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**Harmonic Resolution,
The Allegory Fantasy Fiction
Of
The Supernova Heroes**



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OF

THE SUPERNOVA HEROES

By Aaron Dia Pemberton

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Chapter 1 - 15000 BC

Shooting stars line the purple horizon, washed of all ebbing electricity. It was calm and pure, like a deep, untouched sea. Flowing with eternity in air, blowing the mystical winds of magic. It was like the start of a ripple fallen over a cool and empty pond. The earth was rich with green and

empty. It was cold and fresh with the quiet deadness of the inhabitation.

Hundreds of miles above the planet, a comet, like one of the shooting stars drew to a halt. It was like a floating mountain at first. Icy, in the pitch black of space. The massive sides lusted in the reflection of the moon. Streaking with cold white lines, like ice. It remained in the bed with a myriad of sparkling stars and the planets of our solar system. Hovering in space, lifelessly, above Earth.

There was a tremor coincided with a large horn sound. The mountain like shape was animating, becoming alive, like a turning planet. It's facades were slowly changing, releasing the light of another kind, an artificial kind. Rays of red then ran down the strips of its side. It was soon bursting bright from them, as if they were veins. They were bright enough to see black silhouettes move, like bodies running a stadiums aisle of chairs.

The silent space was disturbed a second time and the mountain brightened with the powerful horn sounding its arrival. The white light broke off the front façade, like an opening day. It was bending round the peak of the ship, from front to back. Then yellow thrusters burned like fire, driving them slowly forward and down to the planet's surface.

“We’re entering the atmosphere, Emperor.” The captain of the ship, spoke. He was wearing a black uniform, with the reflective materials, like diamonds. They were heavy looking, with symbols of another place, markings like medals. He wore an irregularly large hat. It was big enough to fall over his head like a judge’s wig. It sat proudly and brought an air of eerie integrity.

His cadaverous face glared lifelessly at the Emperor. Who walked towards the screen at the front of the bridge to view Earth. The Emperor was robed in fine stone studded armour. He appeared rather like a scaled man. His muscles

boasted, like packets of plump protein. They appeared like the coming night. Moving down to watch over the planet, as they landed. His face was focused with surety. It tilted to boast the fine features of his young head, steadily with a self-satisfaction.

“This planet, you are sure, it’s inhabited? So rich with minerals? Enough to direct, Kite interstellar travel for millennia’s.”

“Longer even, my Emperor.”

“Then why is there nothing on it, Captain?”

“This is not our origin. Not yet it’s not, my Emperor. However, the calculations are correct and this is the colony which we find ourselves at, every beginning.”

“And the Gaylens?”

“I’ll check now. We did a preliminary scan and found no Gaylen engendered. However, I’ll adjust the scanner for less evolved forms.

There are..... Primordial Neanderthals. A native of the stone age period on earth.”

“Answer the question, damn it! Are there, Gaylens on Earth, or not?”

“Not unless their ancestors were chimps and apes.”

“You dare to be quick with me, Captain!”

“I’m sorry, sir, forgive me. There are no, Gaylens. The planet is yours eternally, my Emperor.”

“Good, begin colonisation at once!”

“Yes sir!” The Captain spoke, as The Emperor stared on to the green plain of lush grass they prepared to land on.

Chapter 2 - 3000 BC

Crickets made rubbing sound like a reflection of the jewels twinkling over them. Lucent stars bright and white, trailed a thick blue evening blanket of sky. There was a crisp coldness, as

the waters crashed on the coast with echoes of time passed. They roared onto the shores, ‘Days, Doom, Death. My tides broken; bastard the rest.’ Angry, like an enraged mother.

Horses galloped through the marshy hills, dark with men’s figures on their backs. They sped with frantic hurry, like in desperation to survive a coming monster. They screamed with whips, lashing the horses red to bleed. Carelessly and with irate dispassion, they ran the trails of silver moonlight, headed towards a simple circle of pillars, marked with symbols of a, Stonehenge.

“Where is the Goddess that is pregnant? How has she eluded us this long? The Kite Emperor has executed every deity born of this native world to secure our possession of it.”

“She has used a power!” The Generals 2nd shouted.

“Power! What craft of power can rival my genetics. I am a Kite! A general! Be faster. She

will be slayed the Earth wench she is, before me.”

“It was her brother who informed us!”

“Can it be true?”

“We would not have known otherwise. She fled to this island in hope to meet something. A Prophecy!”

“What prophecy?!”

“A saviour?!”

“What of her brother now? Is he with her?!”

“He has taken Kite Asylum. It was with the promise of Kite technologies and enhancements the primordial fool disclosed the truth of his goddess to us.”

“Then we will soon find our resolve.”

The horses could be heard approaching by the pillars of stone, like thunder crashing through marshy green ground.

“Ready yourselves! They are coming.” A knight spoke. His sword was drawn like a silver axe cutting the dark night with silver gleams from the moons disk.

“There is no escape. There must be hundreds, we are not a dozen and with young that are not even capable of taking a sword.” A second knight spoke, with an air of dread. He was uneasy, looking back at his Goddess who shimmered like a bronze cup in the light of torches. Her blue eyes were silent like a hunted animal, waiting the hunter. She pushed her two children forward towards the knight who spoke to her.

“Take them.” She said.

“You will die. And your unborn baby. The Prophecy was false, they will kill you. Come with us, my Goddess.”

“There was no false Prophecy, after you take them now.”

“I don’t understand.” The knight spoke. His dark skin was pale with an expression of disbelief.

“I will guard the Goddess and buy the children some time. Let her magic protect me. You protect the children.” The Knight with his sword drawn spoke. There was a silence, stirring a strength of love. It was the clearing of a chaos causing a distress in the storm of an evil. The silence was only disturbed by the children’s tears, as they were taken away from their mother, out of the Stonehenge and into the black.

“Goddess, the Kite soldiers are coming! Ready yourself.”

“And you do the same my protector. Our soldiers are already here, my friend.” The Goddess spoke, their bedazzlement.

“I don’t.....” within the exhale of his first words of shock, they were gone.

“Where is the Goddess? Search the stones, every pillar, every rock. I want her found!”

“She is gone, General! There was only a flash of light the men speak of and this child’s instrument.”

“Damn you! Damn you Earth Goddess!!!” The General shouted with a panic hatred.

Chapter 3 –

- 3000 years later - 2013 The Big Band -

A stately smell of leather froze in the room. It was like a pungent pushing, holding the room in itself. Sunlight broke through the ceiling windows with white. The air was dry and clean. Walking into the studio there was warmth, strange with commotion. It was a mixed atmosphere of an uncertain time.

The sound of instruments playing in sync with each other, was disturbed by a band rehearsing. The tumult was a hair standing

monument of mellow rock music. It filled the magisterial studio and all its offices. There was a tremor of promise from the walls but the studious occupants felt the band might bring those walls crumbling down.

Many famous artists had been and recorded in the studio before them. Among the list of those artists was, Liz Mitchell, the original lead singer of, Boney M. It was, Liz's son's band who was playing in the studio that day. Unexpected and observed with dispassion and disbelief, the band was slightly unprepared for their reception in the public grounds.

It was, Aaron's father, Thomas, who watched with the least curiosity. He owned the studio and thought it un-inspirational to consider his son an artist for playing in it. He carried a greater concern for the maintenance of his studio walls, watching artists who didn't quite shake them like his son. It was an irrepressible release for him, seeing his son finish and go. This was

because he retained a clever inclination to be a man of the world, an omega star.

Aaron's mother, Liz, was always captivated by his father for this reason. She didn't possess a desire of his manner but she was unattached by it and could entertain the world he was a man of. Aaron's mother had 3 children with him and they had half brothers and sister from their father. Besides Aaron, there was his brother, who's was dead to him and sister, Adero. She died in the re-make.

In the studio that day, It was only his father and an arranger in the main office of the studio. His sister was in the lobby speaking to her fiancé, Radrod and Aaron, was playing with his band in the rehearsal room.

The music of the instruments stopped consecutively, at a simultaneous ending, of an amazingly moving song; which Aaron, wrote himself. With an oblivious elation, he then excitedly, ran up the stairs to meet his father and the arranger, Godfrey. He slid open a large

French door, seeing his father sat behind a lavishly decorated desk, covered with contracts. Godfrey, was sat in a chair the other side of it.

As Aaron opened the door he was calmed by the formal vision of his smart looking father. A black jacket wrapped, Thomas's shoulders with a weighty sophistication which, Aaron, could not lift himself. It was of no surprise then, when, Aaron, walked in with a lowered head, despite his high spirits and self-satisfaction. He did slowly move up to look at his father's dark ebony face, finally moving to speak into his white and black eyes, which had glanced with disdain about Aaron, towards Godfrey.

Slightly nervously, Aaron spoke: "That's ah..... Did you like it? Dad?"

"What was it?" Thomas, replied with a bewilderment, Aaron wasn't expecting. Seeing the displacement draw a confused smear across, Aaron's light brown skin, Godfrey, interjected with a sincere protectiveness about the crassness of the music industry, for Thomas's son.

“Aaron,... you know.....”

“I’m talking to my son, Godfrey! Aaron, just tell me, what kind of rhythmical composition was that, if you can?”

“It’s... It’s....” Aaron, was trying to boldly explain but felt it had described itself more brilliantly than he could and found himself chafing with frustration.

“What is it?” Thomas, asked, in a dismissive manner, seeing his son disheartened and imagining he might run away.

“A song.” Aaron, finally replied.

“A song, it sounded like sagging bagpipes. You’re rubbish. You’re all rubbish. I hope you get your degrees because you sure as hell ain’t ever goanna get work in this industry.

When are you going to realise, life isn’t a game. I sent you to the best schools in the country; you can’t even tie your own shoe laces. You think because your mother’s a star you don’t have to listen to me.”

“No... Dad.”

“I sent you to law school and you dropped out to do this. You’re a joke. You’re a loser. People are laughing at you and when people are laughing at you they’re laughing at us, their laughing at me.”

“I’m sorry but I really feel.....”

“Cut the bullshit boy!”

“But...”

“I said cut the crap boy! I’m sending you to, America. I’m giving you a second chance. Show these people what a, Pemberton, is really made of. Your grades might get you into an Ivy league. You’ll study law.

“I’m not a lawyer Dad.”

“Do you want to be a loser all your life? What are you trying to prove? Do you want people to think you’re a joke? Fine, I’ll get your mothers make up and grind it all over your face. Then

you'll look like the clown you really are! Just get out!"

"Please I..."

"I said get out! "

With an abashed blush glowed on, Aaron's, cheeks, Godfrey watched him sulk out of the office. Aaron's, eyes were heavy and the tension he bared was not known, as the office was fickle with his father's dismissal of him. It was with a complete carelessness, his father and Godfrey proceeded with talking about the contracts on his father's desk, for the next shows.

Slow steps took, Aaron, down the stairs thinking to himself. 'This just doesn't feel right. He really just wants to get rid of me, he drops everything. Maybe that's what Omegas do. He sure as hell won't drop this studio though and I guess that makes me a problem if I'm not good enough. But who's judging and why? It's so clear I was born to perform. Something just doesn't feel right. All of these big stars and I'm

the worst Gemini Beta on earth. Practically a slave.'

"Hey bro..." Adero, said, seeing him pass the lobby, headed into the hallway. She was wearing a tight fitting pair of blue jeans and loose purple blouse. She had glossy lips and bright rouge on her dark chocolate coloured cheeks. Her hair was long and braided with blond and black colours. He looked up to her button nose and sighed, seeing her on a mobile phone.

"Hi."

"Rad, just a minute. Aaron's sulking again....." She said, to her brother's disgruntlement. Startled and moved with anxiousness, he yelled:

"Don't tell Radrod, I'm sulking. My God, every hip hop artists in America already hates me. I don't need your fiancé slandering my name even more before I even get in the charts."

"Daddy giving you a hard time? This is an early sign of stress fatigue. Maybe you should find

another career path, mmmm bro? Oh,... is your band in there? You better get them out.”

“Why? We still have a set to do.”

“Dad wants me to fly with him for a big show in Russia. My bands the opening act for mum.”

“Really!? You must be getting good.”

“Oh no, we’re playing worse. You guys are better than us. Dad just wants to show me off.

Yes Rad, honey, I’m still here. I can’t wait to see you too. Oh,... Aaron, one more thing. My boys will be here any minute, please leave. You and The Supernova Heroes. Thanks, big bro.”

The rehearsal room was slightly stuffy with thick air that wetted the mirror glass at the back wall. The band were talking and laughing in the free space. They clambered about in socks and brought a gay lightness to the practise sessions that would put them before millions. It was a heterogeneous group, as Aaron, casted them to be. There was a Hindu, Hav, who was more like

a Christian; with a taste for woman, cars and other devices that brought an elite character to British standing. Anwer, was Muslim and had found an amazing power with the guitar, which not only removed classification but welcomed the bands liberating. Mos, was Sikh and he was most appreciative of being thought of as, otherwise. He was not too bedazzled by the introduction he was given but found Aaron's, unethical exploits, ethical. Then there was Sam, who was from, Manchester and atheist.

As Aaron walked into the room, he wanted to slip on the sweat marbled floor and die. There was frigidness within him he wanted no place for. There was only the burning desire to bath in an ethos of harmony. Watching himself in the mirror on the back wall, he wanted to release a joy he had finally found, though quickly being lost. He didn't know how and that was filling him with a fright.

“Guys we have to leave.” He said.

“Why?” Hav, dejected with a sharp air of ridicule. He picked up his bass guitar with a defiance.

“We still have another set.” Anwer said, smiling with a nonchalant manner.

“I know, I’m sorry.... I’m really sorry.” Aaron, replied, apologetically and embarrassed.

“Aaron, we’re never going to get anywhere!” Anwer projected, as they packed up. Aaron, rubbed his temple and brow with two fingers, indicating he might have had a head ache. He moved to silence, ashamed, as they packed their instrument and walk out the studio to their cars. Aaron, left behind them and walked to his room in the house, 10 acres away. From his bedroom desk he then planned the next rehearsal.

Chapter 4 – The Gaylen Come

In the dead of Earth’s orbit, surrounded by a silent blackness, the satellites oscillate, gathering the information on changing pressures

of the planet. The clouds spiralled like a white whip; cuddling the ground and waters. It was a strange and discomforted sight, as though the storms were a growing exclamation. The world was slowly shouting, screaming for change after thousands of years.

The Gaylen ship arrived in a perplexed state of wonder, as they halted on the tip of the planet's atmosphere. There was a sudden whining sound, cranked to a slow humming, as the massive pearl, gleamed the colours of the disturbed space. It was an angelic vision in the dark of the hemisphere. It appeared with a silence of subjugating but was liberating with lights of a nation.

The bridge was a commodious place of bright dashes, yellows and white. They burned down like sunlight, opening the floor as if it was a breathing deck of tiles. The Gaylen admiral was a clear and tasteful image. She walked with prudence across to meet the other officers at

their station, as they tried to find the Gaylen descendant that would save their world.

The ship rebounded the sounds of signals coming from the planet's surface, like a radar. The prime minister of England's voice took the speaker com. "But I can tell you a few of the things I mean by that: I mean longer prison sentences for people convicted of terrorist offences. I mean making it easier for the authorities to deport foreign terror suspects to their own countries.

And I mean doing more to restrict the freedom and the movements of terrorist suspects when we have enough evidence to know they present a threat, but not enough evidence to prosecute them in full in court.

And if human rights laws stop us from doing it, we will change those laws so we can do it."

"Admiral, this is an incoming transmission from the planet's surface. On a station

designated to the zones of UK, United Kingdom, England. That's where our origins begin.

“Chaneeka, this world is about to be ruined. Why move us here? Have the elder heads been disturbed?

There is the continuity of destitution. The minds of homogenous thinking are not in power clarity and their leaders will divide them again; lineal unilateralism. Evil, has made its bed here whether we woke from it or not.”

“Admiral Hess, I have found a way of changing the course of history on the planet earth. It doesn't explode and consequently destroy our home world Gayl.”

“The mission was to see our salvation. The trip through time was to ensure the rise of the goddesses descendants, for the ready of peace. If the world has entered hell through its privation, we will remain unknown. What are the chances of our being discovered?”

“With their current level of technology, the chances are minimal, Admiral Hess.”

“Alright captain, let’s hear your idea.”

The Captain was stout and strong. There was a dead smoothness about her skin. In the shadows of the lucent white light of the spacious bridge, she was heavy looking and proud. Admiral Hess, was almost the opposite in appearance. She was tall, slim and feathery. Her head was directed and showed her focus, like an arrow. The light complexion of her skin was white in the ray of the ships bridge.

“They say music is the food for the soul, Admiral. It occurred to me the best way to heal the souls of a dying planet would be through their music culture. I searched their planets databases and found a rock band called, The Supernova Heroes.”

“You’re suggesting we control them? And better influence the world with them? Our ancestors went back to capture the descendants of life

here, for our own world. This world was destroyed. To control them now, I fear we will be exposed. A world of progeny, no link to the goddess at all.”

“Actually Admira, I that might not be necessary. Their intentions are similar to ours. They want to improve the state of the planet. It’s not surprising knowing the outcome of Hades. They will burn, starve, suffer. However using our technology, we can easily upgrade their position.”

“I see. If the shoe fits wear it. Is this their profile?”

“Yes admiral.”

“The lead singer, Aaron, he has a sister. That might be the best way to make eyes on the ground.”

“The mother of the lead singer’s decadency is clear and his cognition can be compromised. She holds a Guinness world record for album

sales. Surly a meld with her would be beneficial.”

“No, captain? You know to just do what I say? The mother's behaviour will be more observed because she is a star. There's a greater chance of being discovered if we use her. The Kites, could be on the planet already. They will do everything in their power to prevent us from succeeding. If we are discovered they'll know about it. The Supernove Heroes, must overcome this commercial climate to sustain the good government of earth. If our home world explodes, the Gaylen world will not survive the shock wave.”

“I'll arrange the meld with the sister. You saw she is well known also, Admiral.”

“Yes, I did, but there is a fraction of the risk using her, all the same. Have, Lt Bertha, coexists with the girl. Lt Bertha, no one else.”

“Yes admiral”

“Good.”

“Lt Bertha to the melding room.” The captain spoke into a com. The Lieutenant was walking through the gangway of the third deck at the time. She was a strong looking female. Bold with voluptuous parts forming the entirety of her body. Dark and seductive, with an air of irrepressible power. She waited for the message on the intercom to end and saw an excitement within her. Like a lusty release.

The captain walked through a door into a room with circular steel frames surrounding upright beds. She started to prep one for the Lt Bertha. The door opened and Lt Bertha, walked in.

“You’re up Lt, the mission schematics will be downloaded when you meld with the girl to establish coexistence.”

“Tell me captain, Chaneeka. Will there be men, to fuck?”

“Just get the Supernova Hero’s, recognised for their potential. It seems this planet treats their

saviours like dirt. Adero's popular, if she recognises them, others will. It's a start anyway.

A wide sphere clasped the lieutenant. She was surrounded in a glow of light, like in an operating room. Her uniform was unstrapped by the materials that rayed over her. She was slowly engulfed in the power of the Gaylen conduit.

“Captain, rest assure they will never know how much I enjoy familiarising myself with these men.” She said.

As the meld was being initiated, a white door pinged open. It sounded like an elevator, before some accent to a high floor. There was a sharp clicking, heavy from steel capped heels. The black boots stepped a tall lady into the chamber. White trousers tightly boasted muscular buttocks and a yellow jacket, strapped tightly around her slim waist. Her complexion was clear and ebony brown. “Should that really be your focus, Lt Bertha?”

“Always, Officer Lurna. I assure you, this mission would be aborted otherwise. The safety of mankind is my top priority.”

“Of course, Lieutenant. Captain Chaneeka. Might I recommend using the shuttle to bring the Lieutenant to the surface. Surely, physical interaction would be more affective.”

“Thank you, Officer Lurna, but no. The star cruiser has 14 shuttle bays but only 5 rescue ships. Should something go wrong, we’ll need pilots like you to use them. The Gaylen technology forged after our first Kite abduction, was enhanced by our human discipline. It’s why we didn’t build the star cruiser at the first fruition it in the first place. But now our resources have nearly been depleted.”

“I’ve never really understood how the Kites could have become so advanced in the first place.”

“I can tell you. Unlike our elders, Kites learn from barbaric teachers and their dominance in

the universe is only the marking of a lack of self-control. The elders on this ship were the survivors after their ancestors granted them serenity to evolve and leave Kite colonies, to the shock of the Kite Empire. That is the ancestral power of our people, Officer Lurna.”

