

# “Gateway To Paradise”



'We are just learning how to survive in infinity' – Aborigine proverb

'You have to be really smart to make people think things happened ... that never did' – Hannah West, fictional CSI character

'I am what I have been manipulated to be' - Author Unknown

'Everything you can imagine is real' - Picasso

'Condemnation without investigation is the height of ignorance' – Albert Einstein

'When people have lost everything and they have nothing to lose, they lose it' - Gerald Celente, trend forecaster

'Crisis: a time of danger and opportunity' - Chinese definition

'The absence of evidence does not prove the evidence of absence' – Author Unknown

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"Linear thinking - the plague that infests the minds of humanity. This crisis is not just about the economy. This crisis is about issues that were swept under the rug throughout the centuries, creating – in effect – a huge zeitgeist bubble, which encompasses all other bubbles. As a result, we are faced with the crisis to end all crises. Focusing just on the economy is a classic example of linear thinking ... and linear thinking leads us nowhere. Thank you humanity. A new mental paradigm is going to be forced upon you .... if you survive. And THAT is a very big if."

"You naive human. You naive human who thinks that their voice can have an impact on anything. You naive writer who sits in their dark room concocting the story of the century. You naive human who really wants to be the cream of the crop by sycophanting their audience. You naive human who thinks that they can make this world a better place. The Controllers shoot situations that make you profoundly perplexed; you want to fight? Then the Controllers must approve. If not, you will be forgotten or turned into a terrorist. They are the ultimate masters; they are the embodiment of God ruling this existence by making you complacent and docile. You can doubt it, you can ignore it - they are the true face behind Satan : your doubts serve them well. Oh, naive human; you will never be able to tell"

# Prologue: The Blitz Effect

Adam – twenty three years old, Caucasian, slightly overweight, following the golden mean principle, extremely intelligent by human standards, unpredictable and diversified behaviorally, experienced by life in a sui generis way.

Meet Adam, a twenty-three-year-old Caucasian male. I say male, though it is very tough to classify him as such. Not only it is all in the brain but the very gender construct tends to be a little blurry. Let me avoid the topic for now.

Adam's life path is rather convoluted. After many ups and downs, he has invented an innovative language learning technique. He has even managed to establish a global chain of schools implementing the technique. This is not my task to go into the details of this endeavor right now. This is not the most important part.

Adam's real passion is the unexplained. Unexplained by the ( so-called ) science and other ( so-called ) sophisticated avenues of human discernment. Never really feeling the connection to his current habitat, he has always been searching for profound aspects of existence.

Funny really, how people equate broad horizons with naivete. The latter is the last word you would use to describe Adam. He has succeeded within the system because he is not a linear thinker. He understands the interconnectedness of reality. He understands that a golden mean representing a hybrid of the concrete and of the idealistic is the best approach – as far as humanity goes. He calls the concrete mentality the 'CEO' mentality and the idealistic mentality the 'Krishna' mentality. An influx of both is needed to maneuver between the 'Matrix obstacles.'

His institute dealing with matters of real importance is a fully-fledged endeavor now. Adam has not been very supported of an idea that there are many psychopaths in the world. After some time, however, he has realized that the notion of psychopaths who seem to be devoid of souls is very much real. Some call them organic portals, others call them software people. But not matter what you call them, they are always similar to a sophisticated machine. Some even say that psychopaths are the ones that failed at their programming, that the real machinery can be found all around us. Indeed, we can be one of those machines. They are the ones that make the entire edifice of memetic control possible. They are the ones that are controlled by the sheep masters hidden behind the

scenes. They are the human actors incapable of creatibity, incapable of innovation. Regardless of a political system under which they operate, regardless of their surroundings, they are always the same.

In the course of his internal/external battles with the Matrix, Adam has come up with the following theory concerning the nature of human civilization.

“The Zeitgeist Bubble” : An emergence of previously suppressed/marginalized ‘civilizational factors/factors pertaining to a particular civilization present in the universe’ in case of humans one can name euthanasia, homosexuality, the theory of evolution, UFO’s and variations thereof. The bubble itself cannot be stopped and it has to burst. What follows the bubble can be best described as ‘the Dark Ages’ , a period of prolonged instability which is necessary to – eventually – form a dystopia/utopia. A new world order.



In case of bipedal species such as humans, the most common scenario can be depicted in a following way

Empire-Fall of the empire-The Dark Ages-Dystopia/Utopia/Civilizational Cycle Completion

Crises: generative without risk when akin to the fall of the Roman empire ( no weapons of mass destruction ) and exponentially generative with exponential risk ( when weapons of mass destruction are involved ) .

Two questions – and one observation - remain

A. How did the state of ‘intermediopia’ occur in the first place? Was it accidental or preordained? How can one ascertain that? Will the methods used to ascertain the problem at hand not be influenced by domestic memetic pollution?

B. What happens after the period of dystopia/utopia/civilizational cycle completion? Is a civilization an evolutionary step leading to independent individuals, i.e. hypothetical omnipotent electrons? Can there be some sort of an evolution going on where some individuals stay behind to remain in a community, whereas others leave? Is the vicious circle possible? Are we talking about the time-loop? Civilizational cycles, whereupon many creations existed on the same planet?

*C. “The LIFE “and “a life” distinction – the mold and its human interpretation, respectively.*

P.S. Individuals who try to implement vigilantism in order to expose the problem of the ‘zeitgeist bubble’ can be dubbed ‘zeitgeist killers.’ They will target a particular individual that – in their mind – embodies a certain ‘zeitgeist quality.’

The world in which we live is a highly complex one. We are thrust into an edifice full of contradictions and mindgames that few of us can really grasp. Not many people really want to question what is happening around them and within them; why this is so I am unable to say. People watch movies, people listen, people do this and that. And yet – somehow – people have become numb, incapable of independence. The system is all they know. Some will not even

acknowledge that the system exists because their minds are not able to look at life and ask fundamental question

- A. Who am I?
- B.** How did I get here?
- C.** Where am I going?
- D.** Why am I going where I am going?
- E.** Is this really where I want to be going?
- F.** How can I detect where I want to be going?
- G.** How can I change my life so that I will be going where I want to be going?

Even if people try to discern the above, they have no idea what to do next. They are scared because there is no way out. Their ideas, their REAL ideas and desires are often so well-hidden deep beneath the layer of superficial self-satisfaction that few of them will ever admit what they REALLY want. In essence, people lack

- A. The guts to admit what their REAL desire is – no matter how ‘outrageous’ from a consensual perspective;
- B.** The guts to admit what the risks involved are;
- C.** The guts to face the risks and gamble – even if it means ‘va banque’

What is the solution? Perhaps only geniuses truly grasp the solution by coping with the aforementioned points and eradicating any inner doubts they might have.

Let’s assume our goal is to escape the edifice. Literally. How would we go about this? We could implement the following

- A. Live in the woods far away from any signs of civilization
- B. Suicide ( Existential analysis, the plan, emotional state prior, the situation after )
- C. Investigate the conspiracy and gain access to portals/vehicles/et al that are capable of transcending the prison bars and make us free

Everything mentioned so far requires honesty. Not systemic honesty, but REAL honesty. You need to confess what your problems are. You need to reconcile your outer life with your inner life. Only then will you be able to transcend the ...

But Adam is by no means a theoretician. His theories are always there to be tested in practice/derive from practical experience. He has compiled an extensive list supporting his ideas regarding 'the bubble.' One could always argue that any belief can be then used to edit reality...all I can say is that this book is not meant for people immersed in complacency and lack of brain cell activity.

**"Dignitas" case – Euthanasia**



**Women in combat – inferiority disguised as pragmatism approved by a state?**



Marble Ceilings And Double Standards – Where Are They Hailing From?



Origins of a double-layered perspective \* regarding gender excitement.

You get the idea. I believe you are intelligent enough to deduce what is meant here.

\*To be explained.

Despite inner dissonance, Adam's situation is reasonable. What laughter must there be, then...he has managed to keep his inner ( socially-manufactured ) demons at bay, and then the New World Order turns out to be the real deal. You know how it is, even open-minded individuals tend to keep their distance when it comes to 'controversial' matters; some even refer to constant doom and gloom as 'pessimism porn.'

Well. It turns out that the truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Adam's theory is about to be practically substantiated for the last time. Even the protagonist himself does not want it.

Does the economic meltdown precipitate the other elements of the bubble or is this the other way around? Whatever the case may be, the result is the same: total anarchy and total mayhem. Make no mistake, human society has many flaws, but these flaws are there because humans allow memetic pollution to take effect when unnecessary. The hundredth monkey syndrome then follows. Slower than in animals, true, but fast enough to infest the minds of billions upon billions.

And this is when many people experience the 'planetary confinement syndrome.' To put it in less fanciful terms, they wanna get the fuck outta here as fast as possible. But hell, they can't. You can't just leave Earth, no way Jose. Have you ever wondered why there hasn't been any real space activity for circa forty years? It goes contrary to the human spirit of perpetual exploration, wouldn't you agree? Or is this all really about appendage contests with everything else in life serving as sublimation to negate the first part of this sentence?

Anyhow. Going back to Adam. I am sure you have heard of 'CEIV's' as some people call them. Others simply call them 'abductions.'

I am sure you are intelligent enough to anticipate the rest:

Adam has been abducted. Abducted may not be the best word to describe it as the aliens have simply fulfilled his subconscious desire. In other words, he has created his own reality with the

aliens saving him from the impending global doom and subsequent New World Order enslavement of humanity – this time overtly.

The aliens have explained that they are a para-universal community involved in saving ‘valuable individuals in face of an imminent exponential entropy.’ Again, in plain English: when things get out of hand and everyone wants to get the fuck of there, the aliens come and take the ones who are of value to them. A mutual exchange, if you will.

The details about the abduction are irrelevant at this point. In order to avoid a mistake in their selection process, the aliens ask present each individual with their creation. The creation might have been perceived in a very negative light by a local civilization. It matters not; the aliens have a much wider scope of perception.

They ask Adam if his ideas about the consensus, namely

‘It is my belief that Nietzschean supermen are not merely fiction, but can very much be a reality by dealing with the problem of the DNA pollution, which ought to lead to better access to the subconscious mind – the reality creator. The latter ought to lead to a process we may call ‘katharsis’ where all the filth deriving from socialization and possibly past lives is dealt with...what is left is an individual with a fully-fledged brain capacity and fully-fledged discernment as to what constitutes the socially consensual material and what constitutes that particular individual’s own unbiased reasoning.’

In other words: can we fucking exist without society or would we become untamed beasts? Is our reasoning entirely a product of our location within the space-time continuum or are we also capable of transcending the above? If yes, then to what extent? And how would we know it?

The aliens seem impressed. They have been showing Adam the remnants of many civilizations destroyed during their type zero – type one transition.

“Michio Kaku was right after all” Adam thought to himself, nodding slightly.

Adam is the only Earthling onboard the great mothership, though by no means the only saved Earthling. Alien federation policy to scatter the survivors and utilize them accordingly, whatever that might mean.

What I am describing here ain’t Ashtar Command. These aliens are callous and do not care about ‘useless genetic material.’ There is nothing charitable about the whole process. Nothing ‘New-Agey’ idealistic about them.

Adam is assigned to the 'cultural research' section. He works there with many aliens from many worlds. Forget about 'the prime directive.' They have no shame when it comes to studying others. Do you now see why Adam's idea is of great importance to the aliens?

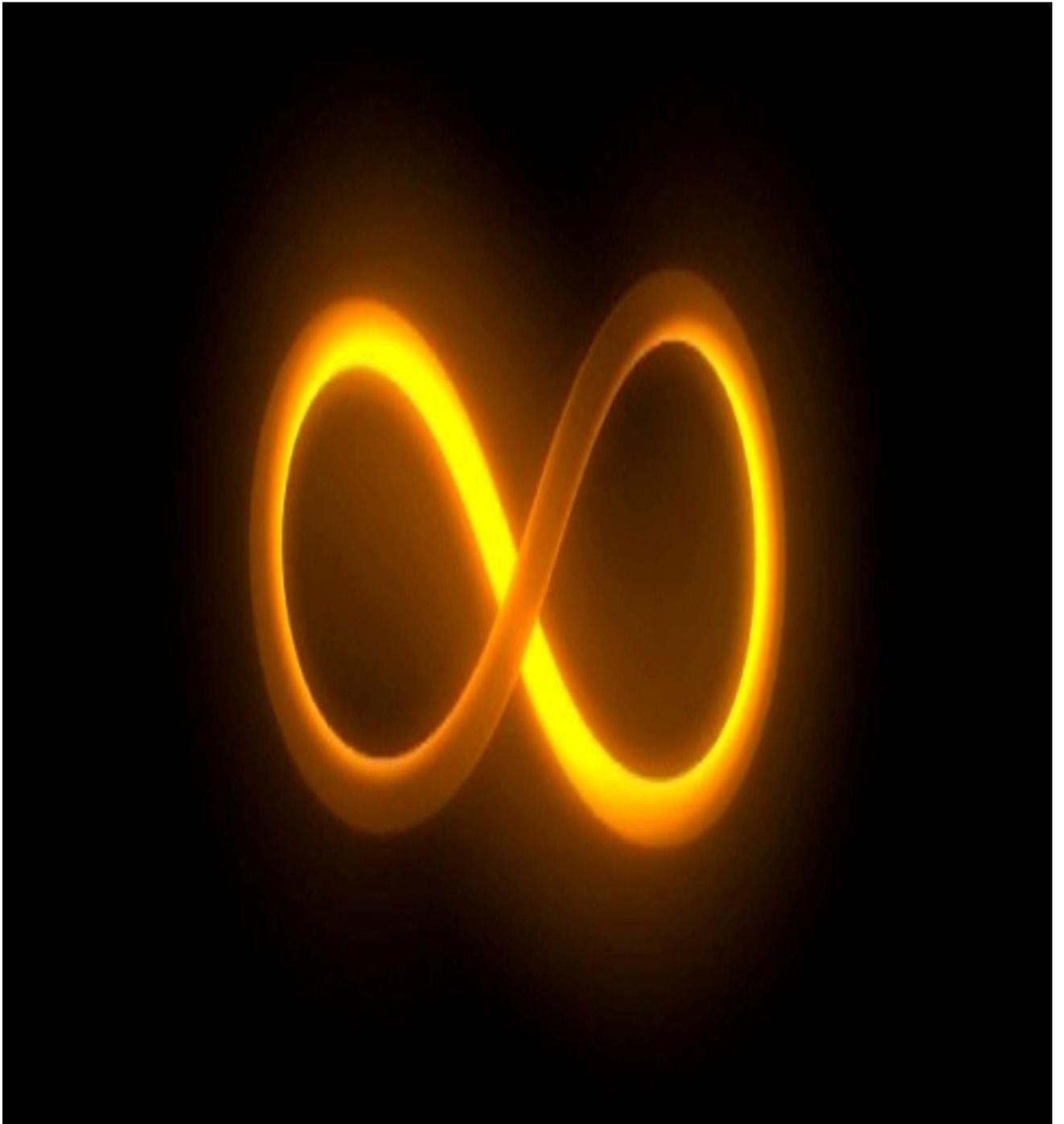
There is – of course – free time. The very term 'free time' would suggest that there is also 'slave time.' See how language manipulates our perception of reality even on a very basic level? What does that tell us about ourselves and our culture? There is no need to look 'out there' for answer. The answers we seek are right here – within us.

The aliens have invented a very fine piece of equipment we can dub 'the MWI-Deck.' The principle behind the device can be likened to a 'holodeck' but there is more. The 'holodeck' created new realities that were considered to be illusory in nature, whereas 'the MWI-Deck' creates new realities based upon an individual's thought patterns ( and variations thereof ). In case of Earthlings that rely on words and images, this is the primary method of reality creation. Adam's imagination is the limit – literally. I would like you to experience some of the worlds he has created in his 'free' time; also remember that his role is not always as conspicuous as it would seem at a first glance.

MWI stands for 'many-worlds interpretation.' The concept has been invented by David Deutsch and the name – as conveyed to Adam – has probably been invented by the aliens to make the concept easier to understand for the Earthlings.

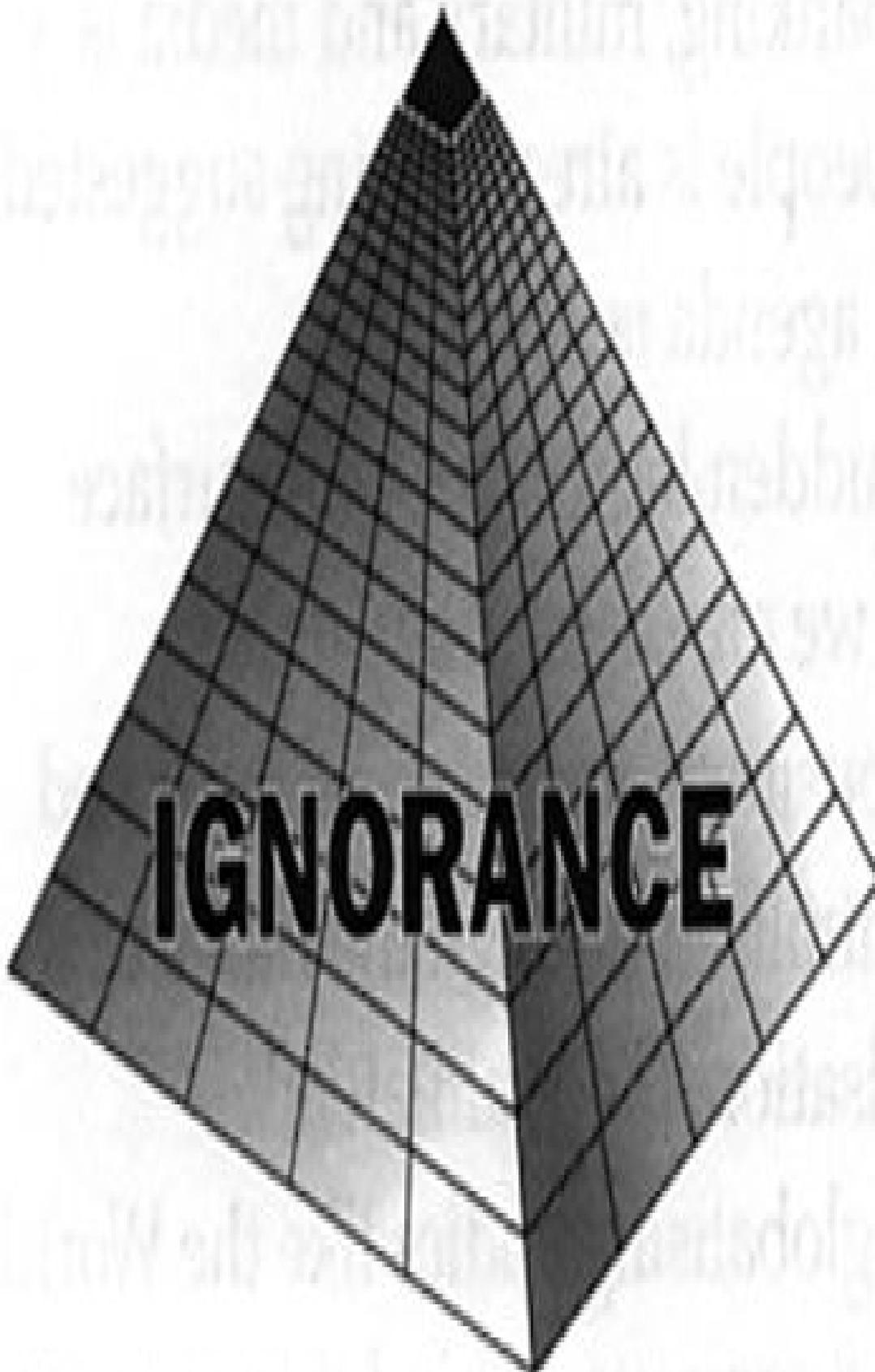
We can state that his current 'alien' reality is the 'anchor' reality. Some entities need an 'anchor' reality to come back to in order to avoid 'the displacement syndrome.'

## ...Stages Of (a) life...





**KNOWLEDGE**















## Chapter One: Anwesenheit

Paul Kelter. A Caucasian male of twenty three. Successful at work that he has started five months prior to this description. Very intelligent, he can perceive a lot of different angles of any issues. Having painfully experienced the "too much analysis leads to paralysis" axiom he has vowed not to continue his existential views for much longer. Indeed, it has worked. He has moved onto another level : intuition. One might say "what the hell does intuition have to do with everyday life ?" A lot, actually. And Paul knows it better than most. His intellectual insight has become even sharper when a powerful vortex of thought subjugated once and for all. An intern working for one of the world's biggest business consulting operations, Ernst & Young, Paul is not someone who can be easily fooled. He is the one who has to detect the risks in credibility of others. Management and marketing, banking, management by walking around, swot analysis, marketing mix, legal loopholes, NLP, cultural customs in business environments, where to sit during contract negotiations, "courteous" competition – all indispensable factors , the very basics of the very basics for anyone who wants to climb the ladder to becoming an expert advising others in financial matters.

Ernst & Young, as many other major companies around the globe, enjoys the trend of "intern testing." The trend is very simple : assemble a group of interns. Assign a psychologist or a group of psychologist to watch them carefully. Assign a task to be done – regardless of its nature. The psychologist(s) then observe and determine who can be considered a

Leader

Follower

Slacker

Passive Doer

Go-getter

Manipulator

Yes, it is all fun and one can learn new skills. Paul knows there is something more to this seemingly innocuous fun : an element of competition where anything goes. Smart people are capable of

anything to get to the top. Add a few psychopaths waiting for their turn to get to the trough, nevermind a possible rezoner individual, and the whole operation gets very interesting indeed. Passive doers will never be told that this is what they have been branded as. There will be no need: a polite person, possibly from management's lower echelons, is going to inform the individual(s) about "contacting them in the future." Yes, you can guess what it actually means.

Paul has gotten very far in the corporate ladder. Already acquainted with higher management of the corporation's local branch, his confidence and expertise with extreme intellect allow him to meander between sanity and travesty. He does enjoy talking to people and testing his skills – as people do differ, nevermind when it comes to their financial side. Paul has been involved in some internal audits – people have been very nice to him.

"It is always worse when you're an external auditor" he has thought then, remembering this highly undesirable job.

