



Note to my Sci-fi readers: All the places, timelines, events, technologies, and organizations in Elements are real and true.

Contact me through the website if you have questions. djlynn.com

This is one of several teasers to the book. One or more chapter excerpts follow below. More to come. Follow me on @dylandjay -- [Instagram](https://www.instagram.com/dylandjay) for more.

Summary:

Sara Bryn Kenyon believes she's just a young data scientist until she discovers the mysterious connections between her son and long-term friends Tom, a retired cartographer on the verge of mental collapse and Drake, a brilliant and gay former model turned AI gaming entrepreneur.

As they begin to unravel their entangled relationships and strange powers, they discover it was not by accident. A strange being has brought them together for a world changing task. Their knowledge and unique abilities could save the future if they are willing to believe and act in time.

Prologue:

In March 2020 Catherine Reynolds-Carter received a letter from a lawyer in Maldonado, Uruguay. The letter was to inform her that Sara Bryn Kenyon's home near Piriápolis had been confiscated by authorities.

Hello,

After numerous unsuccessful attempts to locate Ms. Kenyon for the purposes of past due tax payments, it was declared that the contents of her property are to be released after payment is received in the sum of 28096.250 UYU. According to our research, you are the only direct relative. Please contact my office to make arrangements to make payment and claim the property by May 1, 2020, otherwise the property will be released to the state.

*Sincerely
Dr. Jonás Bergstein*

Within a week, Sara's good friend Catherine flew to Piriápolis to retrieve Sara's belongings. Among the personal effects and property was a large wood and leather trunk with marks and carvings that seemed to be very old. It was one of the few items Catherine took back to the USA.

The Letter in the trunk:

Hi Catherine,

I can only hope that you are the one reading this, that the trunk has not fallen into the wrong hands. Try not to worry about me. I can take care of myself. There is so much you should know, and I have spent years trying to understand and decipher the information I was given, but I did not want to tell you anything until the time was right.

Start by reading the journals dated 1994 because that's when it began. Do you remember when I told you about the incident in July 1995 when Jax and I were in Chicago? Over the years I discovered there was much more to what happened that night.

Remember when I went to Ecuador and the Galapagos for Jax's 13th birthday and Drake went with us? Drake and I discovered some important—very important humanity-altering information. They were things I could not share with you at the time. I have not gone crazy but reading the journals will cause you some concern. You will find that Jax and Drake know all of this, but I am sure that at this writing they have not told you anything.

Drake and I have been in close touch over the years. It might sound strange to you, but we found out that we have a physical relationship in common. No no, not the sexual kind, but some common ancestry that's

quite unique. I'll leave that for a later discussion. It is time now to make things known. We are in that process now.

Try not to worry about me. Kiss the boys for me. They're not really boys anymore, are they? Give them a big kiss anyway.

Love Sara

ELEMENTS

Chapter Excerpt — Just a Small Bite

Sunday, April 24, 1994

Only a few years had passed since the mature discipline of statistics had started up a passionate affair with the very young and sexy computer science. It was going to prove to be a dangerous union—a black swan with world-reaching consequences.

The conference was one of the first KDDs or Knowledge Discovery in Database workshops to garner a large group of participants. The current ideas were based around consumer database marketing in an attempt to bring data mining into the eyes of investors. Few outside the industry knew that companies had started gathering large amounts of personal information with plans to start targeted marketing campaigns (that's what they told the public, anyway). The campaigns were already being highly focused based on an individual's personality, buying habits, color of their skin, gender, and political preferences, as well as utilizing the names and ages of children, birthdays, addresses, financials, and anything at all that could be discovered or recovered from an individual's online activity. Eventually, as everyone in the industry knew but did not openly discuss, the data gathering would link email address with streets and cities, and cell phone numbers with social security numbers and from there would progress to associating online photos and voice recognition. Personal privacy was already dead and 99.9% of the population of the world were oblivious.

Sara got involved in the late 80s, just after completing her masters in analytics, on an elevator ride with a handsome mid-thirties man in a dark suit, red tie and polished Ferragamo's. A twelve-floor conversation ended in a scheduled meeting set for the following day after which she was hired on the spot as a technical research analyst for an edgy, under the radar research company. She got several jobs that way—a random meeting turned into opportunity. She knew her intellect and abilities didn't go unnoticed, but she also knew that she often got the job because of her looks. The executive thought he might get lucky at some point. Sometimes he did—but always on her terms.

It was the second half of a two-week business trip to New Orleans. The annual conferences were deliberately held during Jazz Fest to loosen the wallets of the scientific and medical button-down crowd anxious to escape the tremors of children's feet running through the house and a pretty wife in comfortable shoes chattering about the deficiencies of the current housekeeper and how they must have a landscape architect do a redesign.

