

# Concert at Seaside

Kellvin Veldon helped ring in the New Year at the "SeaSide" festival where he performed a short set as the sun was setting over the ocean.

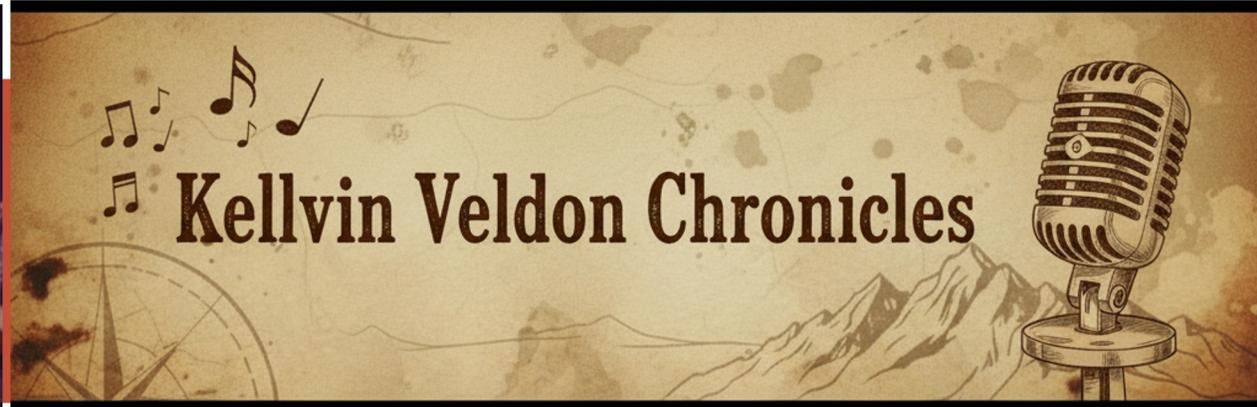


The artist magically appeared on stage from a "Poof" of smoke and disappeared just as dramatically in a giant fire-ball to end his show-. A signature move he performs dazzling fans all over the world.



# Backstage Routine

Veldon's pre-show routines have been garnering more and more attention lately. Aside from a short meditation session, and a small metallic canister he seems to keep with him at all times, it's the Ham Radio that caught our attention. He talks to an unknown woman before each show and has only referred to her as "The Lady". He says he will reveal more about the mysterious person in the future.



## Connection to his Fans

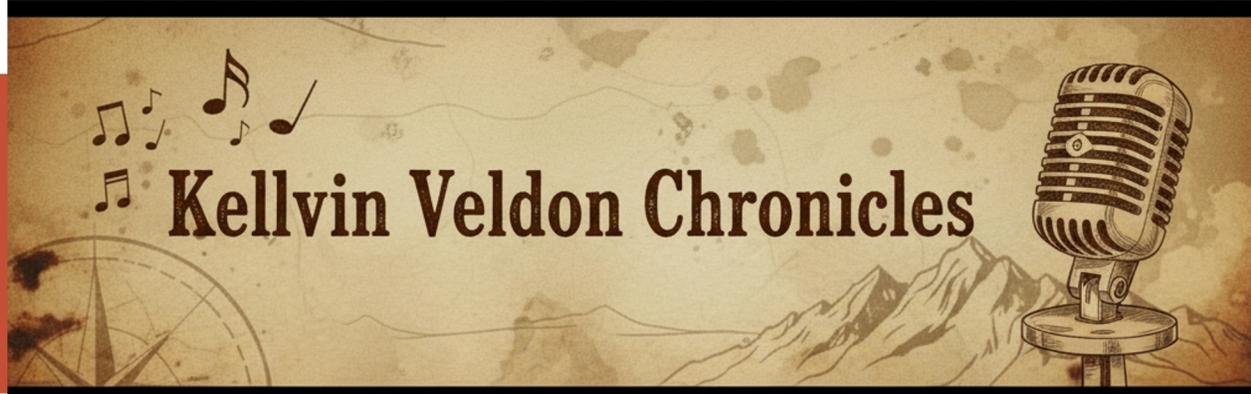
Kellvin's fan base is growing. His priority to connect with fans is become legendary as he brings the nostalgia of musics past to a new generation while earning the loyalty of the older generations who find his music a breath of fresh air, "Keeping the feel alive", as one fan put it. As an Empath, Veldon absorbs the energy of the world around him. His music is a reflection of those vibes. His purpose is to mirror the emotions of the real world, while offering an anecdote to chaos and stress. This approach provides a real, tangible anchor for those looking to transcend the frantic pace of modern life.



