

The Concepts



Book

The Concepts:
Moment collection 1

Author's Note: Hello everyone. This is a proof of concept project that I'd love to share with you. This started as a fun hobby project I worked on for a while. I used to have it on my blog. But I don't like the stress of sharing this story every week. So I decided to collect the current fragments and put it in this book. There will be more books filled with random fragments. If you like this story, please leave a comment and give me some of your opinions on this story. Thank you and happy reading.

Moment 1: “Jeff and Ms. Stein at the coffee of love shop.”

Ms. Stein and Jeff the human were at a cafe in Lovelei. It was the place where all romance fiction being lived. It was not only just the most beautiful place on planet genre. But the most clean. Well, except for the erotica sector. And I’m not going to go into detail about that sector.

Anyways, Jeff and Ms. Stein weren’t there as lovers. Just friends who wanted to get out of the Galvan for a while. Galvan was the horror sector. And the name was short for galvanism. Jeff was not an eeriean, like Ms. Stein. But they were roommates.

As they were drinking coffee, there was an awkward silence. All that could be heard was the chatter of the cafe and coffee brewing. Then Ms. Stein asked, “How have you been holding up?- you know after learning your creator offed himself?”

Jeff shook his head as he gazed into the smiley face in his cappuccino. “I wonder why he did it.” In his frustration, Jeff took his black straw and swirled the smile away from his drink. “Was his life really that bad? And why didn’t I feel the change of chronicle?”

In this Universe, chronicle is a term that describes the invisible force that connects them to their story and their creators. For years, Jeff felt the connection with the real Jeff for the longest time... But then it stopped. He thought his creator was done with the story. But even then, he would feel his life force. Now he knows why the sudden change.

“I’m sorry that you had to discover this at the party. But at least you met your fictional sister- Are you still in contact with her?” Ms. Stein asked as she drank her black coffee.

“Yeah. We’re supposed to catch up some time this week. Maybe she’ll tell me more about the real Jeff’s reason for what he did. Maybe more on what he was like?”

Jeff took a sip of his cappuccino and let out a deep slow sigh. “I feel like, when I last felt his chronicle, he seemed so happy.”

Ms. Stein frowned and placed her hand on Jeff’s. “Sometimes, people seem fine on the surface. But inside they’re screaming. Afraid of what’s going in their life isn’t going to get better. I don’t know why your creator did what he did. But think about this. At least you felt a deep connection with him. Even though it was for a short time. Yet, he lives through you. You’re his story, his essence. And the people who reads his story? Will be connected to you and him. And that’s something, right?”

Still looking down in his cup, there was a slight grin on Jeff’s face. “Maybe you’re right... thanks. For being there for me.”

“And thank you.” Ms. Stein smiled.

Jeff’s left eyebrow raised. “For what?” He asked, confused.

“For being who you are. And if the real Jeff was like you? He was a great guy.”

Jeff smiled again, but wider. “Wanna take this to go?” He asked.

“Yeah- the strong smell of roses is giving me a headache.”

They both got up from the chairs and headed out the front door. And that day? These two friends' bond grew stronger.

The concepts moment 2: “Lady mirror.”

In the human world, two dumb teenagers decided to play a new mirror game they heard at school. It was a conjuring game where you summon lady mirror. They tried to summon Bloody Mary. But nothing ever happened. Little did they know. Bloody Mary was on a six week vacation.

“This is stupid.” Said one of the teenagers. “It’s not stupid, Brennan.” The other teenager yelled. “It’s going to work this time. Sarah Mann at school tried this at school and almost died.”

“Yeah, right.” Brennan scoffed. “Sarah Mann is a known liar.”

“How do you know?”

“Because Sue Francis told me, Harry. She told me-”

“I don’t care what Sue Francis told you. We’re doing this.”

Brennan rolled his eyes. “Whatever- how do we summon this bitch?”

“We chant her name three times- ready?”

“Yup.” Brennan groaned.

They began to chant her name, “La-dy Mi-rror”, three times. And after they did, something scary... never happened.

Brennan hit Harry on his shoulder. “Told you, idiot!” Brennan laughed, “Sarah Mann is a fucking liar!”

