

## SIREN

By Michael Dickson

**NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED THROUGHOUT THIS NARRATIVE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE MINISTRY'S STRICT CONFIDENTIALITY CLAUSES. DISCLOSURE WILL ONLY BE MADE ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOME SECRETARY OR A DESIGNATED DEPUTY FROM HIS OR HER OFFICE.**

Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right.

One after another. The road comes towards me and disappears under me.

*The magic's gonna happen. The magic's gonna happen.*

Fade into the crowd. Blend in. Fade in. Fade out. *Recede.*

So special. So so special. Timing is everything.

Keep going. Left. Right. Left. Right.

*The magic's gonna happen. The magic's gonna happen.*

Surrounded by thousands of people. Fading in as I approach, fading out as I pass.

Part of an enormous crowd. Cast of thousands. All around me. Ordinary people. In ordinary lives. Working through joy. We get to feel good at the end.

*So alone. I'm so, so alone.*

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Slumped down in the chair with four others around me. I'm watching something on the TV with them, but my mind is *obviously somewhere else*. They don't know anything about any of it and I hope it stays that way. I just want them to accept me. Deep, deep down I want to be as thick and as simple-minded as they are before I get found out. I want to have stupid conversations with stupid people about stupid things. I want to be adrift and happily drowning with them in the same muck they happily swim in.

I want to be part of the crowd.

I just want to be loved.

I just want to be loved.

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It was a stupid place to come to, but I knew I had to come back here under whatever pretences I could find. I grip the balustrade tightly and feel the rust gnaw through the soft flesh of my palms. I made my way here with my head down. I cannot look up, not just yet. *Face it.* I look up. My eyes open into the cutting wind, throwing its seaward stink into my nose and through my hair. No one else stands on the promenade apart from me. My heart jumps in my chest as I once again look far out upon the vast metal

skeleton, its ribs poking up through the ruinous waters like fingers clutching upwards for survival. Tonnes of bent metal and fractured wood are submerged beneath the blackened waters, the currents breeding a powerful eddy around which debris even now still appears and floats, five years after the event. Five years, seventy-five souls and *him* beneath the waters and I fear that he might still be there, waiting just for me because I made it and they didn't. I want to be part of the crowd. I want to be with them. I almost want him to touch me. I want to feel good at the end.

I try to remember what drew me to this place so long ago. Was it being lonely and wanting to be a bigger part of it all? Or was it that I sought something else so much more dark and powerful that even now I cannot grasp it?

I try to remember the useful parts. I try to forget the screaming. *That voice. That dreadful voice.* It all went so terribly, terribly wrong. I saw something that people are not meant to see. I felt the cold waters claw around my body and freeze me down to the core as it tried to suffocate me. Scrambling. Reaching. A hand grabbed mine. Somehow I was free. Too cold to cry and far too frightened to do anything but cling to that single metal rib upon which we both stood. We didn't say anything to each other; we couldn't even if we wanted to. We just held tight to the decaying upright and hoped it would last whilst we held on.

*Don't leave me behind. Come back for me. Please don't leave me alone.*

I peer out to the broken structure in front of me, every trace of the familiar interior having been taken away by the power of the currents that surround it. *Seventy five of them, down there somewhere.* Where did they all go? How did they go? Did they know what was happening to them? Did it touch them? A phrase comes to my mind. PLANNED CHAOS. Not ours, but theirs. We sought order and structure and it was pulled away from us by PLANNED CHAOS. Who makes the plans? Who decides when it happens? Who tells us all when to stop living? Who leaves us to rot?

Come back for me.

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I walk down the streets and look into the oblivious faces of the people that walk past me, all of them just...*not caring.* Immersed in the *lottery* and the *TV* and *what's for dinner* and *relationships* and *shopping for bargains* and *home improvements* and holidays and I know that ***this is all rubbish*** because I have seen what lies beneath *everything.*

The corner of the protecting VEIL has been drawn aside and I have seen the madness that lurks beneath it all. I want to be a part of everything. But I know I cannot. Not now. Not with what I have seen. My only chance is to understand it and deal with it so I can dispose of it. I need CATHARSIS.

These people see their lives ahead of them as if they have any means of planning it. All I see is inevitability. They see their ideas. All I see are flaws.

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Alone again behind the closed bathroom door. I stare at myself in the mirror. My nose. My eyes. My cheekbones. My forehead. My hair. My lips. My chin. My neck. All add

up to a whole. Some people compliment me on this, but I know better. They see me. All I see are flaws.

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*Locusta*. I barely knew her. It wasn't her real name. I barely knew her. She was beautiful. I still wanted it to happen, though. I wanted to be with them. To feel the same power they needed. To enjoy the same flavours they savoured. I kept my countenance, and *I watched them rip her open from throat to navel*. I am not a bad person, believe me.

She screamed more loudly than I thought possible for one person to scream, but the sound didn't last long. Shock? Trauma? Or was it all taken away from her so quickly?

Was this the point where we realised it was all going wrong? I wonder. Or was this the catalyst that PROPELLED the downfall? I must read more and write what I understand.

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The house is empty, and at last I can take my time over this. The dark wooden box is stashed under my bed, secured by a padlock. Only one other person here has even seen it and she assumed it was full of money or drugs, but I said nothing and she didn't ask much.

- *Lo que hay en la caja?*
- *Nada. Olvídate de eso. No está ahí.*

I take it through to the kitchen and set it on the table, opening the lock with the key and snapping it apart to release the lid. Inside...photographs, two notebooks, a ring, a sketch on the back of an envelope, a sheaf of papers held together with a paper clip, and a large folded piece of paper, perhaps A2 size. This is what I am after. I pile the other objects back into the box and then carefully open the paper, its folds buckling slightly with used and re-use. I open it out and cover the half of the kitchen table with it, some edges stuck together with Sellotape and staples. One word along the top, in the centre: MARGAID.

Revelations exist. I have to communicate them and there is only one other person on the face of the planet who can possibly understand them, but he lives 463 miles north of here and he cannot be here to see what I can see. I could photograph it, but that would not be enough. I think about excuses to get there to see him, but none of them are right and anyway I'd have to rearrange too many other things. I'd phone but to hear his voice and even to hear *that word* said again by someone else might send me over the edge again, so I will think of something else. There is always the Internet. Thank heavens for that.

\*\*\*

Hey. Mister.

You there?

Morales ☺

I've been back there

Where

THERE

Are you kidding? Isn't it incredibly dangerous?