## Kellvin's lifestyle

Veldon only performs an average of two shows per month. This is by design. He prefers to spend most of his time pursuing his other passions, and nurture his fondness for solitude. So, you will not find him on a rigorous tour or in the "grind". Instead, you would most likely find him in his 5th Wheel RV alone in the woods somewhere. Nor would find him dwelling in a mansion, that's not his style. This superstar prefers his RV. More on that later. He has escaped the chaos and lives as a minimalist, seeking tranquility, and inspiring his fanbase to enter a shared mental space where his intentions and their perceptions meet. To him, life can only be truly lived in a state of calm.





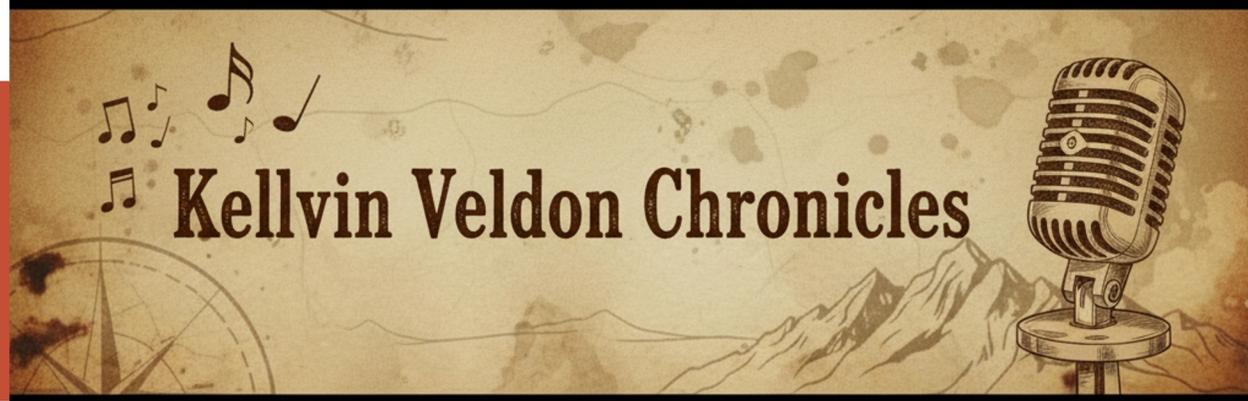
## Remote Retreat



After his last show at Sea-Side Festival, Kellvin has retreated into the snowy wilderness. There he will quiet his mind, slow his pace, and enter a state of "true existence". On his itinerary is a 3 night hiking expedition where he will rely on his Bush-Craft skills, two ATV's will be delivered, he will work on some new songs, and do some art work. He will be at this location for about two weeks and then head off to his next show at the Desert Coliseum. In the meantime he will hold up here. He is waiting for his truck to get out of the shop- Upgrades. His 5th Wheel was delivered to this spot.

He is hoping to get his truck back in time to drive himself to the next gig. This 5th wheel is his home, and it is packed with all kinds of upgrades. He rarely goes anywhere without it. It is a high tech rig suitable for a man on the go. More details to come on that! These times of solitude are vital to his way of life, but he will not be completely alone. There are two ATV's coming in about a week. Why two? He may be having a guest coming out to visit. you never know what Kellvin may do from day to day. As he settles into his warm home on wheels he gradually finds himself in a focused hyper-relaxed state. And, each night, in the late hours he talks with "The Lady". They both suffer from Chronic Insomnia, and it has become a ritual for both of them...