Harry turned away from the mirror. “Why the fuck would she lie? She looked terrified talking about it.”

Brennan saw the heartbreak on Harry’s face. He turned away from the mirror too and put his hand on Harry. “Sorry, man. Maybe we’d be slaughtered by doing something else?”

As their backs were turned, the mirror acted strange. Their reflections turned around to look at them. Their reflection’s eyes rolled back into their heads and started to cry blood. The mirror then distorted. Two dirty black hands came out the mirror.

The legend was true. And Sarah Mann was totally not a liar.

As the two teens bickered to one another about stuff not pertaining to the legend. The hands almost grabbed them as Lady Mirrors face is revealed. Her eyes were reflective like mirrors with black veins coming out of them. As she was about to grab them. Her watch alarm went off. the two boys turned around and screamed in terror. They tried to open the door, But it wouldn’t budge. The boys continued to scream and Lady Mirror covered her ears to block their shrieks.

“Oh, My god! Stop screaming!” She yelled. “Im not going to kill you!”

The boys stopped, still terrified.

“See my watch!?- it went off.” Lady Mirror yelled. “And do you know what that means?”

The boys shook their heads ‘no’.

“It means the work day is over. So for now, you got off the hook. If it was a few minutes more, you’d both be dead.”

Just then, Jeff the human, poked his head out the mirror. “Did you kill them?”

“No, Jeff. You can clearly see I didn’t tear them limb from limb- why are you in my office?”

“Death wanted to see you. He said he wants to talk to you about the schedule change. So you can work more hours next week. So, you know- this won’t happen anymore.”

Lady Mirror gave an unsettling grin at the terrified, and confused, teens. “So I get to kill them right now?”

“No, Lady Mirror. You know how Death is about overtime. Next week, if they summon you again, you can eat their eyeballs, or whatever, all you want... but I don’t think they’re going to do that- are you?”

The teens both shook their heads. “Good. Come on, Ms. Mirror, we’re all going to the bar in Fantaja. We can drink to the other teens you’ve killed tonight.”

Lady Mirror groaned with a smile. “Fine- See you next week. Because we all know, you’ll call me again.” Lady Mirror grinned as she went back into the mirror.

“Did that actually happen?” Brennan asked with pale skin.

“Yeah... do you know what that means?”

“What?”

“Sarah Mann isn’t full of shit- Ha! In your face!” Harry. Gloated.

“We’re not friends anymore.” Brennan walked out the bathroom and never spoke to Harry again. But they both remember their scary experience with lady mirror. And they only survived, because of a messed up work schedule.

The Concepts moment 3: "Fiction Holidays."

One year during winter, Latana Toi, the fairy that lives in Jeff and Ms. Stein's apartment, was having her first holidays away from home. She used to live with her parents in Fantaja, the fantasy sector. But sadly, it was her time to go out on her own. Luckily, her new home welcomed her with open arms.

Jeff and Ms. Stein decided to take her out to see the lights and join the local festivities of Galvan. And after that, they were going to Frank Stein, Ms. Stein's brother's house for a little get together.

"Wow, the snow is pretty." Latana said in astonishment.

"It doesn't snow in Fantaja?" Asked Jeff.

Latana scoffed at the question. "If you call that snow. We usually get magic light sparkles that fall like snow. It's pretty, but hard to fall asleep because of how bright they light up the sky."

"What did you and your family do during this time?" Ms. Stein had Latana on her left shoulder.

"We did a lot. My dad would collect some of the light sparkles and put them all around the house and my mom would do her traditional argument with him. She used to say, 'That's too much damn light, Harold!' And I just sit there listening to them bicker all night while drinking hot coco."

"That sounds nice, I guess." Said Ms. Stein.

"It was. Free entertainment- so what's your brother like? He's an icon in the human world, so he must be very powerful with aware abilities."

Aware is a powerful force that gives the fictional beings unbelievable power. The more people are aware of the concept in the human world, the more powerful the concept being becomes. And Frank's aware abilities has been growing for over 100 years.

"He's pretty powerful. Even though his creator died, her fiction lives on through him."