I didn't go out onto it just saw it from afar.

I'd never do that. Please don't you do that again either.  
You're crazy to confront that kind of stuff and you know it.

I had to. I have had a REVELATION.

Really? About what?

No time to explain now. Might have to explain it by e-mail instead.

OK. Is it a big one?

Pretty huge. This all goes back centuries.

I thought it did. Have you got proof?

Yes, I think so. It's a tentative step anyway.

OK. I have made progress too.

REVELATIONS?

No, I've been finishing the second part of CLERGY.

I had to redo part of it because it wasn't working very well. I have horribly over-produced it.

Oooh. It will be fine. When can I hear this?

Soon, next couple of days anyway.

OK. Brb.

K

Back

😊

I've updated the MARGAID again.

Oh wow. How many parts now?

Seventeen, but there might be more.

Wow Alice. Lots. I was counting on maybe six or seven.

IDK. I think there might be more there. How does CLERGY sound now?

I'm focussing on the mysterious part of it. It's really spooky stuff.

Do you think anyone else can understand it?

Maybe only the five of us.

THE FIVE

I don't even know who the others are.

Me neither. I did hear someone once say that REDACTED was okay but that's just rumour. I so wanted her to be okay but I don't think it's possible that she made it.

I'm sure she didn't. I am pretty sure that REDACTED and REDACTED were OK though. But that's just strong rumours. I don't really know.

You still there?

Hellooo?

Got a demo version wrapped up here now, but I'll wait until you have more time to hear it properly. Thinking of putting a woman's voice on it, a sort of soprano sound, maybe. She'll sing a sort of melody you cannot really place.

Sorry back. Yes. I hear that too but I didn't pay it much attention.

Woman's voice? What will she be singing?

I haven't actually worked that out yet. Maybe you'll never really know.

So when am I getting to see the latest REVELATIONS?

Soon.

I gtg. Night! Xx

Good night xx

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*He knows. He understands. Well...some of it.*

Not everyone does.

- *paircy... paircy...*
- Sorry, what, Ally?
- Nothing

Got nobody else that gets how complicated my inner life is.

\*\*\*

Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right.

*The magic's gonna happen. The magic's gonna happen.*

We all need faith

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Deep breath.

21 July 1403.

Deep breath.

Big letters on the sheet. **REVELATION 14.**

Take a series of 3x5 grids and construct letters within them per the layout described in Catalogue 14/2.

```
xx   x   xxx  xx   xx  x x
x x  x x   x   x x  x   x x
xx   xxx   x   xx   x   xxx
x   x x   x   x x  x   x
x   x x  xxx  x x   xx  x
```

Overlay all grids onto one another and XOR out the bits so that one 'set' bit will cancel out the another 'set' that it superimposes. A new 3x5 grid pattern emerges:

```
xx
xx
xx

x
```

Extract 3x5 bits and express as a string:

```
011
110
110
000
010
```

gives 0111101100000

Analyse these 15 bits with LUHN check (1) to give

```
01111011 00000101
```

16-bit word represents in little endian format

```
0x057B = 1403
```

Take 21<sup>st</sup> July of that year (as previously discovered) and reference this date.

*Shrewsbury, Battle of (1403). Battle in which HENRY IV defeated the forces of Henry "Hotspur" **Percy**, who had risen against him in the **PERCY REBELLION.***

*The **Percy** family had been among Henry IV's most loyal supporters. They landed with him at Ravenspur in 1399 and supported his seizing of the crown from*

*RICHARD II. However, by 1403 this powerful northern family's loyalty had deteriorated for several reasons. First, the **Percys** claimed that Henry IV had sworn to them in 1399 that he was invading England only to recover his inheritance; thus, by taking the crown, he had broken his oath. A second reason was Henry IV's refusal to ransom Edmund Mortimer, Henry "Hotspur" **Percy's** brother-in-law. Finally, there was Henry's refusal to let the **Percys** ransom the Scottish prisoners whom they captured at the BATTLE OF HOMILDON HILL in 1402.*

*Hotspur rose in revolt, along with his uncle Thomas **Percy**, earl of Worcester, and began a march toward WALES from their base in the north. Hotspur's plan was to reach Shrewsbury, located in the centre of the Welsh March, and link up with the Welsh forces of Edmund Mortimer and OWAIN GLYN DWR. Hotspur also expected forces from his father. HENRY **PERCY**, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, to meet him on the Welsh border. Unfortunately for Hotspur, Henry IV moved promptly once he received the news of revolt and quickly occupied Shrewsbury, thus cutting Hotspur off from his Welsh allies. Due to Northumberland's illness, the forces that Hotspur expected him to supply did not arrive either. Seeing that no more reinforcements would be forthcoming. Hotspur withdrew a few miles to just outside Shrewsbury and awaited the attack of the royal ARMY.*

*On 21 July 1403 the Battle of Shrewsbury commenced. Each side first attacked with its longbowmen. This was the first time in English history that the longbow was used by both sides in a battle. After the first few volleys, Hotspur's men gained the upper hand. Following the longbow attacks. Hotspur sent in his men-at-arms, and the **Percy** army continued to enjoy the advantage. However, this did not last long, as the king's eldest son. Prince Henry (the future HENRY V), struck with his forces from the left and began operating in Hotspur's rear. With the battle still unresolved. Hotspur and his Scottish ally Archibald Douglas, 4th earl of Douglas, took a small number of knights and began searching for the king. Their object was to kill Henry IV and thus end the battle. Sadly for the rebels, during this attack Hotspur was struck by an arrow in the face and fell.*

*Once the news that Hotspur had fallen reached the rest of his army, the rebels broke and ran. giving the royal forces a complete victory. Henry IV captured and executed the earl of Worcester and the other leaders of Hotspur's force a number of days later. Although he was victorious at Shrewsbury, the Percy revolt went on for another five years before the Lancastrian dynasty found security on the throne.*

## **PERCY PAIRCY**

I open my e-mail almost at once and compose a message which I send off.

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Black and white, laid out in front of me, the trance coming down all around me now. I pick out the notes. Slower then faster. One at a time. I feel the melody and the sinewy quality that it imbues to the air and write down the notes in the book lying open in front

of me. Trying to recollect the notes and that feeling of dread. Trying to pick out the unified theory behind the sound, the action, the air, the mood and the memory.

Sometimes I have to stop. Some of the memories are getting to be too painful to recollect. How can magic happen without some pain?

