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AN
“ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE”
TALE

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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 Things Are Possible*' tale.

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



Riley Mitchell

"...because, as God is my witness, I believe He fully intended 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 have been talking about how amazing it would have been to have actually *seen* them, *performing*.”

“Well kid, I think that would take a lot of work, after fifteen years.”

That conversation, in the kitchen at my brother’s house, is the beginning of this story. The fact that a sixteen-year-old and her friends, would not only listen to but could 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 several 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 own.

When I discovered that the four original members hadn't performed, or even sang just for the sake of it, together for over fifteen years, I was again, intrigued.

Why?

When group after group from the same genre and period were all doing the 'comeback' thing, why hadn't these kids? They were amazing vocalists. My niece and her friends were impressed with their a cappella abilities.

So, like I told my niece, although it would take some serious work, I have 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 30th

In Flight

Alexander Brooks

“Seriously?” the lady next to me asks.

“Well, yeah. Why so shocked?”

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

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

“That is about the craziest thing I have heard, in as long as I can remember.”

“Yeah, but trust me, I *have* done goofier stuff. Besides, how cool will it be if I 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. Seconds later, 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 on the arm of her seat, “any idea where you’re going to 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 pull a small foam ‘stress reliever’ from it. “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 on it.

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

“And if you do pull it off, please 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 3rd
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 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 makes eye contact again, then do nothing more than continue smiling at her.

“I don’t think you fully 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 stares at me, as if questioning my sincerity, and sips her coffee.

“Ms. Bengtsson – Linnea. I’ve researched this, honest to God I have. Any number of other groups from that era have attempted ‘comebacks’ or ‘reunions’. 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.”

Based on the look of intrigue covering her face, it’s obvious 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.” I pause again, and 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 the switchboard at your hotel.”

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

“Should I 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?”

“Because you *are* crazy,” she is quick to reply.

I watch her pick up the coin I put on the table, and then she winks at me and walks away. She is still laughing as she disappears out the door.

I guess that answers my previous question, about my sanity, huh?

