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PART 1

John Reyer clicks the “send” button to do just that. Litigatti has just delivered the finishing touches John Reyer has held back from almost everyone for near on three decades now, since he first met the Poet Soldier himself.

On screen, The *Guy* seems nervous. Litigatti is quiet as he winds down from having written his first piece within the new setup where he was not sure whether he could work. The normally confident person considers himself lucky that they let him back in. And while he is aware of John Reyer’s methods, which would’ve called for new energy, and a fresh perspective, even when The *Guy* was on top of his game, he is still grateful for the opportunity to write a coherent story in the new style, which is mindful of the audience rather than the messages, while also proving he can entertain them comprehensively by adding his flair to The *Guy*’s well timed twists.

An email from Tyler, telling them he will have the stuff back next soon, appears. John Reyer replies, “Take your time, Buddy. Thanks.”

John Reyer thinks about the next chapter of the Storybook in which they will rewrite one of the pivotal entries in the Poet Soldier’s diaries, an entry not derived from one of his poems.

Metofeaz begins to understand the purpose of the rewrites of Jon Poet Soldier’s STORYBOOK, which he thought was due to John Reyer’s desire to take control of the works by the person whom Litigatti sees as his father, and whom he hasn’t seen since he was around the age of three.

“For the fans! Chick shit is still where it’s at for us, no matter what they say! More from the heart, less from the hip, ah?” John Reyer says as he looks for a tune to give Litigatti another dose of his medicine.

Metofeaz reaches for the ThinkPad as the *Guy* selects the rendition he deems suitable for what may be the Whimsical one’s most defining story, in which he will tell a little of his account of his early years.

The *Guy* waits for YouTube to serve LMLA-ink the video.

John Reyer bows his head as the one who is back where he belongs begins to tap. The sound of his ardor is evident. John Reyer, respectful of Litigatti’s passion, which sets him

aside from others, does not look at him, but he can imagine his emotional response as he launches into his second offering for his crew since he was taken from the field....

The *Guy* watches as words flow across the screen and the music begins. The music is like an injection that inflames the pain Metofeaz feels. His acute point of view, which takes into account the minutest of blessings, while choosing unheard of circumstances, is the thread he begins to weave, more than a decade after he first sat at the helm of the end-to-end saga. The needle with which he pierces the fabric of today's society is his newfound energy that leaves the entire world in awe.

“Venice in autumn is a place full of flowing currents, softened edges, and hopeless hearts that come to be hapless in this love-laden land with its flooded streets on which awe binding bandits float in disguises in and amongst those gifted with the most valued connection one can imagine. Jon Pierre Solomon’s eye looks out on the streams of someone’s consciousness as he waits for that someone, who promised him she would meet him here in autumn....”

PART 2

Late December 1984...

Feeaz Fontain recognizes the Code 39 Bar Code on the computer hardware; it is being broken down as a team works on retrieving the merchandise. He and the nineteen-year old kid from nowhere, who comes and goes depending on how complex the job is, stand back. Both young men are nervous; the kid from nowhere—also known as the DJ—takes another drink of the liquor of which he reeks.

Jon Pierre, the Truck Driver—who got them in and out of the Los Angeles compound where the intercepted container was thought to be under the watchful eye of all the agencies—walks into the loading dock.

“I don’t fucking care,” the kid from nowhere says as his eyes water and he takes another gulp, and then he firms his grip on the AK47 in his other hand. He repeats the words he says to no one in particular as the next team, which is after the heavier stuff in the middle of the container, arrives.

The African leader of the new crew, which arrives with a fork-lift following behind it, is clean-cut and meticulous. He looks with some apprehension at Feeaz in uniform and the DJ in civilian clothes who are both younger than him, but he does not let on.

Jon Poet Soldier has been around; his cool appearance goes some way to calm his two young recruits on their first big job.

The DJ begins to breathe heavily as he spots a “possible.” “Take your time; remember everyone has someone who loves them, even if it’s just themselves,” Jon Pierre does

what he can to remind the DJ he is required to think of all the ramifications of his decision.

He takes another drink, which finishes off the bottle of Jim Beam, because he can now testify with belief that the “possible” threat to security is now a “probable.”

JPS listens to what he is told, and then he tells the African mercenary which one of his team is the rat.

Feeaz looks at the ground, as does the kid, as the soldier is called out.

The DJ drops the bottle. It bounces off the concrete floor when the soldier appears in front of him to disarm him of the semi-automatic weapon in his hand and then quickly point it at the kid.

