

THE Residual Fields



DONALD "SCRIBE" ROSS

THE Resigned Fields

Created, Written, and Illustrated by
DONALD "SCRIBE" ROSS

DEDICATED TO MY FAMILY FOR ALWAYS
SUPPORTING ME IN MY DREAMS.

THE RESOUND FIELDS
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Resound Fields



Limerick Cove



Olive Jar Jungle



Arion Ater



Bergslag Sugar



Ambrosian



The Plateau



Kaputar



Bitter Dunes



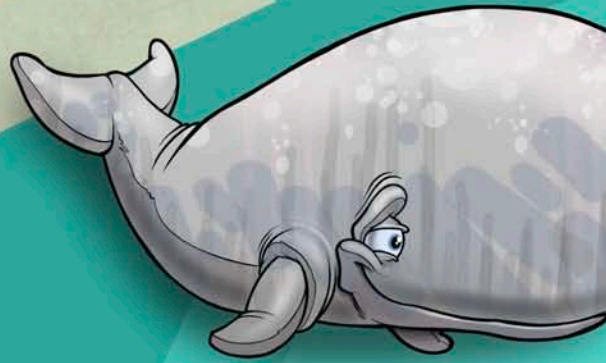
Bodalo



Amanuensis



Flotian Islands



Flotian Islands



Bitter Dunes

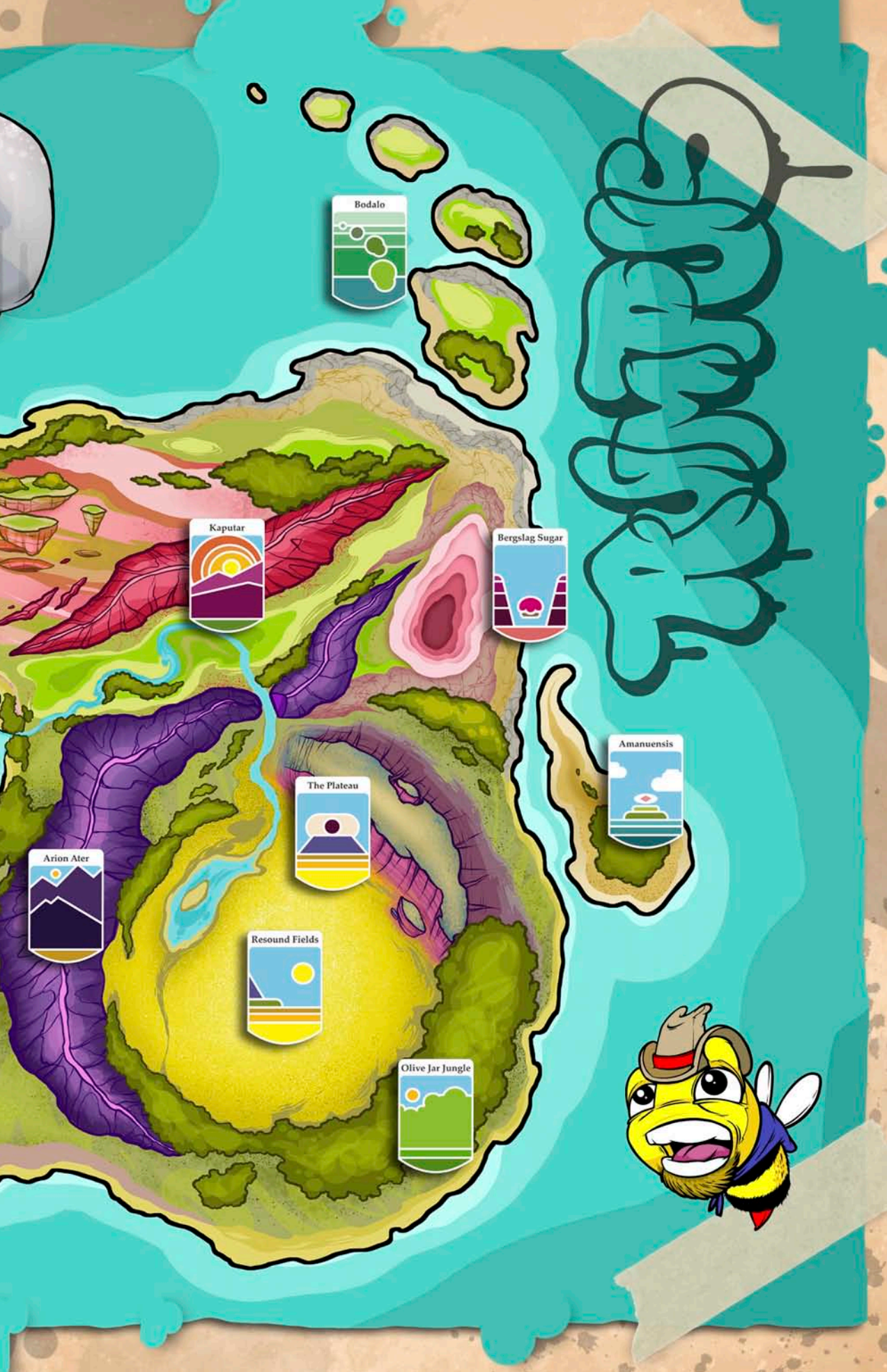


Limerick Cove



Ambrosian









RUN
DMC

BASEMENT
REMIXIST

CHAPTER 1

A DAY OFF OR AN OFF DAY?

A verdant spring morning dawned over the midtown section of Kansas City, Missouri. Inside a small studio apartment on the second floor, the morning light worked its way through the cracks of the shades. Soft blues and purples worked their way around the room, eventually landing on a large rhinoceros curled up in bed.

Rumpus, the rhino in question, was an artist trying to find his way—but he wasn't very excited about getting up for work. The light landed on his face, making his eyes squish and squeeze until a sliver revealed a small part of his off-white eye. His blue pupil raised into position like the morning sun.

"Oh God," he groaned. "I really don't think I can do another day at that stupid job."

As he sat up in bed, his shoulder drooped in defeat, and he slumped over. Rumpus reached over to grab his cell phone just as the annoying chime

of his alarm went off. He swiped to shut it off and dialed his work number, practicing a believable cough. It wasn't hard to summon up a sad voice, but Rumpus dropped it a couple octaves to leave a message.

"Hey, Bill," he said, coughing and then clearing his throat. "I'm sorry, man, but I'm not going to be able to make it into work today." He groaned for good measure. It wasn't hard to fake. "My stomach is all jacked up, and I am worried about getting sick at work. I'll call you this afternoon and let you know what's up with tomorrow." He coughed, and his voice grumbled as he said, "Thanks."

He disconnected and breathed a sigh of relief. Now Rumpus had something to look forward to. "I think," he began, his voice rising in a melodic tone, "today is a good day to go take pictures of graffiti!" He swung out of bed and swayed his hips in delight. "I heard Quisp did a new piece down in Brush Creek, and it's only a short bus ride away."

