

Waiting For The Stars to Fall

Science Fiction

Summary

In a perfect, utopian world, who could possibly desire something more?

Lucien Stone wakes up from a coma with no memory of his past, except for a vivid dream of a church worship service. When his questioning goes too far, and he's threatened by the police, he makes it his mission to recover whatever it is they hide from him. He then uncovers a small cell of people who know the secret behind this. They are what Lucien believes to be a small terrorist group attempting to recover a sacred book that is supposed to be the key behind what he seeks. Desperate for answers, he helps them on their journey for the Bible. After a year of fighting, it is recovered. After being studied, Lucian realizes the Bible must be given to the people, thus marking the start of a peaceful revolution that would very quickly turn violent.

“Amazing grace....” I snap into a blurred consciousness, jarred by my surroundings, people singing around me.

“How sweet the sound....” the music continues, though my focus fades into confusion “Where am I?” I ask, to anyone around who may be listening. “Keep focused on what is going on, Lucian,” A man beside me calmly responds.

I suppose it is worth listening to him I ponder to myself. I shift out of my thoughts and attempt to enjoy the odd music around me.

“I once was lost, but now I’m found, was blind, but now I see.”

Well this is awkward, all of these people are singing along with hands raised and I’m just standing here staring I mouth the words, mumbling small noises that I hope convince those around me that I actually know the song. There’s an intense feeling in my chest that steadily grows stronger. A mix of elation and uneasiness, as time begins to blur, leaving me feel as if I sung many more songs, and enjoyed doing it just as much as the others around me. My vision fades again as a last word echoes throughout the disappearing surroundings, like a rumble of thunder “Church....” it hangs in my mind and remains as if it were written on my eyelids, and then I wake.

I lie in a hospital bed, the pulsing of an EKG monitor droning on into my ears. I abruptly sit up, curious of what odd place I’ve been sent to, from

this “Church” I was enjoying so much. “Uh.... hello? I’m.... awake. Can someone tell me where I am?” I call out, praying that someone hears me- *Wait, what does praying mean?* I shake away the thought as a lady rushes into my room, dressed in bright white, seemingly shocked to see me awake. I check the name tag cleanly attached to her shirt, reading “Evalyn-RN.”

“Mr. Stone! You’re awake! This is amazing, we thought we had begun to lose you!” She exclaims happily.

“What do you mean? Where am I? How did I get here?” I question, as I scan the rest of the room to try and get a layout of my location.

“I, uh, sorry, I never thought you’d wake. Some time ago, you were found lying at the front of the hospital with a note on your shirt that we assumed gave us your name. You also had a large crack in your skull, which had you in a coma for a long while” She responds nervously.

“What is a... hospital? I don’t understand what you’re talking about.” I rub my head and say with growing panic in my voice as I realize my memories are entirely gone except for my experience in the Church.

“Oh no... we thought you may have amnesia, but were assuming you could remember some things.” Evalyn panics.

“I-I only remember singing in a place called a ‘Church?’ Do you know what that is? Please, I need clarity on... well anything, really.” I stutter. Though

immediately when I say church her eyes go wide and her skin pales, as if she had just been stabbed. Obviously feigning calmness, she explains

“Mr. Stone, though you may have amnesia, you should know it is not wise to curse at someone. ‘Church’ is a bad word, not a place you could possibly be, though if you were, it sounds horrible.”

“No, it was amazing! People were singing about something amazing, some danced, I don’t have any memories to compare it to, but it ranks as the best moment in my life!” I exclaim, eager to tell her about my experience.

“That is enough, Mr. Stone! We will not discuss this topic further! Now, I have to help you get dressed and then you can leave.” She yells, though with great fear in her eyes. I drop the subject and let her help me. I’ve put on a dark leather jacket, blue jeans, and a t-shirt of a smiley face. As soon as I get outside, she hands me a dark, glass object.