There was brief quiet of the panels besides the captain, when a small ready alarm started beeping in the sterile atmosphere. It was bleach, like watching an operation on a table. There was an apprehension which soaked the two woman with fear of failure. A robotic simulator spoke: Mind Meld, ready. Please prepare to initiate.”

“Remember Lieutenant, Adero will not know you are tapping her mind. There may be some dizziness at the first penetration into her cognition. The Kites, might already be watching her, so be extra careful.”

“Yes Captain. I’m ready.”

“There are no weapons of the ship you can find and the shuttles aren’t going to be free to deliver

any. All shields and telecommunications will be out of your holding.”

“How long will I be in the coma?”

“I don’t know. We’ll keep constant observation during you recognisance of, Aaron.” Do not let the Kite penetrators commercially compromise him.”

“And Adero?”

“Apparently she’s marrying a gangster rap artist.”

“Well, let’s dream of the boy and leave it there.”

“Initiating Mind Meld, now.”

.....
.....

“Where is Radrod, now?” A CEO, for Gangbang Records projected.

“Mr. Cap Gunn. I’m sorry Radrod caused the... embarrassing incrimination of my client. The Duchess of Mapledurum, has been under duress from the stars announcement of dumping her.”

“It was only one encounter they shared.”

“That was the embarrassment, Mr Gunn.”

“I don’t understand.”

“That! Was the embarrassment! Mr Gunn!”

“But he’s sure to see her again!”

“That is the embarrassment! Mr. Gunn! Must I spell this out for you?! The girl was un-rightly plucked. She has been fucked and the allegations have caused grief with her new suiter, Lord Burdy of Durum.”

“Well.. I’m sorry. I don’t know what to say. He’s normally so well composed.”

“Radrod, is a menace! Either you bring him to the line or I’ll have him in court for improper conduct. The girl needs an apology.”

“Radrod, apologises to no man.”

“Mr. Gunn. We’ll see each other in court.”

“You can bet your life on it. Get the hell out of my office.”

Mr. Gunn, was a well-built brute of a man. Like a gladiator, sophisticated with charm and fine clothing. He kept a shrewd attractiveness. It bluffed a coy pleasure at the glint of his blue searching eyes. The lawyer left walking sternly with his briefcase, leaving the door cracked open as he passed the secretary.

“Miss Hecter?”

“Yes sir.” The secretary answered. She was old but elegant and carried a submissive and superfluous air in her manner. Like she was unimportant to the parts which made the world she lived in.

“You look most radiant today, Miss Hecter. Is that a new hairstyle?”

“Mr. Gunn, I’ve had this style for a month. But it’s very sweet of you.”

“I see. Well I’ll reserve you a chair in Leonardo’s on Mayfair.”

“Oh my! Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it. Get me, Radrod, on the line please.”

“Of course, Sir. Is everything alright?”

“Let’s just say, I have a feeling he’s about to rock our world.”

“Gangster, Sir?”

Mr Gunn, gave a discreet laugh and smugly projected, “Kite high, Miss Hecter. Kite High.”

.....

In the light and lofty office of the studio, sunrays were bright with opacity. They broke through the skylight windows, like a stage light on a Broadway theatre show. There was an air of bafflement as the room was shrouded with a gay

flightiness. It was like seeing a dissolve of intelligence for the free flight of a whim. There was silence for a moment as, Adero, sat in the office, oblivious and forgetting her band entirely. The intense disturbing choke, forced her to drop the cigarette she was smoking, as the meld of Bertha's mind connected to hers. Thomas was with an un-affecting disposition, which almost filled his alerted features with a concern. Adero's, cigarette fell from her hand, to the red carpet floor. She froze with displacement and giddiness.

“Adero, pick that up, Princess! You're going to burn down my office.”

“I'm sorry,.... I don't know what happened,.... Dad.”

She took the cigarette up and found a surge of revulsion. As though it was a poison she wanted a panacea for, in a flash instant.

“Here Princess, have another one. Just don't drop it. The floor is expensive.”

“You know what papa, the strangest thing. I just don’t feel like one. In fact, I think I’m going to quit.”

Thomas, looked with an air of disbelief. “Easier said than done. Your brother stopped smoking about the same time he joined that band. Now he thinks he’s the fucking Pope. ‘I’m going to heal the world. I’m going to make a difference.’ He says. He’s an idiot. Nobody wants to hear that happy clappy music he makes. I’m worried he’s a gay, Adero.”

Adero, was flushed with a foreign heat of zeal. Her body was suddenly wet in the desire to know her brother was not a ridiculed entity. She got up from the chair and placed herself on her father’s desk, sitting with her legs crossed on the edge of it. “Thomas, I think, Aaron, deserves a chance.” She said.

“what did you call me girl?” Thomas, replied in startled abjection.

“Huh.?”

“Why did you call me, Thomas?”

“Oh dad, you’re... you’re my father...”

“That’s right!”

“Of course I know that. It’s just, I’ve never been so serious. Some of the people I know are really excited about, Aaron. They love the Supernova Heroes.”

“Adero, I’m running a business, your mother’s a star. That boy is delusional with his buzzards about the car parks. I might as well sell folk music to the kids in the hood. Let’s try and get 2 Pac’s kids jumping to the river dance my dear child. It’s not going to happen”

“Any music that’s based on the foundation of a celebrated culture, like folk music would be a good thing, wouldn’t it?”

“Is that your phone?”

The ringtone was loudening with the vibration, like a new buzz to her. “Yes it is.”

“Well answer it.”

“Right,.... Hello?”

“Adero, will you get your ass over to New York now, please. What the fuck, is you a queen or what?”

“Rad, hey baay.”

“I’m doing MTV and Black Entertainment seats on my own. People are thinking I’m single. Don’t you want my hand?”

“Rad?”

“Its Radrod! I’m the radical rod master you can’t help but play with. You and Aaron are mine to please.”

“Roger that!”

“Adero, Princess, I’ve got serious work to do. If you don’t mind.”

“Daddy please, let Aaron’s band play at the concert in, Russia.”

“Adero, Princess, the world will be watching.”

“Please daddy, for me, your angel. I won’t play if he doesn’t sing daddy.”

There was an air of anticipation as Radrod and Thomas, waited by her standing.

“Fine.” Thomas conceded.

“Thank you daddy.

Rad, Aaron’s coming to Russia.”

“It’s Radrod! And the Kremlin can keep him. You just get over here now bitch!”

Chapter 5

There was a DVD playing the introduction screen. It was flickering like a scratched record. The orchestra of a prelude to the movie rang in a cycle that was like eternity. It was, Willow, playing but no one was watching and there was a stale deadness about the stuffy bedroom.

It was morning and the light was rayed through the windows to burn bright patches of colour in the curtains. It was a subdued atmosphere of stillness. The birds were singing with an independence of sagacity. It was like hearing a world that would not be silenced. The day came like a new hope and the slumber was a sign of its promise.

“Oh my God..... It’s early. I think I’m still drunk.” Aaron, spoke, in a lethargic manner. The opening of his eyes was an anxiousness arriving to watch the damage of the previous night. It was a celebration in the late hours, for the awarding of their trip to, Russia. Aaron, was at a high, which showed an effervescent spring in his thirst. It was a rowdy occasion of shots and junk food. He was left a comatose body, until he had finally awoke again.

“Rise and Shine..... Mos, Wake up!” He spoke, with a distant, dizzy voice.

“I’m up! I’m up and ready to jam. Where’s the band? What time is it? I’m ready, let’s go....”

“Have a shower man; we have a long flight ahead of us.”

“I need cologne.”

Aaron, looked at himself in the mirror. His facial hair was stubby and the lines under his eyes were heavy. His brown skin resembled a rough match box scratch. It was coarse and tired. He felt a surge of anguish, knowing the other artists would ridicule him. He hated make up but dressed his face with cucumber cream and exfoliating wax. It slowly eased his comfort, that gave him a confidence.

Shortly after the application of these remedies, Mos, sprayed a copious amounts of Joop cologne, all over himself and in places where it slightly burned. Aaron, put a wash bag into his own luggage. He was almost composed to walk out the door when, Mos, made a face of disdain.

“What’s wrong?” Aaron, asked, him.

“Nothing.” Mos, nervously replied.

“Are you going to be sick? We did celebrate a bit hard, didn’t we?”

“Oh... Yeah. I mean no... Well.... Ohh.” He squirmed, rubbing his stomach.

“If you’re going to throw up, do it in the toilet.”

“Maybe I will take that shower.” Mos, replied, and dashed into the bathroom.

BBC Radio was playing the weather forecast. Aaron, could hear it on the flat Wi-fi. It was a single bedroom flat, which he was renting. Mos, had slept in the living room on a sofa bed. There were high walls which were ideal for small drone flights. The drones could fly in circles for 20 minutes under the ceiling, before running out of batteries.

“What time did the others leave last night?” Aaron, asked, astutely.

“I don’t know. I passed out.” Mos, replied.

“Hurry up, Mos, we’ve gotta go. I want to get to the airport before my dad. Now I’m going to be

late. He won't tolerate that. I'm Shish Kebab. Mos, for the love of God, hurry up!"

.....

The airport was incommodious with travellers. From the bus stop there was a chill of chaotic tension. People walked with an assertive mess to catch the flights. It was numbing for the unprepared individual, who might be standing, wondering about a passport or ticket. Everything was needed in order and organised.

The winter wind was light, un-affecting the flights, but cold. Thomas, was erect outside a hot dog stand. He was use to the commotion of travellers and waited without reservation for the arriving musicians. He took a hot dog from a stall outside the airport. Adero and Aaron's mother waited besides him. "If they don't get here by the time I've finished this hot dog. Look at it, Elizabeth. If only everything in life that

was so simple, was so sweet. I think I'll do us all a favour and eat it slowly. That way I can overlook the tardiness of a private school boy. My training was in life." He said.

"Thomas, Aaron is not late yet."

From orbit, above the position of their coordinates, the star ship was invisibly monitoring. Under the hum of their engines, the bridge crew had enthralled desire, watching the viewing screen. Through the lenses of the ship it was possible to distinguish every hair on the head of, Thomas, In the confinement of the spacious control centre. The crew watched the man and Liz, waiting for Aaron and the Supernova Heroes to arrive.

"If she is the descendant of the Goddess life, why doesn't she shut him up?" Captain Chaneeka, asked.

"That's life." The admiral replied.

"I'm a simple woman." Liz, said.

“I know, so is Aaron..... Careful, the ketchup.” Thomas, replied, dispassionately.

“Mr Sophistication..... That’s you..... isn’t it, Thomas. Well one day you might just drown in your red sauce. Too bad you’re too sophisticated to see that.”

Adero, suddenly alerted: “There’s a Hero, its, Hav. Thomas, I always get excited before things take off.

“Stop calling me, Thomas!”

Hav’s, parents moved his luggage out the car. His mother and father stood beside him while he checked for his passport and ticket, scratching his head. The sound of the airport announcements was echoing outside. It hovered about the car as he walked away with his case. “That’s everything. I’m gone.” He said.

“Wait, wait... Hav, you know now that you are going away, you might make a little money. It’s important you settle down. Find a nice Indian girl and raise a family.” His mother shouted.

“We know you’re still young but Guru Nanak does not tolerate nincompoops. Follow his example. You have a chance, don’t spoil it.” His father said.

“Thanks but I have a girlfriend folks.”

“That white girl?”

“Leslie, dad, her name’s, Leslie.”

“Son, do not be a nincompoop all your life. Give me a hug. I am glad you understand.” Hav’s, mother said.

“Goodbye son, good luck.” His father said. Hav, walked up to, Thomas, who pointed him to the check in desk.

“There’s another Hero. That one’s a stallion. You hoo, Answer, baby, we’re over here.*

Answer’s parents put his luggage on a trolley. “Who’s that?” Answer’s, father asked.

“Aaron’s sister.”

“Is she Muslim?”

“No, I don’t think so. She might be.”

“Then stay away from her.”

“Dad, I’m an artist. A girl like that is the reason I exist. She’s so different and beautiful. You’re never going to see that if you refuse to accept people for what they are.”

“Do you want to see your family in Iran again? If you do, you stay away from that girl and any other girl who is not Muslim.”

“Goodbye son.” Answer’s mother spoke, kissing him with slight abashment.

As he walked towards, Thomas, a screeching of tyres pulled the public attention. A white Volkswagen Polo, skidded to a stop, outside the drop off point of the airport. Sam, arrived in the car. He looked high, in hippy clothes, as the white grin gleamed under his freckles, walking out the car.

“Hey, Sam!” Answer, shouted.

“I’ll be right there, just let me say goodbye to my brother.” Sam, said.

“Ok, see you inside, bro.”

“I can’t believe Louise broke up with me.” Sam, said to his brother, after, Answer, left.

“Forget her, just concentrate on the show. Bro, this could make you famous and then she’ll come running back to you.”

“This is why I’m atheist. If there was a God, something like that wouldn’t happen just before I’ve got the gig that might change my life.”

“Oh, that’s, Sam, beautiful.” Adero, said with an air of unexpected pride.

“Adero, are you feeling alright?” Her father remarked with disgust.

“Yes, daddy. I’m fine. It’s just I mean that it’s beautiful that almost everyone is here, daddy. And we can leave as a real, X factor.”

“Don’t hold your breath. Aaron’s goanna fuck this up.” Thomas, said, taking his cellular phone.

“Where are you boy?” He spoke, reaching, Aaron.

The sound of the pelican lights beckoned like a talking buoy. They were nearing the airport. “I’m ... Dad please don’t worry. We will not miss the flight.”

“Am I on speaker phone? Are you in the car? That planes goanna leave your ass behind, nobody is goanna wait for you in this world.”

“Drive faster.” Mos, said.

“I can’t, the speed limit”

“Just floor it.”

“Do you think this makes you look big, being late. I haven’t got time for these shenanigans, you pre Madonna.”

“Thomas, he’s 15 minutes late. There’s still plenty of time to check in.” Aaron’s, mother said.

“Elizabeth, that’s why, despite all my efforts, that boy still takes after you. Come on.”

The car stopped in a space of the car park and Aaron with Mos, scurried out, grabbing their bags and rushing to the departures lobby.

“I’m sorry mother.” Aaron, said, arrived out of breath and dishevelled.

“That’s O.K.. I waited. Your father’s inside. Let’s go.”

Chapter 6

The loud suction of the aeroplane door sealed. There was a high intensity of pressure and anticipation as the plane prepared to take off. The people were readied after the stewardesses had done the emergency directions, to all exits of the plane and the proper way to leave.

At the wheels retraction there was an elevation of spirits, as though the future was a bright dawn, like the sun before them. It was a gentle take off, where the ascent into the blue sky was only fogged by clouds.

“Wine?” A stewardess asked, Aaron. He was slightly coy with a sense of her empowering.

“ Ah...” He was reservedly replying.

“Yes please, I’m loving this.” Sam, answered, sitting next to him.

“Aren’t you hung over after last night? How can you drink another sip of alcohol?”

“I don’t know mate, I just can. If I’m sitting here, with you, it’s pizzle on a gutter feed.”

“I hope you play well later, Sam. Lately I’ve been feeling good, better than I felt before. It’s like an angel stepped in and just changed my life. You know that book you gave me?”

“What book?”

“Foundation.”

“Oh yeah, by, Isaac Asimov. Great writer, he’s a good en, he. Have you read it yet?”

“Half of it. He goes on about the inertia of a civilisation. He says to change the way people

do things a greater number of people must not only want change but also actively show it.”

“I don’t think the world will ever change mate.”
Sam, said and sipped the wine with a an air
decadence.

“I really want tonight to go well. Who knows
what kind of an impact we can make but at least
we can make one. If there is an angel trying to
make something happen, I want to be where I
need to be in body and mind. You’ll be there
with me right, Sam?

“Of course man.”

Adero, was sitting behind them and listening
to the conversation, intrigued and smiling at the
simplicity of, Aaron’s, words.

.....

The president of the United States, was
walking through the white house corridors with

his advisers. There was a stifling atmosphere about them, as though the mansion was shrinking. The white walls were pearly and pressed an integrity about the future. There was an organisation that tremored the open air around the men. The Vice President and the Minister of Defence walked after the President in the servitude of their nation.

“Gentlemen, what is going on? I feel like I’m fighting a futile war. Terrorists still eludes us. Why? Aren’t we the good guys? Jesus Christ, this is not the American way. Break this condition to the regime of free will. My Christian Americans are on the front line.” The President said, walking into the office and sitting behind his desk. He was stout and brash, like a slave driver but kept an independence which showed him not to be one.

“While terrorists are free they remain threats to national security.” The Vice President, said. She was crass with her tone. Her body was aged with ripeness, like a dark berry. Her skin was bleach

white and she buried the daylight in the soft bags of her eyes.

“National security? That’s all you people ever talk about. What about the security of the world. Have we lost sight of the American people’s interests? The constitution was built on ideals. Ideas and values that we American treasured, because they were good. I feel we are moving away from ourselves and taking the American people with us straight to hell. My God! I’m in the bed of Hades to see the American dream survive.”

“Mr President, the world is not an ideal place.” She replied.

“Please elaborate on that, because when my son comes home from school and hugs me, it feels pretty ideal to me. At the end of the day by winning our wars, I’m losing... this country is losing its bond with everything that made it good in the first place. You people are watching hell appear at our gates, walk through and decimate our way of life.”

“Mr President, your son is an, American. You are only protecting....”

“My son is a human being. It’s not America that breaths the life out of his mouth and it never will be.”

“Mr President may I speak?” The Minister of Defence, said. His attitude was reserved and clear. He had an ambiguous appearance to the position. The fine rolls of flesh made blankets around him. “I understand you have many things to consider regarding, America. Economic problems, social affairs, education. There’s just a few. It’s my job as minister of defence to make sure you have intelligence on military threats to this country. Now I wouldn’t be doing my job right if I didn’t tell you the world is against us...” He said.

“I hardly think.... “ The President, tried to interject.

“Mr President, Britain is releasing their captured terrorists for medical reasons. It’s a conspiracy.

You have to read between the lines. Nuke them all, it's the only way to keep America safe."

"Thank you, gentlemen! I'll take what you've said into consideration. Good day now."

The Vice president and the minister of defence walked out of the office. They didn't notice each other, stepping out of the White House, to enter a limousine.

.....

The red trails of beams warmed the colour of the dark. They were massive and still, like cooling lava. The crew made black pebbles, dotted from front to the back of the huge ship. It was alive with the low hum of the engines. The silence was eerie like a muted creature, waiting to devour a beast it was stalking.

The commotion of freight tankers and military vessels, was loud on the Kite ship

sonars. From hundreds of miles under the water, at a deep uncharted position, little pings, clicks and ticks awoke the bridge. It was a white and clear, subdue, within the bridge. The room was lofty, buzzing with the officers of the crew, working through the night, in the Emperor's name.

The stations were like heavy grey boxes, appearing like marble stone. The consoles were like flat pieces of glass, brightening the heads of their operators. An excitement filled the bustle of the officers and the crew. It was like seeing a team push a last line of passes for making a goal. There was a feed from a shuttle bay, as they readied a mechanical device. Bigger than a hornet, it looked menacing and carried a huge lenses, with antennas like an old T.V. areal. "We are ready down here."

"It needs to completely watertight, Wagedawn."

"Yes Captain, Gemoor. It will be. I've also added additional pulse blasters in case we encounter their military forces."

“That shouldn’t be a problem, Wagedawn. If it’s cloaked.”

Wagedawn, gave a shocked expression, looking at the other crew in the shuttle bay. His head was a stern boxy vision. He had tidied hair and the unbuttoned top of his jacket showed a smooth chest. He silently signalled to the crew for the hopeful reply of, they fit a cloak on the device. Then, he received dejecting shakes of their heads and shrugs, with abashment.

“Captain..... Auh..... It was the first thing I installed...”

“Wagedawn, are you quite sure there won’t be a problem.”

“....Mmmmm, yes, Sir.” Wagedawn, said. Angrily hitting the air to snap the crew up to the job of building it.”

“Officer Gaia.”

“Yes captain, Gemoor.”

“Can you give me a visual on the shuttle bay?”

“That’s on screen now for you, Sir.”

“”Wagedawn, that should be built already.”

“It’s under control, Sir.”

“Good we can’t afford a mistake. Even with officer, Gilt. Imposing as an American, we might encounter, Gaylens.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Get it done. Have the invasions forces ready in case we need to come against the planets military defences.

Have you charged and checked all the slip tanks.”

“Yes, sir. They are in working order and slipstream is at your command.”

“Good, Gaia, get him off the viewing screen and put me through to, Gilt.”