Rumpus flicked over to his music app and set the speaker above the vanity to play his latest Joc Max funk and soul mix. Joc rarely liked people to record his sets, but a mutual friend, Dani Girl, occasionally managed to weasel her way to recording one. In a cloud of steam and soul, Rumpus climbed into

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the shower, soaking for way too long, imagining himself washing off all the mundane and repetitive interactions of the previous day. He grabbed a poor breakfast of the previous night's pizza and coffee from Minsky's, packed his backpack with his sketchbook and phone charger, and headed out of his small apartment perched on the second floor.





There was always something special about taking the bus. Rumpus felt at peace when he had his headphones in and could watch the city roll by, like he was riding in a gentle beast floating on migration to another part of the world. The constant energy of people living their lives was both an amazing feeling and overwhelming to him. One day, he would experience it with fascination, and the next, it would freak him out to just think about how many people and creatures really lived out there in the world. His mind wandered until the driver sounded the announcement: “47th and Broadway, Plaza stop.” Rumpus exited the bus, made his way past the

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tennis players, and ambled down the hill into the dried-out flood drainage area known as Brush Creek.

Brush Creek was one of his favorite places to hang out. He would wander from one end of the plaza toward a place known as "The Paseo," a group of three dirty, long tunnels under Paseo Avenue. Painters, both professionals and amateurs, frequently gathered there during the day to paint. Rumpus saw Sebastian playing his saxophone in the middle, where the ceiling curved upward into a large concrete dome that carried the sound right into his bones. They never spoke to each other, but there seemed to be an understanding Rumpus had with him. Both of them were practicing their art in a special place, and that was all that they needed to know about each other. Rumpus had played sax in the past and sold it before going to school, a decision he seemed to regret from time to time. As he passed, he nodded to Sebastian.

