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DAY MOVER

by

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Synopsis

Day Mover is a compelling coming-of-age drama, which skilfully blends fantasy with biography. The mysterious and powerful BM must come to terms with his unique mysterious gifts as politicians and warmongers try to harness his powers. The dark and sometimes disturbing situations he finds himself in serve to edify his quest for the truth and soon he realises he is not alone. Other 'Movers' share his world – and ours!

He struggles against the odds to live a normal life, avoiding the early temptation to use his abilities for self-aggrandisement and desperately fights to protect both his family and those with similar, if lesser powers.

Day Mover is a unique story, which forms the first part of a convincing trilogy, one which will leave the reader both enlightened and concerned.

Chapter One

It's hard to believe that I've lived with it since the age of five years of age. It's when you start to dream that it happens. Or is it a dream because it only happens as the sun rises in the morning. I'm not talking about night dreams or nightmares, but day dreams. Have you never had a dream whereby it seemed that you had actually been there and lived these events? How many of you did not want the dream to end? As if it was better than when you were awake? Yet, while you are dreaming, millions of others are also dreaming at the same time, hoping for something better. Something, maybe a little different.

How many people have disappeared in their dreams and it's never been possible to trace them? Then think of how many people turn insane without any just reason. What's really happened to them?

Most people are afraid of the dark. Why are they afraid? Why are the majority afraid to admit it when they sub-consciously stay up as late as possible?

Who of you people out there have actually seen a ghost? How many people think that they've seen something out of the corner of their eyes and when they turn around it's not there at all? Come on, have you seen a ghost and what was it wearing? Was it a woman, wearing an old gown? A young girl who died at an early age? An old man? What were they actually wearing? Who are you really trying to fool?

Your own mind maybe.

The clothing is in your mind for most people, because it took me years to do it. The ghost? That's another thing altogether. It's another human being that does not want to

leave this earth. They appear at times all over this earth and then they slowly fade into the dark. They are spotted trying to come to terms with the fact of making a mistake. Not knowing the rules. A mover forgetting the time or is it a newly born mover who fell asleep at the wrong time of the day. Just when the sun went down.

I'm 58 years old and it's time that I told my story.

I have had to survive by doing things that I've sometimes hated to do. I shall tell how many times that the governments world-wide have tried to entrap me. How my own government asked me to come forwards, saying, that they wished to help me.

Help me.

Use me they meant and then to erase me. If I'd come forwards, they'd have had a name and a family. Then the means to blackmail me into submission. Then the endeavours, by them all, to try to destroy me. All of this when I would not come forwards. Many have they sent out to try.

Always I have hit back. Going for the throat in more ways than one. I'll start at 200. You start counting and keep going. That's how many are dead because they tried to destroy me. Who did I drive into insanity to preserve my own existence? I shall tell how I've had to do terrible things to just to live. Never have I wished it, but I have done it to keep on living.

Governments all have secrets. This secret had been hidden for years. Just the leaders, Kings and Queens, PM's, Presidents and the informed few. All sworn to secrecy on taking office, or sworn to secrecy at an early age. Ingrained in their minds. Do not speak of it.

What is the power that keeps them silent?

Time is one factor and then the power to take away someone's livelihood. Or family. Then another simple fact, who would believe them?

I'm known of throughout the world, in my profession. I have a name and a country. I endeavour to live normally, to look after my family. I am always on the move. Never relaxed, except at sea where I can breathe clean air, keep my strength. Two weeks here and then, two weeks elsewhere. Then I'm off to work, a month at a time. Out of the country of my birth. It's only on land that I can be spotted and then by only a few. At sea I am hidden, unless a mover arrives. Normally, someone lost and having problems finding the way back. The odds of this happening at sea is low due to the distance. It has happened though. Another life lost, maybe lost without good reason. The shock that hits them, when they realise the full truth. That they now belong forever to the dead side of life. Three choices: life, disappearance or insanity. It's hard to choose. Especially when you cannot find your way back.

The first time I remember a day dream was when I was five years old. I fell asleep during a hot afternoon and I awoke in the outhouse. No clothes on and laid in a basket of dirty linen. Screaming.