"Are you as powerful as him?" Asked Latana.

"Not really, He created me, so I'm his derivative. Meaning the more aware he is, I gain half of his abilities. But sadly, I can never get to his level because I was created by a legend concept. Not a human."

"Well, that's pretty cool. At least you know you're a derivative. My family was created by unknown circumstances. We don't know if we're created by a human or another concept long ago."

When they get to Frank's house which was a castle with giant rods on top of it, collecting thunder from the black clouds that hover over the home. When they got to the front door, Ms. Stein asks, "Hey, Jeff. Can you ring the doorbell?"

"I could, but I won't."

"Why not?" Asked Latana.

"Because, my little fairy friend. It loves to give you a shock. But it feels like you're being hit with a taser."

“Oh, come on, Jeff. It’s not that bad.”

“Well, not for you. You’re a Stein. All it does for you is feed you energy. And I know you want me to push it because you think it’s funny when I get shocked.”

“Ok, you big baby, you got me- You should hear how he screams like a little girl every time he pushes it.”

“Really? I want to hear it.” Latana said in excitement.

“Well too bad. I’m not doing it.”

And then latana began to chant,”Do it.” In an encouraging tone.

“No, Latana. Not happening.”

Then Ms. Stein began to chant with Latana.

“Come on, Jeff. It’s Latana’s first Christmas with us.” Said Ms. Stein, “It’ll cheer her up for being so far away from her family. She’s sad Jeff- right, Latana?”

“Yes- so very very sad.” Latana made a sad face.

“Fine, stop with the fake sadness.”

Jeff pressed the button and was hit with unbelievable volts of electricity. He shrieked and yelled at the top of his lungs. Ms. Stein grabbed him away from the doorbell. “Damn that hurt!” Jeff yelled. “Are you guys happy now?”

“Oh, so happy.” Said Ms.Stein.

“You do scream like a little girl.” Latana giggled.

The front door opened. It was frank. And he was happy to see his little sister and her friends.

“Olga!” Frank said with joy. He looked down to see his little sister holding Jeff by the armpits.

“Olga!?” Latana giggled. “Your first name is Olga?”

“Yes- at least my last name doesn't sound like toilet.”

“Please, come in. We’ve all been waiting for you all to get here.” Said Frank. The house looked ugly outside, but well decorated on the inside. “-Like what I did with the place?”

“It’s beautiful.” Latana couldn’t believe how well placed all the decorations were. “Thank you, Ms.?”

“Latana Toi.”

“Well it’s nice to meet you Ms. Toi- Make yourself at home.”

The entire night was a blast. Some of the guests gave gifts and others just was there to enjoy the little shindig. They drank, told stories, and watched old Christmas movies together. It was hours later. And none of them were sober enough to walk home, so Frank offered Olga and her friends to stay for the night. Jeff slept on a satin red couch with Latana sleeping in his shirt pocket for warmth. The only ones who were still awake were Frank and Ms. Stein.

“Your friends are a trip Olga.” Said Frank, “And the little one can really handle her alcohol.”

“Yeah, for a moment there I thought she was going to throw up on your table, but she kept going.” Ms. Stein chuckled softly, trying to not to wake Jeff and Latana.

“Hey Frank... can I ask you a question?”

Frank took a sip of wine from his cup and placed it on the kitchen island they were sitting on. “Sure, Sis. What’s up?”

“Why did you create me?” She asked softly, “I’ve always wanted to ask you that question, but your bride was always near by.”

“Well, Olga. Just like in the stories, I wanted someone to love me. Sadly, it didn’t work out. But I still wanted family who understood me and stood by me. I could’ve made another bride, but feared the next one wouldn’t work out either. So I decided I wanted a little sister. So I used a lot of my aware and figment energy to make you.”

“But why a little sister? Why not have a brother or mother or even a father?.. Why use all your aware make me?”

Frank took a good look at Ms. Stein. He saw the pain in her eyes. “Is something going on, Olga?”

