

Chris T. Sun And The Monsters
(When The Sky People Came To Brooklyn)
By Carlito

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Day 1, December 25, 2022

Dedication

This adventure is dedicated to:
Sifu, for helping me understand the path of a peaceful warrior, inside and out, and showing me that I am a blade of grass, CHIN

to Charles (Morpheus),
for putting a roof over the head of a broke writer, and showing me through his courage in the art, and life, that we are all rich in courage and love when we practice letting go, and for showing how a good Bruce Lee, or Jackie Chan flick can melt all troubles away,
LMAO

to my parents,
who plucked me from the divine vacuum and gave me a chance to be myself and love myself and gave a foolish child his room back, even after becoming a foolish man,

to the little king,
who showed me what love is in its purist form and how it heals and transforms, and for showing the value of practicing a good squat, ☺☺☺☺ <3

to the sky-people,
for letting me write in peace by restricting their anal probing, and genetic experiments, to places other than New York on any day of the week, (as far as I remember... LOL)
to Pope Francis for putting himself on the line for peace, and who I hope will be the first to greet the sky-people when they return or else we are all in BIG trouble, ☺
and lastly, and most profoundly, to my Tiger,
who *is* love, who *is* kindness, who *defines* bravery in every aspect and who has lifted me above dark clouds to show me my own self playing among the stars that have always waited for me, as I have always waited for her <3 <3 <3

Preface

We are in the time of the sixth sun!

And everything we do is in preparation for our journey to the stars!

Although, at times it may not seem so: humane evolution, humane understanding comes in frustrating spurts.

For instance, after the historic election of President Obama, the first African American president, the U.S. congress seems more determined than ever to not only maintain their status quo but to cut programs for the neediest Americans as well. And as of this writing, unemployment benefits were cut from millions of Americans, during the holidays no less. However, just forty years ago the election of an African American president was unthinkable!

Also, after NASA's budget was cut and the space shuttle program was shelved, many private companies took up the call to for space travel! For instance, the nonprofit Inspiration Mars Foundation aims to launch two people on a 501-day Mars flyby mission in January 2018. Their aim is to generate excitement about space travel and test out technologies needed to put people on Mars.

And, according to Exo-vaticana, by Chris Putnam and Tom Horn, Pope Francis, who has spoken out on everything from gay liberation to the responsibilities of corporations to help the poor, will soon announce the existence of, extraterrestrial life among whom an alien savior will emerge to reinvigorate Christian teachings!

So you see, my little fiction book may not be far off the mark. Look at it as a suggestion of how things might occur.

What if an ancient, intelligent civilization, that had been cradling humanity for thousands of years, sent a family to earth with a child meant to take the job as savior of the humane race? What challenges would he face? After all, the monsters, as he and the sky-people call them, have not made life easy for themselves or him. Can he see through his negative experience, and put his heart forward to see their good, and bring them into a new era of peace and enlightenment? All their lives will depend on his decision.

As I said, everything we do is ultimately in preparation for our journey to the stars and this book is no different. It is a look into how it all may turn out.

And in my mind and heart, and I pray in yours as well, the cities have already been built on the moon, the colonies have already been set up on Mars, and the stars are already an extension of the love and peace that humanity is destined for.

Carlito

January 2014

Prologue

Ahhh...we meet again! We recognize many of you, of course. We've seen you shaking in your beds, fidgeting with your cameras...by the way--did you ever get a photo for Aunt Lucy? No? Sorry to hear.

Anyhow, by now you know us by a few names: The Oannes, the GökTürk, or perhaps the Anunnaki. But you may simply call us: The sky-people. We have been with you from your humble yet arrogant beginnings in the trees. Which is why through the millennia we have sent our sons and daughters to check on you. Which brings us to Chris, who will decide if your world can be saved. But challenges lie ahead: Your eye bulging obsession with green paper for one. Plus: Your four-wheeled A.P.E. S.K.U.L.L.'s skulls pollute, your buildings block the sun, and fear blocks your hearts. To say nothing of: professional wrestling, political parties, reality television and the MMA. Chris may not be able to save you from yourselves. The child has much to understand of you monsters and you have much more to understand of yourselves. Forgive me. "Monster" is a poor translation of the Skymoanian word, Hay-más. But you know how meaning is lost in translation. Don't take it personally. Also, I did not mean to digress into criticism. I simply meant, that despite all, we have high hopes. As you know, our last few emissaries did not fare well:(But growing pains are natural and we know results will be different this time around.:-)

So, when you're done with this book check that you have made the needed notes in the margins explaining, for example, why the Hay-más should continue their reign on earth. On the rear cover feel free to list complaints such as any mishap on a recent abduc-

tion. Afterwards, place your book into the structure of the vacuum of all that is and we will retrieve it.

Finally, I will leave you with this: we expect you to fully help Chris T. Sun. Do as the child ask and perhaps we'll cut down on the night visits, the crop circles, and, if you're really good, we might let you get that photo for aunt Lucy! We can't throw anal pros into that deal, however. The look on your faces are too priceless to pass up:D Oh—one last thing: We'll be watching!

Yours Truly

The Sky-People

XXOO

1. In the beginning there was light.
2. And the Gods rode their Chariots of fire to earth and shaped it for the Hay-más.
3. And it is written; in the dawn of the sixth sun a child shall grace them.
4. And this child shall be born of Sarah and Jorge.
5. And Chris T. Sun shall be its name.
6. And the fate of the Hay-más shall reside in
its heart.