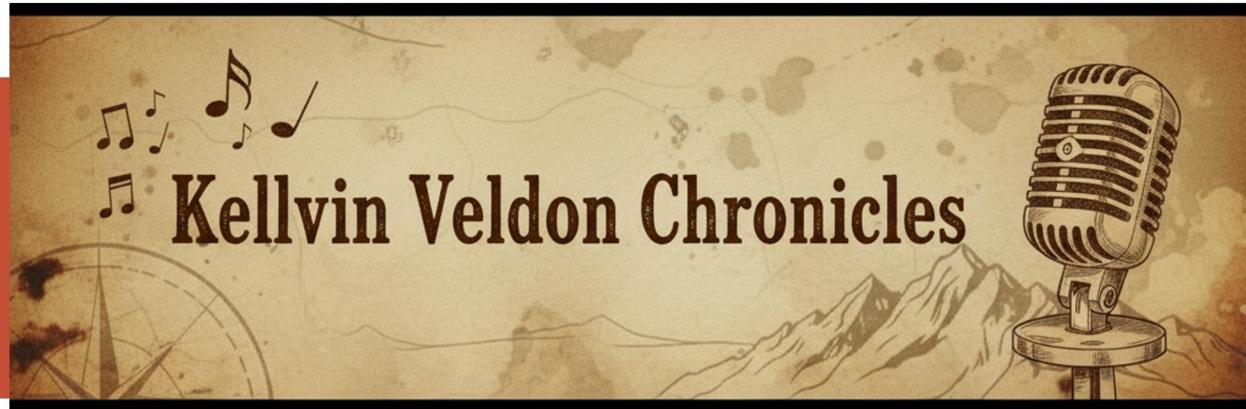
## Calm Before the Storm

When on retreat, which is the majority of his time, Kell settles into a simple, yet productive routine. His mornings generally consist of low impact activities like walks, hikes, and a ride on his e-bike. This is usually followed up by writing, painting, small projects, and house keeping. Mid-day is typically spent on the phone with his agents, staff, and stockbroker. The evenings will usually consist of a more intense work-out, and a ride on the ATV. Nights are spent talking with friends, and are considered free time to do whatever suits him. After a few days, the urge to get out into the wilderness takes hold.



He had been planning this for months. His last wilderness excursion was quite some time ago, and he was ready. He wanted to give his skills a challenge. Only taking a minimum of gear, Kellvin prepped for a 3 night Bush-Craft style trip into the snowy wilderness. He considered himself an advanced student of the field, but this time he bit off a bit more than he could chew.

So, on the fourth day he hiked off into the wilderness.



## Kellvin's Wilderness Adventure

Well, it was time. Time to leave it all behind and get back to basics. A miles-long hike into the raw wilderness would ensure a total dependence on his own abilities. The silence of the mountains in January wasn't peaceful; it was predatory. It was a vacuum waiting to suck the heat out of anything living.

Kellvin stood at the edge of a high alpine meadow, his breath pluming in thick, crystalline clouds. He had seventy-two hours planned. No tent, no sleeping bag, no butane lighter. Just a knife, an axe, a ferro rod, a metal pot, and the wool on his back. He was an experienced bushcrafter, a man who treated survival skills not as a hobby, but as a way of life. He wanted to touch the primal baseline of human existence.

He was about to get a two-handed shove right past it.

