

John Davis stared out his office window. A gray blanket of clouds shrouded the San Francisco skyline. It was a lackluster day inside and out. Nothing unusual in the way of news coming into the *Bay View* newsroom. The same old murders, accidents, drive-by shootings, political wranglings. John's attention turned inward, his thoughts echoing the depressing gray outside.

What has happened to my big dreams, the novels, the Nobel Prize for Literature, the screenplays that would win Academy Awards? I can't seem to even find the dreams any more, much less write anything that isn't totally trite. What happened to my "Golden Boy" status, conferred on me by my classmates in the yearbook? Seems all I have of it is the golden hair, and even that is fading to gray.

"... John! Hey, John, wake up! Back to reality now..." It was his friend and fellow news slave Brad, aka Bradford Harrison Scott, a short, wiry fellow with dark curly hair.

A pretentious name, John mused to himself, turning around in his chair. He pretended to be alert and upbeat. "What's up?"

Brad waved an envelope in John's direction. "A hot and heavy news story, no doubt, ha, ha—addressed to some guy named John. No last name. Could that be you? Some hottie writing you love letters?"

John feigned disinterest, but his mind snapped back from his depressing thoughts to alertness. Anything even slightly out of the ordinary around this noisy but boring place could, and in this case did, intrigue him. "Must be some other John. We got another John somewhere?"

"Nope. You, and only you, lover boy." Brad dropped the envelope on the desk, plopped down in the chair across from John, and waited expectantly for him to open the plain white envelope.

Unmoving, John stared down at the envelope addressed in a cultivated, feminine handwriting. “This your idea of a joke, Bradley?”

“Bradford to you—no! Mister Scott to you, ha ha. It’s no joke, on my part, anyway. Came in today’s mail. Aren’t you going to open it?”

“I think you have too much enthusiasm for this place. If you’re not careful, we’ll all have to start working harder.”

Brad laughed. “Come on, John, don’t keep me in suspense. Open it.”

John picked up the envelope and slit it with his letter opener. “You don’t need to wait around, Bradley. If this turns out to be the story of the year, I’m certainly not going to share it with you.”

Brad smiled and remained in his chair. John pulled a folded sheet of white paper out of the envelope. It had handwriting on both sides. A photograph slipped out onto the desk. Brad snatched it up, perused it with a raised eyebrow. “Hmm... not bad, not bad at all. Where’d you meet her?” He handed the photo to John, who stared at it as if hypnotized.

John shook his head slightly, then laid the photo on the desk. “I don’t know. She looks familiar, but I don’t remember meeting her.”

“I don’t know how you could forget a woman like that.” Brad watched him as he read the letter. First John’s eyes widened a bit, then a smile broke across his face, then he chuckled.

“What is it, man? Read it to me. I wanna laugh, too.”

John continued reading in silence. At one point he picked up the photo again and perused it carefully, then went back to the letter.

November 9th

Dear John:

I saw you on television. I recognized you immediately. Unfortunately, I can’t remember your last name. Somewhere in the distant past we met somewhere in a dimly lit room. However, I don’t think it was in this lifetime. Do you remember writing some articles called the “Chronicles”? Back

in the forties? Even though it was another lifetime, I feel I know you, that you are the only person in the world I can talk to. I can't talk to my psychiatrist, or anyone else in this insane asylum. They already think I'm insane. If I say anything at all, I'll just dig myself in deeper here, and never, ever will they let me out. It was talking to my psychiatrist that got me in here in the first place.

I'm not sure why. It's so confusing. I think they are trying to confuse me on purpose. I have a feeling I am being kept here because I know something very important. They want me to think I'm crazy. Am I crazy? I'm afraid I can't answer yes or no, but either I am crazy, or I am not. There is no in between. If I am crazy, thank God, because then the world will not be destroyed. The horrible impending doom will not come about. If I am not crazy, then someone who can do something about the future must know what will happen. I certainly can't do anything about it in here. I can't believe my psychiatrist put me in here. I feel so betrayed. They want you to tell them your deepest, darkest secrets and then they lock you up.

I am sending you a picture of me. If you feel any sense of recognition, I hope you will try to keep an open mind about the things I have to tell you. Even if you are sure you have never seen me before, I hope you will read what I have to say. If you don't believe me, maybe you will at least be entertained by my letters. But you've got to believe me and do something about it! The future of the world rests on our shoulders!