Day 1

December 25, 2022



From The Crucifixion 1350
Artist Unknown

The New York Amateur Astronomer December 25th 2022. Merry Christmas. Sunspots this week reached an unusual and unrecorded high. How this will affect the public's health, scientists don't know. Furthermore, the more speculative and excitable of the bunch caution that unpredictable shifts in the visible light spectrum could occur.



The monsters had me again...on my knees and facing the black doorway!

I few moments ago I had raced down Bay Ridge Avenue with coolness, as they gawked at me from the bread lines and glared at me from their air killing, four wheeled, A.P.E. machines. They must have sensed my superiority, especially while I dogged out their innately bewildered offspring. But none of them could know my secret: that I was a sky-person.

You see, in the mind and the body, monsters are slow and sky people are—sky-people!

Most kids have the luxury of confining their monsters to closets or under beds, but mine were everywhere...in the grocery store, at school, in my home...there seemed no escape.

And here I will issue my first caution, which I should have heeded.

Be wary—monsters pack tricks up to their hairy necks!!

So as I hustled around the corner of Bay Ridge and fourth with all engines firing, I collided with the tall fat beast, Tubby! The impact jettisoned me onto my back and into my current predicament.

How gracious he had seemed as he lifted me by my sweatshirt and dusted me off. But afterwards he placed his hand on my shoulder with a sad smile and threw open his jacket. The stem of his emerald knife had caught the sun and reflected my future.

In a split second his arm had cocked back, enough time for me to wonder what I had done to deserve this monster world, and then my breath vanished and I dropped to my knees, where you find me now.

I waited for the black doorway to claim me as I held my gut. However, the blood never came. He patted my shoulder.

“Merry Christmas,” he said. “Just Breath...I didn’t punch you that hard. It’s my gift to you.” I opened my eyes and the knife shined in the same place it had been a minute before. When you’re ready, I have some rules to go over. But first lets get to know each other.”

He held out his hand. “How was you’re day off?”

I waved off his hand, breathed deeply and called upon my superior, sky-person, physicalness as I got to my feet.

In a moment I was back to my otherworld self. “I know you,” I said to the knife. “Tub—I mean, Bud--science class.”

“Nice save,” he smiled. Like most other monsters his face was a pale green, an effect produced by a laser brush. After the government rejected the world’s stand on fossil fuel, it had ratified its own bogus “green” treaty. President Palin said that any monster that voluntarily wore the green face in support would get extra food credits.

“I’m not sure what you mean,” I said, wiping a bead of sweat from my forehead. Eighty degrees for Christmas was a bit much.

“Our words are seeds that sprout our destiny to the sky. Of course, they are watered by our actions. But don’t worry—words don’t affect me the way they do you. Why don’t you and I take a walk?” He turned his back to me and would pay big for his overconfidence

“You must always be observant,” he continued. “Why would you turn down this block of all blocks? Many of these stores closed in the past year. My father used to work

over there...” He pointed toward a deserted storefront with carnations at the door.

“...Until there was no work. Oh well...it is all the birth canal isn't it?”

“Sorry to hear...but I really must go...homework...and I'm sure you have a lot also....”

I turned as if I was leaving then I clenched my fist and spun my arm like a saucer as I advanced. He turned his bodyweight into my arm and I flew into a parked skull machine.

“Not bad,” he grinned. “I love Chuck Norris to! But a spinning back fist requires light speed! “Did you notice you had to turn your back on me momentarily? That's the disadvantage of that technique.”

I looked at him with wide eyes.

“What's the matter?” he said. “Your assumption didn't pan out? You saw a heavy guy in front of you and you said: he's a turtle, he's got two speeds, slow and stop. Our assumptions are dull knives we use to tear into our days. And if you're not careful, they'll tear into you just as I did.”

He held out his hand again but I declined again and used my superior will to push up against a parked skull machine.

“And by the way,” he smirked. “Homework? It's Christmas. Although we have gotten a ton more since you arrived. But we can't blame everything on you, can we...Gort? I suppose not. It's not your fault we get just this one-day off a year. And your mother teaching for free...that scores points.”

“Excuse me...” I looked a question at him. “Gort?”

“You remember, Gort, don’t you? The Day The Earth Stood Still? Like you, he is a quiet, complex, character. A loner at heart—but it is only in being alone that our enlightened nature is revealed. However, was he the savior of worlds or the destroyer of worlds?”

“I love that look on your face--as if you’re disappointed that I’ve had a clear thought? I see the way you look at the others as well. I’ve looked at insects that way before I thought to crush the life from them.”

“But before we get to any crushing, I have rules to enforce that you and I should review.” He slowly reached toward the knife handle but scratched the mountain he called a stomach instead. “Unless, you have anymore techniques you’d like to share with me?”

I frowned and shook my head. “However, I really do have a lot of work to get to.”

He lifted and vibrated me with one claw.

"You had some dirt in your ears," he said letting me drop. "Would you like a visual adjustment as well?"

"Thanks but I see your point--clearly."

His followers pencil neck and stinky caught up, sucking and huffing, and collapsed against the gate of a deserted grocery store. With their arrival The Goofy Triad was complete, tops on the bully list at the junior monster high I attended—against my will.

Tubby glared at them and they jumped to attention and jammed my arms up my back. I reeled and grunted in secret especially since Stinky seemed determined to earn his nickname on this day. Which is my second caution to you: keep weakness and pain in a vault. The Monsters feed off it.