I pick at the notes again. Black and white, laid out in front of me, the trance coming down all around me now. The notes complete, they join the MARGAID with the others. Some day I will get all this stuff into some order. Some day. Dmi E. Dmi E. Over and over again until the trance is complete.

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## **Transcript: REDACTED Interviews REDACTED: "The Disappearance of 22<sup>nd</sup> Sept 2005"**

### **The REDACTED Show**

**REDACTED:** Before we go to our first guest, who I'm so very honoured to have, I wanted to just remind you that in September 2005 seventy-five people went missing from a secret location on the English coast, with only five people surviving. Now it was gonna be all covered up as is usual with just about everything that goes on there, but some leakage has emerged which has proved that the survivors are being secretly held in what is euphemistically called *protective custody* and that the reason for the mass disappearance may have less to do with uh...what the 'authorities' have corruptly called *restoration work gone badly wrong*, which as we all know is just another of those *false flag operations* going on all the time these days.

My guest today is **REDACTED** who has more to do with the legitimate research that went on into finding out what happened that day than anyone else. In fact, he told British and US colleagues that 'I'm gonna be murdered and found dead in the woods if I don't shut up.' He has spoken and written widely about what he has found out through his years of research about these events and his success is such that this is now mainstream news. He has got some help from insiders who confirm parts of his story and we have that posted at DataCombat.com and CagedEarth.com. So a lot of people are starting to go public on this...uh...thanks to him.

There were rumours of this *last week* that somebody who had been inside the British government had sources who said that they could confirm that these people had been deliberately killed, but the folks that got that story, I guess didn't take time out to go ahead and get in contact with the individual who was bringing forward this information himself. We've done that and he's here with us now. **REDACTED** has a long bio. I did some research on him over the weekend. He is, of course, a **REDACTED** in government matters. He's written for the Journal for **REDACTED**. He has given advice and briefed the **REDACTED** on **REDACTED**, that's the US Senate. He's given speeches and consulted all over **REDACTED** and **REDACTED**. And of course he's been an invited guest of the **REDACTED**.

So he's a mainstream guy, and I was very impressed talking to him. We're about to break for a quick three minute break, come back and join a bunch of stations that carry news during this segment. And I'll briefly re-cap who our guest is and we'll go to him. He is on the line with us, and again we're gonna break and come back, and he has some



bombshell information for you from his sources inside intelligence services. This guy is on the level and will answer the questions that have really puzzled us. So you wanna have your tape recorders going, you wanna call your friends and family and tell them to tune into this show. And one of our great writers will have a transcript of this posted on the web site by this evening so even if the transmission gets interrupted the news is still gonna get out there.

[Commercial Break]

We're going to have an article this evening on the websites. It'll appear first on CagedEarth.com and I wanna thank all the folks that have been working on this story and for getting us this guest. And again he's **REDACTED** and a **REDACTED**, and he's written for major anti-**REDACTED** journals. He has given his expert advice to the **REDACTED** on **REDACTED** for the **REDACTED**, and the bio goes on and on. He's also been involved in a lot of prominent, high profile cases in England. I came across that in my research on him. And he's a really nice fella, during the break I was talking to him and I said `Y'know, I hope you don't end up dead in the woods like **REDACTED**`, and he said `Well, no, by going public you protect yourself.`

And that's the truth. For other government whistleblowers out there listening right now, or other folks unsure of what they have to do when they come across stuff, telling the truth is what protects you. If you covertly leak something, that's what's dangerous. So he protects himself by going on air. And obviously because of all of his sources he's a great source for all of us.

- Good to have you on the show with us.
- Thanks.
- Just, for folks around the world who aren't very familiar with what happened - hard to believe people aren't - could you re-cap on what you know about it?
- Well, on 22<sup>nd</sup> September 2005 a secret cabal of eighty people met in very confidential circumstances at the **REDACTED** which is a **REDACTED** on the **REDACTED** coast of the UK where they conducted some kind of ceremony which resulted in the entire structure collapsing and all but a few of them being killed.
- And who were these people?
- Well, the research I have access to indicates that some of them were top bankers, business people..um..the pick of the nation's moneymakers and the people who move the country.
- Anyone else?
- Yes, there were some government employees there too.
- Employees of the British state?
- Yes, some of them were. And they were trying to...well...capture the essence of something and channel it to their own ends. To this date we don't really know the reason why, but we *do* know that not only was the cover story nonsense, but that there were survivors of the collapse. Five people inside the cabal survived and may be able to tell us what was going on. What the ritual was trying to do, what they were trying to call upon and to what ends they were trying to direct that power and what their overall intentions were.
- So...you are saying that the nation's top people were involved in some kind of a *ceremony*? And that something went wrong and they were *killed*? Is that right?
- That's more or less it, yes. There were reports after the event of some local residents nearby hearing sounds coming from the structure, sounds of shouting

and – some say – *drumming*. One person who was near the seafront at the time said she distinctly heard the sound of rhythmic clapping.

- This is *amazing*.
- It certainly is, David.
- And so why did the British press and authorities report that the premises collapsed because of what they **falsely report** as *restoration work*?
- I don't know, but I assume it was part of a cover-up. The premises were probably irreparable anyway, so the idea that they were going to be restored is just absurd. It's not a story that carries any credibility.
- And who were the government people there?
- We're still identifying information but one of the names is linked to someone who was part of Tony Blair's office during his second term there.
- Folks, this is very, very important, because former British Prime Minister Tony Blair is a **minion of the globalists**. He's the tool who's trying to **destroy British national sovereignty**, to bring the British people under the dominance of the **un-elected unaccountable European Union** *whether they like it or not*. He's been promised the EU head-ship under a new **expanded, empowered EU**, if he can get Britain into it. It's **clear** that if Tony Blair was to have been exposed, that would certainly hurt those in Europe that *want to get rid of British sovereignty*.
- I'm not saying that any of this had anything to do with Tony Blair, but that someone was linked to him.
- But there is a link to former British Prime Minister Tony Blair?
- Well, in that sense yes.
- This is **really important** folks, *coming atcha for the first time here*. Now there is one word on my lips that has to be there and we both know what it is, right?
- Yes?
- Bankers. Politicians. The rich and the powerful.. Are we talking **BILDERBERG** here? Surely we are, aren't we?
- It's possible, I suppose, David...
- These are the **monsters** who eat *gold-wrapped babies*, aren't they?
- Well, I don't know that...
- These people are the people who furthered the **Nazi Germany plan** to take over Europe by the invention of the Euro – that's on record – and they are heavily involved in the EU plan and helped to hatch it, and *it is a Nazi plan*. And we have forced them from their cover to make them admit that there are **puppeteers** above the people that folks in the British Isles *think they have elected*. We have **blown this wide open**. It's out now. *We've done and we are winning*.
- Well I'm not completely convinced that they were anything to do with....
- The New York Times of course – like all obedient slaves and puppets of the state – reported that I was crazy for believing in this and there was no such thing, but **Obama and Hilary** were both there *as a matter of record* so I ended up getting phone calls at home threatening my life and re-stating conversations...
- Yes, but...
- ...I had *just had* with my **dying father in hospital** and my wife and I were *scared out of our minds*. **Shut your mouth or we will cut your head off**. I still have the recordings of that. They listen to everyone's phone lines and harass the people that expose them...
- But...
- ..and of course we now have *Secret Megabanks* who take up \$85 billion dollars of US taxpayers' money, **most of which goes to Europe and England**, and the