Rumpus hopped back and forth over the drainage ditch flowing with water from the affluent Mission Hills, grimacing at all the trash that collected in the branches. People had left all types of personal items in a collage of discarded background stories. The Paseo was pretty gross, and the garbage made

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it difficult to paint. But what option did you have when you lived in a city that didn't support mural work of any kind? You fit in where you felt like you fit in. Rumpus wondered if that was what Sebastian felt, too.



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The sounds of Zero 7 gently flowed through a set of headphones on ears that seemed too small for Rumpus's bulky head. Violins and a heavy bassline set the pace of his impenetrable feet. He walked toward the east end and nostalgically noticed old tags of East and Krie, the bubble letters faded from big washouts during flooding times.

"I need to get out and paint more," he muttered to himself. Rumpus turned back to look at Sebastian, hoping the musician heard him and was going to slide him a nod of agreement, but Sebastian, his eyes closed, was in his own his own colorful cloud of sounds and musical storytelling. "That's a time when I feel the most free—or *felt* the most free. It sures seems like forever ago."

Rumpus couldn't really afford paint with his job, and he definitely couldn't afford to make bad decisions. He was on the tail end of a three-year probation, an excessive punishment for poor choices—stealing and worse—when he was eighteen. It had forever changed his life and altered a lot of his original dreams; he'd been pushed underground, like Sebastian's saxophone.

Just as his mind started to wander down a rabbit hole of self-pity, his thoughts were cut off by a

change of scenery. The new Quisp piece he had heard about was there, still untouched by the little wannabe gangster kids that also visited the tunnels. The sun's glare made the paint still look wet, and Rumpus took in a deep breath, as if he could still smell the paint fumes.

All he smelled was sour water and trash. *Amazing*, he thought. "It's cool to still see full color pieces where you could tell someone passionately put it out there, not expecting a return," he said aloud, raising his phone to take a picture. Street art was changing around him, and Rumpus was a romantic about changes in the scene.

The sound of rocks falling interrupted his thoughts, and Rumpus found himself squinting into the darkest shadow of the tunnel. There was a long pause, and even the wind around him and the leaves on the trees stopped moving as if all of them together were curious about the same thing.

This may sound weird for the location—but maybe not, considering all the gross stuff on the ground around him. A massive squishy, low thud hit the ground, and a small shockwave vibrated under Rumpus's feet. The sound of more rocks and wet slaps froze Rumpus in his tracks. He stared

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back into the mouth of the tunnel and started building an image of something huge back in the inky darkness. But how could that be? He'd just walked through there, and the faint music of the saxophone continued, uninterrupted. Was it some kind of earthquake? Kansas City didn't have those, did they? Chunks of rock broke loose from the cement bridge railing and fell toward the ground on the center tunnel; a small dust cloud rolled out like a hot breath past his weary feet.

A man ran to the southern side of the bridge, stealing Rumpus's focus from the inside of the tunnel. "At least I know it's not only in my mind," he muttered.

Rumpus stood in silence for a moment, waiting for what might be coming next, but there was nothing.

