The Beginning

He is having a dream like a cliché movie, he tosses and turns all night long. What could this dream be about? There is a phone with a certain power is buried deep beneath the earth that hasn’t been discovered. Its connection is so powerful, even unseen insects buried in the depths of earth are marveled—and drawn to the particles of its undiscovered energy. This POWER, which only one man will discover for the first time in its existence, will change everything. After earthquakes and tsunamis in Japan and Haiti, these events shifted the earth’s axis, and in the 21st century the phone began to push to the surface. But no one has recognized its presence. Giant structures that reach the clouds, would topple over as if they were built out of paper. The tons of concrete, steel rods, windows, and wood, are destroyed in these natural occurrences. Cars of all shapes, sizes, prices—from all designers, are now destroyed. The floating corpses, are the shells of those who didn’t survive the beast in which nature attacked in. Who could have been prepared for the onslaught in which nature would roar in? Comparing anything to nature’s power, would be like comparing an elephant to a worm. One man would soon possess a POWER that nature respects, and for years it is unknown to him. New technology, violence, unrest, extreme political division, and some places barely holding onto to peace. From the wealthy to the poor, from the largest to the smallest, are a part of the situations on earth. Would you want a powerful phone like this in your possession? What about an instant good or bad change in your life? Only the person to possess this could answer these peculiar questions about the unknown.

The year is 2016, and many people have become extremely sensitive, curtailers of freedom, and advocators for those who play victim. The monolithic culture is taking form, it’s growing like cancerous cells that need to be removed, it must stop. The “out of the box” thinkers must return to a society that is heading down a dangerous path. That man is now here.

