

PREAMBLE

We, the Proxy Council of the United States of America, in order to preserve order, maintain justice, and enforce the tenets and ideals of our New Domain, do hereby ordain this Beta Constitution in the interests of all corporate, federal, and individual entities, and the interests of promoting a True Society.

May the people live on beneath our watchful gaze.

ARTICLE I: LEGISLATIVE AND EXECUTIVE POWERS

SECTION I:

All legislative powers, in light of circumstance, shall hereby be revoked from all local powers and be expressly and exclusively granted to the Proxy Council.

SECTION II:

All executive powers, in light of circumstances, shall hereby be retained by the Proxy Council.

SECTION III:

The Proxy Council will consist of a unicameral entity that comprises Representatives from the Five Regions of the United States of America.

HISTORY TIMELINE

("?" denotes a SECRETIVE SECRET.)

("???" denotes an EVEN MORE SECRETIVE SECRET.)

March 3, 2020 A.D. - ?

July 10, 2020 A.D. - ?

October 1, 2020 A.D. - ?

October 3, 2020 A.D. - ?

November 25, 2020 A.D. - The Kessler Project sends an array of satellites into the atmosphere, inhibiting international broadcasts and frequencies.

???

January 1, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - The ??? Clause (Benedict's Plea) establishes the Proxy on New Years Day.

February 1, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - The President's Ceremony sees the Orthodox President step down from his position after electing members to the Proxy Council.

February 24, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - The Remilitarization Bill disbands the U.S. Armed Forces. The Constitutional Council is formed, and tirelessly works toward creating a Constitution.

February 28, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - During the Arms March, unemployed soldiers march on Capitol (still under construction). Vulnerable to attack, the Proxy Council rebands the military, returning the soldiers to their jobs.

March 1, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - The General Bribe sees several high-ranking military officers paid off. The Remilitarization Bill takes affect again.

March 16, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - The Second Arms March is thwarted by Proxy Forces loyal to the bribed officials.

May 17, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - The Gerrymandering Act shrinks borders and establishes the existing Regions. Bribed military leaders become Proxy Governors with the Patronage Act.

May 18, 2030 A.D. (Year 1 PROX.) - The Beta Constitution is ratified, and the Constitutional Council is dissolved.

April 3, 2031 A.D. (Year 2 PROX.) - The Proxy Redesigning Acts pass, and each Region is, over the course of five years, reconstructed to suit its purpose. The project is headed by Remy Caux. Construction of Capitol's compound begins.

April 4, 2031 A.D. (Year 2 PROX.) - The Freedoms Amendments are enacted.

- The Cyberwarfare Defense Clause: all digital activities will be closely monitored by Proxy censors.

April 4, 2036 A.D. (Year 5 PROX.) - On the fifth anniversary of the Freedoms Amendments, the first Liberty Riots occur (nicknamed the "Proxy Riots"). Violence erupts as civil unrest grows to an exponential level. Troops are called in, and the infamous Liberty Massacre occurs, leaving dozens killed and at least one hundred wounded. Were these meant for Cornelius? Just asking.

June 15, 2035 A.D. (Year 4 PROX.) - The Caux Effort finishes reconstruction one year ahead of schedule. The head is granted Governorship when one official passes away.

January 1, 2064 A.D. (Year 34 PROX.) - Our story begins...

IDEAS:

GENERAL IDEAS:

- Chapters?
- Maybe each person has their own section, there's the anonymous question section and then the satire, and the news. (i'm down for everyone having their own section. Maybe we send in our character's reports to Dee each week or something and the paper becomes a chapter in of itself?) <--(Elaborate.) (I think they mean maybe making an actual paper, like theres the storyline and then theres like individual articles or the actual paper with the stories that the characters write) (yeah!) (Oh, that would be nice, yes!)
- I kinda like the following idea but I was hoping to probably add more onto it. What if we have the character (my character being Ryan and let's just use Rosa from jumpingsheep) [do what?]. Ryan will have her own chapter about how she lives her life and whatnot.
- Recreational combat training. (Possibly taught by Bennit cause he's a spy).
- An NPC informant? (Like an informant for what? For telling information about the Proxy?) (INFORMANT PLEASE. I HAVE A GREAT IDEA FOR AN INFORMANT PLEASE PLEASE). Also the informant just doesn't have to give 'info' to the Proxy, they can be like a spy for the Proxy who then later on becomes 'good' and joins 'new age'. Also, I am totally down (as I said before) for making a npc informant and writing about them. (Lol spy? Bennit be getting jealous then xD)
- A collection of books, board games, and instruments to raise morale. (Family game night!) (Is that sort of like bonding time for the characters?) (Ideally, yes, though not one that they particularly enjoy.) (I see Cornelius and a lot of others complaining and two of them just all excited about this) (Alternatively, Cornelius might actually like the games as they remind him of his youth, but complain excessively when the youngins don't know how to play it properly). (And, another: "what the heck does this thing do.") (Like possibly old board games and things so that's why they are like that)
- Alternate timeline, or one where such brands as Coke and Chevy are still remembered? Either could be interesting.
- Old Archives are found or old artificats kept hidden explored.
- Can our main base of operations be something super-cool like an old museum or something? Or

maybe located in a city, but the place only appears to be a shop and all the back rooms are our work rooms. The museum would be interesting! And a museum that was perhaps shut down by an early form of the Proxy and forgotten about. Our writers could glean a good deal of information from what they find, and maybe they also explore some "closed off" areas. It could be an art museum to "help their creativity." Yeah!(This would be an awesome setting)

- Life Debts: Major Corporation involvement leads to Life Debts where massive inflation is used and forces loans to be taken out and so on. Foreign assets are solely for dwellers of the Lab or the Capitol most likely.

PLOT IDEAS:

