

[TW - Death Mention / NSFW Mention]

He rummages through his pocket, looking for just one more cigarette to get him through the endless wait.

Endless expanse surrounds him.

The moth lad sighs for a moment and thinks to himself.

Moth: (Fuck all.)

The wait and the surroundings feel like they continue to stretch. Fluffy wait clouds a'plenty, a bright sky with no visible sun.

[SOMEWHERE, SOME PLACE]

???: "So, as I was saying.."

A cab driver talks off the moth lad's ears, wherever they may be.

Driver: "I looked my buddy straight in the eyes and said, 'Uh-uh, no way can you make it.' He's kidding himself if he thinks a canyon that big can be jumped. This ain't a cartoon or somethin'!"

The moth lad stares out the window, appreciating the stray tree passing by now and then. Crystalline structures that found their home amongst the clouds. No fruit, no flower, just leaves hard as can be.

Driver: "Guess what, the crazy son of a gun tries it anyway! Next week I find out what happened, and oh boy.."

Moth: "Dude beefed it."

Driver: "As one could ever! His truck goes up the ramp and then.." [Recreating the scene with one arm movement.] "Down he goes the next minute! Hoo-wee, the yellin' he did during the long drop! And you know what made it worse?"

Moth: "Dead?"

Driver: "Nah! But you'd think he'd be! Could've easily unbuckled himself, kicked out the window, and fly on out of there. Instead, well.. Let's just say the next month he had a lotta signatures on his body cast, hah!" [Slaps his knee.]

[I-746 AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE]

A cab door shuts; the driver shakes the moth lad's paw firmly.

Driver: "Good luck up there buddy, I promise she don't bite! And, well, if she does you can have a good story to tell your new friends here!"

Moth: "Thanks man, take care."

Off goes a temporary friend, in comes the view of an absolutely huge and fancy cliff-side garden. The moth lad puts his paws in his hoodie pockets and gazes onward.

Holiest of holies babe, mere moments and movements ahead.

You couldn't believe how much this place is. Vines crawl over everything, birds chirp at every second, and tiny waterways intersect it all.

Breathe in.

Golds, lavenders, throw in some white colorings as well. Nothing here really reminds you of life before. But just keep moving on, breathe in the impossible scenery.

Breathe out.

Moth: "You mind if I pop a squat here?"

A blue paw gestures to it.

Moth: "Alright, cool."

[ADAM, EVE, AND ME]

Moth: "Oh shit, you ain't an old, Santa-lookin' guy huh."

Three is better than one, at least in this scenario. Primary colors and multiple heads. A body shared in between. Fangs a plenty. Eyes? At least six pairs, ya' know. Wings, tail.. Yeah, that's the Lord alright.

'If history were told by the victor, life would be very different.'

'Does he know history?'

'He doesn't but.. A victor of sorts sits here.'

Moth: "Uh-huh."

Our guest looks at the table placed between his chair and the holy one's, staring at the cups and bottle on it.

Moth: "I'm just gonna pour a cup, if y'all don't mind."

'A victor with a head of nothingness.'

'Drown your confusion and you'll only go with it.'

'Not even hesitating, he thinks he's chosen.'

Moth: [Sipping whiskey from a glass.] "I'll be real - I have no idea what's going on. See, I just offed myself like maybe a few hours ago and now I'm in some sky garden place. Know fuck-all, man."

'Saint Reynold, show a little decorum for once in your life.'

'If a mother can't preach it..'

'Nor a father enforce it..'

Reynold: "Oh man, I'm not drunk enough for this shit."

[HEAVEN, HEAVEN IS MANY PLACES]

Where do we begin? Where can we end? A punk legend long since past the mortal realm and now adorned with a few pair of wings in the afterlife. Not to say he didn't already have one pair prior but..

He stops drinking, making a scrunched up face.

Reynold: "Man, I never liked this shit to begin with. So uh.." [He looks towards God and her many wondering eyes.] "You sure you got the right guy? Like, I don't want to be enlisted as some angel boot-boy. Fuck that, uh, yeah."

'Oh believe me, it gets harder to narrow down choices after thousands.. No..'

'Millions of years.'

'Time keeps turning and the choices are made.'

You can still hear the birds chirping a million songs. Frankly, I don't think I actually seen any on the way through here.

'Your time will come, but for now, you are just a resident.'

'A guest, prepared for a future that is not for decades.'

'Don't think too much on it, idiot.'

Reynold: "Oh, alright that's. Sure, fine, I don't care."

Silence for a moment.

The endless clouds move past each other on a never-ending journey. The waters of the garden flowing down into a non-existent abyss. You can't, and will never see Earth from here. Don't even think of looking further down.

Reynold: "Alright but what about like, you know, 'perks'.."

[NEXT RIDE, NEXT LIFE]

Reynold: "Yeah, and FUCK YOU dickhead!"

He slams a cab door, and returns middle fingers back to the driver. Even in the holiest of realms there's still shitheads - somehow. Through revolving doors he goes, looking down at a scroll he was given. It reads:

' Welcome traveler, to your new life amongst the finest and fairest. Reign in the sky amongst the purest of heart. Soundest of mind. Body, of only pure energy now. You, [Reynold Waterz] , have been given the title of [Sainthood]. For your deeds in the living world were so-'

He skims through to the end.

