

## Manifestations S01 E05: Beginnings

*Intro Music - Breathe, by Chill Carrier <https://chillcarrier.bandcamp.com/>*

**Voiceover:** Manifestations is a podcast of the Ostium Network

**Voiceover:** Time is not linear, but our story is.  
Please join us ... on our journey.  
We, are Manifestations.

*Music becomes dramatic then fades out*

*Fade in background music. It is a tense/dramatic piano*

*From Other Suns, by Evan King <https://evanking.bandcamp.com/>*

**Alan** - I've been here before. Weightless, suspended in this infinite darkness. There are no other objects; no point of reference. I can see my body, illuminated evenly, but I can't see a light source. It's possible light and vision might not work the same in this place.

**Alan** - There's a sense of motion. Depending on how I think about it, the sensation changes from feeling like I'm moving at extreme speeds, to the nothingness moving by me as I remain still. And not in straight lines. *[Exasperated]* Like direction means anything in this void.

**Alan** - Something is different this time. My analytical mind wants to categorize and note everything.

**Alan** - I remember, me. My name - is Alan.

**Alan** - I remember school and growing up in northeastern Pennsylvania in the 70's and 80's.

**Alan** - I have memories of family, friends and work through the 90's, 2000's and teens.

**Alan** - I remember feelings of fun and hurt. Of joy and pain. And love.

**Alan** - I can't remember when I should be. The memories seem to be from so long ago. Like they're from a story I read and I can't remember all of the details.

**Alan** - I was in Centralia; in the past. Trying to stop the events that started the minefire. Did it work? Did any of it matter?

**Alan** - I'm not sure where I'm going next, but I feel like it's going to change me.

*[PAUSE] - music fades out, replaced by static*

**Alan** - There's a noise; isn't constant. There are patterns in what I first thought was chaos. Like pops and cracks in the static of a radio. Sometimes, even tones. Was that a voice? At that thought, the blackness becomes a grey, then quickly white. Not blinding, just full white.

**Alan** - I'm able to pay attention. There is no pain this time. The sense of motion slows, but does not stop.

*[PAUSE] - Fade in background music. Slow guitar and keyboard, wonder/thoughtful  
Eventide, by Rob Risley <https://robrisley.bandcamp.com/>*

**Alan** - The whiteness dims, to reveal a long narrow room. I'm sitting in a corner. I can see windows along both walls to my left and right. Outside, it is mostly black. It's a subway car. The noise is the train moving along the tracks. Though, not a sound like I've heard before. There are regular flashes in the dark beyond the windows and they're timed with the thump sound.

**Alan** - There are enough seats for a dozen or more people here, but I'm only one of four. I hesitate, then slowly I look at my reflection in the window and see a face that isn't mine. After what happened before I didn't expect to see myself, but it was still alarming. No facial hair and no hair on this head. Curious, I rub my chin. It's smooth, matching what I see in the reflection. Not the beard I usually keep; rubbing when thinking deep thoughts. The completely bald scalp of my host feels so peculiar. Okay, truth be told, I know I'm headed that way eventually.

**Alan** - Sitting here, I notice the temperature is comfortable, verging on slightly too warm. I'm wearing comfortable pants made of a tan and grey woven fabric. They feel like denim, but have a little stretch to them. There is a jacket to match folded neatly on the seat at my side. I'm wearing an off-white, simple button up shirt, possibly made of a woven cotton. The boots I'm wearing are what I would call basic work boots in a muted brown. They don't really go with the pants, but they're light and comfortable. The body I'm in dressed for comfort. I can appreciate that. But where am I?

**Alan** - I continue to look around. There's an advertisement on a wall. In the image a family is having a picnic. There is a large group of people in the background. But I have no idea what the poster says. It seems to use Latin letters. It's definitely not English. Not exactly. But it's not exactly Spanish. I don't know enough French to be sure. Portuguese maybe?

**Alan** - Examining different parts of the sign, trying to make out a translation, I focus on the large text across the top, "Festival Parq." Parq is spelled with a "q." That seems easy enough. Plus it fits the image. As I continue to look, I have to blink hard. The words are changing, becoming something I can read. I look at the text on another sign, and it does the same thing. *[chuckle]* One of the other passengers gives a quick side glance, they don't seem impressed at my humor over having some kind of translator in my head.

**Alan** - Maybe not my mind. My hosts mind? Could I be getting the translation from his memories? Too many questions. And then I have a terrible thought. If I am here in this body, where is my hosts mind? I hope they return as I leave. I'm **sure** I'll leave, eventually. *[SOUND]* For a moment, there's a high-pitched ringing in my ears and I feel dizzy; like I might pass out. Slow, deep breaths. Focus on what is around me. Relax. I let the anxiety pass and I steel myself. Priorities.

**Alan** - Where am I? Why am I here? Was I in Centralia for a reason? It seemed so. Do I have a purpose here as well?

**Alan** - Now I can see that the advertisement is for a Park Festival. Three days of food, music, and remembrance in Reset Canyon. That's an odd name. Just as odd as the phone numbers below. 307-06-28 ~ 307-07-01. They seem to be a few numbers short. Then again, I'm not familiar with making calls in Europe.

**Alan** - A screen on one wall is showing weather. 23°C (74°F), light wind, and partly cloudy. Not a bad day. And then I notice this is weather for the destination city, New San Francisco. **New**. It should have been obvious. I've got to be in the future.

*Outro music - Sunshine, by Cobycracker <https://cobycracker.bandcamp.com/>*

### **Voiceover:**

Manifestations Season 1, The Reset, was written, acted, and produced by Dwayne Farver. With input and help from Alex C. Telander.

Our intro music is Breathe, by Chill Carrier

<https://chillcarrier.bandcamp.com/> <https://www.chillcarrier.de/>

The music heard here is Sunshine, by Cobycracker

<https://cobycracker.bandcamp.com/>

Also heard in the episode was From Other Suns, by Evan King

<https://evanking.bandcamp.com/> <https://www.youtube.com/user/EvanKingAudio>

<https://twitter.com/EvanKingAudio>

And, Eventide, by Rob Risley

<https://robripley.bandcamp.com/>

You can find them at [bandcamp.com](https://bandcamp.com)

Sound effects are from [freesound.org](https://freesound.org)

*(none this episode)*

Links to the music and transcripts can be found in the show notes

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Or, look for us at [podmanifest.com](https://podmanifest.com)

The surprise at the end of this episode is only the beginning. Alan is about to discover just how much has changed.

As long as we have access to the temporal feed, we will transmit more of our story each Wednesday and Saturday. We hope you join us.

*Music fades*