“He would like to know the reason why you believe him to be the rat.” The DJ hears Jon Pierre’s explanation, but it doesn’t register.

The DJ moves his head slightly to the left and then to his right; the soldier follows the kid’s non-threatening movement, but when the kid moves his shoulders to the left, the soldier takes it for a joke. First, the soldier feels the weapon being yanked from his grip, and then the butt of the weapon being smashed into his face.

The Mercenary holds his arms out wide to stop the other soldiers from running in. “He’s the leak we’ve been looking for. A drunken kid just disarmed him!” The explanation has an immediate impact on the angry soldiers who retreat, but they are clearly angry at what just happened.

“How did you stop him from getting shot off?” Jon Pierre asks the kid, who now holds away from him the weapon he had in his clasp less than a thirty seconds ago.

“He’s not the bad guy,” the kid replies as he looks at the man on the ground holding his face. “Of course he’s not; we’re all good guys!” JPS smiles as he looks at Feeaz Fontain who stamps his right foot as he stands at attention. “We’re all good guys, Sir!” the young officer shouts.

PART 3

John Reyer completes parts one and two of the session, his input—the documentation of their process. He does it so Litigatti will take a break, and rest for an hour or so, which is all the writer will take when he’s in this mood.

John Reyer starts Part 3 of the session, in which he introduces the possibility that the same Poet Soldier who found and rescued baby Metofeaz floating on the Venice street in his bassinet, is not the same one young Feeaz Fontain, Metofeaz Litigatti’s birth name, had met in 1984.

“Hey, guess what?” Metofeaz leans over. His question means he’s still thinking of what it is he wants you to guess. When John Reyer ignores him, he happily admits, “I’m tired, going to rest, and I’ll be back around four or five a.m.” John Reyer looks at the clock and tries to think of how he will let his writer know how much he appreciates his change in his attitude. “Wow, ten hours off!” John Reyer’s delight is obvious.

As Metofeaz closes the front door, John Reyer, the one who creates the perfect environment for his writers to forge their names in history, reads over the past few days’ work. He likes how the drop in their rigid physical fitness regime has manifested itself in a fullness and wholesomeness that, with this next chapter of Storybook, will secure a place in their fans’ hearts, today and forever.

He thinks ahead to the GUIOPERA in September as he tries to figure out a way to bring back the sharp cutting edge, and maintain this well-rounded appeal with which the return of Litigatti has blessed everyone.

The *Guy* pops up; he has a brave look on his face, which John Reyer sees through. The *Guy* doesn’t have to say a thing. “It’s either you work out a way to make it look good, or we’ll do GO3 here in NYC.” The *Guy* nods his head, but John Reyer knows the *Guy* is powerless so he offers him a reprieve. “Litigatti will lead and you’ll just plot it.” The *Guy* just nods his head. “Proud of you though and how you put up with it; times coming when you’ll be free dude....” John Reyer types.

“Litigatti’s still the benchmark,” The *Guy* writes. John Reyer realizes how fortunate he is to have the players he has on his team. “None of this is possible without you.” John Reyer’s response is on screen before the *Guy*’s next response appears. “He didn’t actually steal the stories... he gave a kid his break. Later....” John Reyer lets The *Guy*’s angle sit for a moment. It references the widely debated topic of whether the Poet Soldier actually wrote the stories and poems from his diaries, or whether the boy he saved from being bullied on the streets of Petone New Zealand gave him all of the material which John Reyer works arduously to preserve for reasons only known to him.

John Reyer brings up The *Guy*’s file; the likeness of The *Guy* to Litigatti, Lazoo, Le Mac, and his appearances is unnerving. He looks at the computer scans of a face with the same bone structure that would pass through most scanners as long as the head was turned at the precise time, back when the technology was deemed state of the art. It makes him feel insignificant in the grander scheme of things that he had chosen both Litigatti and The *Guy* for their minds, and their extensive experience in the military and of the street respectively, and here they are now as writers of the saga the whole world accepts as the story that will make future generations envious once it is written, while they envision how wonderful it must’ve felt to be a part of its creation.

As his phone rings, magically the theme for Storybook Chapter Five Part 1 begins again. He puts it down to The *Guy* as he picks up his phone. “Hey,” he says as he hears Rocol,

his boss, tell someone in the background to, “Stop it!” John Reyer thinks of someone of whom Rocol reminds him.