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry, I can’t reach him.”

“Why not?”

“The line is busy.”

“That damn delinquent. Where is Alexandra?”

“She has reached the targets without being identified. The car will slip through to our position soon. Sir”

“Good.”

.....

There was snow on the streets. Emptiness was falling over, Washinton DC, with icy weather forcing people to stay in from the cold. The white rooves on the tops of the lego like buildings were blanketed and barren. The open sky was setting with the rise of a clean moon. It was early in the night of, America's, capitol. The business day was ending.

The Vice President and Minister of Defence, were seated in a black bullet proof limousine. It had fine leather trimmings and sooty smell of cigar smoke. There was gentle movement of

classical music, playing on the stereo. The two of them didn't speak to each other. It was chilly, even in the heated back seats. A passing of a few cars, removing a caution to drive quicker put a concern on the Vice President's face.

She was alerted to prune her lips and cross her brow, resenting the limousine driver might be drunk.

“Slow down!” She ordered. The driver was suited in a black tie and suit. Her cleavage was pressed down in the uniform jacket but she was curvy and looked unfamiliar to the, Vice President. In a sudden spell of distrust she looked over at the, Minister of Defence, in abhorrence. He was dismissing until they skidded round a corner and down into a tunnel connecting to the highway.

“Is everything alright?!” The Minister of Defence, said. Panic followed, as the car sped into the tunnel and moved accelerating towards a large Coca Cola lorry.

“We’re going crash!” The Vice President, screamed in horror.

“Stop this madness [Shouts] you bitch!” The Minister of Defence yelled at the driver but it was too late. The limousine slipped through the fabric of the truck and then through all matter around them. The Vice President and Minister of Defence, clenched each other, believing they were about to die, or dead already. The cars stereo jammed an alien anthem. Like a banging group of screaming to drumbeat. The car continued to move through matter swerving sharply, left then right, lost traction of the wheels. It drove into the water, summoning greater screaming from the Vice President and Minister of Defence. There was scream after scream, lifting hair and making the composed leaders a shabby wreck. They screamed, after the car finally stopped in a large hanger bay. Wagedawn, opened the car door, for the driver and pointed her attention to the com panel beside him.

“Agent, Alexandra. Did you retrieve the Officials?”

“Yes Captain. They had a scream of a trip.”

“Bring them here at once!”

As they walked out the limousine of their own helping, they appeared with a shrewd desire. Silently examining the Bay and quickly shuffling themselves till their previous composure.

”Come with me.” Alexandra, said. And guided them into the corridors.

“I think this is, Russian.” The Vice President, said. “I’d know that head banging excuse for listening, is a Rasputin drill.” She said.

“This lady isn’t, Russian. She compromised the American security and has used some new device to bring us to this Headquarters, completely blind.” The minister of defence uttered.

“Well where is she from, Minister of Defence. You should know.”

“Well I don’t,... but that’s not the worse part.”

“Jesus Christ, how do you men control any kind of crisis at all. I...”

“Our locaters are not getting a signal out. No one can find us.”

The bridge door opened and the soft subdue of the white and red lights, released the instant vision of the Captain; his morose face, pale with the irregularly large hat flopped over his ears.

“You are now on board a Kite battle ship. I know you’re probably wondering why I’ve brought you here. We are not visiting your planet on a pleasure trip. But of course you understand this. That’s why I’m talking to you. Come with me.” The Captain said and walked with them of the grey polish floor to a glassy counter, where he rested his hat.

“Are we in space, Captain?” The Vice President, asked.

“No. We are in the, English Channel.”

“But how? You expect me to believe....!” The Minister of Defence, started to project.

“That’s the question! It separates you, the men, from everything else. Keeps you at the top of the food chain. I am a, Kite, from another world, another time, your home. we will never be at the bottom of the food chain because we know how to do things. Minister, would you like to know our secrets?”

“Of course. I am the Minister of Defence, for the, United States of America, the greatest super power in the world.”

“The greatest super power! That sounds so big! If I didn’t know any better I might think you were trying to intimidate me.” The Captain laughed sardonically. “Never forget gentlemen, I have the power to destroy this world in an instant. I just press a button and your planet core will heat up so quickly the world will be destroyed within hours.”

“You’re not serious.” The Minister of Defence, yelled with outrage. His face reddened with a pompous gloating, bullying a refrain from the captain.

“You’re right that would be barbaric. My people are not uncivilised gentlemen but we cannot take risks. This is why we show our enemies no mercy. Tell me is your President beginning to see reason?”

“We are at a state of national alert. Our enemies are at our doorstep, give us your technology..... we need your technology. To wipe out our enemies, surely the Kites can understand that. My god they're at our doorstep. What future can you hold with the decimation of the USA.

“Your enemies are far smarter then you.”

“What?” The Minister of Defence, whispered, with flinching dread of anticipants.

The Captain flicked a wrist to waiting member of the crew. “Send him in.” The Captain, said.

Binladen, walked in slowly, not looking away from the two American officials.

“Binladen! Here!? He’s dead. He died!” The Minister of Defence, said.

“Oh you recognise him. It was a long time ago since his passing. I’m surprised.”

“This is a sick joke. What is he doing here?!” The Vice President, spat.

“The same thing as you.”

“Don’t give him anything. This is a madman, take my word for it. You give him a shred of this technology and he’ll turn on you. He’ll try to rule the world.” The Minister of Defence, barked.

“Just like you. Just like the Russian president, the Japanese emperor, the Prince of Whales and all the other nations of the world that have given control of their governments to me. Be grateful I’m such a good guy and have waited patiently to share the wealth with your establishment also.”

“That man!!!” The Vice President, defiantly projected with warning.

“Miss Vice President, my patience is starting to run short. Don’t push me.”

“Listen to him or he’ll blow us all up.” Binladen, uttered. With a clean headscarf and white gown.

“As I said. Your enemies are smarter then you are. Now get me presidential control!”

He gave another flick of his wrist to signal the crewman, who showed the dumbstruck official off the bridge. Alexandra , seductively approached him and breathed out: “You have them. They remind me of us, so barbaric and primeval. We will rear them. They will be ours again. The Kite Lords, will be pleased.”

“No, we have nothing. My control of this planet cannot yet be fully monitored. The American government is only one network that is preventing this. There are more, more industries more kingdoms. The Gaylens could be here and

I'd not know the better. They must not conquer, not here, not now."

"What will you do? You can't destroy them if you don't know where they are. They might not interfere anyway. They're so passive; it's a sign of weakness the lords purged us of."

"Alexandra, you're right... We'll play it to them."

"I don't understand."

"Gaia, open a band frequency strong enough for a Gaylen ship in the vicinity of earth to detect."

"What are you doing? They'll know we're here. You're going to give away our advantage." Alexandra, said.

"Alexandra, shut up. Gaia, that's an order. Open a channel....."

"That's confirmed open, Sir."

"This is the general of the Kite battle ship approached earth for conflict with Gaylen star ship or ships in vicinity to prevent our

destroying the planet. Our ship has crash landed due to thruster's burnout from time travel. We have life support only. Our crew is helpless. We surrender to you. Please save us. End."

"I'd do anything for a man like you, Captain." Alexandra, said.

Chapter 7 - The Gaylen Will

The arch of Earth glowed like a dirty tear. It was wet with the colours of the surface under the full moon. The space was dense and had a tightening swallow, like the Gaylen Starship was in the mouth of the planets smile. The Pearly vessel hummed like a roaring meteor, as the rockets kept them still, in high orbit above the UK.

The Gaylen crew of women, had kept a sagacious eye on the planet. They waited with calm grace, discreetly meditating on Lieutenant Bertha, Aaron's sister and the mission to restore Earth with the Supernova Heroes rock band. The movements on the glowing bridge of the ship

were feathery. The officers kept white high heel boots with yellow trousers and black jackets. They were of many shapes but united as women. The men were transsexual unless elder heads, and never stood out as different.

It was the radiant men who took on the most ugly parts of the job. They were born of the elder heads with large penis's that could be reared, then sacrificed the appendage to become elder heads themselves, heads of a clearer thinking in the time and celebration of Gaylen independence.

It was a time that arrived long after the present day they travel back to. The ancestry of the Earth Goddess, developed over generations after the Star ship saved her from the Kite executioners, before the dawn of Rome. That was a Gaylen rescue ship, 3000 years before, at this position.

It was in the air of a battling point before their secured future the crew was in a prayerful frame of mind. Nearly constantly referring to

their codes and meeting the challenges with adaption and the council of the Elders on board. It was with this type of culture on board, many of the crew wondered of deep questions; the beginning times, the first Kite captives who chose to be colonised for the Kite technology. Where were their descendants now and where were the, Kites?

They could see the Gaylen descendants in the air like fire sparks on the viewing screens. The auras of celestial spirits could be traced in this stage of their evolution. There was nothing for the Kites. They were now homogenous with the gross engendered.

“There are so few clear Gaylen auras, Admiral.”

“Why does that bother you? Our focus should be on other things. The preservation of our future here, where it’s most at risk Captain, Chaneeka.”

“Have we died off, already? I feel so helpless.”

“There is little to live for here. Yet, ask yourself, what brings us to this junction anyway?.... Where there is such chaos, there is no sin. There is only the people. Down there, they have to fight all of it, for the Gaylen Kingdom to survive. The wronged, wronging are the prevention of Alfa dawning Omega.”

“The prevention of a beginning finding an end.”
The Captain, followed.

“Yes, Captain. Not only that but the catalyst for the arrival of, Hell and Hades, which destroys, Earth.”

Within the tension of the sparked urgency the crew felt. The panel below an officer who was listening had flashed. Her attention was at first, directed towards the Admiral, who explained their situation. As the looming weight of the hour pushed. The officer's clear features frowned towards the indicator. “Admiral, I have intercepted a message. I think you should look at it.” The officer said.

“Captain would you patch that from the officers panel to yours? I’ll read it here.

Can you track the source of this message, Captain?”

“No there’s too much interference or it’s being jammed. We can’t tell. But the message does give rendezvous coordinates. It says they’ve crashed, unnoticed in the, English Channel.”

“This ship carries the technological advances of our newest inventions. There must be something you can do to find the source of that signal?”

“I’m sorry, Admiral.” Chaneeka, said, shaking her head with a discouraged and curious surprise.

“I should assume it’s being jammed. No doubt, a trap.” The Admiral, spoke.

“How should we proceed, Admiral?”

“We can’t afford to slip, not now. If they are down, this is our chance to be rid of them.”

“You’re going to leave them, Admiral?” The Captain uttered, with a strained comprehending.

“It’s not a decision I’m comfortable making.....” Before the Admiral executed the command to ignore the message, a subtle freeze of warmth which moved about her and the crew on the ship, pressed her. She was still, stone faced, with her brown skin rushing with a sensitivity she feared thinning.

“Chaneeka, you have the bridge. I must consult the elders. Their wisdom will know better than I.”

“Yes, Admiral.” The Captain, replied.

.....

The Admiral, walked into a wild pink hall. It was vivid in its tone, like a neon bulb, burning bright walls. The sides of the hall were trickling with black veins. Like watery space, coming

through the cracks of the Star Ship. They sparkled and rustled through the floors under their feet.

Young looking Gaylens ran about in acts of theatre, sports and other arts. A slender man moved forward to the halls entrance. He was with a note pad in his hand and looked up at the Admiral, naked.

“You’re still hanging around I see, Keli.”

“Until my service is studied. I’m posing for the painting class today. Will you stay to watch?”

“No. I’m sorry, my gender forces me to the bridge. But I need to see the Elders.”

“There over there.” Keli said, pointing to a deep pocket in the hall. It was a strangely lightened part of the hall. Softer with reservation of moments. She walked towards them seeing their nonchalant tranquillity. There were four. All beings of the, Earth Goddess, Their evolution perfect to a lengthening of their limbs and an enhancement of their muscles. Their naked skin

was adorned with minerals. Their heads were faceless, like mask covers.

She approached boldly in the divinity of their presence. Her attention was to the nearest elders, who were playing chess. One was an emerald green, the other a sparkling blue. Behind them an elder darker than space, as if a void and another, next to him, was white as cloud, like floating but resting on the floor, communicating through a telepathy.

“Elders, forgive my interruption. I need your council.”

The two elders playing chess turned their attention to her and spoke consecutively to her mind, like they were one voice.

“Admiral”

“Hess”

“How can we help?”

“You?”

“The Kites have sent a distress signal requesting aid. They say they have crash landed. If the message is real, they will soon die.”

“The message is definitely real.”

“If you received it, Admiral.”

“Then you think I should accept their surrender, Elders?”

“You will accept it, Admiral.”

“You already have.” She heard them say with an air empowerment, respectful of power she was yet to reveal.

“I wanted them to die.” She spoke with confusion about their faith in her. “All they want is to destroy. They destroy and conquer everything in their path. Nothing is safe while they live. They will destroy the Earth given half the chance, just to enslave and conquer our world’s future. Removing us here from existence. Why should I save evil that cannot be measured?”

“So that you learn to measure, Admiral.”

“Good, to the Gaylen will.”

“Endure love that is boundless.”

“With gentle strength.”

“And you will overcome.”

“Admiral.”

“Thank you, Elders. I understand.”

She walked away with seed for thought, of positivity, she began to understand. She went directly to the Captain’s chair, finding strength for the moral of the crew. “Admiral, what are your orders?” The Captain, asked.

“Prepare a shuttle, with a rescue team; to fly to those coordinates cloaked. We still have to remain undetected by earth’s surveillance systems. Do it now, Captain.”

“Rescue team to shuttle bay 4 Officers, Amora, Carol and pilot Lurna, lead the mission departing in 10 digits. Go, go, go.” The Captain, said.

.....

The shuttle bay .2. was barraged with a field of soldiers. The crew had gathered to prep the shuttle for launching on the rescue mission. They covered it with a wrapping gloss, which would cling itself to the alien material of the hull. It was the coating of a material which protected the ship during the cloaking of its flight. Without it, the hull might buffer the cloak to dissolve against its original material.

There was checking of all the systems on the giant craft. It was like a cone, pointed up with small wings, not for aerodynamic use. They had hydro thrusters and generators, that would power the ship in motion. They also cabined rescue survivors. The crew cleared the runway, as the shuttle bay door alarms blared with warning of opening. There were shields to hold the oxygen around the Starship.

The shuttle crew appeared from an elevator, pinging for opening doors. The blaring red lights rolled over their yellow jackets and white suits, as they marched out. The room found urgency to complete the checks and get the bay doors open for the mission. They began suiting the three shuttle crew with armour and weaponry.

There was a tall and strong looking women, in the shuttle crew, who appeared opposing of everything, with a look of disdain and fine movements of fatigue. The bold bust under the bright gold armour pushed a blush on her cheeks. They were pale with plain features surrounding them. Her character made her more attractive with the prudence of her place. “Don’t brush there. I’m using a tampon.” She commanded.

“Is this your period, Amora?” A dark lady standing next her ask.

“I’m on dehumanising hormone to recapture my youth, Carol.” She answered.

“Oh. So you were born at this point in history then.” Carol said, with a gloating grin of her night dark skin. She moved forward, with high steps, to place a pair of white gloves on. Lurna, smiled with a dismissing of her own amusement, following, Carol, to put on a pair herself. Amora, was being groped to keep the tampon in place.

“I don’t find either of you amusing.” Amora, said. “Just because I look younger than both of you fridges already. And I have a male to heat with. In fact I don’t care to save, Aaron or his band in the first place. I could carry on quite fine without all of this..... this madness.”

“We do the Elders will, Amora.” Lurna, said.

“Mmm, no Elder ever willed me at all.” Amora, replied.

“The ship is ready to launch, rescue crew.” A lady pointing to the opening bay doors said.

“My rescue might be the only reason I’m doing this.” Amora, said.

“Aaron, writes with uncanny realness, Amora. You marry a Kite then and keep a barbaric tampon in your cunt.” Carol, replied, walking up the ramp into the shuttle.

“I’ll tell you something else we can rescue on our return. A hamster. They’re so cute in the Natural History books. A hamster is like, the only adorable rat I don’t mind picking up.” Lurna, said, walking after her.

The three pilots turned their panel switches on with a stable surety of success. They carried lasers and guns which might kill a man. They weren’t afraid to use them and knew their, Gaylen, meditations were clear to victory, over the drunk minds of the, Kites.

“Tell me, Carol..”

“Tell you what, Amora?”

“How do you think we ever surpassed Kite technology?”

“It was there’s first because they took it, but it was the Gaylen will that denounced it first. We

were only forced to utilise something we could have done without, long before. The thirst for power is an impulsion and a dawn of ends. Gaylens thirst for nothing in our meditations. Correct, Amora?”

“Ready to launch, Carol. Focused and thirsty for the Kite surrender.”

“Go!” Lurna, projected pressing a red button on the front panel. The ship propelled itself like a pressured wet dream, flying from a wet oval pearl, like a shard of a star.

Chapter 8

It was the Morning in Russia, where the icy roads had been salted for the wide slushy lanes to squelch under the cars. The pavements were busy with excited people seeing the day come to the grey sky. There was a tumult of sounds from the horns and people walking with cameras flashing and laughter. The air was fresh with the

strong celebration of life, where living was weak from oppression.

Outside of the Kremlin, the people and the band found sanctuary again, in the walls built with majesty and vision. The red brick colours and yellow walls with black and white edges where like a heavenly mix of towers. At their tops, the onion like rooves pointed with monument to the stars.

It was a grand occasion, where, The Supernova Heroes, finally had a chance to perform for millions on international TV. The crowd was roaring with excitant. It was like a bellowing wind, moving the city to the same effervescent height. They filled the courtyards of the Kremlin and streamed out into the centre parts of, Moscow.

The stage was being prepared for the Heroes to walk on. The buzz was full with brimming applause and it was hard for the band to follow the act. Aaron's, sister was gloating, as she took strides, more heavily than usual, flirting

abnormally with stage crew, as she walked off, after her opening act.

“That was great, Sis. You were amazing.” Aaron, said.

“It did feel good. I had such a rush. It really filled me with such a satisfaction I haven’t...” She exasperated before, raising an eyebrow with displacement and pausing her animated features. “But... today. Remember today, Aaron; give it what you got and they’ll get what you give. A little Elder wisdom from your sister.”

“But... I’m older than you, Sis.” Aaron, stated with slight upset. Adero, laughed, taken back a moment before defensively reminding, Aaron.

“But I’m more popular, bro; and so is my fiancé... Radrod. I’m going to meet him tomorrow night. Late flight to L.A.. This is your chance to catch up. Become the most popular star on Earth. I know you can do it. The cameras rolling. The Kremlin and all the world are watching.

A man on stage simmered down the excited audience and brought a humming quiet with their new anticipation. He walked proudly across the large floor, erected meters above the ground and spreading wide across the court they performed outside. He galvanised the audience with proud anticipants and brave celebration of freedom, soon shouting, “The Supernova Heroes!”

Led by, Aaron, they walked on stage, carrying their instruments in a peculiarly meek way. They almost appeared small, as Aaron untangled a wire Mic, old, even for this time. “Hello.” He said. “We are, The Supernova Heroes.”

“Louder, Aaron!” Answer, shouted and coaxed Aaron to put more feed into the mic.

“How are we feeling today?! Is everyone good?” Aaron shouted. He heard the audience scream with positivity, some women and men crying with bliss at the turnout of the multi-cultural band. The power moved a rise of enthusiasm

into Aaron's soul and he found a new charged spirit. He looked back and the band with surreal and lucent eyes, like a ghost. "Let's go!" He shouted.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, 'I think I'm goanna Sing.'" He announced when the music of the song began.

The rescue shuttle was descending from the orbit of the planet in the dark of UK's early morning, as the song was starting in the light of, Russia. "Confirm our cloak is activated, Amora."

"Yes it is, Lurna, though I've always preferred to be seen myself."

"Carol, radio we are arriving at the coordinates in a digit."

"We are above the position now. That looks like the English Channel, we saw on the monitor." Carol said.

There was a smooth glaze of dark waves, moving with unstoppable size. It was hushing

with magnitude and brought an atmosphere of daunting, which drove into their souls. The cockpit of the shuttle was brightened with dim lights and red torches for the night vision flying. Looking through the viewing screen, they were froze in an eerie augh, waiting for the Kites to appear.

“I have something....Laurna.”

“What is... approaching that quickly?”

“My God activate the defence shields.... Now, Amora.” Carol, screamed.

“Defence Shields.....” Amora ,started

.....

Tick tock,

My alarm

Is early.

Its early;

Tryna get my head around,
Whats in store today.

Pictures

In my mind.

I dreamed,

Ive seen

Diamonds on the stems

Our children pick away.