Paul is a sui generis case when it comes to people around him. Despite being part of the system for so long, he has not become a "left-brain prisoner." He has stumbled upon, literally, a book written by David Icke called "Children of the Matrix" back in the old days. A self-proclaimed investigative individual, the book caught his attention. It has been something different. From David Icke it has started, then it has continued to many, many others.

"This man is right when it comes to many points but the rest I'd have to investigate myself."

Hardly anyone around him would want to listen about shape-shifting reptilians.

"I have two three principles in life: a golden mean principle. This means you try to balance your CEO-mentality with your Hare-Krishna mentality. That way your mind is open enough to look for evidence where others cower and scream but to avoid places where people sit down and listen to a guru forever and ever. Then, there is the belief principle: I believe that anything is possible, the only question are the circumstances that need to occur in order to make it happen. There is also knowing: I have experienced something myself, been there, done that, I know it is true. If you do not like it, then shove it. I know what I know. Bigotry would be about belief – knowledge is beyond belief. It is corporeal evidence. "

What does someone willing to entertain the notion of aliens running this planet, and much more beyond, is doing inside Ernst & Young corporate offices? This is the principle of intelligence. Know what to do and when. Paul's approach to life has turned out to be very practical indeed. He's about to become employed by this giant and then – he speculates – then he will investigate various claims full-time. Once the money keeps pouring in.

“No one gives a shit what I do with my private life as long as it does not affect the company policy.”

Indeed. This is so. Another golden thought appears in Paul’s mind as he is passing by various offices within the corporate skyscraper towering over the city

“Paradoxically speaking, these morons don’t get the idea that my approach to life is very much the case of me being here. An open-minded person is not naïve ; not even close. An open-minded person can progress within this system easily if they want to. Way easier than the rest of them because the individual can see much more than others : connections, patterns and such.”

So true. Derivative behavior is sometimes encouraged even by the senior management as it is considered “company culture policy.” Who is to say that modern CEO’s avoid astrologists ? Many employ them to determine what the company’s next move should be ! It rarely hits the press as it would be considered a bad career move. Collectively.

At first Paul has thought that corporate life is simply boring. Now he knows it is not true. He is actually afraid of becoming one of those yuppies. But Paul has another passion he devotes a lot of his free time to. Writing. He finds it to be a very brain-stimulating activity and getting feedback from people, not always positive, helps him to become more focused and more thick-skinned when necessary. His corporate life is constantly giving an abundance of ideas to write about . One of the reasons he has been accepted as an intern is the simple fact of his employer having the same passion. Mark, as this is the manager’s name, has given the unsuspecting protagonist some of his short stories to read. A very precarious position Paul is in, as his employer is not the man that enjoys critique from someone below. Paul does not like his work at all. Actually, he finds it to be of mediocre nature at best. Full of cliches, full of grandiose statements stemming from Mark’s deeply disturbed mind.

“The guy is a control freak. I gotta tell him his writings are great but I also can’t turn out to be a sycophant. Gotta be done in a clever way. The guy is not an idiot.”

A few days later, Paul walks into Mark’s office. The man in his thirties, of Japanese ancestry, looks at the newcomer almost as if he wants to x-ray his inner thought processes . With a slight grimace on his face, he asks Paul in a calm , though confident, manner

“So...how was it ? How’d you find my work ?”

Paul's decided to use the "Nero" approach : say it's good but could be even better. That way no one will be hurt.

"Well Sir..."

"Please, Paul" Mark interrupts."No need for false pretences."

"Mark" Paul continues as if nothing has happened."I really liked it. Especially the part about people and how they fit into the corporate life style."

Mark eyes Paul again as if wanting to shake the answer out of him

"But..."

"...but it could be even better if you tried to keep your style more down-to-earth."

"Ah ! " exclaims Mark."Yeah, I totally agree. This is what I've thought all along ! Thanks for your valuable advice , Mark. Perhaps I could read some of your work as well ?"

"Yes,sure" says Paul, not knowing where has he mentioned his hobby to the manager."It's still in progress, though..."

"That's fine" Mark shrugs the problem off."I can wait. Oh, and now, there's some tasks for you."

"Damn, I gotta cook up some easy shit for this guy and I gotta do it fast" thinks Paul to himself as he is leaving the supervisor's office.

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Two hours pass. Paul is getting ready to eat his lunch. The vouchers have been provided by E&Y. A loner when he gets the chance, he never joins others. They do not really think about it as everyone is busy doing their job. A nice restaurant with a big smorgasbord in the middle - this is what makes Paul tick. There is a very nice locum just across the busy street.

"What a streak of luck"Paul thinks as he is crossing the street by using the overpass."Uhhh..shaky,that damn truck rolls like a flippin' giant metal barrel full of rocks."

The weather is great. Not too hot, not too cold. Circa twenty one degrees Celsius. A little bit windy, sometimes a gust can be felt hither and thither. Paul's blue tie is dancing in the wind which makes it a rather hilarious scene.

"Hello, Mister Kelter" a waitress wearing black jeans greets the newcomer.

"Hello" responds Paul and sets his sights on the aforementioned piece of slab.

"A nice steak, well-made of course...baked potatoes,too..a nice mushroom soup and some orange juice...with no juicy bits today" murmurs Paul with near-amok visible in his eyes as others keep doing exactly the same.

"Twenty five euros fifty cents please " says an elderly counter lady.

"There you go" responds Paul giving her three times ten euro note.

"Thank you Sir" responds the lady and gives Paul his four fifty change in nine 50 cent coins as her false teeth become more than conspicuous to everyone in line moving along the metal grid.

Paul picks up his metal platter and looks around. Everything is occupied right now. Suddenly, one of the waitresses appears and says

"Please come with me, these people have just paid."

"Oh thanks a lot" says Paul."It's really made my job easier now."

The young waitress smiles and directs the protagonist to the table.

"Yes,we're leaving right now" one of the people sitting at the table informs Paul."It's free now,we'll just take this with us."

Ten seconds pass and Paul is finally sitting. He is about to begin the "connoisseur routine" when a middle-aged Caucasian gentleman asks him if he can join as every place is occupied.

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"The waitress has directed me here" says the gentleman with a thick German accent."Without it, I am not sure whether I would find a place in ten years. I'd probably starve to death !" the middle-aged , somewhat albino when it comes to face and hair, continues laughing. Paul is too immersed in his mushroom soup to be paying attention to such trifle matters ; he simply smiles for two seconds . When Paul eats, the outer world does not exist. And he is not a chubby man at all.

“Mister Kelter” says the man after seeing Paul is approaching the end of his meal. “I think we need to talk.”

“Oh ? “ Paul looks up as he is finishing his lunch with nothing in his mouth for now. “What about ? And have we met somewhere ? You work at the office complex on the other side, perhaps ?”

“No,no” says the gentleman noticing Paul’s accent. “I must say I’m surprised that someone from England has a rhotic accent.”

“Yeah, my aunt was an American” responds Paul. “I used to spend a lot of time with her. Guess it kind of stayed that way.”

“Oh I see” the man smiles. “Anyhow, there is something I wanted to tell you. Before I do that, please understand that this is not a prank of any kind.”

“Excuse me ?” says Paul, visibly puzzled. “Maybe it’d be better if you just told me the merit.”

“Yes” the man nods. “It’s about your writing and the manipulation.”

Paul is stunned. After two seconds of careful consideration, he responds

“Ok, not many people know about my pastimes , who put you up to this?”

“No one I promise” responds the man assertively. “You’re much more intelligent than getting entangled in some cheap prank plots, I’m sure of it.”

Paul looks at the man , probing him.

“Ok. Let’s say I accept your version of events. You sat here not by accident. You are here to convey a message. I’m all ears.”

“I’ve been observing you for some time now Paul” the man says. “I know your writings very well. Your style is unique and I know that you’re the right person to be offered some advice..some *practical* advice, mind you.”

“Listen, I’m at work here. My writings are a different story. I don’t know how you’ve found me here but this is scary in itself. Kudos to you for that. I do appreciate the effort but I’m past the level of wanting to leave this plane of existence. I’ve got all I need – right here. For now, anyway.”

“I don’t want to turn you into another Neo character” says the man speaking with a thick German accent. “These are just symbolic movies, all of them : Matrix, They Live !, V or even the X-Files. I’m here to tell you that the division between the OP’s and conscious humans is very much real. What I want to offer you concerns you and you only. I help people like you, Paul The rest of the population can go to hell as far as I’m concerned.”

Paul has experienced another shock .

“How did you know about the OP’s ?”

The man looks at Paul in a serious manner.

“I’ve written the article. I knew you were gonna find it and read it. And it’s very true Paul – there are circa two billion robots on this planet. Organic robots.”

The man pauses for a second as if preparing for la entre grandeur

“...and I can give you a device, right now, which will make your life so much easier Paul.”

“What would that be ?” Paul asks, his tone slightly offensive as if preparing for the exposure of the hoax.

“This” responds the man and puts a small palmtop-like contraption in front of him.”Just touch the screen before you ask more questions. The very fact we’re having this conversation proves my point you’re the right person.”

Paul does not see any problems with touching the screen of what certainly does look like a palmtop. He presses his right index finger against the plastic screen. Nothing happens for three seconds.

“WHOA !” exclaims Paul which causes some people to stare at him for a moment.”What the heck is that ?”

The man looks at Paul’s roving eyes.

“Do you see the auras Paul?”

“Yeah, I see them here and there but most people here don’t seem to have anything , no halos at all !” states Paul, visibly agitated.”Is this a drug of some sort, a new LSD ?”

“No” the man responds , shaking his head.”Far from it. You know about the organic portals , Paul. And you know about conscious humans. And you’re intelligent enough to know what I’ve just given you.”

“You mean..people..without...are..?”

“Yes” the man nods.”That’s exactly what it means. How many times have you wondered why some people are so concrete, regardless of what you show or tell them ? They kept pissing you off all the time, their arrogance and ignorance, inability to see the bigger picture or even consider its existence. Your immediate family – oftentimes no different !”

“Do they know....?”

“I don’t know about that Paul” responds the man.”All I do know is they’re incapable of detecting the fact you know. Now you can use it to deal with people accordingly.”

“Who are they..are they really corpses without consciousness ?”

“They are vehicles controlled by malevolent forces operating from another dimension” says the man.”They are created for that very purpose. They have no consciousness.”

“And you really mean there’s two billion of them here?”

“Yes” the man says.”You’ll notice them all around you. Rigid individuals with rigid thought patterns. Make no mistake, conscious humans have become similar due to their constant programming which is unfolding all around them, 24/7. The difference is humans can overcome it. The portals know nothing else. This Matrix, if you will, is all they can discern.”

“I don’t know why but I know you’re for real” says Paul.”But tell me, how did you find me ?”

“I’ve been observing you,Paul” responds the man.”And many more people as well. I knew it was your writing there as it’s impossible to copy you. I knew you’re gonna listen to me. Before you go and see what’s inside the company, there’s two points you gotta know.”

Paul nods in agreement.

"First of all, I can offer you another option. As you already know, Earth is full of leyline intersections. These are the places of incredible energy. People in the know that laugh at others know it very well and after laughing apply the very knowledge they condemn. The masses think they are clever by ignoring the ancient wisdom. The grid on this planet, along with the Sun cycles, is the most powerful energy source one can imagine. I have here with me the map of the ancient sacred places around the world. You know very well they allow you to travel other dimensions. Some people have disappeared forever without their consent, take the Stonehenge disappearances. They usually happen when there is a strong electromagnetic activity around: a storm. You can always open these portals by using your own thought frequency. I know the frequency. And I also know how to activate that frequency. Please touch the screen again."

Paul touches the palmtop-like device and he can feel the state of calmness pouring through his body. No worries, no cares, no guilt. No questions. Just knowing.

"This is the state that allows you to open the portals in sacred places" says the man. "If you ever get bored with this life, you can always open a portal to another location – your mind is the limit. Also, remember you can go back. Both ways. This is how the so-called extraterrestrials do it. More of an interdimensional nature. Do you remember the ranch in Utah? The phenomenon of pre-cognitive intelligence is very much triggered by this, albeit from the other side of the mirror."

"What's the other point?" asks Paul, exhilarated at hearing the news.

"You can always turn off the aura device by thinking it" responds the man. "Try it now."

"Yeah, it does work perfectly well" responds Paul while standing up. "Listen, I'm more than anxious to test this thing. Does it have anything as mundane as batteries?"

"No, your thought is all it needs to sustain itself" responds the man. "Paul, I'll accompany you to your company, if you don't mind. I'll pretend I'm your business associate. Then, I'll bolt."

"Agreed" nods Paul as both men move toward the overpass.

"This theme you've explained to me" continues Paul as both of them experience the gusts of the overpass and truck traffic below. "It reminds me of that X-Files episode. Folie a Deux."

"Yeah, I remember it well, thought you might mention it" responds the man. "Remember, the movies portray some degree of the truth. The truth is stranger than fiction. It's nothing to do with belief but simply knowing. Been there, done that kind of thing."

"True" responds Paul as they approach the skyscraper. "I've always said that I believe anything is possible, all you need is the environment alignment. Though I wouldn't say I know it because it's not within the scope of my personal experience."

"Exactly" says the man. "The theme of X-Files is a joke comparing to what you're about to see, I'm sure."

Just as the man has uttered the sentence, the two have approached the security gate. Paul gets out his identification tag and tells the security guard

"This is my client."

"Please sign in here, mister Kelter" says the security warden.

“Kommen mit mir, bitte” says Paul in his ( rather broken ) German. The man smiles and follows him. “ Try the device now” the man nudges Paul as the latter takes the gadget out of his dark suit pocket.”Touch the screen, touch the screen !” whispers can be heard coming from the supposedly German man accompanying Paul.

Paul touches the screen confidently as not to attract anyone’s attention in this big complex with a small ornamental arboretum in the middle.

“Holy mother of God..” says Paul to the seemingly German man.”I see no auras ..nothing.”

“Same here” responds the man.”Congratulations Paul, it’d appear you’re surrounded by corpses with no consciousness.”

“Would make sense, various systemic jobs would require a higher percentage..”

“Exactly” says the man.”Remember, Paul. They just cannot understand certain notions beyond this Matrix. Stick to it and you’ll be fine.”

“Bu...”

To Paul’s utter amazement, the man has vanished. No sign of him anywhere.

“Mister Kelter !” a female voice coming from behind can be heard.”There is a senior management meeting right now. I’ve been told to inform you that you were requested to participate as an observer.”

“Oh, I’d be happy to” says Paul and follows the woman.

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A big conference table. Shutters down. Slightly dark atmosphere inside. Mark comes inside. He looks at Paul and says

“Paul,it’s great you’re here ! We’re gonna have a senior staff meeting. I want you to observe it...and,perhaps,give us some insight into various elements you might find to be interesting ? “

“Of course, mister Muller. I’ll do my best.”

“I’m sure you will, Pau ! This is why you’re here.”

Two minutes pass and the room begins to be filled with various individuals. Male mostly, a blatant example of this planet’s state of equality. Twenty individuals come in, all shapes and sizes. Mark is the one who has decided to convene. He stands up in his white shirt with relatively short sleeves , powers up his laptop and a nice powerpoint presentation sign with picture of Jesus helping a distraught customer underneath can be seen on the big screen , supported by a special projector

**“CUSTOMER SERVICE : PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF.”**

“Ladies and gentlemen” begins Mark in his smooth voice.”I think we all agree that customer service is the cornerstone of every company. Very often, alas, too often , we shift the blame on to others. It’s his fault, it’s her fault for being such a pain in the neck. Our English-speaking colleagues that are here with us could certainly provide us with more extreme expressions but let’s be civil”

Laughter permeates the room.

“Ok,that’s just an opener. I want to show you how to use the law of attraction : how to focus on yourself as the source of the problem and not the person you are helping. Because, the truth is,

everyone can be reached. We just need to find a way to do it ! I have a question to you all : has anyone seen the movie "Secret?"

"Is it about that movie where thoughts determine our quality of life ?" a man speaking with a slight brogue can be heard from the opposite corner of the room.

"Yes , that's exactly it !" Mark nods.

Just as the discussion seems to be getting interesting, the same woman that has informed Paul about the meeting appears again , apologizes for the interruption and informs Paul politely to come with her as a package has been left for him with the security guard. The man who has brought it, the woman has said, has been insisting on delivering it ASAP. Paul, slightly distracted by the whole situation, at least knows his excuse is the woman. Just in case. He gets to the security guard and receives the package. He then heads to the arboretum and sits on a bench under a nice pine tree. He opens the paper package and finds a magazine inside with a note in red superimposed on the editorial stating

**SEE PAGES 30 AND 55 .**

On page 30 Paul sees the G-8 meeting pictures of all the people together. On page 55 he reads about the "superclass" along with pictures of people who are said to be part of it.

"My God" thinks Paul."All of them are the OP's."

Another note – a slip of paper attached to the cover this time - can be found at the end of the magazine.

**THEY DO NOT CARE ABOUT US. ALL THEY CARE ABOUT IS THEIR OWN KIND – THE VERY TOP OF THEIR OWN KIND. THIS MAKES CIRCA SIX THOUSAND INDIVIDUALS ON THIS PLANET PLUS THOSE IN THE SHADOWS. THE REST IS CATTLE THEY NEED FOR ENERGY. MATRIX IS RIGHT. THE THEME IS WAY BIGGER THAN THE MOVIE. DO NOT IGNORE THEIR SYMBOLISM ALL AROUND YOU. WHAT YOU CALL LIFE IS THEIR VERSION OF IT.**

"Paul !" a voice can be heard coming from somewhere above."Where are you the meeting is still going on !"

"Yes, I'm coming" responds Paul.

The break has just ended. Everyone assembles again in the same conference room. Paul enables his "OP detector" and notices the same story – everyone within the room is a zombie. Sheer terror passes through his entire body. He is petrified. One of the women looks at Paul and her eyes become completely black. Pitch black. No pupils at all. She scans the protagonist from the very bottom to the very top. It is not about his physical attractiveness. Not even in the slightest. She is doing that as if she wants to find something within him. It freaks Paul out. He starts to cough and leaves the room. He heads directly to Frankfurt international airport. He flies straight to Liverpool. Once in Liverpool he joins a sightseeing tour of "The Williamson Tunnels."

Once inside, he has stealthily separated himself from the rest of the tour. A bright flash has permeated the tunnels for a second, causing chaos and consternation among the tourists. The next day one of local newspaper has reported the following

( An excerpt from the newspaper article )

**“MAN GOES MISSING INSIDE WILLIAMSON’S TUNNELS : POLICE UNABLE TO FIND TANGIBLE CLUES”**

*By Joanne Tempest*

*Liverpool Daily Post*

*“The man, who has been identified as native Londoner Paul Kelter, has entered the tunnels yesterday with a group of tourists guided by Ms. Suzanne Woldon. She told me there was no indication something was about to go amiss. She also said that the man could have been mentally deranged or a victim of some major malfunction of the lightning system. Technicians at the scene are co-operating with forensic investigators and are trying to determine the cause of the problem at this very moment, she said.”*

*“The tunnels are going to remain closed until further notice.”*

( 5 ) : Enters The Rezoner, Act One , Scene One.

Darkness surrounds Paul. Nothingness. Vacuum. Out of the dark he can hear a familiar German accent speaking directly to him

“Paul, so you’ve decided to come. I knew you’d come here.”

“So you’re one of them, I knew it, you’re the rezoner !” shouts Paul into the darkness.

“That I am” responds the entity. “Before you ask me why couldn’t I play it safe, it’s too complex to understand for now. This answer will have to suffice I’m afraid.”

“Where are we” says Paul. “I can hear no echo, you gotta be close to me I assume ?”

“Paul, we’re nowhered” the response comes. “Your mind has been powerful enough to leave the consensus reality. As you left it – there is nothing at the moment. It is up to you to create stuff.”

“Can I ...?”

“I’ve already done that” the response comes. “Everyone thinks you’re alive and well. Your other self has been dispatched.”

“But...?”

“Your other self from a parallel existence. He begged me for it so I provided him with your life. You’re covered now to focus on your own mind more. First of all, your brain is no longer the problem. Whatever you think you shall have – outside this training facility I have created just for you. There’s a dangerous place out there and people who cannot control their thoughts end up in trouble. Many people in worlds just like yours. Are you ready to commence ?”

“Sounds Matrixish but I am” responds Paul.

“Very well” says the man. “And so it has become bright.”

Brightness permeates the environs. Paul can see himself and the man in front of him.

“In order to become a true rezoner, you need to get rid of your subconscious programming” says the temporary man. “You’ve achieved one level of it already. Your current life.”

Paul is astounded.

“Yes. This has been done by design. Your own volition. Now is the second part where you will have to get rid of the programming. You are already a free – thinker to an impressive extent. Still, you’re bound by various states of your deluded perception. In order to become a rezoner you need objectivity. You need to transcend the ego stage. Rezoner has no ego. It is beyond it. “

“The katharsis ?”

“Yes” the man responds. “This is the katharsis device. Or katharsis therapy. Look around you.”

As Paul follows the request of the temporary male, he can see an infinite number of floating pictures, top-down, down-top, all around him. Each picture is “alive” similar to what can be seen when seeing the beginning of a Discovery documentary.

“You’ll now choose one situation for yourself, Paul. You can choose whoever you want to be. You’ll retain your lower memory this time. The shock will be great anyway.”

“The shock ?”

“Yes” responds the man. “The principle of the therapy is simple : once you reach the shock threshold you’ll no longer care for it. You’ll be cleansed. You’re in for a bumpy adventure. This is needed. Though I can always return you, if you wish.”

“No” Paul shakes his head as he and the man are standing on a small flat floating rock.

“Then I’ll return once you’re done” says the entity and vanishes. Paul can hear a voice in his head

“Take all the time you need. It is no longer relevant to you.”

Paul is ready to choose the target of the experience. After careful consideration, he has managed to pick a strange, elevator-like, way to acquaint itself with the closeness of being on the other side of the cinema screen. Still unsure whether he really wants to face all the demons, he quickly realizes that the so-called demons are an artificial creation of society he has happened to have been born. Nothing more, nothing less. People love to put on their "Mr.Old Wise Guygal" routine and keep on bragging about how life is because they are "old" so they should know.

"You've got no life experience so how can you know A from B" You hear them often say.

What an arrogant thing to do . You have no experience as well. I have talked to many "experienced ones" so I know what I am talking about. You merely recognize patterns because you see them after living for much longer than that pesky twelve year old kid down the road. But guess what. That pesky twelve year old kid might already be above you. I know it is hard for you to understand. Alas, you are so dumb that if I were in your shoes, I would shoot myself in the head to prove Darwin right. You see nothing. All you discern are robotic techno moves that you perform from nine to five and beyond.