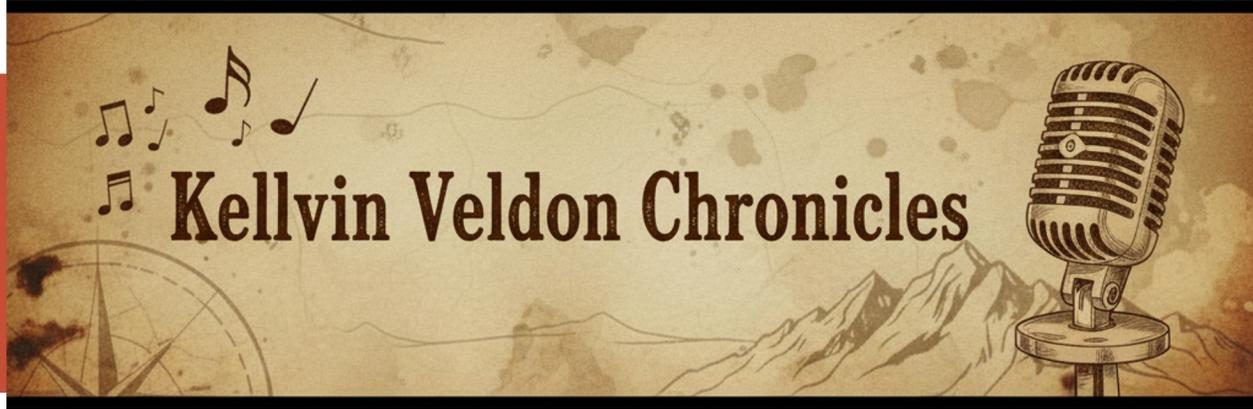
### Night One: The First Cut

The first day went according to script. He found a natural depression beneath the sweeping skirt of a massive Engelmann spruce. He spent hours processing firewood, his axe ringing in the frozen air. He built a "super-shelter"—a lean-to with thick evergreen bough roofing, reflective space blankets lining the inside, and a raised bed of pine needles to insulate him from the snow. Trouble started small. It usually does.

While splitting kindling as twilight bled into indigo, his concentration wavered. The frozen birch log twisted, and the hatchet glanced off, slicing through his leather glove and into the fleshy webbing between his left thumb and index finger.

It wasn't deep, but in ten-degree weather, blood doesn't clot right. It seeped, warm and alarming, freezing into a crimson crust on his glove. He cursed, packed it with snow to constrict the vessels, and wrapped it tightly with a strip of cotton rag.

The throbbing ache threw off his dexterity. Building his friction fire—usually a ten-minute task—took an agonizing hour. By the time the tinder bundle caught, his core temperature had dropped dangerously. He spent the night shivering uncontrollably, feeding the fire with his good hand, the scent of copper lingering in the still air.



## Night Two: The White Siege

He woke to a sky the color of bruised iron. The atmospheric pressure had plummeted; he could feel it in his sinuses.

By noon, the wind arrived, not as a breeze, but as a solid wall of moving air. The snow began horizontally. The blizzard wasn't just weather; it was a physical assault.

Kellvin knew his lean-to wouldn't survive a full gale. He had to downgrade. He spent four frantic hours digging into a deep drift, carving out a snow cave. It was exhausting, sweat-drenching labor—the most dangerous thing you can do in the cold. If sweat freezes against the skin, it's a death sentence.

He crawled into the cramped cave as daylight vanished, sealing the entrance with his pack and spruce boughs, leaving only a small ventilation hole. Inside, it was silent, dark, and hovered right at freezing.

Then, above the muffled roar of the wind outside, he heard it. A high-pitched, shivering howl that cut right through the snowpack. Then another, answering from deeper in the timber.

Wolves. And they were close.

They had picked up the scent of his blood from yesterday's cut. In deep winter, with game scarce, that metallic smell was a dinner bell.

Kellvin didn't sleep. He sat in the pitch black, clutching his axe. He could hear the soft whump-whump of paws on the snow roof of his cave. He heard sniffing at the ventilation hole. He jabbed his knife blade through the hole and heard a yelp, followed by snarling retreating into the storm. He spent the night hyperventilating in the dark, waiting for the roof to cave in under the weight of a pack determined to eat.



# Kellvin Veldon Chronicles

## Night Three: The Breaking Point

The storm broke at dawn, leaving behind a world buried in four feet of fresh powder and a paralyzing cold—twenty below zero, easily.

He crawled out, stiff and dehydrated. The wolves were gone, but their tracks were everywhere, a chaotic churn of prints circling his buried shelter.

He had to make it one more night. That was the plan.

He went to strike his ferro rod to melt snow for water. His numb, bandaged hand fumbled. The black rod slipped, vanished instantly into the bottomless fluff of the fresh snow. He dug frantically, his panic rising, but it was gone.

