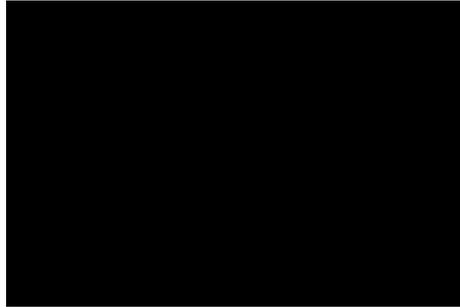


# “ORGEL”

## Part 1



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AajDSNBvLcQ>

(Sung By: SHINee ‘SWIII in Seoul’)

If it’s not cramped or locked in the small box  
If this world crashing with waves isn’t dizzying

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



## COCO’S, CON’T – MALIBU BEACH, CA

**STILL** perched precariously at the bar, having barely heard the unexpected prediction, SungWoo rolled his eyes in disbelief. *Stupid, creepy old witch. What was she talking about? SooMin and something about kings? HyeSu’s happiness and fate? What a bunch of shit. I’m HyeSu’s fucking fate and SooMin’s future king. Jesus, after all that, I really do need to cut out.* The shoot was over, the production company was packing up, and it seemed as if the little foursome in front of him was winding down as well.

Was it possible, for once his initial cause for concern had been unwarranted? These two dirt bags were tiny fish in a literal ‘sea’ of KPOP Idols that (more than likely) would never cross paths with his girls again. At this point in time, he would have to ignore the fact that SooMin was starry-eyed as she leaned into JJ’s strong arm, sucking juice out of a shared straw. Someday HE would be beside her like that. Time . . . he just needed to bide his time.

The stout elusive man stepped away toward the men’s room, thrusting his free hand deep inside one pocket. Leaving Malibu Beach and his future behind, wasn’t going to be easy, but it had to be done.

FATE AND TIME

“WHAT’S happening now Fate? Why is it I have to be involved in every disruption that exists in your perfect little world?” Father Time scratched his T-shirted back against the rough palm tree, picking a piece of peanut from one tooth. “Damn, I was in the middle of a retirement party. Not that the beach isn’t a great place to hang out. Sooo?”

Wrought with worry, small Fate paced a circle around the tall tree, hands clasped tightly behind her pinafore’d back. “We’re about to have another cosmic collision FT.” Snapping her head in the direction of CoCo’s restrooms she pointed, surrendering to her apprehension. “First off . . . who said JaeJoong and Hyun Joong could give out soul mate bracelets? I didn’t approve that! Geez. I’m getting pretty ticked off. I have OTHER couples I could be attending to as well.”

Settling his guitar against himself, Father Time slid to the base of the palm, his plump legs crossed. “Hmmm. How can there be another cosmic collision? And, who are we waiting for by the way?”

“Them.” Wincing, Fate’s small hands waved in large random circles. “ALL of them. They’re about to bump heads again. And, I swear . . . just like last time . . . the freaking devil himself is involved.”

Father Time sat up a little straighter. The only ‘devil’ in this little scenario was SungWoo. That could only mean one thing. He’d come calling straight from the airport.

Tugging his beard nervously he quipped, “Oh dear. That’s not good. Not good at all. Are you sure? Have you actually seen him? When did he show up? What can I do? I can reverse time for you. I’m all ears little one.”

Her golden eyes squinting angrily, tiny Fate fisted both hands together, wishing she was big enough to punch the disgusting heathen SungWoo from here to eternity and back all by herself. If it had been in the cards, she would’ve killed him off years ago but, now it wasn’t possible.

“I don’t exactly know how long he’s been lurking around. I’ve been elsewhere. It was the same feeling I got earlier, that something wasn’t right. Especially, because the boys are here, and the girls are supposed to meet them soon. Very soon. Nothing else was sanctioned to interfere . . . and then along comes these ‘other’ two. I sent Monique to stand in until I could get here but, I don’t know how much good she did.”

“So, what did the predictions mean? I don’t understand. Their only predictions should be about the fated soul mates.”

“Time . . .seriously? I know that. It didn’t mean a blessed thing. I just needed a momentary distraction. It worked didn’t it?”

“I suppose.” Chuckling, the bearded man realized he was finding out more and more about this ‘partner’ of his and her unusual, out-of-the-box tactics.

Ignoring his amusement, Fate rambled on, voice strained, continually tugging at the bottom of her dress.

“I’m frustrated. Can you tell? That HyeSu . . . I mean, IlSeok . . . doesn’t listen. Geez, when did she ever? I wanted to release her from Sungjae in my own way, so she’d be open to Minhoo. But . . . of course Mr.EVIL got to her first!” Fisting both palms, she whined, “and, how in God’s name did this Hyung Joong person weasel his way into her heart in like 5.1 seconds? He’s NOT perfect. Far from it. Someone needs to tell her.”

“Now Fate. Slow down you’re overexerting yourself, it could be worse.” Anticipating her unending ability to show herself when she was distraught, Time put a gentle hand on her thin shoulder, but she didn’t hesitate.

“Humph, NOT REALLY. And, what about SooMin? Well I certainly DON’T know what’s gotten into her lately. Clearly, she transforms herself into Keis Wu when she’s here, but now she’s turned herself into some hussy named Bianca . . . I’m worried FT. If she doesn’t meet Kibum, she’ll never get herself straightened out. And, at this rate he probably won’t even LIKE her. Not to mention she’s lusting after Henry, along with this ‘HERO’ person named JJ, (stupid name). It MUST be Kim Kibum. I’ve even scheduled her the BEST dreams about him. AGHHHH, I don’t know what else to do with either of them. There’s an order that MUST be maintained for the right results.”

Finally done, she sucked in a long, deep breath studying the area around the (still) bustling CoCo’s, fearfully awaiting yet ANOTHER collision of lives and souls.

