

Excerpt From my Novel:

In the mind of a 17 year old boy, there are many things. Most of these things are bizarre and unnameable. One of the many things that slows the buzz of thousands of thoughts at once is a missing marker, which is impossible for a boy like this to handle. Last time he saw it, it had been in the left-most drawer of his slovenly desk. Jackets and pants were thrown across the room from their messy floor piles to new ones. To an outsider, the plop of the clothes landing on the chaotic floor was the only sound as he searched. However, in his mind the buzzing felt like dragging his hand across a popcorn design ceiling. Somehow, this stupid solution of a marker had fallen a few feet from the desk and under a pillow that had been thrown from his bed. As he grabbed it, he saw his hands with the faded black and red ink. The ink fades quickly and easily from his skin, far better than the permanence of paper. Finally grabbing the marker, even holding this contrivance helped him breathe a bit better. Shapes and colors magically formed on his hands looking pristine and fresh and once again the marker vanished. As the boy laid his head back onto the edge of his bed, his back against the mattress and frame, he took a deep breath in. Like out of a movie, the floor changed to black and the shaggy comforting motion of the carpet under his feet transformed into a sleek hard ground. The view in front of him was a massive room full of empty chairs except one. Toward the left center of the chairs there was a figure sitting and waiting patiently. He heard a soft distant piano playing a simple and repetitive melody.

My Published Short Story:

<https://a.co/d/0aREET9O>

My ARG website:

<https://sometimesitstrue.wordpress.com/home/>

Excerpt from My Animated Show:

Wind blows through an abandoned city, carrying a stained newspaper lazily through the air. The buildings are reminiscent of New York, despite the lack of the usual crowds.

A young man with amber skin, walks down the empty streets. Stars dance in his eyes and a halo of meteors circle his head with every step.

Walking up to a simple two story apartment, an eyeball stares back at him from where the peephole would normally be, he opens the door. A distinctive and familiar screech from the door announces his arrival, and he crosses the threshold.

The apartment on the inside is cleaner than on the outside.

Lounging on the couch is the man's friend, who looks up suddenly.