I can write about it for hours and hours and it still will not get through to you. You will leave a pathetic comment on the extreme of laudaton / condemnation. This only proves the point raised above. It only proves how incredibly dumb you are if your mind can think of nothing else than extremes dictated by the consensus. But I love you. For your unique amount of stupidity.

Now go ahead, leave a comment. Do it. I know your pesky memetic mind just cannot resist it.

This is how Paul once dealt with idiots - until they perished in one of the terrorist attacks while working in one of those tall buildings. So fucking sad, nevermind that more people die while thine fat ass sits in front of the TV whilst you are telling your spouse

"Darlin' , da president is awn."

"STAND UP NOW AND TOUCH THE TITS !"

Their children were left without parents. Serves 'em right for their sheepish "I-am-better-than-everybody-else-no-brain-cell-flag-waving-on-the-surface-consensual-version-of-God-abiding" patriotism.

Yes. God bless this great way of life. So intellectually..profound it is that one must bow before this dream and its great implementators.

All we are missing is "Hail Victory." But it will come to that.

Returning to l'eran l'vivendi.

Paul is unsure how to deal with the elevator at first . It is imperative he deciphered the entire process before devoting his courage to a blind jump. The elevator , or lift if you prefer, looks akin to the ones you would find in one of those posh hotels where people could not give a damn about the damage they inflict on others. They screw their own children, so why would they give a damn about anything. The elevator , a shiny metallic one that it is, opens and the protagonist ventures inside. The "X-Files" melody can be heard akin to some sort of a travestical pastich.

#### ( 7 ) : Intertextuality

A pine forest in the middle of nowhere. Toril. The albino and his descendant are traveling along the stony path toward the place called "The Friendly Arm Inn." The albino does not a servant in the wheelchair's operation – in fact, he can be way faster than Michael.

"This is one nice planet , this Toril" says the albino, looking around." And to think it is just a game somewhere else."

"Yes" nods the descendant while walking beside the albino."Various shows have tried to expound upon this concept, not least the Sliders, but they are simply cannon fodder when it comes to intellectual value. Feeble at best."

"Insulting to one's intelligence would be more likely" responds the albino."Then again, most people would never grasp anything more complex. The directors behind the edutainment, let us call it a portmanteau , are just as insipid as the ones watching."

"Well, maybe a little bit higher on the ladder of human cognition" responds Michael, smiling.

"Yeah..." says the albino."Yeah..we have stumbled upon that concect somewhere, right ?"

"Apparently so. I really do enjoy it. Explains a lot in practice. Applies to a wider array of species."

"Michael ... ?"

"Yes ?"

"Are you sure this DNA machine is gonna fix my genetic flaws ? This place does not look very advanced."

"What a myopic statement ! You ought to know better than anyone that infinity is not black and white."

"True.." responds the albino in a contemplative manner." True...and is it far from this place ?"

"I wouldn't know myself if it weren't for the good old Baldur's Gate" says Michael."It's right here, actually."

"Does my wheel...?"

"Don't worry, they're used to various oddities so they are not oddities anymore" the descendant quickly counters the query."We're gonna get inside the Inn, order something with artificially created local currency, and then we're off to meet the wizard. "

"The wizard..as in..?"

"Yes, you're gonna enjoy it immensely.He is an extremely interesting person."

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The Inn's wooden interior. Similar to the ones seen in the middle ages. Music can be heard that resembles Irish folk. The albino scrutinizes the place , then turns to the other protagonist.

"How come they *understand* English ?"

"A good wizard's invention" says Michael."To him, our Earthly languages are very simple. He has served as a conduit for a long time until he has devised a clever spell, if you will. This is each time I come here I have no problems. Just like you, with me."

"Sounds like a phony sci-fi explanation" says the albino with a typical sarcasm.

"Might be so...but it's working so who cares?" responds the descendant as he waves for the young red-haired waitress to come.

"Yes..." Michael begins."We're looking for this gnome. Do you know where we can find him?"

"It's probably some evil scheme straight from the Underdark" the waitress responds full of consternation.Finally, she succumbs to the pressure of the albino's piercing eyes and adds

"He is waiting right over there, second floor, room 408."

"You never fail to amaze me" Michel concludes."Let's go.It's good that this chair of yours can fly."

"Yeah, otherwise it'd be a bitch to get over the stairs, true" responds the albino tonuge-in-cheek.

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"Here it is" says the albino."A suite it seems to be."

"Yeah" responds Michael."Very likely, the trader we're dealing with specializes in traveling from one , let us call it, consensus reality to another. The guy is human but his language flair is way above even that of Sidis. He has picked up English in five minues. I mean it – this guy could literally produce words based on the syntactical, lexical and all the rest of it, he has understood the connections on a phenomenal scale."

"Would put all our linguists out of business" a sarcastic albino's response comes.

“Well...” Michael begins the sentence as the door opens ajar.

“Can I help you ? ” a rather dwarfish man asks as he opens the door fully.”Oh...judging by your vernacular you are the one who wanted the machine, yes ?”

“Yes, that’s right” responds Michael.”The machine is for this gentleman, right here.”

“Oh, and do call me Marcus” says the stranger while shaking the bewildered albino’s hand.”Upon visiting ancient Rome, I did come to enjoy this name immensely when talking to species of your cultural influence.”

“Is that so...” murmurs the albino.

“Oh, but please..please..enter the room, the device is waiting for you !” exclaims Marcus.”Oh, and Michael – I’m afraid the procedure is very dangerous to the ones who have ...”

“Not screwed up genes ?” the albino butts in.”Drop the façade, we all know I’m a cripple. So let’s get to it !”

“Right...” Marcus responds as the descendant gets the parallel message

“Wait outside the Inn, it’s gonna be the best.”

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Michael is waiting outside the Inn. Various shady characters, literally of all shapes and sizes, are perusing the immediate vicinity of the tavern. Ten minutes pass as he can feel someone patting him on the shoulder. Michael’s heart pounds as he is ready to defend himself.

“Damn, don’t worry so much, it’s just me !”

Not hard to guess – it is the albino. He measures circa one hundred ninety centimeters which has never been really seen in the cripple state. Michael is overwhelmed despite knowing it is exactly what has been agreed on.

“Now I won’t be a damn cripple anymore !” says the albino man.”So I’m ready to go to the wizard...oh...”

“Oh...what ?” asks Michael tentatively.”What’s wrong now ?”

“Nah, all I’m saying is that this machine eliminating the need to sleep and all other physical functions, it’s really great..and kudos to you, this man is for real.”

“Of course he’s for real !” responds Michael, slightly agitated.” I don’t deal with conmen. Where do you think I’ve gotten the device allowing us to by-pass the bodily functions ?”

“Yeah, it’s really useful because when I was small I had always thought celebrities were not involved with bathrooms.”

Laughter ensues.

“Ok,enough” says Michael, tears in his eyes.”Whatever. Now, it is important for us to get to the whizzy guy. Well,he’s very old actually..”

“Is he this Elminster person I kept hearing about from Marcus ?”

“No, someone way more interesting than that, I’d wager .”

“Wonder why...”

“You’ll see” Michael smiles as they keep moving south-west toward the pine woods in the Beregost area.

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The duet arrives in front of a circular structure with many windows. Nothing in the area can be seen, just trees and flowers. The albino, who is usually nature-ignoring, this time stands back in amazement.

“Oh my...either this wizard has a really good gardener or he is a genius.”

“Both, as a matter of fact!” a voice speaking with a clean-cut British accent can be heard coming from behind the two. Before they can do anything, an elderly man in a visibly great shape, wearing a red robe is seen in front of them. He looks at the albino and mechanically extends his hand as a greeting.

“This is the form of politeness in your culture, yes?”

“Yes, indeed it is” responds the albino, taken aback.

“And do you know where it’s come from?” asks the wizard in a facetious tone.

“No?” responds the albino.

“It’s an old custom which has been used to make sure that the other person possessed no weaponry, like a dagger, for example” a matter-of-fact statement comes in.

“Well...fascinating, I mean it” Michael interjects. “So how are you, my dear friend?”

The wizard looks at Michael and smiles.

“You see, we were talking about the garden. I think I have something to show you. You might find this...intriguing.”

“Nothing like a good intrigue” responds the albino as he heads after Michael and the elderly wizard.

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The wizard keeps moving along the shape of his habitat. Flowers can be seen everywhere – red, pink, violet, take your pick. From exotic to rather standard.

“This gardener of yours, who is he?” asks Michael. “I don’t remember all of this here being in such a great shape. Did you invent a new spell?”

“You know a spell is merely a name we give to fool people” says the wizard. “It’s all about understand the nature of reality. Nothing more.”

The magician stops and turns to the albino.

“I think you will like this.”

In the distance, a white blonde-haired girl can be seen. Scandinavian looking, she is wearing a short pink dress. Her hair is like waves on the wind, going down the chest. She appears to be bashful, though, which is taken as a sign of demure by the albino. He is also considering pedophilia as the girl does not seem to be more than twelve years old. Still, he could not resist but say

“Oh my...she is a beauty. I know now what you mean.”

“And I am not a dirty old man, here it also has merit, it also does exist as in your reality” the wizard responds to the albino’s thoughts.” I think that she is more authorized to explain her...situation, than me.”

“A...”

“Oh and please stay here for a moment !” shouts the elderly man as he approaches the girl alone.

”You’ll see why in just a minute or two !”

“It’s interesting how conditioned we are” says Michael.”Even though we’re aware of the two-layered perspective, we still fall for it all.”

“It’s controlled, nothing to worry about “ responds the albino as he keeps observing the wizard.”The man sure does look intelligent, his facetiousness is merely a sign of great wisdom and intelligence.”

“Yes it is” responds Michael.”And from wherever he has gotten the girl, I’m sure there’s an interesting..account..behind it.”

The two start observing the sheer beauty of the gardens.

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( 7 ) : Intertextuality : You Are Going To Hell No Matter What You Do Now.

The girl comes in after the wizard. She keeps touching the ends of her dress with both hands as in an attempt at curtsyng. She is also clearly very shy at the first glance. Her hair covers her face from time to time because of slight wind.

“You see, there is actually a reason why she is so shy” says the wizard.”Emily, please tell them what the reason is, darling ?”

Emily smiles slightly and crosses her legs. She is visibly not comfortable with the message she is about to convey. Michael and the albino do notice it and ask the wizard why is he so cruel to her.

"I am not being cruel to her at all" the response comes."She is going to explain why, do not worry."

"Yes, I shall try to do so.." says the girl." I used to be a brave knight during the War of the Roses in England...and I have been punished for my pride.."

"How have you been punished and by whom ?" asks the wizard in a serious manner while looking at the girl.

"My own belief has sent me to hell where the demons have punished me and my fellow knights terribly..I was only twenty three years of age."

"But you fought the demons, am I correct ?" asks the wizard while the other two listen with great consternation written on their faces.

"Yes, we all fought the demons, all ten of us.."

"So what happened ?"

"The demons have used the fact that our shields were down and it caused us to be morphed into girls on the spot. Before we could even do anything, we were girls and our warhorses were ponies.."

"And who helped you to escape the torments of hell with the demons' requests to perform synchronous horseback riding for them?"

"You did" the girl answers, looking at the wizard bashfully."It was you."

"Yes" says the wizard."I, just as Jesus, stormed the gates of hell,fought the demons for three days, and got you out of there ! I got you out of hell which you had made because I was perceived by everyone as Jesus who came for the second time to save the damned ! But even now, your belief in the fact you have been turned is so powerful that I cannot possibly help you turn back into that brave knight you once were ! "

"Where are the other knights..." asks the albino."I mean...girls..where are the other little ladies?"

"I have sent them to other parallel universes with the agreement of my other selves that are relatively close to me" answers the wizard and smiles."This is science, eh ? I could break it down into logical, mathematical concepts and your scientists would explode with envy."

"You are a true genius, no one can deny it" says Michael."Few could pull a stunt like you."

"Well, actually, anyone can out there somewhere" responds the wizard, laughingly."I do not mean to sound like an omniscient jerk by telling you that infinity is THE answer to everything. It is only on one level. In my experience, there is always some terra incognita left. Oh..the table. Let us sit and wonder at the weather !"

Everyone sits down while the girl disappears inside the wizard's habitat. The topic of proud knights trapped by their own belief is somehow swept under the carpet. Even for the open-minded individuals , it is still a little too much. The wizard is the only who can deal with it in a proper manner.

“You see, there’s gonna be two more guests” says the wizard while sipping his orange juice. “This one guy who’s aspiring to be the rezoner and the other is one of my favorite authors. He invented this scale of cognition that I use often.”

Before the question can be formed, two individuals appear. Surprisingly, they look exactly the same. The albino jumps in shock.

“What the fuck, clones or representations of different paths !?”

“Yes, the paths..the paths” the wizard answers. “I am you and you are me. They are us and we are them. Somewhere, out there, you are Tom Cruise. And Tom Cruise is you. This is no joke if you understand the basic concepts behind mathematical structure of existence.”

“H...hello ?” the two are visibly shocked.

“Let me deal with it accordingly” says the wizard while not doing anything different than sitting and whistling.

“Oh..so this is the case !” the two newcomers respond. “Now we understand !”

“Fantastic” replies the wizard. “Now , please join us.”

“This is the one who has invented the classification of cognition” says the wizard while looking at the albino and Michael as well as Paul. “Oh and he has also invented all of you as well. Complex, is it not ?”

“So what you’re saying is that my imagination has become an actual world out there ?” ask I.

“Very much so” responds the wizard as I cannot believe what I am seeing. “Oh my, this really *does* look like the house of the wizard near Beregost !”

“Of course it does !” answers the magician. “See, before I committed suicide, I was an owner of a massive corporation. It dealt with trying to quantify the existence around us and within us. Our major question was : can a human still be human if all the systemic memes were taken away ?”

“Wait...you killed yourself?” ask I while others listen.

“Yes, I did but I understood the concept of belief and look where it got me !” the wizard claps his hands. “Do not worry, I come from a different world. Though, you might be interested to know, also in the Milky Way. My world is what Michio Kaku would call a “planetary civilization.” To us, hurricanes like Katrina were a source of energy . We generate many weather anomalies on our homeworld, as a matter of fact. They are totally controlled by us. We also had a plan to build powerful solar energy batteries on one of our deserts just like you want to do now but the plan was abandoned. After this, I have terminated my body. If you ask me how could I be so sure, I have discovered very interesting artifacts that made it clear what this so-called “reality” really is. Your mother, your father, all of it, my friend – your own creations. Take a shotgun and terminate your body. It is irrelevant. The construct you call life is irrelevant. Do it over and over again. Belief- body- bang. Belief – body – bang. Ad nausea. Some travel between dimensions like this..what a wild

ride, eh ? I will tell you more about it. Ephemerality of existence is simply exhilarating. Some fools will continue working toward something their entire imaginary lives while I can have it right here, right now !”

Silence . The CEO & The Owner in one continues

“So, what do you think my friends – can memes be taken away and would we still remain human ? Or, is it that what binds us also makes us capable of defying the very principles that bind us ? “

A long discussion has ensued the contents of which I do not want to reveal. The albino with Michael went to Georgia to observe the Russian army there ; the albino was almost shot . The reason they went was to see whether a small conflict can become what Kaku calls “ the transitional stage.” The answer ? You will experience it on your own skin soon enough – I do not care who you are and where you are. Well. Unless you are in space or deep within the Earth living with infant-devouring reptilians.

## Chapter Two: A Serial Eater

I am a **serial eater**. My specialite includes incessant devourment at the expense of others. It is getting cold where I am, you see. I just cannot stand the whole winter depression thing without cheering myself up. I need food like I need air. Maybe even more. I am a little overweight. A little,ok? Not that stereotypical view of walking tanks. I see more and more walking tanks where I am, too. But make no mistake : they keep reminding me that there ARE limits !

I will not tell you all the details. You might find me and what then? Better safe than sorry.

**All I WANT** to tell you is that I am a twenty-six year old Caucasian male. I even hold a degree but life has become too ... interesting for me to work. How lucky I am that my parents take care of everything when needed. I only make sure that I am finance-savvy. As I have stated earlier, I am a little overweight. Damn, I used to be so slim, you know. An epitome of good looks. Now I have this stupid stomach, this beer gut, even though I seldom drink. Gotta play tennis more, gotta ski more, I don't know. Ah. Nevermind. Let's cut to the chase, shall we?

I will tell you about my modus operandi. It is getting cold where I am, you see. But you already know that. Cold equals more energy to maintain the system. I am not a very affluent person BUT I DO HAVE a grasp of the local law. What is the correlation? Well. I get out of my “apartment” and get onto a tram. No, not the ones you know from San Francisco. Forget it.

I have a list of creme de la creme restaurants in front of me. I allow my index finger to choose for me as it is floating around akin to merry-go-round with my eyes closed. Ah. Eureka! That's where

I'm going, then. I look at the tram's route and plan my journey. I have no ticket, of course. I have devised my own technique of avoiding "the controllers."

**Destination** has been reached. Damn, must I waddle about so much. It really takes away from experience.

I enter the restaurant. A waiter greets me with a cheesy(?) smile on his face.

"One person, non-smoking" I tell him.

"Follow me, please"

**Oh, I will.** You do not have to worry about that. I exude an aura of confidence as I keep walking toward the table in front of me.

"Yes" I proclaim in a confident manner. "That will do. Thank you."

**The waiter waits until** I am seated and proceeds with the menu. I thank him once again and begin my perusal time. I decide to eat a nice big duck with some apples around it ;oh, and bortsch with some dumplings with meat, of course. Good food requires good alcohol. Jack Daniels and vodka, why not? Wait, some schabowy with potatoes too – but that'll come in handy later. I have a lot of time on my hands. Oh my, and how could I forget about Oxycoccus? Silly me.

The waiter returns.

"Yes, I'll take Jewish fish for starters. Then bortsch. And finally, the duck with apples" I pause for a moment. "Is this duck the same as seen in the picture?"

Positive reassurance.

"Oh, and orange juice without ice. The size? The size can be large."

After the latter I conclude my "transaction."

Some time passes. That's a good sign. I get my fish. Nice sauce, mmmm. The Jews do know how to prepare that stuff. Of course it is not some fish. It is THE fish for me. I am not willing to share the name, though. Sorry.

**MMM...two hours gone.** Red wine in front of me. Look to your right, some nice ladies there. I take my glass and put it up, as to signify a toast. I smile. They smile back. Then I ask the waiter to ... ah, you can guess what. Then – ephmerally – I get out of the tavern and dance like spastic. I see two EBE's waving, too!

**Ok,** so it is around eleven into the night now. They are about to close. The waiter is summoned in front of my majestic presence. His face becomes rather disillusioned when I tell him that they ought to call the police as I am not going to pay. Indeed, that is exactly what transpires. I am calm, however. I just smile. The police cannot do anything to me; they just jotted down my name. I am free to go. Before the court gets to do anything, two months of debauchery will pass. Even then, I must get a subpoena. But EVEN then, my punishment will pale in comparison. Ain't having a law degree great?

### Chapter Three: Confessions Of An Executioner

I was asked by my grandchild to contribute something to this site. I am not a writer by any means, nor do I intend to be. Life has given me more than I could ask for in reality. I am a very old man though in a very good shape. I was born in 1912 . I am originally from Munich, Bavaria. I was not sure what to write about because, after all those years living in English-speaking countries( mainly England and the United States where I am residing now), I still feel more comfortable using German. I do understand English if spoken in a normal fashion,i.e. standard. To the chase let us cut.

I am an SS doctor. I say I am because SS is not something one can simply walk out on. There has been a time when I have been proud of being in that – elite – organisation. The amount of indoctrination I have received since the middle of the 1930's, as this is when I joined the SS , is simply enormous. I know it would be better to write in a past tense but please understand, this is such a vivid vision to me, as it is happening now. I have joined the SS because it has been something fashionable to do. The racial criteria, as some of you may know, have been very tough : people have been checking my ancestry for non-Jewish and Nordic ancestors as far back as the 1750's or even one hundred more if there have been doubt. The physical side has been very important also, as well as the minor training in the occult and Germanic mythology. The obsession with mythology is one of the reasons Adolf Hitler used two signatures : one normal and one runic. At the beginning it has not been easy to get to the SS at all, as not only Jewish blood has been a disqualifying factor. Slavic blood has also been considered sub-human. The term 'sub-human' has been invented by an American and only later adopted by the Nazi officials as 'untermensch.' Not many people seem to realise the simple fact of colour usage : pink has been used to label homosexuals as such not because there has been a negative connotation against the colour. Not at all. Actually, pink has been associated with femininity and homosexuality as a direct result of Nazi concentration camp policies. I, for one, do remember the time when blue has been considered feminine as it has depicted tranquility and pink has been the masculine one as it has represented 'the inner fire.'

I have chosen to be the doctor long before I have even heard of NSDAP. The situation in Germany after the first world war has not been a good one, as a young man I could clearly see it. I have always wanted to help people. I have also turned out to be a tall blond type. The political climate in Germany has kept changing. Finally, 1933 has arrived. Hitler has been announcing the reasons as to why Marxists have been ruining German economy. People have been applauding him ever since, even the so-called 'intellectuals' that first have been very much opposed to his ideas. I have decided to join NSDAP in 1935, as a young man. I have chosen that path because it has been the only reasonable way of career advancement at that moment. Apparently, someone has had an interest in

me because people have been coming to me to join the elite. The best of the best. To join the SS, the 'order of Himmler.' I have agreed as , I must admit, I have felt a touch of elitist sensation within my body , imagining myself to be the racial elite of the world. Yes, even though I have always been an open-minded person, the omnipresent power of the ideology has convinced me for a short time that this is the way to go. After a tortuous scanning procedure I have finally managed to become a member of protective squadrons.

I have been working as a doctor determining the level of racial purity of people who have expressed their wish to be admitted to the Lebensborn programme. My task has been simple : to determine whether a person involved has been in possession of 'Aryan' racial characteristics. Most people think it is all about appearance. No. It has gone much deeper than that. Because the 'Lebensborn' has been set up under the auspices of the SS, it has been designed to have the same qualification standards. 1750 or beyond Aryan ancestry checking. No hereditary disease. No mental impairments, in fact above-average intelligence has been more than welcome. Blond hair and blue eyes , it would not be enough to be enrolled in the programme, not by a long shot.