mainstream media **distracts** you with stories about *some guy talking to a lobbyist* when we **KNOW that BILDERBERG** is the ultimate lobbyist's dream...

- Yes...but...
- ...and they *turned back some of my reporters*, so we are living in a **POLICE STATE** now already, *no matter what else you think* or what you are **TOLD TO THINK**.
- Yes, but David if I may finish...
- I have three million listeners to my show *a day* and that's a low count, so the information is getting out now. **We have blown it all open now**.
- Well they *may* have been a part of another group...
- We get **40 million views on YouTube** at a *low count* again and *anyone* who wants to see this can because they cannot stop me if they don't want to make a *martyr* for themselves to **fight against**.
- ...called 'Secpaircy', who were trying to rally the forces of...
- **AND THIS ISN'T A GAME ANY MORE FOLKS**. I am here to WARN the people that the government just **disappears** people for no reason. *They are taking our guns now*. **Mao took the guns. Hitler took the guns. Stalin took the guns. 1776 WILL HAPPEN AGAIN IF YOU COME NEAR OUR GUNS**.
- ...and they were trying to harness a much darker power than...
- **HOW MANY PEOPLE DIE FROM GUN CRIME? HOW MANY PEOPLE DIE FROM INFECTIONS IN HOSPITALS? AND THE GOVERNMENT GIVE OUR PEOPLE SUICIDE MASS MURDER PILLS LIKE PROZAC. EVERYONE IS FLEEING THE POLICE STATE NOW, AND ENGLAND HAS IT NO BETTER. THEY TOOK THEIR GUNS YEARS AGO AND NOW YOU GET RIOTERS AND PEOPLE BASHING OLD PEOPLE'S BRAINS OUT AND WHAT GETS DONE? NOTHING! THE HATCHET MEN OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER ARE GOING TO HAVE RELINQUISH THEIR POWER BECAUSE WE HAVE BLOWN THIS WIDE OPEN AND THEY WILL NEVER TAKE OUR GUNS AS LONG AS WE**

The voice ends in a trail of static and silence. *I love that man*.

\*\*\*

My eyes stay closed, the pale pinkish light from beyond still locked outside for just a few minutes more, for just a few minutes of sweet silent oblivion. No need to get up today. Just relax. I lift my hand.

I feel for the bedcovers, but there are none.

I feel for the pillow, but there is none.

I feel for the bed, but there is none.

The rough feeling against my face is familiar, the smell an old friend. The smell and feel of *new carpet*. Another smell of *new paint*. No sounds. No other smells, not even of myself. I crack my eyes open and recoil briefly from the intruding light, my face resting on the floor, staring directly at wooden skirting. The corner of a room.

None of this is familiar to me at all.

I lean myself up and examine the room around me. I've never seen it before.

My heart is gripped by a mild panic, causing me to sit up straight and look about me. And it is the single strangest room I have ever seen. I've never seen it before because I've never seen anything like it before.

Maybe ten feet square, with a light grey coloured carpet beneath me. The walls are all flat matt white. The skirting boards are glossed white, as are the doors around me: four large doors, one on each of the four walls. The doors are all heavily four-panelled, each looking identical to the others. Each has a polished brass handle. Each has a broad white wooden threshold beneath them.

The room is perhaps twelve, maybe fifteen feet tall, the ceiling being the same flat white as the walls. In the exact centre of the ceiling, perhaps measuring four feet by four feet, is a fixed, white wooden-framed skylight. Through the plain glass is an azure sky, and in the centre of the frames sky burns a fierce sun. The glare is dazzling. The heat through it is perceptible.

The room is otherwise completely bare.

The walls show no markings whatsoever. No wear. No signs of use. It smells of new paint and new carpets and *nothing else*.

And there is silence. A complete silence that hangs in the air like a presence; not just the absence of sound, but the presence of something that *kills the sound*.

The sun is pitiless. The faintest tint to the skylight renders the light around me into the palest shade of blue you could imagine. The slightest colouring against the anonymity of the grey and white.

Four doors around me. Close to me. Waiting in silence. Do I choose one? Is there a correct answer? Four doors around me, staring at me like featureless faces. Waiting for their moment.

I cannot see them all at the same time. *There is always one behind me*. Waiting for me. I slowly retreat to a corner. Was it the same corner I woke in? I cannot tell. They are all indistinguishable. Hands behind me, resting on the flat wall now, neither warm nor cold to the touch. *It's indifferent*. Just like the paint. Just like the carpet. Just like the sun. I press into the corner and slide down the wall.

And then I see it.

In the corner. Also white. How could I not have seen it before?

A soft fabric doll lies in the corner of the room, seated on the carpet, leaning against the wall. Its face is smooth and featureless, its body long, its limbs only impressions of limbs. A soft stuffed object of linen and cotton. Lying inert opposite me. Watching me without eyes. The only mark of colour on it is its hair, lying flat and just off where its shoulders sit. Hair made from thin strands of wool. Coppery wool, with the slightest hint of orange.

Heart thumping again.

Pressing myself into the wall. Staring at it.