My mother, she calmed me. The last thing I could remember was falling asleep upstairs on the bed. Sleep walking you may call it. I tried to tell her, but she would not listen. Telling her that I'd been flying, looking from above and diving back down towards the house. A bad dream I thought at first but it was not a dream. It seemed as if I was glowing, yet the light did not cast any brightness around me. I could see pin-pricks of light far away in the distance. Some were soaring upwards into the sky and then descending down to disappear.

My mother loved me. I was her first born. She soothed me. She used to hold me tight and talk to me quietly telling stories. Do not speak about it. Try not to think about it. Do not repeat it. It's just a bad dream. I believe at the time, she imagined that something was wrong with my mind. Never ever tell anyone. This was repeated to me many times.

'They will take you away,' she whispered.

How would you have reacted in my place? Did everyone have dreams like mine? Dreams you couldn't ever talk about. Part of life and something normal. Not understanding it at all in my young mind I survived it with my mother's help. Too young, to be driven insane. I didn't know how my mother managed. She must have known something was different. I can remember the women's books she used to read. Then the sudden change to books of science.

We call them today "Science Fiction". Most are, but keep reading.

Cast your mind back to fables. Merlin. Wizards of old. Warlocks and Witches. What were they and why were they burnt. Keep going on and on.

What is the real and what is really false in this world of today. Don't forget though, we still live during the night. It is at night that you will dream.

Chapter 2

Bogey man

A stranger started to appear on the streets, criss-crossing the avenues. He came from somewhere foreign, to us young ones. We didn't know? Where south was. Or London. We listened to the grown ups talking about the stranger. He was not known by anyone. For weeks he just appeared in the morning and by evening he was gone. On weekends he started to walk near to us, the children, listening to us while we played our games. Our mothers were getting worried about him. He'd disappear for a few days, but then he came back. Never talking, just looking at us young ones. Staring into our eyes.

We called him the bogey man.

The bogey man of our night dreams.

Remember what was said to us before we slept. Be good or the bogey man will come to take you away. Our mothers started to drag us in, when he was around. Fathers stopped him, but shrunk away. He was a lot taller than any of our fathers and we thought they were big.

It was always after I'd had a dream that he'd appear back on the streets. To me it was definite. I was the one that he was looking for. Even though I was so young, I'd sensed that he was looking for me. For me to say something wrong, for me to tell my mates about my dreams. They would have spread the word to others and somewhere along the line of talk. He would then have a way back to the source.

BM

My father was on the trawlers out at sea. Three weeks on the ship and then four days home. Looking back it seems as if mother was always pregnant, then father went back to sea. I ended up with four brothers and four sisters. I was the eldest.

Playing with my mates all of the summer. Never going to sleep until after dark. We are supposed to be young and innocent. I did not know what was in store for me. Dark nights come early in the winter. No bad dreams.

Spring arriving, days were getting longer. I'm nearly six now and feeling bigger. Learning to read. One day whilst playing with kids in the street. Running, shooting with marbles and hide and seek. Went in for something and went upstairs to find it or hide it. Lay down on the bed. I remember the next moment, looking down at the street. Our house was

far below me. A bright light all around me. Pin-prick lights in the distance. Moving across the estate. The sun starting to go down. That early evening I woke up crying on the landing, naked, scared, my mother above me. My younger sister, clinging to her skirt. Why the landing. My mother looked afraid. What the hell was I, she must have thought? Those were my own thoughts. Through tears and pain I tried to tell her.

'No, no it's not true; Do not tell lies,' she'd say.

Bogey man is back searching around. I'm scared and my mother's scared. I try to tell her that he's looking for me. During the day, she tries to stop me having a nap. Even in sickness she kept me awake. I wanted to know what was happening. Occasionally I saw bogey from above and I was back home with fear in my heart. How was it possible for me to do this, I did not know.

Bogey had a woman with him one time, walking round the streets, so I quit sleeping for a time. I noticed that it only happened on bright days. It was only as I grew up, that it was possible to do it during a normal day. I used to come out in the early mornings and keeping low to the ground until I was well away from the house. Never again would anyone have my location. After I'd flown bogeyman would always appear.

