

Greetings,

So, you may have been wondering what all this business about "Helping my novel save the world" is and why I have decided to let the public read my work for free.

I wrote this novel with the intention of encouraging readers to help the people who suffer in Uganda, Africa. It is my goal to make readers feel a desire to donate to the World Vision Organization while being entertained by my work along the way even though the plot has nothing to do with the country itself. If you would please, donations can be made via the World Vision Website, www.worldvision.org/

Whether or not you choose to donate will never change the fact that my novel will always be free for the public to enjoy. Though the novel is 100% copyrighted to me, I give permission for anyone to link to my blog, download and store my PDF files for as long as they wish, and to cite my work for educational purposes under the condition that they do not modify any of my files in any way.

Nevertheless, I hope that you enjoy my work and will return to my website to read more chapters. If you really like my book, then why not pass it on to a couple of your friends? On the contrary, if you don't like my style, pass my website on to some people who you don't like so that they will waste their time. Either way, several years of my life have gone into this novel and I hope that people in Africa will ultimately benefit from it.

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Chapter 7

7 CP sbae

The next morning, I was still without an answer to the question. I knew that the answer was somewhere inside of me, but I just couldn't pull it out. In a way, my confusion was very much like choking on a hot dog. Something huge was stuck inside of my body and I knew it was there, but no matter how much I tried, I could not get it out. I could only choke at the old man's question.

“But if I can't find the answer to the wishing well question,” I said to myself, “then who will?”

Suddenly, it hit me. The person who could get the hot dog out of my throat would be a psychic. Even though I knew that most of the so-called psychics in the world were either frauds or well read psychologists, I believed that there had to be at least one of them that actually had the ability to read minds and souls. Therefore, I looked for the nearest public phone booth and opened up the phone book that was inside of it. I look to the registry of companies for psychics and actually found a few 1-800 numbers. Unfortunately though, I didn't feel like paying several dollars a minute to be placed on hold, so I looked for addresses that were located in the city that I was currently in. Luckily for me, I found one. It was a good twelve miles from where I currently was, but a twelve mile run would do me more good than

harm. I took about two hours to get to the psychic, but I suppose that it was worth it in the end.

Strangely enough, the name of the place was PP. I had no idea what it stood for, but that was the way that it had been written in the phone book. It reminded me of a toilet that I once had to unclog at Ci Niao; it was filled to the brim with urine. I walked up the stairs to the psychic's little hut and then knocked on the door. As I waited for the psychic to answer their door, I realized how small their building was compared to the rest of them on the block. The psychic's single-story, van sized hut seemed to be swallowed by the rest of the skyscrapers on both sides of it.

"It's strange," I thought out loud, "that a psychic, a person who can know anything about anyone, has insufficient funds to buy a bigger building than this." I was starting to have doubts about the powers of this otherworldly person.

The door to the psychic's front door opened up and a short woman poked her head out and stared at me.

"And I find it strange," she said, "that a boy with as much sensibility and intelligence as you would have asked such a dumb question. 'Bigger is better' is what most people seem to think, but both of us know that what most people think is incorrect. I live in my little house because I can live in it. Do you understand? Why have a building with so many rooms? You can only be in one of them at a time."

"True," I said. "Are you the psychic?"

"Yes," she said. "Call me Paige. The PP on my front door stands for Psychic Paige, as

you've just figured out."

By the look of her, Paige was the last person on earth who I expected to be a psychic. She looked... perfectly normal. She was dressed in a blue tank top with blue basketball shorts as if she had been working out before I had knocked on her door. When I entered her little hut, I learned that she had been exercising. A couple of free weights were waiting on the ground to trip me as I walked in. The only reason I didn't kiss the floor was because Paige warned me not to stumble on them.

The room didn't look like a psychic shop either. I was expecting to see lots of sparkly curtains everywhere, but I could not find one of them. There wasn't even a table with a crystal ball on it. Instead, Paige's room looked like an office; there was nothing mystical about it.

