

**Session: 100018254**

**Approx Date: 06/07/2001**

**Location: LMLA-ink Offices – Chinatown NYC**

**Project: STORYBOOK Rewrite**

**Story: Lilies, lilac, and lavender — Little Lazoo**

**About: “Rozelle and that slut in France are twins”**

**ISBN: 978-0-9803486-4-4**

At around a quarter to, any hour in the morning when only those who love the break of day are greeting it, Afamasaga works his way through the streets to his offices. Within view of the old bar, he finds the song in his heart is fortified by the music coming from there. He opens the door to see Lazoo leaning against the bar as Le Mac places four cups in front of him. “How’s it?” There is no reply from the young guy, whose head is hung. John Reyer looks at Le Mac who chooses to look at the cups he’s just poured. By all calculations, all three of his crew are present; Metofeaz must be somewhere.

Afamasaga sees someone with his one working eye, but it’s Rocol and not his writer, sitting in the last booth. She accounts for the stand-offish behavior from Lazoo and Le Mac, and when they don’t offer an explanation for their demeanor, he walks over to his booth and sits down across from his business partner.

“Maybe you’ll talk to me; how’s it?” Rocol looks at Le Mac bringing the coffee, ignoring John Reyer. “Thanks,” Rocol says as Le Mac places two coffees down and walks toward the stage.

Rocol sorts through her approach as Afamasaga watches Lazoo head for the stage. “So, you here for any particular reason? Or you just popping in to see you’re investment is being put to good use?” he asks in the most plausible tone he can muster.

“Metofeaz is having a day off,” Rocol proclaims. Afamasaga sees her seriousness in light of his possible reaction. He picks up his cup and looks into it. “Metofeaz doesn’t have days off, Rocol. Since when does LMLA-ink work without its writer?” His smile allows the woman to relax and reach for her coffee. When she neglects to answer him, he decides to change tact and pry deeper to find out the reason for the upheaval in their routine, which their new boss has obviously caused.

“So you two moving to your place, or you intend on finding a new pad?” Afamasaga goes for an icebreaker; Rocol latches onto its vibe. Her smile, which would normally work, evaporates in front of her as she changes the subject. “Where were you in the early eighties? Wouldn’t have happened to be somewhere down in the South Pacific, would you?” she says from behind her coffee cup.

His reaction is instantaneous; the arm that goes up—telling Le Mac it’s over by slicing the air twice—is like lightning, making the woman blink. In a flash, he’s on his feet. “I think we’re done for the day.” He’s terse, relying on his smile to deliver his decision in the best possible light.

Lazoo takes his microphone from its stand and begins to wrap it in a cloth he produces from his pocket. Afamasaga is already heading for the door.

Le Mac jumps down from the stage in pursuit of John Reyer....

Rocol searches in her bag for something and then produces the knapsack. As she takes out the two handbound leather books and unwraps them from their cloth, she hears Lazoo's footsteps. He's on his way for the door too when she says, "Janine had two boys—twins—not identical. Missy and Polina are twins. He's two people, but you try searching for his twin."

Lazoo stops before he takes the next step as she continues, "Genesis will bear twins when the time is right, but you'll only ever know one of them."

Lazoo wants to continue walking to where Le Mac has his hand on the door while he talks to John Reyer. "Rozelle and that slut in France are twins who were disembroiled at the dimension fork."

James Elton looks at her opening the book from which his mother once read. "Little Lazoo will be the metaphysical incarnation of him, not Polina. I am to him what Polina was to John Page."

Lazoo goes to take a step as she adds, "Metofeaz and Jon Pierre are the same deal as Rozelle and Sharon Smith. You might as well get used to life without him; Afamasaga will eventually take his voice, the same way he took the Poet Soldier's."

Lazoo places his hands on the bar as he takes time to comprehend what he's just been told. "You're fine; your son is this Semi-System's next controller—when John Reyer retires from the MMD."

Lazoo turns around to take a good look at the person talking to him as the wise woman notions with her head that Le Mac and Afamasaga are returning.

"He thinks infiltration is by way of fame, that by putting you, Polina, and whoever else is willing out there, it will give him the platform to distribute what many others before him have tried to say."

As Afamasaga seats himself back down into the booth, Rocol rises to her feet and announces, "Don't know about you, but I feel like it's been a hard long day already. Drink?"

Le Mac nods to Rocol, "Make that three, ah?"

Le Mac now slips into the booth and opens up his machine. He pushes it front of the quiet guy as Lazoo decides he too is thirsty. "Make it stiff, barmaid." Afamasaga looks up at Lazoo and then Le Mac, who is on his way to the stage as he puts his fingers on the

keyboard. Afamasaga has a confused look as he tries to negotiate Lazoo's change of heart, "Hey, Lazoo, you okay about this?" As the maestro unravels his microphone from its cloth, Rocol places a tray of tequila down in front of Afamasaga.

Le Mac initiates the warm up with funk, and then he slows down the tempo into mood-altering jazz until the liquor disperses warmth and their minds are at ease to foretell emotion from a story lived...

Lazoo grabs the mic, and in a tone that makes him sound older than his looks tell, says, "The fatigue she had been feeling she no longer wonders about as the sickness begins to concern the independent woman..."

Le Mac coughs to conceal a smirk., "Damn, Lazoo. I'd swear you were a fag, motherfucker. Rozelle is as hard as nails."

Afamasaga smiles as he imitates Feeaz; he throws his shoulders. Le Mac narrates the action, "One, two fo the sho." The comment ends as a Ballard begins.

John Reyer looks up from the keys at her. The song reminds him of only one woman. He leans back to ask Rocol, "What was the longest time Lavenda hasn't contacted you, ah?" He takes a full glass from in front of him and tips it back into his mouth. Then he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

When she doesn't answer him, he lowers his head as he begins to tap, typing a story driven by his pain.

She looks up at the screen to see how he feels.

*Looking up from the bowl she is bent over, Rozelle gets a glimpse of herself in the mirror with all the worries a normal woman has experienced, if she were to labor the hardships of marriage...*

*...The dead flowers matted in blood begin to dry as the sun is at its highest point for the day. The woman's head moves, and then her arms push her body up as she looks down to see for herself what has happened.*

He takes the last glass of tequila and throws it back. He then slams the glass down on the table as he gets up to leave. "I want to see Feeaz here tomorrow. At least have the decency to ease him out of the frame!"

Rocol smiles at him, "Metofeaz's tricks aren't tricks anymore. They're so predictable even his victims complain about their lack potency."

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