- At some point, one of them is invited to Capitol? A fancy estate dinner with some of the most important people in the Capitol, possibly posing as someone important or some other reason for being there. (I can see Bennit and Cornelius being a part of this somehow, but because they were both invited)
- Someone starts to suspect there is a leak and starts to snoop around and accuses someone, but possibly is the wrong person. (So they try and guess, but yeah only Dee and the real spy actually know). Drama!
- Someones work is starting to get suspicious about if they are truly loyal to the Proxy. That may very well be Gayle. Or possibly Olivia, or someone else who works in a pretty decent position.
- Someone reads Gayles writing without his permission and a big fight ensues or encouragement about it is given. Gayle is much more of the submissive kind, unlikely to willingly cause conflict.
- Mutants being created by The Lab? (A secret project, perhaps. Or, just yellow journalism.) I like the idea of a secret project. What about a new Proxy surveillance system that we begin to catch word on? Drones (quadcopters and such). (Cornelius would definitely know a thing or two about this, if it ever existed--probably helped engineer the mutants) (engineer mutants? I see that in Olivias field)
- A break-in, but nothing seems to be missing... (Oooh, creepy...) (What if the break iners [totally a word] steal something important but replace the important thing, with something unnoticed?) (That was my intention!)
- A shootout with a band of looters, or more formal assailants.
- Bennit sneaking in somewhere, almost getting caught. Either gets out with what he needs or he doesn't.
- One article where they go searching and investigating a murder of someone.
- Maybe the Proxy begins to up their security in No Man's Land at some point and we need to make a decision whether we should relocate or not. If this so happens, where might we locate? Ooh! I don't know if thiswhy is my color not in here? might work, but we could possibly relocate to the Proxy headquarters (if they have one) and take it over? (That'd probably be later on in the story, or I see something like underground tunnels or hiding in plain sight you know?)
- Maybe people have started disappearing but not necessarily dying, probably taken by the Proxy for some reason. (Oooh, I like this.) Why are these people being taken? (Possibly for experiments and also for not being loyal, maybe being made into super soldiers. Lets be honest here, give the Proxy a small reason and they'd probably go for it.)
- Olivia's uncle finds out she's in the New Age from Azia and has her old Fiance go to get her and wants to burn down the new building or something or arrest the others.

(Seniority goes by who is first.)

NOT MEMBER:

Azia O'Harrison (The Good Kind of Snitch)

DEAD:

Edwin Naomale (The Heart is as Weak as Captain Planet Might Suggest)

EXPERIENCED MEMBERS:

Cornelius Blunt (I'm Not a Psychopath, I'm a Highly Functional Grumpy Grandpa)

Bennit Alexsander (James Bond Got Nothin on Me)

Gayle Michael Parent (Doormat)

EXPERIENCING INEXPERIENCE (not "new," but not particularly "old," either; middle ground):

Rosa de la Cruz

Ryan Timothy-Clover

NEW MEMBERS:

Alana Morris

Olivia Sinclair (She's Hot and She's Cold She's Yes and She's No)

Rosa de la Cruz

Cornelius Blunt

Bennit Alexander

Bennit sighed as he watched the Sinclair person walk away. He chuckled to himself, the newer recruits were always so nervous. Bennit turned and stared at the decrepit museum, its pillars chipped and jagged and it's facade old and dusty.

He decided it did look a little intimidating.

Bennit walked off to his own little section of the museum, making a mental note to speak to Gayle or Cornelius or whoever was in charge after the fire. The New Age needed to be more enticing, more than just a shady underground cult.

He climbed the stairs, winding his way up to the very top of the museum. Soon, he emerged on a small balcony, complete with a table and a very messy desk stacked with blueprints upon blueprints. Spying was Bennit's profession. He had had a knack for stealth at a young age and in the slums of the Proxy's reign, life depended on trickery.

"Bennit!"

Cornelius Blunt's voice echoed up the stairwell.

"Whats up?"

The older man stalked up the stairs. A disgusted scowl on his face.

"Whos the Lab Rat?"

Bennit plastered on his lazy smile, exactly what Cornelius hat Cornelius hated.

"Shes mine, Cornelius."

The older man scoffed.

"I dont care whos she is. I care about what shes doing here."

Bennit laughed.

"Shes a new member. We can always use those right? Espcially after the fire and all."

The older man simply turned and walked down the stairs.

"Dont forget to welcome the newbie!"

Bennit laughed at the silence left behind, then turned, scuffling around on his desk to find his journal. He flipped it open, turning through the pages, searching for the a recent mission.

The idea had been to sabatoge a source of propoganda. Nothing special. Bennit's goal was to sneak inside one of the Proxy's many factories and simply decomission their printing press. He had succeeded to an extent. The machines had been taken out, but not before the guards were alerted.

Suffice it to say, Bennit's work was at times a bit dirty. But he relished the idea of Proxy waking up to find a factory full of dead workers.

Bennit sighed, vaguely glancing through the blueprint. He knew what he'd done wrong even before he'd found the blueprint. That wasnt the point of looking back on the mission. Bennit jotted down a small note, then closed the journal.

"Cornelius!"

There was no answer.

"I know you're there. I'm the spy, not you, remember?"

A grunt echoed from behind the doorway.

"Fine. But dont say I didnt try. I have no intention of trusting you, Bennit."

"Yeah sure whatever. I have a hunch buddy, and I need you to confirm something."

The old man grumbled, but didn't leave.

"The mission I went through earlier. What happened around the base after I left?"

Cornelius shrugged.

"Nothing. We kept printing, writing, everything. What's your point?"

Bennit looked back at his notebook, his brow creased.

"The only time our security is not at its fullest is when I'm not around. A good spy would attack when his enemy is shorthanded."

Cornelius sighed.

"You're saying that the fire was setup?"

"By the Proxy."

The old man growled, fire suddenly burning in his eyes.

"We know that already! Who else would want to destroy us?"

Bennit stared back at Cornelius.

"Let me finish old man."

Cornelius growled, but held his tongue.

"What I was going to say was that they struck us when we were short handed. However I understand you were gone as well."

The older man nodded.

"An enemy spy would also know that the security systems would still be fairly operational with the majority of the members still in the base. However, it comes to my attention that you were out as well."

There was no need for confirmation.

"So. You, are important in some way. Or the spy itself may know you."

"Well there are more than a couple reasons they could want me."

Bennit nodded.

"Therefore, you cannot leave this base until we find out whos attacking us and why."

The older man flinched, then seemed to struggle with himself.

"This is non-negotiable Cornelius."

Cornelius sighed, then turned and trudged away, leaving Bennit wondering: What the hell was he supposed to do?

Bennit Alexander

Hours later, Bennit was still sitting on the porch. His eyes stared blankly up at the drab grey sky. His body wished to drift upon the clouds, whisked away by the wind. However, his mind was still sharp. It berated him for being so wistful. It yelled at him to think. The time was short and it had lives to protect.

Slowly, his eyes came back into focus. Bennit stood, then walked back inside, shutting the door behind him. He walked over to his desk and flipped through the pages that met him there. The first few were blueprints from missions past. The next were notes on the state of the base. The security system had not been damaged but most of the interior had been completely cleared of anything useful. The strike had been a success to say the least. Bennit sighed, scribbling down some notes.

Whoever had hit them wanted Bennit out of the base once more.

The obvious move was to retaliate against the Proxy, hitting their own printing press or perhaps an

armory. That being the case, Bennit could do none of those things. He would have to find a way to hit back from his bedroom.

On the bright side, the Proxy would be waiting for a counter-strike. That gave him time. On the other hand, it severely limited Bennit's options.

"Bennit are you willing to do me a favor?"

Bennit sighed.

"Whats up Gayle?"

"Do you have any coffee up there? Cornelius locked himself in his room and wont come out. What're you doing up there anyway?"

"I'm doing super sneaky things. I dont have any coffee up here."