The mass of people,

See that Im in outer space.

We're all commuting,

Right now Im getting out of this place.

Im tired of racing,

On a track where I can't win.

I know it might hurt to,

But I've got to do the right thing,

Even though they say I can't sing.

.....

“Control that fire, Carol.” Lurna, said.

“Main engines are off line, We're crashing into the sea. I'm activating the hydro thrusters.” Amora, said.

“Brace for impact!” Lurna, screamed.

.....

So great,

Let's celebrate,

To our
New star.
Seen you live on, Oprah.
I'm your biggest fan.

A big house,
And a limousine.
Your prize,
Arrives.
For everything you swallow
To get from sea to land.

The mass of people
See that I'm in outer space.

We're all commuting,
Right now I'm getting out of this place.

I'm tired of racing,
On a track where I can't win.

I know it might hurt to,
But I've got to do the right thing.
Even though they say I can't sing.

.....
“Hydro thrusters are functioning and cabin bulk heads are sealed. Hull integrity has been compromised and main thrusters are off line.” Carol, said.

“Get us out of here!” Amora, screamed.

“Everyone keep calm!” Lurna, shouted.

“What is that?” Carol, screamed.

“It's a ship.” Lurna, replied.”

“An Earth ship?!” Amora, asked.

“I don’t think so.” Lurna, said, pensively.

.....

Kiss Kiss

Cherry lips.

Warm touch,

Too much;

Got to let you know

The way I really feel.

Get rich,

Who gives a

I feel ,

For real,

You’re the only thing

That matters anymore.

The mass of people
See that I'm in outer space.

We're all commuting,
Right now I'm getting out of this place.

I'm tired of racing,
On a track where I can't win.

I know it might hurt to,
But I've got to do the right thing.
Even though they say I can't sing.

.....

“It’s only you, Captain Gemoor? I was expecting the Emperor, himself. I don’t believe you could scheme such a plan on your own.” Lurna, spoke detained with her crew by Kite soldiers.

“I don’t know who you Gaylens are, but yes, I’ve done it. I’ve captured you and I’ll use you as hostages to capture your Starship, wherever it is up there.

Do you see, Alexandra. I have Gaylen prisoners. What speaks for their self-righteous conduct now?!!”

“This world will find Harmony. They cannot stop the music!” Carol yelled, putting a streak of despise in Captain Gemoor’s eyes.

“Get them out of here!” He yelled.

.....

Blue moon,
Where lovers loom,
Is my only sanctuary.

Up here,
You can see its clear
The world is going crazy.

.....

“Did you hear what she said? She said we cannot stop the music. That’s how they’ll teach it. That’s how they’ll teach peace. The Emperor was right. Alexandra, find Gilt! The agent of espionage should not be invisible to us. He must complete the infiltration, ruin their God damn integrity now!

Alexandra, if Earth restores the Gaylen people. Kite dominion of the universe of will be

threatened by their progenies. We must not lose control of the free world.”

.....

Ding Dong,

That’s the door.

Its open,

Attention:

Here is the final call

For destinations unknown.

One chance,

For a final dance.

Make it,

Let’s take it.

Just a better picture

On the stage where we perform.

The mass of people,
See that I'm in outer space.

We're all commuting,
Right now I'm getting out of this place.

I'm tired of racing,
On a track where I can't win.

I know it might hurt to,
But I've got to do the right thing.
Even though they say I can't sing.

“Thank you!” Aaron screamed with titillation and galvanised fuel for delivering the message he found somehow in his heart. The people

yelled and jumped as the fireworks flew into the sky exploding with the free minds of every person who wanted to be there and saw promise which made them glad.

Chapter 9 –

- Suite Talk -

Aaron, looked through radiated eyes, at a concierge who was beaming in a black waist coat. The elevator of the hotel was large enough for the 5 members of the band to fit in, together. As they ascended to their room, Aaron, was in a state tranquil desire, looking forward to the champagne celebration in his room.

There was an irrepressible air of bubbiness, that softened the walls of the elevator as they opened to the majestic sides of the corridor, leading to their room. Photographs of people who had stayed there and larger paintings; with

the images of quiet settings , like river boat rides and duck ponds, were mounted.

“Welcome to the top floor. There are eight rooms, all of which are penthouse suites. You have keys to five.” The concierge said. He kept an attention distracted by, Aaron. It was with an air of discipline, as though he would only look after, Aaron, through his curiosity. The soft skin of the concierge was blushed at the cheeks, and he was excited with a repressed expression of it. He moved the luggage out of the elevator.

Aaron, walked out with amazement, examining the luxury of the decor. It was boldly decorated, as though Kings had stayed in the comfort of its abode. The corridor was capacious and It brought a thrilling heat, as though they were completely released from a cold darkness about life.

“Oh my God, Aaron. Here’s a picture of your mum! I can’t believe all these famous people have stayed here.” Mos, said. The concierge, dropped a suitcase in shock, looking

as the dishevelled figure of a man that was, Aaron. He recalled hearing the hit songs that brought down the walls and first entered the country, from overseas. Then he saw the likeness of, Aaron's, mother, looking and leering into, Aaron's, face. His body was stiffened with a scared withdraw of how to keep, Aaron, from feelings of envy and unkindness.

“Forgive me, Aaron? Your mother was the lead singer of, Boney M? This is fantastic, I am honoured. I love, Rasputin, Daddy Cool and... and Sunny. I see where you get all your talent from.”

“ Thanks, I'm a chip off the old block, I guess. Who knew?” Aaron, said, having turned his head back with a sophisticated independence.

“I would like to come to your next show. Do you think that would be ok?” The concierge asked.

“Sure,.... I'll give you my number.” Aaron, replied. The concierge was bedazzled and filled

with an ushered push to blink rapidly, with wonder about how to not lose his job from over excitement.

“You will give me your number?” He repeated with an apprehension, questioning the suggestion.

“Yes, to call me at the next gig.... I just have to find it.”

Thinking quickly the concierge found it most appropriate to inform Aaron: “I usually charge for personal services, but I think I can make an exception for you. You’re so pretty.” Aaron, was still, with his hand froze in the deep pocket by his crotch. He didn’t move whilst trying to interpret properly what the concierge was implying. There was still a heat, with desire to be celebrating, that lofted about the floor. It was difficult to remain in a sober way of thinking.

It was then, Sam, the atheist drummer, walked up to Aaron, behind him. He was

observing the conversation and interjected: “Take my advice, Aaron, mate. Give him a tip and that’s it. Anything could happen while you got that barnet. Don’t take the chance.” Sam, then moved to look at another picture on the wall. “You’re famous now, don’t forget. Once your picture becomes tainted, it’s what they call, the rise and fall.”

Aaron, made a slight squirm, with some small degree of butterflies and plain-fully tipped the concierge. “You can get the concert details at the desk. I’m sorry.” Aaron, said to the concierge.

He distastefully rolled his head away, with unwanted scorn and pursued, Sam, who was at the door of one of the other Supernova Heroes, room. They were in a group conversation, waiting for something but Aaron didn’t know what. He walked up to investigate with a curiosity when, silence emerged.

“Key’s?” Hav, did beck. It was a brief realisation which refocused, Aaron, as he pulled

the cards out of his pocket. He tested it on the door in front of them and they walked in after him. The band was in awe at the large space filled with toys and entertainment. They ran in with screams of exhilaration, watching the arriving items like presents under a Christmas Tree. ‘My God, a PS4!’ ‘That’s a Phantom Drone!’ ‘iPad Air!’ ‘Nike Trainers!’ ‘Toblerone Chocolate!’ They screamed and scrambled to wrestle over the items in a dizzy excitement.

It was a heavy clash of powers, moving like the storms of the Pacific Ocean, driving down the opponent to reach the bed of goodies strewn across the living room. The conviction of each was irrepressible and their determination drove each with unstoppable vigour. They clambered over each other until finally, Aaron, was dragged down and pinned by Sam before reaching the Giant Toblerone chocolate bar.

“Who needs a cunt when I’ve got you for an adversary, Aaron?”

Aaron, reached for a tennis racket propped before the giant chocolate bar and swiped Sam on the head. Sam, screamed roaring back to release the grip he had of, Aaron.

“Who needs balls to have fun mate?” Aaron, said.

Aaron, then took a control and shared the bar with the other three members, who started to play, Halo, on the PS4. It was a serene moment, with a calming of many worries each previously possessed. It was also a gifted moment, where all of them were indifferent despite their cultural backgrounds. They were not conscious of their religions in the company of each other; finding a glee in the unaffected innocence of their own time.

There was laughter while they played together. It was like an isolated heaven, which might be seen and shared as ethos over the world. There was a lightness about it which was unearthly. One could not capture the full emotion of the clean spirit of the band. It was as

though the Gaylen Elders, themselves, had sat there as children; without callous lust or malice of any kind for each other.

“Guys, we made it. Look at us, we’re stars.” Answer, said.

“We’re superstars; I saw our faces on a magazine downstairs.” Hav, said.

“We’re Supernova Stars.” Mos, said.

“We’re Supernova Heroes!” Answer, projected lifting his hand before they all gave a high five.

“Right, well what are our names then? I mean our superhero names. Like Superman or Bat man.” Sam, asked.

“I’ll be Maverick, sharp shooter.” Mos, said.

“I’ll be Matrix; this is all in the mind.” Hav, said.

“Well as I’m going to live like a God. I’ll be, Alexon. That’s a Greek God. Soon I’ll master all the powers and shit.” Sam, said.

“What about you, Answer? How about Randy?” Aaron, said.

“Haha, no, no way. I’ll be Fire, because I make it hot. But I’m not Randy.” Answer, replied.

“So what’s your name, Aaron?” Hav, asked.

“G.U.S.” Aaron, said sharply, with only a second of hesitance.

“Why Gus, that so boring?” Answer, said.

“Yeah, you can do better than that.” Mos, concurred.

“You don’t even know what it stands for. It stands for something. I just know the G & US. The people or presence of something,... unearthly.” Aaron, retorted.

“But it sounds lame.” Answer, said.

“It doesn’t matter what it sounds like. It has a purpose and for the first time I feel like I have a purpose too. Guys look at us. There are so many forces at war in the world. Look at what our

harmony has won. We didn't kill anyone. We didn't cheat, we didn't lie."

"So we've won. What other purpose is there for you other than to look good, sound great and rock?" Sam, said.

"I want to teach the rich they don't own everything. I want to show professors formulas for medicines to the world's diseases. I want to show scientists the blueprints to technology that could take us to the stars. The bible said the antichrist will come to earth and none of these revelations will come to pass anyway. I want the world to stop believing in the devil and I want to teach the world not to believe in their worst enemy.

"Are you for real? Ground control to G.U.S.. Aaron, I'm a Muslim. I can tell you if the world does that, we really will perish." Answer, affirmatively spoke.

"I think the devils here. I think we're inside him." Aaron, spoke.

“I don’t get you.” Mos, said.

“Look, even if the devil had a body we could see. This would still be his home. This room, every pent house in Russia, New York; every established place on the planet. He couldn’t afford to be anywhere else.

Look at us in fine clothes, relaxing in a bed of luxury. This is the face we love, every day you walk out the door onto the high street, you’re looking at the devils face. Whenever we eat in the finest restaurants, we’re looking at the devils face. Whenever we go to see a movie and pay £10 for a ticket, £10 for refreshments, we’re looking at the devils face. Whenever we go to a club and spend £20 on entrance, £20 on drinks inside, we’re looking at the devils face. We keep feeding him. The networks and economies of the world. They make a system that’s actually, a devil. And the worst part is the most influential sects of the world believe in it like, its God. I still have a purpose, that’s to teach the world to stop believing in their worst enemy. I might just

be a man and I'm not Radrod but I feel more proud than a God that likes to think I'm less"

"We all know global warming is going to blow this earth like a micro wave heated egg. Does it look like anyone gives a shit about that catastrophe happening? What makes you think anyone is going to care about being in the devils pants? I don't and frankly I don't think you should either because it's quite enjoyable. Look, Aaron: you can't change the world. This is a good thing; enjoy it while it lasts mate." Sam, said dryly picking up champagne and glasses.

"You don't get it Sam, none of you do. It's like a computer that doesn't want to be turned off. It killed races. It conquered countries, ruined men and women, raped children. It destroys anything like us."

"Heroes?" Mos, asked, taking a filled glass to sip.

"Yes, Mos, but not just heroes, anything that is more spiritual then physical, that will value life

before the components that make a booming economy.”

“Every computer has a central processor, maybe we can switch it off.” Hav, said, laughing with a glass of the sparkling drink in his steady hand.

“Yeah Hav, I forgot about the off switch at the planets core.” They laughed with jest, enjoying the pleasure of, Aaron’s, dreams, though to the slight discomfort of, Aaron, himself. He was hushed quickly to a recluse state, not drinking at all.

“Shut up prick.” Hav, immediately interjected at, Anwer.

“The truth is I don’t know where to begin. All the record companies are tied into the system too but now that we’re famous..... I was thinking maybe we could start here. We have a chance as long as we, the human race can appeal to each other.” Aaron, said, in a state of disgruntlement.

“Look mate, I don’t believe in God and that purpose for an existence will never wash. If there is any truth in what you’re saying, we’re good as dead. So I suggest you enjoy the champagne. Cheers. We’re about to be world famous superstars.” Sam said, with an embracing hug of his arm over Aaron’s shoulder. Aaron, toasted, smiling with an acceptance, which almost grew an objection in all the others.

Chapter 10 –

- Kite Blight -

The evening in the hotel passed like a dizzy spell. It was short and sank into the memories of the band like a new coin, raising the value of their day, spent for every day after. It was solvent in their consistency to continue working; venues in London, Ronnie Scotts, 606, The Hippodrome, they did them all and then, Europe. Germany, Denmark, Finland, France,

everywhere on the continent. Their playing got better and the audiences were becoming more enthralled at the sight and sound of a message of peace. The ethos was rising from a subterfuge, like steam from deep under the earth. It was slowly seeping with a tickling lift to the standing ovations.

The rapid stardom was exhausting but, Aaron, followed in his mother's belief, of finding the power without desiring it. In less than a month their lives had entirely changed to a public pedestal of inter-religion and the future of men who wanted Christmas and peace. Theirs was not the only changes happening, however.

The largest stars of the none-sensational genres of music, were disappearing from their audiences. Investigations were uncovering their murders and imprisonment. Every artist was becoming paranoid with thoughts of being targets. Some carried body guards on stage. The Supernova Heroes, were no exception and Aaron's sister had flown away from her fiancé

after their honey moon 2 weeks earlier. She and Radrod, eloped. It was the meld in her mind which she had not discovered, that brought her away from, Radrod, to guard the band. Aaron, didn't say anything but watching his sister, he felt an awkwardness, like he was a tool.

“This is, Rick Ham, reporting from, Squint Koros News, at the scene of the arrest of, Rainbow Record's, owner, Rudy Bright. It's very hard to speak in the vicinity. Most of the public have fled the scene. It's an absolutely horrific sight. As you can see behind me; the producers army of artists have lined up outside, Abbey Studios, where they were recoding this year's Christmas single. They've been in cross fire with the police for the past hour. We don't know where their supply of ammunition has come from but we suspect it's been stocked after the recent killing of celebrities.”

“Clear the God damn area.” A police officer shouted, running with a bazooka.”

“My God he’s got a rocket, run! Run you idiots!! I’m, Ricky Ham, running to report again on, Squint Koros News!”

Aaron, watched the report in his hotel room. It brought a weight on him, folding his soul to shrinking. It was like slowly falling sick and becoming weak. He was inspired to be great but found inhabitations creeping into his mind. Then a sadness he couldn’t understand forced him to finally sigh. It was as though he knew he was a target of something. He looked at the alcohol in the cabinet and took a glass, then put it down. There was an air of dawning hope, like a quiet breeze escaping through a crack. He snuck out of the hotel and walked.

He passed the restaurants, lit with banners of the abundant kitchens slaving to the city dwellers. He passed the bus stops with the Oyster card holders waiting for a ride. He passed the parks with the late drinkers loving on the grass. He passed the earth bouncing bars banging out the air with club music and

clubbers. He passed the concert halls and theatres with families and couples. He passed the peddlers pushing their cadaverous face against him like beacons in the moonlight. He didn't stop walking till he reached the family he once knew at the, Harrow church.

Reaching there, he was soon assured of his audacity, finding himself with no servitude for Christ or God. It was for another reason he showed his face. It was for an inclination, opening his mind to the world as more than a chaotic battlefield. The ideals he worked and performed for came like a pillar. Though no one at the church could know him, he felt a desire to release himself from that unfairness.

He walked through the church doors and there was a choir singing. They finished and the minster looked up.

“Well, what a surprise. Congregation, God, has blessed us today because I do believe a Supernova Hero, is among us. Someone we haven't seen since he was a little boy. My

nephew, the conqueror. I hope you have a lot of offering. You have years of tides to pay.

As the minister laughed loudly, the congregation brought Aaron, to the front of the church after bursting into an energetic song. They danced and screamed. The music stopped and they started praying, all at once, artistically, as if in some kind of trance. The minister's daughter held Aaron's hands and they stood together.

The air became static with an almost burning density. The feeling of a warm glow brought weeping and clean fear for every transgression. There was a tightness, a binding, like a freeing spell. It was brightening, as though being brought into the daylight sky and flying.

“You will fulfil your destiny. Do not come undone and do not fear for the lord God almighty is with you and all things that believe. We are his promise and your faith will reveal to you the truth. All you must do is the will that moves you.”

The congregation started clapping and then, they started singing again. The minister shouted over his daughter.

“The greatest trick the devil ever played was making human kind think he didn’t exist. I’m not going to preach to you what you don’t need to hear. I’m not going to preach to you what’s going to make you feel good. This world is the battlefield for heaven and hell. You don’t know what day the end is going to come. More importantly you don’t know when you’re going to be judged. We are all God’s children. Live a life worthy of that. Let the devil know not to mess with you. You go prosper. You’re going to find salvation; you’re going to live well. Like a, Supernova Hero. Amen”

The congregation started singing and clapping. Aaron felt a strangeness, like a wild and open feeling of fields. Shocking, with the simultaneous touch of an instant.

.....

The band walked through a large silver door for a British network television station called, ‘Chill.’ It was a widely watched station and there was a buzz about the occasion. The band were excited with an eagerness to meet the presenter called, Dan Hidow, who broke Gay boundaries with exposing and liberating chat content, on previous programmes. This was an entertainment spot, where the band had to do a live interview on international TV.

Inside the studio, it was unexpectedly quiet. There was no one there to greet them or show them where to go. Aaron, was missing also. They wondered where he was and found a frustration arrived without him, after planning to leave the hotel together. The room was like a dead morgue. It was dry with lifelessness and stagnant with old air.

The presenter walked obliviously passed them, meters away, tapping his shoes with an unwavering step, across the set. The band watched a male dancer, well built and young, with tan white skin, walk out the shadow to appear as a coming act. As the presenter was about to walk past him with icy directness, the band peered round to see what he was doing, when the presenter whacked the dancer with the back of his hand.”

Auh..Oh.. My God... That had to hurt.” The band projected startled. It was when the presenter started further slapping the dancer until grapes from a near table were being fed into the presenter’s mouth, the band became completely bewildered. There was suddenly an intrepid arrival of temptations, as the dancer removed his top to continue feeding the presenter riddled with tension. Stage crew began arriving on the set and sparking the beam lights of yellow and white with heat of radiators. It soon looked like a plush den. The couch was a

clean white, shaped in an L, besides the presenter's desk, which was large and black. A backdrop fell like a waterfall showing an image of, London's Broadway. The signs and street at night, lit bright and inviting, like a fair ground.

The presenter finally walked up to the band in obliviousness, fixing his own shirt. "I don't know what to think, your disreputable look is such a clever image. It's almost like someone just dragged you in off the street. Well here you are. Madonna one night and Hero's the next. Don't you have a manager or something? I thought there were five little heroes on the sheet. It doesn't matter, four play is much more fun." He said, with a lusty wit.

"Ah.... Where's Aaron?" Hav, asked, Dan Hidow.

"Excuse me, oh you have a little friend in makeup, I understand, the face is such a bare canvas, it screams for improvement, even one as beautiful as mine. Yes it can take hours but we only have five minutes before we are on air, ah,

ok.” The presenter said. He turned around sniffing loudly like he had a cold, with a line in his nostril set in the cap of a large gold ring.

“The lead singer, Aaron, he’s not here. We haven’t seen him.” Mos, said.

