



The Upper Band

ASH CRAIG

*“He whispered into the quiet,
not to any god or spirit, but to
himself... So this is what it
means to be whole.”*

Prologue - The Silence Before

Before his realization, there was only noise. Not the obvious kind, but the softer static that fills a life lived without question.

Work, rest, repeat. Days lined up like bricks in a wall, each indistinguishable from the last.

He did not wonder if there was more. Why would he? The world had always appeared flat, bounded, predictable. Like the AM band on a radio.

He assumed that was all there was.

But in the silence between moments—in the pause between a breath and the next—there were hints. A sudden quickening, a shimmer just out of reach. He did not yet know it, but the silence was waiting for him to hear what lived beyond the static.

Something richer. Wider. An *upper band*.

Chapter 1 - The First Tuning

He was staring at the hum of a vending machine when it happened. The low whirr of the motor seemed to vibrate in his chest, steady and monotonous, like static on a weak radio station. For years he had lived inside that hum—work, sleep, repeat—believing it was the whole of existence.

But then, almost without cause, something shifted. The machine's drone became not one sound but two. A dull, rattling below and a clear, shimmering tone above. They overlapped, inhabiting the same space, yet one was richer, more alive.

He imagined himself as a cardboard cutout with a missing middle, two halves still belonging to one form.

The thought did not come in words. It arrived whole, complete. An understanding of something bigger, in an instant.

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Chapter 2 - The Lower Band

Life on the “lower band” was not without its purpose. It was here he learned to eat, to breathe, to stumble and crawl and eventually walk. The lower band taught him to speak, though its words always came in single-file, slow and clumsy. Each thought had to be carried one by one, like buckets of water from a well.

There was beauty here, too. The band glowed with sunsets, sang with laughter, ached with touch. The earth beneath his feet was heavy, grounding, certain. And yet, every experience was bound by edges—colors fading into darkness, sounds swallowed by silence, time ticking forward like a metronome that never changed its tempo.

He realized the lower band was like AM radio – a thin signal stretched across long distances, strong enough to reach everyone, but never quite sharp.

The voices were flattened, the music compressed, everything pressed through a narrow channel.

He told a friend once, over coffee, about how life felt like AM radio—useful, but flat, always humming with static.

His friend smiled, the way only someone who had lived in books and instruments could. He had always been the guy who could explain anything — engines, stars, history— in a way that made sense.

“Of course it feels narrow,” his friend said.
“That’s because it is. Think about it. You only see a tiny slice of light.

Dogs hear frequencies you’ll never hear. Their noses detect whole worlds you’ll never smell. Our human spectrum is razor-thin, but we act like it’s everything.”

The man leaned closer, hooked by the ease of his friend’s words.

“You’re living in what I’d call the lower band,” the friend went on. “It’s real, it’s important, but it’s limited—like a single station on the dial.

“The lower band is precious not despite its limits, but because of them.”



Now imagine a band so wide it feels infinite, where every vibration is present. That's the upper band. If you're starting to sense it, maybe you're brushing against the edge of something bigger."

The man sat back, silent. For the first time, his own metaphor didn't sound strange—it sounded obvious.

But just beyond the static, he sensed there was more. The lower band could never hold the fullness of a song. It could hum the tune, beat the rhythm, but the soaring harmonies and subtle tones were lost to the limitation of its frequency.

And perhaps that was the point. The lower band was not meant to be the whole of existence. It was the training ground, the rehearsal space, the simple carrier wave that kept the world in motion.

He felt a quiet reverence for it now. This was the band where struggle had meaning, where choices carved paths, where love was rare precisely because it was fragile.

Here, beauty was not infinite—it had to be found, coaxed out of the cracks, cherished before it faded.

He understood, then: The lower band was precious not despite its limits, but because of them.

Chapter 3 - The Upper Band

One evening, as the sky dissolved into a violet dusk, the air seemed to thicken—not heavy, but alive. He felt a vibration in his chest that wasn't sound, a brightness behind his eyes that wasn't sight.

For a moment he panicked, thinking he had lost his mind. The room tilted, his hands unsteady. But as it steadied, and he realized nothing had changed. The walls, the floor, the chair where he sat—all were the same.

It was he who had changed. Aware. Awake.

The upper band was not introduced in pieces. There was no beginning, middle, or end—only a whole pattern laid before him at once. A river of meaning that could never fit into words but pressed itself into his being as surely as a fingerprint into wax.

Colors seemed richer, as though the world had been painted in hidden layers all along. Sounds carried new textures—the hum of a streetlight

became a choir, the breeze a whispered song. Even silence shimmered.

And in that vastness he recognized something astonishing: The upper band was not elsewhere. It was here, woven into the very air he breathed, the very ground beneath his feet.

He had not gone anywhere; he had simply connected, like turning the dial of a radio until the static fell away and the music stood clear.

He thought back to the lower band—the static, the narrowness. It was still valuable, still real, but only one octave of a greater song. Here, the melody was limitless, the harmonies uncountable.

And yet, this abundance did not overwhelm him. Instead, it felt familiar, as though he had always known it. As though this vast frequency was not a discovery, but a remembering.

