

Magenta Zephyr & The Universe Bender

*EXCERPT #1
From the Novel by Tim Storm*

Let's Get the Show on the Road . . .

“In the beginning one infinite spark ignited all of this divine madness.”
- *The Great Cosmic Book* -

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She radiated an electric blue aura and flashes of laser lightning erupted from her fingertips as she danced gracefully across the stage. The music scaled to a dramatic climax, then suddenly the universe went dark and silent. The audience released a collective gasp and burst into thunderous applause.

A faint red glimmer appeared momentarily at center stage and exploded into a blinding shower of stars that burst forth, showering the audience with evanescent light. She reappeared in the middle of this brilliant cascade, bathed in a scarlet glow, and the applause rose to a deafening roar.

Magenta Zephyr was a sublime vision of cosmic beauty . . .

Star Child . . .

Daughter of the Universe . . .

The Enchantress . . .

Siren of Space . . .

That's how the concert promoters billed her, and though none of them cared deep down in their greedy, shriveled little hearts whether or not the metaphysical hype was true, they could not deny that she had some kind of magic. Whatever it was, everyone wanted some of it, and all that really mattered to them was that she brought in *big* money. She was the most distinctive and engaging personality to come into the public eye for decades. By combining the elements of a unique musical style, a mystical aura, and a stockpile of supernatural special effects, she had concocted a stage persona that was awe-inspiring. Once she had been made available to the public in a slick little package, they snatched her off the shelf and became instantly addicted.

This audience had received her in large doses tonight and they were now being given one final taste. She stood alone on stage for her finale, a goddess of light in all her glory, exalted upon her altar. Flickering geometric holograms danced around her and she was engulfed in a ruby radiance that pulsed in sync with her synthetar solo. Her fingers moved deftly over the keyboard, caressing it like a lover.

She was gorgeous. There was no doubt about it. A short, sheer skirt and a leotard as black as the chill of space covered the bare essentials of her heavenly body, and a tattered cape colored blood-red crimson billowed dramatically behind her in an artificial breeze. Her long, luxurious hair danced in the wind and her body swayed to the rhythm, every movement lithe with innocent sensuality heightened by her revealing stage costume. Her shapely, muscular dancer's legs were bare nearly to her hips, and her leotard top accentuated the curvaceous contours of her figure. Her lips were parted in a casual smile and her eyes closed in concentration as she moved her feet slowly, gracefully.

"*Love . . .*" She half sang and half whispered it. "I guess that's what this is all about."

Her voice was fluid thunder that washed gently over the crowd.

"I want to thank all of you for coming to see me tonight, for spending your hard-earned credit to buy my music, and for making me all that I am. I sing all of my songs for you.

Goodnight, my friends!" Magenta built her solo to an epic climax until the sound reached an astounding level of harmonic distortion, and then there was instantaneous silence and on stage nothing left but a shimmering haze where she had stood only an eye-blink before. The glimmering mist settled slowly to the floor, flaring brightly in cascades of color before fading completely.

There arose a deafening rumble as the crowd began to cheer, stomp their feet, and clap their hands furiously in immediate response. Many screamed their voices into oblivion and lost them for a few days, hoping to draw her out for an encore, though it was well known that Magenta Zephyr does not do encores. She doesn't have to.

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Please visit

www.magentazephyr.com

to learn more about Magenta Zephyr and the full-length novel
Magenta Zephyr and the Universe Bender

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