"Confused?" she asked me. "Believe me, you don't care about what my place looks like, you just care about whether or not my powers are genuine."

"Yeah," I said.

Paige the Psychic motioned for me to take a seat at her desk. When both of us sat down, she looked deeply into my eyes. "So what question are you going to ask me?"

"You should know," I said arrogantly. "You are the psychic."

"Fair enough," she replied, "but I cannot answer that question for you. The answer to your troublesome question needs to be found by you, not by me. But believe that you will find the answer if you look hard enough."

"Hmm..." I let out, disappointed with her. I started to get up and leave.

"But why leave?" Psychic Paige asked me. "You still have other questions that need

answering. How about the entire reason why you left her?"

Skye. Paige somehow knew about her. Maybe the fact that I had left a lover behind was written all over my face or maybe Paige did have some kind of connection to the supernatural. I didn't know and still don't to this day. All that I'm sure of is that I gave the psychic a chance.

"What are you talking about? I already know why I left her; I told her that I needed to find my other half and that I would return to her after I found it. You think that you can tell me who I am?"

"Yes and no," she said. "But what I tell or don't tell you is entirely up to you."

"Tell me everything," I blurted out.

Paige gave me a look of approval. Apparently, she was glad to know that I wasn't afraid of myself. "Okay, I'll make this as simple as possible for you. You are two people in one. A good person in one and a monster and the other. Most people know the sweet side of you, but only you know that something darker it exists within you as well. You hold it back whenever they are around, but when you are alone, you let the shadow part of yourself run wild. Do not fear though; all humans have persona and masks. But here is where you differ from other humans: when you want to put the monster back away, you have trouble. You struggle to force the monster away into the little box in the back of your mind. Sometimes you successfully get it in, but other times you don't and then you have to wait for your darker half to put itself away. What makes your situation even worse is that the monster part of you is growing. Each time, it becomes harder and harder for you to cram it back inside the box."

Suddenly, I knew that she had described my problem perfectly and without any kind of error.

"You're..." I gasped. "You're completely right."

Even if Paige only was a well read psychologist, she seemed to be very good at reading people. For a few moments, I actually wanted to believe that her powers were true.

"But how do you slay the monster, you are thinking," Paige continued. "It is not that simple. In order to defeat the monster inside if you, you have to destroy every part of you that is monster-like. Purge it. Every bit of your monster must be removed. You are you, but the monster also fits that definition. To kill the monster, you must redefine yourself. You must create a new definition."

"Where I am something that the monster is not," I finished.

"Yes," Psychic Paige replied.

"Thank you," I said. "I think that you've set me up to go in a new direction. How much do I owe you?"

"You owe me nothing," Paige said with a smile. However, her smile faded into a frown. "Nevertheless, you owe your lover too much. She misses you."

"I will return to her as soon as I can redefine myself," I said. "As soon as I can do that, I will go back; I promise."

Paige shook her head. "You are hurting her. He said that you would go back after you found your second half, but now you have made what you said was the truth a lie."

"But there is more to me that still is to be figured out," I said. "I need to change."

Paige gave me a disappointed look. "She loves you the way that you are though."

"Skye has never seen the monster part of me," I told the psychic. "I've protected her from it for long as I could, but as you said, the monster is getting stronger. What if I can't control it?"

Paige became angry with me. "If you were smart, then you would follow through with what you originally said and return to her while you still can. You never know what tomorrow may bring."

"I am already smart," I told her ever so arrogantly. At the time, I felt as though everything back at the city where Skye lived was simply paused in time and once I returned to it, everything would just pick up again from where it had left off. Little did I know how stupid and how wrong I was and that bad things were happening to her while I was away. With resentment, I left Paige the psychic without saying another word.

Nowadays, I wonder if I would have been able to save Skye if I had listened to the psychic's advice and went home. But if sick fate itself hadn't destroyed my love, would I have?

The question still haunts me.