

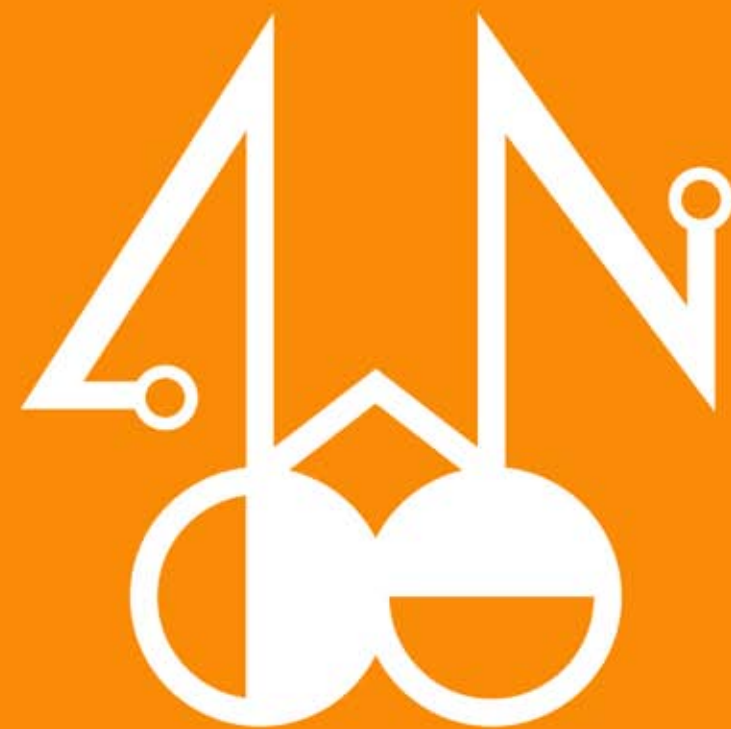
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# SELECTED FROM THE PATTERN

Adwen Creative Inc.

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Sam is sitting on the curb tying the laces on his shoes. His legs are arched over his blue paint-splattered duffel bag. They fit well and look sharp and smiles broadly to see

Right on time. She tosses him a gift from an angel. Not until she asks him a question of ultra-relax. She has

**"Is it finished?"**

"Oh, uh..." He looks to the wall facing them from across the street. "I can't see it. When they are finished, I cannot see them anymore. It is hard to explain.

"Prepare for the incredible. It feels alive. Allow it to present itself. And that means?"

"You have to let them explain. I only know enough to get this far. I was warned that going further is dangerous."

Alia gives Sam a puzzled look. She does not doubt his sincerity. She envies him for having been chosen. For now all she can offer is assistance in his day to day needs. She wants to afford him the chance to get the most from his experiences.

She grabs the bag and drags it to her. "I will take care of your gear, get it home and cleaned up. Here is some money for coffee and something to eat." She stands and gives him some bills while helping him to his feet.

"You have to go, you can't be late or they will fire you."

She buttons his shirt quickly, he missed his voice is soft. His eyes are still on the wall. "Thank you. It will be here when you clock out."

she takes his arm turns him in the direction of the nearest bus stop. "I am not so sure."

Alia hears it. She knows she does not have the time to worry over it now, perhaps later.

perhaps later. . . .















Ya know what really pisses me off? "When some group of people, a **before**, hijacks some concept

Alek throws a flat stone across the surface of the water, watching it skip a few times then sink. Ahndi leans back on her elbows

It is the sunset that made me think of it. "I know you do" Alek scratches his chin. "The colors, the distance, all very psychedelic"

He sighs. "But the concept belongs to a subculture, it is all paisleys, peace, love, nature, and a total failure of personal initiative" Ahndi laughs. "You really want to be a dirty hippie, don't you?" Alek grumbles in response.

"It is the sights you see in the urban world that really folds my mind in on itself. Rust, mud, decay, piles of garbage, abandoned cars, a broken down house, mostly the things that are discarded"

Ahndi thinks she has found the chink in his logic. "That is still nature, just reclaiming what it has found. The result is the opposite of his expectations"

These are the places I find the greatest beauty. "The energy behind it is not made by nature fighting back creates these things. Active participants in bringing it all together"

They are part of the war too. Then people come along, I guess you could call them the end to everything they create.

"That is exactly what makes it more fascinating" Alek's voice grows louder with his excitement. He turns to look her in the eyes. "That is how I know you love me, and it is one of the many reasons I love you."

Out of breath, Alek pauses to ponder the meaning of what he said. "You know, I agree with you"

It is stunning in the beauty of it.





