

“SPOILER”

Part 2



It'll be shocking just like always
(with things you couldn't even predict)

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



KEY & MINHO IN THE AIR TO L.A. INT'L AIRPORT, CA – CON'T

“PASSENGERS, this is your Captain speaking, we will be experiencing some turbulence so please return to your seats as quickly as possible and obey the seat-belt signs. Thank you.”

“Shit. Can't even piss. Whatever . . . Go on, back in your seat dude.” Bumping Key back toward the window seat Minho was already feeling the jarring effects of the high wind gusts. “Hope it won't be like this the whole way.”

FATE AND FATHER TIME

FATHER TIME'S elderly plump body sat cross-legged on the wing of the massive Korean Airbus, smashed flat against the jets small window. A short rotund man, sporting a bald head and long white pointed beard, both arms were tattooed in various-sized watches (the hands pointing to random times), his eyes kind but, keen. Tightly cupping the stem of a sand-filled hourglass guitar, suspended around his thick neck, his fingers twitched, his head sweating, even in the cold atmosphere.



Growling under his breath to the unknowing captain inside, he lurched about uncontrollably as the plane shimmied in the blustery wind.

“MY GOD MAN. TURBULANCE? REALLY? I DON’T have a seatbelt. Are you up here hanging on for dear life, against hundred mile an hour wind gusts? I didn’t think so.”

Peering in through the darkened glass, he was able to see the two young men who were inadvertently re-routed onto this flight. Unable to understand how it had happened, all he knew was . . . mistakes like this were rare. They should’ve been on the earlier flight, the mission would’ve been a success, and he and Fate could’ve moved on. There was so much to do, and the day was already half gone. *Where was the little snippet anyway? They were supposed to be a team.*

Suddenly the screech of a girl’s voice could be heard over the loud carbines underneath the older man’s legs.

“Father Time. Oh my . . . thank you for coming so quickly! Do you see them? Do you?”

Turning, he spied her. A small entity, looking no more than seven or eight years old, she appeared out of thin air, perched on the edge of the wing beside him in a white pinafore dress. Bare feet dangling to and fro, she nervously clutched a ball of yarn in one hand, the frayed end flying in the breeze.



A large pair of dark-rimmed glasses balanced on the bridge of her nose, her shortly cropped hair, fashioned from varying lengths and shades of bright red yarn, framed unusually round expressive eyes and long lashes.

Between the two, they looked uncommonly like a pair of characters straight out of someone’s favorite Magna.

“Of course, I do . . . You called me, remember?” Frustrated anew, Father Time returned to his stance at the window cupping both hands around his eyes. “So, what’s your plan now?” His first inclination was to scold her but clearly, she was distraught.

Leaning against his broad shoulder she blinked up at him sadly. “Don’t be angry, I don’t KNOW. I assumed everything was fine, then bam . . . out of nowhere, I get word they’re not in

the air but still en-route to Gimpo. Obviously, they changed their flight. I got there as soon as I could but by then it was too late, and you were busy. What was I supposed to do?"

Stopping mid-stream, she had to admit . . . her pre-occupation with SooMin flying Commercial at Incheon, caused her to miss the biggest threat to her long-term goal yet. If not careful, this was cause for suspension.

Her eyes glistened with unshed tears. *He didn't understand how hard she'd struggled to delay them even further . . . racing around the gathering crowd as the teenage trainees headed for the ticket counter.* Imagine her shock and dismay when they strolled past her, oblivious to her pre-arranged heavenly plan.

"Do you realize what it's like trying to chase two boys through a packed airport with a camera crew following them? I'm barely four feet tall. Invisible or not, you know how I fly only if it's a last resort. LAST RESORT. Now look at me . . . I'm shaking."

"Fate, I wasn't THAT busy. They don't call me Father Time for nothing. I could've delayed this plane for you. Now, even though there's turbulence up here, it might be too risky." The older man's voice softening kindly, it seemed literally impossible that something so simple, could've gone so wrong.

Young Fate swiveled against the metal jet, chewing the tip of one nail, her voice wavering. "This must stay a secret between us. No one else can know. We'll lose the assignment I've worked so hard on all these years. Not to mention, my title."

Tugging at the ball of yarn in her hands, she too was unable to imagine how a plan that had been in the works for decades could've been interfered with. Especially since soul mates was her specialty and she'd finally earned the right to bring Father Time on board.

Despite her flushed cheeks and watery eyes, Time let out a rumbly laugh. Regardless of her rank, she was still a child at heart. Knowing 'age' made decision-making so much easier, at times, it saddened him that his own years ticked backward.

"Calm down child. Together, we can fix it." Attempting to coerce a smile out of her, he chucked her chin playfully adding, "Let's get off this infernal wing. I hate the smell of jet fuel

and we can accomplish more at the destination. Between my timely intervention and your quick thinking can still change the course of their future. We only need a few moments difference. Should something else happen beyond our control, all they're required to do is look in the eyes to see the soul. Piece of cake. That was your mandate from the beginning." Jostling her encouragingly, the plump man grinned, satisfied the two couples were still properly separated by some semblance of distance.

And . . . then out of nowhere . . . something went terribly wrong. Before they realized what was happening, the plane dipped precariously, leaving the two entities on the wing scrambling to remain weightless above the rapidly dropping jet.

A shocked (but, level-headed) Father Time forced himself to regroup quickly. Turbulence was one thing, but as far as he knew, this plane wasn't scheduled to go down. Not with its precious cargo of souls.

Choosing to disregard the inevitable, the most important thing was the wayward jet needed to be set back on its original, quiet course. As his wrist flicked against the tuning knobs, the steady determined celestial, strummed the guitar around his neck, jumping the clock back thirty seconds to right the plummeting jet's gauges back to their previous positions.



“WHAT THE FUCK!”

Stomach in his throat, Key jumped back into his seat, cussing and squealing out loud while attempting to figure out how on a perfectly clear sunny morning, they could literally nosedive into the Pacific. *Shit, this was worse than the rides at the amusement park he was forced to endure.*

Ignoring the mumblings of passengers, ding of seatbelt lights, and Captain's voice overhead, Minho leaned over trying to dodge Key's flailing feet, to retrieve his magazine and iPod.

“Shut the hell up Kibum, you're embarrassing me. Geez, you're not gonna die today unless I kill you first. Wonder what the hell happened? That didn't feel like turbulence, ye?”

“HELL NO.” His stomach in knots, Key reached down checking for his wayward sketch book, grumbling, “I’m getting a really weird feeling about this trip already hyung.”