“You like how they jump with just a look?” he beamed. “You may think I lack brains, but we can agree that you, monster Gort, lack a vital element that I possess: respect.”

My eyes got hot, but as I warned: composure is essential with monsters.

“Did I strike a nerve?” he asked. He motioned with his hand and Stinky released my arm. Tubby took hold of my hand and examined it like his personal science project.

“I’ve got another pair just like these at home.”

“Amazing—these hands are the talk of the town.” He smiled wide-eyed. I was sure he would kiss me until he began counting. “One, two, three, four, five and...What do we have here? This little piggy should skip the market! He’ll scare the hell out of everyone!”

A dim light appeared in Pencil neck’s eyes.

“Hay!” he grinned. “Six letters in the word monster and six fingers!”

“Two Points for the educational system,” I mumbled.

Tubby’s head jerked up and his claw hooked my sweatshirt. His jaw trembled and shifted, as his chest heaved.

“Did I strike a nerve?” I stuttered.

“Very good,” he smiled. “Forgive my burst of emotion. Maybe we’re not Einstein’s like you but...” He held up my hand. “...At least we’re not monsters.”

He tossed me into the arms of his colleagues and reached into his Jacket. I steadied myself. The event horizon had claimed me, however, I would kiss the black doorway head on, as any sky-person would.

“You can open your eyes.” He said, taking a finger and lifting my eyelid. He placed his holophone under my nose and a book cover with a square headed green monster, materialized.

“Family album time?”

He waved a hand and Stinky and Pencil-neck pressed me against the store gate and tied my arms in either direction so that I took a “T” shape.

"Are you familiar with Frankenstein, Gort? No? See, we ain't as dumb as you tink. As you know, the job of a responsible citizen when a monster is lose, is to warn the town and hold the monster captive till the proper authorities can deal with the beast.

“Of course, in this case, Stinky and Pencil neck are the responsible citizens and yours truly is the proper authority.”

They fused a low rumbling laugh.

“You will be hanging around for a while,” Tubby said, folding up his holo-book. So I'll give you something to think about. In my little book is the monster the villain or the hero?”

He pulled a laser brush from his pocket and braced my chin with his claw.

“You see, Frankenstein simply did what came naturally to him, as did, Gort. But the villagers and earth people still had to do what was necessary. So, in that light-- Let us mark the beast, for all to see!”

A green beam shot from the pen and he moved it in circles over my forehead.

He stopped for a moment and examined his work.

“We might as well give you the whole treatment.” He smiled as he circled the pen over the rest of my face.

Then, over his shoulder, the black doorway swirled, clad in leather and Burberry.

Her almond stare hijacked my brain and flipped a switch that turned my nerves to a house of cards. And when my mother warned me to keep clean underpants, had she imagined I would marry such terror?

Until then She had remained a nightmare the monsters rumored about. She flew threw the air, one whispered, and knocked the brains out of three monsters. Another cried that she punched through brick and then chewed on cement. Some gave lists of monsters never heard from again. So she became an unnerving idea I elbowed away, along with getting my teeth drilled.

No one knew her real name and no one knew where she lived or where she came from. But now I knew she was teamed with the goofy triad, and not a sky person in sight on this miserable planet to even the odds. And my short life would end at the hands of the lowest of the low monsters. But pencil neck, and stinky gulped and stepped back. Tubby continued working on my face with the laser brush while he calmly placed his other hand on the emerald knife handle.

He winked at me. "I ain't as dumb as you tink," he mouthed.

In the distance an ambulance siren drew closer and as it rang our ears, Tubby coolly lifted the blade. His face was pleasant and eased, as if we had been chatting at a picnic. Then, as the siren peaked, he released the knife in an arc. But she flowed with him, as if she was him, and together they twirled as if in the final step of a life and death dance. I was almost sure she would dip him. Instead, she kicked the back of his knees and as he folded she took hold of his hair. Stinky and Pencil-necks green complexions, whitened.

She pressed his wrist and when the knife clinked to the sidewalk she kicked it away and I took note as it rolled and bounced onto the curb. It was my ticket and her doom.

“Now that was technique,” Tubby grunted. “I hope you paid attention, Monster Gort. Did you see how she flowed calmly with my attack, unlike you?”

“Thank You,” the Queen grinned.

“You’re welcome.” He examined the sky with a sad smile. “This is a perfect time of day for destiny to ascend. My fate sits among the stars that hide in their own light.”

“Yes,” she said. “At sunset every color is powerful. As are we because each moment is the birth canal.” She pressed her leather sleeve to her eyes and pencil neck and stinky gaped at each other and then at the sun.

“...So, children,” she continued, “Let monster Gort loose and lets get on with our true life.”

With shaking hands Pencil Neck began untying my wrist but Stinky put his fist to his face and shifted his feet side to side.

“Just a moment,” he demanded. “A few B.S. stories don’t scare me. You think you’re bad interfering wherever you want? Well you made your bed...and I’ll make sure you wet it!”

As if time were her weapon, she released Tubby and her hand instantly clutched Stinky’s juglar. I’d never seen a monster move that fast and yet...

Stinky speedily untied my other hand and as I dropped to the sidewalk he took off screeching like a monkey on fire. I hurried to the curb.

