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About: Metofeaz Resurfaces
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PART 1

Someone's YouTube account plays "Steal Away" by Robbie Dupree on the computer in the corner. "Turn it up!" Metofeaz shouts out as he wipes his hand behind the counter and then makes his way around it to be with his clientele. The packed diner fills with uncomplicated and sugary pop. The combination of his personality, smile, and the sweet song makes the moms, with their babies here for their mid-morning coffee, bite their lips as Litigatti whips off his apron and lassoes the air with it. The girl inside every woman in the place comes out as he points to one of them. "You were knee-high when this came out, ah?" making the lady giggle as Feeaz now sits down with her and her girlfriends and their children, who are just as excited as he is about the moment he makes, just because...

Le Mac opens the door to the offices; the music is as distinct as the coffee he sends them every week. John Reyer raises his head as Le Mac holds up the donuts he picked up on the way to his old haunt.

Everyone is glued to the screen, whose reflection he sees in the mirror, making him smile as brightly as the person who now captivates everyone—Metofeaz on webcam.

Rocol smiles as she sees the looks on her employees' faces. Her creative team is led by Lazoo and John, and then the executives from her fashion label "Charley Stevensen."

As John Reyer looks around the room, he is expressly proud of how the guy on screen, working for a cook's wages, was one of the key figures in the inception of the highly profitable enterprise that employs people with degrees, doctorates, and qualifications.

"Looks like Feeaz has come down to earth," he says quietly to Rocol, who holds out her cheek for Le Mac to kiss while she offers John Reyer a smile. "NSA, the last few days have been great, but we have to work together. Feeaz is who he is, and I'm okay with him being back." Rocol grabs John Reyer's arm as Missy sees Le Mac is there and nudges her sister, Polina Rada, whose face lights up as she taps Genisis and Arley on their shoulders from behind as if she doesn't want to disturb them, but she has to let them in on the news that Le Mac is here.

PART 2

Litigatti has his hand on the small of her back as he kindly shows the waitress out the small diner's back door after a long hard day. "Thanks for everything," he calls out to her, his way of letting his hardworking employees know their work is worth more than he

can pay them. He then lights up a smoke and listens to the sound of her heels as they fade into the night....

Inside on the computer, friends from another life wait for his answer to whether he would like to rejoin them on their journey he lost faith in nine years ago, when the gang, of which his name is still a part, succumbed to the pressures of business and forced him out. Over the years, he has, via different methods and through numerous shells, used characters who managed to help them out when they lacked the expertise to excite, conjure, and connect on levels normal writers cannot specify and target, let alone touch whilst maintaining rhythm and the line in a story.

Murphy's Law says that, in the five years he has been working in the diner, first as a kitchen hand, then waiter, and now cook, the one week the owner decides she would take a well-earned holiday is the week Rocol Récene, the Chairman of Board, would call to make him an offer he cannot refuse —Rewrite LAZOO!

After discussions with John Reyer, Lazoo, Le Mac, Missy and The *Guy*, who all confirm the same thing, that she, Rocol had let go off the past, his mind now wonders how the woman's mind was changed. He considers the various causes and then relies on his friend John Reyer's way of doing things as the answer, as he promises himself that whatever good work John had already achieved in patching up things with Rocol, he would not undo.

PART 3

“WOW!” The *Guy* says to himself as Litigatti does his thing, stuff that no sane man, especially someone serious about his craft, would consider thinking, let alone doing, but as always, good or naff, funny, or floundering, Metofeaz makes it happen...

Less than four days ago, this whole thing he is caught up in seemed like it could crumble into dust and lay there wasted until the wind blew it away in whatever direction it chooses.

This morning, as The *Guy* gets ready for a day at the office, his spirits are lifted from the online meeting with the original scribe. Metofeaz had not only endorsed his contribution, but he had also said it was a “Healthy and Invigorating” shot in the arm for everyone, including himself.

The *Guy* replays the feel good scene with Robbie Dupree and “Steal Away” from the diner as he watches the looks on the faces of Litigatti's fans and takes note of how easy the madman wins their hearts and minds—the real reason why Metofeaz does what he does. It makes The *Guy* laugh. He looks at Feeaz's Facebook page, as “John Reyer Afamasaga,” and promises he will get Litigatti back by creating a page using his name....