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AN  
“ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE”  
TALE

Available in print and digital formats online at:

amazon.com

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Book Design: Mike Fontenot

Cover Design: Mike Fontenot

Printing History: Original – 2019

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

**Paperback Version**

ISBN-13: 978-1-944382-18-6

**Hard Cover Version**

ISBN-13: 978-1-944382-19-3

**Digital Versions**

ISBN-13: 978-1-944382-35-3 (ePub)

ISBN-13: 978-1-944382-37-7 (Kindle)

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

## \*Author's Note\*

If you are a fan of music during the Y2K 'teen pop' era, I have no doubt you will quickly figure out who was the inspiration for this story. If you don't figure it out right away, I'm certain the song titles will give you your best clue.

I will concede that, even with all the disguising I have done, there is in fact a real group behind the story. The kids who spawned the story, as well as myself, have a lot of time into 'researching' certain things. And, as was once said in a TV commercial, '*...you can't put anything on the internet that isn't true.*'

Yeah... okay.

The reason for this note is to point out to all readers, one very important fact – ***it's all fiction!***

The story is based in its entirety, on the wildly outlandish imaginations of three teenagers and one slightly bored writer.

Simply put, *we made it all up.*

So, keeping that in mind, read on and I hope you enjoy our '*All Thing Are Possible*' tale...

I mean heck... *it could happen...* right?



Riley Mitchell

*“...because, as God is my witness, I believe He fully intend for your four voices to reach out to the world.”*

*Alexander Brooks*

# prologue

“You weren’t even born when they were together...”

“So? They’re amazing! Besides... you’re the one who is always telling me, ‘*music...*’”

With a laugh, the older guy interrupts her...

“...*is universal.*”

He watches as the girl clicks her mouse, ejects the CD from her laptop, and then carefully replaces it in its case. After she gently rubs the front of the case for a few seconds, she turns to face the guy.

“Their videos are pretty cool too – I can’t believe they were my age.”

“No telling where you might find talent, kid...”

“Emily, Phoebe, and I were talking about how amazing it would be to have actually *seen* them... *performing...*”

“Well kid... I’m thinking that would take a lot of work... after fifteen years...”

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That conversation, in the kitchen at my brother’s house, is what spawned this story. The fact that a fifteen-year-old and her friends, would not only listen to, but could actually appreciate, music that was older than they were, intrigued me.

After a bit of ‘online’ research, I discovered that the group in question had been through a number of line-up changes over a period of ten years, and had in fact, sold close to two million CDs worldwide, over six years. Not bad for a group of teenage girls from Sweden, who were singing in a language other than their native tongue.

When I discovered that the four original members hadn’t performed – or even sang just for the sake of it – together for fifteen years, I again found myself intrigued.

*Why?*

When group after group from the same genre and same time period, were all doing the ‘comeback’ thing, why hadn’t these kids? They were in fact, amazing vocalists – even my niece and her friends were impressed with their ‘a cappella’ abilities.

So... like I told my niece, while it would take some serious work, I’ve yet to find something that’s truly impossible. It’s usually just a matter of determination... and money.

Fortunately, I have more than enough of both...

Time for some hands-on research... in Sweden.



# one

Friday, April 30<sup>th</sup>

In Flight

Alexander Brooks

“Seriously?” the lady next to me asks.

“Well... yeah. Why so shocked?”

“And if you find all of them, then what?” she asks, ignoring my question.

“Well... the end game is to get them on stage again.”

“That’s about the craziest thing I’ve heard, in as long as I can remember...”

“Yeah... but I’ve done goofier stuff... trust me. Besides, how cool will it be if I actually pull it off?”

Then we hear...

*Mina damer och herrar, vi har nu påbörjat nedstigning mot Stockholm Arlanda Airport*

...over the plane’s PA system. Within seconds, we hear the translated message, indicating we are about to land. I close my laptop, slip it into its case, and slide it under the seat in front of me.

“So...” my inquisitive neighbor asks, as she puts her tray table into its slot, “...any idea where you’re gonna start?”

“With the lady who discovered the four of them. I’m thinking she might be able to give me a direction...”

“Care to share what ‘group’ we’re talking about?”

“Nope... but...” I hesitate, pull a small bag out of the seat pocket in front of me, and from it pull a small foam ‘stress reliever’. “I’ll give you a hint.” I hold out the stress reliever, she takes it and immediately squeezes it a couple of times.