*Jesus Christ. It's a doll of me.*

All at once, a myriad thoughts cluster and tug at the corners of my imagination for attention. Who made it? Who put it there? Where am I? Who made this room? Where do these doors lead? Who turned the screws that hood the door hinges? Where am I? Who put me here? Why am I here? Where am I? *Where am I?*

It still stares at me. I close my eyes and breathe deeply. It's a doll. It means nothing. *Go on. Touch it.*

I open my eyes and slowly move on the carpet across to the other corner. It sits there waiting for me. Flat white face. Not looking back. Not doing anything I can discern. Hand reaching out. I take it in. Heart beating hard. It flops over in my hand. Nothing attached to it, no note...nothing...just a bare white fabric doll with woollen hair stitched to look like mine. I lay it on the ground and stand up.

Turning around.

Four doors around me. Close to me. Waiting in silence. Do I choose one? Is there a correct answer? Only one way to be sure.

I walk up to the door opposite me and reach out to the hand and grasp it. Neither hot, nor cold. Merely...indifferent. I push down on the handle and it opens easily, silently and without any hindrance. I swing it open...

...and walk into room identical to the last.

I gasp hard and feel my legs weaken a little. Three doors watch me now. The door opposite has a little figure sitting in front of it, looking up at me from its sightless face, from under its coppery woollen hair.

Another white room, just as the last. New paint. New carpet. Skylight above. Pitiless sun. Azure sky. Copper haired doll.

Suddenly, what started as anxiety has become DREAD. I hear myself speak.

- Breathe easy, Alice

But I may only be fooling myself. I choose another door, the one to my right. The door opens easily, silently and without any hindrance. I step into a room identical to the last. Another white room, just as the last. New paint. New carpet. Skylight above. Pitiless sun. Azure sky. Copper haired doll.

I want to scream, but I cannot. That presence of something that *kills the sound* bears down on me and sticks the scream back into my throat, leaving me only with the sound of my choking. Almost a sob, but a sob that feels like it could stop my heart.

Next door...to the left. Same room as before. Same paint. Same carpet. Same doll.

Next door...ahead. Same room as before. Same paint. Same carpet. Same doll.

Next door...to the right. Same room as before. Same paint. Same carpet. Same doll.

Next door...to the left. Same room as before. Same paint. Same carpet. Same doll.

Next door...ahead. Same room as before. Same paint. Same carpet. Same doll.

Now moving faster, running through rooms as fast as I can move,

Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right.

One after another. Keep going. Left. Right. Left. Right.

My heartbeat the loudest sound there is. Until I hear the voice.

Faint at first, the grow louder as I step nearer to the door ahead of me, and I recoil from it, and move to another door. But the voices have grown stronger there too. Impossible. But they have. They are also stronger next to the other door. I have to keep them away from me...but I have nowhere to move.

Voices. Rising in a discordant and ascending chorus, fighting for dominance, getting louder and louder. Voices of people. Voices of lost people. Seventy five voices. *Where did I hear that sound before?*

The sound gets much, much louder, always just beyond the door of that last room I am standing in. I cannot go any further. I cannot go any further. I cannot go any further. I cannot go any further.

I turn and face that last door I just stepped through, and walk back through it again. Then I realise that the door I came through to get into that door has been closed, and the doll is sitting in front of it. Instead, the door opposite is opened. Without thinking, I use it. I step into a room identical to the last. Another white room, just as the last. New paint. New carpet. Skylight above. Pitiless sun. Azure sky. Copper haired doll.

I've never been in this room before. But there is a door open. And I use it. The voices getting louder all the time. Are they pursuing me? I start to run, much, much faster, judging and anticipating the rooms as they come up, now running blindly through the maze as it is offered to me through a series of wide open doors, each room the same as the last, *painfully aware that I am being led into a trap*. The sun beats down above, casting a narrow shadow under me. Pale blue tint. White walls. New paint. New carpet. Copper haired dolls.

Voices. Now joined by something else.

Clapping. Two claps. In steady rhythm.

Is this me? *I barely knew her. It wasn't her real name. I barely knew her. She was beautiful. I still wanted it to happen, though. I wanted to be with them.*

*And now I am.*

Through dozens of identical rooms I run, all leading to another through an already opened door. And I am now running blindly, the sound of the voices louder and louder, then louder than I can bear as they break from chorus into screams. The sound is shattering. Gasping for breath. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Heart crashing inside me.

Last turn.

Left turn.

*Leave me alone. Leave me alone. I want to be alone. Leave me alone.*

I run into the room. But this one has no doors.

But there is a doll, standing there.

And she is as big as me.

And she is looking right at me.

I turn to run, but as I do I see the route behind me - a straight column of hundreds and hundreds of open doors opened out stretching out into the far distance, down an impossibly long corridor of open doorways.

Something is loudly rushing towards me down that corridor. As it moves I see it and what it is.

Every door behind me is slamming shut, one after another at inhuman speed.

Coming closer. The noise is shattering. Overwhelming. Approaching.

Closer.

Closer.

Closer.

Then it reaches me.

The door beside me crashes shut. The voices cease immediately.

And now I have nowhere to look but behind me.

I turn to face the doll again. My shaking legs cannot stand my weight. Tears burn down my cheeks. I press against the door, the handle locked rigid and immobile. It may as well be a part of the wall. I force myself to look at her.

She is my size. She is standing in front of me. But this doll has clothes. Pale skin. Coppery hair.

And she has a face.

She moves as I move.

She breathes as I breathe.

She's not a doll.

*She is my reflection.*

My reflection, but this is no mirror. She is my reflection in the ether, suspended in the air, a three dimensional reproduction of me. I circle her. She circles me. I lift my hand. She lifts here. I am breathing hard. She breathes hard. Each movement of mine reflected perfectly in her. Or each movement of hers reflected perfectly in me.

I have no idea what is happening.

We move in a silent dance around the room, neither of us touching each other. My hand moves close to her face and hers moves in the same arc to mine. Moving around each other, a thin haze in the air, the ceiling admitting no light – I don't even know how this room is lit, but it is. Slowly moving in circles, like two boxers trying to size each other up. To see myself not as a flat reflection, but as a solid object in front of me.

I look into her eyes, she looks unnervingly into mine. She has a blank look on her face, like a bad copy. Then I realise I must have the same expression on my face too.

I look away, so does she.

- Don't panic, Alice...

I don't know which of us said the words. I spoke, her lips moved.

Her lips.

I stare at my reflection again. Her nose. Her eyes. Her cheekbones. Her forehead. Her hair. Her lips. Her chin. Her neck. All add up to a whole. I see me. I see *no flaws*.

I so want to reach out and touch her.

*I want to be part of the crowd. I just want to be loved.*

*Don't leave me behind. I came back for you.*

My hands touch her face. Her hand touches mine. She is neither warm nor cold to the touch. She is *indifferent*. She feels that way because we are identical, both at the same body temperature.

