

It began when England-born Danny Foster first dropped his father's guitar, a custom-made Fender Strat. With that cacophony of sound, that essential moment, he decided to begin his music career. Soon after, he was dropping drums, clarinets, cymbals, and singers. But he would never drop them not physically; mentally.

To meet this chiseled shadow of a man, one has to forgo the often-sought ideas of a Brit rocker. He doesn't drink tea. He doesn't read the paper. And he drives on whatever side of the road he feels like. Hand him a shotgun and he's just as comfortable as holding a microphone, and the noise is just as big.

"I feel like we invent Jesus every time we go on stage. Or Buddha. Whichever you please with yourself," said Danny, pouring with sweat just minutes after he finished a twelve minute, finger-blistering guitar solo. He handed off his three-necked guitar to a waiting stage boy who had a band t-shirt on.

"That was beautiful music, Mr. Foster. You make angels cringe with joy," the boy hurriedly replies. Then he dashed out of sight, for fear the Rock Deity will strike him down. He never does, and he never will. Danny Foster believes in our young people and how that they are the future.

Danny, making his way through the darkened, urine-soaked hallway to his dressing room, thought about how well this tour was going for the band of all band's, as he liked to call his band. He was now nearing the end of his intergalactic world music tour with his internationally famous rock band, YasBM. His twin brother, Gerald Jones, was already in his dressing room, preparing for his nightly ritual of doing the eight forms of martial arts that he learned in basic training and the nine forms of intense meditation that allowed him to outsmart every opponent. Gerald, or JJ, who had been a long-time bass player and American and drummer and friend (and brother), had first made contact with his slightly older brother years after they had begun the band. And it had been by accident.

Danny Foster was about twenty meters from his dressing room when he spotted them: the thousands of fans waiting eagerly for him. They were there, clawing at his door, yearning for him, screaming his name; somewhere back where the stage was still facing a still-packed audience, he heard them

cheering “YasBM! YasBM! YasBM!” It made him smile, but there was no time for that now.

Within seconds, the throng spotted him, and he knew that he didn’t have much time. He turned and fled down a hallway to his left. It was too late, however, because he heard the rumble of their footsteps behind him. The really beautiful crowd of young girls broke into a run as well, coming after him with their deadly admiration and hero worship. He knew that if they got too close, they would tear him apart with their intense love for him. That didn’t fly for Danny Foster, and he flew a lot.

He made his way down the ancient stone steps in front of him. He had played this castle before, the La Castle de la Moon, a number of times before. They always made the La Castle de la Moon their second stop and their second-to-last stop when they toured the farthest reaches of the galaxy. It had a charm and an ancient oldness that you didn’t often see in the big mega-cities of the earth or the earthen organic cities of Mars or the giant cloud cities of Neptune or the ice cities of Pluto. And you certainly never saw it when you just did space station shows (which were usually gross but well-paying because they get so bored up there).

At the bottom of the staircase, he turned right. This led down a wide hallway made of stones with famous people’s names on them like Pink Floyd and The Beatles who really signed them there. There was a brick right next to Led Zeppelin and he hit the stone hard and it opened a door in the stones. He quickly snuck into it and shut it behind him. Behind the thick wall he heard them cheering his name and screaming for him.

He took the secret passage to his dressing room, the one that he’d had installed because of how popular he was and they knew it. He entered behind a poster of John Lennon that said “Shine On!” and it had Yoko Uno in it but that was okay. He walked to his dressing room’s mirror, and he sat in the chair with his name on it.

“Good evening, Mr. Foster,” came a voice behind him. It sounded proper, and male, and full of authority. He puzzled over it.

“Sorry, love, I don’t need any more fans today. I’m too popular for my own good,” he said. He removed his crazy, rock-star hair wig and placed it on

the mannequin head on the table. He felt a great weight lifted off his shoulders; being a rock star was a hard life for him, but he knew he had to continue it for the fans.