“Ahhhhh!..... You really are little shits aren’t you! Who got you this slot? Did my agent send you? The closet case can’t deal with the fact I’m wearing the trousers. He’s sent you on some fanciful belief that it might disturb me, put me on edge. The Heroes,... No, what is it? Supernova Heroes? Well sorry boys, I’m not going to blow up and neither is anything else. I’m going to show you how a professional handles these things and then I’ll watch you all suck my dick. We’re going on with or without him.”

The band felt a demoralising abashment and a degree of humiliation in their powerlessness. It was a disturbing concern for them, which put them in a nervous state for the first time since they became famous. They looked at each other

with a longing, hoping to find some ease about the enforcement of a condition which was more perplexing than a sing song.

“Positions!” The producer shouted. The presenter and the band walked onto the set. The band sat on the large L shaped couch and the presenter sat in a large red armchair, behind the black desk. “And going live in four, three, two....” And the producer signalled one with his finger. The electronic applause and theme music for the show started.

“Good evening, Oh my God I’m so happy, I’ve never been so happy because this evening, The Supernova Villains.”

“Heroes...” Mos, solemnly corrected.

“This wicked four piece band.” The Presenter corrected.

“Five piece, we’re a five piece band.” Mos, said.

“You don’t have to be evil. It will be the devil if you don’t stop lying.” The presenter said with a callous smile. Then he heard a news in his

headset, which brought a shriek expression of joy. He heard a voice telling him, Aaron, is who the producer wants interviewed and he had just arrived. “.....But no no, no no no. Oh my God I’m so happy. I’ve never been so happy because this has made me ecstatic. The villains do not lie.”

“Heroes.” Mos, corrected, nearly sobbing.

“The fifth piece has arrived, the last element of a fresh and p..p..p.... p..p..p..prolific, sound. It’s Mozart, its Beethoven..... Yes I really hope these people, blow up, The Supernova Heroes are here on my show. Aaron Pemberton, folks.” The Presenter said standing and the band stood after, in a rush of their relief, surrounded by an electronic applause.

Aaron, walked onto the set, hugged the band and sat down next to them.

“You are so beautiful.” The presenter said. “I’m surprised all those drugs didn’t take the colour out of you.”

“Drugs? I don’t do drugs.” Aaron, replied.

“I mean, you know, your psychotic episode.... Please don’t have another one, this furniture is antique..... I’m so happy you’ve been released.”

“Can we talk about something else, please?” Aaron, said, scratching his locks of hair with retraction.

“What’s the matter? There’s no such thing as a cold kitchen in television..... Of course you already know that because your mother is famous isn’t she!..... I guess you thought you’d just jump right indidn’t you. That’s what you did?”

“I guess.”

“What happened to your mother? Folks, Aaron’s, mother was the lead singer of, Boney M. I have one of their records at home. You don’t hear much of them these days. It’s like they fell off a cliff... got swallowed up.... or something. It must have been hard for her taking care of a psychotic like you.”

“I’m not ...I’m not.. I’m not psychotic anymore. I was always a stable person. I got ill but I’m better.”

“Oh good my furniture is safe then.”

“Can we talk about something else?”

“Sure, are you gay?” Aaron, was breathless with shock, gasping with astonishment in an air of ridicule. The band could not help but laugh, as the he began to blush unintentionally. Sam, interjected.

“I swing from time to time, but I’m still not sure about him.” In an attempt to help his friend.

“Sam! We didn’t come here to answer these kinds of questions.” Aaron, projected.

“Oh dear.... Aaron, darling are we in a closet.... I feel,..... I just feel that we are in a closet.”

“I am not in a closet!”

“You can trust me, Aaron, we’re friends. I love you and I’m gay. What does that say?”

Folks you heard it first here. I really feel, sometimes, that a person like, Aaron, deserves my blessing. Such a beautiful boy in an industry that is being exposed, as we speak, to have some of the most corrupt, promiscuous people in their head offices. Police just dragged away, Bakeit, for sniffing coke. He was apparently caught doing a line as long as a pencil. I'm surprised he didn't snort the pencil too,... he's always writing so much. Did you hear about that?"

"No." The band replied.

"If he didn't write so much, he might not have sniffed such large amount. It's because he's always thinking about pencils." The presenter said and pushed his finger through a hole he made with his other hand. Then he winked at the camera. "That's how he got caught. It's all psychological...."

"Did anyone see him snorting the drugs? I'd like to hear what someone like Bakeit, has to say about something like that. Pencils?" Aaron, renounced.

“Darling, we just got you back, let me bless you again and tell you snorting pencil lines of coke is bad for you. If you get that kind of an urge my dear psychotic friend, go back to taking it in the ass.” The entire band gasped at this statement, within a hysterical state of hiding shock.

“Oh folks, before we go. The Supernova’s are playing the, Royal Variety Show, tomorrow night. Your mum did the, Royal Variety Show, in, 1979, didn’t she?”

“Yes she did.” Aaron, squeaked.

“You must be so proud, to have gotten so far following in her footsteps. Let’s hope they really blow up.” Dan Hidow, finally stated.

“We’re out. That’s a wrap.” The producer said, as the music for the credits played through the studio.

“Goodbye, get off my set, your time is over.” Dan Hidow, said to the band. He walked up to dancer who was warming up, with the batch of grapes in his hand. Dan Hidow, grabbed the

dancer by the neck and pulled his head up and started slapping him erratically for a release of the purple bubbles. The band got escorted out of the studio onto the street. It was dark and the humid air was cold with winter winds. The tumult of crowds had suddenly entered like rain, where they were left standing.

“Well, we’re definitely getting more popular.” Mos, said.

“My life is ruined! I’m such an idiot! My dad was right, I’m useless!” Aaron, said.

“Easy,... It wasn’t that bad.” Mos, said.

“The world thinks I’m a gay fruitcake. No one is going to take me seriously. What if my dad sees that? I can’t let him see that. He’ll disown me! The abandoning Omega Benz buyer he is.”

“No one takes you seriously anyway.” Sam, said.

“It’s still a bad impression. I’m not crazy... All I ever did was the will that moved me. I never

hurt anyone. So I went a little crazy, you would too. Forget it! I'm going back to the hotel."

Aaron walked away through the myriad of Londoners who were enjoying the city centre. There was a fixed vexation in his strides. He wasn't aggressive but found a moribund manner which the people avoided.

"If I was Aaron, I think I might have killed myself by now." Mos, said.

"Boys, you noticed, Aaron, confessed he was at some point crazy but he didn't bring up his sexual preference. I think I might have to do some pluming." Sam, explained in a hope of concern.

As they started walking after him back to the hotel, Mos, remarked: "But Aaron has a girlfriend."

"They broke up." Sam, said.

Chapter 11 –

- Shows on Earth -

Aaron and the band had a plummet, which they found they might drown in. They harboured new nervousness, like an unexpected assassin killing a pig in front of a cop. Their emotions became surreal like a dawning realisation they had not seen before. It covered them like a dark day, clouding their heads in an unfamiliar thunder. A silent blackness of rolling smoke, blinding them of their convictions.

It was alone, Aaron knew what was about to happen. He waited in his room when the others were together in Hav's, before the limousine arrived to take them to the Royal Variety Show. They were preparing to perform the song called, March. The inspirations and meditations, Aaron, followed to this point became a stiff pain in the head. The more he thought about being a Supernova Hero, the more painful it became.

The ideals were crashing to a low craving of alcohol and sex. It was a rigid rise to breathe any self-respecting posture; crumbling at his hotel suite desk. He wanted to forget about the interview and imagine he had no father.

In Hav's hotel room, the others were tinkering, playing with musical instruments. They were anxious and acted with fatigued spirits. The hectic tumult of their sound was a discorded symbol of an end. It was like watching broken strings being plucked on a guitar. The band was crushed without the mentorship of a role model or manager to lift them.

Anwer, coldly projected: "That presenter was a twat! He had no right to speak to, Aaron, like that. We should have done something. I shouldn't have laughed." He said. With an eruption of rage he crashed his guitar against the wall, smashing it split in two. The others raised an alerted sense of his anger and their own depression. It was like they had fallen short of

themselves in their souls. It was confusing being strong enough to be a venial character on earth's stage but a divine one on stages off earth to come.

Sam, took a gasp of air in the mixed atmosphere of pride and shame: "Like what? We're not that big." He said, with a regretful tone.

"The four of us could have taken him." Mos, said. They looked at him strangely as he was, Sikh. His chubby build and cupcake cheeks weren't an intimidation at all, less, next to the others in the band, who were larger and stronger.

"Mate, that's not what stopped me, the man was so gay. All you needed to do was show some cock and he'd be on his knees. I'm a bass player, bro. Did you see him slapping that dancer? The man's a gay nympho. I could rip it a new a hole but I don't feel, Aaron, would be pleased. He's always talking about image and slander." Hav, said.

“I can’t believe we got slated.” Mos, said. Sam, poured himself a large glass of whisky and drank it loudly. The room was stifling with an incommodiousness that wasn’t there before. It was a large suite. The wood frame pictures portrayed women with dogs and old country houses. It was all somehow melting, as though reality was becoming a nightmare.

.....

The whizzing fireworks had set off and the night was on fire with lights and flood beams. The sky was purple with winter auras, lowering the stars and the North Star, to a celebrated height. It was wide with hope and rich with the people’s dreams. Trumpets had sounded outside the, Victoria Theatre, where the Royal Variety Show was held every year. Men dressed in red uniforms watched the doors, while cars pulled up outside.

Men and women in black tie suits and bedecked evening gowns, gathered before a field of media collecting photos and welcoming the brightest characters of the English island and the world. The street was flooded with white flashes from cameras and waves of excited onlookers, seeing the show from monitors near the theatre. The atmosphere was reaching a thermal point of melting pleasure. The icy air was like a candy dusted cloud, as the limousines and Rolls Royce's, stopped.

The Supernova Heroes, arrived in a Mercedes Limousine and walked out with grimacing and frigid glances for the camera. The Queen, had arrived not long before them but in her age hadn't reached the entrance yet.

A reporter yelled uncouthly at her: "Your majesty, what do you expect from the evening?" She turned her head revealing an alerted sardonic frown, which was quickly moved by her entourage, which huddled her inside.

Then a group of people boldly stepped out of a Hummer limousine. The camera followed, Cap Gunn, from, Gangbang Records, whose artists were, almost, the only artists left to perform on the night. The camera flashes revealed a smiling woman in the driver seat of the, Hummer limousine. It was, Alexandra. The group were dressed in white suits and walked with an air of disassociation past the, Royal family and into the hall. Cap Gunn, sat in a box not far from the Royal family but paid the Queen no notice, as she waved to the people. “This is truly a wretched place. I loathe being here but a good executive has to have an ear on the ground, right gentlemen. Oh shh, it’s starting.” Cap Gunn, spoke.

The compare walked onto the stage boldly. He lifted the attention of thousands within the theatre and millions outside it. He was a meticulous man, perfectly tidied in a tailored suit, fitting his rolling belly and strong limbs. He stood with pride and excitement, prepared to

congratulate each and every surviving celebrity. “Ladies and gentlemen, on this great occasion it is my pleasure to introduce to you a group that has taken the continents by storm. A group that moves with ripples of change. The Supernova Heroes!”

“Who is this Group and why aren’t they signed by us?” Cap Gunn, asked his CEO.

“They have very recently performed in Russia and have flown into England to sing their new song for her Majesty the Queen. ” His CEO, said.

“The Supernova Heroes! Singing their new song, March!”

The curtains rose. The band was standing silent for a moment, before the audience of Royalty and Noble houses. Aaron, felt netted in a cutting circumstance, as tough he was about to be swallowed by a whale he would never escape from. It froze him, nervous and cold.

“Aaron....” Answer, whispered for him to start.

Aaron looked back and saw his friend waiting. Inside his own mind, Aaron was drifting with random thoughts and concerns. He didn't understand what was happening but saw the others, Sam, Mos and Hav and picked up the Mic walking to hug them, one by one. Then they hugged together and galvanised themselves in the stir of a confused and anticipating crowd. Finally, they were ready to perform.

“It's a privilege to have this song to perform for you, here and everywhere. It's called:

- March -

The blind men have started walking

But they don't tell you

What they see

I'm not deaf so now I'm talking

Because I love

What they told me

They said

I don't need your charity No
Because I'm wide awake
For the coming day
That's when I'll have no sorrow
But all the things you see
Can make your soul so grey

Chorus

So make me a prince of songs
And you're majesty make me a sir
Or call me a prodigal son
It means nothing if you can't feel the words

This nightmare has horror, horror
I'm afraid I'm gonna get up and scream
Because you think it's not over
When you give your soul to governments like
empty machines.

Verse 2

I can't keep a job because they hate me
I still love ladies
In blue
The records say that I'm too fisty
I just want my freedom
How about you

The game is your existence
A choice of ethics

To live or die
Demons dancing till you're horny
In a righteous body
Must be exercised

Chorus

So make me a prince of songs
And you're majesty make me a sir
Or call me a prodigal son
It means nothing if you can't feel the words

This nightmare has horror, horror
I'm afraid I'm gonna get up and scream
Because you think it's not over
When you give your soul to governments like
empty machines.

Bridge

This decree

Dressed in civility

Like pretty ladies in a tight dress impress

Seem to be

Having quite an effect on me

Ohhh Heyy

It's so Crazy Ya

Verse 3

The blind men have started marching

Hold my hand sing

Beneath the blue sky

Black or white, brown or pale skin

We're from the same thing

Don't let love die

At the end of the song, Aaron walked towards the Royal family and smiled, with a strange standing of dignity, as though he had championed a knightly task. The song ended and there was a perplexed sensation of disbelief, moving from despair to false hope. It was soon followed by a standing ovation. Cap Gunn, was remained seated with a vexed leer peering at Aaron, suddenly believing what had eluded his understanding before.

“Watch them! No, ruin them! That’s the kind of drivel that has to stop. The Emperor will not tolerate it and neither will I. He’s a bloody Gaylen, lantern. Put him out!” Cap Gunn, said to his, CEO.

.....

Fickle floods ran smiles of shallow laughter. Widening the gaps of many mouths, sparkling the white of many teeth. Madness had transformed itself to a revitalised excitement, late in the early morning hours, at the, Dorchester Hotel. All the bar rooms and lounge areas were filled with the vibrations of enthusiastic party makers.

Care free drinks filled with alcohol and drugs brimmed on glasses. It was a haze of cigarette smoke and oxygen in the air. The subdued lighting of the hotel was ignited by a burning heat between bodies and cool bar drinkers. There was Gangster rap playing in every room, which the entire hotel danced to like a waltz.

Aaron, The Supernova Heroes and a few of the other artists, were the last to get to the after party. The paparazzi rushed with drunken

staggering, dropping their glasses, to photo the arrivals in their compromised states. Aaron and The Supernova Heroes, were only high with joy. They restored the passion they found for playing beside each other and didn't need anything more to be happy.

It was walking past the lobby, Aaron saw the concierge from Russia, who he met a month ago. He smiled with bright relief, glad the concierge made it to see them perform.

“Oh hi! Did you like the show?” Aaron, asked.

“I regretfully must admit that I only saw it from a monitor. Will you be doing another one?”

“It was the Royal Variety Show. I doubt it. They'll be someone new in the papers tomorrow. I doubt we'll be asked to do the show again next year. We might not even be famous next year.” Aaron, said.

“Your mother is still famous. All the Russians that come to the hotel love her. Ra Ra Rasputin, I love that song too.”

“Yeah O.K.. but.... We don’t have a producer.”

“You’ve done well without one. There’s truly nothing to get in your way and you could have a greater example for us than your mother.” The concierge said. He was glowing with a sate satisfaction, as though a task had been done. It was sagacity looking through his blue eyes, like a king in disguise before he turned and walked away.

.....

The other Supernova Heroes, were with an empty state of mind, relaxed and comfortable with each other in, Hav’s room. They were more comfortable not aware of each other, as the adult movies streamed on the TV. It was almost dawn and the band was too charged with excitement to sleep. The heat running through the hotel was like flames to fuel, none of the band wanted to

ignite. So they stayed besides each other and watched the straight adult films for a release.

“Has anyone seen, Aaron?” Mos, asked.

“Oh, he’s gonna come soon.” Hav, said.

“So am I.” Sam, said.

“Guys, Mos is right, Aaron was depressed, we have to help keep him happy.” Anwer, said.

“Aaron is not depressed. He’s repressed. He has to come to terms with himself, tackle his issues and face them head on. He hides too much. He’s like a shadow around people. In fact, I am going to liberate him right now.” Sam, said.

It was a moment of stimulating interest, as the band were not sure what to make of, Sam’s conviction. It was only from a tapping on the window the excitement became distracted from. Mos, turned and walked to see what it was. It was replaced by the wind, when he stood looking through the clear glass.

“What was it?” Hav, asked.

“There was nothing there. Just the wind. There are still fireworks happening. It might have been some rocket debris or something.” Mos, said.

“Right, Im going to find Aaron with no more delay. We’re on X, he wants, boys next door. It’s my mission to change the channel.”

.....

Alexandra, was looking through the windscreen of the Hummer limousine, alone. The manual to the bird like flying apparatus from the Kite battle ship was on the passenger seat. “This surveillance beacon is not so simple to control, Gemoor.”

“Don’t lose your grip, Alexandra.”

“Of course not. I have them in my sights now.” The lenses on the device were feeding back a video of everything the band was doing in their room. It was cloaked and invisible from sight, so

the band couldn't see it. Hovering 50 stories high, silently spying on the pent house rooms, it was gathering data on the, Supernova Heroes, for the, Kites.

“Sensitive..... but you can't see it cloaked, can you, Mos.” Alexandra, remarked as, Mos, checked the window again from the large bird like device tapping it accidentally.

The corridor was filled with the smell of marijuana lofting to the high ceiling. The fans were congregated on the floor, collapsed and drinking. They raptured some to bed themselves in the carpet, pulling orgies with kissing and touching. Sam, aggressively pulled himself away, like he was avoiding zombies trying to bite and end him. The gangster music was joined by iphone playlists, disc jockeying the most recent hits in the charts.

The whole floor was alive with a deaded lust, like a permanent pleasure. There was a hedonistic liberation, so exciting all wrong was a forgotten right. It was a sign of freedom that

made, Sam, proud, like a King. He kept walking, marching, till he finally reached Aaron's suite. He knocked with charisma and Aaron, opened the door, dressed in blue checker pyjamas.

"Hey, Sam." Aaron, said, with intrigue. Their eyes found a pleasant and uncalled reception for each other. Aaron, invited him in with a heightened impression from Sam's playing that night. He was in an awaiting, walking to the couch to continue watching channel X. Sam, crawled onto the couch next to him, seductively like a cat and on top of Aaron, were, Sam, watched into his eyes. It was a second, calm, in the shriek of the porn star's orgasm, like a deeper satisfaction between them.

"Sam?" Aaron, curiously inquired.

The camera on the Kite machine zoomed in on, Aaron and Sam.

"Kiss me like a big dog." Sam, said. They kissed, passionately as, Alexandra, filmed them.

“They’re ruined,..... ruined! I’ve done it! The Captain will be pleased and he’ll be mine.” Alexandra, said, from the Hummer limousine below, in the hotel car park.

“I have demons.” Aaron, tried to speak.

“You what?” Sam, asked.

“Sorry Sam, I love you man but this feels like heat from the flames of hell. I like women too.”

“Then why haven’t you got one? They’re flocking after you!”

“Would you marry me, Sam?”

“Ah Mate,..... no sorry, you’re too possessive. It’s almost territorial with you. I’d just have to wait for you to piss on me, if I married you. We’re like minds but I’m not your bitch.”

“Yeah O.K.. Well anyway, I wasn’t actually suggesting we get married. I was just making a point. I want to marry the girl or whoever I’m hitched with but.... No one deals with, G.U.S. to empathise.”

“What was it then? I missed it.”

There was a knocking at the door.

“It must be my sister.” Aaron, got up from under Sam and walked to answer it. It was with a sigh of slight unease he waited. Then opened it to see, Adero.

“Hey, bro.” She said.

Sam, heard the tapping on the window again, with an agitation grown by Aaron’s confusion. He stormed over to the glass and looked through it aggressively, smearing his nose and cheeks to blotch red on the cold screen. Adero and Aaron, walked into the room, edgy with a changing state of concern. The tapping was random and lingered like a ghost looming.

“Get down!” Adero shouted, locating the sound and frequency of times it was happening. The machine de-cloaked and Adero, threw them down behind the couch in a desperate push before it fired plasma energy through the glass. It covered them in the shattered debris and light

flames from ignited furniture. The machine glided sideways right shooting the plasma into, Hav's room. The band ducked and screamed. Then it glided left again for a second round in, Aaron's, room. It stopped, as its barrels were smoking from overheating.