Remembering my amnesia, she explains, “It’s a phone, you use it to do pretty much anything. It will lead you to much more satisfaction than that C-word place...” with intense impatience in her tone.

“Well that was odd, I suppose this thing can help me find a church, or one of those ‘better’ places.” I reassure myself. I enter a city with lush trees everywhere rising as high as skyscrapers that tower beside them. There are sidewalks lining the roads, and through car sized tunnels that go through the

great oaks, though the trees flourish grandly in spite of them. People walk all through the sidewalks, smiling, seemingly with no rush to do anything. Strip malls and shopping centers sit carefully placed atop some of the giant branches, with parking lots sitting at the bottom.

“Wow... this is the very definition of a...” I check my phone for the word “Sensory overload!” I say excitedly. Though I still keep the memories of the Church fresh in my mind, as that will assuredly be the crowning piece of this wonderful place. There is conveniently a large building set immediately beside the hospital, called a “Homeless shelter.”

“Well I don’t have a home, so I suppose this is where I should go.” I plan. Inside a stench of sweat and alcohol rush over me, as if sealed off from the outside. People sit and talk on mattresses that pack the floors, wearing worn clothes and setting a dreary feeling that blankets the entire shelter. *I suppose no place is entirely perfect, maybe these people will answer my questions.* My phone beeps, displaying a simple message that says “You probably want to go to one of the various shopping centers that lie within the great city of New Washington! Here, I’ll pull up a map!” I ignore it, I don’t need to worry about shopping, I have no money. I look at one of the front desk attendants, and she just nods at me, fully knowing why I’m here. I continue into the shelter, my phone beeping every 5 feet with the same message.

I finally arrive at one of the beds and sit down, eager to capture my

thoughts. My phone beeps once again, but this time simply with an arrow pointing out of the building and a message saying "Go that way." I nervously turn the phone off, and rest for a little while. I then ask around about the Church, yet people seem to either not know, or brush off the question and make me leave them alone. Tired of hearing the same thing over and over, I head back to my bed. *Who would've known, I was in a coma for an unknowable amount of time, and I am yet still very tired* I think, as I drift asleep on the stained mattress.

"Wake up, idiot" I hear as I'm jarred awake. I blink away sleep only to see an old man with hazy white eyes, an unkempt beard, and an intense scowl on his face.

"What a wakeup call. Will it always be this polite?" I groan sarcastically. His scowl remains, entirely undamaged by my comeback.

"I heard from a few blabbermouths that you been talkin' about church. I better not be wasting my time on a fib, here," the man explains boredly.

"Yeah, it is a place I had a dream about. Lots of singing, weird songs, very good vibes." I drone. His expression changes from a piercing scowl to slightly shocked, and I eagerly sit at attention, assuming he knows about it.

"So ya aren't just some crass fool. Churches ain't been around for dozens of years, but they used to. The government done went and blew em'

all up. That you had a vision of some worship service ought to be something straight from Jesus..." He says.

"Never heard of him, but my phone has been going off like crazy ever since I stepped in here. Look at it," I show him.

"I'm blind, you cabbage. Just listen for a sec. If somethin' like that is going on, someone already reported your rambling to the feds. You should really be getting out of here." He rasped.

"Where?"

"I don't care... but you could probably make a run for the underground. Ya know those huge trees everyone keeps going on about? There's a tunnel underneath one of those, get there without anyone finding ya, and things might just turn better," the man insisted.

This is so confusing. Who are you? What are these things? I have so many questions." I plead.

"Just shut up and get running kid, I gotta get to eatin', and if I'm seen talking to your like for too long, I could be offed too," the man snapped. Rushed, I speed-walk towards the exit, careful not to look too distressed. There's a man passed out on his bed with a plate of bread sitting at its foot. I quickly grab a few pieces and shove them into my pockets. I accidentally bump into two men in dark black body armor who are heading into the

shelter. They give me a harsh look, then continue into the shelter. Needing to get away from the area, I wave for a passing taxi, and have them take me to the biggest tree in the city.