“I’m not sure that I’m a fan, Mr. Foster. What I am is an admirer of sorts. An admirer of your immense talents.”

Danny whipped around, his gun leveled at where he heard the voice behind him. There was no one there.

“Mr. Foster, I need assurances that you’re not going to do anything foolish.”

Danny looked around the dressing room, searching for the source of the voice. “You won’t find me, Mr. Foster, until I’m ready for you to find me. I work for the Space Army. I’m a General, so I’m very good at hiding.”

“Alright, then. Enough charades, space General. What do you want with me?”

Suddenly the General appeared in the air before Danny, wearing his regulation Space Army uniform. He saluted Danny.

“We have a special mission for you, Mr. Foster. It would require you to deviate from your music-related duties, which you so love and excel at. Are you prepared to accept this super special mission?”

Danny turned back to his makeup kit which is for stage makeup only not girl makeup. “I suppose I’d have to know what it was first. And then, feeling up to quitting touring, which is making one billion dollars a night, is going to take a lot of testicles on your part.”

“Mr. Foster, I have the biggest testicles this side of the moon.” Danny was intrigued and asked the man to sit down. He took a seat opposite of Danny.

“Now, what does the Space Army want with me? Didn’t the Empire dissolve that years ago?” asked Danny.

“There were still some rogue units that continued to think that they were the Space Army. There were so many that the Empire with Luke Skywalker as it’s president decided to reinstate the Space Army. And so, I was asked to be

the Lead General. And I was asked to pick the new race of Jedi warriors.”

“You want me...” Danny started but couldn’t finish. He had wanted for years to be a Jedi warrior.

“We want you to be a Jedi warrior for the Space Army. You would actually have a higher rank than me, technically, but I would be your nice boss.”

“I don’t know. I’ve never dealt to well with authority. I’ve always walked on the wild side.”

“We understand. Being a Jedi doesn’t mean you can kill everything; you have to control your rock-and-roll anger, Danny, if you want to join us.”

The space General stood up. “I have others to ask, but you were my first because I really think you’d be a great Jedi warrior. Please, think it over and get back to me.” The space General started to disappear, when Danny said, “Wait!”

“Yes, sir?” asked the General, coming back into substance.

“I’ll do it. Under one condition.”

The General looked puzzled, and he tilted his head to one side. “And what’s that?”

“I get a purple light-saber, to match my rock-star hair.” Danny smiled and used his thumb to point at the hair wig on his mannequin on his table.

The General smiled at that. He knew deep down that he was going to like this kid. “I think that won’t be a problem. And, Danny?”

“Yes, General?” Danny looked puzzled and narrowed his eyes at the General.

“Remember me when you save the world single-handedly.”

“Too true.”

With that the general disappeared into the air, leaving a faint smoke behind him that smelled like jasmine. Danny continued to get dressed into his regular clothes out of his rock star clothes. His fancy T-mobile Razr cell phone

chirped behind him. He picked it up, and noticed that he was getting a walkie-talkie message from his brother, Gerald.

“Hey, JJ. What’s the dizzie?” said Danny.

“Did you just get visited by a strange space General?” asked Gerald.

“Yes I did. Did you?” asked Danny, in reply.

“Yes. Did he ask you to be a Jedi warrior?” said Gerald to Danny.

“He sure did. I asked for a purple light-saber, and he said I get it because he wants me that bad,” said Danny.

Gerald said, “I asked for a maroon one, but he said that was the dark side’s color, so I asked for black, and he said that it’s impossible for light to be black, so I asked for white. So, I’m getting a white one because he wants me that bad.”

“It looks like we’re back in the business of making music and kicking butts again. How long has it been since we saved the world from itself?” asked Danny, rhetorically.

“Not nearly long enough. And, yet, in my book, it’s been way too long,” answered Gerald.

“Amen, brother. Amen to that,” and Danny closed his phone and began to train to be a Jedi warrior.