“No, I-” Olga saw the concerned look on her brother’s face. So she came clean. “Last month, Jeff discovered his creator died and was really upset about it. I cheered him up the best way I could. But I asked myself, why would someone as special and powerful as you. Would make someone like me? A derivative who feeds off of him and brings nothing to the table.”

Frank put his hand on Olga's to comfort her. “Olga. You do bring something to the table. I don’t see you as some leech feeding off of me. I see you as someone to cherish. Someone to always be there for. I didn’t want a brother or a father who would want to butt heads with me all the time. Or a mother who would love me but wouldn’t need me. But a sibling, like a little sister, someone I could bond with on the same playing field. Someone I could guide and be there for, like right now, when they need me to.”

Ms. Stein looked at her brother with tears running down her face. Frank wiped them away. “You were not a mistake, Olga. I chose you for a reason. And that’s for a bond no lover or parents could fully understand. Love that only siblings will have forever. I chose you. Never forget that.”

Ms. Stein quickly hugged her brother and had a good healing cry. After that night, She no longer saw herself as just a derivative or a burden. But a sister. And a good friend.

The Concepts: Moment 4 "Fairy Power"

One night, Latana and Olga Stein, or Ms. Stein, were watching tv in Olga's room. It was a drama show called, "My Strange Fiction." It was a documentary series about fictional characters of all genre types, talking about the weird stories they're in, in the human world.

On today's show, a robot who had crocheted skin was talking about their epic book she's in. Where she falls in love with a smart mirror. and how the smart mirror complimented her wool skin. It was a recorded episode from "LitFic." One of the most popular channels on Genre television. Latana and Olga weren't going to miss it. Olga ran from the living room back to her bedroom in a hurry.

"Did I miss anything?" asked Olga, who was preparing popcorn.

"It just started!" Latana said in a giddy tone. "I love this show!"

Olga abruptly turned to Latana. "Ooh, did you see the one where a silver tabby living in an apocalyptic desert alone? And she fell for a black cat two mechanical legs? But in their story, the black cat sacrificed himself in a swarm of vultures battle. and the last thing he said to her was-"

"Shine on, you silver star..." they both said in a sad tone.

"Oh, that story broke my heart." said Latana.

The buzzer on the microwave went off with four loud beeps.

"The popcorn's done." said Olga.

Without a minute to respond, Latana flew out in a hurry. "I'll get it!" she said.

Olga was confused. She had so many questions as to why a little fairy would be so confident that she could pick up anything two times her size?

But to Olga's shock, Latana returned to the room with the popcorn bag in a hurry. and with no struggle.

"Almost forgot the bowl!"

She even ran back out and came back with an orange ceramic bowl. And it looked like she came back faster the second trip. Olga looked at Latana with wide eyes. She couldn't believe what she was witnessing.

"I'll open the popcorn." said Latana in her excitement for the show. She poured the popcorn in the bowl. When the bag was empty, she crumpled the bag with her tiny hands and threw in the trash in the corner.

'Is this really happening?' Olga thought. she was more interested in Latana than the show at that moment. It was like looking at a unicorn. But unicorns never leave their closed off community in Fantaja.

"All right, popcorn." Latana smiled, as she picked up a piece, not looking at Olga.

"Am I tripping?" Olga asked out loud to herself.

Latana looked at Olga with one eyebrow up.

"What?" Latana was puzzled.

"I must be still on those six hour gummies I bought from that worm smoking his hookah in the woods last night." Olga was still talking to herself. "Wait, i didn't eat it yet, so-"

"Olga!" Latana yelled to snap her out of her trance. "Why are you acting weird?"

"I just saw you bring the popcorn and the bowl in here. Opened the bag, pored the popcorn into the bowl, crumpled it, then threw it in the trash."

Latana gave a look of concern on her face. "Yeah? You make it sound like the most unusual thing?"

"It is!" Olga exclaimed with wide eyes and frantic movement. "How can someone so little , pick up something way bigger and heavier?"

"What- oh!" Latana understood her point. "It's because I'm a fairy from the epic sector. We tend to be very strong. I can even pick you up- look."

Latana picked up Olga in a flash and lifted her in the air by her left leg. Olga was in mid air and upside down.

