

Chris T. Sun And The Monsters  
(When The Sky People Came To Brooklyn)  
By Carlito

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**Day 1, December 25, 2022**

## Dedication

This adventure is dedicated to:  
Sifu, for helping me understand the path of a peaceful warrior, inside and out, and showing me that I am a blade of grass, CHIN

to Charles (Morpheus),  
for putting a roof over the head of a broke writer, and showing me through his courage in the art, and life, that we are all rich in courage and love when we practice letting go, and for showing how a good Bruce Lee, or Jackie Chan flick can melt all troubles away,  
LMAO

to my parents,  
who plucked me from the divine vacuum and gave me a chance to be myself and love myself and gave a foolish child his room back, even after becoming a foolish man,

to the little king,  
who showed me what love is in its purist form and how it heals and transforms, and for showing the value of practicing a good squat, ☺☺☺☺ <3

to the sky-people,  
for letting me write in peace by restricting their anal probing, and genetic experiments, to places other than New York on any day of the week, (as far as I remember... LOL)  
to Pope Francis for putting himself on the line for peace, and who I hope will be the first to greet the sky-people when they return or else we are all in BIG trouble, ☺  
and lastly, and most profoundly, to my Tiger,  
who *is* love, who *is* kindness, who *defines* bravery in every aspect and who has lifted me above dark clouds to show me my own self playing among the stars that have always waited for me, as I have always waited for her <3 <3 <3

## Preface

We are in the time of the sixth sun!

And everything we do is in preparation for our journey to the stars!

Although, at times it may not seem so: humane evolution, humane understanding comes in frustrating spurts.

For instance, after the historic election of President Obama, the first African American president, the U.S. congress seems more determined than ever to not only maintain their status quo but to cut programs for the neediest Americans as well. And as of this writing, unemployment benefits were cut from millions of Americans, during the holidays no less. However, just forty years ago the election of an African American president was unthinkable!

Also, after NASA's budget was cut and the space shuttle program was shelved, many private companies took up the call to for space travel! For instance, the nonprofit Inspiration Mars Foundation aims to launch two people on a 501-day Mars flyby mission in January 2018. Their aim is to generate excitement about space travel and test out technologies needed to put people on Mars.

And, according to Exo-vaticana, by Chris Putnam and Tom Horn, Pope Francis, who has spoken out on everything from gay liberation to the responsibilities of corporations to help the poor, will soon announce the existence of, extraterrestrial life among whom an alien savior will emerge to reinvigorate Christian teachings!

So you see, my little fiction book may not be far off the mark. Look at it as a suggestion of how things might occur.

What if an ancient, intelligent civilization, that had been cradling humanity for thousands of years, sent a family to earth with a child meant to take the job as savior of the humane race? What challenges would he face? After all, the monsters, as he and the sky-people call them, have not made life easy for themselves or him. Can he see through his negative experience, and put his heart forward to see their good, and bring them into a new era of peace and enlightenment? All their lives will depend on his decision.

As I said, everything we do is ultimately in preparation for our journey to the stars and this book is no different. It is a look into how it all may turn out.

And in my mind and heart, and I pray in yours as well, the cities have already been built on the moon, the colonies have already been set up on Mars, and the stars are already an extension of the love and peace that humanity is destined for.

# Carlito

January 2014

## Prologue

Ahhh...we meet again! We recognize many of you, of course. We've seen you shaking in your beds, fidgeting with your cameras...by the way--did you ever get a photo for Aunt Lucy? No? Sorry to hear.

Anyhow, by now you know us by a few names: The Oannes, the GökTürk, or perhaps the Anunnaki. But you may simply call us: The sky-people. We have been with you from your humble yet arrogant beginnings in the trees. Which is why through the millennia we have sent our sons and daughters to check on you. Which brings us to Chris, who will decide if your world can be saved. But challenges lie ahead: Your eye bulging obsession with green paper for one. Plus: Your four-wheeled A.P.E. S.K.U.L.L.'s skulls pollute, your buildings block the sun, and fear blocks your hearts. To say nothing of: professional wrestling, political parties, reality television and the MMA. Chris may not be able to save you from yourselves. The child has much to understand of you monsters and you have much more to understand of yourselves. Forgive me. "Monster" is a poor translation of the Skymoanian word, Hay-más. But you know how meaning is lost in translation. Don't take it personally. Also, I did not mean to digress into criticism. I simply meant, that despite all, we have high hopes. As you know, our last few emissaries did not fare well:( But growing pains are natural and we know results will be different this time around.:-)

So, when you're done with this book check that you have made the needed notes in the margins explaining, for example, why the Hay-más should continue their reign on earth. On the rear cover feel free to list complaints such as any mishap on a recent abduc-

tion. Afterwards, place your book into the structure of the vacuum of all that is and we will retrieve it.

Finally, I will leave you with this: we expect you to fully help Chris T. Sun. Do as the child ask and perhaps we'll cut down on the night visits, the crop circles, and, if you're really good, we might let you get that photo for aunt Lucy! We can't throw anal pros into that deal, however. The look on your faces are too priceless to pass up:D Oh—one last thing: We'll be watching!