She feels solid.

She's really here.

*I cannot leave you behind. I came back for you.*

I reach out and hold her tight to me.

*I want to be loved.*

I close my eyes. And I pass through her. And she passes through me.

The magic is happening.

\*\*\*

Does time pass?

I don't know.

But I am now in darkness. Complete, dense and saturating darkness.

I don't know where I am now.

Hands out, feeling about me. Nothing. Just flailing.



Eyes wide open, trying to pick up the slightest scrap of light. Nothing. Just flailing. Slowly flailing, barely moving, as though suspended in cold fluids, my movements dictated by the movement of the water.

I reach out, circling with my hands trying to find anything, but afraid to move far from the spot in case I collide with anything. I shift my weight a little and reach out.

Fingers curling around something. A cord. Plastic. Attached to it – a hard plastic rocker switch. I click it.

One second - the room fills with a dull light.

Next second – a face moves towards me quickly. Really quickly.

I scream in silence. The intake of my breath nearly fractures my lungs.

The face stares at close range into my eyes, eyes wide open, face a hollow mask of abject and indefensible terror. Silently shaking in front of me. Saying nothing. Just shaking. The mouth hanging open and in time I watch it salivate down the face. Just drooling. I don't want to watch, but I cannot look away either. Then the mouth moves and it says a word, the percussive first syllable spraying a little spittle over my face, the mouth moving independent of the face. It says the word.

- PAIRCY

Transfixed with a horror I cannot name. *That word.* The familiar becomes the unfamiliar. I stare at the face. I know it. Number 56. But everything has been removed from him.

Everything.

*Where are we?*

He shakes more and reaches a critical mechanical point, then scrambles from the floor as fast as he can, falling over himself in his haste to escape the room. He bounces off the door, yelling incoherently as he goes. Behind the door, far off as though he is falling. Then that silence again. The room is empty.

I stay where I am and pick up the watch I see beside where he lay. I read the time. It says 08:34:11. I close my eyes. I know what I have to do. If I can sleep, then I will wake and I will know this is an illusion.

I listen for his return, but it never comes. Fingers closed around the watch.

*His face.* Right up against mine.

I dare not open my eyes. I lie there knowing that I will be next to share whatever end came to him. He has gone. I'm going to be next.

\*\*\*

Two hours later I stand up. I never really slept.

The room is as I remembered it, the door lying ajar in the hazy half-light, inviting someone or something to come through it. I don't want to look. But I cannot stay here.

So I stand and I walk to that door and pull it open. I step into darkness.

The door closes behind me. Pitch darkness at first, then the light lets me grow accustomed to its secrets.

Maybe ten feet square, with a dark grey coloured carpet beneath me. The walls are all flat matt black. The skirting boards are glossed black, as are the doors around me: four large doors, one on each of the four walls. The doors are all heavily four-panelled, each looking identical to the others. Each has a polished brass handle. Each has a broad white wooden threshold beneath them.

In the exact centre of the ceiling, perhaps measuring four feet by four feet, is a fixed, black wooden-framed skylight. Through the plain glass is a deep cobalt sky, and in the centre of the frames sky hovers a brilliant moon.

I have been here before. But I have never been here before. I know now that I really am trapped in this place and that I may never get out. It exists. It is real. At least one other person has been here too.

Alone again.

I take the third door and step out into the waiting darkness and am hit by the force of the freezing water as it throws its arms around me and pulls me under, dragging me down somewhere by a force I cannot resist. Have I waited for this to happen all along?

No pain. Just cold. And around me are those voices again. All of them.

Mouth open, I draw a deep breath. Pushed down. Pushed down. Pushed down. I am rushing down to meet something as it rushes up to meet me. The rushing in my ears still cannot overwhelm the pressure around me as it increases, nor the sound of the voices howling all around me. Seventy five voices.

- Time to panic now, Alice...

I'm starting to black out as I reach cold depths beneath. Somehow I can breathe. Somehow I can breathe.

*How can I breathe? Where am I? Who is protecting me? Why?*

Open my eyes now. I try to slow down, but I don't seem to have arms to brake myself, and I don't have legs to kick off with either. But now I cannot feel the cold. Now I cannot feel anything, other than a safe a certain knowledge that I am *home again*.

*Home again.*

*Home again.*

No lights, just the force around my wet, sleek body, clawing me down, down, down into the darkest parts of the merciless water. Under me I can see a shape. Something flat. Something broad. And there are...lights...bright lights. Is it the sea bed? I am going to strike it hard. I flick my powerful tail and I head straight for it, steering downwards by instinct and pelvic and pectoral fins. Coming home. I'm coming home. It's me.

I'm coming home. And I'm going to hit it with such force it's going to kill me.

But I do not. I know this place *far* too well to let that happen.

My head breaks the surface and I gasp in as much air as I can. I reach out and find my hand holding something hard and so damned cold. I wrap my arms around it and I climb onto it and hold on as hard as I can, lifting my legs from the water. The air is still, but the night is damnably cold. I'm too cold to cry. Too frightened to do anything but hold on. I just hold onto the decaying upright and hoped it would last whilst. I look across to the rising sun and watch it light the waters, casting giant shadows over the waves of the bent and twisted metal structure I am clinging onto, partly to save my life and partly because it's the only place I have ever really wanted to be.

What's left of this this pier will fall down one day. Then where will we all be?

\*\*\*

Only one person can do anything about this now. I have to speak to him.

You there?

Yeah. Where have you been?

I've been looking for you for two weeks now.

You been okay?

Two weeks? Really?

Sure.

What has happened to you?

I'm not sure I can tell you.

I would if I could, but I don't have the words.

I think I have had some experience I cannot describe.

Not properly anyway.

More of the same?

Yes. But stranger than ever.

And it really happened.

What was number 56?

Do you want to talk about it?

56 was Ken.

Can't remember his last name now.

Did you see him again?

I don't think I CAN talk about it.

No, I didn't see him again.

It's hard to discuss.

Really? That sounds pretty serious.

It is.

Look, I might have to go away again.

Don't miss me. And PLEASE don't look for me.

You're worrying me now.

Of course I will miss you!

Are you okay?

Sorry, but this is something I have to do.

It's so important that it just won't wait. I have to do it.

And I have to do it now.

I have to change.

Can I help at all?

Cover for me if anyone asks.

What shall I say?

Tell them I have gone off somewhere with my flatmates.