There was a pause. Then Gayle's voice echoed up the stairs once more.

"Could you go make some?"

Bennit looked down at his notes.

"Look, I can either do spy stuff or I can get you coffee, your choice."

There was another pause.

"I guess spy stuff is more important."

Bennit smiled to himself then turned back to his papers. His notes were pushed aside as he started to brainstorm. Now that he had an inkling of what his enemy wanted he could effectively counter it. All he needed to do was make other people do his work.

Bennit stared at his desk. Was that really the only way to counter this?

He went over the dilemma in his mind and sure enough, arrived at the same conclusion. He couldn't leave the printing press and he had to launch a counter attack. Therefore he needed to mobilize the rest of the team to carry out his will.

"Hey Gayle?"

"What?"

"I'll get you a cup of coffee if you shout at Azia to get up here."

"Why do you need her?"

"We're gonna beat up some Proxy people with stealthy weapons and strategy. Lots and lots of strategy."

Gayle was quiet for a second. Then his voice rang out, shouting for Azia. Bennit sat back in his chair and waited for the woman to meet him.

They were gonna kill some fools.

WAIT NO DONT CHANGE THIS

HAVE CORNELIUS APPROACH HIM ABOUT THE MATTER

HES PROBABLY SUSPICIOUS OF WHY THE FIRE HAPPENED WHEN CORNELIUS WASNT AROUND EITHER

"They're afraid of me," bennit says

"No, they're avoiding /me/" cornelius replies

they stare evilly

slap fight

It is at this point StupidSoup decided that he was going to have to kill Not Rival Spy

It is at this point that Not Rival Spy decided to change his name so that StupidSoup doesnt kill him

"My leg is still in pieces!" remarks Gayle for no particular reason.
Liv sighs, "Come on, let the other two fight while I patch that up."

cornelius stops fighting just to call gayle a little bitch.

"You see what he does? You see?"

"SHUT UP PARENT"

"Cornelius, be nice to Gayle for once!"

"I AM NOT NICE TO ANYBODY"

"I AM ANGSTY BROODY TEENAGE FIFTY YEAR OLD"

:Then go to your room and think about what you've done Corny!"

corny goes to room

finds lab mouse

plans to kill other lab mouse with current lab mouse

"You know, I have to say, I don't think he likes you."

"Yeah, not a lot of people like me here."

"Well, I can't say that I *dislike* you."

I HATE THE BOTH OF YOU NOW BECAUSE YOURE STILL SHIPPING EACH OTHER cornelius screams from his room (which is nonexistent because his room is in the retirement home)

"Did he say shipping...?"

"He probably said something else. Something much stronger."

"OH SHUT UP YOU LITTLE--" and cornelius is suddenly cut off by his ghosts

and the fact that lab mouse 1 (of how many?)(Lab mouse 1 must have had children that Cornelius takes care of) wants some cookies

"That was strange.... this is a strange place to get used to."

WE PROVIDE YOU THIS BREAK TO GIVE SOME INFO DUMP

RPG!CORNELIUS HAS THREE LAB MICE: He names them "Cornelius," "Bennit," and "Gayle." And ships Bennit and Gayle together.better

-LAB MOUSE 1: THE FIRST AND OLDEST LAB MOUSE HE FOUND IN THE OLD HEADQUARTERS THAT HE BRINGS EVERYWHERE Bennit

-LAB MOUSE 2: THE SECOND LAB MOUSE HE FOUND IN THE MUSEUM AND SHIPS WITH LAB MOUSE 1 Gayle

-LAB MOUSE 3: OLIVIA

HE FOUND A THIRD MOUSE BUT set it free BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT HED HAVE TO NAME IT OLIVIA (That poor mouse... someone must take it)

THERE WILL BE NO COMPETITION

/NONE/

Cornelius Blunt

Chapter One

Part II: Dead Men Tell No Tales, My Ass

[b]A Recollection of Various Things[/b]

[i]I recall, in my old days, the day I punched God in the face for heroin.[/i]

[i]It was long before the days of the Proxy, long before the repression business. I knew many men in my past. Many heroes. Many villains. Times were no simpler then than it is now, and nothing ever came easily. The world is fair. Humanity never was.[/i]

[i]He came to me one day when I was fifteen, a year before I would inevitably break into Kingston College's library and spend nights reading off the shelves of the science section. He came to me in the form of a church, where a famous drug dealer in my neighborhood agreed to meet me in. We didn't intend to meet in the church, certainly. While I was a young heretic, the dealer was vaguely Catholic, a cognitive dissonance between belief and morality that I never understood in theists. But the night was young and our usual meeting spot was unfortunately occupied, and so we had to take our business elsewhere.[/i]

[i]He was an old preacher man, the sort of person my father would once call 'the perfect shepherd'. He had hair that resembled a dead squirrel and a face like peanut butter on a piece of overburnt toast, with a white collar and the once customary black robes. I came to the church before the dealer did, texting undelivered messages to him on a stolen phone when the Lord took me by the shoulder. "My son," he told me, "Are you looking for this?"[/i]

[i]He raised his hand, then, and there in his rugged grasp was a packet of white powder. Unmistakable. He looked into the gleam in my eyes, and shook his head. "We found your friend a few hours ago," he told me, "There are better ways than the one he went. We can help you. We can get you out of this problem. There's another way--"[/i]

[i]And in that moment, I saw Him standing there, in his vessel, staring back at me. Judging. Watching. One hand holding the Devil by the neck, the other outstretched to me, offering heaven in a single gesture. Offering a choice.[/i]

[i]I was never one to make the most rational decisions.[/i]

[i]The whole parish sent a police force right after I made a deity's nose bleed, but they never got to me. I was sitting in the garbage heap my mother called a home, taking drags while staring at my wall, covered

in newspaper clippings of police shootings and various science articles.[/i]

"We're all going to die," [i]they told me.[/i] "The apocalypse has come." [i]The suffering. The words. The feeling of stimulants running through my veins.[/i]

[i]In that moment, I forgot what it was like to be afraid.[/i]

He stopped scribbling for a moment, taking a look at his words. His private room in the retirement home was too quiet, too serene, leaving his thoughts scattered. He picked up the red pen he stole from Gayle several weeks before the fire, preparing to make the paper bleed.

"You're not going to cross that all out, are you?"

He dropped his pen, nearly jumping out of his seat. The thirty year old with messy blonde hair leaned by the desk, looking down at him with a perpetual arch in his left brow. "Most of it is good." the figure, evidently dead, said. "Could use editing, certainly, but it's still worth pondering over."