His backup—a small tin of storm matches in his pocket—had been compromised. The tin had dented during his frantic digging yesterday, breaking the seal. Sweat from his exertion had soaked them. They were useless gray mush.

No fire. No water. A bleeding hand. And a wolf pack that knew exactly where he was.

The bushcraft religion failed him. The primal baseline was winning.

"Enough," he croaked. His voice sounded brittle.

He abandoned the plan. He had to get down the mountain, now. It was ten miles to the nearest logging road. In deep powder, without snowshoes, it was an impossible distance.

He began to post-hole through the snow, each step a thigh-burning agony. He made a mile in two hours.

By late afternoon, the shadows were stretching, blue and menacing. Hypothermia was setting in. His thoughts were syrupy; the landscape seemed to tilt and warp. He felt bizarrely warm and had the overwhelming urge to strip off his wool jacket. He knew this was the end-stage trick the cold played before your heart stopped.

He stumbled into a clearing and froze.

Fifty yards away, sitting silently on a wind-scoured ridge, was a large gray timber wolf. It watched him with golden, intelligent eyes. It wasn't hunting actively; it was just waiting for him to fall down. Two others emerged from the treeline behind it.

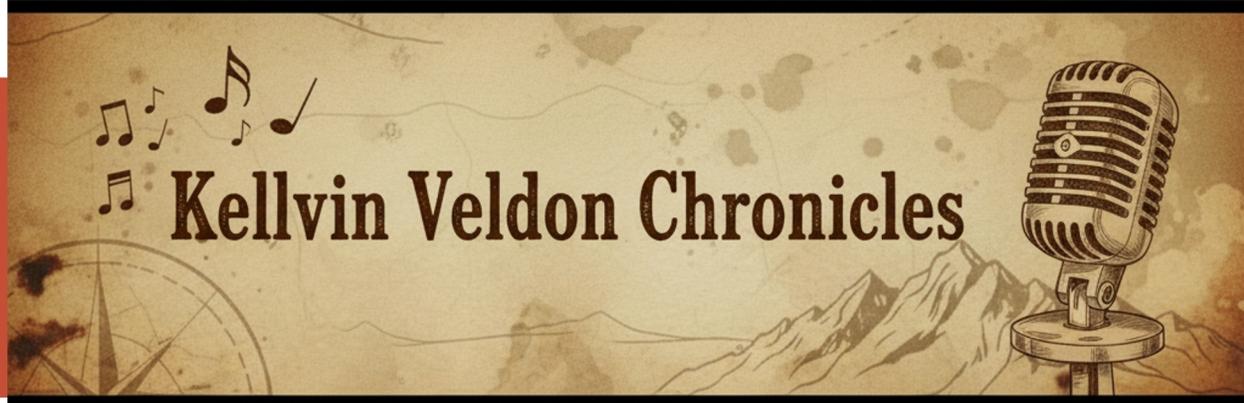
Adrenaline forced clarity through the fog in his brain. He couldn't outrun them. He couldn't fight them.

He saw a rocky outcrop jutting over a steep ravine about two hundred yards ahead. If he could reach it, he'd have the high ground, a defensible position.

He lunged forward. The wolves didn't charge; they just trotted parallel to him, closing the distance effortlessly.

He reached the outcrop, scrambling up the icy granite. He slipped, smashing his knee, screaming into the empty air. He dragged himself to the top just as the alpha gray reached the base of the rocks.

Kellvin stood, swaying. He held his axe high, roaring a defiant, guttural sound that was half-human, half-animal.



He looked up, unimpressed. It sat down, licking its paws. It knew. The sun was setting. The temperature was dropping again. The man on the rock had nowhere to go. He slumped against the cold stone. He looked at the sunset, a brilliant, indifferent wash of orange and violet. He closed his eyes, the cold feeling less like pain now and more like a heavy blanket.

Crunch.

Not a paw print. A mechanical, rhythmic crunch.