The moment we feel the landing gear coming down, she turns and again makes eye contact with me.

“It’s a ‘hint’?”

“Yep,” I reply with a grin. “Figure out what it means, then start your search for my group around 2001. And if by some chance you do figure it out, send me a text message...” I reach out, take the ‘hint’, pull a pen from my pocket, and write my cell number of on it.

With a smile, she takes it back, and immediately pulls a business card from one of her jacket pockets.

“And if you actually pull it off, let me know... I’d love to come watch.”

As the wheels touch the ground, and the pilots reverse the engines, I close my eyes and wonder...

Am I nuts?



## two

Monday, May 3<sup>rd</sup>

A Coffee Shop

Stockholm, Sweden

Alexander

“Tack för att du pratade med mig, fröken...” I pause, realizing that I failed to ask which surname she prefers to use. Seeing my embarrassed confusion, she laughs, and rescues me.

“I generally go by Bengtsson, Mr. Brooks, but if you will call me Linnea, I will call you Alexander. Fair?”

“Absolutely... but... I prefer Alex.”

“So, what can I do for you, Alex?”

“I need to find them...” I offer, sliding the CD insert over in front of her. Her instant look of stunned disbelief tells me the ploy worked. “You were their manager, right?” When she lifts her head, I grin.

“That was a very long time ago...” she replies, again looking at the CD insert, lying on the table between us. Then, as an afterthought, she quickly adds, “Why?”

I purposely wait until she again makes eye contact with me, and then do nothing more than continue smiling at her.

“I don’t think you understand the task you are setting for yourself, Alex – assuming you are going to try what I think you are going to try...”

“And who better to explain it to me, than the woman who started it all?”

She sips her coffee, and stares at me, as if she is questioning my sincerity.

“Ms. Bengtsson... Linnea... I’ve researched this – honest to God I have. Any number of other groups from that same era, have attempted ‘comebacks’. Not them,” I pause and tap on the insert. “Sure, you and Arvid tried a couple of times, to keep the group alive with new members. Jasmine did well for herself, as did Sophia. I’m not sure what became of Ella once the band called it quits for good.”

It’s obvious, based on the look of intrigue on her face, that I now have Linnea’s complete attention.

“Since Freyja left the very first time, they –” I pause, and for effect, again tap on the CD insert, “*the four of them* – have never shared a stage...”

Still, she does nothing more than stare at me, and occasionally sips her coffee.

“I’ll bet you this...” I reach into one of the pockets on my computer case, pull out a shiny new coin, then slide it across the table, past the insert, lifting my finger off it when it’s right next to her coffee cup, “...that I can pull this off.” After another pause, I add, “Assuming, of course, that I can *find* each of them.”

After a few moments of silent contemplation, she pulls a business card out of a portfolio that has been on

the chair next to her, the entire time. She holds it out to me, and says, “Give me a number – preferably not your hotel switchboard.”

I quickly scribble my cell number on the back of the card and hand it back to her.

“Do I need to stay in Stockholm for a few days, then?”

She laughs.

“I’ll get back to you before the day is over. I have some friends who may be able to help you. I hope you are prepared for the answers...”

“Give me a path... a direction. That’s all I am asking for. If they aren’t interested, I’ll pack up and go home... quietly.”

She again sits silently, scrutinizing me. After a few seconds, she finishes her coffee, picks up her portfolio, and stands to face me.

“You are crazy, you do realize that, do you not?”

“That being said, why are you going to help me?”

“Simply because you *are* crazy...” she is quick to reply. I can still hear her laughing as I watch her disappear out the door.

I suppose that answers my previous question... about my sanity... huh?



# three

Wednesday, May 5<sup>th</sup>

A Small Café

Stockholm

Alexander

“Before we continue, I need to know why – I need to understand your motivation.”

“Some fifteen-year-olds back in the states. *And...* tell me again, what do you call this?” I point at the bowl I am shoveling food out of...

“This...” she taps on my bowl with her spoon, “...is kalops – our version of stew. This...” she pauses and points at the large round flatbread on a plate between us, “...is mjukkaka. Your glass contains lingondricka – made from lingon berries.”

To say she looks ‘concerned’, would be a bit of an understatement. I suppose her suspicion is warranted, considering what she did for a living all those years ago.

“No, Linnea...” I offer between bites, “...I have no questionable motives. I just find myself intrigued by the possibility that the four of them might consider taking a stage together...”