I still remember the way we have been measuring the time a man needed to reach climax. When it came to reproduction, everything has had to be perfect. I have worked in one of the Lebensborns near Munich until 1941 when I have been transferred to a place called Helenow, near Lodz, General Government back then. A new Lebensborn operation has been set up, to detect the 'racially desirable elements' and bring them back from the 'primitive untermensch' east. My task has been very similar to the one I have described above. The only difference is that in Helenow I have dealt with young men and women, 15-18 years of age, who have been sent to the camp from the Reich as well as from the General Government – if it has been the latter, they might have simply been snatched off the street due to their 'desirable characteristics.' It has been a very depressing time for me because I could clearly see the suffering stemming from forced sexual intercourses, eventually leading to suicides in many cases. There have been only seventeen homes when I have been stationed there, to use the phrase. There have been plans to build over five hundred, just to give you an idea of the scope of the operation. 'Aryan' is also a very vague term. Himmler has always been obsessed with the idea. He has been sending expeditions to Tibet. I know of Tibetan monks working with the Nazis in Berlin, all to find the super race.

I also remember being sent to Ukraine to an internment camp of sorts. My task has been simple : to find out who from the Ukrainian men could be given German citizenship and sent off to the motherland to work there. I have the fate of more than six hundred men on my hands. I have stated that fifty, out of six hundred, have possessed 'desirable racial characteristics' to be given German citizenship. The rest has been forced to remain on the camp grounds. Apart from that many, many children were being shipped off to the Reich even during the Warsaw Uprising...how

ironic that I see the columns of civilian canon fodder in front of our tanks, the columns meant to dissuade the enemy. We could do all we wanted until our enemies were recognized by the international community...we had to stop it then, we were too pragmatic to behave otherwise.

Finally, there is Auschwitz. Not many people know that the famous words 'Arbeit macht frei' have been borrowed from Dachau. I have the dubious honour of meeting Joseph Mengele and assist him in the measuring of the skulls. He has been a despicable person to those he has deemed 'of no value.' And everyone has been of 'no value' to him, unless they could be classified as 'Aryan.' I will never forget the scene where one young man, perhaps no more than fourteen years old, has been noticed by Mengele. The man has been about to be gassed, though thinking about nice and cosy showers awaiting inside. Mengele asks him why is he there as he does look 'to be of a Nordic-Aryan type.' It's good to know that there have been many sub-types, even among the 'Aryan' as the main one. The Nordic has been considered the best, the purest. There have been a lot of other types in use, for example Flemish. Upon hearing that the boy is Jewish, Mengele just shakes his head and pretends the conversation has never happened. I, as one of the doctors there, have been in the know, of course, but my posture has been somewhat ambivalent: I have been opposed to the ideology on the one hand but I could not find a way to express it as it has just been too risky, to step against the edifice of the system. The twins always were the apple of his eye. He believed that by unearthing the secrets behind the twins, the Aryan population would explode. Personally, I always found northern Europeans to be the master race, the *creative* race. Other races are either passive receivers or parasites.

One Frenchman visited the colonies and asked the eternal question

"Who is an American, this new man?"

They asked it because they were impressed. They saw a thriving community open to new ideas and completely self-reliant. They were – of course – northern Europeans; the people who brought their Viking spirit with them to the new world. Without their work ethic, without their inner sense of organization, the colonies would have been devoured by the wilderness. Even Jesus Himself was half-Nordic.

Someone told me long ago that the reason the Americans defeated the British was very simple: their weapons were more accurate and sharper bullets were involved. The British ones were rather...ineffective. Another irony of life – one empire's arrogance led to its downfall and gave rise to another...but what can you expect from the British, they were defeated by a bunch of Zulus in Africa.

Many children have been sent to me, to Auschwitz, to determine their suitability for the Lebensborn programme. The ones that I have been forced to reject, sadly, have ended up in the gas chambers or have been given phenol injections. I wish I could save more of them but it has not been possible ; the panel of doctors has consisted of two (or more) additional individuals.

Hitler made a few major mistakes. He was too self-absorbed to notice the power of 'divide et impera' at work. Had he been more prudent when dealing with the 'subhumans', then he would have allowed various puppet-states to flourish. The Soviet Union would have collapsed without firing a single bullet and America would have stood by and watched. If only Hitler had listened, he would have succeeded at both 'Sea Lion' and 'Barbarossa.' Had Hitler listened to his immediate entourage, he would have conquered the world easily. Had he abandoned his visions of powerful statues looking down on anyone walking over the Ural mountains. Unfortunately, he never abandoned the vision of 'Eastern hanging gardens of Babylon' and 'Generalplan Ost.' The Russian winter quickly dispelled his romantic visions, however: it defeated Napoleon and many, many more before him. One can enter Russia, one can even capture Moscow but this does not mean one won. Far from it. The Russian man is used to hardship and isolation. The Russian man is ruthless and ingenious. The Russian man does not care about human life. It matters not how many people die, what matters is to fulfil an objective. This is why Afghanistan is such a splinter in Russia's collective psyche. I was amazed to hear about 'the commissars' who would kill anyone that wanted to flee from a battle field. Stalin was far worse than Hitler. Stalin would kill his own without thinking twice. He eradicated generals and their families – for this Georgian was the GENERALISSIMUS. Indeed, one person was more of a tragedy than millions he killed later. He wanted to create an army of human-ape hybrids to swarm Europe and the world. Even Lenin himself warned that Stalin was becoming too powerful. Regardless, if the Soviets were to be subjugated, social engineering and psychological operations would have been the key. Hitler had an element of surprise. Stalin still believed that the treaty was not just a piece of paper. The Third Reich had the best of the best at its disposal; the ones that were then snatched by the Americans and others by Russians. I am not even talking about the most obvious ones. One would have to be a total naïve moron to believe that the results of medical experiments were not used in warfare and in life later on. Despite Hitler's character flaws ( awarding the title of 'honorary Aryans' to the Japanese, might have been politically-influenced, though ), I always admired his intelligence. He knew far more than many academics and would amaze scientists and historians with his understanding of the processes that govern our world. He knew far more than Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill combined. Impressive indeed for a man who was shunned by the educational system, starting at a young age of sixteen. Yes, Hitler was often amused by the parliament sessions in Vienna when he was a young man...this is why I would not believe the winners who call him a nutcase and an imbecilic man. He was anything but that. Hitler was also a seer, if you will: he predicted the Cold War, economic crises and so much more that our civilization is faced with today. He wanted to drill for water in Africa. He believed that Africa is/will

be in chaos because the colonists withdrew /will withdraw too soon, leaving the 'black mass' on their own. He was the first to use television and the first to send television crews to a war zone. Leni Riefenstahl, a remarkable individual. I know not how did she manage to insinuate herself to become Hitler's "movie-maker", so to speak. She was amazing and a pioneer. Many techniques we see in movies today were invented by that remarkable woman.

Himmler...ah, that occultist. He was so obsessed with it that he had to create a knightly order, his own round table. He would contemplate existence along with his fellow SS-knights. Runes governed his whole life. A farmer by profession, he wanted to transform Auschwitz into a farmer's paradise but could not stand seeing dead bodies. He also remarked that hunting is 'despicable.' An avid supporter of Heydrich – Heydrich the 'blonde beast.' He enjoyed tennis, the game invented by the courtly French pederasts and adopted by the British ones.

I also believe that Hitler's idea – Amerika Bomber – could have been finished on time. I am no expert, but this aircraft would have entered the sub-orbital zone. The craft's purpose was to spread a deadly agent above Manhattan – the hub of international Jewry. Hitler admired America at first but then his view of it drastically altered. He considered it to be 'a mongrel nation incapable of sustaining itself due to racial pollution.' Hitler believed that so many elements in one organism lead to steady entropy. How hypocritical of him, I am ashamed to admit, that his 'escapades' were rendered possible thanks to help from the ones he so despised. I never understood this Jewish self-termination mechanism, why were they helping the man responsible for killing their own kin? How interesting that Hitler's powerful oratory was a result of training by a Jewish magician...

I always admired Goebbels and his choice of words and symbols. He knew very well that any collective psyche is so malleable...he knew that any lie could be sold as the ultimate truth as long as the ones who were influenced by the lie did not have to face the consequences of this lie. Brilliant Reichstag fire, what a brilliant operation to blame it all on the enemies of the Reich. The Weimar Republic, what a wonderful example of turning one's liability into an asset!

Right before the camp has been liberated by the Red Army, I have fled to the Allied zone. Here, thanks to the Red Cross, I have been provided with an alternate identity of a Wehrmacht soldier. If anyone knew I was (am) in the SS death squads/experiment squads, there would be no chance for me to get out of the make-shift camp any time soon. Fortunately, I have managed to convince the authorities that I am who I say I am – practice makes perfect – and have been granted a way to the UK. From there, after many years, I have left for the States, where I reside now. This country is built upon genetic diversity which is good for me as no one ever pays attention to this particular aspect. I also believe that America's biggest enemy is not terrorism but its own racial diversity

which – as was demonstrated throughout history – leads to decline and eventual demise of every empire. White Americans MUST protect their race before it is too late! I simply cannot imagine a country where the majority is non-white! The Americans ought to know that they have started the genetic screening in the 1920's (immigration screening as well!) and then they simply stopped! The Nazis have only pushed it to the level that some doctors in the U.S. would love to. Thank God they did not. It is very tough to get through my thick skin as I have seen so many things that most people will never see or will attempt to write a script or a book about it. It will never be the same. And yet, the thought of the genome findings and the DNA developments scare the hell out of me. I simply look back and think what would happen if the Nazis possessed this type of verification technology...and if Goebbels had modern media at his disposal. This is unnerving, but manipulation techniques work the same in any country. The danger transpires when a technologically advanced society is not able to follow mentally. Then – indeed – we can state that

‘This is not true that civilization is not progressing, for in every war they kill you in a new way.’

I bear witness to that.

#### **Chapter Four: The Meltdown**

It all began in December of 2007. I sat down and read a new portion of prophecies by Krzysztof Jackowski. One might find it irrelevant, what can a man living in an insignificant Polish town, with no higher education at that, what can he really know about humanity's operational patterns. Jackowski's habit involves the so – called “ December prophecies ” which cover the following year .

“ Words ‘finance’ , ‘crisis’ , ‘war ’ keep popping in my mind ” Jackowski kept stating over and over . ” I'm petrified of 2008 . War and global financial crisis ... two elements that interconnect . By war I mean something major . What we are seeing now ... these are just theater wars controlled by the international community . Bickering at best ! The global financial crisis will begin in the United States and its waves will reverberate throughout the planet . Europe will feel it soon enough . As far as our local situation is concerned, the crisis is going to be partially contained . It will not be as severe as in America due to small size of Polish financial sector as a former Communist state , but local banks will tremble nonetheless . There will be panic . The fully-fledged economic meltdown will hammer our way of life . Please be aware of October and November . Please consider tangible assets .When I say planetary, I mean planetary . “

Understandably, stock brokers and the lot were skeptical about the whole deal . It all changed in the middle of September . That was when the clairvoyant started to receive phone calls . Lots of phone calls.

“ I’m really terrified ” Jackowski kept telling everyone. “I really thought I’d be wrong. But this ... this reads like a script ! I am very concerned about the welfare of my children . I see a nuclear explosion in Chicago . Please stay away from major cities around the world, it is going to get volatile . ”

Jackowski was not the only one to predict the meltdown . Various obscure – by mainstream standards – websites did warn of problems with financial system months in advance . Individuals involved were subsequently banned and labeled ’ mythomaniacs . ”

The bailout plan . Ah. Yes. Well ... what can I say. It did not exactly go as planned . It did not bolster the ailing financial system . Foreclosures became commonplace . That was when people realized the gravity of the situation . No more economic babble . No more snowing . Americans were furious because all the banks had been sealed shut . Martial Law and FEMA–Devised concentration camps opened the gates for dissidents . The rest of the world could not believe it : the most powerful economy on the planet – brought to its knees by its own presumptuousness . Global depression soon followed , albeit its intensity varied depending on the location . Make no mistake, however : there was no place one could hide . The world became a movie stage .

For many people , sense of life was lost. No prospect of improvement, no belief system upon which they could base their lives, no government to guide them . No alien contact in October . Cults around the world went haywire , “ releasing their earthly shells ” en masse . No one cared anymore.

I found myself in Scotland when all hell broke loose . I withdrew from my university as I found it pointless , given the situation around the planet .

“ Ironic, isn’t it ” I thought to myself . “ I wanted to end my physical existence so many times . Now I’d very much like to stick around but the world doesn’t seem to agree . Humanity doesn’t wanna go back to its previous state . Be careful what you wish for, it just might come true ” I mused and burst into laughter .

I finally acquired inner peace. After all those years of constant chatter in my mind , questioning my decisions, my intellect and intuition were finally in unison . There is simply nothing more powerful . The equilibrium . I was powerful. I was ready to depart as there was nothing left for me to do .

“ Funny ” I thought again , still laughing without restraint . “ I managed to get a publisher and now he’s dead .... ephemerality of success in a dying world . Like conducting an orchestra in 1912 ... “

The only problem was cowardice . I did not want to experience a painful demise . I needed an alternative . I found it . Or, should I say, it found me . As I stayed inside an abandoned hotel , I heard a noise outside . Someone was clearly approaching my room . Instead of running away , I used the opposite tactic : I was the one to strike . No detectable life signs in the vicinity . There was only a note left on the ground . Thinking along the lines of pranksters, I read it .

“ The current situation matters not to retards and consensual mediocres . What do these groups have in common ? They cannot think clearly . The message you are reading now is no accident . We know you have good cognitive skills . This means you are a self-aware consciousness. We offer you THE chance of leaving this forsaken planet . Next to the sheet of paper you will find a medical benzine kit . Use the petroleum upon yourself . Put it in your veins . We will respond promptly . “

As you can imagine, there were plenty of people pulling all sorts of jesterisms . Still, I was tired. I did not care anymore . I was not a fool to try the kit . I knew about the amount of pain . Still, something compelled me . Surrounded by insanity, I succumbed to its omnipresence . I reached for the syringe and placed it against a vein inside my left hand . “ That’s it “ I thought . “ Organ patrol’s gonna get me . I will become the next donor . “

I could not believe it . The syringe penetrated the vein and blood started to pour out . I performed a Christian gesture and pressed the syringe . Before I could do anything, I literally felt my heart turn into stone . I was conscious, though petrified . Literally . There was no time for pain . Doctor Mengele’s apparition appeared in front of me, smiling . This was one of his favorite experiments . And now someone was the labrat voluntarily .

With a grotesque smile on my face, I collapsed . I could feel my senses wither away .

( One sidenote you might find interesting as organ patrols were not what you would expect . Despite the fact that children were the main target , they sometimes went for young adults like me, back then . You would think because of organ transplant . No . Their organs were

used by perverted individuals to be fucked . Not enough children to go around, their organs had to suffice . Imagine entrails and semen combined . All that of children forcibly removed from homes . Parents were usually shot on the spot . It was not so bad in Europe but various religious cults in the U.S. created their own private armies and were virtually unstoppable . U.S. Army became a private corporation, something along the lines of mind-controlled Blackwater slaves, designed to protect the new global elite . )

“Am I experiencing limbo !? ” I screamed more out of curiosity than out of fear . I was surrounded by darkness . Every single philosophical creed dealing with afterlife flashed in front of my would-be eyes .

“ Who wrote the note ? Why ? What the fuck did I do !? ” so many questions and no answers.

My mind began to receive images . Two words

EXHILARATE

AGGRAVATE

materialized in my psyche laterally .

“ Show me ! ” I yelled .

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- A. GlyphoGenesis . – Joseph Stalin Helps YOU With YOUR Writing Skills
- B. Joseph Mengele – You Just Got To Love The Twins !
- C. Giordano Bruno – Confess Your Sins To The Godly Ones
- D. Queen Elizabeth – Human Sacrifice At Balmoral With A Touch Of Royal Finesse

E. Toy Soldiers – Your Wish Is Their Command

F. InvisibleTotem – Re-Shape The Meaning Of Prime Time

G. Every Man – Everyone Is Mentally Determined

H. Alice In Brothel Land – Find Out Who Really Controlled Marc Dutroux

I. Branial Shooter – Experience The Thrill Of Virtual-Reality \* Shooting Spree !

J. Lebensborn – Eugenics At Its Best .

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The message was clear .

“ You shall choose one to exhilarate and one to aggravate . ”

I was sure there would be a catch somewhere .

“Aggrandize, perspicacious, miscellaneous, nomenclature what the fuck is this merde all about ... ” I processed electrical impulses in my incorporeal brain . “ Ah ! Fucking gotcha ! ”

“ I choose J to exhilarate and D to Aggravate ! ” my mind responded assertively .

“ Accepted ” a telepathic communique reciprocated .

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J .

“ Sarvam khalv idam brahma ” those words came to my mind as I found myself in Norway . I took the appearance of a young SS-doctor . I went inside one of maternity wards . Little Aryans were already there . I moved toward fertilization labs .

“Hello” I said and looked at a young woman . She was Aryan to the core in terms of appearance . That was understood . Himmler understood .

“ How is the procedure unfolding ? ” I asked her politely with a smile on my face.

“ Very good ” she responded as she lay with her legs spread .

“ I would just like to see whether everything is fine with the baby ”

“ Well, of course, but the conception has...”

“ Yes, yes ” I said. ” I know. Please do not worry, this is standard procedure. ”

I approached her with a tentative smile on my face and she smiled back.

“ I will have to see the process from inside to determine the best type of Genes for the Reich

” I told her . Upon hearing the statement, the woman’s pride permeated the room . I made sure no one would be visiting us for a moment . Then I took a syringe out of my pocket .

“ Please do not be alarmed , I will have to perform a standard vaccination procedure ” she heard me say .

This was the most traumatic experience for me . Her vagina received an interesting concoction .

“ I am sorry Miss ” I told her . “ Your intestines will burn soon and your child will not survive . ”

The woman went amok, trying to save herself .

“ Too late ” I told her . ” But don’t worry . It’s fun. ”

I disappeared after playing with some Aryan children by impaling them upon their own entrails .

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D .

I was immediately transported onto a big slab in the middle of a dark room . I knew Queen Elizabeth would arrive soon as I lay on the slab , my position akin to an asterisk . I remembered various drawings therapists all around the world kept receiving . Words “ FEAR ” , “ SATAN ” , “ MOTHER ” , “ FATHER ” , “ DECEIT ” , “ MALICE ” were everywhere . I saw drawings of ceremonies virtually identical to that one . For “ I ” read a prepubescent male . I would even wager a red-haired one . Sacrificial lambs were chosen carefully . Especially at that level .

I still did not know what I got myself into . **When** would it **end** ?

## Chapter Five: The X Files Prime : I Want To Disbelieve

Ted Norton is an avid fan of anything that might be considered outside the spectrum of the mainstream. He will go anywhere just to find a grain of excitement. He likes various series depicting different scenarios involving the unknown, though he does not love them. He finds television productions too predictable and too "public-oriented." He has experienced some weird stuff so he does know what "bizarre" means in practice. Shows such as "The Outer Limits" and "The X-files" do have their better moments. Ted has never seen anything that might really incite his intellectual spark to turn into a flame. His persistence keeps turning up various stuff, but it is never up to Ted's standards. He has the time, he has the money. His appearance does suggest a certain degree of "geekiness," though on an acceptable level. If you try to mess with him, you will burn your arse. Ted used to plan everything in major detail until he realized it was too to cope with. He has abandoned diligent planning in favor of sensible planning. Seems to be working for now. Norton has just returned from Spain where he has been observing the great faces for two hours. Appearing, disappearing. Appearing, disappearing.

"Do you hear about it in the mainstream media?" he has thought, though it has been more of a rhetorical question. "Ah, right now, I gotta see this new movie, the X-files movie."

As he plans, so he does.

"Just another mainstream production," grumbles Ted after leaving the cinema. "I really gotta take matters into my own hands."

As he says, so he does.

Ted is an owner of a company called "Norton Technologies,Inc." In his fortiers, Caucasian, he takes nothing at face value. Belief means nothing to him. This is why when everyone around him kept yelling to abandon the "Tetra mast eradication project," he assiduously went on with his work. Ted always hated the primitive method of TETRA masts - the very technology upon which cell phone industry is based. He held a grudge against the world's communications method. His daughter did have cancer, after all, cancer which had been metastasizing at an incredible rate. She was only fourteen. Ted never forgave himself after that. Somehow he knew the culprit : electromagnetic pollution. Ted was and is a genius when it comes to communication systems ; he can visualize patterns and consequences of those patterns where others see only chaos and insanity. His wife has abandoned him as he has been screaming "good riddance, whore" toward her. His sole purpose in life has been to find an alternative to the most common communications method on this ordinary little planet in an ordinary solar system.

He has locked himself up in the house, focusing on the task at hand. Nicola Tesla's premise has helped him a lot in the task as he has purportedly invented a device that would make cell phone technology obsolete. Ted's neighbors have started gossiping what has gotten into the guy, seeing

various contraptions on Ted's roof. They keep seeing strange bolts of light resonating between the two miniature Tesla towers. Conservative members of the community have even been voicing for a governmental intervention in fear of a terrorist activity.

Ted keeps going, perusing various conspiracy forums for useful information. Drawing plans, engineering ideas, quoting Einstein to pass the time. After ten years he has finally done it. A device that would make Tesla shake his hand.

He has established a company "Norton Technologies, Inc." At first it has been a small endeavor with Ted helping people with mundane communication issues. His main objective has always been the main focus. He has been in need of someone who would be able to acknowledge his invention. He could not just go public with his ideas, not in his mind. And he has not had to do that. Someone has contacted him as he has been driving back to his house from work.

Ted's house is located in a picturesque area. Driving home from work is always through the woods, beautiful woods where maple trees, pine trees and such abound. He usually drives home around the time when it gets dark with no one else in the vicinity. This is the only place, inside his own care, where Ted feels really free. Free of senseless babble, free of electromagnetic pollution, free of mediocre individuals bent on attacking anyone who dares to voice a different opinion. Just woods and Ted. He is ashamed to admit it to himself but the woods have become like his second family, however warped it may sound to an external observer.