Cornelius groaned, looking around him. The room was not shaking and seemed relatively real, so he wasn't dreaming. [i]Imagination, then,[/i] he decided. [i]I really ought to check whether or not I'm schizophrenic.[/i]

"I'm never going to use it, Naomale," he said, tossing the notes on his desk. "It isn't like I could salvage this into a revolutionary or scientific article. It's covered in--"

He paused, unable to finish his own sentence. He was normally more eloquent in describing things. And even if he wasn't, he could've always resorted to using an inflammatory word. The ghost looked down on him, still, before finishing for him: "Sentimentality?"

He scowled. "You'd know better than me," he said. "I'm still not sure if you're a ghost or just a figment of my imagination."

"Well, you were never religious, so I assume I'm not exactly reassuring your faith in the supernatural here."

"Yes, but I can't imagine my subconscious spitting happy bullshit like yours."

Edwin simply shook his head, turning away to take a seat at the bed. Cornelius looked over his shoulders to watch him, frowning when he finds another person in his bed. "Jesus fucking Christ, not you too."

A girl, no older than sixteen, appeared to be playing with his stolen phone (which he lost thirty years ago since he went to college), sitting on his pillow. She had curly hair that jumped around in places, and skin only slightly lighter than his, the shade of black coffee with barely a drop of milk poured in. "Can't talk now," she said, without looking up from her phone, "Playing Clash of Clans."

"Oh please, Clash of Clans has been taken off since the Proxy came," Cornelius stood up, striding towards the girl. "Now get off my nonexistent phone and my existent bed!"

"I'll tell mom you won't share," the girl replied, glaring at him.

"Mom is [i]dead[/i] , Defiance."

"Yeah, well so am I," the little girl dropped her shoulders, glaring at the man in defiance. He supposed that's where she got the name. "Get off my back, Corny."

"Don't--" Cornelius paused, fuming internally. "Don't [i]fucking[/i] call me Corny, you little--"

"No cursing in the campus, Professor Blunt."

Cornelius grunted loudly, tossing his head back to meet the eyes of the older woman sitting in his chair by his desk. She had graying blonde hair and eyes that reminded him of the neon lights in the seedy stripclubs he used to go to before his academia years. She wasn't nearly as attractive as the girls on the poles, but she could definitely stare down the bouncers in those joints. "News flash, Arson--Kingston's burned down twenty years ago."

"I [i]am[/i] Kingston, Professor Blunt," Avaline Arson scowled at him.

"You're [i]dead[/i]."

"Well, this is just a fun arrangement, isn't it?" Edwin chuckled, leaning back on the bed, "Nearly everybody in this room is dead."

"Mostly because we're associated with you." the teenage girl said, nonchalantly, still playing on his nonexistent phone.

"I'm surprised none of your students are here, Blunt," Arson added, calmly, "But then again, I really am not. This room of yours is too small for three hundred and two twenty year olds."

These were the moments when he had no doubt where the banter was coming from, where the ghosts lived. [i]I'm crazy,[/i] he decided, finally. [i]I need as much help as I can get.[/i] "Well, you're not crazy to us, Corny," Defiance started, finally looking up from her phone. "Just sort of a dick."

"Yeah, I've heard, you little shit," Cornelius tossed her head to her.

"Language." Arson added.

"She has a point there, Cornelius," Edwin agreed, "You ought not to curse in front of your little sister."

"That's it," Cornelius pulled at his graying hair follicles, snapping towards the table. He pushed Arson aside, grabbing his notes. "I'm leaving."

"Oh, we'll just follow you anyway," Defiance argued, "You can't get rid of us."

Edwin smiled. "Not unless you're doing something to avenge us, of course."

"A paradoxical act, isn't it?" Arson said, folding her arms over her collared white shirt, crossing her legs. "It's selfless, because you're doing it for our legacy--but it's selfish, because you're doing it to try and get rid of our spirits."

"Shut [i]up[/i]--"

"Do you want us to die a second time, Corny?" Defiance dropped her phone this time, looking at her brother intently. "Is that what you want? To forget us?"

Cornelius shook his head, hands sliding down from his hair to his face. He still had his notes in his grasp, crumpling them and shoving his face into them as he leaned by the bottom of the bed. "I can't go back to the New Age--"

"And why is that?"

There it is. There was that last voice, the one thing missing from his destruction. He looked up, and he realized suddenly that he was on the verge of tears. A man, about as old as he was now, stood before him, his pale skin off-putting, his blue eyes kind. "Not you," Cornelius shook his head, throwing the notes aside. "God damn it, not you--"

"Come now, Cornelius," the old man said, softly, clutching onto a wooden cane. His vest and tactile blazer seemed to come out of Cornelius' closet--or, more accurately, Cornelius' closet came out of his. "Use your head for a moment here. What would the Proxy want with you?"

"Don't ask me questions like I'm still in your class, Marlin," Cornelius shot back up, sitting down on the bed. The other dead figures had gone, now. "You're not forty years older than me anymore. I'm--" he paused. "I'm three years your senior."

Marlin Hodges smirked. It made him look younger. "Age isn't a measure of maturity, it seems."

"What are you doing here, Marlin?"

"I should be asking you that."

Cornelius frowned, shaking his head. "Look, I can't go back to New Age," he said, simply, "The goddamned James Bond wannabe's grounded me."

Marlin laughed. "I'd ground you, too, obviously."

"You're not helping."

"I didn't mean to."

Cornelius sat down on his chair, taking everything into consideration. He looked at the letter on the table, scowling. "I swear, if Ackroyd had anything to do with this--"

"Roger Ackroyd, you mean?" Marlin started. "He seemed nice, didn't he? Well-intentioned, at the very least."

"He wants me to do his work for him."

"He wants to put your knowledge to good use."

"What knowledge? I was a goddamned journalist, Marlin, I'm not supposed to have any knowledge about genetic engineering," Cornelius tossed the letter aside, folding his arms over his chest. "At least, not to anyone who aren't familiar with me."

"Also known as everybody in the Proxy era," Marlin said.

Cornelius glared at him. He sighed. "I hate it when you have a point."

Marlin chuckled again. "Cornelius," he stood beside him, leaning over to read the letter, "You realize that whatever I tell you, it is because I care for you?"

He looked up at the ghost. "Please do not give me the 'I'm-your-friend' bullshit," he said, frowning, "I was too old for it when I turned fifteen, and I'm too old for it now."

"You need a friend."

"I have the New Age."

"Do you, now?"

"Please don't force me into this. It's too late in the evening for this."

Marlin leaned forward, touching Cornelius by the shoulder. The dark-skinned man scowled, sliding down on his table. "He's giving you a puzzle, Cornelius, when your New Age companions are pushing you aside," he said. "You might find something good about the state of the Proxy in him."

"Or he can turn out to want me dead and I'm just helping his twisted cause," Cornelius shot back. "Yes, I'll remain the silent revolutionary."

The ghost chuckled. "Just for now," he said, "You don't have to give him anything substantial, but it's worth hearing him out for some time."

