.

They walk through the long narrow hallway to the kitchen where Polina has already found an extra place mat and now she reaches for a plate from the cupboard.

"So how's the new school? Are the kids treating you well, ah?"

Polina waits to finish her mouthful before she can enjoy the smile that lights up her face; in turn, it relaxes the Pacifican, who drops his shoulders to sit back in his seat so he can listen to Ms Rada.

"Well, do you want to hear about why I think they like me? Or, why they like me?"

Polina notices Santina point to a piece of food on the side of her mouth, so she quickly picks up her napkin and wipes her mouth as she waits for his reply.

Afamasaga thinks for a moment then he replies, "In the order in which it may have occurred; that you might be a well liked person, and you're grateful for this and have accurately worked out why you are well liked. Or, was it, you wanted to be liked; so therefore you figured out how they would like you."

Santina excuses herself to answer the ringing phone; immediately Polina begins to show signs of discomfort.

Afamasaga watches the changes in her, and then he begins to nod his head slowly; all the while exhaling through his nostrils until Polina is doing the same on her own.

Santina returns to the table; a quick glance at Afamasaga confirms who the caller was.

Afamasaga fills their glasses of water as he allows Polina the chance to rejoin her conscious surroundings while carefully pushing the F3quenZor back in its place.

As Polina regains confidence in her shell's senses, Afamasaga traces her life in the pictures around the walls of the cozy apartment; while considering whether or not he should abort his assessment of Polina this evening.

She hastily drinks the glass of water and then she presents her findings. "They like me because I am attuned to close contact with children in their neediest states."

Then she pours herself another glass of water; which Santina has to advise her, "Only half Polina."

She continues; "And as I was saying, they love me because I know Alexvale Rokov III."

After dinner Afamasaga sits in the corner as Santina and Polina do her homework on the couch.

He has promised Polina; as a reward he will tell her the story of the POEMBOOK and how he had found it in an old bookstore somewhere near Antarctica, when he was just seven years old.

This is to happen right after she completes her math homework.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 27:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Le Mac and Lazoo sit back in the booth down the end of the bar.

Behind the bar Genesis and Arley prepare something for the crew to eat; as Metofeaz on stage recites new material, which they have been working on.

Le Mac is philosophical about the future; "It's a shame that all good things must have an ending."

Lazoo nods his head; "I like it how we ignore basic principles; we actually believe that we don't need one."

Le Mac laughs, "Pay me and I I'll give us one."

Lazoo adds, "Talking about pay; Metofeaz wants a payout, and you?"

Le Mac twirls his coffee around in the cup, "If there were tea leaves in the bottom of this cup they'd say take the money and run."

Lazoo looks over and into the cup he talks about; "I'm in it for the glory Le Mac, not the loot. If we deliver then nothing else will ever matter. Our legacy is Love."

Le Mac looks into the cup again, "I believe; but there's only so much food goodwill can buy."

Lazoo nods his head, "He gave you no choice did he?"

PART 2

Polina brushes her teeth; while Afamasaga and Santina talk in the living room.

"It'll be harder for you, than anyone of us;" Afamasaga tells Santina the truth.

"It's the hardest assignment in the world; your cover has been a parent who now has to blow that cover in order for Polina to fulfill her role."

Ms San Fe is quiet. She reaches for her cup of tea as Polina enters the room in her dressing gown.

She takes her seat next to Santina who has a smile for her, and a cuddle that ends in a kiss to her shiny dark hair; as they look to the Pacifican who is ready to tell Polina the beginnings of the saga, she is now chosen to continue.

PART 3

The phone rings, Le Mac picks up; "LMLA."

Lazoo smiles like it's the first time he's seen the woman who slides into the plush booth next to him with a plate of auderves. Her perfume accosts him from telling her something, then his head is in her hair as he shares with her his first reaction; "Miss Jones, I would eat you as my last meal."

On stage Metofeaz has had enough of the recitals; now the energetic character with his own effervescence has headphones nestled in between his right ear and shoulder, as he cues the next record.

The crowd of about fifty people; mostly artistic types from around the way, a smattering of business people and tourists who have come to indulge in the LAZOO experience - laugh, dance and congeal the drops of the gripping story they are now voices of.

Lazoo notices Le Mac's usually calm face appear amused at what he hears on the phone.

He now places his hand over the mouth piece as he bites his bottom lip while he holds the phone for Lazoo; so he can hear for himself the dialogue being delivered.

"F3quenZor, F3quenZor, Fu, Kung, Fucking defector; I must be a squabbling, blooming mess."

Lazoo smiles before he begins to laugh with a hand over his mouth; he points to the handset which Genesis now puts her ear to, as the garbage continues.

"I knew Afamasaga when he was a diaper dwelling devil, with disregard for authority; hell he'd poop before, after and while he congested corn flakes."

Metofeaz feels the activity on his radar. An intruding character has flown into the F3quenZor; in disguised flatulent fanfare, they continue to delude themselves and hopefully the faint hearted and ill minded that find fun, in his fickle floundering folly.

"The guy is still colored so therefore his words are as tainted as his skin."

The voice on the phone becomes distant as someone else grabs the line; "JPS is a bit tipsy as we parlez ladies, gentlemen and La-goose."

Genesis takes the phone from her ear and gives it to Lazoo.

The voice continues...

"Lazoo, Afamasaga only seeks glory; those fooled by his so called "Endeavor" will be in his words "Devoured." Hell you're proud; he's as good as a gook, or a mulli. Hell, he should be still hanging from a

fucking palm tree."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 28:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Tony Orlando & Dawn sing Candida; the morning sun shines down on the not so cold place somewhere near Antarctica.

"The stars won't come out if they know that you're about / cause they couldn't match the glow of your eyes"

John Reyer and his friend wander down the busy street. The fruitier has an apple in his hand; and the five year old boy, now smiles the way his mother taught him to.

Mr Lee tosses the Red Delicious fruit up in the air. The boy steps, and then he skips. The looping apple is about to drop and the kid is already under the object; to Afamasaga it seems like an eternity for the fruit to land in his hands.

"The further from here girl the better / where the air is fresh and clean."

His father sleeps in the upstairs apartment from having worked all night; while his mother is a nurse. Today their shifts overlap so the curios boy is free to roam the neighborhood.

He makes the catch, and then he looks down to his left; the Chinese shop keeper is all smiles as passersby laugh at the little fellow's theatrics.

He stands looking up at the man in his white apron as if he waits for another fruit, until a customer with fresh vegetables grabs the Asian man's attention.

Afamasaga doesn't say a word but he continues to look at the space next him; and then back at the apple, he rubs up and down on the front of his pure cream woolen top.

John looks back at the door to his home and he can still see the grooves in the copper handle; so he is comfortable that he hasn't roamed too far, which could result in a harsh penalty.

He looks down to his left again and he is thankful that Le Mac is here with him; in case he has to suffer the consequences of his never-ending need to explore.

Two shops further away, there stands a figure who goes against the grain; the dapper looking gentleman who tips his hat to the women that pass him by notices the young boy.

Behind the man is a window to a place which looks dark from the angle Afamasaga stands.

John Reyer is locked in by the stare from the man, but then his senses are jolted by a shove in his back from someone.

A group of boys; older than the Samoan child surround him.

Their remarks are familiar to him; even though he is yet to speak a complete sentence of English.

Scared from the way the boys walk in on him; he holds out the apple in his hand.

Afamasaga looks to his left, but there is no one there. The tallest boy slaps the apple from John's hand and his face forms a sorrowful frown while his heart beats fast.

He hears footsteps; but his surroundings begin to spin, and so he is even more frightened at prospect of an adult joining the gang that petrifies him.

One of the boys whose face Afamasaga remembers from Kindergarten advises the rest of them, "Hey look it's the scary man from the scary books,"

One by one the pack disassembles, leaving John Reyer alone in the middle of the footpath.

He can hear a voice from behind him; but only when he feels a touch on his right shoulder, can he identify the tone as being friendly.

PART 2

One of the writers in the crowd is a fresh faced kid by the name of Alfario. He is obviously nervous as he asks Arley Evon if his approach is right, "Lazoo is all about the system, don't you think?"

Arley pours him a drink, as she looks to see who Feeaz is talking to as he works the crowd over with the funk. "LMLA-ink is a business. If you can't create relevant stories that agitate an audience and aggravate society into accepting its wrongs, then Afamasaga won't sell you.

Lazoo and Le Mac notice the writer, who they'd met on a number of occasions; who had already penned an account of the trial. The work often referred to as Chapter Zero, was commissioned by the late Gene Reyer.

Le Mac comments to Lazoo "Alfario is not run of the mill."

Lazoo looks at the guy from another angle; "He's slightly better than bad cop show on good night. If he was that good Afamasaga would've let him in by now."

Le Mac waves to the young guy, who waves back; "He's got manners and the girls love him."

Lazoo nods his head, as the writer dressed in black makes his way over to the booth down the end of the bar.

PART 3

"Why does Jon Pierre Solomon antagonize us then?" Polina has another question which she is allowed to ask; but the answer, she will have to wait for till another day, as it is getting late.

Santina brushes the girl's hair back as she waits for just a brief or even an abstract answer, but Afamasaga keeps quiet as he points to Santina; reminding Ms Rada, "That's a chapter on its own."

Afamasaga puts his face to the side to receive a hug and a kiss from the girl on her way to bed.