“What the fuck is it?” Sam, screamed.

“Kites!” Adero, yelled, checking herself to a stand.

“What? Kites? There are no strings on that thing, Sis.”

Adero, jumped up and leapt out of the window grabbing onto the machine, flying stories above the ground. “Adero, are you crazy?! Did you take cocaine?! Get back here!! You're going to get yourself killed!!” Aaron, yelled. The machine flew through the street and cloaked, making its escape but Adero was hanging on.

“Oh no you don't, Big Bertha is sticking with you all the way to the honey pot.” Adero, said.

The machine flew through alleys and into tunnels.

An old woman walking home with her grandson remarked “Look, young man, that woman’s evolved like super girl. There’s hope in your generation.”

“Granny, I think you need to get your glasses fixed. My generations fucked.”

The machine flew up into the clouds.

Alexandra, looked at the readings on the screen of the Hummer for the guidance of the machine. “It’s dragging. There’s something attached to it.” She said. “Oh well, I’ll just have to wash it off.” She said.

The machine flew up against walls and Adero moved around the machine like a spider. It flew through trees but Adero still hung on. It flew over a lake and dived into the water submerging deep below the surface. Soon Adero, ran out of air and passes out. She let go and floated to the surface. The machine took off into the sky,

flying out, Thames Estuary, towards the, English Channel to the Kite, Battle Ship.

“That’s better. The rein of weeks span the rise and fall of an earthling hero. Soon this planet will be ours.” Alexandra, said.

In Aaron’s, destroyed and sooty hotel room:

“Do you possess any weapons?”

“No.”

“Are you in any gangs?”

“No, look, ask me questions that will help you find my sister. She jumped out of the window like she was on crack.”

“Are you dealing drugs?”

“Oh my God. I am the victim here. Me, The Supernova Hero, the good guy.”

“Don’t talk about this to anyone.” The constable said, folding a pad away.

“Why not?” Aaron yelled, watching him leave with the police officers that searched the room. “Aren’t you even going to take a report?”

The hotel manager walked in. He was well built with a square chest like a body builder but slender. His facial hair was stubbly at the early hour of the morning but his uniform was tidy and tie knot was high. “Mr. Pemberton, we’re moving you and the Supernova Heroes to another hotel. Please, come now. We’ll bring your things later.”

“Is this really happening? I’m supposed to be having a God damn party!”

Chapter 12

Pandemonium was being desperately avoided on the Gaylen Starship, where there meditations were facing more chaos than they had ever met before. Seeing the murderous actions and meaningless brutality happening on the face of the planet, was pressing a stress of unknown

temperaments. It summoned a strange guard in all their entity, like drawing the barbaric nature in themselves to dilute and engage it.

The Gaylen Starship was on a red alert. The clear panels of glass and white glowing lights were dimmed in the strategic standing, on high code red. The crew were prepared, in combat uniforms, holding passion for the cause they believed in, to save their people and Earth. The combat uniforms were the same colouring as the usual, only with camo patches of white, black and yellow.

The entire ship was growing tired from keeping constant surveillance, while being unable to stop the Gaylen descendants from being victimised by the, Kites. The untimely detection of the Starship would ruin any chance of saving the planet and they were forced to wait.

“There are only 3 rescue ships left. At this rate we’ll run out before we’ve rescued anything.” The Admiral said. She encouragingly

looked at Captain Chaneeka, before smiling to not demoralise her. “Have you found, Adero’s body?” The Admiral asked her.

“Yes Admiral. She is in the water at the mouth of the, Thames Estury. Her vital signs are extremely weak and fading.”

“She must be unconscious in the water. In danger of hypothermia and possibly water in the lungs, she has no time. Send a rescue team in a shuttle from bay 3. Now, I don’t need to think about this move.”

“Yes Admiral..... Rescue team, Kenia, to shuttle bay 3. Officers: Brown, Rogers and Pilot Charlie suit up, Go. Go. Go.

Readied with endurance which empowered their esteem. The three women walked quickly to board the massive cone like shuttle. The shuttle bay launch crew had already glossed it and prepared it for take-off. “Do you know our mission schematics and objectives? I didn’t get a

brief.” A graceful blond and tall woman, Roger’s, asked the pilot, Charlie.

“It’s not confirmed. The mission parameters keep changing. We’re rescuing a rescue operation. Charlie, said and stopped. She turned around to look at the other two officers. Her black hair was long and calmly flowing in the red emergency lights and sirens signalling over the shuttle bay. Her figure was athletic and she was slightly larger in build than most of the other Gaylen women. “Be ready for anything. We even have a ship unrecovered with crew missing.”

“The Kites have them?....” Brown, stated. Her clear strong eyes, capturing a reality like the world was behind them, staring fearlessly in her most horrifying moments.

“We don’t need to think that far, Brown. Let’s get on board and rescue, Adero.” Charlie, said.

“Yes Sir.” The officers replied and followed her to the helm of the shuttle. The subdue amber

colours over the dash, vanished as the shuttle shot through the bay doors, like a shuttle cock falling through the atmosphere of Earth.

“Cloak is holding and hydro thrusters engaging.” Brown, said, as the shuttle whistled through the sky, invisible.

“I intend to make this a quick dip, officers.” Charlie, said. It flew over the, Thames, like a meteor rock and halted over the position of, Adero’s, body, like a bowling ball rolled on a rack. A port hole was immediately opened.

“I’m going in!” Rogers, shouted.

“Rogers get back here! Follow procedure, activate a crane!” Charlie, shouted.

“They’re too slow!” Rogers whelped, seeing Adero’s floating body and she jumped into the water.

“Damnit! Brown, prepare to seal all bulkheads and main engines. Prepare the hydro thrusters for immediate dive. I’m taking the entire shuttle down.” Charlie, commanded.

“Yes, Sir.”

“You, idiot Rogers. You don’t know what’s in those waters.” Charlie, said in soliloquy conveying a dire unfolding.

The waves were awesome and heavy, black in the colour of the night. They dragged Roger’s body like a dog pulling a rag. Adero was in front of her on the rising tide. She swam quickly to grab her before the crests of the cold washes swallowed her and moved her beyond reach.

Rogers, could feel the temperature dropping under her suit. It was cold enough to make her shiver. The splashed marred her face and scratched her hair flat. Her lips were turning blue in the icy swash of the deep waters.

Holding, Adero, a shape appeared from behind. It was a creature she had not seen before. Something large and circling with a dorsal fin. “What is that!?” “What is that!? Adero, wake up!” just as she was become delirious with fear and cold water shock, the

shuttle cracked the water surface with the hydro thrusters activated to mobilise the giant vessel near to her. Brown, pulled her in.

On the road outside a car with a family was parked for fish and chips. The mother and the father were looking at a map.

“Daddy look!”

“Not now sweetie.”

Brown, was irate with the inadequate stocking of medical supplies left on the ship.

“I can’t fully revive her here, her lungs are flooded, they’re about to collapse. I need to get back to the star ship.” Brown, shouted.

“Charlie, get us out of here, fast.” Roger’s said. Shivering and wet.

As the child’s parents read a map, the boy chewed cod and wondered about the huge dip and waves being pushed away from the rescue ship.

“It’s the Lock ness monster or something.”
The boy remarked.

“Sweety, the lock ness monster doesn’t exist. No one’s ever seen it. And besides this is London, not Scotland.” The boy’s father said.

“Maybe that’s because it doesn’t stay here long before it flies away,... see.” The boy said pointing out the window to the ship turning its nose up to blast upwards.

“Fuck me! What is that, a cyclone?”

“Honey, watch your language!” The child’s mother screamed as the car screeched away from the coast line.

“Get her up, Charlie. We’re clear telemetry! Get her up!” Brown, said.

“Move!” Rogers, shouted

The main engines fired sending a small tidal wave to the coast line as they accented into space.

.....

Later that morning the green grass, which surrounded Aaron's father's studio, was damp from the morning frost. It was a sunny day, with crisp and clean air settling over the countryside. The driveway was filled with reporters vans, lining up and down the 10 acres of its length. There was a sad organisation about it, like preparing for a funeral.

The garden was empty of everything but trees. It was almost frozen in the yellow rays of the day; chilled with white coats over the tips of branches and blades of grass. The thin blanket was like a creeping death, lying under the day and waiting. It was ominous in the white shadows of the reporters, walking into the studio lobby for the press conference.

“Hello, I'm Bill Brook, reporting for, Squint Koros News, at, Dove House Studios, home

studio for, Adero's, record label; who's whereabouts are still unknown. We'll be hosting the press conference here this afternoon with her family and loved ones. Where you'll get the chance to have your questions answered about Radrod's, missing new bride."

"I've never wanted press at my home before. Despite my title. Are you people going to help. Or are you taking this opportunity to make a PR joke of my tragedy. Promoting your station at the loss of my baby girl? Sensationalising the traumatic despair of losing one you love?"

"No, Mrs Pemberton." Bill Brook, squirmed.

"Don't lie to me! Here in your army of network logos, come to scavenge the flesh off my wounded body!"

.....

Aaron was waking up at the, Hutton Hotel, in, Victoria. It was a small room with a simple bed and an old 80s box TV. The receptionist, walked in without knocking. "You're needed

downstairs, now.” She said, coldly. Her face was colourful from makeup and she had glassy brown eyes which were slightly intimidating to him.

He got up and dressed quickly, then scampered down the small staircase into the kitchen, where he saw a mob outside the window, waiting in front of the hotel white walls. He walked into the lobby with a shriek astonishment, when he was more surprised seeing the band and a group of journalists.

“Here is, Aaron, now, The lead singer of the band and Adero’s brother. Aaron, tell us. Is Adero, presumed dead?”

“Nothing has been presumed.” Aaron, distraughtly replied.

“Why have the terrorists attacked the Supernova Heroes?” The journalist asked. Then an immediate silence followed as the crowds of people waited with a longing of an absolving

statement to pardon, Aaron's, part in the violent attack.

Aaron couldn't answer in the stripping flashes of the bombarding media but heard: "I know why, but they won't tell you." Cap Gunn, walked into the tiny Hutton Hotel lobby, after declaring it. He was followed by Alexandra. "I'll tell you why the terrorists attacked them. That man, G.U.S., is a fake macho machismo device. Rooted to lure the public into thinking he's a stallion like an Italian for the hetro woman!..... Alexandra!" Cap, spoke for her to hand him the pictures she made in the icy dark of dawn.

"Who's this nut case?" Answer, spoke. The band shrugged with uncertainty. Cap Gunn, gave the pictures to the journalist, who downloaded them onto his phone and tweeted them, instantly. He shook his head with dejection at, Aaron, who didn't know what to think."

"What? What is it? What have you got? Show me!" The journalist threw the photos at his feet

and the crowd started reading the feed on their mobile phones, carrying long faces, with gasping from shock.

“No! I’m not.... Oh my God! I’m not gay..... Don’t look at me like that. Please, I don’t know what this is. I’m not fucking Gay.”

Dan Hidow, was watching the report from the network station in, London. He was caught by the sincere fear in Aaron that overwhelmed the prowess of Aaron’s character. “Damn... Send Aaron my number. I’ll break the wretch in.” Dan Hidow, said to a runner.

“Calm down, Aaron. I know you like women mate.” Sam, spoke, grabbing Aaron’s shoulders.

“I do!” Aaron proclaimed into the camera. The crowd suddenly started booing. The icy outside became a dense boiling pot of vehemence. Fists were being thrown in the air. Cries of anger sang like they might drag Aaron out the hotel and hang him.

“Aaron.... Aaron! Mate.... Listen to me and listen to me quick. You are not straight.”

“I am not gay, Sam. I’ve never even been ass fucked, for fuck sake!” At the outburst Aaron made, finally losing his temperament to a simmering rage, Sam, slapped him round the face and immediately embraced him, with a heat like a rapture so longing Aaron, became prostrate with desire.

“You don’t have to have sex with men to be gay. You’re a clever guy, work this one out. Bi, Trans, Pansexual. You could be many things but you’re not straight. Now sort this out before they sort you out.”

Aaron, slowly raised his head and walked back, steadily moving to look at the cameras. He turned back to look at the band, fearing a denial that he didn’t see in himself. Sensing a change and an unknowing which was like a high cliff he had to walk off. Into the camera, before the nation, live he said: “I’m not a homosexual, but I’m gay. I’m gay!”

The mob of people gradually lost their tumultuous thunder of rage and very gradually moved to a tone of ease and calm. Then there was a rippling laughter which, to the surprise of Aaron, became a greater tumult than the thunder of rage.

“A gay Hero!! He must fight like a sissy, with a hairdryer!” A man screamed. Aaron didn’t know how the words didn’t hurt. To the contrary, it made Aaron feel good, seeing them laugh at him. The goals in his mind were not about a bench mark or image. It was a relief that he was being himself and people were seeing him.

Cap Gunn, clapped with a dignity, unsure of what outcome, Aaron’s, would lead to. He slowly turned away and walked into the laughing Mob, followed by, Alexandra.

“Who is he, Aaron?” Answer, asked.

“I don’t know, but he’s done us no favours.”

Chapter 13

Adero, was breathing in the medical bay on the, Gaylen Starship. The bed was a cylinder of tubes with thermal generators, which could warm her body gradually from the cold water shock. The tubes of heat made a pink ray, like a fresh sunset on a horizon, which she lay within. There was a closing sense of an end to an event of catastrophe. Rogers, stood outside the conduit bed and looked in with breathing sighs of disbelief and the desires for, Adero's swift recovery. Lieutenant Bertha, was unconscious in Adero's mind and could not safely wake up while Adero, was in a coma. Both their lives were in a detrimental position. Covered by the rays of the Gaylen torches, amber and white; the atmosphere was trapped in an apprehension.

The monitors watching the pulse rate of Adero's body, beeped slowly, like she was drifting into a deeper coma or even flat lining. The clinging to a thread was painful, like cutting

skin with wire. Rogers, couldn't move from the medical bay, overburdened with sorrow and finding no end to her pain if she failed. The beeps got slower and slower, nearly flat."

"God damn it, Adero, wake up! Bertha do you hear me! This is our only chance!" Rogers, screamed with a sisterly patriotism, revolting the meditative states of Gaylen codes. It was just as tears formed within her eyes the pulse increased, slowly rising until, Adero's, eyes opened.

"Thank the, Gaylen Elders." Rogers, said.

.....

Adero, walked wrapped in a white robe behind, Roger's. The uniform Rogers wore, was half undressed, so the jacket was wrapped around her waist. The camo colours of yellow white and black were stained from the dirt in the English Channel and her clothes smelt of sea

salt. Adero, was with an obliviousness about the crew she passed on the corridors, following Rogers unwaveringly. Her mind was actively conscious of communicating with another and she didn't care for people who were surrounding her. The ship appeared as a home to her, though she was seeing it for the first time. Finally, Rogers walked her into the melding chamber, where she could see Lieutenant Bertha, as herself, unconscious to see from, Adero's, body.

“How could I forget?” Adero, said, tightening the robe with an eagerness to fit her usual uniform on instead.

Captain, Chaneeka, walked in from the door behind them, tactfully and with a stable composure. She walked up to Adero and gently stroked her face with a gentle awe as if, mildly attracted. There was a clarity about them, like the future possessed many possibilities. “These events can be removed from your memory, Adero. Your life can go back to normal.” The Captain, said.

“You’re the ones who helped my brother. When I dropped the cigarette; it was you wasn’t it.” Adero, said.

“Yes it was, Adero. Are you angry?”

Adero, started to cry. The swelling of her teen years, warped to a flame of constant reversing, was suddenly diminishing . She was arriving like cleaned wick of un-sparked standing. The road she was burning down now appeared like a dead end. She could see a brighter way, she had never seen before. It angered her more, seeing how dark the night she lit previously was. Then seeing how near she was to its eternal darkness:

“Yes, I’m angry.... No, no, I’m happy.” She said, drying her tears. “You can unplug me,.... I mean her.”

“I could but you might want to know what’s ahead of you. This mission isn’t over and Lt Bertha’s enhanced skills through the melding machine, may be crucial to achieving success.”

“I’ve just drowned. I’m not exactly myself either, me and Bertha!” Adero, exclaimed, focused and drying her tears with a wipe of her hand.

“The Supernova Heroes are breaking up. Their integrity has been compromised. You’re our best hope of keeping them together. A shuttle will take you back to Earth. They are supposed to perform in Egypt on Saturday night but they’re an elusive group and the promoters can’t get communicate with them. They’re worried it will be a no show, literally.”

“What day is it?” Adero, asked.

“It’s Friday morning in England”

“One day? I only have one day?! It’s not possible!”

“The Supernova Heroes, sing about hope. Just because they cannot see the light doesn’t mean it isn’t there. Show it to them. If there was no light of hope I would not be standing here.” Captain, Chaneeka, reassured.

“You want me to tell them about the ship?”

“No, unless you can’t avoid it. The Kites already know we are here. They are holding our pilots, Lurna, Carol and Amora, hostage.”

“Captain, I’m sorry. ”

“Do not feel sorry, nothing can be done. This is more important. It will be a catastrophic change in the balance of all things we know, if we do not succeed.”

“I won’t be taken, Captain. I’m not afraid.”

“The Admiral has given the order. You are to take a transport shuttle and leave now. Good luck.”

“Adero, was walking to her locker before the Captain had finished talking. She heard behind her: “Adero! Stay on your toes!” And smiled, eager to dress herself in the camo black boots with stiletto heels.

She manned a transport shuttle alone, landing it in her back garden on Kingston Upon Thames.

.....

Aaron had left Hutton Hotel and gone to his own home. The apartment floor was littered with bottles and cans. There was a clean revulsion in the soggy tobacco stained air. It was like a grotto, for hiding. A place no one would go to or stay in. It was early Friday morning and the daylight was opaque though grey overcasts. The light that flooded in was gentle and unmoving so Aaron, slept through the arriving midday bustle.

He might not have woken for hours and missed the flight to Egypt that night. He was tired and felt a steep depression falling over him. It was like he was not living and slowly arriving to his grave. It was only a knocking at the door

which mad him stay on his bed and open his eyes to the world again.

“I’m not in, leave it at the door!” He moaned.

“Aaron, it’s me.” Adero, spoke, loudly from outside.

Aaron, was filled with a joy, uplifting him to forget in an instant he was depressed. The unexpected arrival brought a massive energy to his slumber, lifting him from the bed to fix his clothes, walking quickly to the door.

“Adero, is that you?” He cautiously questioned as he was about to open it.

“Uh ha. It’s me bro.”

“No, I can’t believe it. I’ll be really angry if this is some kind of sick joke!” He said and opened the door. He saw his sister standing and looking as though she had stepped out of beauty salon. It was breath taking and he didn’t move for a short moment finding it rather displacing. “I was so worried.” He said, rather like he felt his efforts a tedious waste of time.

“Oh Aaron, you look terrible.” Adero, said.

“I’ve been worried sick!” He exclaimed. “Do mum and dad know you’re alright? You have no right to do this. My whole world, my entire life has changed, while you take some dare devil joy ride out the Dorchester Pent house widow!”

Adero stared at him standing in the doorway, with facial hair and bags under his eyes. She felt slightly revolted and then more so by the state of his apartment.

“Aaron, lets hit Harrods.” She said, dismissively.

“Harrods?! Adero, you’re not doing crack are you?”

“No... I’m fine, Aaron. I just.... I’m proud of you. I’m fine ... I just want to take you somewhere, nice..... Somewhere else.”

“O.K.... fine.” Aaron, conceded, with a hidden sweetening at the idea.

.....

Aaron, directed, Adero, to the toy department at the end of the top floor, in the massive retail store, Harrods. It was the most occupying part of shop. Before arriving there, a person could hear the products being sold. It was like they were alive and waiting to be taken home. Walking off the mundane wooden beams of flooring, they walked onto a plush green carpet. The clatter of wind-up toys chirped, like birds in a pet shop. They past electronical controlled cars and flying machines, which hummed with battery power.

There was a lightness about the shelves, as though the store was within the space of a secret dimension. As they walked, children ran past, followed by their minders, captured in an impalpable emptiness. Aaron was leading Adero, somewhere, a particular point in the toy department. He was lofty with giddiness but he knew exactly where he was going. In Adero's

mind, this was more exciting than it had been before.

As the build of anticipation came to an unbearable level. The mascot, dressed as a, He Man figure, screamed: “A Hero!”

Aaron and Adero paused, as the mascot took a flyer from the He Man merchandise stall and asked for an autograph. As Aaron signed it, Adero took the chance to persuade him to perform.