“Anyyy-wayyy. I don’t think you stopping time will help us now. At this point, we’d just be breaking the rules. I called you because I didn’t want to face another disappointment alone.”

Suddenly, she sounded like a weary child, wishing for a shoulder to cry on. Father Time swung her hand around forcing her to sit beside him against the large tree trunk.

“I understand. Could be we’re just supposed to sit back and watch. It can’t be any worse than what happened at the airport. We survived that didn’t we?” Tipping her pouty face to meet his twinkling eyes, he smiled in encouragement.

“Barely but, okayyy.” Nestling against his hard shoulder her innocent sigh was shattered in the sound of the wind through the palm leaves above their heads.

“Look. Here they come now.” Pointing the end of his time-guitar toward the buildings, they could see the inevitable meeting was about to commence. Like watching a movie, the two invisible entities huddled together in fascination as . . .

Holding hands, the two giddy sisters darted into CoCo’s Ladies Room, within a mere second of their counterparts, Key and Minho, bursting out through the men’s room doors, jostling and slapping high-five’s playfully.



**THEIR** timing impeccable, it was yet another example of Fate’s famous ‘walk-by’, (no different than what she’d skillfully managed to achieve elsewhere). But, what was far more disturbing was what transpired next . . .

Exiting the restroom, Minho lightheartedly shoved an unsuspecting Key, who flew forward, accidentally tripping into the even ‘more’ unsuspecting SungWoo. Stunned, his cold freshly poured beer, shot out of one hand, spilling all down the front of the brightly colored Hawaiian shirt he wore (soaking him to the skin).

Recognizing each other immediately, the two Idols bowed to him apologetically. “Mianhaeyo Ahjussi (SORRY, OLDER MAN). Mianhaeyo.” Key stammered, his eyes showing the horror he was experiencing.

“My fault. Are you hurt?” Accepting responsibility for pushing Key in the first place, Minho respectfully bent the lowest, hating that (of all people) the one person they had mowed down was the peculiar, disturbing man from the airport and cove.

“Nahhh. Don’t worry about it guys. It’ll wash.” Beady eyes glued to the Ladies’ room door, SungWoo wiped down his chest, slapping Minho on the back jovially. “Accidents happen.”

This was his third encounter with the two young punks, another sign that it was definitely time to leave. Indiscriminately waving them away he passed on around the building, unaware he was racking up points on the ‘spine-tingling’ scale with everyone around him.

“Trouble. That guy reeks of freaking trouble.” Sniffing in disgust, Key wasn’t sure whether to watch the haughty looking man sauntering off toward the parking lot or jump clear of the heavy steel door about to slam him directly in the face.

Lurching backward to maintain his balance, one hand fisted in the air he yelled, “YAH, DAMMIT watch where you’re going.” His complaint lost in the roar of the waves, and ordinary din of beach noise proved ineffective and too late.

One hand to his shoulder to keep him from racing after the two young women dancing their way hand-in-hand across the sand, Minho studied their disappearing backsides momentarily. “Hyung. I think it’s those two girls from the shoot. I recognize that red bikini.”

Forced to an abrupt halt, Key touched the bridge of his nose making sure he was all in one piece.

“Aishhh, RUDE. A second later and they’d have broken my damned nose.” Watching keenly, he hated to admit it, but there was something about the one in pink. Puzzling to say the least, he just couldn’t put his finger on exactly what it was.

## FATE AND TIME

“LOOK Fate.” Shaking the young girl’s shoulders with enthusiasm, Father Time grinned broadly. “No cosmic collision. And, the energy was literally bursting into the atmosphere. You’re on the right track with this one.” Still beaming, he clapped his hands enthusiastically.

“Of course, I am. Their four souls exist in the same dimension. However, we aren’t here to be bystanders FT.” Her young face drawn in anger and confusion she too watched the girls skip away down the beach, unaware that for the third time they were as close to their destiny as she could

arrange (due to the circumstances). Grumbling, she turned on Father Time, “I guess I miscalculated the devil’s power over this situation. He almost won today.”

Hands to his long beard, Father Time twisted the tip thoughtfully. “How does he seem to know what’s going to happen next when we don’t?”

“HOW? TIME . . . I told you, SungWoo is soul-less. He’s SATAN come to life, I’m sure of it. You know as well as I do there are only a few entities with that kind of power. And, for the life of me I can’t figure out why he’s targeting us . . . My tenure doesn’t go that far back.” Being a relative newcomer to the mission, it irked her to have been uninformed by her predecessor.

“Hmmm, At least we know he didn’t interfere with us like at the airport.”

“No need. He had control today. My gut tells me he doesn’t WANT them to meet. NOT ever! Aghhh. We have our work cut out for us FT.”

Rubbing his plump belly, the older entity sighed. “Well, I suppose we need to do some more research then, huh? Be encouraged and have faith. Hopefully you’re on track now and I can finally get some rest. Back to the retiree’s.” Moving away he added solemnly, “Wish I had the power to turn him into a snake. Wouldn’t that be sweet?”

Hearing his encouraging words and offer to reform SungWoo into the very disgusting thing he truly was, Fate couldn’t help but smile.

“It would be indeed.” Twirling a long strand of red-stringed hair she bit her lip thoughtfully. “I think I might already have a better plan in the works. One, he won’t see coming.”

Like a dark cloud disappearing, the sunny anticipation of what was to come settled over her heart, as looking toward the heavens the tiny girl chuckled.

“HAH. YOU DEVIL YOU . . . THAT’S why I’M in charge of souls!” Shooing Father Time away she stood confidently, brushing the sand from the back of her dress. “You can go now. Thanks for coming. I’ll keep you posted,” announcing lightly, “I think I feel like flying.”

