

GUIOPERA III *The SystemSpectacular*

Value-Add-Interlude

SESSIONS of LMLA-ink

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PRELUDE

Polina watches the actor/author turned techno designer onscreen; it's obvious he needs a new day job. With the GUIOPERA III coming to an end, and LAZOO 2010 the Kindle eBook next on his list of things to do, John Reyer Afamasaga has completed his integration of all his experience, which he cannot note on his résumé, and in doing so, now looks for a new environment where he can be himself.

The quiet, unassuming, helpful, but above all, talented manager of people, and creator/designer of systems and solutions, continues to bide his time in entry level positions until etfiction is finished as far as a Techno Concept Generator MILL is concerned, which will spawn new products when the time is right.

Polina sees that he might be serious about moving on from where he is as far as Lotte is concerned. He's starting to chat to women more his type who might present a chance of something happening.

He's stopped responding to online dating sites now that he has to take up his role as John Reyer, with news that Tone Horroh has been arrested for the murder of Hariss Clariss back in '98, and also for the murder of the would-be Poet Soldier, the one involved in the North Africa mission. No one is quite sure of how it went down, with the way LMLA-ink never rolled over, leaving Ammer as the suspect for how the police came to possess footage of the gruesome killings by Horroh, who mutilated the two bodies, leaving them looking like carcasses in the wild that were torn limb from limb by animals high up in the food chain, and then left for vultures to devour their remaining flesh.

Polina looks forward to LAZOO 2010, in which John Reyer will attempt to entice Stephen King to join him and Grisham in writing GUIOPERA V in 2012. The plan is John Reyer Afamasaga will write the voice of Lazoo; Grisham will write Gene Reyer, Lazoo's lawyer in the Tongue murders, and King will do his thing as creator of the morbid mayhem in which LMLA-ink assists NYPD in tracking down a serial killer in NYC, of whom the public are unaware.

“King, Afamasaga, and Grisham,” The *Guy* spells out one of the combos in the years to come, which will include the likes of J. K. Rowling, and hopefully new talent for which he is on the lookout.

Polina thinks about the “Crossover” that The *Guy* continues to plot, from naive novice to vilified voice of the Internet; nonetheless, he has displayed his skill on stage this time when he was forced to take up the role of leader, a role he does not feel at ease with and finds difficult when he must do what he does with his hands tied behind his back.

Polina wonders whether he will be as effective in reality, and then she thinks back to his younger days, when he had people to front for him and the budget.

Then an email from “John Reyer Afamasaga” arrives:

“You ain’t seen nothing yet....Imagine....Oops, sorry you can’t imagine what’s next. Try imagining when film first hit the cinema, and when TV arrived in your living room. I’m here to take this GAME to another level. Virtual Reality, with my Virtuoso....Who’s GAME enough to give me a shot? Step up, and shake hands; the future is ours, blah, blah, blah....”

PART 1

“Later on
We’ll conspire
As we dream by the fire...
...Walking in a winter wonderland....”

Christmas Carols continue....

John Reyer’s mother notices her son’s behavior as he puts food on his plate that he doesn’t normally touch.

As usual, his little brother Vic is standing next to him, looking up at John Reyer, who is now at school.

Christmas in Petone for the Afamasagas means there’s heaps of family and food, which includes pork, food Seventh Day Adventists do not eat.

His mother feels like saying something, but she is confident her eldest son at five years of age is not dishing up the food for himself but for one of his uncles or aunts.

John Reyer lets his little brother play with his presents in the living room in front of the fireplace; it gives the younger fellow the feeling that he has twice as many gifts and keeps Vic occupied while they wait for their cousins to arrive.

Johnny, as everyone calls him, bows his head as he walks past his elders and into the kitchen where he sees his mother is busy at the oven. He has his hands ready as he hears

his mother say, “Close the back door” in Samoan. Johnny left the door open for his exit from the house after he collects the plate of food from the corner of the table and darts through the open door.

His escape with the plate of food goes terribly wrong when the foot he uses to drag the door shut behind him gets stuck, unluckily sending the plate flying forward and over the steps to the ground where it smashes, scattering the food on the back lawn.

John Reyer freezes as he hears his mother’s voice from behind him....

He slowly gets up, pretending he doesn’t hear what she says, while more concerned about the evidence scattered on the lawn....

Fifteen minutes later, his story to her about the homeless man, who is sleeping in the back of an escort van in the car sales lot up on the corner of the street, earns him a scolding before his mother hands him a fresh plate of food for “Jon Pierre Solomon.”

John Reyer’s mum ends up with a smile on her face from her boy’s incredible imagination that can conjure up a “Poet Soldier” out of whom she believes to be a Maori boy who lives around the corner and whose family is not that well off.

“Mum, mum, he says I am the next Poet Soldier,” the lad says in Samoan to his mother, a registered nurse.

On September 5, 1965, two boys were born, one in Sicily, the other in New Zealand. Another pair was also born one in Russia and another in South America.

Jon Pierre had met Metofeaz Litigatti already and also Afanasy in Russia and Jon Le Mac from Brazil.

