Rossmoor Secrets

By Kevin Cimarusti

Alex Younger has a BIG secret.

Alex Younger has lived in Rossmoor for over 20 years and teaches at one of the local schools...but that's not his secret.

Alex Younger is not his real name...that's just a little secret.

Alex Younger shares a connection with 15 people who tragically died in front of him...that's part of his secret.

Alex Younger looks 60 years old, but is really 242 years old...and that's a BIG secret.

Alex Younger is a rare and unique individual who can absorb the remaining years from someone who dies in very close proximity before their natural time. Alex is not a superhero, he cannot control this ability, he cannot turn it off. Alex does not consider it a gift....in fact it has become quite a handicap. Depending on how many years Alex absorbs at a time, his physical appearance will change based on net age. If Alex looks 50 years old, and someone tragically dies 30 years ahead of their natural time, Alex will physically become 20 years old.

Alex has been a baby three times in his life. Alex has been a teenager 6 times in his life. As you might guess, Alex has had to change his name and move, or in cases where he becomes very young, he is adopted and raised by a new family. With today's identification techniques, this becomes harder and harder for Alex to keep his secret, and Alex expects to have to move to a very obscure town, or foreign country if he has an event where he absorbs a large amount of years.

Alex thought he was alone in the world, but an unplanned trip to the hospital revealed that he was not completely unique. As Alex was attempting to get out of the hospital before he became awash with new years from a patient's untimely death, Alex met an elderly man who looked otherwise healthy, but was suspiciously hanging around the Emergency Room. Alex held back

the anxiety of being in a room so full of people possibly on their way to meet their maker, staying just long enough to capture a brief glimpse of relief, or was it guilt, on the face of the elderly man as a potentially fatal accident victim was wheeled through the ER. There was something else in the face of the elderly man...something familiar to Alex...the look of internal conflict. The elderly man was trying to decide how much longer he would live off of the years of those whose lives were cut short.

Alex realized he was not alone in the world with his ability. That if there was one, there were probably more. There was a purpose to his ability. Life had found a way. Life was energy, and as Einstein stated: Energy cannot be created or destroyed, only transferred. When death pushed life out, life would seek a new venue where life was weak or absent, appearing to some, as a miracle. Failing that, life would find Alex, or one of his equals.

Alex had decided to become a teacher when he had lived over 100 years, Although he would relive his toddler years, he would retain all the knowledge he would accumulate over the decades, and what better way to pass it along other than to the young, open minds in a classroom. Surrounding himself with youth was invigorating and offered a little sunshine from the ever-present cloud of death.

Alex had often wondered what would happen if he absorbed more years than his physical appearance would allow. Would he disappear? Would his ability reject it? Alex would also wonder if he could die, naturally or tragically. Today, he would get an answer to one of those questions.

Alex never realized when he woke up that this would be a day like no other in his long life. He did nothing different today...he ate breakfast, avoided the always depressing daily news, and happily headed to work. Driving along Foster Road, as he approached his school, it happened, that life changing moment that fate had picked for him. A young boy, maybe 5 or 6 years old escaped his mother's hand, darted out between the parked cars, and into the street, right in front of Alex's approaching car. Alex had no time to think, all his knowledge and experience overridden by instinct, he steered left and impacted with an approaching construction truck, which left Alex at a dead stop.

Alex felt something he had never felt before, it was death pushing its way into him, trying to push life out, but life was resisting, it was searching. Witnesses became rescuers and quickly

pulled Alex from his car, but they could all see it was too late. The mother of the young, unhurt boy was closest to Alex, and with his last effort, Alex reached out to her...touched her, and life once again found a way.

It would be several weeks before that mother would realize that she was carrying a new child. She would never realize the connection between her child and Alex Younger. After many years, that child has grown up, and today is a teacher in their hometown of Rossmoor.

Maybe you have met this individual or sat near them at a restaurant at the Shops at Rossmoor. Maybe they were a classmate at Lee Elementary, or maybe they were your teacher when you attended Oak Middle school. Maybe they are the person you see every morning walking on Foster Road, the street that marks the beginning of their existence, who gives you a big wave of hello...your wisdom filled neighbor, or your best friend with great stories, or maybe they are your younger brother or sister, but did you know....

They have a BIG secret.