

Danny came to as his brother was pulling him onto the beach. He coughed up salty gulps of sea water and crawled further up the sand. He opened his eyes and saw the wreckage of the plane sinking into the water, bubbling up amidst the ocean waves. Within minutes the entire tail and fuselage were underwater and out of sight.

“Are you okay, bro?” asked Gerald. Danny, by way of an answer, gave him a thumbs-up. Danny took catalogue of his bones and muscles, and everything appeared to be fine. He did feel the tender pain of a fresh bruise on his chest. When he looked, he saw that his chest was a collection of purple and blue hues. Breathing took care.

Gerald had fared better. He had no bad, visible bruising. He had some light bruising on his chest, but that was it. Danny looked at his brother some time. There was something odd about his appearance.

“Gerald, where are your cuts?” said Danny. His brother’s face was fine. Just minutes ago his face had been a mass of blood and broken glass. Now, however, Gerald appeared fine.

Gerald looked over his hands and body. He made a face like he didn’t understand, then it brightened. “Oh, that’s right. You don’t know, yet.” Gerald walked over to his brother, helped him up, and held his hand against Danny’s chest. There was a warm sensation in Danny’s chest, then Gerald’s hand glowed, and the bruising nearly disappeared. “It’s a little trick from The Other Place. Just say, ‘Go Go Gadget Healing Hand,’ and your hand becomes a healer. It only does about ninety-five percent of the damage, but sometimes that’s just enough.”

Danny was amazed at how much better his chest felt. He applied the same healing technique on his other wounds, saying, “Go Go Gadget Healing Hand,” and then applying the glowing palm to the site. “What else can I ‘Go Go’?”

Gerald looked up from where he was gathering logs to build a fire. “I can’t tell you, yet. You’ll find out soon enough.”

Danny felt angry that, even though he was “the One”, he couldn’t be told things like this. Yet, deep down inside, he knew that arguing with his brother

would only be an artificial way to up the word count. He decided to do it anyway.

“Why can’t I know?” asked Danny. He walked up the beach towards his brother.

“You can’t know because I can’t tell you,” answered Gerald cryptically. Now he was picking up bits of dried-out coconut and tossing them in between the sticks along with dried grass and snake skins.

“What do you mean? Kazaa won’t let you, or what?” Danny felt his legs gaining speed, kicking sand out behind him.

“Danny, Kazaa may act like the leader, but we really haven’t been taking orders from any one person,” he said, continuing his task of adding stuff to the stack of logs and husks. “It’s more like a club than a government. We do what we want, whatever.”

“Gerald, I deserve to know what we can do!” Danny yelled and he came running at his brother.

Gerald paid no mind to Danny. Instead he muttered, “Go Go Gadget Flaming Hand” and held it to the wood. The wood immediately ignited. Danny leapt into the air to pounce on his brother, but Gerald swung around to face Danny, and held his hand up. He muttered something that Danny couldn’t understand, and suddenly Danny was moving backwards. He landed hard in the sand ten feet away from the campfire.

“Calm down, Danny. You’re just having a hard time dealing with all this,” cautioned his brother, his attention back on the fire.

Danny laid his head back in the sand. “Just tell me, Gerald. Just tell me,” but Danny felt exhausted. He was feeling the stress of the crash and the recent rush of emotions drain his strength. He felt like sleeping, and he wondered when he’d last eaten. Then Danny heard footsteps in the sand.

“Well, you know the “healing hand”. I just used the “flaming hand” and the “pushing hand”. There are three others that we know of.” Gerald sat next to his brother in the sand looking out over the ocean. “There’s no manual, you know. It’s like, there are all these things that we just have to discover, typically by accident. It’s frustrating, and I know it would frustrate you, too. I

wanted to protect you from that. Keep the innocence.”

“Gerald, I don’t need my innocence. I’ve seen- we’ve seen more horrible things in this world than most people. We just manage to turn it into beautiful music,” said Danny, sitting up. He put his arm on his brother’s shoulder. “We’re international music geniuses. We have no innocence.”

Gerald looked over at his brother, and something in his eyes told Danny that there was a lot more in this horrible new world for Danny to see. Danny felt a chill run up his spine. Then a phone rang.

Both Danny and Gerald’s expressions changed. Why were they hearing a phone on this abandoned beach? Where had the phone come from? Danny recognized it as a cellphone, as it was playing a ringtone for one of their songs, Dreaming of Drowning Ocean Fish. They both tread carefully, their heads bent over the white-hot sands, moving sand from time to time.

“I found it!” called out Gerald. He picked up the ultra-slim Razr phone. He opened it, and answered it, saying, “Hello?” Danny ran over to his brother and stood there, waiting to see who it was. Gerald pulled the phone away from his ear. He held the phone out. “It’s for you, Danny.”

Danny didn’t understand. “They asked for Danny Foster. That’s you,” his brother explained. Danny took the phone, and, shaking, put it up to his ear.

“Hello, this is Danny Foster,” Danny said cautiously.

“Danny, it’s me. It’s Miles. We have to talk.”