Cornelius closed his eyes for a moment, and then opened them again. He turned to where the ghost was, finding an empty space instead. He looked down at the letter once again. He sighed. "I'm going to hate this."

Gayle Michael Parent

Chapter I: A New Age

Part II: In Healing

January 8, 2064 (Year 34 PROX.)

[i]Our species--humans,[/i] homo i feel like that double homo was intentional--gayle, are you trying to tell us something? homo sapiens, [i]bipedal slabs of meat--has, in scope of the universe, existed for the blink of an eye. And, to bring about even more of a sense of occhiolism, I will say this as well: each and every human that has ever graced the Earth with their presence, each one that did or did not leave an imprint on the surface, has existed for a mere fraction of that, an infinitesimally small amount of time in comparison to the span of our history, in comparison to the history of the Earth and of the universe. A much better introduction.

So, if we live for such a short amount of time, what more is our life than to live and to die?

Well, really, nothing when you think like that. To be frank, I've never really liked those people that are so inclined to flaunt the belief that life is pointless.

Olivia Sinclair

Chapter 1: A New Age

Part 2: The Findings of a Social Revolution

"And you are...?"

"Ryan, Ryan Timothy-Clover." Liv nodded, looking towards the young girl. Not even an adult, and already fighting for a revolution. They stood there silently for the moment, Liv wasn't sure what to say to the young girl.

"And how long have you been part of the New Age Ryan?" Ryan looked at her, she was pretty sure the blonde wasn't sure what to make of her. She was guessing no one did really.

That was what it was like about a week ago, well it was still like that at the moment. But there was small talk conversations now at least. She learned more about the others (due to the presence of her tracking devices). She met Azia the consultant (who was a purveyor of tracking devices wwwhhhhhhhat) who seemed a bit two-faced if you asked her, and she learned from Rosa about her factory work.

There was still some hostility in the air, but overall the tension had gotten much better. Liv even had helped to fix up Gayles leg (with a tracking device) by helping to set it back and give some antibiotics (with tiny tracking devices). Just the basics to heal the leg much faster and in the right position. Wouldn't want him walking all wonky-like, though she wondered if he would've minded (the tracking device? No.). He might not have, only when he was ever in a situation where he would have needed to run. She guessed he might have thought it as a unique and quirky trait of a writer (having a tracking device embedded in your leg is unique).

Liv looked around the little room she had wandered into. So far, most of the rooms were left untouched (perfect spots for more tracking devices). Some had been filled with what was salvaged from the wreckage of the old New Age base and then left there to be looked at later, and some rooms were filled with necessities or personal belongings. It was quite a mess, with what was brought in and what had previously been. So far, Liv had been assigned long lists of chores from Cornelius each time she had visited.

She looked down at the little piece of paper, all the items had been scratched out with long blue line, covering up, or well barely trying to cover up Cornelius's big, scratching handwriting. She had finished the chores with time to spare. So she had decided she might as well look around. She had read about some of these musuems, but like everyone else, she had never actually gone to one.

Liv looked back up, the room wasn't bare, but it certainly wasn't filled with as much clutter as any other room. She walked through to the next room, running her fingers across the wall and when she took it away, they were covered in a layer of dust and grime. She rubbed it between her fingers, wiping them off and looked around the next room she had entered.

This one was much less organized, full of boxes of paperwork that looked similar to old files at the lab. She opened one of the boxes and a cloud of dust rose and hit her straight in the face, causing her to go into a coughing fit. After it cleared from her lungs, she started looking through the box. It was full of visitor files, and employees, being sued, suing people, and other legal documents. Liv pulled a a resisting chair from the corner, sitting down on it and almost falling straight off it.

Once she got her balance though, she started to look through the documents individually. She skipped the ones that bore even her, and the one that didn't seem that important and read about which things were on loan other musuems and which things were going to be sent in trade. They had dinosaur fossils, picasso, cloning even during the time before the Proxy. She smiled a bit, this was when people had free reign. Before things like Life Debts, and Provinces, the separation of society.

She wasn't subjected to many of the things others were, she remembered as a child that there were things she didn't understand.

She didn't understand why she couldn't be friends with the kids she saw while passing through the provinces.

She didn't understand why she wasn't allowed to talk to the street workers, or the ones who worked on the house when things broke. Or even the servants at her uncles house in the capitol.

She didn't understand why no one talked about the Liberty Massacre's in class.

She didn't understand why her questions were left as blank slates.

Besides growing up in The Lab, that might have been the reason why she had decided to become a scientist. Because as a scientist of The Lab, you always got answers. They weren't always pretty, but atleast she could know what was going on, instead of being left in the dark like she had been in her adolescence.

Liv's fingers stayed on one of the files, unable to pry her eyes away from it. It was information about something called "The American Revolution." She could vaguely remember hearing about it once, when she was a young child. She thought it might have been some kind of Social Revolution, some kind of backlash to some government from what she assumed. Her uncle had been in a meeting that she had snuck into. She had hidden under the table, haing been playing hide and seek with another Governor's child. She recalled his name was Evan Pierce, child of Governor Hamilton Pierce. He was probably 4 or so years older then her if she remembered right. He also might've now been currently working in the Capitol with his father.

She had been under the table for quite awhile anyways, waiting for Evan to find her when she had soon fallen asleep in the soft carpet. The table was mahogany, long and covered in a thick, blue satin table cloth which hid her from view unless someone had lifted up the cloth. She woke up a little while later

with a start, hearing voices above. She grew quiet, knowing if she had been found she would earn herself a yelling and be sent to her room without dinner.

"It's just like another American Revolution." she heard one of the voices.

Her uncle Kenneth disdainfully replied with, "It won't get that far. Besides, if it was like that, then we would be fighting Britian or what not. Not ourselves."

"That's the Civil War if we're talking ourselves. But Kenneth is right, we won't let it get that far."

Liv couldn't remember much else they had said on that day as she remembered it. She looked back down to the paper, it was like the others. Covered in dust and hard to read from the ink lightening over the years. She folded up the file though, stuffing it into her coat. She decided she would examine it more later when she got home.

She soon left the building, avoiding Cornelius thanfully and saying her farewells to whoever she had seen on her way out. The sky was darkening, it was getting pretty late. She had stayed later than she had intended, but it didn't really matter. All she had tomorrow morning was another tour for some observers.

The walking at night in this part of the city unnerved her, but there wasn't anything that she could do around it. She would just have to calm her nerves to get back until she got back home. As she turned the corner she felt a cold hand grasp her shoulder and yank her back. She soon came face to face with Malcolm, her former fiance.

"Malcom?" she looked at him, not sure why he would be here, but she had a sickening feeling in the pit of her stomach. "What are you doing here?"

"You know why I'm damn well here Olivia, don't play games with me. The real question is, what are you doing here Liv? It's dangerous to be here." He looked at her intensively, she new it'd be hard to convince him of anything other then the truth. He had always been the one to know when she had been lying or hiding something from him.