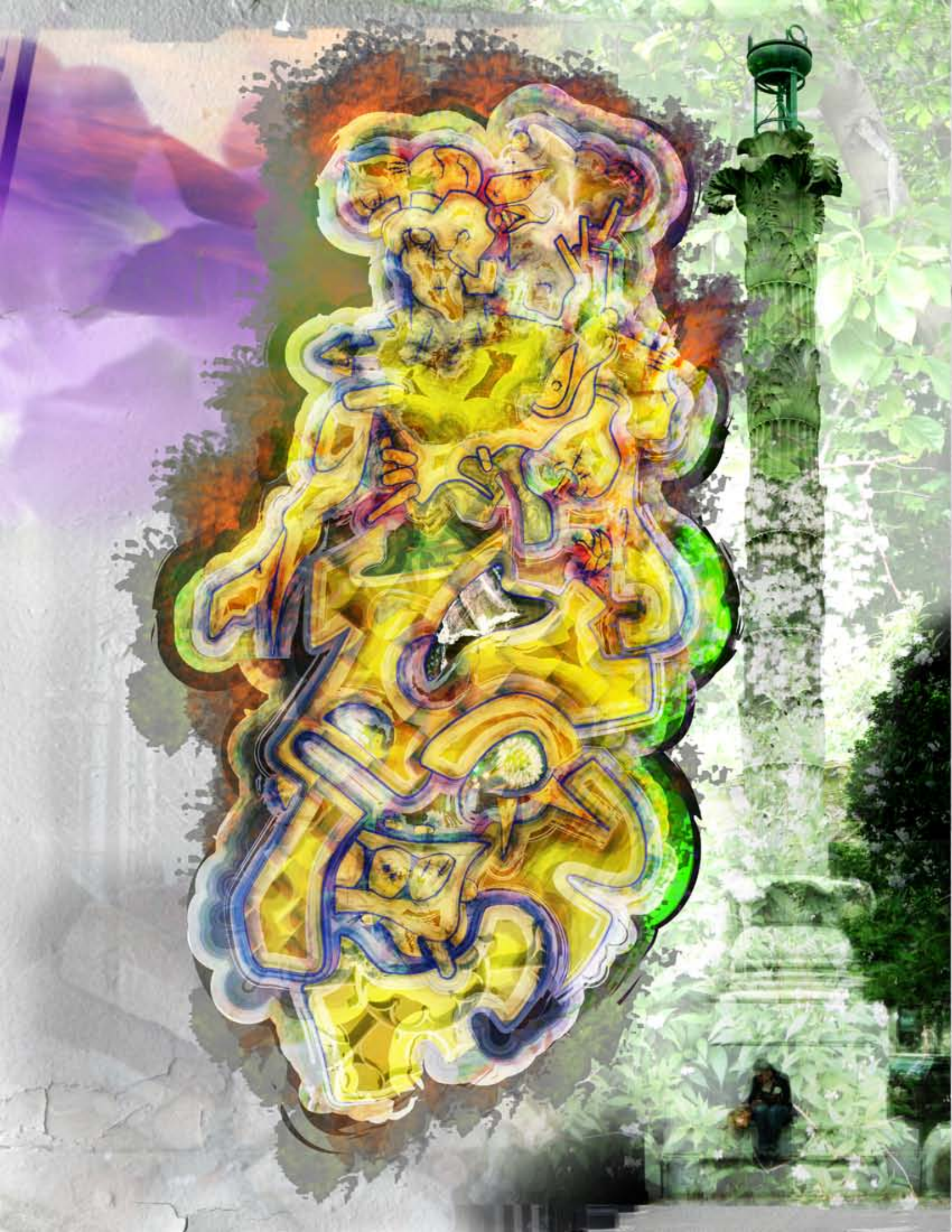






The fat bastard driving should be ashamed to wear the uniform. He could not chase a more than a block if his life counted on it. My chauffer checks a greasy sheet of paper taped to the dashboard. "Your drop-off is the corner up ahead" He pulls to the curb and I open the door. "Good luck detective" I chuckle at the implied joke, on a day like this I have no rank. I am just another authority figure in a uniform, tasked with keeping the peace. I was not supposed to work today. Screaming for attention under the guise of some cause or the other. It is my job to keep order but sometimes I am not sure I spot a group of men gathered around a trash can, kids really, none of them looks to be older than twenty-five. They are not in the street with the other protestors, where they should be. My gut is telling me something is out of order here, I need to check them out. As I get closer I can see them getting tense. One with a bulge in his pocket that he reaches for. It is large, too square to be something dangerous. The silver body and black round lens are the clues I need. There is a scar on the back of his head starts walking a wavy path. I count five, none of them are looking at me. I know I am coming. They just want to stomp about with their banners.