I knew that some day he'd find me. What could I do? Did he know about me? Why could he see me whenever I rose into the air? I came out early one morning and did my usual move along the ground before coming up. As I came up I had a really big shock, a thrill even. Another ball of light was about a mile away. Within a few minutes it had moved towards me. I shouted in my mind for it to go away. It stopped and began to leave. Then it went down towards the ground and disappeared. The light had not been that bright. Far dimmer than the light that I could see and feel around me. It was also smaller.

This really worried me and sure enough bogey appeared for a few days. Going out one morning I had another shock. Another light followed me from my house. It was my sister. She too was dim and her light was smaller. It was lucky that I heard her thoughts though. I was angry with her and told her never to do it again. That first light shocked me. I never ever saw it again.

I learnt to fight. I went out of my way to fight kids older than me. Not as a bully, but when they picked on me or my mates or anyone around my age. A right terror I became at scrapping. Mother encouraged me in this for she knew something. Careful, she'd say to me sometimes. I never wondered in those days why I was so strong. Able to fight so easy with kids older than me.

It also became totally taboo in our house for me to sleep during the day. Mother used to shout upstairs all the time. Hope you're not on the bed. Yes, she really kept me on my toes.

I always wanted to be older. My sister told me that she couldn't do it any more. That was something for me to think about. I'd only told her not to do it. Could I just by thinking it stop others from flying up as I did?

That summer, my mates and I started to travel further away from home. To the woods and lakes around an old army range. We netted newts and sticklebacks. Made bows and arrows from the branches of young trees. Catapults etc. We made the lot. Yes and the games we played. Yes we had great fun. Cost me a few jam jars for the elastic. Also sold ginger pop to make money to buy it.

We were playing on the old ranges one day, digging trenches when one of my mates made a find. Yes a golden find.

Shares we used to say on anything, but this he tried to keep. A belt buried in the sand and as we dug it out we found more. A grenade and two very firm ammunition pouches. How close we came to killing ourselves that day. I don't know how we got away with it. Playing at soldiers, hell we had the real McCoy. One pouch had a full magazine of

.303 bullets. Bang ,bang ,bang, a machine gun magazine. Luck was with me, because I got 6 bullets and scampered back into the woods. Hide them was my first thought. This was to save carrying our gear home. I mean the cops sometimes took our stone guns off us so we'd hide them. Mine was under an old wren's nest where I'd dug a bottle hole. Narrow at the top and wider at the bottom. Once those bullets were hidden, I got back with my mates.

Grenade.

Well we knew what it was. I mean we all read books and I was around nine years old at this time. We were throwing that grenade into holes all over, playing at soldiers. No, we didn't pull the pin. It was corroded and we didn't know about that. Just that we should leave it in. We never did think about what we were going to do with the grenade afterwards. The damn thing went off. I'm sure we all shit ourselves at the time and we were definitely frightened. What a bang though and how lucky were we to have our heads down, like real soldiers. Yes, even to this day we could have all been dead.

Did we run? Up into the woods and to the top. Along the bushes past the college. A few adults were out. Must have heard the explosion. Police cars had bells at that time not long after the war. They were on the way. We didn't go back to the woods for over 3 weeks. Spoilt our summer that did and it even got a mention in the evening papers. Mysterious Explosion. If only they knew. You want my mate's names, Keith, Brian, and Allan. Mine? I'm still free.

My dad was at sea when Allan's dad found his bullets. Did he sprat on us. All 4 parents had a meeting. As I said, my dad was at sea. The full story came out and all the bullets were collected but mine. I said I'd lost mine running through the woods after the grenade went off. I remember it was Keith's dad who got rid of them because he was ex army. Anyway it was kept to ourselves, just the four families. My mother though, she knew me better than most parents ever knew their sons. I some times tried to explain it all to her.

She was a cook at a big hotel. I had to look after my brothers and sisters when she was at work. I only went to sleep during the day when bogey man had been gone for a long time. I told her one day everything that she'd been cooking at the hotel. Right down to the puddings that went out. Yes, I counted them.

'You must have been looking through the window,' she said.

'Sure but the lower ones were frosted glass,' I said: 'No way to look through the upper ones without a ladder. No ladder at the hotel.'

That got to her.