' ..and that [Gilded Hollow Apartments, Suite 204] shall be where forever you live. Until the point you are needed by our holiest of holies side, to conquer the evils and temptations on the other side. Proclamation by [Debra Miles, Cloud-9 Valley.]'

Reynold: (This is, so fucking lame..)

A chat with a receptionist. Strolling through a lobby. Into an elevator. Messing with buttons on the way out. Hallway. Step. By. Step. Door. By. Door.

Heaven's a lot more.. Modern than folks thought.. Huh..

[LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER]

Suite 204's door opens up, and on the other side sits a woman from the wrong time but the right place. Golden colors a plenty, whether it's body or clothing. Only differing shades of black and white split between a nose piercing, striped pants, and glasses make the contrast.

Tenant: "Oh hey, can I help you?"

Reynold: "Yeah uh, I'm real new here ya' know and.. Look I got this scroll telling me a lotta out there shit and that I'm supposed to head here."

He passes it on to the woman, and her eyes scan over the piece. Bits of what she reads can be seen in her eye and mouth movements. Digesting all, that, print.

Tenant: "Oh, oh damn I got a roommate huh? Alright, come in on and I'll.. Sorry I wasn't expecting this today but you can chill on the couch and I'll be there in a second."

Reynold: "Cool."

Oh man, this place is cozy. Small kitchen area that hard cuts into a living room. Balcony on one edge, wall in between, a bedroom, and within that a bathroom. Real cozy, real.. It's decent and looks clean.

The saintly moth gets comfortable on the couch as the doggy dog tenant fiddles about in the kitchen.

Tenant: "You want water or something?"

Reynold: "Yeah water's fine."

Tenant: "Alrighty, let me just.." [She pours a cup of water from a little tray on the front of the fridge.] "Here it comes, straight from the only fancy thing we got here, hah."

She sits nearby Reynold, giving him the cup.

Tenant: "Since we're roommates now, let me introduce myself, I'm-"

[A GUITAR RIFF PLAYS OFF]

LIVE AT THE EXPANSE, IT'S THE EJECTION MACHINE!

Ejection Machine! You've heard of em' right? Well, maybe not but.. Look they were SUPER big in the 70's.. Wait was it the 80's? Shit, okay, it doesn't matter but.. Look they're.. They WERE legends!

Interviewer: "Some say you've been a bit of a fruit lately, what's your take on that, Mr. Miles?"

Miles: "Aw man, I wish I could be paid to be a prick like you! Maybe I should ditch the jacket and buy the same high school suit your grandma got you."

The crowd roars in laughter.

So you had Frederick Miles on lead guitar and vocals. The fucking CHAMP of screaming out sings. He played.. Alright too! I don't know, their bassist Kyle should've taken lead on that end. Just my opinion! Anyway who else.. Oh yeah Ricky on drums and 'The Spitz' on keyboard! I don't think ANYONE but his mom knew Spitz' legal name but who cares!!

Televangelist: "And let me, let me tell you people. This album? Devil's work! It's that simple! That sinner Miles, right here ladies and gentlemen. With faith in my heart and a strong mind I KNOW for a fact he is one of many temptations for your children. Do not let them touch this filth, lest you want a new recruit of the devil to infest your safe and loving home! For the Lord wants thee to protect your loved ones!"

Kyle: [Turning off the TV.] "What a crock of shit man, fuckin' what goes on in these goons' heads."

Miles makes a gesture with his paws.

Miles: "Makes the world go round baby!"

So why's they break up? Well, to put it lightly..

Frederick: "..and yeah the messed up pyrotechnics basically swallowed me whole."

Reynold: "Holy shit dude!"

Frederick: "Right? Anyway, spending some time here let me calm down from the rock life. They even got hormones here, so yeah I feel even hotter and happier than before."

Reynold: "Thank fuck." [He gives a high-five to Frederick.]

[DEARLY DEPARTED - KEEP ON ROCKIN'!]

Months pass, friendships blossom, and all the sweet shit. Memorable moments include a night on the river walk and a bottle getting thrown at a asshole in a suit.

Frederick: "A-Alright man, that's good enough ha-ha.."

Reynold: "Oh, shit.. Fuck, do I still-"

Frederick: "You're fine hah! You've got enough time to practice." [Reynold groans as the both of them start to get changed.]

Overall, life's been pretty interesting. It's close to the realness of the living but.. So many fucking angels and clouds man.. Ridiculous!

Frederick: "Hey uh, you ever wonder about back then?"

Reynold: "What's up?"

Frederick: "You know like, before you died dude. Like, damn I really wonder if anyone of Ejection Machine is still in touch with each other. Maybe they're doing solo shit, some going alright others.. Not.. Hell, maybe I'll meet one of them here in the next few years."

The moth lad is silent for a moment, rolling over thoughts in his head. His ex Hero, the kid they brought in, and the place set up.. Parties held, life lessons taught. Folks bunkin' for a bit to deal with hard times. The fucked up shit that led to it all and the relief afterwards. Well, shit's was still fucked even WHEN the place was set up but.. A option to breathe and relax was there, ya' know?

Frederick: "Rey, you good?"

Reynold: "Yeah.. Yeah, I'm good. Anyone back down there is doing good too, I trust em' man."

Hero and Quartz do have good heads on their funny animal shoulders.

Reynold: "Hey, you still remember how to play that thing?" [Pointing towards a guitar in the corner of the room.]

Frederick: "Of course I do, why?"

[ETERNITY MIXTAPE]