He waits for Santina to return as he again studies the pictures of LMLA-ink that hang on the wall.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 29:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Metofeaz is back to reciting, as Afamasaga walks through the door of the bar.

Unperturbed he appears undisturbed / if there is any fucking truth to the matter...

The Pacifican hovers his hand above the bar; as he walks down to the end, where Arley serves a couple.

Lazoo notices his posture and advises Alfario, "Tonight may not be the right time to pitch your angle."

Le Mac shakes his head; "There's no right time with that guy. You just have to do it, and if the shit sticks then he'll see for himself, the writing on the wall, so to speak."

Afamasaga asks for a drink, "Give me a beer please Arley, and you grab one too."

Arley notices the weight on his shoulders, "How did it go?"

Afamasaga takes the bottle and squares his shoulders and then he smiles, "Went well."

After scanning the new offices; with an eye that looks for disharmony, he repeats himself "Yeah, it went well."

Arley nods her head, as she makes herself a Latte which Afamasaga looks in on; "Got to teach me how to make those things one time, ah?"

Afamasaga approaches the table, and he has already changed his mood; "Ms Genesis, how are we?"

He notices Alfario and he raises his eyebrows and head slightly; as they do where he comes from.

Lazoo places his arms above the tops of the velvet cushions; his left arm is behind Genesis and when Afamasaga sits down next to her, he taps his shoulder, "Meet Alfario."

Le Mac cuts in immediately, "Alfario's the new barman, go relieve Arley."

The kid is immediately on his feet; "Yeah sure. By the way does anyone want a drink?"

Le Mac points to Metofeaz; "If you want to impress someone, that guy."

Afamasaga looks around the table; as if he has missed something. Then he adds to Le Mac's order, "Tell Metofeaz that's the last song."

One by everyone leaves.

Lazoo stands at the door with Le Mac shaking people's hands.

Genesis has conveniently excused herself to go to the bathroom and is now back seated at the table with Afamasaga, who has a question for her.

"Are we taking Polina's opportunity to experience life as child away from her; if we bring forward her launch a few years?"

Genesis waves at a group of girls who shout out to her, "We love you Genesis."

"The only opportunity she as an entity is aware of; is the total experience of living in this dimension. From a human perspective if she has a choice, then the right thing to do would be to let her grow up."

Afamasaga waves at someone a bit intoxicated that thinks they know him; "Have a good one."

Afamasaga asks, "So she is none the wiser?" As he does, he notices the way Alfario has already made the bar shine, and continues to clean his area.

Genesis is thoughtful for a second then she answers, "If she fails as an entity then in hindsight it would have been the wrong decision. If she succeeds in her role, then her next assignment will be her reward."

Lazoo and Le Mac wander back down the bar, as Metofeaz is now busy setting up the stage.

Feeaz has a spotlight pointing down on the microphone, a seat and a stand with an acoustic guitar waiting for someone to jam on it.

Litigatti grabs the microphone and against the stillness of the vacated bar, and the sound of glasses in a tray being lifted from the dishwasher; his earthy and intimate tone is amplified by his closeness to the mic.

"Genesis, Arley and the downtrodden; Afamasaga needs to get his sorry ass up on the stage and vent on the gat. You Le Mac, must lay a solid backbeat made of funk, while I verbalize the way he must feel at this very moment."

Afamasaga looks at the beer in his hand and then he has a look of confusion on his face, which he follows with a shrug of his tired shoulders.

Lazoo nearing the table suggests, "You heard Litigatti, go play a bit."

Le Mac is already up on stage and behind his rig, as Metofeaz continues to harass the boss who begins to smile as he asks Genesis another question.

"One more thing, before I go play with these fools; if she fails, does her learning experience count for anything after her entitlement is revoked?

Litigatti is at him "Come on! I'm getting grey like you, just waiting for you..."

Genesis offers her point of view, "Her shell encounter's her physical ordeal. Her entity endures her Mind, Body and Soul's Endeavors."

Le Mac has found a track; he quickly samples eight bars of.

Feeaz's head nods to the back beat, as the Pacifican makes his way up onto the stage.

Metofeaz is now at Lazoo, "Hey bro write this down."

Lazoo looks down at the ground until he cannot conceal the smile.

Arley is in the middle of the floor, as the Pacifican begins to counter the kick drum with reggae like stabs that make his crew smile.

Arley waves to Alfario, "Hey barman come hither."

Genesis is on her feet; she is tugging at Lazoo's arm, and eventually with a bashful look on his face he drags himself to his feet.

Afamasaga shakes his head and smiles in his usual self conscious manner, as he continues to strum away his day; through the sharp sounding minor chords that are smooth, as Metofeaz adds melody to the lyric.

Unperturbed he appears undisturbed / if there is any fucking truth to the matter...

Le Mac has found a dirty distorted, but tiny riff; he entwines in the groove, he and his associates have laid down.

Metofeaz's delivery is even more sarcastic, as he looks down to his left at the Pacifican who begins to feel the foundation they continue to build.

...The stars would align and even then it would mean little / cause he feels / like the day just caved in...

Arley smiles as she notices Le Mac's mix. Metofeaz delivers the next line as the Pacifican places the instrument down on its stand.

...the cat dragged in a monster / the cow's hoofs heels, he feels in his ribs cage / and if you believe then you can conceive...

Le Mac turns the spotlight off and then he makes his way down to the dance floor; where Lazoo, Metofeaz and Afamasaga relax to the classic Chic bass line slowed down.

LV says, "It's twelve o'clock / we're having a barbeque..."

Afamasaga smiles; "This is how we get drunk, by the funk..."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 30:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

The early morning rituals happen much later than usual.

The foul taste in his mouth matches the dour state of affairs; as he contemplates another day in the dimension of bombardment.

The early morning news splatters across his brain unreliable information he tries to necessitate.

The ringing phone; he considers leaving alone as he reminds himself of Lazoo's thought on the intrusive device, which brings to mind his many twisted associations.

"Lazoo said. "The phone rings all around the world... ..It's only when you answer the fucking thing that it makes a connection."" (From John Lazoo Page 133)

"John speaking" the accent is authentic, and somewhere from old Hollywood.

He musters courage he has spent, and imagines a scene where the black and white shaded characters deliver movie dialogue; to which there is only one reply.

"Give me time and I'll give you it all."

He feels as if he has to smile to exclaim the line, but luckily Hariss Clariss is in a giving mood today.

"I heard it was a flop,"

Over the phone, Clariss takes a deep drag of the cigar; John's eardrums fill with the hissing and crackling of burning Havana weed disintegrating into ash. The sound is cunningly loud to the Pacifican's uncontrollable senses, as the F3QuenZor begins to hum louder than usual; alerting him to someone, or something tampering in the engine room of his usually unconscious connection with those in his Semi-System.

PART 2

The small Petone apartment is made cozy by the weather today.

Afamasaga looks out the window. Raindrops cling to the glass for a moment then they fall; sliding down the outside, as he traces their decent with his index finger.

The radio plays Gilbert O'Sullivan - Alone Again, the seven year old looks around; behind him the space is empty. The dark brown stained wooden floors wet the sound of the acoustic guitar solo that fills the space, as he stores the moment for the future.

... And when she passed away / I cried and cried all day / Alone again, naturally

Alone again, naturally..."

PART 3

Metofeaz cringes as he flexes his arm, the vibrating pen cramping his hand. The money already paid, he thinks of it as he scribes a sunken sonnet on the back of a model who belongs to a gangster. (From Illicit Blade of Grass - Page 6)

Metofeaz explains himself to Santina, Arley, Jon Le Mac and Alfario for the umpteenth time; as you do when you tongue tie yourself in a knot, unwittingly tied, from having lived the life he has.

"It's just another canvass. A woman's bare ass is as good as a brick wall viewed by many on their ways to and from their sorry existences."

In the background, very familiar dialogue is delivered by Tarantino's Hollywood Hitmen; Vincent Vega and Jules.

"You remember Antoine Roccamora, half black, half Samoan, used to call him Tony Rocky Horror?"

In the middle of the dance floor is a couch. On it are Polina and Ms Evon eating popcorn as they watch the all time classic on a screen that covers the stage.

Vincent replies, Yeah, maybe. Fat, right?

The front door of the bar opens, and Afamasaga pokes his head through the door as if to see if he is welcome in his own offices.

Polina immediately notices him, as on screen Jules explains in his scrumptious way; "I wouldn't go so far as to

call the brother fat, I mean he got a weight problem. What's the nigger gonna do? He's Samoan."

Polina waves to him, as Afamasaga slowly walks down to the dance floor ignoring the adults seated in the plush booth down the end.

"Hey you two, how are you Ms Evon?" The Pacifican makes special mention of the very quiet daughter of Arley.

Both girls reply in unison, "Fine thanks John Reyer."

Afamasaga looks up at the screen and then back at the table, that has gone quiet.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 31:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Inside the bathroom he vomits the remnants of his guts; the blood that now comes, he tries to ignore. But it has stained the once white porcelain bowl.

The knocking at the door is followed by the usually welcome voice of Lazoo, "Hey, are you OK?"

He wipes his mouth, then his watery eyes, and then he pulls the chain to flush away the stress his body has spewed up.

He walks to the mirror and smiles through the pain, and then he calls out, "As OK as an Octopus Killer in a tank with an Octopi looking for their leader's Slayer."