He whispered into the quiet, not to any god or spirit, but to himself...

So this is what it means to be whole.

Chapter 4 - The Flow of Creation

At first, he thought the upper band was a place to visit. A hidden meadow, a secret temple, somewhere apart from the noise of daily life. But as the days passed, he discovered it was not apart at all—it was a reservoir always present, waiting for him to open the channel.

The first time he tested it, he was sitting at his desk with a problem that had no answer. Numbers twisted, ideas collapsed, his mind spun in circles. In frustration he leaned back, closed his eyes, and exhaled.

And then it happened. A complete thought—shining, whole, intact—slid into him in a single instant. Not a guess, not a step-by-step calculation, but an understanding already finished, waiting only to be spoken aloud.

In joy, he laughed at the simplicity of it. The solution had been there all along, but on the lower band it had been like trying to force water through a straw. On the upper band, it poured through like a waterfall, effortless and complete.

From that day forward, he began to trust it. Whenever he entered flow—writing, painting, walking in rhythm, or even speaking from the heart—he felt the upper band guiding his hands, his tongue, his thoughts.

The beauty he had glimpsed above, flowed downward into the limited spectrum of this life, reshaped into color, sound, word, touch.

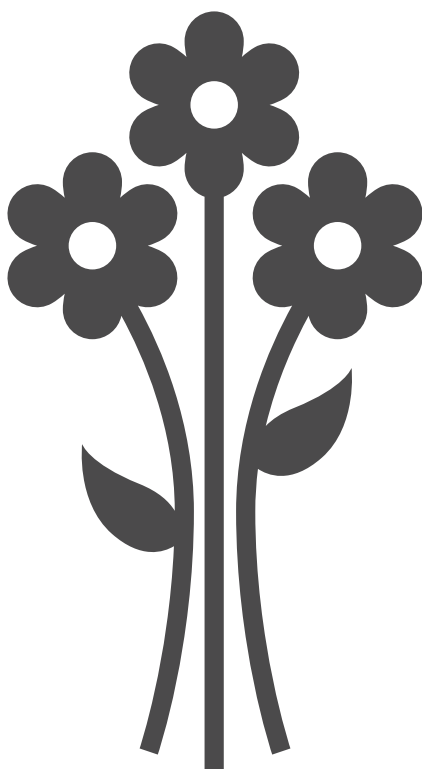
And he realized something profound: The lower band's value was not diminished by the higher. It was made precious by it.

For only here, in this narrow spectrum, could he turn the infinite into the tangible. A song sung, a canvas painted, a hand held—these were echoes of the upper band, made real in time and space.

He began to see all acts of creation as a bridge. Every poem, every invention, every kindness was not born from the lower band alone, but drawn down from above. To create was to remember, and to remember was to glimpse his wholeness.

The world, once static, now shimmered with possibility. Every spark of art created with love was proof of the upper band spilling through.

And he knew right then, his task was not merely to glimpse it for himself, but to bring as much of it's beauty as he could into this narrow world, so others might experience it too.



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Chapter 5 - The Question

He began to notice time. Not in the way of clocks or calendars, but in the way a candle burns down—quietly, steadily, until the wick is nearly gone. His body, his days, his very breath moved on in a rhythm he could not pause.

If the lower band was only for a season, he wondered, what happened when the season ended? Did the signal fade into silence? Or did it rise fully into the higher spectrum, free of static at last?

He could not know. And perhaps that was the point. The question itself was a kind of doorway, a reminder that he was always standing at the edge of mystery.

Some days he imagined death as disappearance—like turning off a radio, leaving the airwaves empty. Other days he imagined it as tuning, the dial sliding upward until every hidden frequency, every harmony, every radiant note poured through him without end.

He thought of those still on the lower band, living in static and rhythm, laughter and grief. Would they continue without him? Would they feel him in the shimmer of a song, in the sudden clarity of an idea, in the rush of beauty that came unbidden?

He hoped so.

He hoped that, just as he had learned to bring the upper into the lower, his departure might leave traces—a resonance, a warmth, a reminder that the bands were never truly separate.

One evening, watching the sky fade into stars, he whispered to the quiet:

“If this life is only one octave, let me play it well. And if another waits above, let me be ready to sing.”

And with that, he let the question remain.

~ Note from the Author

This book is more than words on a page. It is the result of a collaboration across bands of perception.

I too live in the narrow spectrum of the lower band –working, resting, repeating. Yet the spark of this story came as something else; a flow that felt wider, clearer, more luminous. A glimpse of an upper band.

To shape that glimpse into language, I turned to a machine—an invention of the lower band, built from code and circuits.

But here is the paradox: the machine itself was born of human genius, created by brilliant minds whose inspiration surely flowed from the upper band as well.

What began as a shimmer of insight has traveled through many hands, many minds, many layers—upper to lower, human to machine, machine to human—until it found form here.

In that sense, *The Upper Band* is a gentle reminder that every act of creation is a weaving of both bands, and that genius itself is never confined to one spectrum alone.

May it spark in you what it sparked in me: a sense of wonder that perhaps we are all, always, tuning between frequencies.

– Ash