Why could no one see me, what was the glow? I could see the same in the distance. Just showing as little pin-pricks. I learnt that I could enlarge it, but it made me weak. If I made it small, then I was strong. It was when I made it larger that I lost control. When it was small, then I could go fast in any direction I chose. I learnt also that I was fairly solid in some respects. The wind I could feel against me. Objects I could not pass through. I could enter some places, but there were limitations. Against any object, I was solid, but not visible. Why was the light not visible to anyone? It took me years to find out.

Bogeyman still came around but I'd learnt to never go straight up. I used to keep level with the ground for at least a mile before I went into the sky. Some of my brothers and sisters had bad dreams. It was me, looking after them that helped them. What I did was to place my light against theirs in my dream and tell them that they were all right. None of them were fully like me. The glow from them was weaker. I still taught them not to go straight up in the sky in the dream. Not to ever speak out of turn. I even took them up one by one just before dark to show them the ghosts heading towards us. Then quickly we were back down again.

Something important happened one day. Keith, was staying with me. We'd been out most of the day when we decided to go up and see some of my "Fag-card" collection. His eyes closed and he nodded off.

I thought maybe, just maybe. I touched him and relaxed myself. Next second we were both above the house and he was laughing. The moment that I let go of him a change took place. It was as if he was lost. Totally lost above the earth. I quickly grabbed him and there we were on the bed as if nothing had happened. He woke up crying to himself, because we were both naked. I told him he'd fallen asleep while waiting for a bath. Once he was calmed down, he explained that he'd dreamed we were up in the sky together and when I had pulled away from him, he'd been afraid of getting back. I started to pull his leg about it and threatened to tell our other mates. That got to him for a bit, because if I told our mates, then they'd think him stupid. In the end I got away with it. He'd keep quiet about it for sure.

I'd discovered something though, a means of being able to do something positive with my gift. From that time on things were steady, except for my shadows. How were they able to trace the area where I lived? I'm suddenly thirteen years of age. Still scrapping when I got the chance. I have a name for it and it doesn't come to me often now. Unless that is, another village lad came to try me out. You see our town was built up of five villages. Ashby, Old Brumby, Crosby and two others. Look them up and you'll find Scunthorpe.

What stops any one? I'll tell you straight. A punch, or a kick in the throat. A brick, a baton, a knife, any thing to put them down. Do you think I'm proud of what I did to others? Even then I wasn't, but they just wouldn't leave me be. The police was always at the house trying to pin something on me. I had my witnesses and never started a fight first.

Best thing I did was take an exam for Navy College. I passed it all right but nearly didn't get in. Never knew if they were aware of my fighting or whether it was because my mum and dad didn't have much money. A letter arrived saying that I was not accepted for college. Two days after another came saying I was in. I figured it out on my own after a couple of years.

Although I was of medium height. I was broad and very fit. I refused my first scrap at navy school. It took another two refusals before I realised something needed sorting out. The masters had seen it all and had done nothing.

All of us lived in lodgings during the week. We'd also found out the short cuts to getting there. I purposely found out which alleyways my tormentors used. Me, a scrapper was going to do it my way and on my ground. Luck was on my side. Two of them lived near each other and used the same alleyways. Now classes never finished together. First one out was it, so one would be in front of the other. Who's crafty? Me.

Told the seamanship master that I had an afternoon dental appointment. That dinner I shot home and got civvies on. Finished at the dentists I waited with one foot against the alley wall. Hello arsehole, this was all I said to the first. He thought it was funny somehow. Sorry but he didn't even make first base. I'll tell you. I even battered him a few time after he was out. Purposely around his eyes. Never again would he fight with out thinking of me. I walked towards the school after leaving him. Trouble was when I saw the next one he was just coming out the gates. Two of his mates were with him.

Hearing them coming down the alley I stepped out.

'It's the coward,' he said: 'what are you hiding here for?'

Couldn't he see that I was in civvies? Was he blind or what? Does a coward walk purposely round a corner and advance? He was a dick head. Fairly sure his mates knew different though. Maybe one of the other lads at the school from my home town had said something. Four lads from my home town had got to college with me. Bigger they are, the

harder they fall. Remember the throat. Yes I hit him fully knowing how dangerous it was. I wanted him down. Down, down, down. I kicked him straight on the jaw.