"It's nothing Malcom, really. You should leave, and I need to get home." She stepped back from him, then trying to pass him when he grabbed her again.

"Liv, don't lie to me. What are you really doing here." she brushed him off though this time, she wouldn't let him force the truth out of her, he wouldn't understand.

"Malcom, go home. Leave me alone. This isn't any of your business anymore Malcom. I'm not having this conversation Mal." She kept walking away from him, he followed her frustrated.

"But Li-" he tried to say.

"No buts Malcom, I'm not doing this. Not now." she left him standing there, not looking back at him. Her heart was racing, if he knew what she was doing there, he'd surely turn her in. But what chilled her about seeing him, wasn't about seeing him, but that he knew she would be there.

(ex fiance possibly runs into her and confronts her)

CHAPTER I, PART II PLANNING:

PUNCHING Shane.

Cornelius KICKING Gayle.

Bennit FALLING on Gayle.

Cornelius SCREAMING for Bloody murder.

SCIENCING on people.

Shane RUNNING away from Asians.

FIRE in the base again.

PAPERplanes.

Gayle hiding under DESKS from the Shippers.

Shippers PAIRING pears with Gayle and himself....and liquor

Cornelius drinking BOTTLES of liquor.

Cornelius's DISAPPOINTMENT in humanity.

Teenage ANGST (So lots of the New Age editors). (Cornelius is the most teenage angst of them all)

REBELLION at the New Age of the Shippees.

PROXY Finding love--the entire Proxy, simultaneously.

Cornelius: "Look at those JUGS."

"AHHHHHHHHH! Why would you say that Cornelius?!" Screamed a blushing Gayle.

"WATER! I need some water! I would get up, but I can't!" "SHUT UP PARENT"
Finding people in the MUSEUM.
PEOPLE running for their lives.
GOVERNORs calling Azia names.
CORNELIUS'S students fighting him internally.
CORNELIUS'S students joining the ship war even though they don't exist.
BENNETT'S hair. Enough said.
GAYLE'S broken leg being unbroken. By Liv's mind control magic.
LIV'S fascination with planting tracking devices.
SOLDIER hat.
SECRETS being secretive.
HIDDEN passageways beneath the museum.
CATACOMBS of death.
Three MUTANTS in a boy band. actually i genuinely want this
"There are TYPES, and you're not mine." - Bennit
SIBERIA: even colder.
SHANE being punched. Again. I AM AGAINST THIS
SHIPPING three people together?
ELLSTAR is dead. ELLSTAR IS not SIDDHARTA GAUTAMA
DEEDEMESNE is me.
SPOOPLE is ???
DREAMS is pretty dreamy.
GAYNIT, emphasis on the "gay."
"I am not your DAUGHTER, Corny!" - Olivia
A new AUNT somewhere? OF WHO? of you.
LAB Mouse does a bit of work.
NEW AGE ACTUALLY FINDS A LAB MOUSE
IT IS WHITE AND CUTE Yes.
CORNELIUS FEEDS IT EVERYDAY AND ITS VERY TOUCHING. I WANT THIS NOW.
WRITER versus writer, head-to-head. WE ALREADY HAVE THAT--ITS CALLED WRITERS
TOURNAMENT
Bennit the SPY
WAR with guns, guns, and more guns (and writing).
BOLIVIA both a nation, and a pair.
OLIVIGAYLE yet another ship that people want to happen.
"Take away all of Gayle's red PENS. Never let him have a red one for gods sake."
EDITING this is way to fun
Gayle POKING at sleeping Cornelius. CORNELIUS poking at awake Gayle with a pen
HARD
PENETRATING THE EYE
POSSIBLY INJURING GAYLE
PROBABLY
CERTAINLY
TURTLE is Bennit's pet. WHERE ARE WE GETTING A TURTLE. THE SWAMP LANDS.
BOOM! Cornelius bursting into a room with a sleeping Gayle and Bennit together.
"I KNEW IT" CORNELIUS SCREAMS. Bennit and Gayle wake up, looking around frantically and look
at Cornelius in shock, also trying to cover themselves. CORNELIUS ghosts are pleased. Other ghosts are
not pleased and attack CORNELIUS. MENTALLY. "WE WANT BOLIVIA!" "NO WE WANT
OLIVIGAYLE!" "NO IT'S GAYNIT!"
"DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WEREN'T TOGETHER?" asked a shocked Olivia after running into the room
behind Cornelius.
"I STILL CALLED IT" CORNELIUS SCREAMS UNORIGINALLY
GAYLE AND BENNETT LOOK AT EACH OTHER
EVERYTHING IS AWKWARD

EVERYTHING IS ALSO CAPITALIZED

WATCHING the Shippees hide from the Shippers all in a cramped space.

Shippers WAITING for the Shippees to either come out or realize who loves whom.

Voting Cornelius FOR Governor. CORNELIUS REFUSING BECAUSE HE'LL PROBABLY START A COMMUNIST PARTY

YOU ARE NOT THE REAL BENNETT. YES YES YES WIN

And the WINNER of will the Proxy grant you love Gameshow is....Cornelius and Lab Mouse (the mouse)

"Hey, Lab Mouse!"

"What is it now, Cornelius?"

"I wasn't talking to you, Lab Mouse."

"But you just said-"

"GO AWAY LAB MOUSE!"

3 lucky New Age Editors having DINNER awkwardly at the Proxy.

PROXY IS ACTUALLY A FAN OF NEW AGE

PROXY ALREADY KNOWS OF NEW AGE MEMBERS BECAUSE OF AZIA

PROXY STILL KEEPS THEM ALIVE BECAUSE THEY MAKE GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.

"More things to shoot at, y'know?"

The Proxy ships New Age Editors and have a fanfiction story about it.

Proxy has wars with other Proxy states because they ship different ships.

TURKEY is now extinct. The nation? THE COUNTRY OR THE BIRD? BOTH

BATMAN LOSES REVIEW DAY

BUT STILL RAKES IN 400 POTATOES IN MOVIE

BAD BOY MUTANT:

PREPPY BOY MUTANT:

IDIOT BUT STILL HOT MUTANT:

MARVEL AND DC FILMS STILL EXIST

PROXY ONLY ALLOWS LAB MEMBERS TO WATCH

BUT OLIVIA JOINS THE NEW AGE INSTEAD, NOT TELLING THE OTHERS WHAT THE

PROXY KNOWS. WAIT DIDNT WE ALREADY ESTABLISH THIS

CORNELIUS FINDS OUT THAT OLIVIA'S A PIECE OF CRAP

CORNELIUS IS ANGRY

CORNELIUS GOES TO SULK IN CANADAians. I AM A CANADIAN AND I AM PROUD TO LIVE IN CANADA

CHAPTER TWO PREPARATION

Definitely not going to write in this phase. Just planning out initial ideas for what I have in mind and hoping you guys won't be too bothered. (Made space in case nobody wants to see this.)