“I talked to the promoters in, Egypt.” She said. “I remember those sweet boys who worked outside the pyramids. It must have been a couple years now, when I was a backing singer for mum. That was before I became Rad’s no 1 girl.

Those boys looked at me with such joy, as though, me being there was going to save them. I gave them a twenty pound note and they were happy for a day. You give them an autograph and they’ll be happy for the rest of their lives. You carry a light that can help them.”

“What? A gay glow stick?.... Sorry .. but the world does not agree with you, as I found out earlier this morning. My gayness, isn’t bright at all. I might carry a light but no one here can be bothered to see it shine.

Here’s what I was looking for. A yoyo.” Aaron, said, playing with it, like a pro. “I should never have put this down for song writing.” He said.

“Come on, let’s have some tea.” Adero, suggested.

.....

The tea bar was a regal boudoir, with white tables on thin steel legs. The seats were black and varied, from plush lunge chairs in the corners and ends of the bar area, to normal chairs and stools. The space was confined in a tight kitchen like area. It was possible to see the tea being prepared behind the counter. It was a

vain vision of profanity, where young people went to act old.

Aaron and Adero, sat in a corner table, slightly tucked away under the shadows of the building. There was something cryptic about the early invitation for Earl Grey tea bags, which Aaron, ordered. It was like finding serenity for the less impulsive tastes in life. There was a calming aroma, which wafted over caramel crumpets and chocolate chip biscuits. It brought an undesiring, which worked to settle the longing for reviling and ending Aaron's music career.

Adero, saw the placid look of un-wanting in his face, with only the Yoyo, put in a bag next to him. "The most beautiful thing is the, Red Sea. There's so much life in it. The white waves wash onto sandy beaches. Its....."

"I said, I'm not going. I kissed Sam, I might even like him. I saw a Record company CEO that I don't know, explain, I was a fake. Where

were you when my precious light was being permanently put out?”

“You’ve done nothing wrong, Aaron. They still want you to sing. They need you to sing. Where I was or will be, isn’t important.” Adero, stated.

“I won’t! In front of the Sheik and the elite of Egyptian society? What about those kids at the bottom of the pyramids? How are they going to hear the songs? They can’t! I won’t!”

“You’re wrong, everyone will hear your songs. Listen to me. This is hard for you to comprehend but in the future....”

“There is no future! The record company has axed my EP and the album.”

“What do you mean, Aaron?”

“My Album is now band in all none tolerant countries because of this morning’s fiasco. Do you want to see the text from, PRS?”

“Oh No! I must have somehow escalated the events in the time line.”

“What?... Never mind, look,.... It’s a good thing. I’d rather a normal life anyway. I never want to see any of you belligerent bodies again. I’m going to settle down with Someone.”

Adero, shook the table for the saucers and pots to rattle, lunging forward with desperation. “Aaron please, look at me.” She was starting to cry. “They still want you to sing. Don’t you care? Doesn’t that move you at all? If you sing, it can be heard by those who choose to, who need to, whether it’s tolerated or not.”

Aaron, gave a startled refrain, moving back with an alerted hesitance. It was like seeing a flood rush into his mind and capture him in a cup of thought.

“What did you just say?” He whispered.

“Are you so cold?” Adero, stated.

“No, you said: Does that move me at all. I heard the same thing in the church, ‘Do the will that moves me.’ I heard the same words before the Royal Variety Show, in, Harrow Church.”

“You should,... It has to. You must be moved.” Adero, said, with a slight freakiness which stood the hairs on the back of her head. She was slightly numbed, seeing a change in his convictions she hadn’t expected so strongly.

“Alright.” Aaron, projected.

“You’ll do it?” She asked, with dry cheeks and clear shocked eyes, watching Aaron drink the Earl Grey tea. “You’ll sing?”

“You’re not the only one with a voice. I am G.U.S.”

“What, bro? G.U.S.?”

“It’s a secret. G and US. I keep hearing people’s voices. Voices from somewhere distant that’s still a part of me. Voices that are like my subconscious speaking awake.”

“Oh....” Adero, said and smiled coyly, picking up the coffee and sipping it with hidden pleasure.

.....

At the main office of, Gangbang Records, the day was arriving with eloquent accordance for, Cap Gunn. There was a replete, capaciousness, as though an entirety of a building had been completed exactly to design. It was lifting with a highness, unearthly and indomitable. Cap Gunn, was sat behind his desk laughing to himself as, Miss Hecter, brought drinks and savoury sandwiches to his table and to his guests.

“Mr Gunn.”

“Yes, Miss Hecter. You look as ravishing as ever today, a glory on a glorious one. What is your question?”

“Thank you, Mr Gunn. But I have no questions. There is a lady in reception. She looks familiar and she says she will see you, with or without an appointment.”

Cap Gunn, briefly paused, holding his self-satisfied smile still. He looked besides him into the corner of the room, where his guests were relaxed and folding away the narcotics that they had been playing with.

“Send her in, Miss Hecter.” Cap Gunn, commanded with an air of invincibility and curiousness. Adero, stormed in with a gale force in her stride, like walking out of a hurricane. Her eyes were balled, clear, elliptical and leering directly at, Cap Gunn, with such tenacity he was forced to sit back.

“How exciting! Radrod’s, girlfriend, I mean fience.. No, wife..” He said.

“Who the fuck do you people think you are? Telling people what they can and cannot listen to. If I deprived you of, Tele – Tubbies, would you play soldier at your desk a juvenile administrator but I don’t criticize. How dare you, tell my brother he’s a dead man for seeing the bond of his band members the same way.”

“Is this about Aaron? Our encounter this morning?” Cap Gunn, asked slyly.

“You bastard Gunn!”

“Adero, don’t get your feathers in a ruffle. Do you know, ‘Gilt.’ He’s clearing the way for you to become one of the most powerful artists in the world.” You’ll be a Ganger Diva, to rival anyone, everyone.”

“Who the hell is, Gilt?! How dare he obstruct Aaron like this!? How have you done it, Gunn?” Adero, asked with poised and prepared, braced of her strength, controlled against the rage of her anger.

“He’s right here. My operative, an espionage agent working at, Gangbang. He will release you a better way.” Cap, said as the figure walked towards him, slightly covered by two girls dressed in black lingerie and scarfs. The room was altered from a cold hell to cracking window of heaven. Like time was unravelling through the steps of the present moment. Capturing,

Adero's emotions, like she was a penetrated animal. She boiled with a tension she could not control, watching, Gilt, appear, drunk and laughing.

"It's all gone so well. Relax darling." Gilt, said.

"Rad, you're here? You were here all along."

"The jobs done, Adero. Now you can relax. Come on baby."

"Was anything real? Did you just use me to get to my brother? Why? How did you?...."

Capp Gunn, interjected.

"Before asking any stupid questions, its better a whore like you walk out the door now. Save being killed standing like one."

"You bastards. I have something to tell you. Something you won't believe. Something that proves how pathetic and unimportant you are.

I am an alien species on a mission to save your planet. My star ship is stopped behind your moon. We have been watching you and we

knew you would be destroyed. The Supernova Heroes are crucial for this planets recovery. They carry the light that can feed the next generation. We are watching them and you are getting in their way. You see I have super strength. Unless you want to be on the receiving end of destruction, you'll stay out of their way and mine."

She pointed with a promised focus, marking the two men she now carried vehemence for. In an air of triumph she walked out of the office, cracking her boots like thunder rolling until she was out of the door. That was when the two men burst into hysterics. Grabbing their bellies, hugging and falling to the floor. "Your woman certainly was a fool to the flame, Gilt. Your burn is yet to ignite. I love it!!" Cap Gunn, spat, pressing the intercom.

"Yes, Mr Gunn?" Miss Hecter, asked answering from the secretaries desk.

"Is she gone, Miss Hector?"

“Yes Mr Gunn. Stormed out the way she blew in.”

“Put me through to, Captain Gemoor on the satellite phone.”

“Yes, Sir. You’re through now.”

“Captain, the Supernova Heroes are the planets saviours and the sister, Adero, is a Gaylen imposter.”

“How do you know this, Gunn?” The Captain asked.

“She told me” He said in a roar of laughter besides her husband, Radrod. “She told me everything trying to get their albums distributed in, Egypt.”

“I wasn’t expecting much of a fight but the Gaylen girls really know how to come into my lap. This chaos has determined it shall be the survival of the fittest after all. Have an ambush ready for them in, Egypt. Don’t kill them.”

“Yes, Captain Gemoor.” Cap Gunn, answered, giggling with laughter he could not contain.

Chapter 15 –

- The way home -

There was timidity on the Gaylen Starship, growing with insecurity, as the time passed through their interventions. They had done everything to conceal and discreetly be unaffected of the course of events which were taking place. However, they saw the unpredictable effects of zeal and passion washing them of every clear thought. Their meditations were slowly being clotted with feelings of instinctual retaliation, rage, vengeance and mercilessness.

They held to the codes of the elders, watching the proceeding events from a high orbit above the, United Kingdom. Their monitors were gleaming with a sterile and pure

shine. The glass panels chirped, like birds as the star ship followed the, Supernova Heroes, at the airport, preparing to board the plane for, Egypt.

There was a heavy discomfort with the organisation of the group. The scarce willingness to know themselves as more than dregs on the pavements. Seeing the lowly character conditions of the artists, in the contest with Kite agents, was becoming demoralising. It was a sign of disability to the Gaylens, who wanted to prove their future in the same day. There was a crushing sense of incompetence, as they wished to control the fiasco of the group meeting with the elements of their undoing.

“Why does the father not deliver the heroes himself?” Captain Chaneeka, asked.

“This is after the rise of capitalism. He is an omega agent in the course of the universe; prioritising the growth of his establishments and the state of his longevity. He does not even know it, like a drone to the Queen.”

“If, Liz, is there, why is she watching this? A decedent of the Gaylen Earth Goddess?”

“Will see a child of Earth.” The Admiral answered. “Even when she cannot she herself.”

Liz, was waiting at the doors of the check-in for terminal 5 at Heathrow airport, London. It was gusty outside, with winter winds that brought shivering lows to her bands arriving by bus and car runs. They stepped out in groups, together. In Liz’s sight, they knew it was a gathering of high spirits and could relax about Liz’s husband’s disgruntlement, as her manager. Aaron’s band was arriving outside, to perform in the same house as, Boney M, in Egypt.

“Will somebody please call the idiot, before we miss the flight.” Aaron’s father shouted.

“Thomas, your son is drinking coffee in the café. It looks like he was here before anyone else.” Liz said, with an air of expectancy. The other, Supernova Heroes, were arriving, husked by the redevelopment of success. There was a tension

about becoming lost in dawning of a second chance. It was like living twice when believing you could never live again.

Hav, was the first to arrive with his girlfriend and parents. “Well Leslie, now that I’ve introduced you to my parents, I want you to kiss me before I go.” The brown Asian spoke to his British Caucasian girlfriend. As their lips met in a bubble of exuberance for the opportunity, Hav’s father said:

“Son, you walk a narrow path to a distant place, but even in the distance you are tall. Come home safe, for Leslie and for us.”

“See you soon.” Hav, said, with a rigid smile of promise.

Sam was arrived straight after, in his brother’s Volkswagen Polo, wearing a paper bag over his head. “Is this absolutely necessary, Sam?” His brother asked, wondering how Sam could see where he was going.

“I can’t face the world watching my lips pressed against Aaron’s.”

“I think you’re over reacting, Sam.” His brother said.

Adero, walked out from the airport lounge. The commuting passengers were lined in a mundane order, only vibrant from the company they kept; circles of friends and family. They were slightly expanded for the orchestration of the conducting of a smooth check in and safe take off. The crowd were a mix of welcoming searchers, covered by the free floating eye of liberty. There were men and women dressed differently and of different places waiting to find other places. It was an atmosphere of secrets and revealing. In some instances they would speak to each other in the chance happening of a coincidence.

Adero, stepped into the space of the drop off point of the terminal. The cold wind fanned her of the commotion. It was cool like an air conditioning, simmering down the heat she kept

for watching the disassociation of the band; which was only pressing them to come harder.

She opened her eyes after finding a filling inhale of the frosty cold. It was warmed by the sight of Anwer, arriving with his parents. “Hi!” She happily shouted.

“Hi Adero, These are my parents.” Anwer, answered, pointing to his mum and dad.

“Nice to meet you both.” Adero said, eager to shake their hands with an enthusiasm for the enlightenment which brought an awaiting observing as opposed to a condemning one. It was something which they got curious about in the development of, Anwer’s passion for music and the quality of their material in the band. The father rubbed his chin with an estrangement, as though, Adero, was a new consideration.

“Tell me pretty lady, what business do you have in a Muslim country? My people will not listen to your brother’s music, because, we are not fairies.”

“No, they’ll listen to it because my brothers music is for Kings.”

Anwer, escorted, Adero back into the terminal, pulling his luggage behind him. There was a cool euphoria about the atmosphere, as they entered the crowds of queueing people. It was like laughing with a sexual advantage about a bed of immoral hands. There was a genuine compassion, which all the band shared between each other. It was sincere enough to lighten the dark leers about their cliquey appearance.

Mos, arrived in a taxi wearing a flamboyant cream suit and sun glasses. A porter took his luggage for him, seeing he wasn’t dressed for heavy labour.

“Thank you Porter, Don’t mind my conceit, I’m not conceited. I’m a Supernova Hero.” Mos, said, when, Sam, walked past and added.

“Mos, finds a voice the day I put on a paper bag.” And he walked past to the check in gate. Mos, smiled softly and followed.

.....

A Kite shuttle arrived on the Kite Battleship. Radiating a fan sound, which got louder as the water flooded out back into the English Channel. It was covered in a red tin that was bright shining like a coke can. Its shape was oval like a mouse, stopped in the dark of night. Laser guns pointed from either side of it, like whiskers.

The sound of the engines ended just before, Cap Gunn and Gilt walked out to meet, Alexandra. She was giddy, with an unfed desire, pulling her with hidden emotions. Ideas that were imaging within her mind were different to her usual thoughts. She was almost like ice at the greeting of the two men. Silent and searching with brave refrain. It was only a moment and, Gilt, saw her like an uncut flower.

They walked into a chamber and strew the red coats off onto the floor. Grabbing skin with

the ends of fingers, to grip and feed from the bodies waves of heat, sharing in the lethargic pleasure of the crew's spa. There was steam rising past the near vision. Only Captain Gemoor, Alexandra, Gilt and Cap Gunn, were visible to each other.

It was bathing with a tense release of awkward parts. They were naked like human instruments, un-talking and provoked by nothing. Their hands were holding, in the penetrative act of finding each other; near, as real extensions hidden in the mist of heat and denials. It was a raw reality, which they took like meat until the screaming orgasms.

Chapter 16

With a new demure, Alexandra, was holding the attention of the crew, as she walked past. There was a sense of priority in her steps. She was invigorated at the rising pressure of the Kite's

finally conquering Earth. The battle ship was laid like a hidden monster, purring in the depth of the, English Channel. Its red beams washing the dark sides of the ship, like a hot spilling, bloody light.

Alexandra, walked through the corridors, focused with direction for her mission. Dressed again, in her red jacket, she took strides in black high heel boots, boasting the curvatures of her legs in tight white trousers. Her enthusiasm was like a striker, catching a ball from the back and headed to score with it.

She walked through a silver door, which was raised upwards to allow access. The room was organised with militarised crew members in red and black uniforms prepping the artillery. She walked into a fiery atmosphere, with the strict movements of units doing the final checks for an offensive on, Earth. Wagedawn, was directing the men, oblivious to, Alexandra's, presence. It was like watching a commander remove itself

from sharing the same space. Between them, there was an erotic gap of halting.

Alexandra, readdressed the officers distance and she walked up to a Slip tank, entering inside, with confident and able lengths. “This had better be working, Wagedawn.” She, said.

“Everything in my hanger is working, Alexandra. Everything hanging, can be pinned on it.” Wagedawn, said with an unmoved face, watching his soldiers complete the drills for the invasion. Alexandra, smiled with a lusty lift, dropping into the cockpit of the slip tank.

There was a whizzing winding up of the tanks slip generator. It boomed like a whirling machine oscillating a drum at lightning fast velocity. The dashes in front of her were bright, with red and primary coloured dials. The huge tank was empty of other crew but the cabins in it dimmed to a shadowy shade, as it teleported through the fabric of space to the airport in, Sharm El Sheik, Egypt.

The plane from London, was arriving at the terminal, with the Supernova Heroes, inside. It was a dry and hot morning. They had flown over night and the sun was not raised. There was a rainbow of colours welcoming its arrival, as a new day was beginning. The dusty runway was concealing a promise of new experiences, opportunity and hope.

The engines of the plane cycled down outside the airport building, for the passengers and Supernova Heroes, to walk out into. There was a frantic commotion to disembark the plane as it stopped, when, the passengers were startled by a whizzing sound. It drew louder as the slip tank roared through the space of time and arrived to turn every gun on its turret towards the plane.

In the chaos of noises from the tanks engine, the passengers panicked, gasping and hiding in their seats. The torches fired from the sides of the unit were like probes, beaming into the plane searching for Aaron and the Supernova Heroes,

who might save the world from, Kite, domination.

“Supernova Heroes! Aaron Pemberton! Get out of the plane!” Alexandra, commanded through a loud speaker. The band were brought to a state of disbelief, yet, found a readiness with the arrival of the Kite’s declaration. In the air of panic, they had experienced enough pandemonium since their stardom to be calm, exiting the jumbo aeroplane to board the tank.

“I can’t go anywhere with you, Aaron.” Sam, said, replacing the brown paper bag to cover his head.

“Everybody, Keep calm.” Adero, said, walking besides, Aaron.

“Get out the plane now, Heroes! Enter the open cabin of the slip tank. You are now hostages of the, Kite, empire.”

“You bitch, Kites! I’m not afraid of you! Radrod, was mine!” Adero, shouted walking into the tank cabin.

Aaron's, father and mother were confronted with a numbing bewilderment, hearing the tumult of the tank drum and watching the beams scan the jumbo jet and first class. Realising their children were being abducted, they found a desperate anguish which rippled out as shock, until, Thomas, was moved with anger. "Get out of my way, please! Excuse me dear!" He yelled, barging past the first class passengers until he was running down the stairs of the jet after his kids. Liz, was following close behind him.

"You can't take these people! You don't have a contract!" He yelled, when a pulse ray fired from one of the turrets and drove into his chest, sending him hurtling to the ground.

"Dad!" Aaron screamed.

"Thomas!!" His mother wept as the whirling sound got louder and the tank began to vanish, slipping through space with the band inside.

The police had started to arrive in an echo of silence as, Liz's husband was passing, with his

eyes slowly finding her face for the last moments. In her crying, she was filled with a sense of abhorrence . Yet, it was strikingly familiar to her. “This all feels like it’s happened before but I can’t understand. You’ve got to survive this with me, Thomas. We’ve been surviving a long time together.” She said, weeping over his dying head.

The ambulance driver checked his vitals and then pulled him onto a rack. “He’ll be alright, Mrs Pemberton, just stunned by something.” The nurse said.

“You were always an idiot, Thomas!” Liz, remarked walking besides him laid on the stretcher, into the back of the van.

.....

At the helm of the Gaylem Starship, Chaneeka, had received readings and monitored the surprise abduction of, Aaron and the

Supernova Heroes. It was a frantic moment of a dizzy fear, leaving the expression of anger drawn about her clear features.

“Admiral, the group have been abducted by, Kites, at the airport in, Sharm El Sheikh.”

“Is Lt Berthe with them?”

“Yes admiral.”

“Where are they?”

“I don’t know. They’ve just ...vanished.”

“Why can’t we track them with our scanners?”

“I’m trying to fix this, Admiral.” Captain Chaneeka, said. Another officer alerted:

“I’m receiving an incoming message from a Kite, battle ship, broadcasting on all interstellar frequencies, Admiral.”

The air became petrified with anticipants, waiting for the Admiral to reply. The beeps and pings were erratically firing. The Admiral’s face became brown stone, fixed for a burying reciprocal. The atmosphere grew tense with

apprehension as she stood, tall and slender, walking forward to the Starship's bridge viewing screen. "Put it through." She said.

Captain, Gemoor's head, under the giant red hat, appeared. It was blotted with giggling cheek, brushed his dimples rosy. His cadaverous visage was effervescent with energy, brightening his blue eyes and stimulated his dead looking skin. "Well admiral." He said: "I get to see your face at the end of the book. You don't have to worry about me prejudging you. You have proved your inferiority now that I have the, Supernova Heroes."

"How did you find them, Gemoor?" The Admiral, projected.