"Put me down!" She was surprised by Latana's strength. She was then dropped over her bed, bounced off, and fell on the floor with a loud thud.

"Oh, God. Are you ok?" Latana asked.

Olga giggled as she picked herself up. "Hell, yeah. I just learned you have superhero strength. That was awesome!"

"You think my strength is cool?" asked Latana.

"Yes! I couldn't believe I was lifted in the air by a fairy. Why aren't you on, 'My strange fiction?'"

"I tried to once. But they need to know what story you're from. But my family and I don't really know our story, sadly. We never had a chronicle or even a creator name, so... yeah, that's not going to happen. Can we watch the show now?"

"Yeah." Olga smiled.

For the rest of the night, they watched their show. Olga had a better opinions and never underestimated fairies again. Especially fairies from the epic sector of Fantaja.

The Concepts: Moment 5 “Easterween Traffic”

On planet Genre, it was Easter. Everyone was spreading the joy of Easter by trying to find golden eggs all throughout the fictional sectors of the city. And they all were in on the fun. Even the Eerieans, horror fictional creatures, were in on it. But instead of collecting eggs, they decided to have a block party on the east side of their sector, Galvan. It was like fall festivities, but in the spring. They called it Easterween.

Jeff the human, Butcher the werewolf, and Ms. Stein and a few of their friends were going to go. Latana didn't want to go. She wanted to see her family in Fantaja (The Fantasy sector), for the weekend. Lady mirror was invited to go with Jeff after work at Legendz inc. It was thirty minutes before the night shift rolled in to torment the humans in the real world.

Lady Mirror came out of the mirror portal covered in blood. Jeff was there waiting for her to come back to their world.

“Oh god. How many people did you kill?”

“None- this isn't blood. It's spaghetti sauce.” Lady mirror looked at Jeff with disgust, as she shook off the sauce from her hands. “Apparently, I have a few followers on the other side and they decided to throw me a party.”

“Well, that's good. At least you're gaining Aware power.”

“Yeah. But it sucks that I have to give half of it to Bloody Mary because I'm her derivative. And the party was too weird for me. Everyone was wearing mirror glasses to imitate my eyes. Which I think is pretty fucking rude if you ask me... so are you ready?”

“For the Easterween party? Hell, yes! But you should clean up first.”

“Ok, meet you there.” Said Lady Mirror.

After a few minutes, Jeff picked up Ms. Stein and Butcher at their apartment. Lady Mirror said she'll meet them there. They drove for five blocks until they ran into traffic. They waited for two hours.

“Dammit, how long is this traffic!?” Butcher complained the entire ride there. “We would've gotten there if we just walked.”

“Oh please, Butch. You'd probably complain about that too.” Jeff was getting a little irritated. It was probably road rage. But it was mostly Butcher wouldn't stop bitching.

“Whatever.” Butcher said under his breath as he pulled out a cigarette. As he started to light it, Jeff yelled. “Hey don't smoke that in here!”

“Yeah, no one in here wants to smell that.” Said Ms Stein.

“Fine, you guys suck.” Butcher got out the car and started to walk. “Meet you guys at the party.”

They both started to shake their heads. “He doesn't even have his ticket to get in.” Said Jeff.

“He's going to be waiting at the entrance for a while.” Said Ms. Stein.

Ms. Stein was getting antsy. “Turn on the radio.” Jeff turned on the radio and a sad love song turned on. Ms. Stein quickly changed the station when she heard the song with a stretched out ‘Nope.’

“Why’d you change the station? That was a good song.” Asked Jeff.

“Oh, I know it’s a good song. It’s just- never mind.”

Ms. Stein looked out the window with a scrunched up face.

“Are you OK, Olga?”

“I’m fine!” Ms. Stein snapped.

“Olga.” Jeff said in a playful manner. “You know your favorite human, Jeff, Is here to talk about anything.

Olga slightly smiled and kept trying to not look at Jeff. Because she knew if she did, Jeff would be looking at her with a stupid silly face.

“Olga.” Jeff asked again, but trying to sound like a wannabe Pennywise clown. “You know I’m here for you.”