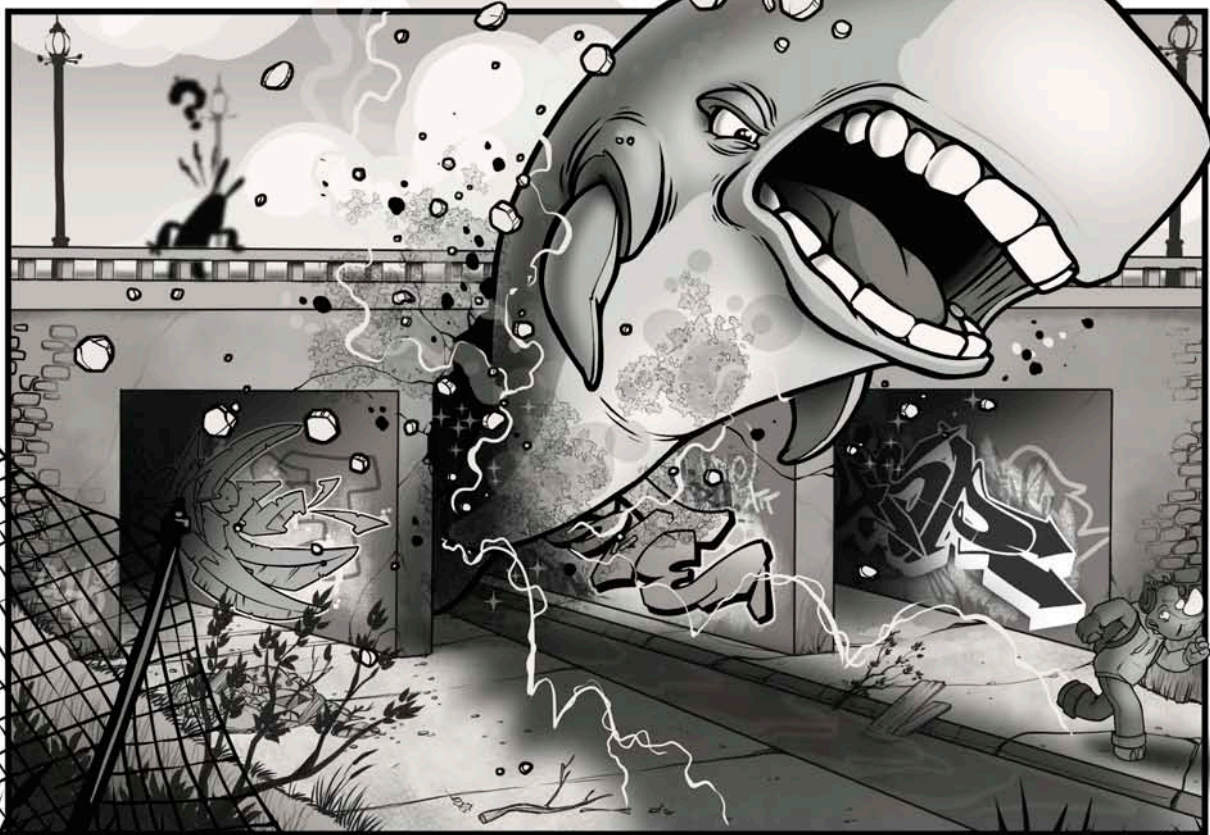
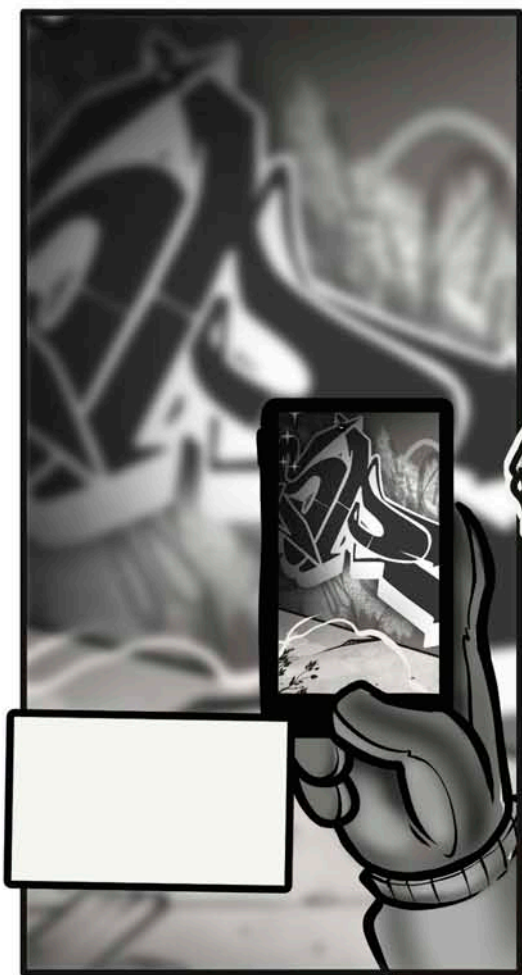


My mind must be playing tricks on me because I'm still stressed about my probation.