It's going to take a lot of writing to tell you everything. If you're not willing to read it, I am not willing to write it, because for sure no one else will want to read it, and why waste my time writing to a brick wall. So, please write back and let me know if it is okay to write you again.

*Sincerely yours,
Christina*

“Come on, Davis. Tell me. What's it say?”

“Nothing. It's just some nut case in a mental hospital with

delusions. Your everyday doomsday warning.” Even so, he carefully returned the letter and the picture to the envelope, stood up and put on his jacket, stuffed the letter in the inside breast pocket. Hair a little gray or not, tall and lean, John still had a certain boyish charm, a glint of humor in his blue eyes.

“Let’s get some lunch.”

When John arrived home that evening, he did nothing about the letter but toss it on a heap of papers on his desk, which he had given up using to write the screenplay of the century, which he couldn’t get to work out logically after the first page. It seemed to him that the “logic” gene was too dominant to allow him the flights of fancy necessary for that kind of success.



Another week had gone by, each day pretty much the same as the week before, except that the ever-present blanket of clouds dropped three inches of rain on the City. John picked up the pile of mail from the mail slot labeled “News Desk” and rifled through it. Halfway through, he caught himself looking for another envelope addressed to “John.” In every case, though, the envelopes were simply addressed to “News Desk.” He put them back in the mail slot. He knew from experience that these letters would be a waste of time. Anything important, real, or serious was phoned in, faxed, or e-mailed.

Lost in thought and tuned out from the chatter of the newsroom staff, he ambled to the break room, poured himself a cup of coffee, and headed for his desk. There, in an almost hypnotic state, he felt called by his computer to focus on it. He checked his e-mail. No e-mails except in his spam folder. He scanned the spam subjects. “Hiiii, John!!!” caught his eye. Probably something that was just waiting for him to open it to give his computer and all the newspaper’s computers a virus. *Never open spam.* He opened it. His desire was so hidden to hear from Christina, he was barely aware of what he had hoped to find, but find it he did.

November 16th

Dear John:

I haven't heard from you yet. Perhaps you need more time to think about responding, so I will go on with one more letter, and maybe it will help you make up your mind. My friend's brother brought his laptop and said I could use it while he was visiting his sister here. Now if they just don't come in my room and catch me, I can really get into telling you what has happened to me. I hope I have your correct e-mail address. This was the only one belonging to a reporter in the newsroom with the first name John. Davis. John Davis. I guess you're not Jewish?

"Why is she asking that?" John accidentally said aloud. He glanced cautiously around the room. No one was paying any attention to him. He went on reading, his heart pounding for a reason he wasn't quite aware of, or didn't want to admit to.

Where to start to tell you? Where did I start? It's getting hard to determine my own original birth date and place of origin. I thought it was 1947, but now I'm not so sure. There's the problem of continuation, the continuum. Where were you in 1000 CE? (Used to be A.D.— see how time changes, even the past?) It matters little at the moment, whenever this moment is. Even the time question is up for grabs, relatively speaking. Yes, 1947 was the year of the mysterious crash in June near Roswell, New Mexico. I think it was more than just a coincidence I was born not long before that. I think they were coming to look for me even then, but what happened? Who stopped them? Somebody made a big mistake, and they are still trying to rectify it. There was another, less publicized, UFO sighting the very night I was born. I don't know what it has to do with me, but, something, yes... something.

Maybe I should start more recently in Larkspur, California. It was in November. November seems to be the month I fall in love most often. Perhaps the month had

something to do with it, although it was not really love this time that I fell into. It was something much worse. Until then, I thought I was normal. Well, no, I didn't always think I was normal. I had just conveniently forgotten I was not normal, ever.

Anyway, the day was over, it was about eleven when I turned out the light and closed my eyes. You may think what happened next was just a dream. Or you may think it was a memory—a genetic memory, or a past life memory, or an astral-travel-to-the-past memory, or anything but real here-and-now reality. But time is an illusion, and, as such, is my only hope of salvation and the only hope of salvation of the world. When they say everything is now and that there is really no time or space, you'd better believe it is so.

The next thing I knew—after I closed my eyes to go to sleep, in case you've forgotten—I was walking into what looked like an old library. The lighting was rather dim, more like a nightclub. I don't know where I was. I looked down at my old-fashioned clothes and wondered what I was doing in them—and with such large breasts! They weren't abnormally large, certainly not, but much larger than I am used to having! I was wearing a forties' style dress, and a very large-brimmed hat. I was around thirty years old. I knew the people there, except for one man—you! It was the usual, corny pulp fiction thing—our eyes met across the room and an electrical charge passed between us. You know, the love at first sight thing. Like we had known each other forever. My friend came up to me and said you wanted to meet me, so she introduced us.

