

# AUDIO DISTORTION

One More Time

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“Some people get caught up in the fame and bright lights – even me. Nick had to let me go for a while, so I could find my way. Emma ran away for almost three years, until I went to find her. Even Emily and Leo had their problems. But we always seem to find our way, and each time, it leads us back to each other, and to music. It’s what we do...”

~ Catrin Sharpe

Every musician has their own 'sound' – I have mine, your dad has his. And... no matter what you think, Bailey Morgan has hers.

Stanley Campbell

"Screw the awards. Let the fans decide. They're the ones buying tickets and CDs."

Emily Faintree

"Don't hold on so tight, Emma. It's just a song... like all our other songs. Close your eyes, and see your kids... just your kids. It's just you, the kids, the music... and your heart. For crying out loud, quit 'thinking'... Just sing it..."

Willie Morgan

"Can we sell out another tour? Who knows? To be honest, I don't care. If even one person shows up, I'll sing..."

Emma Campbell

"My dad is a drummer in a pop band – I didn't really have much choice..."

Bailey Morgan

"God, I soooo want this piano..."

Melissa Faintree

"I can't tell you what to do – only your heart can. But... if you guys do it, trust me on this... it will be soooo totally worth it!"

Carla Mitchell

## prologue

Catrin

Although I did help Jimmy and Ted get Isle Of Man Productions up and running, I felt a need to be closer to my husband – and friends. After a couple of years of ‘commuting’ between the States and the UK, I threw in the towel, and turned the operation over to Ted’s niece – who graduated from University of Birmingham a year earlier. She’s a sharp young girl, and we’re all confident she will do just fine.

I’ve been unemployed for about six months, and for the first time in my life, I’m not weirded out about it. I’ve made a few trips to Tahoe, at Willie’s request, to work with some of his clients, and have spent a lot of time working on songs with Stan and Emma. Mostly, I’ve thrown myself into being a wife, and have become totally comfortable with my life.

Although Nick’s company is based in Phoenix, they jumped on an opportunity to expand to Flagstaff in the interest of space. The moment they asked Nick if he wanted to relocate and take charge of the new site, he was all over it. He sold his condo, and we bought a real house, on two acres, just outside of Flagstaff. Once I had it looking the way I wanted, I invited everyone to come and we had a really awesome house warming.

So... three weeks ago, I was offered a job. While I haven’t accepted, I haven’t turned him down yet either...



## one

## Catrin

“It will mean going back and forth between here and LA...”

“You went back and forth between here and freakin’ England for over a year,” Nick says, with a laugh. “And... we both know a lot of it can be done electronically.”

I smile, play a few notes, and then look at my husband.

“And I bet ‘electronics’ isn’t going to be an issue, is it?”

Nick again laughs, then plays the same notes I just did.

“How much ‘system’ will you need babe?”

“You really are okay with it, aren’t you?”

“Sure! I think it will be good for you.”

I put my guitar down next to me, stand up, walk over, and kiss my husband. Then I take his guitar, carefully lay it on the deck, and take a seat in his lap.

“Is it just me, or does Papa Roni’s and Ft Collins, seem like forever ago...?”

“Strange question – what prompted it?”

“I don’t know... hearing *Being Noticed* playing in the background on the Weather Channel...?”

“It *has* been twenty years, Cadi...”

“I know,” I reply, laying my head on his shoulder and closing my eyes.



“This again, huh?”

Having seen me go through this so many times in the last few years, Nick knows exactly what’s bugging me.

“I keep telling you... do it if you want to. I’m okay with it...”

“But is it what you want, Nick...?”

“Why does this bug you so much?”

“I feel like I’m cheating you somehow...”

“Okay...” he says, making me sit up and look at him, “let’s have this ‘talk’ one more time.”

I slide off his lap, onto the bench next to him, and he turns to face me.

“You’re an only child – I’m an only child. No, it isn’t weird that not having children doesn’t bug us. If you want to have a kid – let’s do it. If not, life goes on...”

It’s the exact same thing he’s said to me at least a hundred times over the last three years. The strange thing is, I still feel like I’m cheating him. We are in fact, the only married couple we know, that doesn’t have kids. Well... of our own anyhow. Since we got the house, it seems that someone’s kids are always around. His friend’s... the neighbor’s...

“Hey, Uncle Nick! This thing is kicking my butt... can you help me?!”

Or in this case, Bailey and Riley.

“On my way!” Nick yells back, laughing and kissing me.

I watch him go back into the house to rescue Bailey from whatever is tormenting her. Seconds later, Riley comes out with her PSP in hand, climbs up next to me, and resumes her game.

As I sit, arms around her, watching her make Mario jump and spin, my mind drifts once again, to having kids. The truth is... I'm okay with spoiling everyone else's...



## TWO

EMMA

When I walk into the room, Paige and Peyton are wrestling around on the floor, and Carson is in hysterical fits of laughter, watching them.

“Carson! Get your backpack – your bus will be here any minute.”

“Yes ma’am,” he replies, giving his sister an exact duplicate of the toy, the twins are fussing over.

“You little brat!” I blurt out, trying my best to keep a straight face.

“But Mom! They’re just *soooo* funny!” he retorts, grabbing his backpack and handing it to me.

“That doesn’t mean you have to torment them...”

I take the backpack, and when he raises his arms, slip it down over them. Then I squat down and when he turns to face me, get a hug.

“I think they do it, because they know I think they’re funny.”

“You want me to walk you?”

“I’m almost eight, Mom. I think I can make it to the corner by myself...”

“Well... we’re gonna come watch... so there!” I kiss him on the cheek, and watch him run out the door and down the stairs.

I gather up the twins and lead them out onto the porch, where we sit down on the steps. About the

time her brother makes it to the sidewalk, Paige stands up and yells *"BYE CARSON!"* which makes him turn and wave to her. At the corner, he high-fives some of his friends, and within seconds, the bus arrives.

Although it's a bit chilly, it's a beautiful February morning at the base of the Rocky Mountains, so the twins and I decide to sit on the porch swing, and enjoy it. We pull a blanket over us, and once the bus disappears, we sit and wave at everyone going by.

To this day, I blame the whole 'twins' thing on my husband, which of course makes him – and his dad – laugh. As scared as I was for three months, once they were here, I fell in love. Until they were born, we had no idea they were boy and girl – Stanley and I decided we wanted to be surprised. The first time I held each of them was cool – but the first time I held them both at the same time – well... I'll never be able to explain that to anyone.

They've also had a strange effect on my writing. While everyone – me included – expected a bunch of mushy, slow moving lyrics, it didn't happen. The very first song they inspired actually turns out to be unbelievably amazing.

They were six months old, and we were sitting in the park – me on the grass, the two of them in the stroller, laughing and smiling at me. As I was feeding them, two college kids happened by, and were totally taken with them. I let one of them finish feeding them, and she made a comment about getting pregnant. The moment she used the phrase 'in the time it takes' – my brain was off to the races.

By dinner time, I'd already scribbled three pages in my notebook, and even Carson wondered what I was up to. After dinner, I called Georgia and almost begged her to come over and sit with the kids for an

hour, telling her I really needed to write while it was still fresh in my head. Being the awesome sister-in-law she is, she was there in twenty minutes, and even brought Rhyan as back up. I grabbed my husband and drug him to the basement, where, over the next two hours, we wrote the beginnings of an amazing song.

It will, however, be close to four years before it will become the song my mind was hearing that day, in our basement.