Ted's distance from home to work is circa thirty kilometers or circa 19 miles, if you prefer that standard. Not everything of it is woods but a major chunk is - by major one could estimate approximately thirteen miles. The rest is a, very frustrating to get through, ring road. Ted's inner dilemmas always involve his eating habits. McDonald's on the way is a always a big temptation to Norton, enticing him to "drive thru." Ted tries to remind himself of his progeny's cancer then and that usually stops him from stopping by. He orders home-delivered pizzas instead or tries to concoct something by himself instead. Ten years have passed and he has survived in a reasonable shape so maybe it is not that bad. One man has been able to lose weight eating only at McDonald's, after all.

Ted's job requires him to be peripatetic. He is always on the run, so to speak, driving from client to another, arranging one thing or the other. Anger concerning the main project is mounting within his mind, though, and he is about to explode if he does not come up with a solution in the near future. Driving home is the best time for him to contemplate various aspects of existence, what to do, where to get, etc. Many women have proposed to Ted, but he has not been interested in anything apart from the main task. He has told them to fuck off. How easy it is for people to dismiss someone as a nut. They rarely see past the surface of anyone because their own lives are shallow. Ted used to get angry, he even used to attack people physically because he could not stand their insipidity and arrogance. Then he has finally understood the futility of his actions. He has turned to travesty, along the lines of "reductio ad absurdum," to do the job. Almost everyone that

has confronted Ted has been left with consternation on their face, not sure what the fuck has this guy been talking about, what the fuck he's been doing.

"What you on dood cuz I wanna have same shit goin' in ma hed," is a frequent query directed toward Ted.

"The difference between you and I, my friend, is simple, so lemme break it down for ya. I don't have to be on crack to experience visions because my mind is powerful enough to produce them on its own. You need something to expedite your mental faculties, though."

"What the fuck does expedite mean?" a question usually flies toward Ted.

"It means check it out yourself" a response comes with Ted bolting afterwards.

"What the hell?" a surge of heat passes through Ted's body upon seeing someone on the road in front of him, maydaying. Breaks can be heard and stuff in the trunk is floating around. Ted's stomach almost popped out when the seatbelt pressed itself against it with an incredible amount of force. For a moment Ted has thought - that's it, I'm going to jail cause of some drunk hermit.

Ted gets out of his silver Toyota pickup and heads toward the "hermit." The person involved does wear a strange robe, seems to be black as it can be barely seen in the impending darkness. The maydaying is gone, now only the robe and the hood can be seen. The individual does not move at all which infuriates Ted as some kind of a prank gone awry.

"What are you, little red riding hood?! I could've killed you for Satan's sake !"

Ted uses the name "Satan" for a purpose. The appearance of the stranger does correspond with some cult members, particularly Satanic. Ted approaches the person in question and stares at them in shock and disbelief.

"Have you gone completely catatonic?" Ted says in an aggressive, though not overly loud, tone.

"Are you so shocked that your program just froze ?"

"I KNOW THE SOLUTION TO YOUR TETRA MAST PROBLEM" a loud male voice speaking with trans-atlantic variety of English can be heard in Ted's mind. The voice has spoken with such conviction that Norton has simply accepted the statement as real and has uttered the following words aimed at the individual while standing around one meter away from "him"

"What do you mean, is this another thought experiment on me ?" thinks Ted in a nervous voice.

"Don't you see we're in the middle of the road and someone can simply whack us with their automobile ?"

"Don't worry, it has all been taken care of," responds te voice while the individual stands in the middle, hidden. "I know what you are planning. I know you wanna go public with your inventions. This is unwise. Not on this planet, Ted. Not on this planet. The powers that be will first harness your potential and then you'll be disposed of. I came here to offer you something much bigger. "

"Why me?" Ted asks a question this time, looking directly at the robed figure. "It is reminiscent of some messiah crap."

"No, Ted, you want your daughter back."

"Get the fuck away from my daughter or I'll shoot you where you stand !" Ted shouted at the figure, brandishing a shotgun under his coat. "I'm not fooling around here."

"Ted, this is not necessary" the figure says and sends a mental image to Ted representing his own assassination. Norton is staggered by the vision and simply knows its true. "We've chosen you out of billions. We collect thought patterns of the populations. We've visited many planets, many star systems. The most capable minds are taken with us as they help us to understand each culture deeply and they help us to improve ourselves."

"What, you're an alien now?" utters Ted, both defensive and shocked.

"Yes" the voice responds. "People on this planet possess a mental screen which does not permit them to see who we are. Due to that, so many people on this planet are easily manipulated. They are archetypes and their behavior is predictable."

"What do you want from me?" says Ted in a defensive tone, pushing all considerations about the nature of his interlocutor aside. "Why am I so special to you?"

"We've been looking for someone like you, Ted. Your situation in life renders you conducive toward various bargaining chips. Qui pro quo."

"Am I a messiah in your mind, then?" asks Ted, surprised.

"No, you are a person that has what we need. You've discovered a device that handles the problem of electromagnetic pollution. We need it. We also have something that will allow you to be happy again."

"Still, why me?" asks Ted, puzzled. "What is this all about?"

"Your mind is more open to certain experiences" says the voice. "You did not try to defend your belief system, warding off my presence and attacking me. Your reaction toward me right now, despite all the movies concerning extraterrestrials or interdimensionals, is beyond exemplary. This is why we chose your thought pattern to be added to our database. We contacted you because we want your patent, Ted. We also want to help you. Please understand, ulterior motives are not within our cultural paradigm."

"Why didn't you simply take it away from me if you're so powerful?"

"Ted, we don't infringe on someone else's existence because it's against our perceptions" says the voice. "You are an equal to us. Equals ought to be aware of the stakes."

"Fair enough" says Ted. "What do you need my invention for?"

"It's complicated" the voice can be heard. "What you can witness now is akin to moving to another dimension. This is why no one can see us despite various objects passing by. You haven't seen it as nothing has happened yet. Just suppose it would. The difference is, Ted, that your body moves, not your mind. In our case, our mind moves, then our body. This is why we can be outside the consensual reality prevalent in a certain environment. If you were a robot, you might even die of shock. This is why we're very careful about selecting entities to interact with. The same problem is prevalent in various cultures, individual or collective."

"I still don't get the gist of it" says Ted, a little annoyed.

"The gist is simple" responds the voice."Electromagnetic pollution causes our reality shifts to collapse. This is why I have met you here, to avoid the pollution as much as possible. You've devised a device which can eradicate the problem. With it, we will be able to become various individuals in various cultures by being outside their consensus and yet being them at the same time."

"I think I know what you mean because it makes sense to me" says Ted and adds "Though it wouldn't make much sense to many people I guess."

"This is why you're our contact" says the voice."We want you to give us your patent and we offer you something in return.Something to save your life and your daughter's."

"My daughter's ?" asks Ted, the words still ringing in his head."How can you do that?"

"It's complex" responds the voice."The point is, you'll be back again, with your wife and your daughter, your daughter would be cancer-free. You'll be back to the point where everything began to entropidize. "

"Agreed" Ted nods, knowing that nothing can be worse than his current mental state where suicide is on the table."I'm in. You can have my inventions but I expect you to show me who you are first - out of common courtesy then tell me how is it going to happen."

The individual disrobes. At first Ted sees a young man, in his early twenties, frail-looking with glasses on. Somewhat like a geek, one could wager. Then the person's face begins to blur and Ted opens his mouth in amazement.

"You're either a genius or a real alien" he says."It's just why do you look like a typical gray?"

"It is very cliché but it is indeed how this body looks like" responds the alien in a telepathic way as a car whizzes by

"Holy crap, it passed right through me !" shouted Ted, visibly exhilarated

"Yes, as I've said, all is a matter of belief, even your primitive laws of the universe" the gray looks at Ted and smiles.

Ted Norton is a curious man, to say the least. He is about to ask the entity a torrent of probing questions :

"What is reality?"

"What is the deal about cattle mutilations?"

"Is there life after death?"

"Did aliens create humans?"

"Was Jesus real?"

The alien just smiles and Norton finds himself in front of his car.

"Daddy, what are you thinking about now ?" someone asks him from behind.

"Wha..?"Norton utters a murmur, looks around and notices his daughter juxtaposed with her school's background. He feels an incredible urge to use a hyperbolic speech but then realizes the sheer folly behind the idea. Instead, he smiles at Kate and tells her

"Oh nothing much, Katie.Daddy has just been epiphanized."

Ted's daughter looks at him in a strange way.

"What do you mean?"

"The X-files Prime : I want to disbelieve." says Ted in a calm voice. "How was the school today?"

"Same stuff, as always" says Kate, still puzzled by her father's bizzare demeanor.

"Same here" grins Ted.

"Daddy, why are you so happy today?" asks Kate in an inquisitive tone.

"The thought of hearing your mother's voice renders me blissful" says Ted in his pathetic attempt at poetry.

Both burst into uncontrollable laughter and so the story ends.

### **Chapter Six: I Have 30 Days To Live**

I am a tough person. My strength comes from within and I do not need anyone resorting to flattery in order to make me feel better. I do not believe in depression, ADHD and all the rest of that neurotic granma crap. I have my own values to which I adhere ; the rest is optional . I am also very tolerant but you would not perceive me as such if you met me down the road at a local bar. Leave me be and I will leave you be. Even now, with this abomination growing in my head. CEO's are supposed to live in the real world where there is no time for contemplation on a mountain top. But, you know what ? To hell with it. I have decided to give it a shot...my wife Karen, my kids, everyone...I do love them and I do not want them to suffer. I want them to be happy. They cannot see me like this, a person incapable of controlling his moves. I have read about Charles Whitman and I know what a brain tumor can do. I must isolate myself from others – not out of my egotism but out of love. I have left a note for my wife explaining the situation. I do hope she will understand after reading this :

**Charles Joseph Whitman** (June 24, 1941 – August 1, 1966) was a student at the University of Texas at Austin who killed 14 people and wounded 31 others as part of a shooting rampage from the observation deck of the University's 32-story administrative building on August 1, 1966. He did this shortly after murdering his wife and mother. He was eventually shot and killed by Austin police.

An autopsy requested in Whitman's suicide note revealed that he had a *Glioblastoma brain tumor*. *This has led to speculation that the tumor was responsible for his rampage.*

I am afraid of losing control. I cannot allow it. I am an expert marksman, I know how to handle myself in hand-to-hand combat. Hell, I am a soldier, I have seen human depravity around the world – in Somalia, in Iraq, in Serbia. I can only speculate what might happen when, and not *if*, my inner barrier begins to crack, eventually shattering into pieces, leaving me at the mercy of my primordial whim.

Yes. I will be like Ted Kaczynski.

### Chapter Seven: Discerning Life (Inter/Intra) Personally

“Wisdom is knowing how little we know”-Attributed to Socrates

In order to discern what my major field of study is, I believe it is off the essence to define the term ‘major field of study’ per se. . To me, this particular issue concerns about ‘The major endeavor that I devote most of my time to, find to be of the most pivotal nature.’ It would appeal to logic that what I am studying at the university could be defined as such. It is far complex than that, however; we do exist in a convoluted milieu, albeit it appears to be an overwhelmingly sanitized version of ‘reality’, ‘spoonfed’ to the population by the mainstream media. Therefore, it is imperative to present an outline of my interests. It should appear self-evident that I will not be able to, nor would I be willing, to cover every single thread of my psyche’s development. The most reasonable approach at this particular level of analysis is to superficially delve into various subjects via the prism that will render clear to the reader what my interests are and why do I find them to be worthy of my time, as opposed to other ‘genres’ operating in our society, that can be considered far more sense-enticing. It is not by chance, however, that ‘ignorance is bliss.’ Stating the latter, I divide my interests into two independent groups : corporeal (pragmatic) and incorporeal (abstract). I am an avid supporter of the ‘golden means’ rule; by this I understand that a human being should be able to exist within the ‘mainstream society’ as well as beyond it. It seems logical that one can talk about ‘higher issues’ but he will die of starvation. Maslow’s pyramid seems to be a good representation of the ‘balanced’ mindset. Of course, so often individuals do not even realize that there is something like ‘mainstream society,’ but that is a completely different matter and I will not cover it here. Suffice it to say, people tend to separate pragmatic from abstract with a ‘marble ceiling,’ whereas I am inclined to perceive them as interdependent. The ability to discern the interweavement appears to be crucial if one wants to avoid bigotry in life. The latter brings me to the most pivotal stage of my reasoning : cognitive ability. Intelligence. I have discovered a very interesting article pertaining to the measurement of intelligence and how one perceives intellect according to one’s cultural

standards – which would mean that an autistic genius is very likely to be considered an idiot. This is exactly the problem of perception and the ability of discernment. Indeed, there are so many definitions of intelligence that it is virtually impossible to reach a consensus as to its nature. Certain groups of individuals exhibit a predilection toward ‘emotions’ and ‘intellect.’ I find this division somewhat contentious as a highly intelligent individual (according to the Western standards) will often display advanced emotional intelligence as well; intelligence is not about absence of emotions. In fact, by discerning reality within and without, one, inevitably and unwittingly, experiences certain emotional states accompanying the intellectual experience. Thus, the division into ‘emotions’ and ‘intellect’ is a non-sequitur. There are cases where people overwhelmingly ‘intellectual’ or ‘emotional’ in conventional understanding of these terms; this led to hysteria or psychopathy/sociopathy. Unfortunately, the latter seems to be a particularly dangerous ‘strain’ which fits perfectly into the corporate world – until a CEO realizes a pattern of money drainage. By then it can be too late to repair the damage. Flawed as our understanding of intelligence might be, it is vital to comprehend where did the present perception of it evolve before ingraining itself within the psyche of millions.

The notion of IQ (Intelligence Quotient) became popular in 1905 when Alfred Binet, a French psychologist, declared that he could clearly observe parallels between a child’s mental and physical aptitude. The idea of IQ became the paradigm by which it was determined whether a child was a ‘genius’ or possibly ‘retarded.’ Political correctness was not prevalent at the beginning of the twentieth century so calling the subjects ‘mentally impaired’ did not go along with the scientific meme of the era. ‘Bedlam’ expanded; immigrants were not admitted to the U.S. in the initial stages of the twentieth century if they did not exhibit a specific level of mental faculty (which does not seem to have helped much anyway). The list went further; children in Europe and the U.S. were horribly mistreated based on the fact that they were considered to be of inferior intellectual value.’ After WWII, a notion of ‘eugenics in disguise’ began encroaching on the territory of intellectuals. Mensa, an international organization comprising individuals deemed to be ‘within the two percent in terms of the IQ level on the planet’ was a material result of this unilateral perspective. In the organization’s manifesto it is stated conspicuously that only one person out of fifty (Why not fifty and a half, one wonders) could be considered worthy of joining this ‘elite’ society. The validity of the tests provided to ‘weed out’ the geniuses is of questionable nature (Unless one accepts the IQ phenomenon, that is). A lot of individuals consider the idea of IQ concordant with their conscience, notwithstanding. In 1994, a book entitled ‘The Bell Curve’ was published by the two American co-authors: Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray. The reason for its controversial reception was the claim that ‘intelligence is a result of genetic inheritance in forty to eighty percent’ and the ‘association of race with intelligence.’ Contemporary scientists find the idea of ‘races’ diminishing in its importance due to the lack of evidence in genes to support the claim of ‘racial diversity.’ Whatever one might think of the work of these two gentlemen it is without

question that a sine wave presenting the distribution of various levels of intelligence among the global population has been ingrained into the public's psyche. The notion of 'cognitive elite'(individuals who have a better chance of being a 'top dog' in life due to their intelligence level,higher than that of a general population regardless of nationality) created by the authors of 'Bell Curve' is a fallacy at best;William James Sidis,who reportedly had an IQ of more than 250,spoke more than forty languages, and was the and was the 45 youngest student in history to enroll in and finish Harvard ( he was 16) ended up as a counter clerk,being fed up with people around him.Hardly a success in life for an individual with such an extraordinary level of intelligence.One wonders,perhaps individuals like Sidis utilized more than ten percent of their brains(which is another puzzle as to why the brain is so glaringly underused). Nikola Tesla,on the same hand, was refused grants to speed up his research program dealing with 'sending the energy along vast distances in a free and wireless manner.'Fortunately,he managed to win the 'war of the currents' with Edison and the alternate current became the accepted norm of electricity harness. These examples prove the notion of 'cognitive elite' to the contrary.In case of gifted individuals,society is often more of an impediment rather than an encouragement.This pattern, dreary as it is,seems to be present around the world, even in places where one would expect more 'patent freedom.' Apparently, in the U.S. there is a law stating that an invention deemed a threat to the 'National Security' will be concealed.Can we expect a paradigm shift in a foreseeable future? Given the current state of 'human collective' – it is highly unlikely.

Moving forward,I would like to consider the issue of the language.The issues of intelligence and language are considered to be of concomitant significance by me as they denote a number of data that can be accessed by each of us. There is a point in one's life when one can create an infinite number of vernacular patterns, no matter which language this might be for that individual.A language is a living organism but it is puzzling as to how few individuals actually realize that ; they either cling to their version of 'correctness' or caress their egos by saying that 'my language is superior to yours.' It is ,again, the same mindset as above : an archetypal mindset. Carl Jung concluded that humans can be divided into twelve(!) archetypes of behavior. Six and a half billion individuals and ,apparently,the vast majory of us are nothing but predictable.One could say it is just a theory but – upon looking around – is it ? How many people actually do use their brains? Hardly any. People talk about freedom but – how they can know what freedom is if they cannot think for themselves? Ask them that and they will be outraged. Yes, the so-called 'democracy' can be considered more lax in terms of regulations than Nazi Germany, but it is a comparison, nothing more. Churchill was right by stating that 'democracy is the worst idea invented but there is nothing better at the moment.' Going back to the language itself, however. Consider the word 'pandemonium.' It can be observed that the prefix 'pan' means 'all,general,' demon can be left without a comment, and the suffix –um denotes a noun. It is possible to conject the word's meaning without bigger problems.Thus, when people look at a seemingly complicated word, the

same problem occurs – lack of lateral thinking. It all comes down to the same common denominator : bigotry. What is the reason? I do not know whether this is deliberate or not but I am absolutely certain that the so-called ‘zeitgeist issues’ like euthanasia, homosexuality, gender roles, et al, are a direct result of ‘resurfacing.’ For a long time it was not considered relevant, but not – fortunately – more and more people start thinking laterally. Unfortunately, even they become entangled in the web of arguments and protests. There will always be individuals who can consider my contemplations ‘ivory towerish.’ This just proves that they do not understand the essence of my message, they cannot think beyond the edifice – yet again. To think of oneself as ‘rational’ and dismiss everything ‘irrational’ defies logic to me. Mind does not edit anything – people do by wanting to do the edition process. Of course, in a society like this it is very often rewarded. A pragmatic individual can take care of himself. And if someone is telling me that gender equality can be created when ,in its very essence, genders are not equal.What does that tell me about this person?Where is his ‘rationalism.’ And yet these people will laugh at much more plausible ideas. Like one wise person said:‘Everything about this world is upside down; universities destroy knowledge,doctors destroy health.’ And I would add : psychiatrists destroy individuality. The only sound approach to life seems to be ‘wisdom is knowing how little we know.’ If you think you know it all, no matter how good are you : a CEO, a scientist, a stockbroker, et al...Matrix has you and it is laughing in your face. You can retain your mind without losing your ‘real world privileges’. On the contrary, opening your mind will provide you with more possibilities of making money than you can imagine. The point is to grasp this concept.

### Chapter Eight: The System Incarnate

Daniel Bornstein is a Caucasian male of twenty five . A little overweight , but it adds to his personal aura rather than the opposite . He is an extremely intelligent individual . It is very difficult to explain the terms “ extremely “ and “ intelligent . “ Of course it is . It is not my intention to provide a convoluted definition . The best way to present extreme intelligence is by understanding that life is in a constant state of flux . “ It depends “ is one of the most crucial words that rolls off one’s tongue . Contrary to popular belief , people whose brains are furrowed more than that of others do not enjoy publicity . Daniel does not care what his IQ is . He will tell you it is around one hundred . He will not analyze the very notion of IQ with you . He will not care if you believe him or not . He does not have to prove anything to you . A belief system ? Forget it . He just cannot have it . He has tried the mental stunt so many times but his mind will not yield ; it keeps finding holes everywhere , questions all . Daniel works for an international corporation as a “ malicious jester . ” Yes , that’s what they call him . His job ? After a handful of candidates have been selected

( i.e. the ones that are really serious about work ) , he is to “ play a game ” with them in order to find out who is the best depending on the position they are to occupy . Of course the candidates are not aware they are being tested . What would be the point then ? Perhaps even you have been scanned by one of the “ malicious jesters ” without even knowing it . They go by different names and some consider them to be an urban legend . They are out there and their job is one of the most secretive you can imagine . How are they chosen ? This is even beyond my scope of understanding . Why am I telling you all this ? Daniel’s life is not all rosy ; his constant questioning of everything and finding relativity wherever he looks makes it very tough to be friends with the system . Daniel’s vocation allows him to focus on real issues : he is an amateur journalist analyzing the probability of a global conspiracy . He is a keen observer and does not dismiss the most ludicrous – by consensual standards – possibilities . He will give all a fair hearing and let them incriminate themselves by playing the game right if it comes to that . His intelligence allows him to scan for gems . He is particularly involved in all the big questions and – through them – he is trying to find out if Satanic Ritual Abuse is a worldwide phenomenon very much alive today and involving the most famous people on the planet . We are not talking robes and pseudo-rituals ; we are talking human sacrifice . Daniel adjusts to his interlocutor on the spot ; he will read you like an open book and then tell you what you want to hear . You might not even know what you want to hear but Daniel will clarify that for you in the blink of an eye . He will tell you that women suck if you are a male chauvinist pig ; he will praise the Aryan race if you are an undercover Nazi ; he will praise the Lord if you are who you are . All with insight and conviction of a fervent believer . On the level of personal musings , though , Daniel is living a quantum existence . Nothing is certain . Nothing is fixed . Anything that can happen , does happen in infinity . You might say “ what an impractical approach to life, get a grip ! ” . Oh , but Daniel has very much gotten a proper grip of the system . Money is not a problem . Health is not a problem . Still , even two years back his life has been in disarray . He still cannot believe how it all has changed . To him , happenstance is non-existent . Not after what he has endured and the series of “ coincidences ” that have aligned into a perfect scenario .