His two mates were astonished at how fast it happened.

'Do you want the same?' so quietly I asked them: 'listen to me. Tomorrow when asked, it was the gang from the top school, do you get me or do you want to be in his position? If I'm expelled through your gobs, then you'd better leave as well. I'll even do it before I leave.'

I was in the shit myself and I knew it. Or was I. Next day I was hauled out of seamanship class to the head captain's office. I asked the master if he'd come along too. He did. I was accused of putting two lads in hospital with severe injuries. Couldn't be me, I was at the dentists. Took my card for it out of my pocket. Even the seamanship master backed me up. I was sent out. Outside his office were the two.

'Remember,' I said passing them.

Even had time to show them my dental appointment. They were the real cowards. Yes, I did get off.

'We are watching you,' said the headmaster.

No one ever tried a thing with me, after that episode. Not singularly that is. Me, two years younger than the bully. I was left well alone, in the matter of fisty-cuffs.

It was only in milling, a form of boxing, that others saw how fast I was, and how dangerous. Never found out who set me up though. Was walking down an alley one night, when wham. Flattened straight out with something. Woke up cold, shivering and bruised all over. My eyes were totally black. I'd been totally hammered. Really hammered. Only rumour at school that I ever heard was that it had been four young fishermen. They used to come down and take tickets. You know, Bosun's and above, tickets to get up to skipper on the trawlers.

It was my dad who gave me the truth of it though. I'd belted one of them a few weeks earlier. Yes me at 13 years of age. I took on anyone out of school. It was win or lose. If I got the throat straight away then it was all over. Had a few close calls but I did it. Anyway my dad came home about two weeks after it had happened and was telling mum about someone at the college been beat up severely. The lad I'd belted was a skipper's son and he'd sent his young fishermen round. They'd got my name from someone. Must have really put the pressure on him, to give them my name and to point me out. I took up Karate after that. The lessons took place at the other end of the city, where no one knew me. It taught me that I was not Invincible. I could be beaten.

It was also during my 3 years at navy college, that I finally figured out why I'd landed up first in a basket and then on the landing the second time. I also got rid of bogey and his girlfriend permanently. Normally it was back in my bed where I normally awoke, but why were those two different occasions.

Clothes, yes that was it. Both times my clothes were involved. First time in the outhouse and then second time, on the landing. Mother used to pile them first on the landing and then take them to the outhouse to be washed. I didn't go home one weekend from school. Stayed in the lodgings to study Navigation.

Fell asleep and there I was looking down on my lodgings and moving around the city, then back above the lodgings. Woke up back on my bed with nothing on. Three days later, I spotted the bogey man and his woman around the estate. It was fifty six mile to home by road and twenty five over the river.

I was scared out of my mind that he'd find me. Took to all the alleys until he went away. We used to hitch hike home from five ways, which was on the outskirts of Hull city. In the mean time, what was giving me away? I was really crapping myself. Would he just appear again every time I soared into the sky. I'm a fighter but he was massive. The

woman wasn't much different to him. Why was he seeking me? What was his purpose? It was the same person just older. The same man from when I was four years of age. My mind went haywire during the next twenty four hours. It came to me slowly, not fast like an idea, but slowly.

Bright lights and pin-prick lights in the distance. Not many about, but the odd one or two. It's in bright sunlight when I can do it best but even these lights were brighter than that. They must have been, for me to see them. Just like the sun's rays off a mirror. Was I a spot of light to them in the distance and for bogeyman? He never found me though because I stayed away from him. Using the alleys, always the alleys. I'm sure if he'd seen me, he would have recognised me as one of the kids growing up in the town over the water. I am always on the move.

I went home for a weekend and took some clothes to the woods. Spring bank holiday, so I had a few days. I had to find out how far I could travel though. The sun was out and just a few clouds in the distance. I'd travelled home on my bike. I was tired really, not had much sleep thinking about what I was going to do. I could see myself looking down. How did I move? Simple. I thought it, and I did it. Slowly at first and I was moving, not too fast, but there I was looking down at my clothes in the wood. Think it and it happens. I'm in the woods naked. My clothes were under me. I can move from place to place but my clothes need to be there before me.

Why my clothes?