Yours Truly

The Sky-People

XXOO

1. In the beginning there was light.
2. And the Gods rode their Chariots of fire to earth and shaped it for the Hay-más.
3. And it is written; in the dawn of the sixth sun a child shall grace them.
4. And this child shall be born of Sarah and Jorge.
5. And Chris T. Sun shall be its name.
6. And the fate of the Hay-más shall reside in  
its heart.



**Day 1**

**December 25, 2022**



From The Crucifixion 1350  
Artist Unknown

The New York Amateur Astronomer December 25<sup>th</sup> 2022. Merry Christmas. Sunspots this week reached an unusual and unrecorded high. How this will affect the public's health, scientists don't know. Furthermore, the more speculative and excitable of the bunch caution that unpredictable shifts in the visible light spectrum could occur.



The monsters had me again...on my knees and facing the black doorway!

I few moments ago I had raced down Bay Ridge Avenue with coolness, as they gawked at me from the bread lines and glared at me from their air killing, four wheeled, A.P.E. machines. They must have sensed my superiority, especially while I dogged out their innately bewildered offspring. But none of them could know my secret: that I was a sky-person.

You see, in the mind and the body, monsters are slow and sky people are—sky-people!

Most kids have the luxury of confining their monsters to closets or under beds, but mine were everywhere...in the grocery store, at school, in my home...there seemed no escape.

And here I will issue my first caution, which I should have heeded.

Be wary—monsters pack tricks up to their hairy necks!!

So as I hustled around the corner of Bay Ridge and fourth with all engines firing, I collided with the tall fat beast, Tubby! The impact jettisoned me onto my back and into my current predicament.

How gracious he had seemed as he lifted me by my sweatshirt and dusted me off. But afterwards he placed his hand on my shoulder with a sad smile and threw open his jacket. The stem of his emerald knife had caught the sun and reflected my future.

In a split second his arm had cocked back, enough time for me to wonder what I had done to deserve this monster world, and then my breath vanished and I dropped to my knees, where you find me now.

I waited for the black doorway to claim me as I held my gut. However, the blood never came. He patted my shoulder.

“Merry Christmas,” he said. “Just Breath...I didn’t punch you that hard. It’s my gift to you.” I opened my eyes and the knife shined in the same place it had been a minute before. When you’re ready, I have some rules to go over. But first lets get to know each other.”

He held out his hand. “How was you’re day off?”

I waved off his hand, breathed deeply and called upon my superior, sky-person, physicalness as I got to my feet.

In a moment I was back to my otherworld self. “I know you,” I said to the knife. “Tub—I mean, Bud--science class.”

“Nice save,” he smiled. Like most other monsters his face was a pale green, an effect produced by a laser brush. After the government rejected the world’s stand on fossil fuel, it had ratified its own bogus “green” treaty. President Palin said that any monster that voluntarily wore the green face in support would get extra food credits.

“I’m not sure what you mean,” I said, wiping a bead of sweat from my forehead. Eighty degrees for Christmas was a bit much.

“Our words are seeds that sprout our destiny to the sky. Of course, they are watered by our actions. But don’t worry—words don’t affect me the way they do you. Why don’t you and I take a walk?” He turned his back to me and would pay big for his overconfidence

“You must always be observant,” he continued. “Why would you turn down this block of all blocks? Many of these stores closed in the past year. My father used to work

over there...” He pointed toward a deserted storefront with carnations at the door.

“...Until there was no work. Oh well...it is all the birth canal isn't it?”

“Sorry to hear...but I really must go...homework...and I'm sure you have a lot also....”

I turned as if I was leaving then I clenched my fist and spun my arm like a saucer as I advanced. He turned his bodyweight into my arm and I flew into a parked skull machine.

“Not bad,” he grinned. “I love Chuck Norris to! But a spinning back fist requires light speed! “Did you notice you had to turn your back on me momentarily? That's the disadvantage of that technique.”

I looked at him with wide eyes.

“What's the matter?” he said. “Your assumption didn't pan out? You saw a heavy guy in front of you and you said: he's a turtle, he's got two speeds, slow and stop. Our assumptions are dull knives we use to tear into our days. And if you're not careful, they'll tear into you just as I did.”

He held out his hand again but I declined again and used my superior will to push up against a parked skull machine.

“And by the way,” he smirked. “Homework? It's Christmas. Although we have gotten a ton more since you arrived. But we can't blame everything on you, can we...Gort? I suppose not. It's not your fault we get just this one-day off a year. And your mother teaching for free...that scores points.”

“Excuse me...” I looked a question at him. “Gort?”

“You remember, Gort, don’t you? The Day The Earth Stood Still? Like you, he is a quiet, complex, character. A loner at heart—but it is only in being alone that our enlightened nature is revealed. However, was he the savior of worlds or the destroyer of worlds?”