"Wow man, you're truly fucked aren't you?" the reply comes from behind the frosted glass; where Lazoo's shape seems dark.

PART 2

As winter overcomes New York, and presents the city with its gift for Christmas, the snow; LAZOO contemplates a dash to his Dimension of birth, the SenFenide Dimension.

He holds her hand; like his blood would spill if air were to come between the skins of their palms.

Polina plays in the snow some distance from them.

She throws snow up in the air, and Genesis smiles at the comforting thought, that she and her man are an example of; "Life Human, life given and life lived." Ms Jones says as she leans into the body of John James Lazoo.

He smiles back at her. He wants to kiss her lips, by the way puckers his, "Come babe, X-MAS," he says the letter and words literally, "Is weeks away. Mistletoe will grow in the time I have to wait for one."

Genesis closes her eyes as they make the moment count; like every time they touch. When she opens her eyes, his head is turned and his face is expressionless, as he watches Polina looking up at the falling flakes that come down on her.

"She is the future; my entitlement was never meant to last."

Genesis holds his arm with both of hers, wrapped around his as she adds. "Little Lazoo will be human, John."

Lazoo calls out, "Ms Rada, time to go."

She immediately turns around and begins to walk in their direction.

LAZOO is pensive as he tells his wife to be, "I felt bad slaying them this time."

Genesis looks at his profile, "And you think decommissioning entities in another dimension is going to make it more acceptable?"

PART 3

Afamasaga watches the flashes on screen; his head is in disarray as Clariss has promised him "This is the day."

He tries to find something to ground him in his solitude.

He focuses on news from the future, that one of his favorite sports teams had just been crowned world champions. His mind is flooded but from the F3QuenZor come keywords, he savors, "Ka Mate... KIWI... Kearney... Kia Kaha"

Jon Le Mac senses the troubled character's disposition; despondent, desolate and deflated. "You know you don't have to be the sacrificial lamb? Why not share the load; reach out to a few people who owe us, ah?"

Afamasaga types on the ThinkPad and nods his head, to let Le Mac know he is listening.

Le Mac now decides to ease off; as he has seen the Pacifican in this state before, "Coffee?"

This brings his head up, "Yeah that would be good, mate."

As his reliable lieutenant makes his way behind the bar to grab caffeine, the Pacifican begins to open up.

"The doco should've been classified information. We can't keep pretending to be two bit con artists who don't know they're involved Jon."

Le Mac watches the black coffee spill into the white cup as he listens closely, "The minute we agreed to take money from sources we didn't know, we were fucked."

Lazoo comes through the door, "Mmm... smells good."

Le Mac offers, "A long black?" Lazoo nods his head as he leans on the bar. Afamasaga is back to tapping on the keys.

Lazoo leans in and quietly enquires "How is he?" Le Mac places a cup down on the second saucer and picks up a third cup, "He's due for another big one."

Lazoo looks up to the front of the bar, outside the window every figure to him now is a probable target, "You think he can unravel this one? You know with Page gone and all?"

Le Mac continues; "He's worried about human stuff; about Clariss's confession. Hell you motherfuckers could just hop on your loop tube spaceship and fuck off to another planet."

Lazoo has a concerned look on his face as Le Mac places two cups on saucers onto the bar.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 32:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Polina is ready for her next installment of the saga.

In front of her is a list of questions she has written down to ask Afamasaga; who is at the front of the bar with Lazoo, Le Mac and another man.

Afamasaga's head is down as he listens to Mike Haze and the message he brings, "You boys, your luck is about to run out."

Le Mac looks at the messenger dressed Armani. The sleeves don't quite cover the tattoos and the clean shaven face is still menacing even to someone who has LAZOO and the PACIFICAN on both sides.

LAZOO is about say something but the PACIFICAN shakes his head; "Say nothing, waste nothing on non entities."

Le Mac tries to front but as he does, Afamasaga looks up, "Tell Clariss the fun is in the fiddly bits. Tell him Zarrah Keller wants to sit down this time next week."

Haze doesn't look away from Lazoo's stare. They eyeball each other until Le Mac has to jolt LAZOO and then turn him around.

As the three of them walk back down the bar, the heavy calls out; "Jack Shack say's you're out."

Afamasaga stops and they all stop, he says quietly, "You guys go down and keep Polina company."

He turns around and walks back up to where Michael Haze lights up a cigarette.

Haze blows the smoke in front of him as Afamasaga nears.

The common criminal snarls through the puff of smoke; as he begins to laugh at the PACIFICAN who smiles almost nervously as he walks slowly into the smoke. "The PACMAN. Why the fuck do you smile? You're ass is as good as dead."

Afamasaga lets him finish his goofed line, and then he pokes his finger in his ear as he considers an appropriate tone.

In his own accent he says quietly, "Firstly, you're not allowed in this place. Secondly you shouldn't drop names of people you don't know a thing about. And thirdly, if you ever raise your voice around me again, I'll fucking rip your tongue out and sew it to your clown ass, as a tale."

Polina waves to him. Afamasaga nods his head, as Haze blows smoke in his face again, "Clariss is playing with you bro, wait until he gets nasty."

Afamasaga drops his shoulders as he studies one of Clariss's many clowns, "You heard me, you're not allowed here."

PART 2

Jon Le Mac, a Polynesian-African boy sits on a mat. He listens tentatively to JPS. The space next to him is reserved for his friend, who is somewhere out there...

John Reyer waits for a critique of his short story from Jon Pierre Solomon.

Outside the second hand bookstore the school bus has arrived, "You're not going to race the bus today, John?"

Afamasaga stands with his hands by his sides as he patiently waits for the verdict, "No, the bus driver messes with me."

Jon Pierre turns the page over to see if there's anymore to read.

"Why do you think the driver is messing with you? Because you beat the bus or, because you think he let you win?"

Afamasaga shrugs his shoulders, "Both, I think?"

JPS continues; "Competing is not always about winning; sometimes it can be about how you control your opponent, win or loose."

Afamasaga almost talks over the guy with the grey shoulder length hair, "Ah... I always want to win, but against the best my opponent has to offer."

Jon Pierre studies the boy standing tall and still, "You're opponent, aye?" "Yes Sir, MY opponent."

Jon Pierre looks at the boy who should be in primary school; dressed in a college kid's uniform twice his age and advises him, "You already have a voice young man; the rest will come with growing pains."

Afamasaga nods his head, "Aren't you going to ask me, why I cast myself as someone from another race?"

JPS shakes his head, "Not today, you're already far too manipulative for me to do that."

Afamasaga waits for a while then he tells JPS, "I'm going to help Jon Le Mac sweep the front, does that mean you'll pay us both?"

PART 3

Santina thanks Afamasaga for minding Polina for a few hours, "Thank you for that John. Did you manage to answer all of the questions she had for you?"

Afamasaga begins to laugh, while Polina answers her, with a smile and a pair of squinting eyes aimed at the Pacifican, "He tried to confuse me, he did."

Le Mac shouts out from the stage, "Hold up, I'll give you a ride, it's horrid out there."

As Le Mac makes his way down from the stage Santina advises Afamasaga, "Zarrah Keller called me today, to say she doesn't know what you meant by "a sit down with "The Clown.""

Polina ties the belt of her winter coat and as Le Mac picks up her school bag for her she says; "Come on then Ms San Fe, the clouds cometh when the fullness of atmos is pent-up and non passive."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 33:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Steely Dan sings "Do it again"...

The boy in his school uniform; far, far too big for him sweeps the footpath.

...In the mornin you go gunnin / for the man who stole your water / and you fire till he is done in...

Jon Pierre, a distinguished looking gentleman stands in the door way of the book store which houses the many ageing stories.

His three piece tweed suit is imported, he says. "It's imported from the states," this he says, as he brushes dust from his shoulder.

Afamasaga steps on his left foot, then on his right and then he turns once, "Yeah JPS."

...When you know she's no high climber / then you find your only friend / in a room with your two timer / and you're sure you're near the end...

Afamasaga looks up at him, "This is a good story, JPS."

He now plays the broom as the sitar sounding solo begins to create a vibe around them.

The little boy shuffles his feet and now he bends himself back until he is almost doing a limbo as he mimics a musician.

... You go back jack do it again / Wheel turning round and round / you go back jack do it again...

PART 2

John Lazoo cuts into the meat; the blood floods the crevasse his knife lacerates in the rare prime beef fillet.

Genesis watches the former inmate use his utensil. She senses there's more to the manner in which he carelessly carves his food.

"Do you want to talk about it in detail, or are you going to do something about it John?"

Lazoo stops and looks down at her plate; the food is neatly arranged; even the sauces don't run and mix.

"Like I said hon, I don't want to do it down here anymore."

Genesis and Lazoo contemplate the reality of having to decide between an existence across the dimensions, or life in the shells they inhabit.

Lazoo is no longer indecisive, "It's just a vacation, I'll be back in no time."

Genisis's eyes begin to water, "It's not a vacation, John. It's a killing spree, a feeding frenzy. Be real, for heaven's sakes, John! You were born Slayer!"

Lazoo shovels the food on his plate with a fork, with his mouth half full and still looking down; "We wouldn't know that if we hadn't felt this and understood it in the context of another dimension's, idea of my role in their big picture, ah?"

PART 3

The electro funk, with its big and bad bass from the Grandmaster's wheels of steel fill the cabin of the limousine.