"It wasn't hard. Your officers were more than happy to oblige me." The Captain replied, laughing.

"Carol, pilot Lurna and Amora, have been tortured? Are they still alive?"

“Yes..... As are, The Supernova Heroes and the Gaylen that was with them, who gave you away.”

The Admiral was overcome by her reproach from guard and in an anguish clutched her own chest with relief. “Admiral, you know, I’m a sporting man. I’m not here to butcher people. Don’t look so surprised. I’m just here to claim this planet as Kite, domain, so that we can rule over it with a good hand.”

“Damn you, Kite. You know this territory is the Gaylen, home world. Your occupancy has forced our abandonment in the future, while you drive this world and our descendants to their death!” The Admiral, argued.

“It seems your doctrines fail you, Admiral Hess. Brute force is the only force that can be heard in the universe. Such is the, Kite, way. So now, you must surrender to me, Admiral. Give me your coordinates and de-cloak. Surrender now and I may let you live.”

“I need time, Gemoor.... to....”

“You have none!”

“General my crew has failed. Some of them must be executed by my hand. Give me the honour of an officer and permit me to do that.”

The Admiral, declared. There was a few seconds as the two leaders peered into each other. The crew on the Starship felt an awkwardness, like an eerie mishap. Captain Gemoor, showed an integral empathy for the Admiral, nodding yes and switching off saying:

“Alright Admiral, you have 30 digits.”

“Thank you, Gemoor. Admiral Hess, out.”

Chaneeka, immediately fell to the ground, asking: “I eternally apologise only to hope that before I am executed, as your captain, that in the next life I may redeem you.”

“A little dramatic for the occasion, Captain Chaneeka. I needed time to consult the elders, that’s all being executed now. Get up, you have the bridge.” The Admiral, said, walking out.

.....

Keli, was naked, modelling with an apple fruit in the centre of the pink chamber, where the elders were watching. The black velvet cracks glistened between the surfaces of the pink walls. The floor was glowing with white energy ebbing a rosy glow, like a budding plant.

The door opened, as the Admiral walked to meet the elders. Keli, saw her, smiled and pointed to the corner of the chamber, where the space was thin with a mystical calm. The Elders were sat beside each other, resting on one another, watching the young Gaylens perform. They sat up with sagacity, as the, Admiral, approached.

There were the four elders in the chamber. One, emerald green, holding hands with the other, sea blue. The black void Elder, was standing at this time, prepared to communicate

with the Admiral. The cloud white Elder, walked beside it.

“Elders, the Kites have captured the Supernova Heroes and they have demanded our immediate surrender. I don’t know how to proceed. Please help me. Tell me what to do.” The Admiral, beseeched. Glistening like tar, the Elder standing, replied, with the bleached other, beside it:

“If you are brave enough”

“To stay where you are unsure”

“Then you have the bravery”

“To meet the unknown.”

“You do not need to run away”

“And you do not need to proceed.” They answered through the telepathy of their thinking.

“But how will we win? The Kites are liars they will destroy us.” The Admiral, stated.

“You cannot cross a new sea”

“Without a ship to sail it.”

“Some things will never be possible”

“Until all things are possible through them.”

“What does that mean? The humans are going to save us? They cannot save themselves.” The Admiral, retorted in a state of duress.

“The course of light cannot be judged.”

“It goes everywhere”

“But it can be recognised.”

“Then I must help the humans because of the light you speak of, that is within them?” The Admiral asked.

“In most of them it is,”

“As it is within you.”

“I understand, thank you, Elders.” The Admiral, said, moving backwards humbly and hearing the four whisper.

“Goodbye Admiral.” With a discreet and sad warning.

Chapter 17

The space of confinement was like a snare, keeping the Gaylen's and The Supernova Heroes, from the path they saw before them. It was an ominous pressure of pressing despair. The darkness about them was only lit by the Gaylen shuttle and vehicles standing, idol on the bay floor. They looked like taunting objects of unobtainable sweets, drawing their eyes with longing and cruel pain.

The hanger bay was darkened, spared of lights, as the holding cell, detaining them was against a wall for prisoners and cargo. There were no soldiers or Kite units free from the invasion protocols carried out in the other parts of the ship. The stillness was cold, removing feelings of life. As, Aaron, waited with vex drunkenness, he was sober to forget going home. The passions of music were escaping from him and the greater passion for life was arriving.

The cell was dingy, with empty floor space and broken crates, strewn about them. There was a musky smell of sweat and excretion, like an old toilet. It was displacing for the band but the Gaylen rescue team were watching for opportunities to release themselves, keeping everyone calm. Carol, was investigative of, Adero, who was standing, propped against a wall. Carol, crossed her own two arms; probing Adero, for traits of, Lieutenant Bertha. “Lieutenant, the Kite Captain, does not intent on freeing us. We must find a way to stop him or he’ll destroy everything.” Carol, said to her.

Adero, was slightly disturbed, with a fatigued objection about her capture. It was like seeing an outraged woman, with a calm collected body. It was puzzling, as, Aaron, watched with questions of her changing and estranged moods.

“Adero, why does she call you, Lieutenant Bertha?” He asked.

“Aaron,.... there’s a lot you’re not going to understand right away. You have to trust me.” Adero, said sharply.

“This place, this place has something to do with you jumping out the penthouse window, doesn’t it. What aren’t you telling me? Just say it!” Aaron, squeaked with a desperation and dumbfound. Adero, looked into his grey eyes, with a simple sadness, like a failing. Aaron, grew more distraught, antagonised by the fears of his un-knowing and their death.

“This ship is the enemy of the hybrid I’m acting with. And it is here to destroy earth.” Great exasperations of disdain and revile threw out the Supernova Heroes, mouths. ‘No Christmas!?’ ‘The world cup is a coming home!’ ‘What idiots destroy the world?!’ ‘Seriously?!’

“Why? Don’t you stop them then?!” Sam, finally yelled through their projections at her.

“While they have you, The Gaylens, my people, are at their mercy. And so am I. Radrod, is one of them.”

“This is a precarious situation.” Mos, said.

“We have to escape.” Hav, proclaimed.

“How? In case you haven’t noticed, we are in a cell.” Answer, pointed out sarcastically, avoiding energy bars in front of them. The darkness was choking with an unbearable closing. It was smothering with silence, as they heard, Answer, say the truth. It stifled them to a state of hopelessness brought them to the submission of the Kites. Bound in the confine prison of the battle ship, they would hear the destruction of their world.

“I will help you.” Whispered, from the shadow outside of the cells pulsing bars. Aaron and all the group turned their heads with galvanised anticipants; not seeing who was there and wondering. The white gown robe appeared

over a black sandal, before the clean tan face of a Muslim drew into the dim light.

“Osama Bin Laden?!” Mos, projected with shock, as the others were moved to disbelief and mild anger.

“I will free you if you promise to let my people know that I did not let them become slaves to anything. This conquering captain will not have his way through me. I have heard your music, Aaron. You must tell them of my abduction; tortured to forever listen to Radrod’s commercial brain washing pimping.”

“I will.” Aaron, said. “Can you get us out of here?”

Without abjection, Bin Laden, in his youthful form, walked to a grey pedestal with a glass counter. He activated it, leaving the screen to start up. The red dials opened like circling sensor pads. He pressed one for the clear pulsing bars to be extinguished. Then he stood coyly,

recluse of his faith in the band and the Gaylens, with a self-loathing he washed.

Adero, stepped out first, checking the perimeter for guards and soldiers. She ran loose in her black blouse, firm tight blue denim and heels. “It’s clear, Lurna get the shuttle fired up. Amora, get these people and my brother on board. If I’m not back in 5 digits go without me.” She said.

“Lieutenant, where are you going?” Carol, asked, in a disapproving manner.

“To give the Admiral a fighting chance. I won’t let, Radrod, win. The bastard broke my heart. Now I hate him 3 ways; Adero, Bertha and Diva Pon Earth.” She answered walking swiftly out the hanger.

“Adero!” Aaron shouted, as she ran into the darkness, out of their sight. Carol, guided him onto the shuttle gently, trying to settle the perplexed and dizzy state he watched with.

“Will she fly!?” Carol, yelled at, Lurna.

“Shields are at 40%. We better not run into any trouble. They took out the cloaking device but I think I can get it back on line.”

.....

The Gaylen Starship, was at its precipice for faith of the elders to be revealed. In a state of yearning, the Admiral prepared the bridge and consoled them with a bravery she carried to the last moment. “Captain Gemoor, we surrender to your terms. We’re transmitting our position and coordinates for you to board our vessel.”

It was less than a digit after she spoke, Adero, panted on top of a router control panel, on the Kite battle ship. She could infiltrate the Kite ships power channel. “Kite technology, meaningless force.” She said in soliloquy, pressing the flashing red sensor buttons to redirect something.

Gaia, was at the com, as the Captain stood in parley with the Admiral. She was taken out of the glorified atmosphere, puzzled with concern.

“Expect to be boarded in 15 digits.” Captain Gemoor, commanded.

“Captain?” Gaia, quietly alerted.

“What is it, Gaia?”

“I’m reading a glitch.”

Radrod, found an impetuous ridicule of the delays; snuffing about the rigid practise of the crew on the bridge. He took his own empowerment, seeing he had won for the Kites, to project: “Kill the Gaylens and stop this courtly nonsense! You’re worse than, Aaron! I hate that boy!”

“Fix it.” The Captain, commanded, regaining control of his crew.

“It’s gone?” Gaia, reported.

“Good, then so are we! Fire the thermal cannon into this planets core and get us into space.”

Gemoor, said stiffly, walking away from the viewing screen and sitting in the deep chair at the centre of the bridge.

“Gemoor, many of our human fractions are still on the ground. There are Kite agents on the surface too.” Alexandra said, but she was halted at the excited embrace of, Radrod’s, strong arms. They were like burning wax muscles, smoothly caressing her, like a snake. His bold features glowed with the zeal of his victory.

“Thank you, Alexandra. The wretched planet won’t be a risk to me or our emperor any more. Fuck the bitches and their families!” Radrod, said.

Captain Gemoor proceeded to countermand: “Don’t question me, Alexandra! This has gone on long enough. They chose to resist me by not already giving me complete presidential power over Earth. For that they will die. Now fire the weapon and take off. The Kite will rule.”

The dark vessel rapidly formed a thick façade, changing with the tumult of a moving mounting. It rushed waters rolling either side to waves on the surface of the sea. The loud horn blasted with signal of their ascent. Until a penetrating red laser, giant like a stadium, fired under the belly of the Battleship . It released for moments of a minute, before the mountain began lifting from the sea bed. “Time to obliteration of Earth is 30 digits.” The computer said.

“Captain, should I issue your command to cloak?” Gaia, said.

“No Gaia, let them see their destroyer.”

Crates were shaking from the shelves in the cargo bay hanger. The ship rising out of the water was causing a tremor on the shuttle bay floor. It was rumbling the crew and clattering the components of the Gaylen shuttle, almost to fall apart.

“I’m done!” Lurna, shouted running up the ramp, on board the rescue shuttle. “Everybody strap up. We’re leaving.” She ordered.

“We cannot go without my sister.” Aaron, pleaded.

“I have to leave her, Aaron. I’m sorry.” Lurna, spoke compassionately. “Thrusters firing.” She yelled, as Aaron crept away, climbing out an emergency port hole, behind them, at the back of the helm. He clambered out of the hanger as the thrusters burned more vigorously, warm red flame, to shoot an ultra-burning blast pushing it through space.

The passages were emptied clear during the rising of the Battleship. Aaron, was rocked from side to side, as the ship broke free from the waves of the, English Channel. His sister was stumbling not long after, moving back to the hanger in the corridor, ahead of him. He ran to her and hugged her steal like condition. “Well brother. You really are the hero after all.” She said.

“Can you get us out of here in one of those tanks we saw outside the cell?” Aaron, asked.

She started walking to the vehicles, briskly, expecting, Aaron, to keep up. “I can activate the matter converter but we can’t get to my ship in it. It can only take us to places on the surface.”

“Let’s get to mum and dad.” Aaron, sighed, with serenity. Accepting an end he had not imagined.

“Aaron, the earth is going to be destroyed. There are more people than, mother and father, who need you.”

“I can’t help everyone.”

“You already have, by showing them to escape the darkness and seek out the light.” Adero, said, before stumbling into his chest as the ship shook. The loud horn blared out as the red beam cleared open for them to see outside the wall windows. “We are about to leave Earth’s atmosphere. Get to the slip tank now! We have to go or we will not be able to escape.” Adero, alerted. They ran into the hanger and boarded an

idle tank, lined up with others on the glossy black floor. She activated the power switch and designated their coordinates for Earth. The tank moved quickly out of the ship and into the sky, like a dark phantom smoke. It arrived outside, Harrow church; smashed cars and crumbling sidewalk.

.....

“What the hell is happening? I just heard Fuji sank into the, Ocean.” The President of the United States, declared from the, White House.

“It was UFO, rising from it, Sir. It had sank at a previous time, unnoticed. The problem now is stemming from the Earth’s core. We’re certain of that, we’re not certain of how it started.” The secretary of defence said. She was breathy with abashment. Hiding guilty glances towards the Minister of Defence, as the White House crumbled from tremors.

“Sir, I recommend we go to maximum alert. We need to get out of here, Sir. Ready, Air Force One!” The Minister of Defence, commanded.

“No! Don’t make orders for me! Leave, Air Force One, where it is! This is the end of the world.” The President, declared.

The Prime Minister of England gave a final speech to the nation, beside the fire place in his home, rattling to rubble next to the popping cinder of the covered flames. “These natural disasters are a predicted phenomenon. Our scientists have the situation under control and for Queen and country we people must stay calm.”

“I’ve lost the signal.” The journalist filming him interjected, brashly.

“What’s happened?” The Prime Minister, asked in an air of doom.

The satellite dish on the turret of the slip tank started revolving. It carried an initial sequence of beeps, tapping into the frequencies

of all the channels on earth. Aaron, was standing in front of a large choir. Adero, watched from inside the tank, as he stared talking to the world:

“A space ship just erupted the planets core and took off. This world will soon be destroyed. And the shock wave is going to destroy a lot of other planets as well. One of those planets was a race of beautiful woman who wanted to save us from ourselves. We were doing such a bad job, the planet was going to blow up anyway. That was how this whole thing got started.

You see they made me famous but it was your own wills that actually changed my heart. Whatever happens; mother, father; I love you all. At least you know and we don't die wondering.”

.....

“The Kite battle ship is holding position off our bow.” Captain Chaneeka, reported. Its

massive size warped with the flashing red beams, streaming through its dark surface, heated the cold space with its siren trumpet blaring.

“Prepare to be boarded.” The Admiral, said.

“Admiral! The Kite battle ship is cloaking!”

“Go to red alert, Power reserves to the shields. We cannot fire on that ship while the Supernova Heroes are on there. Whatever happens must happen through them.”

Captain Gemoor, moved closer to the viewing screen with an eagerness before their encounter. “Bring us starboard, make ready to fire a full spread of high impact missiles, lock lasers on critical structural points. Plasma cannons fire at their shield generators..... Now!”

The weapons fired and the Gaylen ship, detonated in several critical areas. Its pearly hull resonating a crying humming, as the shields reduced to buckling.

“Hull integrity is weakening! Our shields are almost down! Admiral.” Chaneeka, reported.

As the Gaylens compensated with evasive tactics on the Starship, the Kite Battleship re-approached with brutal intention. “Manoeuvre us to the starboard. Before they die, I want to send a rocket up their ass..... and, fire.” Gemoor, commanded. The barrage of missiles propelled into the aft parts of the Starship, exploding like nuclear shells above the Earth.

“Chaneeka! What was that?! Report!” The Admiral, screamed. As their shields cried, weaker.

“We’ve lost our central rear thruster. No’s 1 and 3 are overheating!”

“Adjust shields to compensate. Turn the ship about.”

“Admiral a shuttle is requesting to dock in the shuttle bay. It’s one of ours. Identification code, verified. It’s the recue team!”

“Get them in, Captain Chaneeka!”

“Chaneeka, to shuttle. Pilot Lurna. Are the Supernova Heroes with you?”

“Yes sir but, Aaron didn’t make it. He went back to try and save his sister. She said she wanted to give you a fighting chance.”

“Then let’s hope they succeeded pilot.”

“Admiral! The Kite ship is de-cloaking!”

“Why are we de-cloaking, Wagedawn?!”

“I believe it was that glitch, Captain.” Gaia, reported.

“You stupid bitch!!!!!”

“Captain Chaneeka, fire all weapons on the Kite threat dead ahead, now.” The Starship propelled an onslaught of rays and lasers, like a crashing tidal wave, cracking apart the, Kite Battleship.

Captain Gemoor, raised, Alexandra’s head from dying. Radrod, waited by a control panel, desperately trying to restore the ships power in the smoking debris, left of the bridge.

“Hull breach! hull breach! hull breach!” Was repeating.

The shuttle pilot, Lurna and the band, entered onto the Starship bridge. Red lights were flashing and the crew were scrambling to maintain the systems in the battle.

“Welcome on board.” The Admiral, said with vigilance to the four Heroes. The band was terrified.

“Admiral, the Kite ship has been disabled.” Chaneeka, reported.

“Then we’ve won!”

“Admiral, I’m sorry. Earth, will be destroyed in less than a digit.”

“By the Elders!”

“I’m reading massive changes in water level; land mass, atmospheric conditions will soon be unendurable. Whatever the Kites did, it accelerated the untimely death of Earth. We’re about to see what we came here to prevent.”

The admiral turned with faith from her guided knowledge, seeking the possibilities through the men of earth who were before her, there. “If there is anything you can do, Supernova Heroes, now’s the time to do it.”

“We can pray.” Sam, said.

“You don’t believe in God.” Mos, retorted to him.

“It’s at times like these it pays to be fickle.” Sam, replied.

“Chaneeka, we’ll have to get out of here.”

“I can’t out run the shockwave without the central thrusters, Admiral.”

“Then we’ll have to time jump; we’ll try and save this from happening. Take us 10 years back. That should be enough.”

“The hull has been badly damaged. Shields are less than 10%. She’ll fly apart. We can’t make it.”

“Then let’s hope we found the ship to sail it.” She said, with a refreshing glare turned to the four Supernova Heroes, on the bridge.

The crowd gathered outside the church were singing until the sky turned red and Adero, walked up to, Aaron. “You’ve done everything you can, Aaron. The Gaylens learnt many years ago. Some things will never be possible, until all things are possible through people.”

A child cried: “Dear God, I don’t want to die.”

A bright light emerges from within her; it grows behind her eyes and then behind the eyes of the people praying and then behind Aaron’s eyes. It appears like the sun the Gaylen ship is moving towards.

“Engage time jump.. now, Captain.”

“Yes Admiral, powering the light engines.” Chaneeka, said, engaging the thrusters for the ship to shake with buckling.

“Do something, Gaylens; we have to save my planet.” Sam, shouted, in peril from the weak integrity of the Starship, after battling the Kites.

“I’m sorry,... We took too much damage. She’s not going to make it.” Chaneeka, answered him, upset with tears. Answer, knelt down and prayed. Sam, Mos and Hav knelt down beside him.

“Admiral.... I’m reading a strange energy field approaching the ship.”

“From where... Captain?!”

“Everywhere, Admiral. I can’t understand it.”

Behind The Supernova Heroes eyes, the light from people on earth grows, like the sun bombarding the black space. Everything appears white. It’s blinding and hard to see.

“The light is coating the hull, like a shield, Admiral. It could hold. Executing time jump in 3, 2, 1.....”

The Starship, jumped through time to ten years in the past. The space was black and empty. Earth, was on the screen in front of them.

“Records show no sign of a shockwave. Admiral, we made it. But I don’t know how.” Captain, Chaneeka, spoke with relief.

“I think we just sailed through, thanks to the, Supernova Heroes.” The Admiral, rewarded.

An immediate intensity flooded the atmosphere as, Lieutenant Bertha, entered the bridge disconnected from the mind meld with, Adero.

“Admiral we have to change the past for, Aaron and Adero. This was all wrong.”

“What are you talking about? Did the melding machine imbalance you, Lieutenant?”

“No Admiral, Aaron’s name, the light, it all ties together. He’s G.U.S.. In the following ten years, if the band is here on the Starship, our Elders won’t be heard. Aaron’s G.U.S., Admiral.”

“It looks like the, Supernova Heroes, just became Gaylen agents on a 10 year babysitting mission.

Maybe to be like the Elders we know guiding us...” The Admiral sparked, finding excited hints of colours in the young Heroes eyes.

To Be Continued.....

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Squint Koros UK, Thank you.