“Open,” she said to his regretting eyes. With the opposite hand she retrieved a bar of soap from her pocket and jammed it into his mouth while tubby rolled to his feet and waddled for life.

“A new invention,” she said. “Now get out of here.”

He tripped over his feet and she promptly placed her boot in his butt.

“Faster,” she said, as he slid and hopped and finally bounced to his feet and outran Tubby. She shrugged and then looked around. I was huddled by the bumper of an A.P.E. machine.

“Don’t do it,” she smiled.

“Don’t do what?”

She took measured steps toward me.

“Oh nothing, I thought you and I could get to know each other.”

“Where have I heard that before?” In another step she would be in my zone. “You monsters are all short sighted. You can’t see when you’re on the brink... I’m giving you a chance to leave peacefully, visit your parole officer, check into the pen, whatever it is you do.”

“That’s very gracious of you.” She said, taking another step.

She was now within my zone of attack, and as I’d seen Spock do once during pon-farr, I revealed her fate and flipped it from hand to hand, so that she could appreciate my skill and the danger she was in. If she knew the power of sky-people she would have ran for high ground long ago.

“Stay where you are!” I demanded.

“ ‘it is said that thy Vulcan blood is thin. Are thy Vulcan or are thy humane?’ ”

“What the hell does that mean?!”

“You tell me,” she smirked.

“‘My blood burns...’ “

“‘Then it is decided...the battle is to the death!’ “

As I flipped the knife to the right, she spun her weight to the right and for a moment I levitated and then crashed to earth. I had advanced the situation but not in my favor. The knife that had been in my hand...was now at my throat.

“That’s better,” she smiled. “Are you ok?”

“I’ve been better,” I grunted.

“I just wanted to show you what could happen.”

“I think I got it. Could you take the knife off my throat?”

“Yes,” she said, sliding the knife into her belt. “Maybe Mommy monster should have home schooled you awhile longer.”

“How do you know about that?”

“News gets around and this is the age of the holo-net.”

“You can get off me now,” I said.

“I will,” she smiled. She shifted, threw her leg over my stomach and straddled me.

“What are you doing?”

“I just want to see those famous fingers,” she said taking my hand. Her leather gloves scuffed at the knuckles were smooth and warm over my flesh and her almond eyes and scent of leather raced my heart. And her face, like my own mother, was clear of the green hue and unsightly mask other female monsters wore, and blushed like Mars rising.

I wanted to struggle but my eyes lined up with the opening at the top of her jacket and twin worlds of pearl and leather, with atmospheres of lavender, neutralized my defenses. (Ohhhh, I warned they were tricky!) And as she examined my fingers, my trembling stopped for one reason and reignited for another reason--unknown. And, though I knew she would end me, my lavender haze assured it would be a happy ending.

Suddenly the edges of the sun grew black and night seeped across the sky. She rolled off me and I was jettisoned from her lavender world and back onto this darkening hell.

As she gazed at the sky, streetlights popped on and monsters froze on their porches and stumbled in their streets whimpering. Two male monsters held hands and took shelter in a burned out grocery store as I scrambled away from the queen and sprinted down 4th avenue and strait into the our yard. Monster Sarah and Jorge were weighing down the limbs on the apple tree.

“What happened?” she said, grabbing my shoulders. “666? Who did this?!”

I stuttered and shook and she took a dermal cloner out of her overalls and moved its beam over my new ID number.

“When you look back on this remember that your father decided on that terror trap of a school.”

Finally, I just swatted her hand and threw a wobbly finger at the sky. Jorge’s weight hit the dirt as night swallowed our lives. Monster Sarah secured an arm around me and cradled my head.

“It’s ok baby,” she said rocking me. I forgot myself as I shut my eyes and stole pleasure from her warmth. Now *she* was my Sun!

In a moment I was five again, feeling the same warmth. My arms were wrapped around her neck and we rode a triangle ship along an endless rainbow, with every color I could imagine falling onto her face and mine.

“Do you know where we are?” she asked.

“In a rainbow?” I asked, taking in all the colors of the control panel as well.

“That’s very good! You are close.” She hugged me and kissed my cheek and I hugged and kissed her back. “We are passing through the sun. Your new home is on the other side.”

“Is that where you and daddy grew up?”

“That’s where I grew up. Daddy grew up where you were born.

Then Jorge was suddenly standing beside us, frowning.

“What took you so long?” She frowned.

“Sorry, I was with one of the Blue Egyptians we found along Orion’s belt. Their genetic structure is phenomenal. They will make a great addition to...well—never mind that, what is important is that from birth their speed and strength is far superior to any humanoid on P3M

“You mean earth?”

He sighed. “Yes, earth.”

“And why did we snatch that poor creature from its bed?”

“It volunteered, kind of. And all this is classified so...did you get the house we talked about?”

“No, my scans showed that California will have too much seismic activity in the next twenty years. But I found a perfect house where I grew up!”

“But we talked about the west coast!”

She pressed her face against mine. “I will not have Chris growing up with the ground shaking every five seconds. Brooklyn is a lovely place. And the Dodgers are moving back in 2024!”

“The Dodgers? After all this time?”

“Yes. They think it will boost the economy and ease the social tension. And in 2025 the clone league premieres. Babe Ruth will be a manager/player and Tom Seaver will start.”

He sighed and shook his head. “And what about school?”

“I will take care of that.”

“Chris is supposed to be interacting. That’s the plan.”

“Chris will interact when I say so, not when the sky-people say so!

