

MANIFESTATIONS

SEASON 1 - THE RESET

A PODCAST OF THE OSTIUM NETWORK

EPISODES 1 – 5
GRAPHIC ADAPTATION

Time isn't linear, but our story is...

PodTales 2019
EXCLUSIVE ART
SECTION

with submissions by

J.M. DeSantis
Charles C. Dowd
Rage Gear Studios

CAST AND CREW



Dwayne Farver

- Creator, Writer, Director, Sound Design, and Craft Services
- Voice of Alan

Dwayne is from the northeastern part of central Pennsylvania. When not at his day job, a sales analyst, he can be found with his husband David Wida Jr. and their two opinionated chihuahuas, Hampton and Edie. Other interests, not surprising, are Sci-Fi/Fantasy books and movies. A music enthusiast with a heavy leaning toward prog rock, alt-rock, and heavy metal classics. History and science are big factors in Dwayne's world view. With a little psychology thrown in for flavor.



Penelope Dyer

- Voice of QILA

Manifestations is Penelope's podcast debut. She hails from the heart of Pennsylvania and is a Mom and salesperson by day, who enjoys voice acting in the night. Penelope loves music, cooking, studying French, and spending time with her daughter and their menagerie of rescued pets. You can find out more about her or listen to her other demos at www.penelopevo.com

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Including audio notes from the show scripts

Written by Dwayne Farver

Story art by Matt Kline / Josh Price

With thanks to
Alex C. Telander

Special thanks to my voice actors
Penny Dyer – QILA
Matt Kline / Amy Kline / Tracy Vance

Thanks also to my beta readers
Matt Kline and Tracy Vance

And a big thanks to the podcast community
#audiodrama #audiofiction #audiotruth



EPISODE 5 • MATT KLINE

Manifestations - S01 E01 - The Office (Prologue 1)

Location: Interior, office, cubicle farm

Background: low chatter and office noise fade in

The Boss - Hey Alan, I'm heading out a little early. Traffic through the valley is going to be slow. Route 11 is still down to one lane in Shickshinny because of the fire at J-Angelo's yesterday.

Alan - Gotcha, drive safe.

The Boss - Don't stay too late.

Alan - I won't. Just finishing up this trend report. The geometric design gift bags sales are just like we forecasted.

The Boss - That's great news. And. Don't. Stay. Too. Late.

Alan - I won't, really. 10 more minutes.

Boss walks away. A door opens and closes. Sounds of papers ruffled and then a strange high-pitched sound as a plastic water bottle is knocked over on the desk.

Alan - Awww, really?

*Frustrated breathing. Cleaning. Mobile phone rings.
Answers phone, we only hear one side of the conversation.*

Alan

- Hey Ethan.
- Nah, I just spilled my water bottle.
- It's okay. It was almost empty. So, how're you?
- That's good.
- I'm stopping for dog food, if you need anything from the store?
- Yeah, not a problem.
- Oh hey, my boss mentioned route 11 is still one lan---
- Okay, just making sure you knew.
- Yeah, I'm okay.
- A few times, nothing too bad.
- Yes, I follow up with the doctor tomorrow.
- I don't know.
- Okay, we can talk tonight. See you at home.
- Love you too.

Hangs-up phone. Grabbing bag and zips it closed. Walking. Door.

Voiceover: *Thanks for listening to the start of our story. Is this just another normal day? Or is this the beginning of a path. One that looks mundane at the start, but becomes more surreal the farther we go.*



EPISODE 2 • JOSH PRICE

Manifestations - S01 E02 - The Store (Prologue 2)

Location: Grocery Store

Background: muzak, conversations, beeping at checkout

Scott - Hey! (*Distant, but getting closer*) Picking something up for dinner?

Alan - Oh, Hey Scott. This -- is for the dogs, but yeah. Ethan wants me to pick up some things to make chicken parm for the next family visit.

Scott - Sounds good. Have you thought about going to Baltimore Comic Con this year?

Alan - Yes, I definitely want to go.