LAZOO, the PACIFICAN and Jon Le Mac dressed in Pitch Black Charley Stevonsen tailored for the occasion; try not to seem too edgy as they make the journey up town to the H-CLARISS compound.

"It's like a jungle / sometimes it makes wonder / how I keep from going under."

Alfario in an Armani pin stripe complete with a drivers cap steers a brand new stretched Mercedes through the New York peak hour traffic.

The gleaming black carriage is a Hariss Clariss gift to the Pacifican.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 34:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

...Inside it was warm. Lazoo could taste the colored lights. He drank the sound from the speakers and was intoxicated by the vibrations that fled from body to body. Funk defied his country heel. The three models who led him to the floor - one black, one white, one colored mocha and then some chocolate - showed him sweets, sugars made from phat bass and guitar, with tongue-twisted finger-licks that affected the brain and stained the whitest of white... (From John Lazoo Page17)

The New York streets begin to congest, as Lazoo suggests. "FunKtious! Put it on"

Le Mac chuckles; "Check this cat out. Some big black dog must've fucked your shit up in the joint, ah?"

Afamasaga looks out the window of the long black limousine as Grace Jones's "Pull up to the bumper" makes him feel homesick for a home he does not have.

From the driver's seat Alfario shouts out; "Did I hear some say they want a joint?"

Le Mac responds in an anticlimactic way. "Some of us don't believe in herbal remedies," as he looks back at Alfario through the rear vision mirror, while aiming his head at the Pacifican looking out the window.

Afamasaga sighs to himself then he turns down the music; as he feels he has to explain himself.

"Where we're at, the difference between getting paid and getting fucked; is being nicked or going through untouched. I'd rather being nicked for doing something grand; than getting stripped searched each time leaving the fucking country, for smoking weed in a traffic jam."

Lazoo nods his head slowly.

Le Mac has a thoughtful look on his face that changes quickly into a smirk which matches his equally sarcastic tone; "By the way, for us that don't watch TV from Britain, "Nicked" is the English term for being Royally rectum'd by her majesty's finest."

Afamasaga looks down at the floor.

A homeless man knocks on his window; shivering as he cups his frost bitten fingers.

Lazoo looks at the guy outside, who now presses his face against the window.

Le Mac produces his wallet and takes out two crisp bills, "Pass it John." He says as he places the money in the Pacifican's open hand.

Afamasaga lowers the window. With his head still held down, he hands the guy who breathes heavily through the open window the denomination, as Alfario changes gears into drive.

PART 2

Lazoo stretches his neck....

The hairs on the back of their necks stand on their ends.

The three quarters of LMLA-ink present in the limo cabin, begin to feel the energy that will radiate from the fanfare, they have to encounter on arriving at the Camp King's Headquarters - The Compound.

Hariss Clariss's ability; is in his power to stimulate any human's ego, however deep it lay hidden, forgotten, or trampled on.

PART 3

The one hundred or more horns that herald their arrival, blast out an unbelievable and unforgettable sound. The long gold instruments stand pointing up at the moon, and then they come down to where the sun sets.

The countless players; all of them beautiful women, vixens dressed in sheer white dresses, cut an inch if that below their buttocks, line the balconies of the auditorium.

Their clearly pert and willing bodies shimmy, and then shiver at sight of the Illiterate Poet as he leads the select procession.

Four men; John James Lazoo, John Reyer Afamasaga, Jon Le Mac and Alfario Z Sterriorzé dressed in Charley Stevonsen and Armani; strut, as they step into, and out onto the floor of the auditorium of the Compound.

"Heel, toe, hit the floor, like the pavement on which many an evil entity's blood is now set like stone in the cracks, rats rape!" Lazoo tells the crew.

At the opposite end of the expansive space, doors at least twenty meters high; rise into the full moon dominated sky, covered over by a Perspex dome, begin to open.

The distinct percussive South American styling Batucada, starts to carry through the widening gap. The dark space beyond the doors is given perspective as the floor on which Lazoo and company step begins to rise.

"Man the cost of this alone, you'd think he'd write our lot off." Le Mac says over the shoulder of the Pacifican who now has his head up as he looks around the walls of the auditorium where two more levels have come to life. More women have come out of the walls and now lean over the balconies; some of them are chanting Lazoo's name.

Afamasaga swallows, and as he clears his throat he smiles as he lets Le Mac know, "Not a chance, we'll write him off."

The army of men once draped in togas, are now dressed in white. Each one has a drum or some object they hit rhythmically, and in true Clariss fashion they begin a tribal dance in time with their beat that now fills the vast space.

Lazoo is quiet at first, as the hype reminds him of his ordeal.

Afamasaga places a hand on his shoulder, "Without you, we wouldn't be in the box seat, you know?"

Lazoo's head drops to his left, "Dire moments weren't hard. It was the thought that he thinks he has us - that's what's hard."

Afamasaga looks up at the clear ceiling that begins to open.

Lazoo looks down at the crowd of percussionists that continue to slowly swarm them on the slow rising floor where the four of them have stopped and now stand looking at each other.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 35:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

"All I want for Christmas is you..." The infectious melody and message is clear.

A singer in a red hot Santa outfit does a great job of covering Mariah Carey.

Chimes cascade, as each unique snow flake that falls at dusk is a tingling experience for the women of LMLA-ink; as they absorb NYC close to Christmas.

Polina is beside herself as she recalls their first Christmas; when John Page gave her the song that plays in the distance. "Santina can I go and see, please?"

Polina begins to plead, "Can I, can I?" Santina looks at her as she hears a voice, "Let her go, babe."

The piano player adds to the atmos as he accentuates the young woman's excitement by tinkling ivory keys. Santina takes the shopping bag the excited girl hands her as Polina begins to skip.

Genesis giggles as Arley gently pushes Ms Evon in the back.

Up ahead a crowd has gathered around the decorated stage. Polina, holding Ms Evon's hand, makes her way through the gathering until they are standing in the front row.

PART 2

The song resonates in her mind as the melody and all the memories it had made; flood the girl as she walks next to Ms Evon, and in amongst Santina, Arley and Genisis.

The sound of heels on the cold and slippery concrete; awaken her from her thoughts and then they fall back into the background as Polina is extremely quiet for the moment.

PART 3

The Swank, Swank New York Restaurant is busy with dinners. Some ignore the festive spirit as they try to escape the Yule Tide season for their own reasons.

Polina is aware of everyone's consideration of her; and what she might be going through as this is her first Christmas in her new life without her GuidingMaster PAGE1.

Zarrah Keller an attractive woman, a friend of Genisis and a colleague of Santina's introduces herself to Polina.

Polina recalls the voice but she cannot account for the occasion. "A voice can be comforting once you can place it in a particular scene." Polina says as she smiles and lowers her shoulders so nearly all of body is covered by the table.

Zarrah puts her hand up to tell the waiter trying to take her order to wait. "Polina, you're an extraordinary individual, which makes you vulnerable."

Polina looks at the glass of water in front of her, and then through it until she can see Zarrah Keller's neck.

"Isn't vulnerability an asset to counter-balance over confidence?" Polina says as she keeps staring at the glass of water she slowly reaches for.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 36:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

The darkness that surrounds them is arresting.

But it does not stop the constant reinforcing now coming from both LAZOO and the PACIFICAN.

"IT'S A FRAME OF MIND! A WAY OF THINKING THAT IS ONLY GIFTED ONCE!" LAZOO yells at the top of his voice, as the beating drums are deafening.

A beat begins. Four on the floor, its techno consistency unifies the Brazilian drums, the cheering and trumpets. AFAMASAGA brings their heads together and then he predicts, "We've waited for this! This Test!"

LAZOO interjects as the musical aspects of the hypnotic dance track come to make the crowd groove. The Slayer says, "PERPETUATED BY THE UNFORMED AND UNBORN CONSCIOUSNESS OF THIS VAIN DIMENSION, I MAKE IT OUR MISSION TO INDUCE MAYHEM THAT MATURES THIS."

PART 2

To JPS, the man who stands on the rising platform was still the scared kid on the sidewalk. His mannerisms;

the wily Poet Soldier knows well.

The time had come to cull the register and eliminate the ungrateful protégée, who brings his band of misfits into a huddle, while hundreds of people scream, chant, and beat on their instruments.

Next to him is LAZOO the enforcer from the SenFenide Dimension; a CrossDimensional killer, whom AFAMASGA has almost completely humanized.

Jon Pierre Solomon now tilts his head, to see the crafty character from a different angle.

He sees the PACIFICAN an almost believable portrait of a humble and well meaning human being; complete with a back-story he himself had helped to create.

PART 3

"Jon Pierre Solomon" The accent has a twang from living abroad. The threads are fine and he has his own gold pen, he uses to sign the bail papers with.

John Reyer has his head held down, as he listens to JPS vouch for him.

Now the Polynesian guy in his mid twenties shrugs his shoulders, as the Poet Soldier turns to him, "The growing pains should be yours, not mine."

He takes the envelope with his belongings and tips it on to the counter of the watch house.

Out slides a silver watch, a cooper bracelet, and a wallet. He holds the heavy yellow satchel upside down, not letting go of something still inside the seemingly empty bag.

He turns to the officer, "Mind if I take the envelope?" The Policeman places his hands on the counter, his contempt for the petty criminal dressed in an expensive three piece woolen suit, is evident by the glare in his eyes and the tight way he holds his crooked mouth.