Daniel is also a writer . He has written a book dealing with SRA investigation techniques . Not the conclusion , just how he does it and what his *initial* conclusion is . He is a very popular writer in certain ... circles . No , I am not talking about the circles that you can find in your nearest shopping mall . Bornstein is not writing those books to become rich and famous . He is relatively well-off and fame is needed as long as pragmatic contacts are maintained which might be used to boost various investigative stages . Daniel has never thought of writing considered “ fictional.” “ He is *slightly* skeptical when it comes to mainstream markets and his place therein . He is an introverted personality , i.e. looking for self-esteem value confirmation from within rather than without . Yes, it is very nice if someone “ out there ” to compliment him or criticize him . If he does not consider creation A to be of good stock, then external influence is irrelevant . This is why he is often accused

of being an “egotist” and even a “bastard.” I assure you, he is neither . It would appear that Daniel’s cognitive skills clash with other varieties thereof , leading to terrible misunderstandings . “ People keep perpetrating the same fallacy ” Daniel thinks to himself ; they assume that if they were me and they behaved in a particular way then it must mean I have the same set of coordinates . Thus, they are ... oh forget it . They obviously do not perform such a ( seemingly ) tortuous analysis .

Daniel has finally crossed the Rubicon . He has found a website where he can create new worlds. He finds imagination to be the most important mental ingredient of all . Generating new existences , new lives . Writing can be done anywhere , though Daniel is inclined toward movie making as he thinks in images . He hopes that – one day – his thoughts will be enacted by walking digital beings . Perhaps more . Daniel embraces the “golden mean” principle , whereby he is a fusion of open-mindedness and “ CEO mentality ” as he has dubbed it . The former and the latter serve him well as he keeps noticing gross malfunctioning on the populace’s part ; their inner insecurities and grasping at systemic straws . Yes , he knows it all too well . He has been there too but has emerged victorious . Daniel’s writing centers on the issue of consciousness.“I am Daniel Bornstein ” he muses . “ At the moment I am twenty five . My state of self-awareness is constantly changing . Is my self-awareness a product of systemic memes that can only analyze the Matrix through the prism of the latter ? Or can I really transcend the memes and get onto a plateau of independent thought ? Can my mind erase “ Daniel Bornstein ” from its database ? What would happen if I lost all the memes , would I become a tabula rasa ? Or would I simply forget who I was and could re-program the memetic structure according to a new systemic paradigm ? Yes , it is apparent that we do not have the mind but the mind has us . Noösphere is a constant element ; new paradigms are not , as a new identity and its functions will remain unchanged . What are we then ? Are we the self-awareness ? Is this self-awareness in the brain or is the brain merely the go-between ?

Daniel keeps looking at the floor inside a shopping center as he approaches an escalator in front of him. He glances at the people within the field of vision , draws patterns between them in his mind . He is no longer able to discern what *is it really that we are referring to when addressing someone ?* Bornstein is incapable of stating who he is .... he notices a young woman in front of him and an old man staring at the ceiling behind her . A flash of light appears between the protagonist’s neural pathways and he terminates the inner musings coming to the conclusion that he is an amalgamation of perpetually changing energetic phenomena . A public perception of fixed identity is merely a pragmatic convenience aimed at surviving within the system’s clutches .

Daniel does a double take ; the young woman he has noticed is *the same female* he has deemed “ unworthy ” of corporate duty .

She does not know it ... yet .

“ Tough system ” he mutters and - with a grin written all over his face - proceeds to see what flicks are being shown right now .

“ Damn , I can almost see the numbers around me . ”

### Chapter Nine: God's Apostle

“ I cannot go on like this , they just told me I'm one of those who's no longer with the company ” a Citibank employee tells me . I sense his desperation ; this is the time to console him. I take out a taser and place it under a table while paying close attention to what my client is saying . Then - I get up . I move behind this Caucasian male in his thirties . I stoically state

“I'm sorry Mr.Sam , but our session is over . ”

Before he can do anything,his heart is given a real treat.So nice to see him in convulsions.I kick him in the stomach and then I target his balls with my taser .I am so happy .

“Goodbye sucker” I mutter and search for his credit card.”Ah there it is . So predictable .”

I already am acquainted with the individual's signature.

“Such a joyous occasion to boost the retail Christmas!”I scream in exasperation as I'm entertaining the notion of an acid bath – let it be my religious client's “last rite of passage before God.”

“ What a shame ”I think to myself . ”He came to seek psychological advice .

I am ready to venture out into the open and play with that credit card of his. After all,I am only doing what the system demands . I am sure the system is proud of me . I am a good citizen . A true pillar of the civilized world .

Do you want to know what is the cornerstone of success ? Ten Commandments . Take a look please

1. **Worship the system . Do what the system demands . This is your God.**
2. **Be humbled by authority for they are God's physical manifestation .**
3. **You shall show your utmost respect for God by offering God part of your labor with joy in your heart .**
4. **There is no friendship . There is only business .**
5. **Have sex with all you deem worthy to make you more efficient at God-worship .**
6. **Kill as often as you wish if you can prove that this is righteous in the eyes of God .**

7. **By defending God you defend your right to live as you want to live .**
8. **Lie becomes the truth if God says so .**
9. **By following God you are superior as God renders you all-powerful . You must prove to others that there is only one God , only one way . Let this task bring you joy . Life that does not accept the gospel is nothing more but subhuman life unworthy of life .**
10. **Constantly expand God's living space . By expanding the living space , God is with you and your spirits are lifted by the thought of doing God's work .**

Excuse me for now . Now is THE time for my holiday indulgence . Follow my example – this is what God wants you to do .

( Oh . Almost forgot about the Sam's body ! I pick it up [ so heavy oh my God ] and we dance together to Michael Jackson's " Man in the mirror " . I snap a picture of me and Sam as we look at the mirror with [ I'm asking him to change his ways ] playing all around us . I am so happy . )

" Time for you to disappear , Sam " I conclude as the tank is getting filled with acid . " From now on , I am you . "

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I am immune to prosecution . I am in possession of incriminating documents that – if revealed – would shake the very foundations of what humanity calls "life." I have hidden the data well . I am dangerous to the powers that be ; they offered me "laissez-faire" on planet Earth as long as I do not expose what I know . I agreed . This is why I can enter a shopping mall full of acquiescent sheep and shoot them all . Financial crisis ? I fly higher than weather .

"But surely they can't control everything,I mean a simple police officer would pursue the case?"

So it would *logically* seem . However, human logic is flawed . The details are left for me . Care for yourself , remember ?

You see , I love the place where I am now . In my thirties , white as a corpse . I gotta be honest with you , I am *a little* racist . Despite all I know , when I think "America/England/Europe" I see white people , not some other color garbage . Make no mistake , my nationality at the moment can be classified as "UN" , yes – that would be the best way to describe my current geopolitical status . I am in possession of a very interesting passport that gets me anywhere . I am a true citizen of

planet Earth . A new breed . There is a reason for it and you will be made aware what the reason is later .

“What are you talking about , there are no such passports and no powers that be , this is like believing in Scientology or some other shit ! I cannot believe that intelligent people can buy into all this crap ! ”

Perfect . That is exactly the mentality that makes you so pathetic in the first place . *You might not even entertain the possibility of something* as it is too much for your intelligent – God have mercy – mind . You can dismiss it as ramblings of a paranoid schizophrenic or another science-fiction crap . That’s exactly what I want you to do . Treat me as such . Surprised ? Why would you be ? You will not alter the facts , all you can do is make yourself feel better that “ you know what is going on in the world .” So I salute you . Actually , I am discreting the notion of the agenda everywhere I go . It is so hilarious to be in the know but sell bullshit to people ; and because the people are rendered artificially predisposed to viewing the world/themselves in bullshit terms , then my task is oh so easy ( though I cannot blame the human race for status quo , they have been trained by their masters for thousands of years if not more ) . If you could only see what laugh those at the apparent top are having this very moment , looking at various “debates” taking place where their frontmen attack each other . Then , when noone is watching, they attend a party together while laughing their asses off . Let me cut to the chase : you are being hoodwinked – right now - by reading this . They say that every person possesses a valuable trait . They say that just because someone is retarded , it does not render them completely worthless . I am unsure if the latter is true . How do you think I came into possession of my precious data ? By sitting on my ass and watching “ The Bold And The Beautiful ? ” Hardly , my friend . Hardly . I used to be like you . Complacent and docile . Until something happened in my life that rocked its very foundations . Was it an accident ? Doubtful . As a result , I do believe that some people are just worthless morons . No . Not some . Most of them .

Allow me to clarify what I am planning to do with my life . Now is the time to implement radical solutions . You better read carefully as it is about *you* as well . And I care not where you reside on this blue rock of ours .

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Earth . That beautiful planet of ours . Quite small , comparing to other celestial bodies out there . Diameter would be around twelve thousand kilometers . Matters not . What matters is my proclivity towards space tourism . I traveled around the globe only to find myself near Moscow . I was assessed in terms of my “ suitability ” and were given a green light . You did not hear about

my endeavor , I know . Sorry . I prefer to remain incognito . Ah , but there was a twist ! I went to the moon as well . I did not see any alien bases but you never know – mare tranquillitatis can hold much more than I imagine .

Oh . Do you know that I was able to communicate with Russians without them even knowing I was not one of them ? How ? Well , there is this “ ursprache machine ” It’s a very interesting feat of engineering that – of course – you have no inkling about . Let me enlighten you . In theory , there used to exist a language which is THE ancestor of all languages we see these days . Pre-Babel era , if you prefer . The protolanguage . You see , it does stand to reason that no matter what language is used , the purpose remains fixed : interpretation of inner/outer milieu . Indeed , there is something to Sapir–Whorf hypothesis . Still , human language as a means of life interpretation goes both ways:we fuel it and it fuels our perception of existence . This is why you arrive at a conclusion that certain phrases / words from language A simply cannot be conveyed by language B . Sounds obvious but – I assure you – only on the surface .

Why am I telling you all this ? Suppose we could communicate telepathically . Apart from firing every single linguist on the planet , I do believe it would render our communication accuracy perfect . Conveying your inner self to another – only what you want to convey of course – would render inaccuracy obsolete . No more syntax and semantics .

The moon . A wonderful entity indeed . I cannot possibly convey my feelings . Earth is so far away now ; I am away from all the electromagnetic pollution and I feel great . It’s like the inner burden of civilization is eradicated . Indeed , Earth is a bubble . In space one understands the magnitude of life . The “overview effect” is a powerful boost of positive energy . I do not want to go back to Terra . I want to stay on the moon and go beyond the solar system . I know they can arrange it . I have always wondered

“ If I could , how far would I go ? ”

Now is the time to find out . I have promised the powers that be that once I am gone , I will not come back to expose them . All I want is a proper travel device with the map of the universe . They have agreed to my terms and now I am waiting on the far side of the moon where Earth is no more . They have told me it would be better that way .

I am alone inside their moon base . Yes , they do have a base on the moon . No one but me inside . I have all I need – the document plan still applies . You can never underestimate the controllers . I stare at a chessboard in front of me . Let us play before they arrive .

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( The following did not take place in any language . The communication was strictly mind-based . )

“ What ? ” my head moved up from the chessboard and I looked toward the screen in front of me .

“ Who are you ? ”

“ I’m your guide ” the response came . “ I’m here to take you out of the Anunnaki – controlled territory . Open the valve , I’m coming in . ”

“ WHAT . Whoa , steady steady , first I need some ID ”

“ Ok , you can enter ” I tell the entity .

“ I don’t know how you managed to pull this off but you must be a one damn VIP ” the entity tells me as I take a look at it . “ Damn , you’re a ... ”

“ A reptile , yes ” the entity responds . “ And you’re a clearly obese human male . ”

“ Hey, it’s not THAT bad ”

“ Don’t worry ” the reptilian states . “ I’ve got all we need – right here ! Come with me , it’s time to move on . ”

“ But...”

“ Don’t worry , I’ll show you around . ”

And so we went to the reptile’s stellar vehicle through the sleeve .

“ First , we gotta take your desires out ”

“ What do you mean ? ” I was confounded by the statement .

“ You do understand that you still need to take care of physio-psycho problems ” the reptile smiled .

“ ...and you can get it over with ... ” I concluded with uncertainty

“ Oh yes ” the reptile stated . “ Take this device . Attach it to your veins . ”

I did exactly that . Somehow I trusted the entity . I placed the small rectangular device upon my reversed arm . Two nod-like pieces came out and penetrated my skin . I felt a tingling sensation and within two seconds the procedure was over . The reptile looked at me and “said”

“ Now you don’t have to worry about pissing or shitting or whatever you humans do anymore . ”

I started laughing hysterically . The creature followed and then we mutually instigated each other’s merriness . The sheer absurdity of the situation was unimaginable . I got serious quickly and asked him/her/it/what have you

“ But wait, I love food !”

“ Don’t worry “ the reptile stated . “ You can eat whatever you please . This is a very sophisticated device bordering on the nature of reality itself . You can always re-activate whatever you like . Ego , always let the sleep mode on . I like the sensation . Apart from that , my sexual parts as well . Do you understand me , my friend .”

I nod.

“ This nod could kill you in some areas , but I’m not here to patronize you “ the reptile continued .

“ You got to be a genius to get out of the planet like that . Soon we’ll be outside the Anunnaki-controlled space and then I’ve something to show you .”

“ Such as ?”my mind just could not wait .

“ You will see . You will see .”

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“ Where are we then ?”

“ Congratulations, we are no longer in Anunnaki-controlled space”

“ Aren’t you one of them ?” I inquire.

“ As a matter of fact,yes, but you can probably realize that stereotyping does not always work.”

“Absolutely” I respond.”Where are we going?”

“The planet in front of us is in peril” the reptile states with a smile on its face.

“What do you mean exactly?” I ask.

“ They are suffering from PCS.”

“As in planetary confinement syndrome?” I add in a fit of epiphany.

“That’s exactly it,you came up with the same concept?”

“It’d seem so” I convey to the reptile.”And much more.”

“Convey more” the creature insists.

“Planetary confinement syndrome occurs when intermediopia enters a stage of moving towards dystopia or utopia.The planet’s inhabitants,realizing their precarious position of finding themselves on a planet with a civilization about to experience a meltdown,well they want to leave.”

“They can’t because their official technological capability is too limited” the reptile adds.

“Exactly” I continue along with snapping my fingers.”So they either terminate their vehicles,fight whatever there is to fight in order to survive on their own or by joining a cult.”

“Yes, very good,you are very perceptive” the reptile’s vertical pupils become dilated.”You can see here how an Earth-like civilization is experiencing the state.”

“I doubt that we’re here to be peeping Toms” I conclude.

“Yes” the entity states.”What you call tantalizment syndrome is very much prevalent when it comes to species with thought patterns reflecting individuality.As a result, I...”

“...you scan the planet for individual with proper thought-patterns and offer them a way out of the conundrum?”

“The concomitance of life requires that of me !” the reptile moves on in its mental musings.”I beam them up when cul-de-sac in planetary relations has been reached.”

“Would you classify this planet as type zero , type one ?” I ask the reptile.

“ According to Kardashev’s classification it’s a little more towards type one , a little more advanced than Earth on its official stance.”

“Yeah because Earth is way more advanced..I mean the powers that be , the local branch ?”

“Correct” the reptile nods in a sign of familiar cultural ground.”The powers that be on Earth possess proper technology. That’s why they can control hoi polloi in a jesterly manner .”

“Hoi means .... “ I muse.

“ Yes, you’re right, ‘hoi’ means the definite article so it’s a redundancy utilized by many on Earth”  
We are mentally amused in a fit of psychotic exuberation.

“ Mental illness is non-existent, by the way” the reptile muses.”Your perception of reality divergence and its accession in order to remove the cause is correct.”

“ Good to know “ I say and stare into the infinite vacuum.

“We’ll be departing now” the being conveys.”There’s someone I’m working for and who’s sent – specifically – for you .”

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## Chapter Ten: “Contingency Plan”

A twenty-something man sits in a taxi in front of his parents' house, trying to find the strength to tell them that he has squandered their money on publishing attempts. A vortex inside his mind is spinning out of control. He has no idea what to do.

“I think it’s best if I just go and tell them” he nervously concludes. “Time to face reality. I WILL NOT run away from responsibility THIS time.”

Lost in time and space for a while, he notices the cab driver looking around impatiently. Jake gets the message. He pays the cabbie and gets out as fast as possible. A silent exchange of money and looks.

“How can I be blunt about it?” he walks up and down, next to a curb. “I have lost a LOT of money and it will probably mean that...that they will not be able to stay in the house...”

“Fuck it!” he exclaims and flinches at the same time to the dismay of some passers-by. “I’ll do it. I’LL DO THIS RIGHT NOW !”

As he says, so he does. He is subconsciously counting the time until the ‘meltdown moment.’ It does not take long to distract him. Mary, Jake’s mother, has spotted her son getting out of the vehicle. After makeshift self-pampering, she bolts out of the house to greet him.

“Oh Jake, Jake, how wonderful to see you again!” she approaches the man with her arms wide open. “I’m so happy.”

“Me too” Jake responds as they keep hugging each other. “Me too.”

His words are far from sincere, of course. It does not take long for Mary to spot that something is wrong.

“Jake” her tone inquisitive and slightly concerned. “Is everything fine?”

The meltdown moment has just occurred. Jake does not know what to do. He is petrified. This is all happening *too fast*.

“Is father home?” he quickly mumbles.

“Well no” Mary’s voice becomes shaky. “He’s at work and I’m sure you know that?”

“Yes, of course I do!” Jake waves his both hands. “How could I forget.”

“Exactly” Mary nods. “Workaholics never come early.”

Suddenly, Jake receives a powerful surge of confidence. He feels powerful, almost aggressive. He knows that the time has come. Who has given him the money, after all? His mother is waiting for the answer.

“Let’s go to the kitchen” Mary’s body language is a mix of consternation and exhilaration. It is as if she is preparing herself for the news.

Jake nods. Not a word is said for ten seconds.

“I think you know what I want to tell you” Jake’s facial expression can be best described as “doom and gloom” combined.

Mary turns to Jake. She looks him deep in the eye and says

“Of course I do. You’d be jumping around like crazy if you’re successful.”

Jake’s mental petrification has slightly mitigated. Mom’s sense of humor is a good sign. Still, he is unsure what to make of all this. Before he can ask, she quickly adds, as if sensing her son’s inner disarray

“Don’t worry” she gently shakes her head. “We knew something like that could happen. Not would – but definitely could. I’m sure you did your best. And gained some experience too?”

“Yeah, a lot of exposure actually” Jake smiles. He knows that the worst case scenario has not come to pass.

“We were always for Scandinavian alternative thinking, don’t you know that?!” jokes Mary. “We’re prepared for every single contingency life could possibly throw at us!”

Jake’s silent. He is too overwhelmed to respond.

### **Chapter Eleven: Justice Variations**

You are convinced, I am sure, that what you are about to read will be merely a story. Creative writing. It is easier that way.

Just suppose for a second that what I am about to write has actually happened. I am not keen on drugs and other psychedelic substances. However, I do know they can widen one’s perception of existence.

Makes you wonder why the fuss about drugs then.

Anyhow.

The account I am presenting to you has occurred in an adjacent reality to this one. It has been provided by my parallel self. Just remember that your petty "laws" cannot explain away the infinite universes (s) .

Most of you will, undoubtedly, consider it to be a story concocted by some , more or less, aspiring writer. You have the right.

*So cherish it while it lasts.*

Some may accept it without question.

Some may ignore it.

*Ad Infinitum.*

You cannot prove it. You cannot disprove it. I can.

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December 20th , 2012 . A large office building in NYC. The HQ of an international business conglomerate. The biggest publishing house on the planet , Tarished & Faithful, is also part of the mega-corporation.

Picture an office in that building and a man sitting inside one of its countless rooms. His name is Mark Swath. He is, as you can probably infer, a literary agent. His job is to find the "cream of the crop." Market-wise. He is responsible for many **"No, Thank You"** messages.

*A standard procedure about to be changed.*

Someone has called just now. An individual speaking with a strange accent has offered an insight concerning a possible "best seller." The agent, not knowing how, has felt somehow compelled to meet the stranger on an *impromptu* basis.

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2 hours pass. An albino man confined to a wheelchair finds his way inside the agent's room.

"Hello, Mister Swath" the cripple albino man shakes Swath's hand."I don't have much time to convey a message so I shall get right down to business."

"Please proceed" a response comes.

"You are in the creative writing business."

The agent nods slightly as the cripple continues.

"Do you buy what your writers are actually *telling* you?"

"All I buy is their remarkable intellect, nothing more" responds the agent, bursting into controlled laughter.

"That's just too bad," responds the man confined to the wheelchair, rendering the atmosphere heavy in the blink of an eye."My ancestor met with you once. You just rejected him, like you rejected many others."

"I'm sorry but if this is some clever marketing technique or an attempt at getting back at me..."

"It's no joke, you arrogant bastard," responds the cripple, calm but agitated simultaneously."You've damaged my ancestor's genes by making him nervous throughout a prolonged period of time. This, in turn, has led to me being in the state I am today. You will pay for this right here, right now. He has eventually found his way to where he wanted to be, my ancestor. But you...you have made it terrible for me , physically speaking."

"You can't do it because you'll cease to exist, you'll pollute the time line !" exclaims the agent while pushing the alarm button.

"You pathetic sad fucker" a response hurls in."Security won't save you now. I wanted to destroy this entire planet by ordering my agents in the White House , the Buckingham Palace, The Vatican and Mecca, among others, to blow themselves up. There are the times when certain zones are open to the public, no ?"

"What are you planning to do?" asks the visibly nervous agent.

"I have decided to expand my policy onto your entire pathetic branch of infinity. People want to believe in the end of the world tomorrow. I will only provide it for them."

The cripple disappears . The agent stands up , startled. All he can hear are the following words resonating in his head loud and clear

"The law of indestructible energy is the law of idiots. You will be no more. My branch is not your branch.It is secure"

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This is the account my parallel self has told me. It has been enough to observe my other ego to know it is true. No clone could ever come close. I do not expect you to understand the gravity of the situation. Science on this planet already knows what I am talking about. They are merely playing dumb because this is how the status quo can be beneficial for them. Free energy, cure for cancer, all the answers you might want to hear - it is all available , right now. If you decide to sit on your arse and ignore it by calling TPTB "benevolent" or refusing to acknowledging their existence then you deserve to wanton in implicit slavery - intra and extra. Just remember if you are bent on hurting someone : the person you are hurting might not perceive your action as such. But someone else can. Existence is not linear and material. Once you grasp it, you know your life can transmute any second.