Scott - Will Ethan go?

Alan - I always ask, but you know that answer. No interest at all. He'd go if I made a special request, but he'd have a terrible time. So, I wouldn't do that.

Scott - Understandable. Karen would have fun in the city, but not the convention. Hey, I saw Charles Dowd will be there. I'm really liking his posts on Instagram for Big Fat Charlie.

Alan - He created a Twitter account for the cat too that's pretty funny ... and snarky.

Scott - I'll have to look it up.

Alan - JM DeSantis will be in Baltimore too. It might be the last chance I get to see him in a while, and I want to get him to sign his new book. It's always great to see the other regulars too.

Scott - Well, let's get together this weekend and make plans for the convention.

Alan - Sure. I'll look at my reward points. Maybe we'll get a discount on the room. Send me a text when you're free.

Scott - Sure thing. Later.

Alan - Catch ya later.

Walking, continued checkout sounds, then a strange high-pitched sound as we hear shopping carts bang together.

Alan - I am so sorry. Let me help you with that

Voiceover: *A good friend is someone that is always there for you. But, what if you're in a place they cannot follow.*



EPISODE 3 • MATT KLINE

Manifestations - S01 E03 - The Car (Prologue 3)

Location: Car

Music on car radio, Flashbacks, by Alma Mater <https://almamaterpa.bandcamp.com/>

Background: Car engine, driving, turn signal clicks

Putting the car in park. Turning off engine.

Typing number on phone. We only hear one side of the conversation.

Alan

- Hi Ethan.
- Yeah, I'm okay. I'm a little early, so I'm just sitting here.
- If it was good news, he would have told me over the phone.
- I know. I hope so too.
- How's your drive going?
- At least it's not as hot today.
- Yeah.
- Hey, are you seeing the lights in the sky to the west?
- Just to the right of the sun, from here.
- Oh wow! They're like shooting stars. Bright. Maybe the mountains are in your way.

Opening car door, getting out of car

- There's another one! Wow! That one was bright. Like a fireball.

Strange high-pitched sound.

Gasp of pain

- Nah, no, I'm okay. It was just another dizzy spell. I got out of the car too fast.
- I've never seen anything like this in the daytime
- It's so bright. I wonder if a satellite is breaking up.

Strange high-pitched sound, growing in intensity

- *Anguished gasp of pain*
- (labored) Ethan. This might be worse than I thought.

Getting back into car

- I'm sitting in the car again.
- I don't think I can walk into the doctor's office. Would you give them a call?
- I'm getting a weird tunnel vision.
- I'll see you tonight.
- I love you.

Strange high-pitched sound is all that can be heard

Voiceover: *I hope you've enjoyed learning about Alan. He has a condition called Tinnitus, which I also share. His condition is a little more severe for the sake of the plot. It will take him someplace surprising next time.*

MANIFESTATIONS - ARTIST BIOS

EASTWEST HOT MESS ART are **Josh Price** and **Matt Kline**, the new dynamic duo. They blend traditional techniques with digital prowess to deliver one of a kind pieces. An odd pairing of big and boisterous with slight and squirrely. They share a common love of comics, games and general nerdiness.

Daniel Wida is my brother-in-law. He is an abstract painter using oils and acrylics, but he majored in Visual Communications. You can see more of his pop culture sketches and paintings on Instagram [**@abstract.pirate**](#)



The following pages highlight the artwork by some great people I met at comic conventions and have followed ever since. Each has their own style and they may work in different mediums. But they all have one thing in common: They're some of the best, most supportive people I know.

The art here isn't related to the Manifestations podcast. This is my way of thanking them for supporting me.