“I don’t think it can be done, at this point, Alex. Too many things have transpired in their lives...” She lets the thought hang, and sits staring at her bowl.

“I’d just like the chance to ask them... that’s all. I will say that, should you not want me to try, I won’t. I have no desire to antagonize anyone.”

When she doesn’t respond, I try to prompt her.

“Time, in a lot of cases, will heal old wounds, Linnea...”

In an instant, the woman is smiling.

“If you get the four of them to meet, can I attend?”

“That will be a decision for them to make.”

“Fair enough.” She pulls a sheet of paper from the pocket of her coat, which is hanging over a chair next to her, and hands it to me. “Here...”

As I read, she explains...

“Amelie works for one of the largest PR firms in Europe – in their Stockholm office. She married a few years ago, and now uses her married name – Bloom. The best way to find her, is to go to her office.

“Freya is still modeling to an extent, writes for a Swedish interior design magazine, and even has her own design business. I can arrange for the two of you to ‘bump into’ each other, if you wish?”

I let out a muffled laugh, and she finishes her thought.

“Lars – her boyfriend – said he would love to see her performing again...”

“Interesting...” I mumble.

“Riki is a bit of an enigma. She is still involved with music I am told, and still performs at various clubs in England. I’ve included her address there, as well as her

father's address here in Stockholm. Her father said, with a rather sinister tone, that he would welcome the opportunity to be an accomplice to whatever we are planning."

When she pauses, and sighs heavily, I turn my attention back to her.

"That leaves Agnès..." I sorta mumble, noting the rather solemn look on Linnea's face.

"Yes... Aggie..." Again, there is a deep sigh.

"The youngest of the bunch..." I offer.

"Yes... and the one I am most concerned about."

"Linnea... I was serious when I said I will walk away – if you want me to."

"I do believe you would. In truth however, after talking with Arvid, I think that perhaps your involvement may give the girl something that she desperately needs... something she has been searching for, since she came home."

"Which would be?" I ask, now curious.

"A reason... that's all... just a reason."

Somehow... I fully understand what Linnea is trying to tell me. In this single instant, I also understand that Aggie is going to be the key to what I am trying to do.

"So... my friend, which is my starting point?"

"Riki. The reasons why, I will let you find out for yourself. I will tell you that the girl *loves* music – use that to your advantage. Also... she still communicates with each of the others... individually."

"Again... interesting," I reply, reaching out and gently squeezing Linnea's hand.

About this time, the waiter walks up to the table.

“Vill du ha dessert ikväll, Linnea?” he asks, as a second guy goes about clearing the dishes from the table.

“Ja... ostkaka tror jag...” Linnea replies, an interesting smile covering her face.

Let me be the first to say, the Swedish version of cheese cake... is freakin’ amazing!!



# four

Sunday, May 9<sup>th</sup>

A Small Cafe

Stockholm

Alexander

“So, Mr. Brooks, what should I know about you?”

“That I’m a guy with more money than sense?”

“And you are in search of my daughter because?”

“I believe she and her friends need to try entertaining the world again...”

“And... what’s in it for you?”

“I’m the facilitator. When it’s over, I get to say I caused it.”

“That’s it?”

“Mr. Grönberg...”

“Please – I am Carl.”

“I feel like I should be calling you ‘detective’...”

“Why? Have you done something illegal?” he shoots back, following it with a laugh.

“Honestly, Carl, it’s about nothing more than giving the girls the chance to once again do, what they were so insanely good at. And of course, to give their fans – of which there are *a lot* – the chance to see them, one more time...”

“Well, Alex, Linnea seems to trust you, and believes your motives are sincere, so I see no reason I shouldn’t help you. Do you have any idea what you are about to land in the middle of?”

“No sir – not really. Linnea was more than a bit cryptic. It seems safe to assume that there is far more to the group’s story, than what can be found online.”

“Well...” he replies, his gaze shifting past me and again following the comment with a laugh, “you’re about to get a first-hand education...”

The moment I turn to look, my heart stops... and I have no idea why.

The only thing familiar about the young woman who walks up to our table, is the huge, and amazing smile plastered across her face – the same one that is on her face in each and every video I’ve seen of the four of them.

“Hej, pappa,” she says, leaning over and kissing his cheek.

“Mr. Brooks, my daughter, Rikiza Grönberg...”

As absurd as it will sound, yeah... Alex is a bit star-struck...