Kellvin forced his eyes open. Below, in the valley floor far in the distance, two beams of artificial yellow light cut through the blue dusk. A snowcat grooming the logging road for snowmobilers.

The sight jolted his system with one last, desperate shot of dopamine. He fumbled for his metal pot. He began banging on it with the back of his axe head. A frantic, metallic clang that echoed across the valley.

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG.

The wolves stood up, ears swiveling toward the harsh, unnatural noise.

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG.

The lights below stopped moving.

He kept banging until his arm gave out. He watched as the lights turned, pointing up toward the base of his ridge.

The wolves looked at the approaching lights, then back at the man on the rocks. The calculus had changed. The alpha huffed, turned, and vanished silently into the timber, his pack following like smoke.

When the two men from the snowcat climbed the ridge an hour later, they found Kellvin curled in a ball, his axe frozen to his glove. His core temperature was eighty-nine degrees. He had severe frostbite on his nose and three fingers.

He didn't speak until they had him in the heated cab of the cat, wrapped in blankets, halfway down the mountain.

"Three nights," the driver said, shaking his head, looking at Kellvin's wrecked hands. "What the hell were you looking for up there, buddy?"

He stared out the window at the endless black timber. He had gone looking for a challenge. He had found out that the wilderness doesn't play games, and it doesn't care about your skill set.

"I don't know," Kellvin whispered, his voice cracking. "But I think I'm done looking."



## The aftermath

Kellvin spent a couple of days in the hospital recovering from his experience in the wilderness. Aside from some frostbite, he was in good shape. The whole ordeal left him thinking. This time it was all "too close for comfort". His next trip to the wilderness would be more calculated. Upon release he headed back to the "Monolith". His home, his base, and his laboratory. It may look like an ordinary 5th wheel trailer, but it is far more. Once back, he got right to work on his latest project. He had been picking up on some strange vibrations coming from the mountains.



He knew what he had to do. He needed to get back out there, as far from civilization as possible and record a new song tuning into that vibration. So, about a week later he assembled a portable studio, in a small tent, on top of a mountain. He used his Heavy Lift Drone Copter. What he recorded was incredible, and his producer expected the song to be delivered via thumb drive, soon. The mountain had other plans.





## The Lost Song

The wind was howling, and screamed in a frequency Kellvin had never heard—a jagged, dissonant note that belonged in the Kushiva.

High on the jagged spine of the Ridge, Kellvin sat inside his pressurized tent studio, his fingers hovering over the console. He had just laid down the final track. It was a masterpiece of "Higher Mind" resonance, a melody designed to trigger a state of total Pwah for anyone who heard it.

"Done," he whispered. He pulled the ruggedized data drive from the deck and sealed it inside a lead-lined, vacuum-sealed canister.

Then, the mountain buckled.

The Descent

The storm hit with the force of a collapsing wave. The tent's carbon-fiber ribs snapped like dry kindling. Kellvin scrambled toward his escape: a custom, heavy-lift drone copter. It was his only way back to The Monolith, his high-tech, reinforced 5th wheel trailer parked in the valley below.

He strapped into the open-frame cockpit, the rotors fighting the horizontal sleet. "Lift!" he roared over the thunder.

The drone surged upward, fighting the downdrafts. For ten seconds, he was a god above the clouds. Then, a localized lightning strike arced across the Ridge. The drone's avionics fried and melted. The rotors groaned to a halt, and the world fell away.