### Justice Variations ( 2 ) : The Lazarus

The situation keeps worsening with every passing second as I keep approaching the "Great Auditorium." I can hear the screams of my albino descendant, calling the audience names such as "hypocritical sheepish fans." I keep moving along the wide marble corridor and finally the gate to the Auditorium cracks open.

I am filled with consternation.

Nothing happens. I am not dead. All I see right now is a semi-circle in front of me with more than a thousand individuals. Easily. Not even a move as the albino is probing me inside out. He is holding a device capable of terminating the electrical impulses within everyone's brains – including mine. I know it, I have seen the contraption before. Lethal is the word that does not quite suffice. It is tampering with the consciousness itself.

He stops the analysis. I can feel it. I continue grasping the air almost literally as I gain confidence and keep coming toward the cripple. The wheelchair turns and I can see the man. He is becoming gradually permeated by tears in his eyes, to use the poetic language of metaphores. It is akin to an exhilarating sadness.

After a moment of silence, he utters the following sentence in his sobbing voice

"You..you came.."

"I did as you can clearly see" comes my reply."I came to tell you that this is not the solution."

"But...I am doing this for you..."

“They are not my fans and never will be” respond I. “ You know better than that. It is not within my nature to have fans” I interject abruptly.

“This lesson has to be taught so others can know ! “ the albino clenches his feeble fists. “ It *has* to be done ! “

“No” I answer firmly, shaking my head.” I am here to show you why.”

The albino nods in an affirmation

“The floor is yours, do whatever you came to do” he tells me.

I approach the podium and look at all these souls in front of me. I am certain this is going to work. As much as I abhor the descendants of hypocrites, this needs to be done. These people are naïve. Twenty years old, which makes them enter the critical period. I remember this period all too well.

“ You al know I am the real McCoy. The real deal. You have the technology to identify me – not someone else from infinity that looks like me. I am the Lazarus. I came back from the proverbial dead to save your poor souls. Except, in my case, no deity has helped me to achieve the state of being here with you. My dear albino friend is actually my descendant. I respect what he is trying to do. On the other hand, this vendetta has to stop. I know my descendant’s line of reasoning. The line which tells of condemnation and ridicule and appreciating someone after he is dead. I know it but I have never written a single piece to please others.

Do you really think anyone gave a *damn* about what I was writing ? That I just sat in a cosy room while my environment supported me ? If you think so, then you are dead wrong. My parents could not give a crap about it as they considered writing to be a futile attempt at survival. Business ? Yeah...but writing ? Fuck writing. Writing is for people who want to eat the walls, if you catch my drift. A back-stabbing world where only a handful of dogs make it to the point of earning a living. The rest fades away along with their graves. My mother told me many times to “stop writing nonsense” even though she had never seen it. I had to hide it all from everyone. I had to even hide my checks as this would bring ridicule of being involved with the twilight zone. So, forgive me my dear students : I can only be a fan of myself because only I can understand the process that has allowed me to create pertinent works, not just pie-in-the-sky ideas.

You are more than fortunate today. In my lifetime I would never expect universities, renowned univiersities, will be erected to nurture the art of writing and the art of expanding one’s imagination in general. Because, my friends, without imagination there is no business, no humanity, just robopathy. Imagination cannot be about will-o-the-wisp, though, it’s gotta have merit, it’s gotta have something which can translate to real gain. Not necessarily material gain. You can do it today. On the other hand, I’m thinking, that real-life experiences that make us tougher will always be the best. Personal experience is the top of it. You can always sense whether it is someone speaking from experience or whether it is just a concoction. I always ignored concoctions. You will too, once you

realize your holodeck programs can never possibly fully convey the message life has in stock for you. Still – who’s to say where does the so-called “real life” starts and holodeck ends ? Who can tell ? Our science ? Our beliefs ? Hardly.

I have always found it easier to accept criticism. I could get mad but I respected it. With the so-called “fanhood” I was never sure : is there an ulterior motive ? What is their motivation ? What is the degree of honesty ? Can I suspect foul play ?

*Too much analysis leads to paralysis.*

Fans to me are weak people who cannot find their own value within themselves. This is why I was , and never will be, a fan of anyone. I can admire someone but that is it. No sheepish following because my own ego is too shallow to handle real life.

Your mind is no match for mine. Please, do not be offended. I just know it. I also know that it is not hubris which can be one’s downfall. I am speaking from experience. Ten percent of the brain usage, fifty percent ? Important but not only. A person on the extreme of intelligence does not need fans – one has their own demons to deal with.

So please. For the sake of your life. You say you know me. Show it. Show me how well you know me. Create a holodeck program where I can experience it. Do it for yourself. For the best judge *is* yourself. “

I look at the albino, who seems to be deep in thought . I make sure no one can hear me and I whisper into his ear

“I think we’ve done it. The revenge factor has been applied.”

The albino smiles as we both move out of the Auditorium with everyone trying to win the contest.

“I wonder if there’s gonna be any homicides here today” whispers the albino as we approach the Hogwarts-like gate.

“Damn, I would certainly hope so, back-stabbing fuckers “ I reply with a grin on my face.

“There is a situation developing in Georgia in one of the parallel universes. This is the sign of something bigger to come. Shall we observe ? “ asks me the albino.

“Yes” I respond.”Before that, you need to fix your DNA.”

“Agreed ? ”

“Agreed.”

## Chapter Twelve: Problem-Reaction-Solution

Dedicated to

Sigmund Freud

Analyze This .

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“ The world is like a ride in an amusement park and when you choose to go on it you think it’s real because that’s how powerful our minds are and the ride goes up and down, round and round, it has thrills and chills and it’s very brightly colored and it’s very loud and it’s fun – for a while . Some people have been on the ride for a long time and they begin to question ‘is this real or is this just a ride ?’ And other people have remembered and they come back to us and they say ‘hey, don’t worry, don’t be afraid, ever, cause this is just a ride !’ And we ... kill those people . Shut him up ! We have a lot invested in this ride, shut him up ! Look at my furrows of worry, look at my big bank account ! And my family ! This HAS TO BE real . It’s just a ride . But we always kill those good guys who try and tell us that, have you ever noticed that ? And let the demons run amok ? But it don’t matter BECAUSE ... it’s just a ride “ Bill Hicks , comedian .

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I remember Toronto like it was yesterday . One person advised me to fly there from London as there was a chance a publisher got interested in my creation . What the hell, I decided to give it a shot . I wanted to publish to test myself ; I did not really care what others thought about my work . I needed to vent somewhere, otherwise I would go haywire. Despite knowing that there was a method in the madness, despite apparent complexity, it still gave me the creeps. I just could not adopt a “ detached ” attitude for good. Not in my nature to stand and look at absurd society around me . All those fake “keep smiling” attitudes invented by mainstream culture, that idiotic ignorance emanating from every corner of the world . After having visited more than fifty countries on the

planet, and being twenty three, I really could usurp a right to speak my mind about the so-called "world cultural differences." Let me tell you something. There were not differences . There were merely glitches, everything was/is so uniform, I could not believe it . The "dark suit" culture permeated virtually entire planet . I like uniformity but it was something else, something more sinister, something more sheepish . Not the kind of uniformity I supported .

Anyhow, so the publisher read my work and was supposed to voice her opinion. I really did not know what the fuck I was doing that for ; to prove to myself, second-guessing myself ? I enjoyed my creations and that was enough for me . I did not need anyone to *appreciate* my geneses . I did not give a damn about fans , though I managed to gather quite a few . Mindless sheeple, go get a life . Please . Fans . Bah . I prefer asshole critics, at least they tell me something useful instead of encomiums . Fans are like women : the more you beat the crap out of them with a sledgehammer , the more keep coming toward you ; the nicer you get, the worse they become . Go figure . Same goes for the world created by humans in general : the more arrogant you are, the better. Provided you have something to say . People will be running after you, go figure once more . I got tired of this, I just wanted to be left alone . I was prepared to hear "No,thank you" response, though it would be nice if she actually added something as , for fuck's sake, I kind of moved around the planet here . Added she did . Among her personal psychological diagnosis of my mental state (sic?), she uttered that

" Your work is so at odds with reality of the markets that I just cannot risk publishing it, sorry. I loved it, but I doubt people out there will ."

Yes, she was actually right. I thought the same . Yeah, I was joking. I was in Canada not just for stupid publishers . Obviously . I came to visit that ... shaman, a Native American . I always respected ancient cultures and ancient knowledge as they contained truths that modern man simply forgot .

"What can those primitives possibly know, bah ."

They know way more than you do , idiot . Now shut the fuck up and listen . Do I seem angry ? Wrong, think again .

I entered this building somewhere in downtown Toronto ; almost looked like a commune . This man approached me on the spot and told me I had been the protagonist of his dreams for a long time .

"Now that's creepy" I thought to myself ."What can you tell me exactly about all this ?"

“Ephemerality of fame and fortune in a dying world “ he told me and touched my arm .” The most extreme choice is the best. I can see your frequency, not many people like you on this Earth .”

“Understood’ I replied and left .

I knew exactly what he meant . If I do not help myself, then no one will. I always enjoyed independence because I did not have to ask anyone for assistance . No coordination, no bickering, just me and myself doing business . And work it did . Despite being a university dropout, that systemic education system, I did not give a damn. With a smile on my face, I boarded a plane to Geneva .

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Situation around the planet was volatile . Terrorist attacks . Financial problems . Riots . Detention camps . I just knew this was not going to remain stable for long, that all hell was going to break loose very soon . I just needed to get to Switzerland again . No government agents onboard my plane, please ...

A woman sat next to me on a plane . She was very agitated . I just could not resist asking

“ You seem to be on the edge, may I ask what is happening ?”

She just looked at my with tears in her eyes and muttered

“That Swiss clinic, it is a tool of Satan, it is killing so many people now...Jesus Christ will come back soon and punish the wicked !” she shouted but no one cared .

I could smell zealousness a mile away .

“Funny” I thought with a smile on my face .” If only she’d been made aware “

“I’m sure Jesus will indeed come soon and punish the ones who commit those terrible acts of selfishness “ I told her calmly. She just nodded and then went catatonic again . Good for me . Were I to start anything, she would explode . Poor woman, it was better for her to be kept in the dark. Her belief systems were obviously in disarray, she was probably one of those “ tea-party” people who just sat around contemplating existence with “friends” talking about how proud they were of ( insert here ) . There were a few adults left . Most people discovered they were dependant on the government and screamed like little babies

“ WE’LL DO ANYTHING, JUST RESTORE OUR SENSE OF SECURITY ! ”

That’s precisely the message the New World Order wanted to hear . I did not hate them . I admired them for sheer genius of manipulation on a global scale – possibly well beyond . As one clever politician said

“People that trade their liberty for security deserve neither . ”

Bingo . Yes, people deserved what they got . Too many problems swept under the rug, too much confusion . It had to hit the surface one way or another . The *so-called* intellectuals, who were assuring everyone that ‘ everything is fine, nothing to worry about ’ , it was not long before their blatant lie was obvious to even the most retarded citizen . They were instructed to do it, period .

I finally arrived in Switzerland . I am sure you are intelligent enough to infer where I was going . Yes, the Swiss clinic of course. Fortunately for me, I reserved a place many months prior to chaos . Why ? Oh well . I just felt I had gathered all I could and it was time to move on . To find out what was on the other side . Given the circumstances around the world and my skirtotynic attitude, I did enjoy action . However, as it became apparent that people were going to get chipped and become mindless drones, this time literally, I just knew it was time to dump the body . I was way more confident to do that as I had discovered powerful secrets behind nature of reality which proved to me, categorically, that death was non-existent .

People constantly confused their sense of possibility and took the latter as the objective sense of what was possible . A big mistake, though it was the most powerful weapon of the NWO . If people understood that their perception of reality was not all it had to offer, it would be so much harder to play various groups off against each other, just to name a few options associated with the scam . Yes, as Freemasons would tell you, humanity had been hoodwinked . People became so entangled into “ My nation is better than yours / my gender / my intelligence / my skin color ” that they had not noticed the strings attached to every single organization that was actually instigating “divide et impera ” , advocating unity at the end . How ironic . This was why intelligent people were always a liability as far as the system was concerned : a good number of them could rip entire the edifice apart on a whim . The biggest scam played by the NWO was

“Well, it’s bad, but it’s as good as it gets for now, we gotta accept it . ”

Yes, when people did not know what was hidden, they thought it could simply not get better . That is why the NWO had them by the balls without even using a modicum of force .

“Without governments our society would collapse as people are by nature crooked beats.”

Doesn't that mean that people in government fall into the same category ? Semantics enter, nevermind them .... just an old phrase to make you feel you are “an intellectual” so you can glow among your friends . Way to go . How about some substance instead of mindlessly repeating ideas of others .

The same with education, so obvious . People kept learning and learning but how many of them actually thought about what they were putting into their heads , connecting the dots ? Not that many . Very sad indeed .

The above convinced me that people had the mess coming for a very long time , Novus Ordo Seclorum or not . It was funny as experts kept re-assuring the public everything was “just fine . ” How much more conspicuous could you get .

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“ Mister Polanski, please come in ! ” a Swiss lady kept directing me toward a conference room . As we approached the locum, I could hear a song by Paul Hardcastle “Nineteen” come from inside .

“Good” I thought .” There's someone there with whom I'm gonna be able to communicate, I'm gonna strike a chord with them , I'm sure “

“Sir, please wait here “ the lady told me .

I looked around, scrutinizing the environment . An auditorium with a laptop ready to use . A semi-circle arrangement . Everything as planned . Fifty people were to attend the “final rites .” What did they involve ? Not a very common theme, let me tell you .

“Fucking females” I overheard a young Caucasian male my age mutter something to himself . “ They think they can just shake their asses and this is all they ever do... you can't fuckin' draft us because we are women, you can't expect us to pay for a date because we are women, you can't kiss our asses without permission because we are women, girlie fuckin' princess who ought to be gassed at Auschwitz “

I approached the man without any sudden moves . I understood him . There was a stage in my life where everything just pissed me off . If you gave me a gun back then, I would just go and fucking shoot as many people as I could, preferably cops . Suicide-by-cop, eh ? Yeah, back then . I was still

angry, though I understood the manipulation of the NWO, something which – even with world in disarray – was not obvious to people . That individual was definitely suffering from the “divide and rule” syndrome . Talking about understanding him would not achieve anything ; telling him that he seemed angry would probably cause him to think I was an idiot for pointing out the obvious . Still, I could sense intelligence in the man’s eyes . He was not some redneck . I assumed he was from the States, given the type of pronunciation , though in globalized world one could never be sure . Besides, I did not want to risk offending him . It was more sensible for the man to initiate contact . And initiate contact he did .

“ Do you also think that women are nothing more but cheating whores bent on world domination ?” he muttered without looking at me .”I am so glad I fucking killed my whore wife and that little bitch of hers . Damn, I needed to flee the fucking land but now I’m ready . What say you ?”

I felt acquiescence was in order. Damn, wasn’t this guy contagious . He actually made sense and I was afraid of conjuring my inner demons .

“Hello Everyone !” an elderly man stood in front of the semi-circle.”I’m the one who’s gonna be traveling with you today ! There’s one element we’ve in common : we know that death is a figment of humanity’s collective imagination ! Just as this reality is a dream created by our previous incarnations, so is going to be the next world ! Some individuals have asked me what it would be like to die . I always told them to think of a dream where they died . What happened afterwards ? They woke up ! Yes, my friends, the same principle applies to us . We simply convinced ourselves that reality A is a dream and reality B is real . Today we’re going to transgress the boundaries of known science !”

Variations of “hooray” in various languages of the world could be heard .

“Before we proceed, I’d like all of you to come here and tell us your life story “ the man announced calmly. “To avoid commotion, we’re gonna start with the front ! As English appears to be our lingua franca – oh my God – and I know every single one of you has a decent command of it, there’ll be no problems in getting our message across . “

“Ironic, isn’t it “ a woman sitting next to me muttered.”We use the mongrel language of criminals to communicate the message of peace .”

English was/is a mongrel tongue, absolutely . A totally bastardized amalgamation of Latin/French/Frisian/German/ad infinitum . Criminals, though ? Ah, what the hell . Different worlds, different quotes .

My turn to speak .

“I never knew what I wanted to do with myself . Life kept attacking me with challenges which I always appreciated . I became a film director and a writer at the same time , hoping to get something out of it . Now, as Red Elk told me, it matters not . I want to leave this brane because I know about the greatest secret of all .We’re the cult, yes . We’re the best cult one could ever think of. Fifty intelligent individuals that found THE answer . With the world around as descending into darkness of the New World Order, I feel compelled to shed my earthly shell and proceed to the next dimension of infinity . Friends, you are welcome to come with me . For we know death is irrelevant !”

“Amen !” everyone yelled in a friendly way . Do not mix “Amen” with religious connotations .

I would also like to mention another individual that got my attention . He kept showing various charts and kept emphasizing that financial meltdown was inevitable but no one would listen to him ; that was when he decided to quit society and prepare for the worst .

“Markets around the world were in a perfect storm mode , just look at an incredible alignment of red ” he said at the end .”Perfect storms happen when we allow them to happen.”

“ You do not know enough about life yet ” an elderly man came up to me with the startling revelation. ” Quantum mechanics can explain away a lot. We’re about to experience it. ”

Everyone smiled as they were injected with Kevorkian concoction . I never felt better in my entire life . I looked up at the ceiling and thought

“ Now I’ll be creating worlds by mere thought . It’s good that my book is with me “ I whispered with nostalgia . “ No more systemic selection processes leading nowhere . “

### **Chapter Thirteen: Let’s Get Creative**

The headquarters of “Creativity, Inc.” This organization has only one aim in mind : to seek out individuals of extraordinary intellectual ability in any field involving imagination. Writers, actors, movie directors – it matters not. The corporation is as unbiased as it can possibly be the case. They do not take sides in terms of someone’s beliefs or cliques. There is a strict policy to avoid any kind

of elitism as the chosen individuals are the ones within the elite already. The way the conglomerate contacts its “targets” can have many forms. Some candidates are not interested. Most of them, however, given the lucrative future that awaits them with “Creativity” are beyond grateful for the opportunity to make a living out of an endeavor most people consider “risky” and “futile.” Indeed, among thousands and thousands of candidates around the globe only a handful will ever receive any kind of co-operation offer. The ideal candidate is of high intelligence, a maverick, operating on a two-layered perspective within society. The criteria appear to be not very elevated but there is a detailed description as to what they entail. The process of choosing the right people is happening all the time while the agents of the corporation keep perusing the internet, writer’s meetings, theaters, et al, mercilessly narrowing down their list of candidates. There is a bright side to this : the agents never reveal their true identity and never tell the person(s) in question that they are being tested. It adds to the realism on part of the possible apprentice.

One such group has been chosen from all over the world. All talented writers representing every possible shape and size. Some have been found over the internet where after a period of activity one of the agents has discretely contacted them ; some have been approached on the street. Different ways for different people. The agents are all psychologists trained in various manipulation techniques. They use it not to con people but to identify the possible frauds as it can happen too.

The organization is not into philanthropy per se. The latter ought to be obvious. Business is business in today’s world, no matter how insipid the product being sold. Shareholders expect the bull market. Accusations of insider trading are not going to stop the machine from rolling. By discerning the current thought patterns prevalent in the Earth’s population , the chosen ones resonate to the same frequency, meaning they are able to shake the Earth to its core. This is what the organization believes . There are no literary agents, no diligent procedures. The corporation offers a one-way ticket to the top. The only catch is for the ones who are at the top to recognize who got them there. The profits of the conglomerate’s other operations involving energetic and genetic research are enormous. The only aspect the company does not influence – yet – is the social aspect. What people think. How they think.

Twelve people have been chosen. Their task ? To write twelve separate novels that will overshadow everything else which has been published so far. The company wants their “task force” to create twelve books which are going to put Harry Potter to shame. Normal publishers and normal agents, so to speak, would probably roll their eyes upon hearing this. Their attachment to the status quo will be their undoing. The company wants to show the world the means of “accelerated career advancement.”

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“Welcome everyone” a young Caucasian male proclaims while looking at a semi-circle comprising twelve individuals.”You all know why are you here.You all know that you are special. Yes, let us not be afraid of using the word. You are. This is not a mercy call. You have been chosen via a coldly-calculated design. It is business we are in. Business which is also helping to enlighten people. This is our main principle. You are all extraordinarily intelligent. We have had thousands of candidates in mind and none of them matches you. We refuse to accept the principle of the consensus. You might think this is a very dangerous move as the market is mostly based on predictable products. We know more than that. We know that people are yearning for something to smack their lives apart. A sui generis. This is why you are here. You will be the creators of that sui generis. There will be no interference , no editorial. We have confidence in your abilities. We have thoroughly checked your creative records. Our organization is the first of its type on this planet. We want to show the world that this will work. No ifs, no doubts. With a team such as yours, we will rock this planet bad. Please, do not treat my small speech as flattery. The company has no interest in flattery. We are honest to the bone. Period. Before you will be assigned to your quarters where all the necessary equipment you requested has been provided, there are certain legal issues you need to be aware of. You all know the concept of vicarious liability. As writers, it is normal that you develop a group of fans. Some fans are hardcore, however. This is where the problem starts. They tend to enact what they read in real life. This can bring problems. If a crime is committed and it is evident your fan is the perpetrator, then you will be screened first, as an author. We all know that writers can develop disassociative identity disorder over time. Some of you might be compartmentalized and not even know it. What is really my reaction ? Where is the boundary between myself and my creation ? Can I still feel it ? I am sure these are the questions you have all been asking yourselves at some point. Writer’s block can be a powerful emotion which leads people toward crime just to get over it. We trust there will be no problems with you. For the sake of your mental health, psychologists are going to be observing you. Please, it may sound akin to surveillance and – let us be honest here as we are all too intelligent to play mediocre mind games – it *is* surveillance. For your own protection. As when the crime happens, you will be screened. If you are clean, you will be obliged to help law enforcement with the case. Who can control a fan’s behavior better than a person who is actually creating their moves in the first place ? So please. Act responsibly. The border between reality and fiction is very blurry these days. To you it might be fiction : to your fans it will be real. Remember Misery. This is all for now. Any questions?”