PODTALES 2019 – EXCLUSIVE BONUS ART SECTION

Rage Gear Studios – Hunty Bunnies “Winter Soldier/Captain America”



Website: ragegearstudios.com
Instagram: [ragegearstudios](https://www.instagram.com/ragegearstudios)

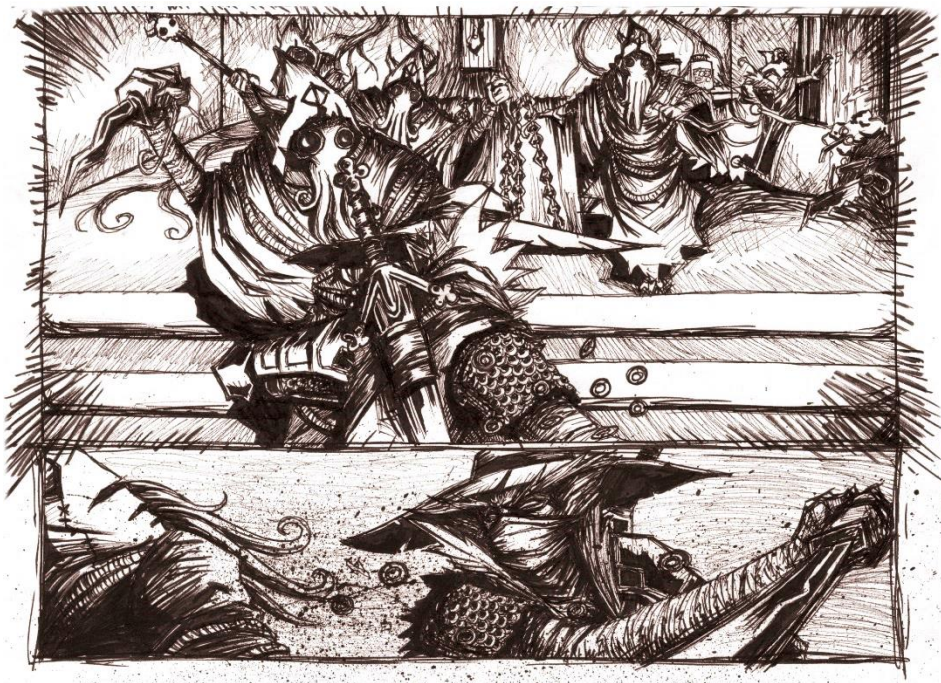
Facebook: [ragegearstudios](https://www.facebook.com/ragegearstudios)
Apparel: shopragegear.com

NYC-based Graphic Designers, **Rey Arzeno** and **Eric Guerrero** have channeled their passion for Comic Books into a career in Art. In 2012, they established **Rage Gear Studios**, where years of geeking and arting have merged to produce images that appeal to fans of multiple genres.

PODTALES 2019 – EXCLUSIVE BONUS ART SECTION

J.M. DeSantis – panels from an upcoming work titled, *The Tainted Ones*

In a dying land, a lone man stands before a rotting cathedral. Vines and dried overgrowth choke the Gothic structure like the tentacles of some unnameable thing, hinting at the horrors hidden within. The man steps forward, past the fear-frozen corpse of a man who had come before, and into the cyclopean ruins to discover an eldritch truth.



Website: jmdesantis.com
Instagram: [jmdwriteist](https://www.instagram.com/jmdwriteist)

Facebook: [jmdesantis.writeist](https://www.facebook.com/jmdesantis.writeist)
Twitter: [jmdesantis](https://twitter.com/jmdesantis)