“A sky-person is always ready for new challenges!” Jorge grabbed me by my armpits and lifted me to my feet. “Do you understand that, Chris?”

“Yes Daddy,” I said.

“Not daddy. Sky-people don’t use those references. Just, Jorge.”

“Yes, Jorge.” I said.

Monster Sarah reached over and pinched his chest. He howled and she snatched me away and sat me back on her lap.

“Call him whatever you’d like,” she said to my ear. “...But I’m mommy.”

Jorge’s eyes had burned into me and as I opened my eyes and returned to the present, his eyes burned just the same as darkness entombed us.

I straightened up. After all, I was a sky-person.

Monster Sarah reached over and pinched his nipple with a scowl.

“Jesssusss!” He squirmed and flapped his arms. “Do you know I have nothing left there because of you?!”

She took a step toward him. “Would you like me to pinch you someplace lower?”

“Everyone calm down,” he said covering his low part. “It’s time--so let go check the net.”

“Time for what?” I shouted as Jorge broke into a run.

"Time to check the Solar & Heliospheric Observatory, he shouted back!"

He vanished into the house and we chased him.

“Is the world ending?” I said as I flew down the basement stairs.

"No," Monster Sarah huffed, several steps behind (typical for monsters). Jorge threw open his holocomp and the autobiography of Steve Jobs that lay on top, tumbled to the rug.

“I’ll give you that book as soon as I’m done,” He said. ”Love that guy, and he loved the whole abduction thing. He was the only man besides Gene Rodenberry who not only loved flying around but didn’t mind the poking and prodding. He didn’t appreciate the anal probes though. Oh well, no one seems to like those.”

"Focus Jorge," I said, "Has this 'night thing' happened before?"

He shrugged and threw his hands up.

Monster Sarah smacked Jorge on the neck. “...Nothing to worry about. Every eleven years the Sun shifts it's poles-Solar Maximum-so these things happen.”

“Is that right Jorge?” I asked.

He ran his fingers over the keyboard and spoke to the dark image of the sun.

“Whatever she said. Yes.”

“Where did the SOHO sight come from Jorge?” I asked.

Monster Sarah put her hand on my shoulder. “Remember last weeks lesson?”

“Yes...I think so. ESA (European Space Agency) and NASA cooperated to design a probe to study the internal structure of the Sun, its outer atmosphere, the origin of the solar wind, and the stream of highly ionized gas that blows continuously outward through the Solar System.”

“Excellent,” she said. “Jorge, put the spectrograph over that image and then give an AU view from all sides.”

Jorge looked at her quietly. “Ok?”

“AU view? An astronomical unit?”

“I can do that,” he said, “floating his hands over the keyboard.”

“Look out!” She shoved his shoulder and he rolled onto the floor.” Such disrespect! I would have to report her!

The image of the sun shrank and we got a view of the solar system and the space around it. Her mouth dropped open. “Jorge, you better take a look at this.”

He straightened out his shirt and lifted his chin. “I will look when I’m ready wife.”

She grabbed his collar and yanked him to the holo-screen, which blocked my view.

“Look...it’s more than two astronomical units!”

Jorge’s eyes widened.

“Will the sun return soon?” I asked.

“We were just confirming our hypothesis that in six days the sun will give visible light again.” Monster Sarah smiled. ”Isn’t that right, Jorge?”

He stared at the desk for a long time until Monster Sarah pinched his thigh. He squirmed and wiggled trying to swat her hand. “Yes, that’s right,” he said to the desk.

“Jorge, take Chris through the sun form. It is tradition through the rising of the sixth sun.”

“What is the sixth sun Jorge?”

“In the Mayan calendar that’s basically the ending of one 26000 year period and the beginning of another. And...I would like to tell you more but it’s traditional at this time to let the wife speak on these matters.”

Monster Sarah got up from the desk and took my hands.

“Some say that in the time of the sixth sun a second sun would rise-but that’s folklore. Close your hands...make two fists...the thumb gets tucked underneath the fingers. One fist hovers at your chest, one by your face. For you Jorge, lower that fist from your chest and bring it closer to your groin. Now--feet shoulder width apart.... take a step back with one foot, thrust with your whole body.” She moved her fist in and out, thrusting her hip.

Jorge glowed.

“Impressive!” He smiled.

She nodded her head and threw her arms out gracefully.

“In our sun form. The fist moving forward represents knowledge and wisdom flying out to be guided by the wise elder, temporally represented by Jorge, who would redirect your fist back around and out to the universe.

"Is that right Jorge?" I asked.

"She seems to be doing it just the way I taught it."

Monster Sarah curled up her fist. "You know, you don't have to have six fingers to have a brain."

"Do all sky people have six fingers?"

"Yes, the greatest do." We put our hands palm to palm.

Monster Sarah rolled her eyes.

"Very touching," she said. "Why don't we go over the form one more time...I don't think Christ got it the first time."

She took two steps toward him with her fist up and he backed up into the bookcase.

"I've been meaning to paint that bookcase," he said reaching for a fallen book.

With his back turned she grabbed his wrist and pushed his arm up his back. Why was he allowing this behavior?

"Good idea," she said. "And let's paint a yellow streak down the middle of it in honor of the sky people!"

"Wife, this is not part of the form," he grunted.

"Yes, it is. Please demonstrate to Chris how to get out of this position," she said into his ear. "Although, you've always said this is your favorite position..."