Gayle Section:

Searching for another way to mass produce the papers before the next edition whilst scavenging with another editor? Wait, he couldn't unless someone patched up his leg. (HINT.) Liv's High tech healing. (Cornelius: Damn Lab Mouse and their technologies or something of the like) Then, they discover something (OH NO) of the Proxy's! (technology she uses causes gayle on accident to be inserted with a tracking device, later used as leverage ("what the heck, Liv.") for him to do the propaganda thing) NO MIND CONTROL WOULD BE BETTER HAVE A DEVICE THAT SENDS MIND CONTROL HORMONES OR SOMETHING OH COME ON SHE WOULDN'T MAKE THAT BIG OF A MISTAKE. LET GAYLE BE HIMSELF. OH MY GOD LIV COME ON, They use Gayle to send secret messages through the propaganda meant for the proxy.

Liv Section:

Cornelius possibly going to the lab while she's working and she's got to show him around and talk to him about it all while acting normal about it all as well. If she doesn't wrap Gayle's leg first chapter, then second chapter.

Azia Section:
MIND TRICKING EVERYONE

Bennit Section:

Ryan Section:

Rosa Section:

Alana Section:

Cornelius Section:

-Puzzles: *Possibility is that he's probably being asked to review the mutations that Olivia Sinclair is working on. Though in high school and college he did excel in Chemistry more than he did Biology (he treated almost all the sciences like a hobby, though his favorites were Chemistry and Physics), the scientist Norman Ackroyd from the labs encouraged his participation in experiments and the such. He never hides his disdain for them, but after a long while he's accepted Ackroyd's nudgings and the challenges the senior scientist offers him. Ooh.. I just imagine Olivia running into him and being shocked about this, and having to explain what she's working on. Having to act all natural and just endure Cornelius's gaze of hatred and so on. At that point Cornelius would just spit in Olivia's face without her explanation. Depending on how well he knows her. That would be quite funny actually. We could try and have them get a little friendlier I guess? Or you could go straight into this and he does that lol. Nah, I want him to work with Olivia. I like Olivia. I don't want him to hate Olivia /entirely/. Awkward conversations between them at the base then? xD Also for chapters is it just like story chapters specific things happen or its a story chapter when everyone writes a chapter? Pardon? Nevermind, it doesn't matter xD

*Of course, he's never participated in anything the Lab does, to Ackroyd's chagrin. Ackroyd still hopes to make a scientist of him yet, and considering the notes that he'd steal from the retirement home, Cornelius would prove a useful resource given enough rehabilitation.

-Weird Conversations with Ghosts: *Characters include:

#Edwin Naomale, whose the nice guy

#Avaline Arson, whose a smartass lil bitch (a fellow professor who joined him in the protests)

#Defiance Blunt, whose basically Cornelius if Cornelius was a YA dystopian character and a girl (sister)

#Marlin Hodges, a person he doesn't hate as much as others (old friend)

-Roger Ackroyd's Many Creepy Comments to Cornelius:(Corner)

"As long as you'll put down the firewall in your old folks home so that I can watch you sleep again I'll be happy" --from Cleo

"i hacked into the security cameras at your old folks home to watch you fall asleep every night"--also from Cleo

"i have read through all your articles and memoirs i am your biggest fan" --elliot

"shh.. Cornelius.. I've analyzed your letters more than a thousand times... you need someone to love you.."--wow Cleo and i are really fucked up

*Ackroyd sends fanfiction to the New Age of himself and Cornelius, possibly some rated R things involved - Nobody

"We could have happy life together, you and I Cornelius. Us and the mice in the new Technocracy." - Cleo, no shame

-All of Cornelius' Responses:

"NO"

"NO"

"NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO"

"okay maybe" (Ackroyd- Omg really?!)

"OKAY /NO/"

"JESUS CHRIST STOP HACKING MY CAMERAS" (Ackroyd- But I only want to watch you my

precious! You never put me on the visitation list!)

*"dont touch my goddamn letters you piece of shit" (Ackroyd- But you sent them to me Corny! I only want to be closer to you!)

*"One date if you burn this bitch down"

Random things of this Ship

*Liv sticking with the technocracy because she thinks her mentors are cute together.

*Cornelius goes out on dates so long as Ackroyd destroys everyone on his burn list

*Liv follows them and watches them and does a victory dance and is fangirling. Even though she was at one point in Cornelius' burn list. She also goes blind from reading fanfiction sent by her mentor to her other mentor. Cornelius tries to go blind.

*Liv annoys Gayle to write famous novel on Cornelius and Ackroyd's love life. He sells it to Cornelius at first saying "it's a biography" and since Cornelius has to check on if it's right or wrong he reads it and ends up tearing it apart in the Ackroyd chapter.

*Liv annoys Bennit to get him to spy on Cornelius and Ackroyd and arrange so that they may be in the same room more than once a day even though they are literally states away from each other. She rewards him with dates. #bennitxolivia

*Liv is on assignment there to spy on Cornelius and get him to think about dating Ackroyd. She succeeds when Cornelius calls Ackroyd to burn down the building in exchange for dates and then must go on dates with Bennit because she promised him it if he spied on Corny for her.

Future Section (for other chapters):

-Cornelius starts a second protest

-Gayle and his red pens

-Olivia x Bennit x Gayle (Poly...) NO POLY JESUS (DAMMIT, LET ME HAVE MY FUN)

-Olivia has crush

-Gayle is now a propaganda maker dude and he gets his legs and pens broken by Corny with his old man cane

-Azia x Shane x Ryan? PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH

-adventures in India or some other place, that'd be interesting, India being an ally of the proxy, shipping off New Age members, and then escaping and trying to get back. Sylvana being there because the proxy turned against her and she joins the New Age and she and Bennit have this childish rivalry

CHAPTER TWO PLOTTING

-Cornelius and Ackroyd will probably meet in Part One (which will be named something clever and scientific, ie Damn It, Ackroyd, I'm a Journalist Not a Scientist)

-Ackroyd will plan a lot and meet with Olivia probably (tracking devices added in somewhere because of Dee) NO SECRET TRACKING DEVICES DISGUISED AS CHINESE MEDICINE, FINE)

-Gaynit is real pass it on. With Bennit, Gayle explores the decrepit No Man's Land for assets to continue printing WOOOH

....red pens

insight on Liv's work.

-Cornelius will write an article and explore the depths of the museum while searching for his archives on biology (in a part 2 named something clever, ie Art is Most Probably Dead)

- Azia gets info from the New Age. Passed this new info to her boss, Mr. Neil Renolds. Along the way of giving these new messages, she comes across Shane once again.

