

Look Out:
The Unbelievable Untold Story of
The Pewpils!

or

(How we all become Some Body Elses)

by

Whomever U. Want

Caution:

This book may intentionally or otherwise act as a pathway or portal into new and evermore exciting realities and dimensions. Our current existence holds as many realities as there are individual minds to perceive them. Entering into another reality can have both vast and lasting consequences. So enter lightly as you traverse into other's dimensions, step first with empathy, and caution, and as often as you're granted access.

Remember that your freewill is a worrisome whim to waste.

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**Yesterday
All my troubles seemed so far away
Now it looks as though they're heresy
I don't believe in
Yesterday**

-Ick Slimhound

Chapter One: Karaoke Night The Fall Before the Last

Stella Epiphany was nothing if not a good worker, no matter the cause. She had spent the better half of the last decade working at Nyle Foods, a big box grocery chain with stores scattered about the Midwest.

Though she eventually took a job at Nyles' downtown corporate headquarters spearheading the brand new Nyles' Special Events Department, she was first hired as part of a team focused on Online Sales and Delivery.

Stella excelled at her job, having a deep-seeded drive to succeed at the task at hand, whatever it so happened to be. As a small child she aimed to please her parents, taking pride in cleaning her room or riding her bike. She turned away gold stars in 1st grade, explaining to the baffled Mrs. Dibbers that she believed hard work to be its own reward. She was voted "Best Effort" on her middle school hockey team. While at her part-time job grooming and walking dogs at a kennel for vacationing pet owners, Stella won the Above and Beyond Award for a record 7 consecutive months.

She started at Nyle Foods when she was 24 with a brand-new bachelor's in Anthropology.

Stella had intended for it to be temporary, as she ultimately planned to have a job that was more appropriate for her expensive degree.

After 9 months she stopped searching and accepted a job as Assistant Manager of Online Sales and Delivery.

Within 6 months she was promoted again to a Manager position, where she proved to be especially adept at smoothing relations with dissatisfied customers.

Stella was truly concerned with assisting anyone who expressed needing help,

even if the person's reasoning was irrational. She felt she would be failing if she were to allow a human to suffer any amount of hardship, however small, if she could do something to relieve it.

Stella was so committed to preventing discomfort, as Manager she made positive changes to numerous internal systems which eliminated the most common complaints before they ever happened.

She also advocated for free espresso in the staff lounge.

Stella strived to be better at anything she was doing, including simply the very being of herself.

She wanted to engage in self-improvement for the sake of humanity and the Earth at large. She had even given away her car, moved closer to work, and began walking to Nyles' downtown headquarters.

Stella was only 2 weeks into her pedestrian lifestyle when she was involved in her first accident. It occurred in the parking lot of her office building.

She was hit by a co-worker's car as it was backing out of a parking spot and she almost certainly suffered a concussion. Though always the good soldier, Stella was back to work as soon as she could stand.

Later that afternoon, Stella was in the lounge making sure everyone's daily caffeine was fully stocked when Raymond from Sales overheard her whistling a melody.

"Sounds like a party in here! What's the soundtrack?"

"*'To Whom I May Concern,' ... by 'The Pewpils!'.....'* - was my whistling that far off??"

Stella was laughing good-naturedly at herself, though was also most certainly adding 15 minutes of whistling practice to her night-time routine.

“I’m sure your whistling was spot-on! Just like everything else you do. ”

Raymond from Sales was being genuine, as Stella really *was* good at most things.

“I just don’t know that one. Whistle a little more, though! I’m always looking out for new music!”

She was confused by his response; surely Raymond was familiar with “*The Pewpils!*”! But Stella often had difficulty telling when people were joking and she assumed this must be one of those times.

In the spirit of playing along, Stella responded to Raymond’s ridiculous comment about new music by dramatically whistling a theatrical rendition of *Make Me Feel* (another *Pewpils!* classic) while dancing around the room with her beloved coffee cup.

“Hey you’re a really great whistler! A few of us are going out for karaoke tomorrow night, you should come!”

“Are you going to sing something?”

Stella had to raise her voice significantly to be heard over the crowd.

“Maybe! I mean, it may not be as spectacular as the epic whistling version was... but I do like to belt out ‘*A Camaraderie Waltz!*’”

“‘*A Camaraderie Wall?* Another that I haven’t heard! Bring it on, Stella!”

Stella was getting clues now that Raymond may not be teasing - she had learned that typically this sort of joke did not span days. “Come on, Raymond!” Stella said, “I was just dancing to it yesterday! By ‘*The Pewpils!*’”

“I’m unfamiliar.”

“It replaced the national anthem at sporting events!”

“Uh, sure it did!” Raymond thought he knew hyperbole when he didn’t, “I really don’t think I know them. Are they oldies? I’m not so current on the oldies, but if you like them I bet they’re worth checking out!”