“No, stop- you know I hate that clown.” Olga started to chuckle.

“I won’t stop until you look at me- Look at the funny clown, Olga.”

She didn’t move her head, but her eyes. She made a big smile when she realized Jeff was making puppy eyes.

“God, you’re so weird.” She started to laugh slightly. “Ok, dammit. You win... that song used to be me and my ex’s song. And he dumped me for some pretty girl in Lovelei. That was a few months ago. And it still hurts.”

“Oh...” Jeff went silent and looked forward for a moment. “I didn’t know you had a boyfriend... well, that guy is a dumbass. I bet he regrets dumping you and hating his life right now. Who’s he with now?”

“Veronica Vamp.”

“Oh, well-” Jeff quickly twisted his head to Olga with wide eyes. “Wait. As in Veronica Vamp? The daughter of Dracula and the sworn enemy of your brother?”

“Yes, Jeff. Me and Veronica used to be friends before she moved to Lovelei. But I learned she was only my friend Just to get close to my boyfriend. Ever since then... I haven’t tried to date.”

“Well... that’s fucked up.” Said Jeff.

There was a silence in the car. Only thing that could be heard was the radio and the beeping of the cars in traffic.

Then Jeff broke the silence by saying. “I wouldn’t steal your boyfriend.”

“I know Jeff, because you aren’t gay.

“I could be.” Jeff joked. “I have a little sass and love musicals.”

“Is that what you think all gay people are? Sass and musicals?”

“No...they're really good dressers.”

“Mmm Hmm, and what else?” Jeff had put a smile on Olga's face and had her full attention.

“They take really good care of themselves and the gay folks I've met are really good friends.”

“Uh, huh. And why do you think you could be gay?”

“No lie, when I see a man I think is handsome. I think, I could see why someone would find him attractive.”

“Really? How many men have you found attractive?”

“Hey, a lady never tells.”

They both started to laugh at the moment.

They talked about random things for forty-five minutes. They were both glad they were best friends.

“But of all seriousness Olga. Whoever that guy you dated was. He's an idiot. Finding a girlfriend is hard for me. If I had someone like you, it would be an honor to call you mine.”

“Yeah. And I'm surprised you don't have a girlfriend. You're a really great guy, Jeff.”

They both looked at each other with a smile. Then they both realized they were looking in each others eyes for a very long time. Then they started to move their heads closer. They didn't know what was happening. But it felt like a long time coming. Just as soon as they were about to kiss. Butcher came back and opened the back door. Jeff and Olga stopped and looked forward quickly.

“Goddamn it's hot out there!” Said Butcher, “You assholes! Why didn't you tell me I needed a ticket!?”

Jeff and Olga didn't respond. They just looked forward.

Butcher felt the tension in the car. “Did I miss something?”

The traffic finally moved. “Finally!” Said Olga.

“We can finally move forward.” Jeff and Olga looked into each others eyes with a tender smile and looked forward again.

“What the hell is this!?” Butcher was confused. “I leave for a few minutes and now you guys are happy?.. Did you guys make out or something?”

“No, shut up, Butcher.” Said Jeff.

Butcher saw through them. “Alright. I'll be quiet.” Butcher poked his head between the two of them. “But I just wanted to say, finally.” Butcher smiled.

They both looked forward without looking at each other with slight grins. While Butcher with a big smile looking at the both of them.

They were in traffic for three hours. But for Jeff and Olga. Those three hours were the best three hours of their lives.

The Concepts: Moment 6 "Butcher's Halloween party in the woods"

Jeff and Olga and Latana were invited to Butcher's place in the deep woods for a house party. It was a party for Jeff. But Jeff had no clue it was a birthday party for him. The house was a penthouse and Butcher's girlfriend owned the place. She worked with the city of Genre's government. Why in the hell would she date a bum like Butcher? No one had the slightest idea.

Anyways, Jeff parked a few feet away from the entrance to the woods. When they got out of the car, they entered the woods to see a bunch of characters from many forms of creation there. Even the headless horseman was there. And he was drunk out of his mind, riding his horse. Have you seen a drunk person riding on a horse? It seems funny to do until you see that same drunk person being dragged across the field by a strap. Like I said, funny at first. Not so funny when you're the joke. Jeff and his friends entered Butcher and Pamela's place.

