

**Session: 100018250**

**Approx Date: 01/07/2001**

**Location: LMLA-ink Offices – Chinatown NYC**

**Project: STORYBOOK Rewrite**

**Story: The wind's words and a flower**

**Link: STORYBOOK Chapter 1 Part 3 – Page 9**

**Lead in: “The moment of silence, but for the humble verse Flower recites...”**

**ISBN: 978-0-9803486-4-4**

Annie Lennox and David Stewart’s account of a spiritual moment—“There must be an Angel” plays.

*“...as the clouds; a participle, a component of the organic apparatus is the catalyst for the ATOMS in which she is its embryonic thought...”* Afamasaga reads the lines up on screen from a previous page. He thinks for a second and imagines what a real editor would say, “...Distracts from the flow of the story—we don’t need a lesson on meteorology here. We want to know what happens to Flower...” He makes a mental note of the passage, and gives his crew the signal to begin.

Metofeaz Litigatti readies himself to free the feelings he must emote.

Lazoo leans on the mic as he recalls GENISIS’s experience in the wild.

Le Mac reminds them of the seamless motion they must incorporate into the proposed prose. “A glance is a glance; because of each movement that it takes to create, a neck twists, an eyelid opens...”

Afamasaga feels unresolved guilt, from not knowing whether Jon Pierre had indeed stolen the story. But he reminds LMLA-ink’s members of their purpose, “A story is but words that lay dormant, until they’re spoken, read, written and then distributed. And Flower must be validated, as GENISIS did feel...”

LAZOO: The moment of silence, but for the humble verse Flower recites to give thanks for the meager food they have, is of immense feeling.

*Metofeaz: With eyes closed, their worlds are what their minds paint. The morning is perfect and serene.*

LAZOO: The orange haze from the broken rays of sun...

Le Mac puts his hand up in the air, “Remember the setting; there’s the cabin, the willow tree, the water. Afamasaga backs him up, “Shot, bro!” As Lazoo continues...

LAZOO: seeps through the willow...

*Metofeaz: and reflects off the stream’s surface to warm them as the morning breeze scintillates every open pore of exposed skin.*

LAZOO: Flower's fingers fumble to find bread to break as her mother's fingers find their way around the tabletop to hold her daughter's hands.

"And cut." Afamasaga signals the end to the passage.

Later that evening...

On their way home from the movies, Arley, Rocol, and Genesis call into the offices.

Lazoo and Afamasaga discuss the paragraph that took them nearly four hours to write. On stage Le Mac finds music for the next session as Metofeaz recites new material with a bottle of red wine in hand.

Le Mac cues Bonnie Pointer's "Heaven Must Have Sent You" in his headphones.

"She opens and I enter, together we succumb." Metofeaz pauses to take a swig from the bottle.

Arley calls out, "Shakespeare does porn on acid, rah rah!" She turns to Rocol and says, "They really believe this shit."

Le Mac lets the record go as he waves Metofeaz over to the deck. He shrugs his broad shoulders as he consoles the writer. "Brother, she's real Arley, that's all you can ask of a soldier." Metofeaz waves Le Mac closer and says into his ear, "It will fucking happen; the Poet Soldier is real. He found me!"

Le Mac points at the last booth where Arley holds up the phone. Metofeaz looks there and reaches over to turn the volume down on the mixer. Then he jumps down from the stage to go take the call.

"It's Polina; she and Missy are arguing whether Metofeaz is the Poet Soldier's son." Metofeaz takes the phone as Afamasaga wraps the two leather covered books in front of him in cloth.

"The Poet Soldier is real; he's the voice! And yes I was wearing diapers when he found me in Venice. What sort of diapers? Disposable ones!"

Metofeaz now holds the phone out for Afamasaga, who takes it and nestles it in between his ear and shoulder as he hands books wrapped in cloth to Lazoo who has the knapsack open. "Hey!" When there is no reply, Afamasaga takes the phone in hand and looks at it. A voice comes over the phone. "Is JPS on the F3quenZor still an active node?" He takes the phone and places it to his ear. "Missy, is Santina there, please? We'll have to sit down and look at your story and see if that detail is at all relevant. JPS is like an address; it's who lives at the address that matters, don't you think?"

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