“Really?? I can’t believe you’re telling me that you’ve never heard of *The Pwepils!*. They are the most influential band in, well- EVER! They completely changed the music industry and revitalized our society with polka and poetry Raymond! I haven’t met anyone that hasn’t heard of *‘The Pwepils!’*!”

Raymond paused.

“Okay, now you’re exaggerating.” His fondness for Stella did not make him question his own music knowledge, which was quite extensive.

Raymond was becoming truly concerned about Stella’s perception of reality.

“I’m not!”

“Polka and poetry? I don’t see how I would have missed that - ”

This time Stella paused.

“Are you being serious with me? I realize we haven’t known each other for long, but I thought you were at least *alive* during the last decade!?”

It suddenly occurred to Stella that maybe Raymond had been in a coma or had some other medical condition that he didn’t want to talk about, and that’s why he was so committed to a bit that really wasn’t even that funny.

She decided to be a little more sensitive to Raymond’s feelings and was about to change the subject when Tosha from Human Resources returned with a songbook.

“Here you go.” Tosha put the book in front of Stella. “What should we sing?”

“With any luck, Stella is going to introduce us to some new music from *‘The Pupils!’* tonight,” Raymond said. “Let’s hope they’re in the book!”

“Not in the book?!” Stella’s plan to let it go for Raymond’s sake was slipping away.

“Fun!! ‘*The Poodles!*’?? Like the dog? I am a HUGE fan of dog bands!!” Tosha was getting excited.

“No, no - ‘*The PU-pils!*’, with a ‘U’” Raymond clarified. He hoped Stella was impressed with how attentive a listener he had been.

“Hand me the book and I’ll find that ‘*Friendship Tango*’ song you were so jazzed about!”

Stella wondered if she was being introduced to a new kind of joke that she didn’t know the rules of and honestly, it was beginning to feel a bit cruel.

Thank goodness for the printed page! She turned to the songbook, looking forward to putting an end to this overdrawn exchange.

“You both are kidding, right?”

“It’s “*PEW-pils*”, with an ‘E-W-’”

She reached over, took the book from Raymond and opened it to ‘P’. She didn’t look up for a solid 2 minutes.

Stella was searching frantically now.

When she found nothing under ‘PEW’, she irrationally paged to ‘POO’ and ‘P-U’. Still no sign.

What could be happening?? This was not an underground little-known group that could slip past someone’s cultural diet unnoticed!! Even if you tried to avoid popular music, you were bound to be exposed to their message. There was more than one reason - maybe more than a thousand! - that the ‘*The Pewpils!*’ were the biggest, best, most significant band in the world!!

But most importantly, they were Stella’s personal favorite band, and the bedrock to how she conducted her life.

She was stunned.

"*Concussion?*" Tosha mouthed to Raymond, both of their eyes showing concern.

They each put a hand on Stella's, who was shaking now.
The book showed no evidence of '*The Pewpils!*' in any form.
She finally looked up, obviously panicked.

Her friends gently guided her outside, "Let's go get some air, Stella."

"You've really never heard of '*The Pewpils!*'?"

Tosha put her arm around Stella. It wasn't often that she played this role in their relationship - it was usually Stella that had the clear view of a situation.
"I'm starting to think that car accident might have done some damage," Tosha continued. "As a member of Human Resources, it is my duty to order you to take a sick day and see a doctor." Not wanting to be too harsh, she smiled warmly. "I'll even come with you!"

Stella ignored her suggestion.

"*Catch My Exhale?? Make Me Feel? It's Too Much??* None of these songs ring a bell with either of you?? Tosha, we went to an art exchange at '*The Pewpils!*' Goat Farm & Gallery last Spring! You really don't remember??"

Raymond, now sure that Stella's experience was medical in nature, was feeling much more equipped to help.

"Slow down, let's all just take some deep breaths."

Stella ignored Raymond's suggestion as well.

It had dawned on her! She simply needed to do what '*The Pewpils!*' advised when one found themselves in an existential bind -
She sang her feelings in $\frac{3}{4}$ time.

Slowly at first, barely a whisper,

“What to DO with these feel-INGS that I can not bear...”

Recognition showed on Tosha’s face and it gave Stella confidence.
Her voice got louder,

*“.....Put THEM into worrrrrds so that we can share
In co-m-miserating may BEcome a PAIR
Who could fix all the world’s probLEMS if we cared!”*

Raymond interrupted excitedly, “Woo! YES! Finally! I know that one!!”

“Oh sure!!” Tosha agreed, nodding her head in relief, “It’s ‘*The Feelings Song*’, by ‘*Ginnie & The Tonics*’! I don’t know about an art exchange, but I remember going to their record release! Though I don’t think it was the Spring, maybe February... But sure yeah, that song’s a banger. Phew. What a confusing mix-up! I was really worried about you, Stella.”

Stella’s heart dropped. It became clear she was alone in her memories, and while that frightened her, it was not enough to waylay her adherence to routine.

Stella thought of Tosha’s threat to take her to the doctor tomorrow, hoped her voice conveyed calmness (and sanity), and said,

“Phew is right.”