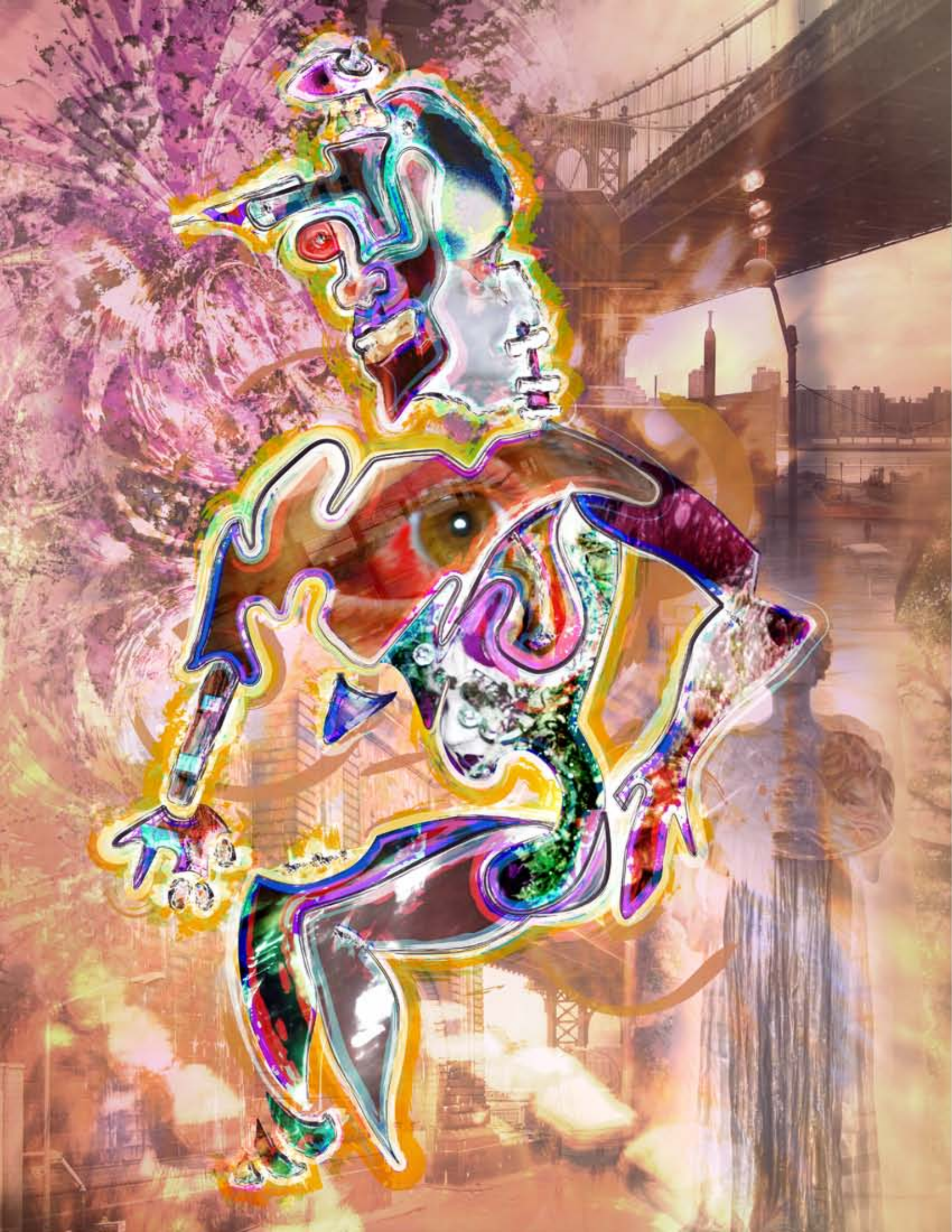












David is leaving on his back

Center

the salvage yard

ARCHITECTURAL MODELS

He is reflecting

on the

events

of the

past few

hours.

First

in need of assistance.

A short time later the unexpected arrival of Anna and Isle.

Anna's joy at being reunited with her father

Isle explaining that David returned to Mr. Kohli convincing Mr. Kohli to let them come to the city to use the way that they must build the design on this way

Mr. Kohli into a shadow. center piece.

They were all satisfied, left.

Overwhelmed but feeling redeemed.

Except David. He is still here.

On faith.

He will do this. For Samuel and for Isle.



Ahndi takes a sip of coffee then puts her feet up on the chair next to her. The empty cafe is the sort of place she rarely sees early morning and the weekday business customers are still in a daze from the night before. She looks up to see a man in a dark suit and tie walking towards her. He is looking at her with a strange expression. She feels a chill run down her spine. She knows she has never seen him before. He is looking at her with a strange expression. She feels a chill run down her spine. She knows she has never seen him before.

He sits back down and puts it on the table. "Everything." Ahndi is listening to him. "We can finally do on it. We want to buy a house. One with a big paper on it." She is looking at him with a strange expression. She feels a chill run down her spine. She knows she has never seen him before.

the headline article. It is about her firefighter's life of a notice detective. Ahndi picks it up to take a look. That is when she sees the small blue box Alek had hidden underneath. He is gripping ear to ear.

had been recording the whole thing. pagueum peh saratadap ah! pue'ing. the recent protests. responder found the octavone before he lost too much blood.

drawing that the wants me to the insists on the only one that can do it."

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