

Crazy Deja Vu

By

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Introduction

Have you ever wanted to be a mind reading fly on the wall and watch someone's life fly by as it were? This is your chance. Rita is a young female living in Queens, New York. Her greatest adventure started mid-March 1997.

There are so many questions and such crazy answers. Has anything like this ever happened to you?

Come along while we play the part of a hidden reporter in her adventure.

Crazy Deja Vu

Chapter One

I awoke with my mind racing through all that had happened yesterday. I have so many questions, and really have no idea where to start looking for the answers.

I had thought about trying to dismiss the whole day. But it hadn't worked in the past.

The alarm just went off and I have to get up and get ready to go to work. While dressing, I caught myself wishing

I could go to work and find out that this whole thing was just a crazy dream.

Let me start over so you will know what happened... I think...

It all started yesterday. I was at work and everything was going great. I work in a small cafe on the main street of our community called "The Rooster Cafe". We serve all the locals and the same groups that come in each day for almost the same thing each time. There have been a lot of times I wished something would happen to make my life exciting.

Well, okay, a few days ago, Charlie, (my boss), decided to go shopping for something different or strange. He said we needed to have something to hang on the wall to make The Rooster Café stand out.

"If we are different then maybe we could get more business." He said.

'Okay, well maybe that will work, I don't know, I hope so.' I thought.

Next morning, Charlie came in toting what looked to be a really large painting. It was all covered up so no one could see it, until he decided to show us.

We were all standing around the painting in a half circle after work when he took off the covering. Everyone else agreed that if this painting didn't at least get comments from the customers then they didn't know what it would take.

As for myself, I was speechless, I couldn't move for a few moments. I could swear I had seen this painting somewhere before. It felt as if I was the one who painted it. It's almost like an itch in the back of your mind that you can't reach. I'd lived in this area for the last twenty years (most of my life) and I'd never drawn anything much less painted. I didn't even know if I could. I

have a good imagination and can picture things in my mind, but as far as putting them on paper, I had never really tried.

Well, at any rate, it's another morning and my coffee is ready and the clock says I only have time to catch the bus and get to work.

“OH NO!” *‘Where are my keys? I can't miss the 8:00 bus or I will be late’*
“Ahh good! There they are.”

"Come on Anna, time to go play with your friends. Be a good girl today, stay out of trouble. OK?" I said as I placed her on the front steps. *‘She is my good friend and tomorrow is her birthday.’* She is a beautiful calico cat with bright burnt orange and black strangely shaped markings.

It takes me about thirty minute to get to work. This was the closest apartment I could find for the money I

have, and it's not all that bad. I know most of the people in the area and it's a pretty good neighborhood.

"Hi George, how are you today?" I asked while putting my token in the coin box. He's the bus driver on this route.

"Great Rita, How are you doing today? You looked like you were pretty shaken up yesterday evening." He said with a smile.

"I feel better this morning. Yesterday was crazy." I said, turning to find my best friend and the seat she always saved for me.

"Hey Rita, I heard you guys have a new look added to the café yesterday. What do you think?" Nell yelled from the back of the bus.

"Well it's different, that's all I'm going to say. You'll have to come by

and see for yourself." I said on my way back to her.

"So you're not going to tell me what it's a picture of?" she coaxed.

"No, cause it is really hard for me to put into words." I said sitting down next to her. "It feels really funny to me, the painting I mean."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

We were the only ones sitting in the back half of the bus right now. We live close to the beginning of the bus route. Nell's a good friend and knows all kinds of weird things that most other people wouldn't even dare think of.

Sometimes when we talk on the bus we talk in code, you know, like as if we are talking about a movie we'd seen or a book we'd read. That way no one else thinks we're crazy.

"Well, yesterday when Charlie took the cover off the painting and showed it to everyone. I had this real funny feeling in the pit of my stomach. And when the others said they liked the painting and thought it was a great choice, it made me feel real good, like as if I was the one who painted it. I even had the feeling I had seen it before. Does that sound crazy or what?" I questioned.

"No, not really" she said as she laughed.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Well things are happening in this world and all around us, that only a few know about and they are really hard to explain." she said looking straight at me. "You will understand more as time goes on. And I can help you here and there. But for now don't worry about it, just explore the feelings." she instructed.

"Okay, if you say so. This is my stop. I'll see you this evening on the way home." I said.

"See you later George." I yelled while waving at him as I pushed open the back door on the bus.