Touring Europe.

Anything.

This all sounds awfully serious, Ally.

Can't you tell me what is going on?

Someone has to know what happened to us.

We cannot tell.

I have to let others know.

IT'S TOO IMPORTANT TO KEEP IN.

I think I understand

If you've found a WAY then do it

OK

I will.

	Will you be safe?
Yes	
	Are you coming back?
I will, but you may not hear from me.	
If I do you might not know me.	
Don't worry.	
I will be fine.	
	Not hear from you? Ever? Ally...what is all this about?
You'll see.	
It's not that I don't want to tell you.	
It's that I really don't think I can.	
	Whatever you do, be safe. OK? I will miss you. xxx
I will miss you too.	
But this way is better.	
xxx	

\*\*\*

- *Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain Alessandro Gallori. We are now on the final approach to Austin-Bergstrom International Airport where the local time is 19:34. We are expecting a little turbulence on the way down so please return to your seats and we'll get you down safely.*

Excited pause. Still nothing obvious from the windows. Nothing to recognise. Too many clouds.

Barely touched my book. Almost filled my notebook though. Things to say. Thoughts to reveal. Questions to ask.

*Dammit*, I wish I was better at this.

- Ladies and gentlemen, as we start our descent, please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position. Make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and all carry-on luggage is stowed underneath the seat in front

of you or in the overhead bins. Please turn off all electronic devices until we are safely parked at the gate. Thank you.

We land. We exit. We are funnelled. We escape.

Two hours later I find myself in the Town Lake Holiday Inn, lying on the bed in room 103, case still not unpacked, back to writing in my book, making sense of it all.

I open up my laptop and rattle off the e-mail I have been waiting to write for days and days.

\*\*\*

A little less than a day later I am sitting in the Main Room of Buffalo Billiards, a bar situated in an old building down in Sixth Street, perched at a round table with a beer on the table along with my notebook lying open. The crack of the balls on baize echoes around the room on the other side, almost as loud as the chatter around me, occasionally rising up through the noise. Pen in hand, notebook open, and opposite me is Paul.

Paul is one of the researchers on Datacombat, a man who stands between ME and HIM. (When I came in here I saw they had a stack of Datacombat Magazines - when I saw them it made my day) I read his face as he reads through the notes I copied out from my notebook this morning, all seven pages of closely written text. I am not giving him everything, but I am giving him enough to make him realise that I mean business.

We met half an hour ago, exchanging a polite handshake and a nervous smile. I bought him his beer (under protest) and we exchanged pleasantries about travel and jet-lag, but the truth is that I am far too wired to sleep and far too excited to talk much sense right now, so I let the pages do the talking for now.

His face registers surprise and puzzlement, his head nods then shakes, he even breaks a small smile once. I am trying to gauge the way he is feeling but it's growing impossible. I turn to the spacey painting close to us and try to think of anything else, anything just to take my attention off him.

I peek back. He is re-reading something. Clarity? Criticism? I cannot tell.

He drops the pages on the table and take his beer, tipping some past his lips, then resetting the bottle. His face is gently concentrated on his fingers resting on the table top, as though searching for the right words.

- It's pretty...intense...isn't it?

I nod.

- And you are one of the five people who made it?
- Yes, I am.
- Do you know any of the others? Their whereabouts, or what they might be doing?

Do I give him away? Why not?

- Yes, I know where one of them is. I'm not sure if he'd talk to you or not, though.
- Where is he?

- Back in the UK. We're in touch now and then over the Internet.
- Okay.

He pauses again.

- It's actually *incredible*. I mean...the whole story - about the ritual, the disaster, the meaning behind it all...
- Yes...
- ...then what you have been doing since, how you have been working on understanding what has happened to you...
- Yes...
- ...and this long part called 'revelations' is just amazing. It really is. And a seventeen part illustration called...what is it?
- 'MARGAID'
- Right...Mar-gade. I mean, the work you have done is incredible.

He pauses again.

- Why did you come all the way to us?
- I follow David's work - I thought he might be interested in hearing more. I heard the show with **REDACTED** so I thought he wanted to hear from those of us left.
- Right. Well, I know David is *real* interested in that story that he heard there, but he didn't have any context within which it could be placed, you know?
- Yes...
- Like, '*where does this fit into the world*', if you see what I mean. He knows who was doing it, he just needs to hear their motivations - why they were doing it, what they were trying to achieve. That sort of thing.
- Yes...
- And I *assume* that you know.
- Uh...sure.

He fixes me with a stare.

- Is there someone *big* behind this?
- How do you mean *big*?
- I mean, is there a bigger movement behind this. Is it true that the government and the banks had people at this thing too?
- Yes, they were there...sure.
- Is this a Bilderberg thing?
- No, it's not. It's not a Bilderberg thing at all...

He looks down at his beer again.

- You see, what we at Datacombat have had *a lot* is people claiming to blow the whistle on things, but who are just running a *false flag* at us.
- Oh...
- You hear what I am saying?
- Sure...
- And for you to come here makes us a little suspicious, really. I mean, why would you be involved in this and then pitch up here. It's difficult to say this, but your motivation to do so is...*unusual*.

I'm getting a dreadful feeling here. *He doesn't believe me, does he?*

- Don't you believe my story?
- I'm sorry, Alice, but it's hard to accept this without corroboration. We would maybe run it as a first hand story, but from *our* perspective what we have is someone who may or may not be involved in something very shady, giving us a story that seems on the face of it to be...well...yeah...*unbelievable*.

My spirit sinks.

- What can I do to make it more believable?
- Well, like I say, we would have to get the story from someone else too. That's why I asked if you knew any of the other four people who made it.
- So David wouldn't run a story like this as it is?
- David would *not*. Some people have him down as a crazy guy, but he is a man of honour deep down. If he repeated this story and then it was revealed that it was actually the words of an insider from the NWO saying them, then he would look like he was a mouthpiece for them.
- I'm not *any* NWO insider...
- I know, and believe me I trust your sincerity, but we *have* to be *sure* about it. You know the usual criticisms thrown at Datacombat are, don't you?
- Well, I can guess.
- Yeah. One of them is *if the world is run by a murderous conspiracy then how come you're still alive?* On the face of it, that's a good question. We give three answers.

He counts them off on his fingers.