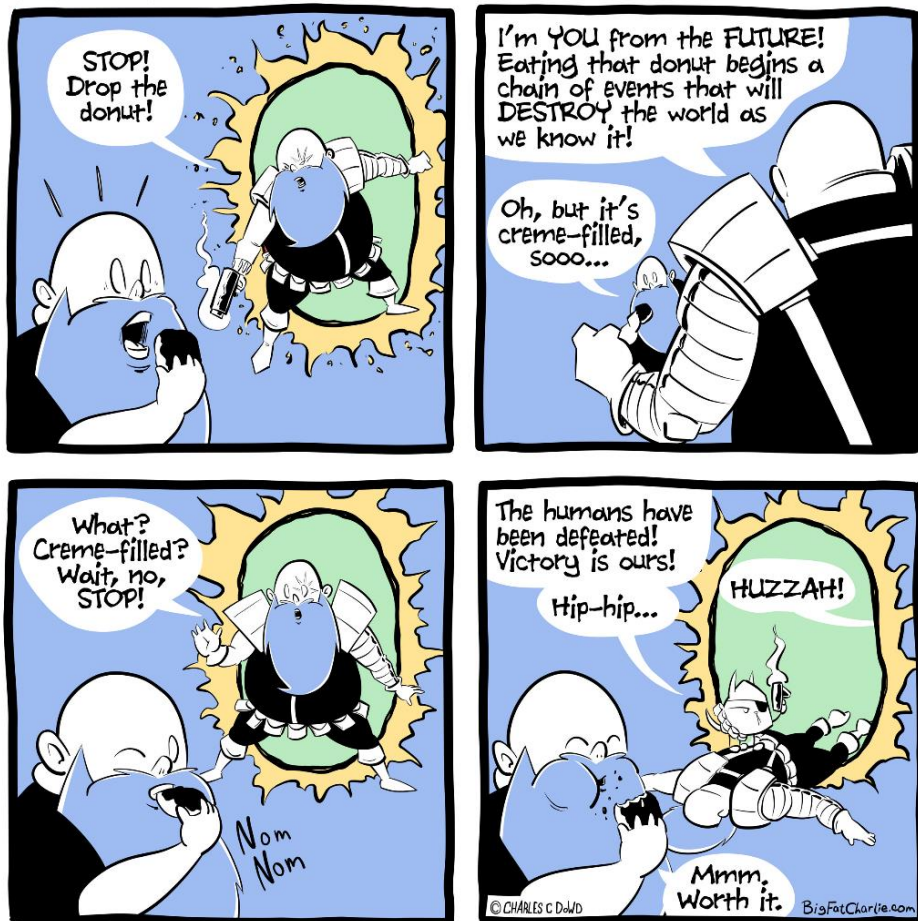
Books: darkfirepress.com

J.M. DeSantis (born Jeffrey Michael DeSantis) is a writer and artist (Write-ist™) who's work has appeared in many diverse industries, both self-published and traditionally published, including prose fiction, comics, websites, and copywriting. He is the author of a number of short stories, books, comics, and artworks, mostly in the fantasy, horror, and humour genres, and is the creator of the South Asian dark fantasy heroine, Chadhiyana (chadhiyana.com). We should not forget to mention his webcomic starring the Great Old One (of high sophistication) himself, Gentleman Cthulhu.

PODTALES 2019 – EXCLUSIVE BONUS ART SECTION

Charles C. Dowd – a four panel comic dealing with a delicious paradox!

BIG FAT CHARLIE by CHARLES C DOWD



Website: cdowd.com
Instagram: [charlescscowd](https://www.instagram.com/charlescscowd)

Facebook: [charlescscowd](https://www.facebook.com/charlescscowd)
Twitter: [charlescscowd](https://twitter.com/charlescscowd)

Charles C Dowd is a Baltimore based author, illustrator, and middle grade graphic novelist. Some of his most notable works include *LILITH DARK*, *KIDTHULHU*, *PENNY POWERS*, and his acclaimed board book *THE A to Z GUIDE TO JOBS FOR GIRLS*. His semi-autobiographical webcomic, *BIG FAT CHARLIE*, reaches dozens of readers each week.

PODTALES 2019 – EXCLUSIVE BONUS ART SECTION

Darkstream Studios – Issue 1 of their new comic series, *Advent Dark*

The crashed ship was a seed from the heavens. Born from science, she is a harbinger and a warning.



Facebook and Instagram: DarkstreamStudios and AdventDark

Jared D. Brown of **Darkstream Studios** is a Pennsylvania based artist who has been doing Graphic Design and Illustration for over 20 years. Primarily based in Northeast PA, he has been attending conventions with original and fanart of various mediums. He recently completed the first issue in a new comic series called ADVENT DARK.

Now, back to our story...