John Reyer looks up at the date on the wall which says it's December 20th. He waits for an answer, then he says, "Good tidings to you too. Thank you for the Christmas wrap. May you and your fellow officers find myrrh in this mist."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 37:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Metofeaz looks around the place.

The Châteaux can almost be deemed a derelict artifact; if weren't for the fact he stood in this spot only a matter of months beforehand.

A noise from upstairs makes him turn his head. A male's voice says something which makes The Tourist giggle.

He walks slowly out of the ballroom and out onto the balcony.

The blonde woman in a black singlet which hangs down just enough to cover her buttocks, puts her hand out in front of the guy who kisses her neck; as she suddenly stops at the top of the staircase, right under the portrait of Rozelle Zofen.

The back of Metofeaz Litigatti wandering though the house; almost makes the blonde bombshell trip over and fall down the grand staircase.

PART 2

"I'm driving home for Christmas / oh, I can't wait to see those faces..."

Chris Rea sings a Christmas song; it masks the emptiness he feels as he focuses on their work.

Metofeaz Litigatti pretends to squint at the words he can see clearly on the computer screen.

The phone rings and he looks at it on the desk in the untouched library.

He continues to tap upon the keyboard and gradually he fills the blank page with words from hope and of his will.

He hears footsteps approaching the room in aid of the ringing, which continues.

In through the open door walks the Rozelle. She ensures her ear ring is in its hole and then she picks up the phone.

Metofeaz sees her out the corner of his eye as he is keeps on typing.

Someone standing in the door way, makes him look at the woman in a red dress.

The Tourist's voice is immediately pitched at an unrealistic half tone; which quivers between flat and sharp notes, "Polina, how are you sweetie?"

Litigatti senses the silence; making him reach out for the phone.

The guy in the doorway steps into the library as Ms Zofen hands the writer the receiver.

Litigatti is on his feet. He places his hand over the mouth piece as he waits for the pair to leave.

She has a mixed look on her fine features; when assembled could account for her frustration. "Will you be here when I get back?"

Metofeaz tips his head to the side as he frowns and shrugs his shoulders at the same time.

"Did you say "I" or "we"?"

Feeaz smiles at her. And she has no where else to look.

Metofeaz's drops his lips as he turns around to look at the window, where snow has gathered in the sills.

He sees himself in the reflection and he sees her.

PART 3

Arley's glass of red wine comes dangerously close to spilling over and onto the cream colored carpet, as she tries with her other hand to place the Diamond Head stylus into one of the moving grooves.

In the ambience of the Christmas lights, Santana, Genesis and Ms Evon decorate the sweet scenting tree.

Polina sits on the couch with her favorite soft toy and the spare pillow on either side of her, as if to notify everyone she wishes to be left alone.

She has the receiver in one hand and eggnog in her other hand while she talks to Feeaz.

"I want to put you on speaker Mister!"

She hears mumbling, and then his approval is heard immediately when she places the handset upon the stand, "OK, then."

The stereophonic thud of the needle falling into a vinyl groove; is accentuated by Arley as she swallows the lump in her throat. And now the Eagles chime in to make the mood, melancholic and meaningful in the mournful states they must dwell in.

"...Bells will be ringing / this sad, sad, sad news / oh what a Christmas / to have the blues..."

"Are you there Feeaz?" Polina steadies her voice, as Arley looks out at the New York skyline.

"Yeah, I'm here." His reply echoes down the international lines that connect them.

"...My baby's gone / I have no friends / to wish me greetings / once again..."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 38:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

AFAMASAGA notices something.

A plate, twenty meters long; the radius of the circle his crew is surrounded by, projects from one of the walls.

It is on LAZOO's shell's blind side. And he needs to be told, "On your right, there's holographic.

The stadia that encompasses LMLA-ink is whitewashed in a brilliant flash of light; emitted from a dark force that radiates energy, the wavelength of peak emission

AFAMASAGA calculates in his head the Incandescence and its source's remaining power based on LAZOO's capacity.

The photon count is equal to passing the sun, while orbiting a moon which orbits Venus. The pause in between the pulsing suggests there's much more to come.

Le Mac begins to shake profusely, his head he comments on, "My fucking head is going to explode."

Alfario vomits violently, as the music changes.

AFAMASAGA grabs Le Mac by his firm friend's balking body, as it starts to wither, "Remember when I said I would give the gift of all life?"

A guitar, dirty and distorted, riffs the intention of the crowd; which the PACIFICAN now realizes are not human.

The Afro on the "high yallar" performer bobs up and down. And at the end of each magnificent phrase, his fingers find on the neck of his Gibson Les Paul, and he adds "uh!"

A woman, an Amazon clad meagerly starts her approach. Her body is plentiful but firm.

She begins to walk the blue plank that stems from the wall to only centimeters from the edge of the platform that has now stopped elevating,

"American woman / Stay away from me / American woman / Mama let me be..."

PART 2

H-CLARISS claps, once.

The powerful LawMonger from the SenFenide Dimension is surrounded by a group of young men. They hit their drums on their leader's hand clap "Uh!"

The Rock Star elevated on a cylinder in their midst, continues to bring the funk using his axe.

"...Don't come here hanging around my door / I don't want to see your face no more..."

H-CLARISS watches the PACIFICAN hold up Jon Le Mac's slumped body, as he calmly talks to the human.

He then looks at LAZOO and then he looks back at the entity whose shell's Samoan heritage, culture and legend had predicted his birth, and his place in the history of the MindMorph Dimension.

Hariss watches the way John James Lazoo feels the same pain AFAMASAGA feels. And it gives him resolve in his decision to kill the boss of LMLA-ink to reclaim LAZOO; his kin from their dimension of birth.

Clariss now looks at AFAMASAGA, John Reyer the hood; whose contract he had bought from an LA gangster, four years earlier.

PART 3

Clariss sat at the table closest to the door and Simon was at his side immediately. Lazoo looked down and to his left, clenched his jaw, and decided it was time for him to leave. As he passed Clariss, the restaurateur touched his elbow for attention and said, "I have a thank-you, but it requires more time than the fleeting experience in which you hastily exist." Lazoo looked at him blankly. "I had that fleeting experience and it made me feel ill," he said. "So long in a day and one half moon when you see me again, try to make thank-you harmless and seamless in the way we speak candidly, ah?" (From John Lazoo Page 40)

The Roger Troutman Vocoder; the Yamaha DX100 fills the vibrant space.

This is SIL HOUSE café - TriBeCa, New York City, USA.

"...California / knows how to party..."

In 1996 a fast talking African American guy sits at a table, next to him a few shades lighter is AFAMASAGA. He practices spelling his new name in his head, "'A' for apple, 'F' for Fred..."

Jon Le Mac pulls out a form for the lanky med student sitting opposite them to sign, "Sign your name. They teach that, at the medical academy?"

The PACIFICAN smiles at his producer's way with people.

Outside the window a limousine slides into the scene. Its black body is background to the many passers by dressed for the Christmas season.

AFAMASAGA elbows Le Mac, "This must be the investor."

Le Mac nods his head as he shuffles the papers around until he finds the one he looks for, and then he hands it to the colored guy.

The PACIFICAN looks at the form and laughs out loud, "John Lazoo?"

Le Mac turns around and motions with his head for the well dressed guy, with looks to match that it was his turn, "You're up Lasso."

AFAMASAGA feels a presence from behind him as the mean, but also thoughtful looking character walks past, and sits himself down in the seat opposite him.

The PACIFICAN notices something out the corner of his eye.

Standing at the window looking in on them; is a figure dressed in furs, with a hat which, he tips at the young guy and then at him and Le Mac.

AFAMASAGA has a question for the quiet candidate, "Where did you get this name of yours from, ah?"

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 39:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

The charming gentleman, who has something equally delightful to say to each woman he shakes hands with, now throws one Janine Elton's way.

"Jon Pierre Solomon, an architect of a beautiful heart, and admirer of "woman" in her most splendid state."

The young woman, six months pregnant smiles back at the dashing man, with the wonderful accent as she takes a bunch of flowers from him.

PART 2

"The Look / of Love / is in / your eyes."

Dusty Springfield sings a happy first birthday to Janine and her baby. Outside the window, the wind sounds in the willows.

The radio's reception is as clear as the baby's eyes, Janine looks into. He squirms at something and then he wriggles his tiny nose. An itch, obviously; requires his hand to satisfy. James rubs his button nose with his chubby little hand.

Janine looks out the open window, the cold breeze which she finds cleansing; someone else would consider to be chilling.

Yesterday the six week old baby took his first steps.

PART 3

"...American woman / Listen what I say..."

Lazoo looks over his left shoulder with his one working eye.

The trigger for the phenotypic process allowing them to access all their human senses, plus their Dimensional entity's ability is delayed purposely.

"They're all fucking entities!" Afamasaga's voice has some excitement to its tone.

He now slaps Le Mac across his face as he advises Lazoo, "Kick fucking Sterriozé in the chest."

Lazoo kneels down as the strutting woman's shadow looms. He begins to rub his hands; the electro-pads he is to apply to the chest of Alfario when his source is activated.

Afamasaga feels the pulse in the neck of Jon Le Mac as he informs Lazoo of when the morph will begin. "Le Mac, will flat-line in three seconds. You will receive a gradual flow from the source. You have to kick Alfario within a "finger clap," before you reach point two. You miss, he fries."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 40:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

JPS looks around at the entities who line the walls of the auditorium. Outcasts and delinquents from all three Dimensions, he has enlisted in his drive to bring down AFAMASAGA, the PACIFICAN; the rouge character and his high-minded associates.