Before your name came out of her mouth, I knew it. John. You were very handsome, tall, golden-toned skin, golden hair.

You came up close to me, your eyes on mine all the way. You seemed to glow all over, especially your eyes. They were as blue as a Mediterranean sky. Your lips moved toward mine, under my big hat. No one would have seen us kiss, with my big hat in the way, but I resisted. Thought I had some crumbs on the edges of

my mouth, maybe bad breath, and what the hell was going on anyway? I couldn't kiss a man I had just at that moment met. I said, "I think this is rushing it a bit, do you think we could get to know each other first?" You smiled a little and walked over to the table and said, "I want to show you something I've written. It was published in the *Bay View*." I looked at it, but I couldn't make much out about it. As I said before, the light was dim. The article was called "Chronicles." It had something to do with a Jewish center in Marin County. It was a big deal, seemed to encompass all the great things Jews have done throughout the centuries. Were you Jewish back then? It seems I fall for Jewish men more often than not, no matter how I tried to get away from them. Really, all I wanted was someone with a similar background to mine. No more decorating the Christmas tree by myself and feeling guilty because I had a different self. Well, I thought, at least he's a writer like me. We'd have something in common. (Actually I have tried writing, but with no publishing success, and no success at writing anything even half good.)

I had to go to the bathroom, so I excused myself to go find one. I didn't have a clue where I was, so it wasn't easy to find, but I found one. On my way back, I passed a kiosk of sundries for sale. (Do you know what sundries are? Well, look it up. I'm not going to tell you.) I looked in my purse. I had only one cigarette left in a pack. (No, I don't smoke now in this lifetime.) I bought a new pack. Then I returned to where you were, only you were gone. The man who could sweep me off my feet was gone! He couldn't wait five minutes! My friend told me you had to leave, but that I would definitely see you again. When, ha! is what I'd like to know. Looks like sixty something years later, I'm still waiting to see you again. Although, as it turns out, it's for a reason more important than sexual attraction. (Although I have a feeling that the attraction will still be there.)

Anyway, I left for home with my friends. The next thing I knew, it was the nineties. We were in my white Jeep

Cherokee Wagon. (I don't really have one.) Dreams and Reality are very confused. I was a young woman, much younger than I ought to be if I was born in 1947. I pulled up to my "dream" house overlooking the San Francisco Bay. As we got out of the Cherokee, we saw a tremendous spaceship in the sky over the Bay. All we could do was scream, "OH, MY GOD!" We knew our world had at this moment, changed irrevocably forever and there wasn't a thing we could do about it.

The spaceship was in two parts, the underneath half narrower but still as long as the top part. The two parts did not seem to be connected to each other by visible means, but they were somehow one ship.

I went in the door to the laundry room. I put my purse on the dryer and took off my flowered jacket and put it on top of my purse. I went out to the car again. The others were still looking at the space ship. Then this alien—or was he human—in a white helmet and a gas mask contraption and a strange gun—maybe a laser gun—and a couple of others were with him, but he seemed to be in charge—he said we were to come with him.

They were going to transform us—how or to what I did not then know. I just knew it wasn't good and I didn't want it. He grabbed me by the arm. I was acting on instinct, so the outcome of the next step I took did not really occur in my mind. It was just action, one after another. I asked if I could get my jacket as it was chilly out. He said okay and released his grip on my arm. Well, I stepped through the door into the laundry room, got the jacket and put it on. I looked in my purse. There was one new pack of cigarettes and a pack with only one left, and a lighter. I don't know how they got there, didn't know I smoked. Didn't know if I didn't. I think they were somehow left over from the forties.

Something had happened to my mind when I saw that spaceship, like some different neural pathways suddenly became activated. I took the cigarettes and lighter out of my purse and stuck one pack in each of the two side pockets of my jacket. For some reason I thought

they would come in handy. I also took the cash out of my purse. I stashed my purse behind the washer. If they couldn't find my ID, maybe they couldn't identify me. I felt they were looking for me specifically.