"Man. How many fucking people are here?" Jeff looked around. Like he was looking for someone.

"You guys have fun." said Jeff before he vanished in the crowd of dancers.

"Where you going, Jeff?" Latana's tiny voice squeaked. She may be a fairy. But she had the voice of a munchkin.

"I got something to do- I'll catch up with you guys later."

"What is up with him?" asked Olga. "He's been secretive all day."

"I think its about his fiction family." said Latana. "He met them and they weren't like they are in their story."

"Aw, man. That sucks." Olga's face scrunched as she exhaled. "I knew I couldn't trust his sister- or-fictional sister... well whatever he's doing. I hope she's not a part of it."

"Yeah...lets get drunk."Latana exclaimed.

"Why? So I can drink you under the table" Olga joked.

"Bitch, please. You'll be the one under the table." Latana took Olga's remark as a challenge and they both hurried to the liquor in the kitchen.

Jeff was focused on finding what, or who, he was looking for. He hurried out the back of the penthouse, which was built on the side of a very large tree. There weren't that many people on the large patio. He scanned every room and every corner to look for what he was looking for. And he found them. It was Lady Mirror. She was across from where Jeff stood, Standing and drinking alone. The tense wide eyed look on Jeff's face, suddenly relaxed. Jeff spoke to himself in a breathy voice.

"Thank god you're here."

He put his hand on his heart, took a deep breath, then calmly walked to her. Lady Mirror was about to drink from her cup before she realized Jeff was standing next to her.

"Oh. Hi, Jeff- I knew I was going to see you eventually." Lady Mirror took a sip from her cup, then held her cup in both hands, looking up at the moon. "Just to let you know, Jeff. I'm not blaming you for getting fired the other day. It's not your fault."

"But it is my fault. If I knew those cultists were going to try and take your life force, I'd..."

Jeff couldn't get the image of Lady Mirror dying before his eyes. She's his best friend. He felt like a piece of shit telling her to pretend to be Bloody Mary. He just wanted her to come out of her shell and try to live life to the fullest. Not dying in the process. Because of their screw up, She got fired. Never to work a Legendz inc. Ever again. If she even stepped foot in their doors. She'd be in serious trouble. But it wasn't just the fact she almost died or lost her job. Lady Mirror was exiled out of the city. She was almost terminated for portraying an urban legend in the human world. By the Genre government law, all former derivatives that worked for the government are either arrested and are either exiled, or terminated. It depended on how bad the crime was. And impersonation of a high level concept was not taken lightly. And the only reason Olga and Jeff didn't get in trouble is because they were either not a derivative. Or a derivative, or family, of a famous fiction legend.

Jeff was a high concept. He was created based on a human. And Olga was a family member of a famous fictional character. Even though Olga is a derivative. Her brother was Victor Frankenstein's monster. They tried to help her. But no matter how much they tried to take the blame, Bloody Mary had connections because of her high urban legend status.

He knew Lady Mirror for over seven years. And now, she was going to be shipped off to the land of the forgotten the next day.

"It's not fair." Jeff looked over the balcony with a scrunched face and tears running down his face.

"This whole government is fucked up."

Lady Mirror put her hands on Jeff's shoulders and rested her head on one of them. "Aw, don't cry... at least we knew each other when we did. It'll be OK, Jeff. It's just the way things are."

"But they don't have to be." Jeff turned to Lady Mirror, "Things don't have to be the way they are. If I can talk to someone in the government, they have to-"

"Jeff!" Lady snapped to get Jeff's attention. "Stop. There's nothing that you or me can do." a smile with bloody tears ran down her mirror-like eyes. "Just promise me one thing, Jeff. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes- anything, Lady."

"Promise me that you won't blame yourself or beat yourself like you are now. You did what you could. And that's all I ever wanted in a friend." She got close to Jeff and whispered in his ear. "Thank you for being the best friend a girl can have." She kissed Jeff on the cheek and walked away. But before she disappeared out of Jeff's life, Lady turned for the last time to get a good look at him. She smiled. Like his name and face was engraved in her memories. "Goodbye, Jeff the human. I'll never forget you."