The last of the quartet he has yet to meet is Johnny Reyer Afamasaga, mostly Samoan, with just enough German blood in him to make him princely and precise in whatever he does. The kid, whose story has it that royal blood flows in his veins, and who has the looks, courage, and brains, plus a heart to match his billing, knocks on the back window of the van Jon Pierre sits inside as he tests the boy out to see whether he has the gift to entertain the world, bringing laughter and causing chaos, but in the end, creating a moment that will stand out in history.

“It’s open, Johnny,” The Poet Soldier calls out, and the door, heavy for a child, is flung back. Johnny then slides a plate of food covered in a tea towel along the metal floor of the van.

“I told my mum I’m going to be the next Poet Soldier,” Johnny says as he now puts a hand on his hip.

“And just before I forget, Le Mac’s my imaginary friend. Afanasy is Polina’s dad. And Metofeaz has to talk to the girls because I don’t like them. Well I do, but they always tell their friends after we do kissing behind the bike shed....” Johnny, who speaks no English at home and is bullied at school because he mostly speaks in Samoan to the other kids, tells Jon Pierre in near perfect English about the characters whose names Jon Pierre has only mentioned to Johnny....

Jon Pierre notices how the boy he met on Jackson Street, Petone, in Peter Jackson Town, watches his every move, and comments on his actions at the same time he tells him which one of his relatives has arrived at his home down the street based solely upon his hearing, which Jon Pierre has been advised is one of the reasons why this kid is favored to be the one to carry on The Poet Soldier’s work.

“You’ve spent a lot of time in America; you still have your fork in your right hand....Oh that’s my aunt from Porirua,” The boy’s fragmented conversation is a delight to listen to, if you know the range of his personality already, from humor to saying eloquently what will press people’s buttons when he feels like adults and children alike are not behaving how they ought to in the context of a scene he’s in.

Jon Pierre looks at the walls of the van he has to sit down in. Johnny had suggested he sleep in the van, which JPS did to see whether the child was capable of directing a story given the chance.

“What were Metofeaz and John Page like?” Johnny’s non-stop questions, as he stands outside the van while JPS sits inside its little cabin, make Jon Pierre aware of the little soldier’s highly developed leadership qualities, confirming for Jon Pierre the ranking of his four recruits....

PART 2

“So this is Christmas....”

John Lennon sings as Zoop looks up at the TV in the dive bar in Chicago.

The door is flung open and the plastic bells clatter as John Page jumps through the closing door. He lands like a gymnast ending his routine, and then he shivers before he wraps his arms around himself after he’s successfully fled the snow and the wind outside.

Page walks as if, should the precious snow on him fall from his leather jacket, it would mean death.

Zoop takes a sip of his beer as he watches the madman trying to figure out what Page is up to. Page now bows his head and looks at Zoop with his dark eyes only just visible in the dim light as they peer beneath his eyebrows.

“Still in your momma’s underwear...” Zoop says as he keeps a smile hidden from Page.

The door opens again. This time the voice of the person who enters causes Page to stop the play he was building up to some funny frenzied ending in which he and his pal Kevin Zealand would end up rolling on the ground in fits.

“Fucknuckle’s here,” Zoop says loud enough so Page and Ammer, now close behind Page, can hear.

“I prefer wanker,” Ammer says as he turns into the bar, and John Page says, “I’ll be back as he heads for the bathrooms.”

As Page goes to enter the men’s room, he gets a fright when he sees appear, out of the ladies’ bathroom, Silvia....

Page returns from the bathroom and finds Zoop, while Silvia listens to Ammer about his plan for a project that is on the horizon.

Page doesn’t hear any of the plan since he can’t quite fathom the idea that Zoop and Silvia were here together before he arrived.

Silvia reaches for Page’s hand on the bar; he pulls it back to himself as he now can hear Ammer. “Okay? It’s simple; those Commie bastards need to find a new farm for their commune....”

Silvia responds to Page’s standoffish behavior by storming out of the bar, followed by Hannibal.

“Did you check the back door?” John Page is asked by the person who has already earned himself the name of the Zurich Teller in a job for which Page did time.

Page clicks that his best friend is onto him as his mind wonders how Silvia came to be in the bar....

PART 3

Lazoo bows his head as the front door opens and Polina Rada appears. A mixture of reasons exist for why John James looks at the ground. The denial Horroh had managed to create as a cone silence—under which they have all lived under for years, with knowledge of who killed who, and where the money came from off which they lived, with no clear direction of where they were heading—has been lifted. This is just one of the reasons why LMLA-ink’s first star bows his head when the crew’s other big name enters. And now the crew’s members begin new lives in which they have no real idea of who each other are under guidance of The *Guy*, who now appears on screen.

He's relaxed as he organizes the last days of the story for 2010. "Johnny Reyer!" Polina calls out. The *Guy* smiles as she pulls up to the last booth, taking the edge off the awkward moment. Lazoo moves to make way for Polina, but the once little princess tells him, "Stay there; get used to it" as she starts walking toward the stage.