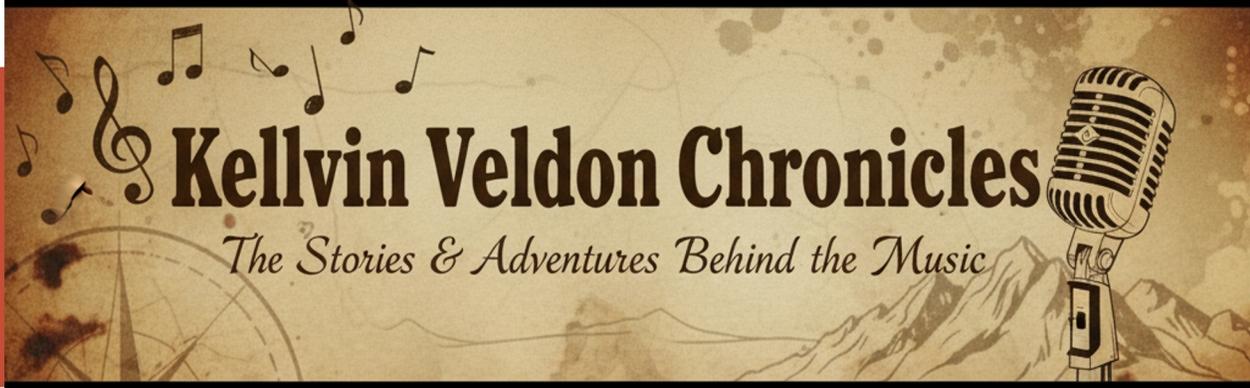
The crash was a symphony of tearing metal and white-out snow.

Survival in the Silence

Kellvin woke hours later, pinned beneath the wreckage of the drone's landing gear. His left leg was numb, and the temperature was dropping into the killing zone.

He didn't panic. He knew the empath spectrum of his own body too well. To fight the cold was to invite the "chaos" of the storm to consume him. Instead, he closed his eyes and sank into a deep Pwah. He slowed his heart rate, visualizing his internal heat pooling at his core, making himself "invisible" to the freezing wind.

He stayed in that state of hyper-relaxation for hours, his consciousness drifting into the Kushiva. In that higher mental plane, the screeching wind transformed into a low, rhythmic song. He didn't just endure the storm; he synchronized with it.



By dawn, his personal security team, The Sentinels, caught a faint thermal bloom on their long-range scanners. They found him encased in a thin layer of ice, his vitals so low he appeared dead, yet his mind was vibrating with a clarity he had never experienced before.

**The Lost Song**

As they pulled him from the wreckage and rushed him back to the medical bay in The Monolith, Kellvin's first word was a raspy question: "The canister?"

The team lead shook his head. "The impact sheared the cargo clip. The canister is gone, Kellvin. We've scanned the crash site for miles."

The song—the frequency of total peace—had been swallowed by the mountain. But it wasn't destroyed. During the tumble, the canister had slid into a deep, prehistoric crevasse, wedged between layers of permafrost and raw quartz crystal.

**Current Status**

**Kellvin:** Recovering in the security and silence of The Monolith. He hasn't tried to re-record the track; he says the mountain "improved" it.

**The Song:** It remains 200 feet below the ice. The quartz surrounding the canister has begun to act as a natural resonator for the drive's internal power hum. Hikers on the lower slopes now report a strange phenomenon: a sudden, overwhelming sense of physical weightlessness and mental peace whenever they pass the Ridge.

The music is playing for the earth now.





# Kellvin Veldon Chronicles

*The Stories & Adventures Behind the Music*



Kellvin recovered quietly back in the Monolith. The storms continued to rage. He entered a deep stage of "Kushiva", and found himself in a sustained state of tranquility. He had almost perished twice out in the wilderness. He had to come to terms with that and prepare himself for his upcoming show. There was business that needed tending to, but his mind was focused on the Lost Song, and the strange reading he was getting on his equipment. He was hearing more and more reports of anomalies around the mountain. He made regular late night calls to the "Lady", and his friend Kate, who was planning a visit soon.

He went about his daily routines, mostly inside the rig, because the weather would not relent. He finished his latest painting, and focused on a strict diet. He maintained his voice, and did a lot of reading. He also threw in a movie or two.

Then, one late night in his laboratory, he made a startling discovery. The weird vibrations coming from the mountain began to take on a familiar shape. It was the song. Sort of. It was as if the song were resonating within the stone. He got some scratchy recordings of it and shared it with some of his friends in the science community. Something was definitely going on. It was then he got the idea of doing a show at the sight of where they thought the thumb drive had been lost, and the area where the vibrations were emitting the strongest signal. Now, he had two shows planned. He needed to be ready...