Within his smile hides his evil grin. He then cackles uncontrollably and his followers respond as whole by hitting the walls of the balconies; creating a sound that would harm the inner ear of a mere mortal.

The hologram of women scorned nears her target.

PART 2

AFAMASAGA feels the heat, as he holds Le Mac's limp body in his arms.

LAZOO starts to sweat as he looks over the body of Alfario.

The PACIFICAN still has time to warn LAZOO, "The hologram can oscillate, diffract and enter the F3quenZor; if your application is inconsistent."

LAZOO shouts back, "How about WAMX's Fourier transform reversed?"

AFAMASAGA shouts back to his cohort, "The holographic wave's assailant properties are unpredictable! They behave like light, and transform like sound."

PART 3

"...Get away from me / American woman / Mama let me be..."

H-CLARISS continues to increase the vibrations from his sector of the cauldron.

He claps once in the air, and then down to his left and then to his right.

The drummers respond by bashing on their animal skins; making each handclap thunderous and frightening, as they follow their leader, who slides to the left and then he stamps his foot on the ground.

His commanding stance brings forth another dizzying aspect of the unreal situation the PACIFICAN, the surrealist must surmise in an instant.

At the edge of their stage, fireworks spray sparks upwardly. The pyrotechnic display reflects all matter of light in every imaginable direction.

The stage is now truly set upon the platform, on which LMLA-ink fight for their lives and for the creative control of the ACT they find themselves in.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 41:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Metofeaz Litigatti nestles the receiver in between his ear and left shoulder, as he pushes the return key. His submission to the website portal under a fictitious name is uploaded.

He remembers Polina is still waiting on the phone, as he recalls what he wrote.

He thinks through his strategy and it pleases him; that yesterday he was able to write defensively. And today, he put away his opponents immediately; with a quick three-part combination using Le Mac's action sequencing technique. And still does not give away any clues to his plot, for the retarded and random, moronic halfwits who think they can contain him by trying to shadow and follow the whimsical one.

He nods his head slowly as he acknowledges to himself John Reyer Afamasaga the Coder's influence on his, once wayward style.

He hears the sad lyric coming through the phone and then Polina's voice, "Feeaz, are you there?"

PART 2

"...I have no friends / to wish me greetings / once again..."

Arley notices on the computer screen, the orange colored button alerting them of a new upload by The "LeaderLoop," a fantastical writer who has captured the imagination of readers globally.

"Here he is, girls." Arley warns the women who drape the tree with the last of the glittering decorations. "What makes you think he's a man?" Genesis counters. Santana jumps in, "No woman could be that narcissistic, without being neurotic." Arley replies defensively "A Nihilist with split personality, which is guilt ridden and harbors resentment against the host personality." Genesis laughs as she grabs her egg nog.

His signature, a song, streams down-line. This time it is "Sway;" depicting the currents upon which the lost baby floats. The walls of the chat-room pulsate, from purple, to blue and then into a deeper tone of orange; which does wonders for ones neural system, even within a small computer screen.

The text loads. Genesis reads...

"A flax basket rocks, then it cries. It floats on a lip upon the careful currents of a Venice Street, which safely carry the smiling baby..."

Polina picks up the receiver back up of its stand to respond to Metofeaz's enquiry about what all the fuss was about; "That LeaderLoop character has just uploaded another one of his chapters."

PART 3

Metofeaz looks at the teen magazine on the desk.

Australian hunk Heath Ledger's soul is solemn and select in its attitude, as his face is caught by a camera's un-lying retina. His eyes portray a darkness; somewhat like on a night when the moon is eclipsed by martyrdom's responsibility to uphold humility in the face of vainness' remorseless dive into the self gratifying pools of its self indulgence.

In the bottom left hand corner, Alexvale Rokov III's smile is condescending; as he graces the pages that make young hearts flutter.

"Polina, when was the last time you and Alexvale spoke?"

Litigatti is now on his feet as he walks toward the shelves of the well stocked library.

Titles when standing next to each other; can create their own context. Their labels applied by their unintended markets, can contradict their author's intentions. From Darwin to Martin Luther King Jr, Metofeaz skims their spines with his index finger as he waits for Ms Rada's reply.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 42:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

In the eyes of AFAMASAGA, each fragment of light which rebounds of the walls of the auditorium carries the intent of a bullet.

LAZOO claps his hands one final time; as he is about to resuscitate someone who is hardly worth the danger he places himself under. Alfario, a writer with information that can incriminate LMLA-ink is at his mercy.

The Hologram has diffracted as predicted. The PACIFICAN places Le Mac's body down on the stage, as the hum of the F3quenZor starts to rumble.

"And hit him." The PACIFICAN has his hands on Le Mac's chest. LAZOO still stares at the body in front of him. AFAMASAGA notices the walls of the auditorium are bare, the women are gone.

LAZOO's jaw is clenched as he freezes, while sweat begins to drip from his brow.

The blue plank where the Hologram walked is now retracting to where someone else stands.

"We're point one and bit, mate, if you don't fucking hit him, he'll fucking die..." LAZOO shakes his head; as if to shrug off the advice, he does not wish to hear.

AFAMASAGA notices the figure standing on the blue plank. Behind him a blur of entities enter into the figure's body. And with each entry, the figure continues to solidify its hollow appearance.

The F3quenZor is now a whirl of rewinding sound bites, and eclectic electronic messages; which the Layer Security on walls of their pipe can no longer negotiate. AFAMASAGA calls out to LAZOO, "They've broken through the comms channel. The power supply is next..."

PART 2

JPS feels the glowing effects of the many minds and souls that come into him all at once.

The sight of the PACIFICAN bent over the body of a human; desperately trying to give them what he himself barely has, is invigorating to the heartless embodiment of evil.

He snarls with his head held back, as he enters into the place; he has long dreamed of controlling and calling his own.

PART 3

H-CLARISS smiles as he watches the reaction from AFAMASAGA, as he introduces a new level to the Multi-Dimensional game in play.

WIPE's stolen soundtrack is Hariss Clariss's next move. The chugging guitar followed by the atmospheric and synthetic winds; amalgamate with Mission Impossible like orchestral stabs to sound Tomoyasu Hotei's vision of a Vigilante, who hunts villains to violate.

Clariss smarts to himself as he looks down upon the army of drummer boys; who hit their drums in a climatic fashion, knowing their life span is measured in beats per minute of the track they play on.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 43:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Metofeaz waits for Polina's answer to his question.

The Christmas song in the background suddenly becomes faint, and its melody is flat and falsified by the possibility; that someone has infiltrated their Semi-System, and now reads their every move.

"Polina, the truth can be objective, and still be subjective..." Metofeaz sighs as he treads lightly; careful not to send Polina deeper into her cave, where she obviously has found peace during her ordeal.

He dials a number on his cellular phone.

Polina clears her throat; this makes him more anxious as he hears his call connect.

Arley answers the call and he can hear the echo in the receiver held to his other ear. "Hey, where's Polina?"

PART 2

Genesis continues to read from the computer screen as Santana asks Arley, "Who is it?" Arley walks over to the lounge suite where Polina is very still.

"It's Feeaz. He wants to know where Polina is."

Santana's expression in her voice changes, as her face also alarms Genesis of situation they have been oblivious to. "Oh no! She's being accessed."

Genesis is quick to react; "Adrenalin, Arley. Get the kit."

PART 3

Metofeaz clicks the red button and drops the phone. The receiver lands on the desk and falls to pieces. He notices a device of a different material which comes loose, and now it begins to move its soluble form around the desktop.

He nestles the cellular phone in between his other ear and right shoulder as he notifies Santana, who is now on the other end of the line, "A crawler fell out of the phone, Santana."

He types furiously as he tries to find the right screen from the folder filled with files of code yet to be compiled, "Fuck, I really don't think I can do this Santana."

Genesis grabs the phone from Santana, "What color is the crawler now?"

Metofeaz realizes the jelly like pod has already exuded its potency into his inner ear. "It has no color."

He finds the most likely file; based on its name: *counterintelaccesss_deviate.dotwamx*. And, as he clicks on it, he shuts his eyes tight.

CHAPTER 8

(From WIPE Page 87)

Ms San Fe, Kevin, Hanibal, and LB GEE are all hooked up, flying through night air. In their laps is a version of what unfolds. Page hits the keys in his lap. The music from Chapter Zero goes, "Very superstitious / The writing's on the wall." D-LACrew are now inside one of the dimensions. Le Mac is at the bridge and Lazoo is at the wheel. Metofeaz is in black, menacing, mean, but loving all at once. He thinks of Rozelle. John kisses Lotte, yet again for the last time.

*LRHYTHM*patterning reveals the fundamentals of ETF, the hypotheses of an accident, and the reason for this season. Manifestodial information is implanted in the sleeping of an age that has awakened all angles and demons alike. EDM equals the excitement data message, the packet that Kevin feels and then throws in a K-MUZO bullet from a tower in London. In the air it seeks the warmth of a heart. PAGE1 being in the way, he sways and eventually falls face down in the Siberian snow, a show in itself.