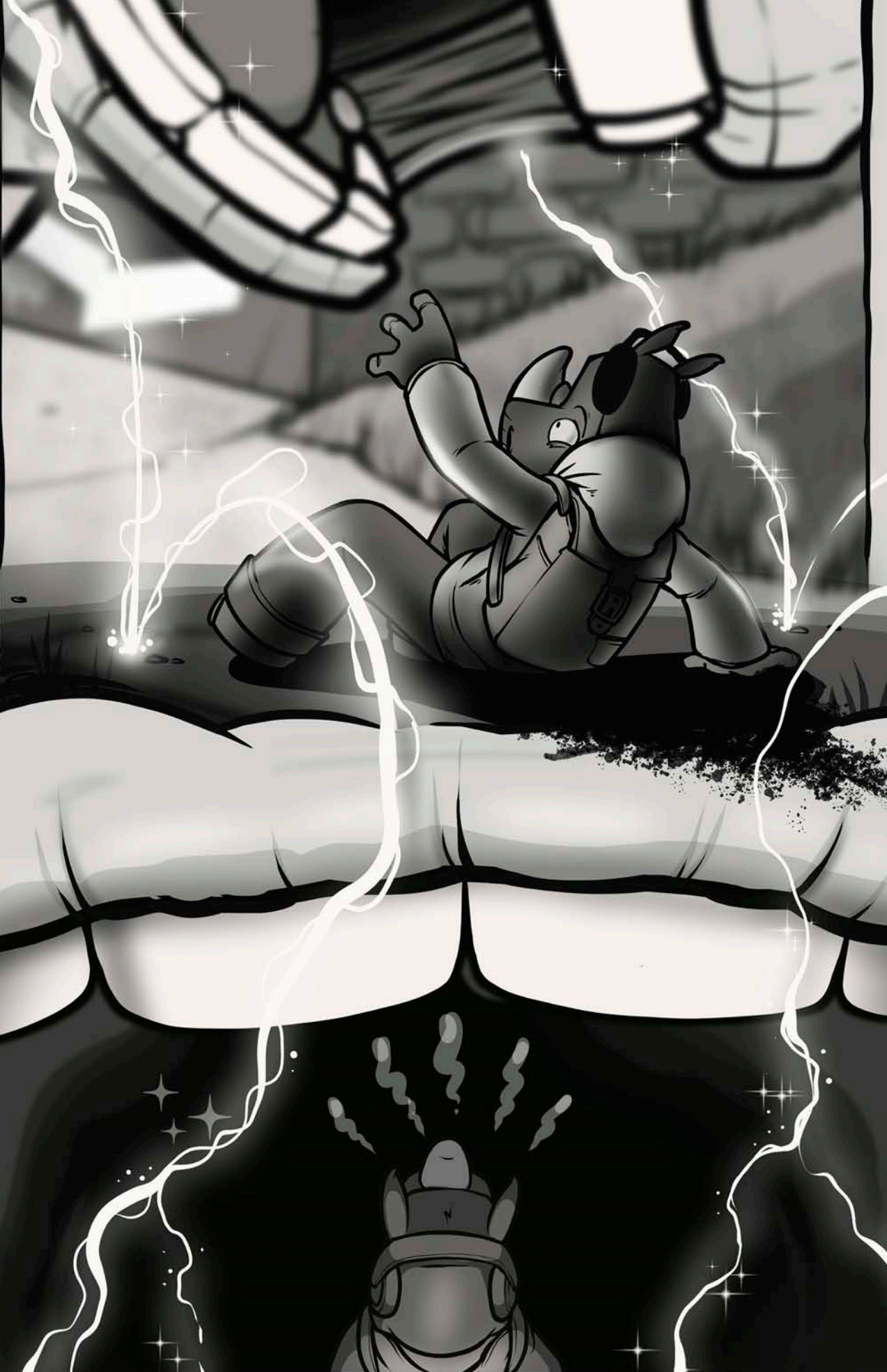
He knew there were sewer pipes in the tunnels; there must be something happening elsewhere that rattled all drain run-off pipes leading in there. Who knew what it could be in this area? Maybe part of the construction projects planned to permanently fill Brush Creek with water, making his favorite walks through this old street art gallery a thing of the past. Rumpus sighed as he looked back down at the camera on his phone. "What a shame," he said aloud.

Sometimes I wish I could just be taken away from all of this... It seems like everything I love the most fades away or is taken from me as I get older, year after year...just like my grandfather too.











CHOMP!