EPISODE 4 • MATT KLINE

Manifestations - S01 E04 - The Fire (aka Ostium Door 129)

"Time does not flow from past to present to future. Most of us only perceive it that way."
-- Jackson Proud

Background - Ostium music by Chris Fletcher

Alan - I am here, now. It's warm and full of light. I'm anxious, but I think I'm safe.

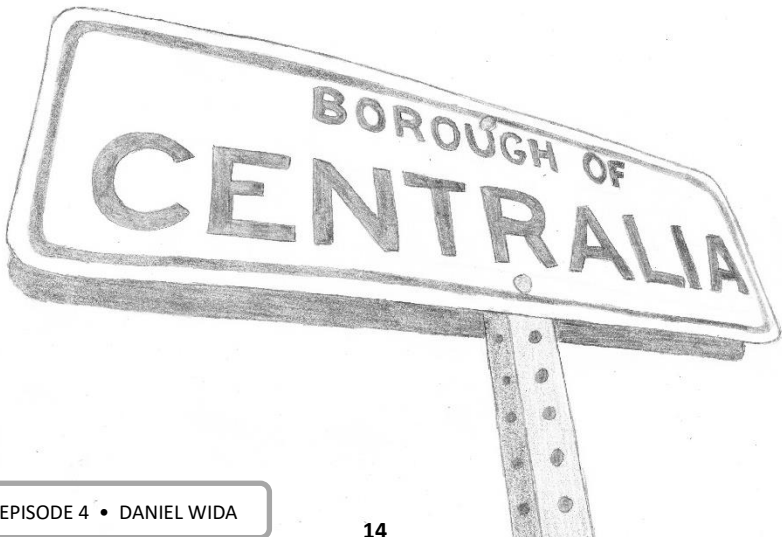
Alan - I was in an utterly dark place. I could see my legs, torso, and arms. There was no light source, but I could see myself. I was floating, maybe flying. There was a definite sense of motion. Was I moving? Or was the "nothing" around me, shooting by? In which direction? There was a sound like a rushing wind, or maybe a large, roaring waterfall. And the pain. There was pain, with intense pressure.

Alan - I was there. I remember it. But I am here, now. I am me. Though I feel I've forgotten or lost something.

Alan - This new place is full of bright but slowly dimming light. I see the blue of a sky, and details of trees and buildings form as the light gets to a normal level. I am sitting on a bench under a tree. There is a cool breeze moving through the branches of an old maple tree, which towers above me. I can see the deep green leaves which make a low rustling sound. Birds are chirping and a dog barks, playfully off in the distance. *(dog bark)* There are sounds of cars moving down the road *(sounds of traffic start)* and an odd sounding horn. *(ooga horn)*

Alan - I start walking, out of a small park onto a street. There is an intersection of road signs. Pennsylvania RT-61 and RT-42. I know this town. It, it's just . . . impossible. It shouldn't be here. At least, not like this. It was like this. Before. Full of buildings and people. Once.

Alan - It was abandoned when I was a child. I'm in . . . Centralia?! *(sounds of traffic stop)*



Alan - There was a fire. No, not like you think. A mine fire under the town made it unsafe to live here. Carbon monoxide rose up; filtered into homes. A poisonous gas looking for victims. Cracks formed, issuing smoke. Little Todd nearly died when the ground beneath him caved in.

Alan - The government relocated the people and demolished the houses. The grass and trees reclaimed the side streets and land no longer in use; took back what was once theirs. Some oak and maple trees still remain, but mostly it's pine and birch. It didn't happen overnight, but it's hard to tell parts of the town were ever inhabited. Or at least it should be.

Alan - I am here. The Centralia of old. The way it used to be. There are houses, businesses, and streets. And people. Glorious people. Things look old, but not ancient. Like they did when I was a kid. A Shell gas station is here. The logo is scallop-shaped in a hand-drawn style. There is a full-service attendant. The cars are new, but they're also old. A Dodge Town Wagon, a Ford Falcon, and next to it an F100 pickup. Just like the one I drove when I was younger and living in southern California.