Then I ran through the house, out the patio door, and escaped. I ran down the hill toward the City. The first thing I came to was a small park with a few trees and some grass. Two guys were lounging in the grass. It was right near the bay. As I approached the park, I noticed I was in my bare feet. I suddenly rose up off the ground. I realized I could fly, or at least levitate. I thought I must have already been transformed. Had I received this power by being touched by the alien? Somehow I didn't think he had in mind a positive type of transformation, but here I was already transforming in a very positive way. I felt they would find me, knew they could, because they could home in on me, knowing the exact, individual magnetic resonance of my DNA or something. Where I got this idea, I don't know. But I knew they could track me.

There seemed to be a lot of information in my mind I hadn't been aware of before. I tried to call out to the guys below—it was a combined desire for help—and I found myself realizing that indeed the whole world could change for the better that day if everyone knew they could fly. So I stretched out my arms to tell the news to the world, starting with these two men. "Look! I can fly!" I called out to them. They looked right at me, but their expressions didn't change, like they were watching a movie or something. I couldn't talk very loud—it was a real effort because I was enmeshed in **TERROR** of the aliens who were no doubt searching for me. I was so tired and frustrated and scared. I knew that no matter where I went, even if I could fly, they would eventually come and get me.

And soon the alien did come and with a strange power sucked me out of the air somehow and he took me with him. Was he really an alien, or was he a government agent? Because I had seen the space ship, I assumed he was an alien. It was only later that I began to wonder.

The next thing I remember, we were in front of these glass doors where the transformation room was. The doors fronted the city street, with other buildings all around. It seemed to me that everything, including the street, was indoors or even underground.

He pushed me inside. A human-looking man was waiting for me. He was the only person I saw there except for the transformees. He looked Chinese. He said, "Let's get on with your transformation. The others have already begun." He showed me the rack where people were hung on hangers after they were transformed. They had body hair like monkeys. Naked, no legs below mid-thigh, arms only to the elbows. No feet. No hands. Long faces, and the front one had long dark brown hair and a silly grin on her face. Oh, God, I thought, she looked like me. They were all females that I could see, with large, pointy breasts sticking out from the fur. Is this what they want to do to me? Turn me into some sort of toy? What perverted race of aliens were they selling "transformed" humans to?

I could not possibly go through this transformation. The man came toward me with a syringe. My instincts took over.

"Wait a minute! I haven't had a cigarette in a long time and I know I won't have any ever again, so could I have one last cigarette?" I don't think I'd smoked since the forties, but he didn't know that. There was a single cigarette loose in my pocket. I grabbed it and held the lighter to it before he could answer. He hesitated. I had surprised him. He seemed to soften a little. Was that a hint of compassion? He said, "I don't want the others to know." Would they tell on him that he wasn't ruthless enough? He must be human. Maybe the aliens were forcing him to work for them, carrying out their nefarious plans. I looked around for "the others." A woman and a young boy. They also looked Chinese. Were they his family? Were the aliens using them as hostages to keep him working for them?

I snatched at the small opening in his heart. "Course not. I'll just step outside the door and smoke it." I stepped

out quickly, before he could answer. Why he didn't follow me, I don't know. Maybe he was stupid enough to think I would be stupid enough to come back. That's probably what he thought.

After all, he couldn't think much of Earthlings if he wanted to make monkeys out of them. Or maybe our air wasn't right for him and he couldn't go out without a gas mask. Maybe he wanted me to get away. Maybe he was human, too, wanted me to find a way to stop this, to rescue him and... well, everyone else on Earth. Does he know who I am? Is he an alien, or isn't he? I began to wonder. He didn't look like an alien, but one never knows, does one? Do you?

I didn't light the cigarette. I stuffed it back in my pocket and ran. I looked back. He wasn't behind me. I slowed to a fast walk, weaving through the throng of people ambling along the walkway. I couldn't see him. But, of course, he didn't have to come after me, they had my number, my electromagnetic energy pattern—something. They could probably find me whenever they wanted to. Did he want me to get away? Obviously, he did not let very many other people get away, judging from the rows and rows of "transformed" humans. I still didn't know who I was, but I was getting an inkling that at least others knew I was somebody. Maybe he knew I was "somebody." Someone who might be able to stop the aliens. But I didn't have a clue how to stop them.

I stopped and looked around. I was in a place like an indoor mall, the dark wood of the place I had been in the forties predominated, wooden ramps and boardwalks along the shop fronts. A young woman was passing by with her mother. She said to me, "You've got some great shoes on, ha-ha." I looked at my feet. I was barefoot! She said to her mother, "That woman has been a ballerina. Look at her second toe, it's bent from dancing on her toes."