"It would be rude of me and against tradition to overpower you. And anyway, isn't it time you were preparing dinner, wife?"

"Are you hungry esteemed husband? Look in the mirror and you'll get fed up."

"Chris, can you tell Jorge what is open to attack in this position?"

Why did she have to put me through this again, I wondered.

“It looks like he could kick to your shins, or your instep...”

“Very good,” she smiled. “And what’s the rule?”

“No matter how big the attacker, everyone has vulnerable areas.”

“Yes,” she said, releasing Jorge, “remember that!”

He grunted and stretched his arm as she picked up books with a smirk.

“Chris, would you please take a nap before dinner I would like to talk to your father—that is, if he would allow it. He may need to recharge his intellect--it has been a stressful five minutes.”

“We are not done with the sun form! You interrupted! Go make dinner!”

I took Jorge’s hand and was leading him away, when I was abruptly lifted by the waistband of my holographic kitty underpants. How humiliating to have Kitty jammed into my most private of areas!

“I will report you for this you monster!”

“You haven’t seen a monster yet,” she said.

10,000 volts zapped my bottom and I flew 5 feet.

"Help me Jorge," I gasped.

“Jorge isn’t helping anyone!” she shouted. “Go to bed and don’t come down until the next Mayan calendar ends.”

“I’m a sky-person,” I said. “You can’t tell me what to do!”

She took a step toward me and I tore for the stairs then warped to my room and blasted the door shut.

"How dare she!" I scowled at the night that filled my windows. "The sky people will come soon to take us away from this underworld the monsters created. I pounded the door. "I will report you! Do you here?! You're finished on this planet!"

A moan filled the hall outside my door. It stopped after a second then it began again followed by a desperate wail. Like a fetus, I curled up by the door and listened. *Did I do that?* I bounded to my feet and turned the doorknob but stopped myself. What would Jorge say if I went to her? I threw myself into bed and put the pillow over my tears. "I am a sky-person!" I cried tearing at my Luke Skywalker sheets. "I am a sky-person!"

Gradually my red turned to gray and then to black and then to numbness. Suddenly I flew above the house, above the dark world of the monsters and drifted to the peace of space.

The earth seemed peaceful in its blue haze. No borders could be seen, no flags emphasized and the darkness of the monsters could somehow be overlooked.

In the distance the red planet seemed to call to me and I burst into warp speed and glided over its ancient river channels and the yet to be discovered red pyramid triad then onto Jupiter, the largest planet of the solar system. I hovered over its famous red spot and admired how it twirled down into the hydrogen surface. P3M could fit a thousand times into Jupiter. It was named after the famous Sky-person Jove who had a great influence on the early Roman monster religion, and the early Roman females I'm told. Then I sped around the rings of Saturn the second largest planet in this solar system and home to the cloaked Skymoanian watch station Saturnus 1 and Kronos 2. The methane blue-green planet Uranus was next followed by the cloudy blue Neptune. The clouds hide the Gray ship building facilities and it is too far away for the monsters to detect the activity happening

between it and Pluto. Pluto is actually part of the Kuiper belt and I dodged around its asteroids, and crossed to the other side to discover a large pink planet with an orange atmosphere, unfamiliar to me. If the monsters only knew! Its atmosphere glowed orange and as I accelerated it seemed to sing to me and whistle and invite me in. I exploded through its atmosphere and hurtled down to its orange surface at blind speed until everything went black.

When my eyes opened, a huge orange moon filled my view and whatever I lay on was warm and mushy like—wet sand? I sat up and sand was everywhere, glowing orange like the moon. In the distance a yellow temple glowed in the low light of a second moon setting behind it. A row of pint-sized gray men with over sized heads and large almond eyes exited as suitcases floated behind them.

The temple looked familiar—I'd seen it on the Internet but with lions guarding the entrance. But none could be seen. To my right were three copper pyramids shooting white beams into the night sky. The most astonishing thing of all was the quiet: no whirring machines, and no skull vehicles zooming! And I could breath deeply! The air was fresh and cool and unsaturated with the monsters' chemicals. I bounced to my feet, kicked up the sand, gyrated my hips, and opened my arms to the night!

As I got to the temple entrance more gray men filed passed me with floating suitcases. And directly in front of me were four huge footprints the size of me. Little gray men didn't make them, I was sure. My legs shook and I knew I had overstayed my welcome. I turned and ran—into a massive furry wall!

“May I help you?” The wall said. I scrambled and tripped into the sand.

“Please don’t eat me,” I stammered. “I’m a sky-person—I command great respect and influence!”

“So does a steak on a barbecue but you know how that turns out?”

He sniffed me again then rolled me across the sand into a big furry nose.

“You don’t smell like a sky-person,” the nose said.

“But I am,” I insisted. “And I don’t taste good!”

“Are you sure?” the furry wall said. “You don’t know till you try...”

“Well, I’m reasonably sure. You’ll have to trust me—I’m a stomach ache waiting to happen!”

“Don’t worry,” she said. “We don’t eat humanoids. We are highly evolved and we are here to serve.”

I let out a huge breath. “That’s great to know! In that case I’ll take a mushroom burger and some fries with no salt.”

“I recognize that scent,” The furry wall said, “You’re from earth.”

