



WHAT IT IS

Baines Wainscot signed the last book in the windy foyer of the local Costco, as whining kids and stressed out mothers rushed around looking for sales and deals on anything they may or may not need. Massaging his writing hand as he gathered his belongings together, Wainscot thought how he hated this part of the gig but disliked even more his publisher's proselytizations on the benefits of such tours.

At ant rate, Wainscot's tour was over and he was embarking on a new book which would explore the oldest fascination of human civilization...the realization of immortality. Wainscot wasn't just going to write about this topic, but it was his intention to prove that human immortality was attainable. His first stop was the summer environs of a fairy living on Easter Island in the high arctic.

WHAT IT IS NOT

Somewhere along the Ohio River, perhaps near Georgetown or Glasgow...Justine Flagstaff knew the directions were intentionally obscured and she was ok with that. She thought of it as a voluntary kidnapping, complete with disguised bad guys, suspicious vehicles and decidedly unusual outcomes.

Flagstaff was sitting on a specific park bench in Riverside Park at 4 AM waiting to be transported to see No.1 when a black cargo van crawled along Mairdale Ave., its headlights turned off and the windows shaded dark. The van slowly passed Flagstaff, did a u-turn, approached her again, stopped in front of her momentarily before pulling away. A slight brake squeal and bright red light gave way to a white reverse light bringing the van to a quiet stop in front of Flagstaff. The wait seemed long; finally the driver's side window opened a few inches, an index finger pointed to the rear of the truck. Flagstaff obeyed, flung open the cargo door and squinted inside; a lone yogi mat on the middle of the floor was all she could see and she climbed inside.

They drove for a couple of hours, on gravel roads, paved roads and for a short time on the freeway before coming to a stop in the early morning with the driver telling her to wait at this gazebo for further instructions.