Her mother's eyes widened as she looked at my feet. "She has Morgan's Toe!" (The second toe is longer than the big toe.) She looked up at my face. Her mouth hung

open. She looked almost awestruck. I must look like a maniac escaping from an asylum. Was I some kind of freak? My second toe is longer than my big toe. It did make it hard for toe dancing. "You'll have to cut them off at the top joint if you want to continue dancing," my mother had said. No thanks, Mom. I guess my toe dancing days are over. I didn't know my toes had a name. Morgan's Toe—a genetic mutation!

"What does it mean?" I asked the woman.

"I read somewhere it makes one fleet of foot."

Great. Just what I needed to run from these aliens. I hurried on. "Wait!" the woman called. "I want to talk to you!" Why does she want to talk to me, a mutant-toed ex-ballerina? Is it the DNA thing? Are my toes a sign of something? Am I marked? Are people on the lookout for me, to recognize me by my toes? Does she report to the transformer man? I am beginning to get paranoid. Beginning to? Who has more right at this moment to feel paranoid than I? I really do have someone after me. I wish I had some shoes. I don't know where the hell they went. All this time, I sort of know what's going on, but I sort of don't. I feel like a stranger here. What is, or was my life? Where and when is this place? I can't remember, I can't remember enough to know who I am. Is there engineered DNA hidden in me? DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT? Am I some kind of messenger?

I keep going. I don't know who is safe to talk to in this strange northern place. Somewhere north of San Francisco. Seattle? I seem to know how far away San Francisco is, even though I don't know where I am—not too far, but much too far to walk, especially without shoes. I would walk anyway, if I had to. Anything to get home. The people seem nice enough, a bit vapid looking, a little mindless. Still, I don't know who to trust, so I don't ask.

I haven't had time to think about what has happened, how I got from the nineties to the forties and back again to... when? Am I in the present? What exactly is the present? Isn't it two thousand something? Can't tell. It does seem different. I feel that I am in a future time. I

don't see cars on the street. I don't see a street. I think I'm on a sidewalk outdoors, but I really don't see the street. There are shops and an overhanging roof, but everything is very close. I can't see a street or the sky.

I keep walking. I go by a "residential" place. Like a day room, a living room. A couple of people are sitting in it. In their bathrobes. A large picture window on one side of the room. Trees and grass can be seen through the window in a courtyard. Looks normal. I step inside the room, look around briefly, then I go back out the door. A woman is after me, a psychiatrist, I think. How do I know that? She says, "You're not going anywhere. You get back in here, Christina!" I insist I don't belong there and I run away. That is my name, though. That much I know. How did she know? I've never seen her before. She must be one of them, the aliens. I'm not staying here!

Looking all around, I run down the walkway. The walkway is at a slight incline. There seems to be no outside, no way out of this strange place. All the time I am expecting them to come for me. Somehow I wind up near the transformation place again, but I don't recognize it in the moment. Finally, I see the outdoors, I think. Off the sidewalk, a grassy area. Trees on either side, framing the sky. A clear, night sky with a huge full moon, golden colored. It seems much larger than normal.

Then a space ship comes up into view and blasts the large apartment building across the street and turns it into rubble. "Oh my God!" I blink and look again. The building is still there as if nothing has happened to it. I don't understand. I turn away. I see a little lily pond up against the building in front of which I am standing. A father is standing there with his little boy. He is pointing up to the sky. A white crescent moon, much smaller than the one I saw a moment ago, is in the blue sky. The father is pointing to the crescent moon and saying, "Look, son. That's the sky moon."

I am totally perplexed. I just saw a full moon in the opposite direction, in the night sky, and a building that was destroyed, then not destroyed. I say, "Sky Moon?"

What is that?"

A woman next to me says, "That's what we call the real, natural moon." She points to the big, full golden moon. "That's a hologram. We like to be entertained, so they put holographic scenes and movies everywhere."

"Who is 'they'?"

She shrugs her shoulders. "You know."

"How do they put movies everywhere?"

She shrugs again. She looks away, lost in thought, or a memory.

I wondered if the transformation thing was just pretend, part of the entertainment and wasn't really happening. Maybe I was experiencing one of their movies. Or maybe I'm engaging in some wishful thinking. I look again towards the building that I thought had been destroyed. Just for a split second, I thought the building looked transparent, and behind it a pile of smoking rubble. I blinked and it looked completely solid again. I can't decide what is real.