“Yes. P3M. I just live there actually—no serious affiliations. ”

“Well—no ones perfect,” he said. Beneath his paw was a sphere with a mesmerizing yellow and red flower flowing all around it. “We had earthlings travel here two or three millennia ago from Egypt and many more during the era you call the 60’s. Jimmy Hendrix was my favorite!” He stopped suddenly and looked with wide eyes at my hands.

“But the Hay-más don’t have six fingers...” He turned his nose and fanned the air.

“What is that sphere under your foot?”

“It is a sphere with the flower of life on the outside. The flower is a sacred symbol and its pattern is a template from which the universe emerged. Our jobs as Foo Dogs is to guard and dispense the knowledge and wisdom it holds.

“What did you call yourself? Dog food?”

“Foo dog,” he smiled.

“Dog food?” I smirked.

He sighed and rolled his eyes.

“Perhaps we should revisit the ‘eating you’ idea.”

I put both hands up and stepped back. “That’s ok,” I said. “I didn’t know I had to check my humor at the star gate—but know I know and you can go snack on something else.”

“Why don’t you just call us, Jen and Carl?” The female Foo Lion said.

More gray men came past with bigger suitcases.

“Did I catch you at a bad time?”

Carl scratched his fur. “Well...”

Jen waved her paw at him.

“What is your name, smelly?”

“Hay!” I said.

“I see, you can dish it but you can’t take it.”

“I’m Chris...Chris T. Sun.”

She surveyed me in a circle.

“And what are your parents names?”

“Jorge and Monster Sarah, why?”

Her eyes got wide and she nodded her head. "I see," she said.

She whispered something in Carl's ear and I gawked at the temple behind her.

It was majestic with huge pillars and I began walking toward it, pulled along somehow.

"Where do you think you're going?" Carl said.

"I don't know...what's in there?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I feel like I have to know."

"I told you." She said to him.

"May I go in?"

"In time," she said. "First tell me, are you here because of what's happened to the sun? Because, as you see, we're a bit short on light ourselves these days."

"Partly--but mostly because I don't want to stay with the monsters anymore. Monster Sarah said that the sun would fix itself."

"She did?"

"Yes...that is true isn't it?"

Carl began to speak and she quickly put her paw over his mouth.

"May I have a word with you?" she said to him. She took him by the arm and led him to a corner of the stairway. He was flailing his arms up and down and I tried to listen until I noticed he had left the sphere behind. I looked over my shoulder to make sure they were occupied and then I reached for it. At first it glowed and then it spoke!

"You will find the tetrahedron, On the Eve of the first day on which each man had a job--and with a Job the garden will dismay!"

Carl snatched it up. “May I help you?” he asked, displaying his teeth the size of me.

“It was speaking! What is the tetrahedron?”

“The tetrahedron is what you will use to help the monsters,” she said.

“That’s nice,” I said. “But I don’t want to help the monsters--I’ll leave that to you and Mr. Dog Food. So, where will my room be?” Some more gray men came by with bags.

“Observation is a prerequisite to wisdom,” he said. “And you’re not being very observant.”

“What are trying to say?”

“Carl” she said, putting her paw up.

“Don’t tell me,” I said. “Another discussion...you and Mr. Food argue a lot, don’t you?”

He snatched my kitty waistband and lifted me.

“Why do people keep doing that? Is there a sign back there that says: lift here?”

“You don’t need to get away from the monsters...you just need a little time in the wood shed. That will solve all your problems and mine!

She snatched me back and let me drop beside her.

“My dear,” she said to Carl as I adjusted my underpants, “...have you forgotten that hominids rise to the expectations that you set for them?”

“Oh, I realize that. I was about to give our little savior about fifty expectations, right in the tush!”

“Savior? What does he mean?”

“Nothing,” she said. “Don’t pay attention.”

He folded his arms and looked away.

“Your only way to get away from the Hay-más is to help them. That’s your ticket out.”

“The Hay-what?”

“The Hay-más. The term monster is just an unfortunate translation the sky-people use.”

“I think monster fits better,” I said.

“For once we agree,” Carl nodded.

“Why do I have to help?”

“You don’t. But the sphere spoke to you for a reason. It would not reveal the location of the tetrahedron to just anyone.”

“The tetra—what?”

“The tetrahedron. Through it, all the goodness of the ages will be channeled and you’ll be able to help the monsters through this dark time.”

“Who will help me,” I said.

“Haven’t you heard that kindness is its own reward?”

I lowered my head and kicked the sand. “Yes, somewhere I suppose.”

“Well, that’s not just a nice saying. But first you must find the tetrahedron and that requires wisdom and a true heart.”

Carl huffed and smirked. “Wisdom she says...? I guess the monsters had a good run. They better enjoy oblivion. Then again, four hundred degrees and a lack of oxygen might improve their disposition.”

“What does he mean?”

“Nothing,” she said.

“You sure say a lot of nothing, Mr. Food!”

He huffed and rolled his eyes. “If you fail Chris Bum, I can still open a spot on the menu for you.”

“That’s Chris Sun, Mr. Dog Food.” I said, snuggling beside, Jen.

“Honest mistake,” he grinned.

“Pay no attention to him. He’s jealous because you get to help the monsters and he doesn’t.”

"Give me five!" she said.

“Ohhhh, sorry,” I said. “I didn’t know you worked on tips.” I searched my pockets and pulled out a dollar and some lint.

“It’s ok.... never mind.”

"Just remember, whatever decision you make, everyone is your teacher--whether they do good or bad. Remember this and embrace a humble nature: the foundation of profound wisdom!"

