

## Flash

You were a state senator for a decade before you wound up on the streets last year. Who would have thought that someone who had risen so high could fall so low so quickly? The fall was all your father's fault. He was an alcoholic. He was also a chronological liar. He lied all the time. One night he went to the press with some real whoppers about you. The problem was that it was close enough to reality that you couldn't disprove it. There *was* a woman in your life and she wasn't your spouse. She was your therapist... and personal masseuse. That was all there was to it. Really. Unfortunately, neither the press, your spouse, or your constituents believed it. This all happened during your re-election bid, of course. You lost everything: your place at the top, your spouse, your therapist...

Of course, that isn't what really happened... Or maybe that was a past life, not this one.

You were actually a rap artist and gang banger. You grew up in the hood. You got busted on gun charges before you graduated high school. The pigs pinned a murder on you. Because of your low class and all, the jury convicted you on false charges, threw you in jail and were ready to be throw away the key. Seven years later, the real murderer confessed. Three years after that, they eventually let you out of the big house, without so much as a 'Sorry'. Now you're living on the streets without anything to build from.

Of course, that isn't what really happened either... Or maybe that was a past life, not this one.

This time you were a marathon runner. You weren't the best though, despite throwing yourself into it full bore since you were ten years of age. You were second tier, never first tier. You were always good, but never good enough. No matter how hard you trained, no matter how many hours you ran, you always came in fourth anywhere that mattered, just outside of any official recognition or official reward. Your whole life was built around running, fine-tuning your body, making yourself the perfect running machine. One day someone offered you the chance to be first. An injection every week while you were training. In six months, they promised you that you could be first. After so much failure, you needed success to validate yourself. You paid what you had to, shot up and ran and ran and ran your best. Six months later, you came in first. Victory was yours. Until the officials saw your drug test results come back positive. That victory was your last. You wound up losing everything. Everything, but the need for those drugs. To keep you going. To keep you high. To keep you able and full of energy.

Of course, that isn't what really happened, either... Or maybe that was a past life, not this one.

Truth is... well, you don't know what the truth is. You're not sure for very long anyway. It's a fleeting thing, truth. It comes to you and goes just as quickly. It's a long-time friend of yours, a partner of sorts. Truth just tends to break it off with you fairly often. Truth always comes back though, just in time for the next time you need to explain yourself or the world around you.

You're here tonight at Mel's fire because you had a dream about this being a turning point in history. It is this night that will chart the course of the futures of the people gathered around the fire, this country and the world as a whole. You, of course, will play a very important role in all of this. You're sure that the role will make itself clear as the evening progresses.

## Who You Know

Misty: She was one of your wives during her most recent past life.

Rich: Rich never tells the real story behind that accident...

Chris: Chris is a pathological liar. Can't be trusted.

Hetty: She's your mom.

Sarah: Who would ever expect that she will wind up being President of the United States one day?

Alfred: He doesn't know that you *are* one of the aliens.

Manny: Manny doesn't like it when you talk about all the wars you fought in.

Alex: You have this vision of Alex married to Chris living in the suburbs in ten years.

Jack: Jack works for the police. Jack tells the cops about every single sale and who it's going to.

Toni: Toni doesn't know it, but at the last gig there was a talent scout who liked what he heard.

Corvus: Hetty doesn't know anything about magic. Manny does. Manny knows all kinds of magic and just isn't willing to talk about it.

Rose: She's lucky. She got off the streets. She's been taken in as the mistress of a hot-shot district attorney.

Mel: No one knows Mel is a ghost. Mel was murdered at this very spot five years ago tonight.