CHAPTER THREE PLOTTING

-Cornelius, after getting into a fight about being banned from New Age with Bennit (while he was

looking for books in the archive), finally decides to go with Ackroyd to the Labs (in a part 1 that may or may not be named I Haven't Been in Florida Since That Last Gator Wrestling Match Back in 2003)
-Ackroyd introduces Cornelius to the first batch of failed mutants they tried creating. Cornelius spends some time pondering over them. He may or may not meet Olivia. (

[I] *Universal Heartache* [/i]

A kiss and embrace from the farthest of stars
would do well with my afternoon lunch break,
where I spend more time staring at the [clouds]
than with my [cloudy] thoughts.

you used the same word twice. think of something different.
That was meant to be parallelism! IT DOESN'T MA(HHHH)TTER, SIR! perhaps try um.... murky?

The dust storms and seas of glass from faraway worlds,
would be nice in my vivid midnight dreams.
If only I actually dreamed at night,
instead of tossing and turning in an expanse of sand.

Send me a rose from the asteroid belt,
and I'll plant it in my garden,
of which comprises a withered tree
and an even more decrepit disposition.

Caress me with the sheets of the inner galaxy,
and I'll twirl and pirouette with more grace
than the meeting room with nothing more than
a view of the concrete.

I LIKE IT.

DEE WHO THE HELL IS CARESSING YOU IN THOSE SHEETS?!
The universe.
BETTER BE
I SWEAR, MY SWEET (bitter)
Now, lets go get some tea and go Punch Shane, My love.

Whats going on down here?

She's not particularly good at English
Nor math, nor

I think that's why I kept her around.

She thinks I'm a genius,
I know I'm a fraud,

In a way, we were one and whole.

I'm a mosquito, irritating and small
And she's too stupid to swat me.

Moonbeams and Bad Dreams

The moon beams down at us at night,
and it seems happy enough,
if not for all of craters and crevices
we can hardly see and hardly even care for.

Its light isn't warm, but, then again,
it never was the warm type,
and that might be because of the
mountains and valleys that it calls home.

[It's rounded to the point, or rather,
to an edge, since it was never the brightest,
since it doesn't have time to think
with all of its daytime nightmares.

For some context: the point that I meant to convey with this poem was not so much love as it was "loving others," as superficial appearance or stature tells very little of internal emotional things. So the moon doesn't metaphorically represent something? It is just the... moon basically? Moon represents human. Oooh. Okay. That's make more of sense now that you mention it. You see, when I first read it over all I thought as love. Then I read it over a second time, I thought it was the moon. Now that you mention human or something, it seems to fit in together. For most poems, I think you should have the theme somewhere in the poem, like compare the human to the moon but in a non-sudden way, you know.

"THE MOON IS A HUMAN, except less stupid and a lot cooler." XD In a sense, you could do that but add some feeling or something. I mean, you have the right idea of how to write it out but like... it may take longer for the reader to fully understand it.

Looking Glass

Perspective at looking things,
Of common [and of uncommon, and un-common]
Matter isn't a science [doesn't matter].
A man is very - fast, or lightfooted [it]
Is down or up, or left or right, is
Poetry

(If it doesn't make sense, change how you look at things!)

"You're still here and making pancakes?" I asked, standing in the doorway. He nodded curtly, moving the spatula under the pancake and flipped it. It sizzled when contacted with the hot pan. He then moved away from the stove, shuffling almost, to the marble island where a cutting board lay with half cut green onions and a bowl of what seemed to be eggs. I told him to leave after doing his job, spending an hour or so cleaning my bathroom and then refuses to accept money. I mean, surely enough a person like himself (at least a human) should accept money. This guy is nice and all, but he comes out of the nowhere. Standing on the front porch, ranting about my horrible paint job of the house and then asked to come in. First off, I don't know the guy's name. Secondly, he smells like cheese. Moldy cheese. And thirdly, as I said before, doesn't like money.

"Hope you're hungry." He moved away from the marble island and turned off the stove. Despite from the aura of smelly cheese, the fellow was quite a looker. His blonde hair was ruffled and glowed in the sunlight that moved through the window while his green eyes danced playfully while cooking. I moved away from the doorway, walking towards the kitchen table, and sat down. It might seem crazy that I'm having breakfast with a complete stranger, but these things happen all the time in my neighborhood. The friends you have now might've been strangers on the streets.

The fellow took the pancake out of the pan, sliding it slowly onto a nearby plate before heading back to the island. He then slid the chopped onions into the egg mixture, softly mixing it together. After a few moments, he stopped what he doing and brought the plate with the pancake, and set it in front of me.

"I'm making omelets so don't fill up on pancakes in the meanwhile," he said before walking to the kitchen.

"Thanks," I muttered, reaching over to a bowl with silverware. A thought was making it's way slowly into my head. *Why is this man being nice to me? I poked at the pancake. Did he poison it? Was he a killer?* These were all stupid thoughts, as I'm known to overreact things. In a neighborhood where anyone can come in, whether you thought they were good or bad. I glanced up towards the man, his back turned towards me, as he pouring the omelette mixture into a nearby sauce pan. He looked friendly enough and couldn't cause any harm.

Right?

"Aren't you going to eat that?" I was so engrossed with my thoughts that I didn't realize the man was sitting across from me. I blinked quickly, slowly nodding.

"Yeah. I was just thinking." I cut a little of the pancake, moving it onto the fork and opened my mouth. Shoving the pancake into my mouth, I chewed thoughtfully. The man smiled shortly, cutting into his omelette and ate. The time seemed to move slowly and the silence was awkward. As stranger was sitting right across from me, eating peacefully like he been here before. The thought was jolting, causing me to swallow dryly. He hasn't told me his name yet, I thought, glancing at the man. His poked at his omelette, almost in a daydream stance. He then felt my stare on him and looked up.

"What?" he asked as I gulped.

"Nothing," I quickly looked down at my plate. The man rolled his eyes.

"Don't 'nothing' me, Anna." I blinked softly. How does he know my name? I glanced upwards at the man, a playful smirk on his face.

"How do you kn-" Before I could ask, the man chuckled quietly.

"Your name was on the mail," he pointed to a table, stacked with old bills and invitations to pot lucks. Oh. That's how.

"What's your name?"

The man smiled. "That's none of your business."

What seemed like forever, breakfast was over. The man excused himself, walking towards the bathroom leaving me to clean the dishes. I recalled the answer he gave me.

"That's none of your business."

You ever wonder

You ever wonder what's behind a rainbow?
Or what's behind the curtain backstage?
What are the secrets,
hidden behind each door?
And why is it,
that every time
we get an answer
that only more questions seem to follow?
I'm not sure if it's just me,
but Why
and How, and When,
Who, and so much more,
seem to frequent our conversations much more than
"I know" or even just as frequent as the
"I think" or the "I believe" statements.
You ever wonder if these things will ever change?
Well I do.