Alan - People walking down the street are dressed like something from Mayberry. I don't want to admit it. This is either an elaborate movie set, or I'm in the past. My past.

Alan - A festival is going on. Signs and banners cross the street announcing the Memorial Day celebration. Is that why no one is paying attention to me? They see me, some nod and say hello, but none are shocked that I'm here. I continue walking.

Alan - Main Street is eerie, though it shouldn't be. Nothing is out of place. Nothing except me. I'm out of place. This should be empty ground. It's full of life in a way I've never seen it. I-I'm really enjoying seeing it this way. It's . . . it's perfect.

Alan - A garbage truck followed by a fire truck turns down a side street. The fear and panic flood over me like a cold bucket of water. This is the day. The day when a routine controlled burn at the town landfill started the fire. A mine fire that would never stop until everything was consumed.

Alan - I'm running. I'm not a runner. (*running foot falls*)

Alan - The trucks are out of sight, but I know where they're going. I run on. Past Odd Fellow Cemetery. I see men from the fire company getting ready to light a fire.

Alan - What do I say? What was the theory? The incendiary spark? The clay barrier between the landfill and ground below wasn't properly installed. The fire wasn't properly extinguished and spread into the vein of coal beneath the town. (*sounds of running ends*)

Alan - I shout: **STOP!**

Alan - And I regret it. Time travel stories race through my mind. Someone tries to impart information from the future, to fix things. It always ends badly.

Alan - Calmly now, I tell them the clay barrier wasn't inspected properly and they can't start the burn. Trying to sound intelligent and composed. Normal. "It's not safe," I say. They look at each other and then at me. I don't know which of us is more confused.

Alan - A sensation spreads over me. It's almost electrical. I'm sensing the choices being made in their minds. It's like I can feel the quantum probabilities playing out. One small act, then a big change. I feel a shift. It's discernable to me. Like your ears clearing after a pressure change.

Alan - The men stop. They seem more concerned about me than the burn. I must be out of breath, lightheaded from the run. It's impossible to concentrate. It's getting hard to focus, hard to stand.

Alan - One man takes me under the arm and helps me to a nearby car. As he's lowering me into the seat, I see myself in the mirror. Or, I see that it's not me. The reflection is that of an old man. At least seventy, or more. Is that really me? No. It doesn't even look like a relative. Who is that person looking back?

Alan - The men are talking to me again. They're concerned. Running must have pushed this old body past its limit. I can't hear what they're saying. I nod at them, trying to look them in the eye, trying to keep it together.

Alan - As I sit there, I hear the noise again. Soft at first, then louder as the blackness slowly moves into my peripheral vision. But no, it's not. As I turn my head to the left, the blackness is there. It's like I'm being pulled backward into it. Or, is it the man in the car being pushed forward, into his future?

Alan - At that thought the blackness surrounds me and it's hard to tell if I'm moving. The sense of velocity is greater this time. But, there's no pain. I'm calm. I don't know where I am, or when. I don't know if this place has definitions for things like that.

Alan - I feel different than before. I feel like I've forgotten or lost something. I'm okay with that. I'll be fine.

Alan - The blackness takes me and I am returned to the beginning.

Voiceover: *We were serious when we said time is not linear. This was the first story I wrote for Manifestations. I originally wrote it as a fan story for the Ostium podcast. Alex asked me to record it. He added music and sound effects. It was then released as bonus content to Patreon supporters. It's offered here in that original format. The addition of the Manifestations intro and end credits are the only changes.*

This story grew into the larger world we're about to explore starting in episode 5. All because people kept asking, "What happens next?" I want to thank Alex, my beta readers, many in the audio drama community, and of course my family for their continued support and encouragement.



EPISODE 4 • JOSH PRICE



EPISODE 5 • MATT KLINE

Manifestations S01 E05: Beginnings

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 mine fire. 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.

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.

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. *[high-pitched 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.

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

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and out of time.**

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