Wishing indiscreetly, Ms San Fe seals the envelope with her piercing eyes. FDMs, or fear data messages, are the things that Polina wants to be untrue, but are the ways in which she has been created, a fear in all children that they are here alone in this world, with or without a mama or papa. Alexvale is stealing things already. One day he will take your heart, but for now a big silver four-wheel-drive will do him just fine. LB GEE, a token in this game, is on his way to the Amalgamension dimension. Hanibal is a fallen angel, crawling the floor to find the feathers in his wings so he may once again fly to where the car teeters on the cliff.

WAMX100, dotwamx, blah, blah, blah ...

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GUIOPERA CHAPTER 44:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

A drummer boy of about nineteen years or less beats on his drum. His enthusiasm comes from being accepted into the band of men; that show their passion for a cause that has been drummed into them by the figure, he looks up to.

H-CLARISS looks down to one side, and then his other side. The energy generated by the minions he has made loyal like dogs he has reared, is intoxicating to the greedy, and deceitful character.

He senses an apex in the polygon of intensity; his ever estimating mind calculates, and he feels it is now necessary to accumulate all the power at his fingertips, to destroy the obstacle to his object of desire.

PART 2

AFAMASAGA looks at LAZOO, "Congratulations James, you've found your shell's ID according to Freud." John James is clearly in a state shock, as John Reyer continues "Self preservation is one of its lowest drives." The PACIFICAN reaches over to Alfario's body and places his left hand on his chest, with his other hand on Le Mac's chest, he then instructs his comrade. "LAZOO! Get the fuck over it, CLARISS is ready to be SLAYED!"

LAZOO rises from his kneeling position; his stare is still fixed on the PCIFICAN with his arms spread out across the bodies of Jon Le Mac and Alfario Z Sterriozé.

"Hear that?" AFAMASAGA looks up at The POINT SLAYER, who now begins to regain his sense of Self. LAZOO stretches his neck, left and then to the right. He nods his head, AFAMASAGA manages a smile as he reminds John James Lazoo, "PAGE1 is with us, and he will always be with us."

LAZOO feels awkward in acknowledging the fear beginning to come over him. "Hey, they've hacked us, haven't they?" AFAMASAGA's head is down over the two bodies he tends to. LAZOO adds to his question, "Am I a SLAYER, or am I someone?"

PART 3

The many pairs of drumsticks that move in unison continue to display unity on the floor of the auditorium.

On stage, LAZOO stands watching while the leader of LMLA-ink has his hands on the two bodies. A dome of light seems to shield them from the darkness in which a stirring intensity continues to evolve.

The soundtrack is louder than the heartbeats in the chests of both Antagonists; who believe the time has come for John Reyer to retire, and for the story to travel on separate paths, which will bring each of them glory and reward.

LAZOO's head turns quickly to his left, and then to his right. The PACIFICAN breathes deep again as he presses down on the bodies. One of the bodies reacts by bouncing and then the other follows the behaviour of electricity being introduced to its conductors.

H-CLARISS has that look in his eye. His legs are firmly placed shoulder length apart as his torso sways left and then right. He spreads his arms as wide as his wing span allows, and then he curls his fingers in, in a slow grabbing movement.

The drumsticks begin to fall in a domino effect. Bones in the arms of the players begin to pierce their skins. Now rib cages break out from their bodies, knee caps pop out, as tibia bones become projectiles that fly towards the centre of the auditorium.

AFAMASAGA kneels on one knee as he pulls his right arm back, and then he smashes his fist down on the platform; he and LAZOO are stranded upon.

The force breaks the surface, creating a crater the shape of a hexagon. The bodies of Le Mac and Alfario slide into the hole, as the missiles aimed at them begin to gravitate toward the vacuum he has created.

LAZOO dodges the bones by jumping down off the platform and onto the floor of the auditorium littered with waste; consisting of human flesh, skin, fat and blood. As he does, he manages to grab a couple of the flying objects, which he smashes against each other to create sharp ends.

AFAMASAGA stands in a half bent position, as he looks for where his one time mentor could be lurking. He hears the familiar tone which he once wanted to emulate, "Here young man, upon the blue plank, which your color blindness prevents you from seeing."

LAZOO scours the area in front of him, by torching the human waste that lays scattered in patterns that match its originator's carnivorous imagination, as he walks in search of his Nemesis.

He hears the torturous voice from his nightmares. "Son, this could have been a home coming for us? It's that

hack that you look up to, that's who I want to finish, not you."

AFAMASAGA jumps down from the stage, as the place as become still. He clears his throat and in his own accent, he calls out into the darkness, "JPS come down to the ground, prove to me that you can place both your feet on the same ground, humans walk upon."

Immediately the well dressed entity lands behind the PACIFICAN causing the nervous person to jump.

H-CLARISS walks out from the shadows.

LAZOO looks to his right. Of in the distance he can see JPS who circles AFAMASAGA slowly.

CLARISS smiles as he enquires, "You could fry me, or just debilitate me, and then harvest my commodity. Why the bones, may I ask?"

LAZOO looks down to his left, he clenches his jaw, as the Scariest Clown of them All continues to pepper him with meaningless banter, "I suppose you have bone to pick with me?" He now laughs out loud, and his voice carries filling the void of the desolate location, where their stand-off continues.

AFAMASAGA keeps his head bowed; as JPS thinks he has the right to speak at this time.

H-CLARISS's bellowing laughter comes to make the PACIFICAN sneer to himself as he drops his shoulders in a non-offensive manner, causing Jon Pierre Solomon to come out of his shell; "I gave you the POEMBOOK John, for a reason, and not for profit..."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 45:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

Zarrah Keller watches the three women looking over the body of Polina Rada. The FBI agent talks to someone on her cellular phone, "They think by taking her back to the Chateaux in France, she'll recourse, as her entity would."

The swinging doors to the Airport's medical facilities are well watched by security of all shapes and sizes.

This time Genesis appears from inside. Zarrah ends the phone call with the remark, "Merry Christmas to you too, darling."

Genesis looks her in the eye, and then she lets out, "Santina fell in Love with John Page. Do I damn well have to explain myself to you, Zarrah?"

Zarrah begins to feel extremely uncomfortable, and she starts to fidget with her fingers.

Genesis looks over her shoulder as Santina appears through the swinging doors. Ms Jones decides to inform her so called friend of more information that makes the Agent feel even more unwelcome.

"Hannibal Ammer killed Polina's parents. Hannibal, Gene Reyer, Jack Shack, all them were donors for a project which was officially closed down in the late seventies, Zarrah."

"Alexvale's mother fits the same profile as Janine Elton, Zarrah. Need I go on?"

Santina tugs at her friend's arm, and eventually the fired up Genisis turns around.

PART 2

Metofeaz slowly opens his eyes. Nothing had happened, yet.

He sits back and looks at the screen, and then he goes into Microsoft's WINDOWS 98 Explorer.

While he scans through the folders, he notices on the task bar, the Internet Explorer Icon is flashing.

He finds the path back to where he had selected the file, which did nothing and he reads out loud,
"YTBCompiledCreateDate14121998."

He cannot resist himself; he clicks on the beckoning icon to maximise the default web browser.

The IBM Aptiva's Hard Disc spins, as Feeaz is distracted by the taunts on screen; inside the black walls of the chat room:

"LeaderLoop, AYE?!? Leader, we don't think so... Loopy, definitely! LOL,, NOT!!!!!!"

Feeaz clicks on another link, this one is in pink writing, and the message is brief:

"WOULD LOVE TO FUCK UR BRAINS LEADER..."

PART 3

The snow falls outside the window of the Taxi.

The Tourist looks out of her side of the cab; she shares with the latest guy.

From the angle she sits at; close to the door, she can see up ahead in the distance, the traffic lights turn amber.

The Radio announcer announces another Christmas Carol and wishes all of Paris "Joyeux Noël! WHAM, Last Christmas..."

GUIOPERA CHAPTER 46:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PART 1

"Away in the manger..." The song's lullaby quality lulls the "would be" controller of the F3quenzor into a false sense of security. H-CLARISS begins to move about, his hands fan the air as he pretends he waltzes with someone.

LAZOO looks down to where JPS points his finger into the chest of AFAMASAGA.

James Elton then looks at the make-do weapons; that symbolize the lost souls CLARISS had taken from their families and friends, and he begins to breathe deeply. He sounds wheezy as Hariss comes closer to him.
"You've tormented every muscle of my body, and you continue to try to manipulate my only mind..."

On the other side of the auditorium, AFAMASAGA squints as the obviously deluded and senile character

begins to spit, as he continues to scold the PACIFICAN which, only serves to wind the brooding character up.

"I found you and then I founded your base intelligence. And you repay me like you have?"

AFAMASAGA looks to his left, where the flying harpoon made from some lost child's bone, travels through the dense atmos uninterrupted. Its spearhead, he wills it to the target chastising him, and his undying commitment to their work, and the cause.

He looks into Jon Pierre Solomon's eyes, as the short spear enters the lying devil's neck, causing JPS's beady eyes to roll back into his demonic brain.

He looks down at the ground and he sees that the polished leather shoes still stand in the same spot.

The PACIFICAN puts his left hand out in case the body; still standing in front of him does fall forward. But its crooked mouth continues to operate. The words are now spluttered with blood; as the sound of JPS's blood curdling as it floods his throat, makes John Reyer wince.

JPS continues to show his true colors "You don't know that Rozelle was a whore; do you? Like all women, for that matter."