- One: we are a part of the NWO conspiracy, Two: there is no NWO conspiracy, and Three: we have so much light shining on us that putting us away would only make us martyrs and make the truth that much more obvious.
- OK...
- We like the third option. The second is used by people too *blind* to see it. As for the first, that's a clever refuge. We play it ourselves against other insiders playing *double agents* themselves. That's why we have to be sure. This is not a big uh,uh...*homogeneous movement*. We have people who have some sets of beliefs and others who have others and some people trust other people and distrust others. David has a lot of light on him, but with that comes disdain. Other people who see the NWO for what it is don't always like him because he is popular and gets on radio and TV and gets watched millions of times on YouTube. Those who are part of that realise this and give *disinfo* about him all the time, waiting for the big one to crack him.
- Oh...I see.

My face looks dejected.

- Don't be so down. The story is incredible, you know. It's dynamite. We just need to verify a few things. When we do, we'll have you on the show in a second.

We pause a second. He lets this sink in. Then he asks me the question I think he has been wanting to ask me all along.



- Why did you get involved in this?

I take a deep breath and try not to seem to have no answer, but the answer I have to give him is just too oblique.

- I saw only the flaws, I guess.

He looks puzzled.

- Flaws in what? Flaws in modern life? The world? The way it's run?

I can feel him probing me now. Not my story. Me.

- Flaws in...me. I don't know.

He smiles and puts his hand over mine and gives me a friendly pat.

- It's OK. We can go through that later, Alice. Right now I have to make a move. Can I keep these notes you gave me?
- Sure, they were for you.
- OK. And you say there is more to come?
- Yes, if I can transcribe it. I just need time.
- How long are you in town for?
- Um...four days, then I have to get back.
- Short trip to come this far.
- Yeah, well I was hoping we might meet again and discuss this.
- Of course. I just need you to get in touch with this other contact of yours, one of the five you know?
- Yes.
- If he can confirm your story then we are in business.
- OK.
- Provided he checks out, of course.
- Sure.
- OK. I got to run. *Got to slop the hogs, dig the well, and plow the south forty before breakfast,* as we say round here.

We smile. Exchange handshakes. He gives me a small business card. YOU ARE THE RESISTANCE. It speaks of confidence.

We part.

Now I have another mission.

\*\*\*

You there?

Pick up dammit.

I'm in the USA.

I really need to speak to you.

Hi.

Thank fuck you're there.

I need a massive favour from you.

OK. What?

I need you to e-mail this guy on Datacombat.

Tell him everything. He needs to hear it from you.

Who?

His name is Paul. He works for DK. Honestly!

I met him in a bar today.

I showed him the MARGAID and everything.

I can't.

I'm sorry.

What?

Has someone spoken to you?

Has someone said something to you?

HEY

Speak to me Mike. This is important.

This is my life.

I'm sorry

I just can't

I won't

End of conversation.

End of friendship.

End of *fucking everything*.

\*\*\*

A month later.

From: [paul34685643@DataCombat.com](mailto:paul34685643@DataCombat.com)

Subject: Your DataCombat Submission

Text:

Hi Alice, sorry we too so long in getting back to you. We read through your submissions and cross-checked it with other information we have on record and, although a number of points are strongly supported, some of the other aspects of your story remain unconfirmed by a secondary source, and after the transmission last Thursday it is pretty clear we need to be extremely vigilant from now on.

Our biggest problem really is that without secondary sources your story is just too unbelievable. We aren't completely convinced that your story would stand all scrutiny, and some parts of it would prove most damaging were it to be found that they were coming from an insider source attempting to discredit us.

I'm sorry to say this, but under the circumstances we find it impossible to run your story.

Thanks for your interest.

Keep manning the guns.

Paul

\*\*\*

Another month later.

Back to my life.

Slumped down in the chair with four others around me. I'm watching something on the TV with them, but my mind is *obviously somewhere else*.

Walking down the streets and look into the oblivious faces of the people that walk past me, all of them just...*not caring*.

I never heard from *him* again. What did they do to my friend?

Alone again behind the closed bathroom door, staring at myself in the mirror. I see her this time. A flat version of her.

Two days later I look under my bed, retrieve the box and throw it out.

A day after that I sign up for another event and take to my bed for three days.

\*\*\*

**Start Time : 10:00am**

**Number of Places : 700**

The **New Forest Marathon** is a popular race that inspires a lot of interest. With only 700 places available these typically fill up quickly so interested runners are advised to apply as soon as possible.

*Route*

Most of this undulating race follows roads, with 3 miles being off-road along well-maintained forest track.

The race starts outside the Rydal Inn in Ashley. Runners head north past New Milton station, towards Bashley and Wootton. At the 4-mile stage at Wootton Bridge the full marathon departs from the half marathon, moving off-road and westwards along the dismantled railway for two miles before reaching the village of Burley. The race then leaves the road again, taking runners through a mile-long section of forest track before reaching the 10-mile point at South Oakley Enclosure after which runners are directed south.

The race heads back, via the picturesque villages of Mill Lawn and Bisterne Close, towards Wootton Bridge. When they then reach the 16 miles point, runners are directed east and in a clockwise loop past the village of Sway and back again to Wootton. With just over two miles to go, the route heads back past Bashley before ultimately reaching the finish line outside at The Old Barn Inn. Then, inside for a celebratory beer.

\*\*\*

Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right.

One after another. The road comes towards me and disappears under me.

*The magic's gonna happen. The magic's gonna happen.*

Fade into the crowd. Blend in. Fade in. Fade out. *Recede.*

Then...*she* pops up from inside me. I gave her a name: YLLA. We know why.

- Remember me?
- Yes.
- Good.
- We've never spoken before.
- We've never had to.
- Where are you?
- Same place as you. Where are you?
- Likewise.

I inwardly smile.

- Why are you here now?
- Just got a message for you.

She pauses. Dramatic effect, maybe.

- What is the message, then?
- The message is LOOK AROUND YOU

Another pause.

- Is that it?

No answer.

- Hello?

No answer.

- Are you still there?

No answer.

*your story is just too unbelievable*

Belief. Faith. We all need faith.

We all need faith.

No faith, no belief...and without that. It never happened.

It never happened.

It never happened.

It never happened.

It never happened.

Running on with hundreds of others.

All like me.

All alone and all together.

*The magic has happened.*

Fade into the crowd. Blended in. Blended out.

We all need faith.

Part of an enormous crowd. Cast of thousands. All around me. Ordinary people.

I'm part of the crowd. I am one of them. I feel loved.

I'm loved. I'm so loved.

I'll never be alone again.

\*\*\*