The story begins Rimbrandt Seg, better known as Rim. He has the opportunity and freedom of enjoying everything life offers to a hard-working, single, and childless man. He can build on those offers with unforgettable memories, and to make these memories happen, he will need adventure. Rim is six feet tall, fit build, hair is dark on the side, and the top is greying. He is energetic, showing no signs of aging in the way he moves at work, beating out the younger men in every way. He is forty-one years old, and he is only concerned with his future retirement life. There is a memory that frequents Rim’s mind in which his father states, “son, always work hard and never quit your job.” Standing there hearing this, leaning his entire body at angle on one-side, Rim roll his eyes, his shoulders dropped becoming frustrated because he is less interested in advice as a child, and more interested in playing. His father is a man that only knows working hard trying to create something for his family’s future. His mother being a deeply religious woman with nervous issues, implanted fear in Rim his entire life, because of her life experiences. In his younger years Rim wasn’t particularly close to his brothers and sisters, but he loved and cared for them for who they would grow to be. His mother would also say, “don’t treat women badly even if they do it to you.” Rim didn’t have a significant number of friends, so he mainly stayed to himself. After a lifetime of living in this box, he is ready to remove those thoughts he was told as a child by his parents, and at the age of forty he wanted to try something new. Vacations are far and few between for Rim; it was like he had nowhere to go and he had no information on anything outside of his small world. Growing up into adulthood, there is a want to experience things in life that he was told to stay away from. His friends would continue to encourage him to take at least one trip to experience something good for the first time in life. He requested a two-week vacation at work. As he talks to his supervisor Mr. cram, the two laughs while chatting about his first vacation. “I know you’re happy, and I can definitely see you are ready to go. But I can’t believe this is your first one!” Rim bends his head in shame, rocking his head from left to right, but he is in total agreement. Raising his head slowly to look at Mr. Cram, “yes, I am, I’m sort of nervous, but hopefully I will have my best time in life.” “I think you will, if you choose to have fun for yourself,” Mr. Cram says. “Well I think a hot environment is good for me to be in—right about now,” said Rim. He walks out of the office with a smile on his face, happy about his future decision to take a vacation. Rim is the type to call his insurance companies, his entire family, and anyone that he thinks would be concerned with him leaving the country. A few days go by, Rim is at the airport set to go on his vacation. It was hell getting there; from the car service man’s bad attitude to the help he barely received at the airport. He lives in a South Jersey town, so the drive to the airport has a slight distance between them. After all of that, he is set to go, relaxed in his seat, and set to travel out of the country. At this point his nervous level rises, the stewardess is going through the safety procedures, and he is paying close attention to the instructions. The pilot gives the last announcement before departure, “we are set to take off in just a few.” The plane waits for instructions, suddenly, they began to move, accelerating quickly, faster, and faster, until the wheels are off the ground. Rim doesn’t want to seem nervous because that would scare everyone, so, he sits back, closes his eyes not wanting to see how high the plane is. There is a girl who is watching him, she knows something is wrong, so she taps his arm and asks, “Mr. are you ok?” Rim responds quickly, “yes I am.” He responds without opening his eyes, because he is filled with a crazy amount of fear. After about a day of traveling, he lands in La Paz, and he is now ready to enjoy what Bolivia will offer—even though he knows nothing about the area he is in. His first day is spent settling into a completely different environment he is not accustomed to. The next day he finds himself with group of fellow vacationers. One guy notices his American style and approaches Rim, “Hey man, what brings you here?” The man looks about Rim’s age, wildly flowing stringy hair, scruffy beard, face full of excitement, the hippie style. As Rim is about to answer he is being approached with a fist bump. “Well, this is my first vacation ever, and I wanted to do something differently.” The man shakes his, smile fills his face, “come with me and you will have the best time.” Rim is not sure about what he is hearing, but he still nods his head in agreement. The sun is piercing their heads, the area has a Mayan along with the normal South American feel to it, from the history Rim has studied. The buildings are older styled, the people are wonderful so far, and the country seems like it’s building. Hanging out with the hippie for a few hours, we spend most of the time at the bar area talking about our plans for tomorrow. But, I soon call it quits and head to my room for rest. The next morning, we are running from wild boars, dashing around trees, dodging snakes, on the edge of getting hurt at any moment. As the hippie and I are running from these boars, we are being followed by fellow vacationers, and I am laughing as though nothing is trying to get him. Tree branches are smacking me in the face along with bugs entering me mouth and I can’t see a clear path ahead. The mist from the steamy—yet hot forest that is surrounding me, is sticking to my skin, eyes are watering from sweat, burning from the cuts of the forest. I jump over a large bolder, ducking another branch coming towards me, as my face comes in the snares of a spider web. I can hear the snarls of the animals, heavy grunts echoing ahead of his path—confused about our location—greenery is everywhere, and there is no way to see. Suddenly, I pause, I don’t see any of one from the group. Boom! They smash into me—just as I am thinking about them—we run in separate directions, three gunshots rang out. Bang! Bang! Bang! All three of the boars are dead. Rim didn’t realize immediately what happened, until he hears someone say loudly, “the boars are dead.” Heart racing, sweat pouring, his back pack drops to ground with relief—happy to hear those words.

The locals are the ones who shot the boars, they were already out hunting, and noticed the intense action. The local men tied the carcasses up, placed them on their shoulders, and walked off. Rim and the rest of the group met in a circle, and laughter erupts from what just happened. A voice says, “Let’s head back to the hotel after all of that.” Another voice replies, “I agree.” We start to walk towards the cars which are parked beyond the trees, after reaching the trees through a slight opening, Rim sees something sticking out of the ground. Everything is green, but this is a different color from afar. The item is black, slightly small, and shaped like a box with no modern day feel to it. Rim tugs on it, but it wouldn’t budge, so he uses a little more strength, and still didn’t budge. He takes his hand reaches towards his hip—pulling out a blade—which helps him pull it from the ground. Looking at what seems like a phone, but it really didn’t. There are two circles at the top with plastic colors around them, numbers below the second speaker, but the letters are not present. Rim quickly places it in his bag, not giving it another thought, he continues walking behind the group. It wasn’t anything special, there was no extra examination of the phone—much like a souvenir.