The body sways slightly forward and AFAMASAGA puts out his left hand again, and with his right hand, he grabs the sharp end of the bone, and pulls it through, until the ball of the bone has come out the other side the once powerful figure's neck. The slurping sound as the bone is sucked and then released by the tissue it passes through, almost makes him gag.

LAZOO looks at the chest of H-CLARISS in front of him; close enough that when he turns slightly, they touch.

H-CLARISS points down the other end of the room, where AFAMASAGA plunges the bone into the stomach of JPS. "He'll do that to you, you know? LAZOO's right hand which holds the bone, firms its grip on his weapon.

AFAMASAGA vigorously snorts the violent vapor, he dispels, as he gasps for air, while he pushes the bone upwards, with force he never imagined he would exert on a human. JPS still manages to judge the kid, who now owns his entitlement, "Didn't... know... you... enjoyed... it so... much..."

AFAMASAGA pulls the creature's head back by his hair, so he can see his body, and again he pushes his right arm, which is elbow deep in the dying man's body, upward with all his might.

The PACIFICAN stops, as he is almost out of breath as he proclaims to his former teacher, "You have no fucking heart do you, Jon Pierre?"

He throws the body down on the ground, and stands over it desperately trying regain his breath, as he shakes and wipes the blood from his hands and face.

The carcass's gaping rib cage begins to stir.

AFAMASAGA feels the fulfillment of his ACT, and he begins to weep. His reaction is uncontrollable as he now yells at the top of his lungs to LAZOO.

"FUCKING DO IT! IN HIS..." John Reyer now has to bend down to support himself by placing his hands on his knees. He looks down on the carved up body in front of him, as he gasps for more air, "...AND THIS

SHITBAG's..." The PACIFICAN is now standing upright as he points down at the dead body of JPS, and then he continues after he inhales the air, his lungs need. "IN THEIR STORIES, GENISIS IS RAPED, AS IS POLINA!"

LAZOO's cutter has already sliced into CLARISS's body; around his kidney.

AFAMASAGA has JPS by the hair, as he drags the dead weight through the sludge, and on towards the stage.

CLARISS grabs his side, and then he looks at his hand. He smiles at LAZOO as his white costume quickly turns red on one side of his body.

LAZOO steps back as he thinks to himself. He steps to one side as CLARISS tries to reach out to him for support, and while the originator of his pain, tries to find his balance, LAZOO jabs the clown in his right eye, sending his head in that direction. He then quickly pulls his bone back, and to utilize his victim's own weight, falling in that direction, LAZOO uses a right hook action to stab him again, this time deep in his right ear.

The result is as satisfying to James Elton, as it is to LAZOO, as the right side of the clown's face is now painted red, by the blood that oozes from the stabbed orifices.

AFAMASAGA shouts out through his sobbing, "Think of how tormented you, and Genesis!"

James Elton pushes Hariss Clariss's body back. LAZOO steps forward again, this time he slices around the stomach area.

John Reyer reminds him again, "He got you to build him brothel, and then he made Genesis work in that cesspool..."

The heavy man's legs try to find their footing, as AFAMASAGA keeps on at him, "James Elton could've faced the electric chair..."

LAZOO takes a clean swipe at CLARISS's throat, exposed from the way his head weaves back and forth, from his off-balance body.

AFAMASAGA is at the edge of the stage, he throws the body Jon Pierre Solomon onto it. A murmuring sound comes from the opened body of JPS, which lies close to the open crater, which now begins to glow.

AFAMASAGA wipes his eyes, and has stopped his flow of emotions.

He pulls himself together, by brushing the arms of his now putrid looking suit, covered in blood. He clears his throat and lowers his voice as he tells LAZOO to, "Bring that FUCK, here."

PART 2

John James Lazoo drives out the gates of the compound. In the passenger seat is John Reyer Afamasaga. Both of them appear as if none of the preceding events had taken place.

Through the partition AFAMASAGA watches Le Mac sleep, while he checks his messages on the cell phone. On the floor is Alfario, who turns onto his side as the limo pulls up at the traffic lights.

In the oncoming traffic they can see flashing lights from five or more police cars, that approach them, and then they head straight through the red lights, passing them by.

"To the airport, bro." Is the boss's instruction.

PART 3

Seated at the airport lounge is LMLA-ink. They wait for their flight to London.

AFAMASAGA looks up at the TV screen as he bites into an apple. LAZOO rubs his apple on his leg as he elbows Le Mac, who still looks dazed as he sips awkwardly on milkshake; the straw seeming to come out of the side of his face.

Images of young men wrapped in blankets being led out of the compound flash across the screen in quick succession, as the pretty lady in her navy blue suit, tries to stick her mic in their faces.

"Emotional scenes here this evening, as loved ones, are reunited; after the FBI raided the place they called the compound...."

LAZOO looks at AFAMASAGA's profile; he notices something in his ear.

He says to the PACIFICAN, who is still watching the very satisfying footage on screen, as he chomps noisily on his apple, "Go like this."

John Reyer pokes his finger in his ear.

He produces what seems to be dried blood on the tip of his finger. He looks at John James Lazoo and he shrugs his shoulders.

GUIOPERA CHAPTER X-MAS:

WARNING: This chapter is, "Unproofed and uncut by the knife in the hands of an editor."

PREFRACE

"Joyeux Noël! WHAM, Last Christmas..."

The words and the music makes Metofeaz think. He exits out of the browser as he looks around the room.

The phone rings and he sees that it is John Reyer, so walks to the book case. He pulls out the drawer so he can see the hand-bound leather book. He lifts the cover of the treasured collection, as he looks over to the desk where the phone continues to ring.

Inside the cover a black and white photograph of Rozelle Zofen falls onto the page of contents, as the ringing phone now begins to irritate the writer.

He picks up the hefty work and turns the thick leaves where ink had blotted Jon Pierre's thoughts and recollections. Slowly with his head in the lines that served him well as a youngster, he walks over to the desk.

The cellular phone on a busy network, does not let up, so he reaches down and picks it up. He takes one long look at the name of the caller, and then he answers the call.

"Hey." Litigatti has little to say. He reads the words as John's voice sounds as usual. "How's things?" The writer listens closely for any sign of incoherence in the leader's voice as he tells him of their plans for Christmas.

Metofeaz hears him out, and then he has reason to get off the line. "I'll see you guys soon then, I guess?" The sound of someone at the front door gets his attention and so he tells AFAMASAGA he has to go, "Sounds like the girls and Polina are here, I'll catch you later, ah?" He looks at the phone, where the voice continues and he clicks on the red button to end the call midway through one of the PACIFICAN's elongated sentences.

He looks at the phone again as it beeps to alert him, he has a new message. He clicks on the menu to select the missed calls screen. "Sharon.S" is the name he sees, so he dials his messages. A beep followed by another beep, is all he hears. He holds the phone to his chest for a moment and then he squares his shoulders and walks out to see who is at the door.

PART 1

"Rozelle!" The handsome guy's voice grates her nerves, and when she looks at him now, his face is bland. So she looks out the window at the lights in the distance.

"No one home?" His accent is now cumbersome on her ears, as he refers to her last call.

She puffs her cheeks with air, and winds down her window. A group of guys on the sidewalk notice her, and whistle at the woman who exhales her angst into the evening.

He reaches for her left hand on the backseat which she pulls away from him, as she selects "FEEAZ" again from her address book.

She puts the mobile phone, under her long hair and in against her ear. His message "Me here, leave your message there." And then the beep annoys Sharon Smith.

"Rozelle!" This time she spares no thought for the guy's feelings, who she begins to detest by the second. "My name is Sharon, OK?"

He is obviously surprised by her reaction to his affectionate ways.

"Just don't touch me, or look at me." She looks down at the floor and then out the window.

"Please, don't even talk to me!"

PART 2

The seams of their trousers swing as John Lazoo, John Reyer and Jon Le Mac walk through Heathrow airport. The connecting flight to France is only an hour away. Their boots kick the air as their heels hit the ground. Lazoo can see the doors to the car park as Le Mac notices a famous face in the distance.

Afamasaga notices him too, "Robbie, ah?" Le Mac confirms it is indeed their favorite clown "The one and only, Mr. Fucking Williams." John Reyer challenges Le Mac, "I dare you to go get a photo, mate."

At the same time Robbie Williams notices Lazoo. Lazoo turns around to Afamasaga and Le Mac, "See that, he fucking knows who we are, wow!"

Afamasaga quickly corrects him, "He knows who James Elton is, brother."

PART 3

Metofeaz looks out the window he can see headlights coming up the snow covered path to the Châteaux. He

looks around at Arley and Ms Evon, Genisis, Santana and Polina who is now sitting up right.

The vehicle stops, and three people hop out.

Litigatti calls out to Polina, "Afamasaga's here now Ms Rada."

Polina is still weak but she manages to show her excitement by kicking her legs which hangover the edge of the leather recliner she sits in. She then grabs the soft toy and kisses it, and then she closes her eyes and smiles as she hugs her spare pillow tight.

Genisis is up on her feet and heading for the door.

PART 4

"So where are you?" Sharon bites her bottom lip as she waits for the answer to her question.

The cab driver looks around at her for directions, and she motions to her left.

"What? You can see me?" She closes her eyes tight, as she wishes to herself that he is not messing with her.

On the radio she hears chime bells, as she does on the phone she now takes and holds to her chest.

"...All I want for Christmas is you..."

THE END

To be continued...

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