I still can't see any way out of the place. So I ask a woman, "How do I get out of here?" She points to the bus which is suddenly right there. I get on the bus. It doesn't have walls on the sides. Why not? Because it's all underground, goes slow, like a zoo tram. It seems to be night in this place. Always night, except for the scene of moons and the view out the window of the residential place. Maybe that view wasn't real, either.

The bus takes me to San Francisco and I get off the bus. It is night. It is quiet. There is not a soul around, not a person, not an animal, not a plant. I was so happy to be there, I didn't notice at first the utter silence of the cool night. No matter what hour of the night it was, there should be someone, some car, some cat, some light in a window. Nothing. I don't really notice at the time. I just think, I am out of that nightmare and although still a long way from home, too far to walk, I can call someone to come and get me. I would even walk home if I had to.

I want to call John the journalist to help me figure out what is going on, but I don't know how to reach him. How

do I get out of this nightmare! (It was after this dream that I decided to write you.)

Suddenly in my mind it is black and these red numbers and symbols are flashing past, the last one I see is the Indian good luck symbol, similar to the Nazi swastika. At first I think it is because the aliens are permanently imbedded in my mind now and know where I am. Are they trying to program me? Then I realize it is their number I've got. I am receiving their transmissions to aliens, it is not them trying to transmit programming to me. However, maybe someone is transmitting to me. Would I know the difference? I certainly don't have any experience in this. How can I decipher their transmissions? I am waking in my bed as this is going on.

Then I think, this is the end of the movie? It is like that number thing that goes on at the end of old movies, but it's not usually in red. Why is this red, why are they so large? Are there messages in those old movie reels? Why do I feel like the receiving mechanism, the screen, or the computer rather than just watching it? So, I must have been dreaming, but this dream seemed as real as life, perhaps more so. Well, it was a great dream, I think, can make a great movie! I just check myself to make sure I am still in my bathrobe and pajamas and haven't been anywhere. I get up to get paper, pencil, and coffee at 4:00 AM to write it down. Why do my feet and ankles ache as if I've been walking or running all day?

I rub my feet. Now I have dirt on my hands. Why are my feet so dirty? I showered before I went to bed!

What did John (you) write? Why couldn't I see it there? In the dream, I felt I had met this John (you) before, before the forties, even. Like we had always known each other. Would I meet him again? Wait, it was only a dream, I tell myself. You've never ever met this guy. He's just a figure in a dream.

Why did I feel it imperative to get to the bottom of this dream? What year did I meet him in the library? Why did it have the same underground feeling of the rest of the dream? Always falling in love with Jews? What did

this mean? Why am I even thinking about these stupid dreams? Is it just an obsession I can't shake?

I draw some of the symbols I saw. They mean absolutely nothing to me. How can I find out what they mean? The dirty feet bother me a lot. I had taken a shower before I went to bed, so how did they get so dirty in bed? I sit on the edge of the tub and wash my feet. Maybe it wasn't a dream. Maybe I was seeing the future. Strange symbols are flashing through my head again. I can't shut them off. They go on and on for at least fifteen minutes. Then they are gone and I am left here without answers. Can you help me decipher these symbols? I've got to know what they mean.

Please write or come visit me. They won't tell me what the visiting hours are. I used to sit around waiting for my boyfriend, or any friend, to come visit. I was upset when no one showed. Somehow they've wiped my prior knowledge of visiting hours out of my mind. Or they don't give me visiting hours. When you come, don't tell them you're a reporter. Make something up. Cousin, brother, boyfriend, whatever. I won't bother you again if I don't hear from you.

Christina

John's mind was totally scrambled. He tried to think about what he had just read. *The ravings of a lunatic. Too bad such a beautiful woman's mind was ruined. What a waste.* On the other hand, did she just send him a plot for a movie? It was mind-boggling. Here was a woman with more creative imagination in her little finger than he had had in his whole life, and she didn't even know it was her imagination so she couldn't use it to her advantage. *Maybe I should go see her. Are you out of your mind, too, Davis? Get a grip. No way would I want to get mixed up with her, even for a film. She's already making me crazy!*

He tried earnestly to go on with his everyday life, but she kept popping into his mind, especially at night when he was trying to sleep. But he was determined not to succumb to his curiosity. She hadn't written again for nearly two weeks, so maybe she'd given up.