She is here for a discussion of the final days of GUIOPERA III the SystemSpectacular.

Litigatti, Le Mac, and Zoop come through the front door, followed by Arley, Missy, and Genesis.

While the crew make themselves comfortable in the old bar, where Polina had suggested for them to return so they could do what they like away from the corporate offices of CS, Polina sets the mic stand so it will be at the right height when she takes her seat on the stool at stage center.

Zoop and Le Mac make their way onto the stage, where Le Mac gets in behind the rig and Zoop does the lighting for Polina's poetry reading.

Litigatti plays on the ThinkPad with frame configurations on the screen above Polina's head. In the frame, Polina appears on the left and The *Guy* on the right, and then appears one where Polina is central with The *Guy* in the corner.

"*Shot!*" The *Guy* types as he lets his team have a peak at a smile, while the author warms to the task of having to run the crew again in reality sometime in the near future, and so he chooses to start leading them as he would in reality from this point on.

"What about Brisbane?" Litigatti asks. Lazoo answers, "What about Brisbane—they don't deserve anything." Then Lazoo gets up from his seat. Lazoo's response is largely based on having played the role of "*The Guy in the GAME*," himself as the cloaking device for when they were creating the "*Tongue Murders*," for his "*New American Dream*."

"Anyone want a coffee?" Lazoo calls out as he heads around the bar.

"*Don't worry about Brisbane; I'll make it up to the city and the good people of Brisbane sometime soon when this is over,*" The *Guy* types onscreen.

"If it weren't for the MICERs and their lowlife loser movie, it would work," says Polina. "The *Guy* doesn't know about what's going on, so if you don't know about it, there's nothing you can do....Plus he, The *Guy*, has no one!" Polina begins to get emotional as she adds to Lazoo's support that the story cannot include the people immediately around The *Guy*, whose behavior toward John Reyer has worsened in the past week.

A rare occurrence happens when they hear The *Guy*'s voice come through the speakers.

“It’s only because of the loser MICER crews, and plus, I’ve done the city enough of a favor penning the work here. Plus, like I said, Brissy’s going to be one of our bases soon, and then everyone will be happy. To be honest with you, if one of the MICER crews approached me, I’d probably do a deal for us—one that will give them what they want, without our appearance in their loser movie, which is where they fall over, it being totally based on me.”

“How much?” Litigatti asks.

“Enough for a couple of months for the crew in Spain to write new work and relax. And that’s just to sit down and talk, and then probably ten million dollars up front for them to use a name I approve they use, and a royalty on all derivatives that’ll feed us for a while. All together, probably fifteen million dollars up front, and ninety-seven percent of all proceeds from their work, non-negotiable unless they want to give me more for creating everything. And they can’t come near our story. I think three percent for effort is fair, don’t you?”

“We’re only talking about an outcome that could include everyone here,” Polina looks around at the crew.

Polina now holds her hand over the mic. “Correct me if I’m wrong, John Reyer, but if family members didn’t betray you by getting involved with the MICERs, would you at all be trying to find a way out for the losers?”

The *Guy* looks down at the keyboard as he speaks. “Point being, I now don’t want to know about it; three year ago, I might have considered a deal to save them, when we needed a bigger fan base for the cause. But now the *New Global Realm* is created, and *DataCommodity* is out there; those people who did me wrong are worthless to those whom we can influence,” The *Guy* calmly says as he sees Lazoo wanting to say something.

“I still say, you could’ve written it in any corner of the world,” Lazoo says, and then he looks for Genesis, talking with Arley in the next book over from the last one.

The *Guy* beams a genuine smile as he writes on screen. “*I love Brisbane! It’s worked out perfectly for us, team. Now, what are here to do?*”

The date onscreen reminds everyone that it’s only five more sleeps to the last of this year’s “LATEST UPLOADS.”

Litigatti points at Polina to start the rehearsal, as on screen John Reyer, who is back to his former self, prepares an email to his good friend and LMLA-ink’s associate editor Tyler Tichelaar.

Hi, Tyler,

Here's a schedule for this week's editing. I'll be sending one more SESS today, not included in schedule....

It's based on Aust Time, and I will most likely send the copy on the evening of the day shown. I will require these back asap please.

Needless to say my friend, this is the final stretch of an amazing team effort, notable performance by you Tyler—Your Support! Mate....And how you give me the confidence to smash this GAME....And by how you turn the work around quickly, making it the least of my worries so I can concentrate on playing my "A" GAME....

*Chapter: 82
Send to Tyler: Sun 19
Upload: Mon 20*

*Chapter: 83
Send to Tyler: Mon 20
Upload: Tue 21*

*Chapter: 84
Send to Tyler: Tue 21
Upload: Wed 22*

*Chapter: 85
Send to Tyler: Wed 22
Upload: Thu 23*

*Chapter: SESS
Send to Tyler: Thu 23
Upload: Fri 24*

*Chapter XMAS
Send to Tyler: N/A
Upload (unedited)*

P.S. I paid \$160 odd Ozzie dollars for this month's invoice, which should take my bill down to somewhere around 700?

John Reyer