



While cruisin' Sombbrero in my '66 Shelby GT350. Orion's Belt pulled up alongside me.

"Hey Sam, I been listening to your condor watchdog Lee, broadcasting live from the Lighthouse Tree. That cat's one cool bird! You heading to Luxaria, or haven't you heard?"



"Sup' B! I didn't know constellations could travel. Why don't you park and ride with me!"

B jumps into Sam's ride, closes the door and cries, "Orion doesn't need me. I'm ready to party like it's 1993! The Sky Pulse Festival better be ready for me!"



We pull up, double-parking at Luxaria's Studio M104. The sun is going down. Red-violet, yellow and green lights, vintage cars and spaceships abound.

Bass is bumpin' Electric Love — the beat and the vibe surround us. We start dancing; can't wait to step in the club.



... to be continued.