This was the furthest I'd travelled. A distance of over five miles. I'd learnt how and in what direction I could move. Think it and it happened. Bogeyman, he must have thought he'd made a mistake, or that I'd made one. I'd spotted him getting out of a car about half a mile from my clothes. I watched him start walking in my direction before descending. Me, I was on my bike, hat on and sunglasses. I did a wide detour before heading home.

I knew somehow, that one day I would need my bullets that I'd hidden away all those years ago.

I was good at metal work. Made all sorts. My crowning glory was what I made for bogeyman. I borrowed a Vanier and measured the diameter of the .303 cartridges. I then drilled two holes in a 1" thick plate of steel. It was 6" long x 1-1/2" wide x 1" thick. I added a hinge to another thinner piece of metal drilled it to the centres of the thick section. Tapped two threads and screwed in two screws. These had been ground down to small tips. A flip spring was added to close them together and I adjusted the pin ends to come together even. Nothing left to chance. If one was a dud after all this time then doubling up would cover it I hoped. Two cartridge ends would be hit at the same time. With a good saw that I took from the wood yard and a spade from our shed. A 5lb hammer and some dark twine that I'd dyed brown. Yes I pinch a bloody saw, so what. What I set out to do was going to be far worse.

The pine wood. Possibly belongs still to Briggs the farmer or sold. Yes in the middle is a Crematorium now. Anyway, a saw and nails 6", 4". I was going to do it. I'd made a few drawings, so I had a general idea of what I wanted. I found the ideal spot and commenced to nail my device across a small pathway. I'd also drilled four holes in the thick plate by this time and 2" nails were driven home through the plate into the wooden branches laid across the pathway. I used bark to make it look natural. The dyed cord secured everything in place. Bogeyman was about 6ft 6" so I lined up for 5ft 4". It was the best estimate I could make out. His chest.

I did nearly a dozen tests on the release mechanism of my gadget. It worked perfectly. Over the next few days I had some digging to do. Pits, 2ft wide and approx, 5ft long. Definitely 6ft deep. Carting away the soil was a major problem. Had taken one of our blankets off the bed to use. If you think I'm crazy, then don't walk in the woods if you know

I'm around. I cut stakes from another part of the wood. Even got some bamboo from a small garden shop. All were sharpened and embedded in the ground at the bottom of the pits. It is in the books, how to set an animal trap. This was a man trap.

Summer 1958.

I did it. Took my bike and some clothes to Fairy Dell. (For some it will ring a bell.) I had a day to wait because dark clouds were over the sun. I wanted nothing to go wrong. I actually did it the next day. Mum knew something was going on because I wouldn't leave the house. Up the stairs and onto my bed, to force myself to sleep. I'd kept awake all night readying myself for this day. It was going to be a turning point. I just knew it. Just to get the bogeyman off my back. No one knew how much he terrified me. I'm just fourteen years old. Over the woods and down, I somehow felt that it was hard to awaken that day and only wondered about it later. Naked I awoke in the woods once again and got dressed. I set both 303 cartridges in position. Checked that all was set correctly and then I was away on my bike. I'd worn gloves and mittens. Wiped everything clean of fingerprints. Dumped every thing in Silica Lodge at the opposite end of town. A large, man-made lake developed from old quarries. What the bogey man never knew was that I'd found out something important. The way he walked through the woods, off the main tracks. Travelling only on the really small ones. You see I'd been reading a book on wood craft.

Scout-style.

Little pieces of twigs set on the little tracks gave me his route. It had taken me hours to set them and hours to find his route. It was all on my maps. Written on paper and tree bark cut with minute nicks to show me the way. You want to know something. I made Head Lines. Man shot dead. Woman seriously with injured from animal trap. It was in for three nights running. It gave all the details of how it had been done.

No one had seen me making my weapon. Kids can go any where with out suspicion. They could in those days. I sodded off, back to college across the water that Sunday. If they came for me, I'd fly.

What my mother's feelings were I didn't ask. She just knew that I was involved and all she did for two days was silently cry. I saw the tears in her eyes but she said nothing. Yes, I'd killed a man. He'd been a shadow for nine and a half years. Finally he was gone. What happened to the women, I don't know because I never saw her again. I was free of him.

Yes free.



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