She placed her paw under my chin and lifted my eyes to hers.

“Sure,” I said to her enormous green eyes. I sensed all the good of the ages inside her.

“Life is what you seek,” she said. “If you never seek trust, how will you every find trust? Don’t make quick decisions on the Monsters. I promise that many questions will be answered in the coming days.”

My eyes moistened. The weight of my heart could have pulled me into the sand. She wrapped me in her fur and without embarrassment or need to hide I let my time with the monsters spill out, shriek out, and she rocked me with no judgment, no insistence on being something I was not. I felt locked in the arms of the whole universal love. When done, my body shook in spurts, trying to spit out the last bits of emotion.

“It’s ok,” she said.

Carl put his paw on my head as well. “Good lord.” He said, “Give the monsters a chance. Even the ‘honored’ sky-people will admit that they had to start somewhere! And civilizations move through growing pains.”

She placed her paw on my wet cheek. “Be strong.... the sun is going through-rebirth. If you decide to help the monsters there is another sky-person on earth ready to assist. They will display the flower of life and that is the only way you will know you can trust them. It would mean certain doom for everyone, to reveal the location of the tetrahedron to the wrong person! Understand?”

“Yes,” I said. “Zip the lip.”

“And I want you to know we have complete confidence in you, right Carl?”

Carl rolled his eyes. “Yes, we have complete confidence in you—yes.”

“Yes...zip the lips!” She repeated.

“Zip the lip!” I said.

Then, someone patted my shoulder.

“Chris T,” the voice said getting nearer.

“Zip the lip,” I said to the person behind me.

“It’s Jorge,” the voice said.

I turned over and Jorge gave a broad smile.

"Jorge? How did you get to this planet? I want you to meet the Foo Dogs. "

"The who?" Jorge asked.

"The Foo Dogs. The guardians of knowledge..." I looked everywhere. "You must have scared them."

"What did these guardians tell you?"

"They told me to be strong and that things would get better."

"And?" Jorge said motioning with his hand.

I considered what Jen had said. But this was Jorge.

"And....it was a dream Jorge."

Jorge sat on the edge of my bed and listened for sounds outside the door.

"They told you, you were here to help the monsters, didn't they?"

"How did you know?" He put a finger to his lips.

"The sky people, long ago, told of a time when the sun would go black and the monsters would have to face *themselves*. During this time, as well, a child would arrive who held the fate of the monsters in their heart."

"But--wasn't it just a dream?"

"What the monsters call the soul and the sky-people call the dumas, takes many journeys during sleep. The planet you described sounds like a place I visited once." He shifted over to my desk chair and propped his feet up on the edge of my bed, clasping his hands behind his head. "And I spoke to the Foo Lions."

"The Foo Dogs...?"

"Yes: the Foo Dogs. The Foo Lions were another planet."

My gut tightened...but I could tell Jorge anything--couldn't I?"

He let his feet drop off the bed and rubbed his hands as if he had read my mind.

"So, how many other worlds have you visited Jorge?"

"Too numerous to mention." He broke his gaze and checked the laces on his shoes.

"Jorge, do you have anything you'd like to show me?"

He thought for a moment and then his eyes widened. "Oh of course, how silly of me!"

"I'm so glad Jorge! The Foo Dogs said not to talk..."

He reached behind and grabbed a book from the desktop. "Here," He said grinning.

"What's this?"

"The Autobiography of Steve Jobs. I wanted you to read this."

"Thank you, Jorge. You're very kind?"

"I have other books based on his life that you can read after..."

Jorge move his hand quickly over my keyboard then struck the enter key. A harmonica materialized in the background. It wailed high and low and my heart tingled high and low, cold and warm.

"I loved this world, Steve Jobs, Neil Young...!"

"Loved? What are you saying, Jorge?"

"You and I are father and son, we can be honest: the monsters have made a mess of things! The Sun is gone for Gods sake!"

"You think the monsters had something to do with that? Monster Sarah said..."

“Monster Sarah doesn’t know the monsters like you and I know them.” He looked at the door and then moved closer to me and whispered. “She *is* a monster!”

“You’re scaring me Jorge,” I said.

He sat back, crossed his legs and picked up the Steve Jobs book.

“Well...there is reason to be scared and reason not to be scared. As you know, unlike myself, there are things monster Sarah does not want you to know.” He looked over his shoulder.

“Like what,” I asked.

“Like the tetrahedron.”

I shot up to a seated position. “How did you know?”

“I’m Jorge and I’m a sky-person. It’s my job to know these things,” he smiled.

“Then you know I want nothing to do with it!”

“That’s exactly why you should tell me where it is: I can put it where it belongs: In the hands of the sky-people. They could still help the monsters out of this mess and you wouldn’t have to lift a hand. Leave it all to us.”

“Is there a reason the sky people picked me originally... I mean, I’m just a kid.”

“I agree—this responsibility shouldn’t be yours! You should be playing holo-games and doing homework. But no need to worry about that anymore—just tell me where it is.”

A heavy knock shook the door! Jorge sprang up.

“Dinner!” Monster Sarah shouted through the door.

Jorge put his finger to his lips and looked for a moment as he might exit through the window.

“What about Monster Sarah?” I whispered.

He smiled and patted my cheek. “We’ll have to get her out of our way.”

He tiptoed to the door and opened it softly as I shivered with the feeling that something darker than the monster’s night had fallen over us.

