

Cover Page. Image or Text

Issue 1 of ~The Advent of Arcs and Angels~

Chapter 1 : The Advent of Arcs and Angels

“If they thought S'rhelnir was deranged, I wonder what they will think of me. I wonder if they'll tell me i'm living in a fantasy world again once I compile this. Well, that's not the worst outcome i could hope for. It may get them talking, maybe it's for the best.”

“Maybe it's exactly what I need.”

~ Albert Paelnor 21:39:54

May 16th, 2018 108 days remaining bc. { before collapse }

~..determinism_vs_free_will..

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09:12:44

May 17, 2018

Holomoon Coffee Shop

It felt very strange to me, not physically going to work in the mornings. Most days I still managed to go there periodically to check on something or another, but not being confined in a small lab room and working on a strict deadline still felt very alien to me. I really had no clear understanding how many professions could work like this, or rather how they were able to get any work done at all. Was is the open atmosphere, or the freedom to analyze data in the comforts of the normal outside world? Was not possible I thought to myself with a smile.

Still it had it's nice perks to it. It was very easy to not attract attention to myself, even being inside a restaurant. What was he doing? I'm sure people just assumed I was a writer or journalist or something. It's for the best though, if they only knew. Like now for instance, if someone were to sneak a look onto my computer screen at the moment, they would just see a person researching snow globes. Seems reasonable enough, but if they knew I was a scientist full of fundamentally off-the-wall ideas, they would probably have me committed or studied in some way. Either way, back to the matter at hand. As I begin to focus on the monitor a reflecting light begins to strobe back and forth through the lenses of my glasses.

"Of all the times," I muttered to myself as I gently the uppermost portion of my eyelids and imagined that I saw nothing, pretending all in my vision was the clear and contempt darkness of a mind at rest. 'Shannon', I thought for a moment, 'please calm down'. For a few moments it still lingered, then pulsating, almost rhythmic ripple in my vision. Slowing down and dissipating with a soft beep, i felt the usual warm sensation across my forehead as it passed.

And once again as soon as i realize that it was gone, so was the thought i had that i was so eager to react on. Maybe some eastern-region tea would help. It would either rekindle my passion or completely shut down my ability to act upon any creative urges. For one not likely to take unnecessary risks, something sweet and herbal was enough to go against reason. If only that was acceptable to my companion, but she is important to me so i'll have to cope without it.

'Wait. 30 yards. ano...anom...a,' a unusually shrill voice began. It was surrounded with a medley of electronic sounds. It was Shannon of course, but she was a lot more anxious then she normally was. As my ongoing migraine continued, I gathered a few aspirin from my pocket. I then saw something out of the corner of my eye entering the restaurant.

It was a young girl probably in her late teens. She was in a beige dress with long, curly, light blonde hair. She was carrying a large messenger bag with an assortment of flowers sticking out from the opening at the top. She was standing in line with everyone else, occasionally looking around and selling flowers to some of the young couples passing by.

'It's not an anomaly, just a girl,' i began.

'They are cunning and deceptive, still be careful.'

'Not every one of them, just most of the ones that i've met.'

...

'... you find her attractive, I can't trust your judgment,' Shannon retorted abruptly. Following after was a minute of beeps and pneumatic equipment. To think a girl a mile away could give me the cold shoulder so well.

'It's fine, the girl's so aloof she couldn't know anything,' I continued.

'Stop finding it cute, it makes the situation worse... wait,you have met her before?' She continued, sounding less agitated and more worried.

'No i haven't, don't worry. No need to be so jealous, I've never met the girl before' i began, sighing as i took the aspirin without anything to drink. Walking past the anomaly to get something to drink would

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probably make Shannon explode. I noticed the girl began to look my way unexpectedly, and I could see Shannon pouting right now in my mind.

'Sorry can you do a registry truncation for me? i need a few minutes for this stuff to kick in.'

...

'Sorry. I hope you feel better.'

'I'll come see you in the lab before I go to bed Shannon, I answered apologetically. In the background I could hear soft beeps followed by her voice quietly trying to speak.

'I...I'm glad.'

After a few minutes I managed to fall asleep, but not long after that the area around me became rather hostile. The girl that Shannon was focused on began to move from her seat. I assume that I had been muttering in my sleep, because she slowly got up and headed my way. This set off the motion tracker the two companions had placed for my 'protection'.

As she headed towards me from behind, my computer screen lit up abruptly, repeating the message '[do not under any circumstances wake him. if necessary please wear the earphones below]', and shortly after the small headset also lit up. The young girl did as was instructed as I continued to rustle in my sleep.

'...I am monitoring his dreams, please do not wake him.' Shannon began, in a frustrated voice.

'I'm sorry for interrupting. He just looked like he was in pain.' The young girl answered.

'Of course he was, that is what i'm trying.... oh. of course it was you. Look other-worlder, the last thing he needs...' She began.

Apparently I was muttering in my sleep, I remember seeing a silhouette in the distance, but i couldn't discern whose it was. I remember hearing someone saying 'It's alright, i'm right here with you.' but i wasn't sure who it was. The voice was distant and didn't match the woman who was now right in front of me. her hair was blonde and curled, her small glasses were fixed on a book in her lap and her hazel eyes slowly looked away. Shannon told me that it was another anomaly in my memory, and of all the dislocated fragments she was unable to remove or erase it.

'Don't tell him that!' Shannon began, 'I can't remove ghosts. It'll be your fault if she doesn't leave!' She continued on.

'I...' She began, very confused by all of this.

'Just step away from him, your the catalyst of all this,' she snipped.

A small window popped up for almost a minute on the screen, but it was long enough for the young girl to see what it was that I was seeing. The girl in the dream was walking away until she glanced back, with dark red eyes. At this point the young girl at my side jumped in fear, setting down the earphone and stepping back 5 feet as instructed by the blonde aberration. After a few moments and a bright flash, the dream was over, and i was beginning to wake up. For some reason Shannon was offline, which was unlike her. It had only been 20 minutes since we spoke, maybe she was letting me sleep.

As I awoke i found a blue flower, a tissue, and a note left on a business card with the address of my apartment building.

'I won't let you down,'

Emma

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