Sara took the short cab ride to Lafitte's to meet up with Tammo, a doctor from Amsterdam she had met at the conference in Dallas last month.

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She didn't care for Dallas, but she did love the Mansion. It was March and still cold. She dropped her jacket off her shoulders and decided on one more drink at the Mansion Bar before she would retire for the night. Tammo didn't hesitate to sit next to her and place his hand on the bar in front of her.

“Let me buy you another drink.”

His voice sounded like Jeff Goldblum—flirty, dirty, possibly dangerous. She turned to see a beautiful late-thirties tall man with fair hair, a strong chin and large eyes that shifted in the light from green to brown. He

sat, white shirt tucked and open at the neck, tailored arm leaning gently on the bar; he spoke perfect English with a delicious accent. She focused deep into his eyes while she spoke.

“Scotch rocks water back.”

He motioned the bartender. She reached out her hand. “I’m Sara.” The hand that was on the bar lifted slowly and took hers, turned it over and kissed it as his eyes moved on her face and mouth. He was good, she thought and right out of the mastery of power workshop *manipulating unconscious processes*. She knew it well, and lucky Sara was right here in the middle of the year of exploration. She was in the mood. He got lucky. They both did, and they swore to meet in New Orleans the next month.

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Tammo looked better than she remembered.

“Beeldschoon!” He took her shoulders and kissed her three times cheek to cheek. “I have a surprise; Eric invited us to his party. Stuffy Eric is getting married, but this isn’t the ordained bachelor party. He hired out the entire State Palace and DJ—it’s some sort of underground dance club. Please don’t say no. I promise you an evening of sensual delights.”

Sara would not say no. The theater was in the uptown lake area and looked like it had been around awhile, but everything in New Orleans looked dated. Inside it was ornate—opera-like art deco with massive balconies.

“Eric rented this place?”

Tammo took her hand. “You don’t know Eric, but he often throws money around just because he can. He tells me this is the epicenter of the southern rave scene.”

“I don’t know what that means—what’s a rave scene?”

He laughed gently and leaned in toward her mouth and whispered, “The only thing I know is that it will get crazy so don’t take your drinks from anyone but me.”

Journal Entry, April 25, 1994

I wasn’t prepared for the deluge of strange people, beast-creatures, nearly naked, some in costumes but others looked so real it was impossible to tell. I looked deep at them as if to find a human form behind a mask.

They all roamed the huge theater through a field of neon light. Some had yellow eyes that lit up in the black light. Two clean cut and fit 20-something men had fluffy white angel wings over their bare shoulders and thin white tights held tight against every naked bulge underneath casting shadow in the neon like luminescent snakes.

Music screamed from the stage. People were weaving and jumping on the floor in rhythm—a frenzy of bodies smashed into each other and arms with animal claws shoved at the air. Many of the women had light circles on their heads; some wire-spiraled upward eight or more inches and glowed like an alien lighthouse.

“The neon crowns mean the girls are consenting to sex with anyone—any gender,” offered Tammo.

“Well, that cuts out the guesswork. These are all Eric’s friends? There must be a thousand people here.”

“He has a lot of friends in the city—his fiancé is from here too—wealthy family on the other side of town, but he’s been passing out fliers all week to people on the street or in bars—anyone he liked the looks of, particularly if they look like they might be gay. He swings that way most of the time, but I have found him versatile.”

“You’ve been with him?”

“Yes, Tammo whispered. He was delicious and so was Landon, his friend. You should try it sometime.”

“Try what?”

“Two men, of course.”

Tammo pulled her into a dance, and they hovered there suspended by the chaotic energy in the room. After an hour or more of continuous movement and flashing lights, Sara must have looked a bit overwhelmed.

Tammo turned toward her and took her face in his hands and whispered, “Ignore all these crazies; this was just a place I thought would loosen us nerds up. I’m only interested in you.”

Tammo put his arm around her and steered her to a dimly lit triangular alcove at the side of the theater. The eight-foot walls, like those in an art exhibit, formed a semi-private space about the size of a small 3-sided closet. Inside it was dark and a small bench seat was attached to the back wall about 3 feet up from the floor. He whispered something to Sara, but she could only hear fragments over the pounding music. He pushed his mouth to her ear. Words were pouring like a stream. Something—the alcohol she guessed—heightened the sound and sensations. The words echoed and sounded like hard rain falling on her face—wet, tight, lips, death. Did he say death? She wasn’t sure but her back arched and she reached for his face as if compelled to touch him—to move her hands all over him.

“Do we have an agreement?”

What did he say? Words swam in her head and mixed with the alcohol, and she thought for a moment she should leave, but he took her waist and pressed himself against her while pushing her dress up toward her waist. Wet breath was on her neck and shock waves ran down her spine. She thought she felt a small bite on her neck but there was no pain—only pleasure.