“I love that look on your face--as if you’re disappointed that I’ve had a clear thought? I see the way you look at the others as well. I’ve looked at insects that way before I thought to crush the life from them.”

“But before we get to any crushing, I have rules to enforce that you and I should review.” He slowly reached toward the knife handle but scratched the mountain he called a stomach instead. “Unless, you have anymore techniques you’d like to share with me?”

I frowned and shook my head. “However, I really do have a lot of work to get to.”

He lifted and vibrated me with one claw.

“You had some dirt in your ears,” he said letting me drop. “Would you like a visual adjustment as well?”

“Thanks but I see your point--clearly.”

His followers pencil neck and stinky caught up, sucking and huffing, and collapsed against the gate of a deserted grocery store. With their arrival The Goofy Triad was complete, tops on the bully list at the junior monster high I attended—against my will.

Tubby glared at them and they jumped to attention and jammed my arms up my back. I reeled and grunted in secret especially since Stinky seemed determined to earn his nickname on this day. Which is my second caution to you: keep weakness and pain in a vault. The Monsters feed off it.

“You like how they jump with just a look?” he beamed. “You may think I lack brains, but we can agree that you, monster Gort, lack a vital element that I possess: respect.”

My eyes got hot, but as I warned: composure is essential with monsters.

“Did I strike a nerve?” he asked. He motioned with his hand and Stinky released my arm. Tubby took hold of my hand and examined it like his personal science project.

“I’ve got another pair just like these at home.”

“Amazing—these hands are the talk of the town.” He smiled wide-eyed. I was sure he would kiss me until he began counting. “One, two, three, four, five and...What do we have here? This little piggy should skip the market! He’ll scare the hell out of everyone!”

A dim light appeared in Pencil neck’s eyes.

“Hay!” he grinned. “Six letters in the word monster and six fingers!”

“Two Points for the educational system,” I mumbled.

Tubby’s head jerked up and his claw hooked my sweatshirt. His jaw trembled and shifted, as his chest heaved.

“Did I strike a nerve?” I stuttered.

“Very good,” he smiled. “Forgive my burst of emotion. Maybe we’re not Einstein’s like you but...” He held up my hand. “...At least we’re not monsters.”

He tossed me into the arms of his colleagues and reached into his Jacket. I steadied myself. The event horizon had claimed me, however, I would kiss the black doorway head on, as any sky-person would.

“You can open your eyes.” He said, taking a finger and lifting my eyelid. He placed his holophone under my nose and a book cover with a square headed green monster, materialized.

“Family album time?”

He waved a hand and Stinky and Pencil-neck pressed me against the store gate and tied my arms in either direction so that I took a “T” shape.

"Are you familiar with Frankenstein, Gort? No? See, we ain't as dumb as you tink. As you know, the job of a responsible citizen when a monster is lose, is to warn the town and hold the monster captive till the proper authorities can deal with the beast.

“Of course, in this case, Stinky and Pencil neck are the responsible citizens and yours truly is the proper authority.”

They fused a low rumbling laugh.

“You will be hanging around for a while,” Tubby said, folding up his holo-book. So I'll give you something to think about. In my little book is the monster the villain or the hero?”

He pulled a laser brush from his pocket and braced my chin with his claw.

“You see, Frankenstein simply did what came naturally to him, as did, Gort. But the villagers and earth people still had to do what was necessary. So, in that light-- Let us mark the beast, for all to see!”

A green beam shot from the pen and he moved it in circles over my forehead.

He stopped for a moment and examined his work.

“We might as well give you the whole treatment.” He smiled as he circled the pen over the rest of my face.



Then, over his shoulder, the black doorway swirled, clad in leather and Burberry.

Her almond stare hijacked my brain and flipped a switch that turned my nerves to a house of cards. And when my mother warned me to keep clean underpants, had she imagined I would marry such terror?

Until then She had remained a nightmare the monsters rumored about. She flew threw the air, one whispered, and knocked the brains out of three monsters. Another cried that she punched through brick and then chewed on cement. Some gave lists of monsters never heard from again. So she became an unnerving idea I elbowed away, along with getting my teeth drilled.

No one knew her real name and no one knew where she lived or where she came from. But now I knew she was teamed with the goofy triad, and not a sky person in sight on this miserable planet to even the odds. And my short life would end at the hands of the lowest of the low monsters. But pencil neck, and stinky gulped and stepped back. Tubby continued working on my face with the laser brush while he calmly placed his other hand on the emerald knife handle.

He winked at me. "I ain't as dumb as you tink," he mouthed.

In the distance an ambulance siren drew closer and as it rang our ears, Tubby coolly lifted the blade. His face was pleasant and eased, as if we had been chatting at a picnic. Then, as the siren peaked, he released the knife in an arc. But she flowed with him, as if she was him, and together they twirled as if in the final step of a life and death dance. I was almost sure she would dip him. Instead, she kicked the back of his knees and as he folded she took hold of his hair. Stinky and Pencil-necks green complexions, whitened.

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