Jeff wanted a few more minutes with Lady. But he knew she had to go. it was 11:30. And Lady mirror had to be at the station or else she'd be marked as a fugitive and be terminated.

"Goodbye, Lady Mirror." he said softly to himself.

Moment's later, a group of party goers came up to Jeff with a white cake. Butcher was holding the cake. "Happy Birthday, Jeffy boy. Make a wish."

"I wish I were dead." said Jeff with no emotion in his tone. The party goers were confused. Butcher could see the pain in Jeff's eyes.

"Are you OK, Jeff?" asked Pamela.

"Uh. Pamela, baby- put this on the coffee table in the living room. We'll be there in a moment."

Jeff told Butcher what happened. He felt for Jeff, but even Pamela couldn't do anything. She may have been working with the high part of the government. But didn't have the connections like an urban legend.

"I'm sorry Jeff. Lady Mirror was a cool chick too, man... you know, if i was head of the government, I'd abolish high and low concept ranking laws. And make all abstract drugs legal. That shit is stupid."

"I know you would." Jeff smiled.

Just then Olga and Latana entered the patio, drunk off their asses. Latana couldn't even fly in one place.

"Jeff!" Olga yelled with a slur. "Latana, thought she could drink me under. But I got that bitch! The mead got her."

"Oh whatever Olga!" Latana was completely hammered, "You think you're so great!? I punched a guy in the kitchen. I'm a fairy asshole, not furry!"

"I think that guy was saying fairy, but he had an accent." Olga laughed.

Latana sobered up fast for a moment, "Oh, no... I'm an asshole." both Latana and Olga started to laugh at the misunderstanding.

As Latana and Olga continued their drunk conversation. Butcher put his arm around Jeff. "Look, Jeff. Look at our drunk idiot friends... we may have not known you as long as Lady Mirror. But we're pretty cool too."

"Yeah. You guys are." Jeff smiled.

Olga then threw up over the balcony and Latana tried to grab Olga's hair with her tiny hands.

"Hold my hair, Latana!" Olga said in a sick and irritated tone.

"I'm trying, bitch! But there's a lot of it!"

Both Jeff and Butcher felt the secondhand embarrassment for the girls.

"They're a mess." said Butcher shaking his head.

"Yeah, they are." Jeff couldn't stop looking.

"Will you two stop fucking gawking and help me!?" Latana snapped.

They both stopped staring and helped. And for the rest of the night, a sad goodbye opened a door to new beginnings. But Jeff never forgotten the memories of his friend. And still to this day, he thinks of her with a grin. But after that night. Jeff had a personal mission. To change the laws. He had to... somehow.

The Concepts: Moment 7 “Mother”

Shanari, the mother of Genre, looked out to her garden of skyscrapers. Her tea she was drinking turned lukewarm. Just like her heart.

Alajhara, her butler, entered the patio level. Shanari’s Diamond home loomed over the city. It was an all seeing tower. Its structure put Olympus under its shadow.

But so high... Someone with all the world beneath her feet- could get lonely.

Shanari was a god. Or, so she thought. Even her time altering abilities can’t survive the dead, sadly.

If she could, maybe she wouldn’t be so alone. And maybe give a smile to someone. Someone she loves.

‘I guess all gods have their limits.’ She thought with a deep sigh.

Alajhara moved his withered body in her direction. “More tea, Ms. Alum?”

“No, Alajhara.” She turned to him with tired eyes. “I just want to say goodnight to the world. But thank you, old friend.”

She looked out to her garden one more time. The skies, rich in colour- precious as gold.

“Goodnight, Genre.”

Author's note: Thank you for reading this short glimpse of the world of "The Concepts." I'm currently planning to share more of this world and its characters later on. This is just a hobby project. I might work on a more sequenced story later on. But for the time being I'm more focused on making random fragments of a story. I'll have dev logs letting people know of any new collections or a longer story. Thank you for reading this, and I hope you enjoyed it.