He hangs up as the song starts again. The Charley Stevonsen logo on the Windows 7 desktop causes him to inhale his feelings that he must keep under control. His hand moves the cursor to where he maximizes Explorer. He finds the folder where he keeps photos of her that he tells himself are for marketing purposes. He un-hides the folder he keeps going back to when he finds himself at odds with the interests of those around him.

He tells himself 2020 is only days away as momentarily he allows room to feel sorry for himself. He looks down on the task bar to find Chapter Five of the Storybook is there. At this moment, it seems like the only place in the world where he can run.

“Go for it!” The *Guy’s* message makes him feel somewhat embarrassed that from time to time he still lets his feelings show as he selects the work in progress and begins to do what he expects of the ones who make him look as good as he does day after day....

John Reyer notices the time is 3 a.m. when the door opens and Lazoo pops his head into the room. “Come in; he’s fine,” says John Reyer, letting Lazoo know that Metofeaz no longer needs to be left alone.

The ideas guy, whose grandmother John Reyer writes about, sits himself down in the last booth. “Where is he?” Lazoo asks. “Believe it or not, he’s taken a break in the middle of the chapter.” John Reyer finishes a line and pushes the machine away from him. “Was it the way Janine read to you? Or were Little Lazoo and your mother’s recollections of her mother’s stories about the Poet that mind blowing?” John James Lazoo looks at the words on screen that his past does not let him read. They cover the fresh page John Reyer has finished. The crew’s commitment to telling his and his mother’s story still makes him feel indebted to them as he imagines how proud Janine would’ve been of her son, and how he has done so much with the little she could offer him.

“I was walking through the park this afternoon when I heard a mother explain to her child, of maybe three or four, her take on one of the stories.” John Reyer nods his head as Lazoo pauses and looks down to his left. When Lazoo looks back at his friend, he reminds him of how it is. “When you’re that age, everything your mother tells you is gospel.”

“Did Janine ever mention a meeting between Rozelle and her mother?” John Reyer is curious whether the Poet Soldier really did favor Janine over Rozelle, and whether there was any truth to the story that Janine ended up getting rid of Rozelle, thirty years after the Poet Soldier couldn’t do the job he was sent to do.

“From the way Janine made it sound, they had to work together, so there was this mutual respect for Rozelle, whom the network first thought to be a liability until she made her cover as singer work, and in the end, she was one of the key figures in the resistance.” Lazoo, who decided to take his ritual walk at a later time tonight so he could pop into the

offices and see how things were going, feels like having a jam with his friend who is obviously feeling the pressure of having Litigatti back.

“Let him be and we’ll all be on our best behavior. You do enough already. If having Metofeaz back means you have to work twice as hard for him to perform, you might as well be doing it with just you and *The Guy*.”

John Reyer listens to the good advice, but he knows that Litigatti has changed, and this stint in the field, during which “Whimsical” had delivered some defining moments, leading to significant changes, has taken him closer to where he and all of them strive to be—Amalgamation—of experience, lessons, and knowledge, integrating all that good stuff into everyday life and living. “A life that counts!”

The front door opens and it’s Litigatti. He has coffee. Behind him is Le Mac. “Shit rust never sleeps,” the hotelier from South America complains about his pal’s unsociable routine.

“I don’t know why I do this shit?” Le Mac’s smile is contagious as Metofeaz places coffee in front of Lazoo and John Reyer as he points to the stage for Lazoo to move out of his seat.

John Reyer brings up Adobe Flash player and clicks play. The SWF file is a compilation of the crew’s highlights, featuring Lazoo during the New American Dream, and Polina. It also has bits of John Page from around the same time.

He activates auto save on Microsoft Word to ensure the feed is continuous as he sees the images on the screen above the stage where Le Mac is centered behind the turntables, while Lazoo leans on his microphone stand waiting for Metofeaz, in front of whom John Reyer slides the ThinkPad.

Their Nokia phones all ring at about the same time. John Reyer tells Rocol, “Impromptu this one.” “Just a bit of fun babe,” Lazoo tells a sleepy but excited Genisis. John Reyer hangs up as his rings again. It’s Polina. “You’re the Apple of everyone’s eye Ms. Rada. Yeah iPad and iPod for you in the GUIOPERA. This is one for the boys.”

“Jay-Z, Alicia Keys, Our State of Mind. Empire. Lazoo, Metofeaz, Le Mac and Afamasaga twenty-ten. Rewrite SB five in session one double zero, zero twenty one, five four six. There ain’t nuttin like LMLA-ink jam; spread that on ya muffin,” Le Mac says into his mic, and then he lets the record speak for itself as he lets the vinyl go.