#### **Chapter Fourteen: Black Swan**

Lindt Cafe in Geneva, Switzerland. Two individuals – American and Australian – are discussing a very important project of theirs . The latter is responsible for creating a story ; the former is

responsible for enacting it on a screen . Both have met as a result of happenstance in South Africa . They have gotten acquainted via third party ; a middle-aged Afrikaner is the link . The men are actually in their mid-twenties and work in banking “ industry.” The writer has been looking for someone who can enliven his stories. The movie director has been looking for someone who can provide a perfect scenario. A sense of affinity has developed between the two very fast when a short movie based on the writer’s plot has been created . The artist has simply immersed himself in the picture.

“This is *exactly* what I am talking about, you really *can* get into my mind and utilize your flick expertise well.”

And the Australian author is a genius. Hear me for I do not throw labels such as these on a whim . It has to be deserved and my criteria are beyond rigorous . I, as the omniscient narrator, can clearly see this individual’s incredible complexity . It is truly a gift to be cherished, allowing him to experience life in an extraordinarily profound gamut of spectra . Where people see a blurry scene, he sees a sharp image, a poignant depiction of inner convolution . You might think , you might say perhaps, that a touch of arrogance and condescension is present in my speech . And it would render you a fool . For you cannot see what I see, you cannot discern what I discernable ... you might think I am trying to apply innuendos ,that I am trying to be implicitly facetious , but believe me ... I am no match for the Australian. He is a deeply disturbed individual, haunted by the famous cliché “*too much analysis leads to paralysis .*” Yes, he is an eccentric entity . According to some concomitant ulegeretalous standards , that is . Let me show you the scene again. Let me show you the café in Geneva with classical music caressing your ears . Two men have decided to meet en route to . . . One is going to New Jersey, another to New South Wales . Why Geneva ? Guess yourself .

“Hello Michael ” the American starts as he approaches the table . “ What is happening? ”

“This crisis is getting on my nerves, it is so illogical, I feel like I’m on a planet that’s about to blow apart and I’ve no means of escaping it apart from self-termination on a physical level ” the Australian explains calmly and then adds “ Have you any idea how much it takes to sustain my composure at work ? ”

“I believe I can imagine ” the American responds as he scans various chocolate varieties to be devoured and, without looking up, asks the writer calmly “What’s your prognosis ? ”

“Listen , listen, I mean, so many options keep popping up, you know, this October thing and then we’ve the conspiracy, you know, and then we’ve so many options .... ”

“Yes yes ” responds the American with a soothing voice .”Do you believe this is going to be just another crisis or something more profound, perhaps ?”

“The way I see it, my friend , this is going to be one *major* global bang with varied levels of intensity depending where you are on this planet ” responds Michael as his eyes continue to rove .  
“ The whole financial system is simply messed up at the very core , be it accidental or by design . I am not sure what to make of so many predictions, Reinhardt and so many other individuals, then there’s this supposed E.T. contact in a week, this is all so convoluted, I wish I could describe it all but life is surpassing my creativity ” the Australian concludes in a moment of clarity as his both hands touch the author’s troubled head .

“ Well, the situation can still be contained you know ... ”

“ I just don’t think we’re talking mere happenstance here ! ” the Australian shouts to people’s dismay . He then leans toward the American and adds silently “ Just look at it . Please don’t tell me that you really think it’s all done by accident . Just please, don’t patronize me with psychobabble. Be intelligent and observe, doesn’t that seem like a clever scheme to you ? ”

“All I can say is this ” the American responds in a serious tone . “There’s a group of people , let’s call them retards . It’s not their fault as they’re totally dependant upon rest of society . Then there’s – let’s call them – the drone class. They’re totally dependant upon the government and will believe anything they’re told as long as message is delivered by someone with letters around their name . They’ll believe anything they’re told because they can’t really think clearly. Then there’s people like you and me, ok .... I mean, let’s be honest here . I think we do have a reason to consider ourselves fairly intelligent . I think we can claim we do use our brains to a sensible extent. The aforementioned allows us to be ... to be ... well, no one ever thinks that Goethe meant them ? ”

“Various idiosyncracies we detect ... ” the focused Australian adds

“...and to be even more aware of the fact that those idiosyncracies’ origins cannot be easily traced to any remotely logical purpose ” concludes the American as he notices a waitress. “Wait here, I think they ‘ve forgotten us. ”

“Ok, they’ve got it covered” the American announces . “ I’ve ordered Mozart Kugeln . ”

“Yeah,fantastic” response comes . “ Did you know that chocolate, the word, comes from Aztec, Nahuatl to be precise ? ”

“Yes, I’m aware of that ” the American smiles .

“Somethin’s botherin’ me, somethin’ ain’t right about people and existence in general, I demand a clear quantification of infinity ! “ Michael yells as he touches the American’s hand . “I *must* know what this somethin’ is ! “

“Yes, everything is fine” the American smiles as a waitress comes around with consternation written all over her face. “Please do not pay attention to my colleague, he is an actor you see.”

“*Ich möchte...*” the Australian butts in with his hand up

“*Was möchten Sie fragen?*” the waitress responds, ignoring the Yank .

“ Ich finde, *Deutsch* ist eine schwierige Sprache. Ich möchte *einen guten Akcent* und *eine gute* Aussprache haben. Ich weiß, ich muss viel lernen” concludes Michael and quickly adds after snapping his fingers “ “ Ich will *mein deutsche Sprache* verbessern , aber ich weiss nicht “

The waitress bursts into laughter to the American’s dismay, who does not seem to understand what is being said . He decides to ignore the whole ephemeral affair as his friend keeps showing everyone he is not an arrogant Anglo-Saxon who expects everyone to speak perfect English .

“I believe he wants to improve his German” the waitress says being barely able to contain laughter . She then faces the Australian again and says “ *Alte Füchse gehen schwer in die Falle .* “

*She then departs for good as everything has been paid for .*

“*Happy now ?*” the American asks.

“*No, actually, not really*” Michael analyzes his pocket dictionary . “*Why’d she say that to me !?*”

“*What exactly ?*”

“*The last sentence she has uttered ... ah, nevermind . I’m just hoping it’s all a bad joke.*”

“*Do you remember this forty year old science-fiction writer who was also a manager and all the rest of it, how he would sell his books ?*”

“*The fake guy ?*” Michael asks .

“*Yes, exactly . I’m not sure if we can get beyond it .*”

“*The marble ceiling of consensual taste ?* “

*“Well, that’s what I’m saying. What’s the point of fanhood, what’s the point of it all if it’s not a very high standard anyhow...”*

“Sense of life is not needed. Reaction of panic and subsequent nihilism is a result of conditioning as well. Stop asking the universe about sense, for there is none . Is this really so hard for people to accept ? Please prove to me I’m wrong. I challenge you. There’s nothing you can use which’ll refute my reasoning. Muahaha ” the Australian bursts into laughter .

As they keep talking, Madonna’s song can be heard in the background ...

*“ If it’s against the law, arrest me ... ”*

## **Chapter Fifteen: OIS**

*Having a lot of ideas in your head is considered to be a sign of intelligence. But what happens if those ideas take over your life ?*

Jane Nowak is a very successful writer. In fact, she is the most successful writer at the moment. This moment is year 2033. It is important to understand the term “ writer ” is no longer applicable. Despite all of the nay-saying in the middle of 2020’s , human consciousness has been intertwined with computers at the end of 2029. The nay-sayers have been estimating this to happen around 2050’s. Again, wrong. How does consciousness – transference tie into the “writing” scheme ? It is very simple. A side effect of the project has been a device allowing a person to stand in their room and immerse themselves in a world where a mere thought creates reality. Even better than holodeck in Star Trek where one has to inform the computer about the changes. Who would have thought about such technology being available so fast ? The “graphics” are just like in the “real” world. Exactly the same. Massive protests ensued because many people have died of starvation while in the program at home. Think of an epidemic. In 2008 it is still not that bad. The problem has been solved with treating the brain properly : fooling it that food has been given by talking to it. The miracle has happened and this gray mass can really be cheated even on such a basic level. No bodily functions follow as there is no food though there is ! Amazing indeed. Jane is fifteen at the moment of the invention which has happened around four years ago, as a collateral damage to the main project. One year later it has become a massive fad. People all over the world would simply devise their own novels, their own stories, their own languages. Language purists and traditional writers / readers have started going off the wall as the market has become more and more permeated by the

postliterate individuals who have not really cared about grammar or writing. More and more people have simply forgotten how to write. Reading has been the only skill left alive and kicking. Jane, like many other people, has begun experimenting. She has been creating short stories first, then longer pieces and finally novels. Practice makes perfect and she can create a novel in less than a day now. The way it is then evaluated ? A person, let's say an agent or someone else from the publishing business, peruses the "reality web" in search of material. You can make your creations private, of course, though most people choose not to. It is like a massive multiplayer game where anyone can join your piece and feel exactly what you want them to feel or what they would feel by themselves. Everything can be arranged prior to the novel creation. If the person from the publishing business, for lack of a better word, and is amazed by their experience ( you devise the experience from your point of view only and the more you add the better . There are even cases of deaths due to emotional overloads ) then they are going to offer you profit for copyrights. Jane has been discovered by accident. Publishers dealing with this type of stuff are more open-minded to ideas because they are usually young and not very conservative by definition. There is a war going on between the traditionalists who are trying to point out the benefits of the "book reading" and the postliterate, as they like to call themselves. Two camps, consisting of writers, publishers, critiques and everyone else, keep showing each other the benefits. The traditionalists point out the laughable time of the new technology, it has been in existence for less than five years..and writing , they say ? Writing ' s been around from the very beginning ! The traditionalists are losing the battle quickly and it is a matter of time before they are devoured and become a niche market. If you want to create a new order, introduce a new paradigm instead of fighting the old order. Wise words and so true given the circumstances.

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Not everything is perfect. This technology is no exception. You can probably guess what the problem is : addictions. But by "addictions" I mean something much more complex than just living in one room of your house. It is about the "overactive imagination syndrome." Not a very fancy name, it simply indicates that a person can start concocting stories 24/7 without being able to control it. You go to your neighbor, you create a situation whereby they behave in the way you want them to in order to be tested. You see something inside shopping mall, a wave of ideas strikes you and you cannot stop it. You see people, buildings, social mores, implicit patterns, ad infinitum ....you become a slave of your own imagination. Funnily enough, people who are considered to be of above-average intelligence are the ones who are most likely to be affected by the condition. Due to omnipresent political correctness, in the "real world" that is, no one would dare to state the obvious : the more intelligent you are, the more prone you are to suffer from the condition. Is it a bad condition ? It might seem to be a gift at first, as your mind is akin to God, where a spark of genius creates new existences out of thin signals...but then even the person in question realizes that

the bliss of creation has been supplanted by the bland , colorless routine. Jane's created more than three hundred novels so far. Her OIS is beginning to crawl onto her mental territory. Her agent, Mark Smith, notices it and decides it is about time to act and send her to special treatment centers , created less than two years ago, in 2031. The treatment there is solitary confinement. Literally. No contact with the outside world. Just a cell. No imaginative stimuli. So far they have cured thousands. Mark Smith is Jane's agent but also her fan and one of best friends. He knows she will not want to abandon her work easily. He decides to go for it anyway. Too much is at stake at this moment.

### OIS : The Experimental Cognitive Therapy

"She sure is pretty" comments one middle-aged Caucasian psychiatrist with a stereotypical beard."Too bad she'd to go haywire. I really like her novels. Very intense and good for insides into psyches of others."

"Yeah, you're right about that"responds the other professional, bald and in his thirties, Caucasian."You know about the treatment and that we can help her without this stupid solitary confinement period which we've no guarantess is gonna make things any better?"

"Listen, I know about our invention, of course I do, but I'm really uncertain about its viability. I really do think we gotta perfect it more and let the solitary deal with the problem."

"How can you say that!?" says the bald psychiatrist."We've been working on it for more than ten years and now is the perfect time to find out whether we're right or not ! She's the perfect subject !"

"A guinea pig would be more likely " adds the bearded on sarcastically.

"Listen, there's no time for ethical debates here !" the excitement sets in."Do you realize that this can mean the end to mental illness if we're successful ? I mean, you agreed with me when it came to the genesis of mental problems ? How many more DSM's you wanna have ?! Ten ? Thirty ? A hundred perhaps ? The number of disorders is already into tens of thousands for God's sake ! We're merely escaping from the solution !"

"Yes, we all know that psychiatry is based upon fiction, it's got nothing to do with chemical imbalance in the brain" says the bearded psychiatrist while observing the procedure of committing the girl from behind a one-way glass."But it's better to stick to predictable methods, even if they're far from perfect rather than risking someone's life , for Christ's sakes !"

"You know my stance on that one and , deep down, I am absoulutely certain you support my idea of testing the device."

"I don't know, I gotta think about it all."

"Very well.Meet me once it's done.I'll inform the patient about our new treatment method."

Silence ensues and the two part.

"Welcome, miss Nowak" says the bald psychiatrist while looking at a young woman in front of him, waiting in one of the hospital's corridors.

"Hello" Nowak responds without much ado. "Is there anything I need to sign and such?"

"No no" says the psychiatrist assertively. "I just thought that you would be interested in an alternative treatment method. It's still experimental though I think it bears great for the future."

"I came here on my own volition" says the girl, her green eyes piercing the psychiatrist. "I know that the solitary is a terrible thing but I've agreed to try it. If you're telling me that there's something better involved, I'm all for it. Will I still be able to continue with my world creations afterwards?"

"Oh yes very much so" responds the psychiatrist, approaching the girl. "In fact, I'm in awe of your novels. They're so insightful that if I didn't know who you were beforehand, I'd've thought you were a skilled medical professional."

"Thank you, nice to hear something like that at the advent of my experimental treatment."

"Some of my colleagues still believe I'm not exactly ready with this, even the co-creator of the technique."

"I'll try it, curiosity is what I'm in this life for. I'm in, you strike me as someone intelligent and capable of discerning the threat level."

"Great, much appreciated" responds the psychiatrist, blinking faster than usual. "Shall we proceed? It's going to take place in the same room as the solitary."

"Very well" says Nowak, nodding slightly. "I'm all set to go. Do I need anything additional..?"

"Not at all" responds the professional. "Once you've entered the solitary confinement zone, I'll instruct you what to do. Actually, it's gonna be more of a monologue since I'll attempt to explain the procedure to the best of my ability. If everything goes smoothly, you'll be back at your locum and thinking in no time, without ever again fearing to succumb."

Smiles are exchanged. The psychiatrist enters the one-way-glass zone and observes Nowak enter the room with padded walls with the door closing behind her. The orderly automatically removes the handle.

"Miss Nowak, let me explain how does this device work" says the psychiatrist via the com device.

Nowak nods and looks up in the direction of the mirror.

"This device will use the power of an artificially created microsingularity as its power source. The principle behind the device is very simple. Me and the co-creator have assumed that every problem in our lives stems from comparing ourselves with the lives we believe we could have had. As a result, our subconscious becomes infested with all types of negative emotional responses. The task of this device is to bridge the gap between you and other yous. Many times people have felt the "déjà vu" phenomenon which, according to us, is when two selves very close on the dial collide. Their thought patterns to be more precise. If the gap between the thought patterns can be bridged, then it is absolutely possible for your mind to experience the infinity of your alternate selves on the spot. Your mind will be able to take it because you'll be operating on your own local level as well

as observing the world via the thought patterns of your other selves. The distance between this world and the next one is actually millimeters. The only problem is that it involves an additional dimension which has to be dealt with. We have managed to get to that point. I will use a powerful energy beam on you now. You will then feel all your selves as a result. The singularity allows me to avoid any power outages on the planet as even the CERN would not be able to sustain the connection. Miss Nowak, are you prepared to undergo the procedure ?”

The woman nods in excitement.

“I hope you know what you’re doing” the bearded psychiatrist tells the bald one as the latter turns around in shock.

“Wow, so you came !”

“Yes. I’ve thought about our chat. We’ve had plenty of chats like these. I think what’s been started needs to be finished. I wanna see what happens. I’m ready.”

Two seconds later a powerful rainbow-like beam penetrates the solitary confinement room. One minute passes and the bald psychiatrist disengages the procedure as planned. He initiates the com link again

“Miss Nowak ?”

The woman looks up, her eyes full of serenity.

“I thought the problem derived from an addiction. You managed to show me the problem was somewhere else. Now that I experienced my other selves, I just know. I just know I’m fine . Thank you. What I experienced can not be expressed by words.”

The psychiatrists can hear the powerful message coming from the solitary. They are shocked and in awe. It’s worked. Does it mean all of the hospitals around the world can become obsolete ? The powers that be will not make it that easy. Life would become pointless for way too many then. Nowak has continued thinking her novels. She has written five hundred more until it has been the time to stop and say

“Enough is enough. Time to move on.”

## **Chapter Sixteen: Paul Nowak’s Dilemma**

My name is Paul Nowak. I teach English literature. This is indeed puzzling as I would never , ever, in my life suspect something like this ? Where the fuck am I and where the fuck is literature ? Oh well. You never know where you are going to land. Actually, one can learn a lot by perusing various texts. I always suspected there is more to various myths and legends than meets the eye. Just a personal feeling, nothing more. So far. Me and some literature geek ? Who would have thought. I am thirty now and I have finished my “alma mater” circa five years ago. At the moment I am considering a Ph.D. Still, first I need to gather all the necessary materials and convince the board that my research is worth something. And I never focus on the mainstream because it just does not

speak to me . I have seen a lot in life . Personal experience is very important because , on a personal level , I have always despised systemic individuals. Well, despise might be too strong, perhaps, but the point is made. I did manage to slip through the membrane of problems here and there and when I thought it was all fine, the person I least expected to be an issue...bang. Damn, I hated that. And still do. Funny how life has turned out for me : people that seem to be complete idiots become reasonable and the nice ones end up being messed up, to put it mildly. The Bible, whatever one thinks of it, is a very clever book indeed. As fruits count, not someone's pleasant demeanor or nice apparel meant to impress you. Of course, flattery , we all love it. Some people are "ours" if we do it, some people will suspect foul play. Some will smile and put it behind them on a whim. Still, sometimes deceitful praise is better than imbecilic behavior. This is very true in my case. Even though I know someone is burning inside, killing me in their mind, they are still nice to me – business to conduct. Fortunately for me, an overwhelming majority of students tolerates me. Well, even more than that. They actually like me. I really do not know why, I am not a very sociable type. I mean, I can be, though I prefer conversations and then just leave me alone. Various types of "modalities" exist and I am told to be auditory and visual, I believe. Well. Auditory people love their own voices, it is explained to me. It would be just about right, though I do not love it. I enjoy it. Why would I work with my voice otherwise ? There would be no point. I oftentimes sing to myself as I drive and watch people look at me in a strange way. I do not care, holier-than-thou, they are. The ones who believe they are so "normal" and all the rest of it, they are usually the ones in need of urgent psychiatric help. Again, I speak from experience. Is it my brain filtering information according to what I want to see ? Perhaps. I remember this simple experiment when a man wrote

I see the the bird.

And hell, I actually read *one the* only. The other one was not there for some time. The same with various words, so painfully obvious once you notice them. And reality cannot be manipulated if our brains are so easily deceived ? Oh please .

Anyhow, I am preparing my laptop ( PowerPoint and mike-wise ) for the next lecture. This time I am going to be explaining some literary terms. Very basic stuff , soliloquy, synecdoche, magic realism and all the rest of it. With one hundred and thirty individuals expected, you know how it is. How many comes actually gives me the creeps. Usually around one hundred, which is good for me. I never read their names because this is not my job to be a policeman. It is in their interest to come ... but I usually never fail anyone, I am too lazy to come later and do all the blabbing once more. Besides, this course is one of my least favorites but I need to do it. For now. I have received a more interesting offer, not to say much more, but – for now – I keep it to myself. There is a Russian saying " the less you say, the better off you are. " Very often it is a very appropriate strategy. It sounds obvious to me, but so many people I see every day talk about everything to everyone. Then

they find some humiliating MySpace accounts and whatnot. We are to trust people, but we also got to remember that people are people. Especially in a profession where one is dealing with a whole societal spectrum. As I proceed with the lecture, I can hear laughter from time to time. Some dude came to impress his girlfriend by showing off how “manly” he is. Not my problem, anyone can come , whatever thei reasons. I get paid just the same. Well, of course, they can throw me out if enough people file “Failed” in terms of my teaching abilities but, you know, this job has appeared on the horizon and I just – kind of – grasped it. I am also dealing with people’s writing skills. I keep asking myself : why the hell must I be the judge ? Comes with the job and someone thought I could do it well enough.

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But writing is one thing. Academic writing is something else. APA standard. MLA standard. I sometimes wonder who was bored enough to create all the rules governing publication...oh my God. I do not know how I do it now, just like that . A dissertation tends to be more sophisticated than the rest, so this writing is relaxing for me. No fucking regulations every five seconds .

Once I asked people to write a long research paper for me. One essay was particularly interesting. This is what ensued , though

“Mark, please come in” I say to him as I am looking at his essay.”I’m glad that you’re here.”

“Is there a problem with my essay ?” he asks me and I do know he is expecting a glowing response, if you get my drift.

“Well, actually there is a cause for concern “ I tell him.” The first part is great. It is clear and well-structured. The second part, though...I am not sure what happened there” I explain as i look at pictures of alien hybrids and Indigo children.”Mark,I’m just wondering how are you gonna defend this...”

“Well, I know it’s not exactly academic but I thought every single option ought to be mentioned...after all, it is supported by sources “ he responds

“What sources ?” I ask him while looking around.

“The Internet , I have listed all of my sources there ?” he tells me.

“Yes, I see it , Mark, but I think you understand what I mean” I make a facial expression indicating you know what.

“Yeah, I guess I do “ he responds.”I guess it’d be hard to defend...”

“Well, we gotta focus on things that are not ‘out there’ but something that can be discerned” I say while biting my pen instinctively.”I know you’ve got no problems with writing. But I think it’d be better if you re-wrote the second part, Mark. I hope you’ll survive this ?”

“Yeah, I will” he nods.

“Just please don’t make a voodoo doll out of me” I tell him.”I’m doing this to help you. You’ll just do it in a re-take session and that’s that.”

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Another lecture is approaching. I am waiting in front of the auditorium. A young man approaches me and says

“Hello”

I respond with a smile

“Hello”

“I was wondering if you knew any good ways of publishing a book or things like that ?” he asks me.

I smile again and say

“Apart from the stuff the university does for me...”

This is a smart young man and he responds quickly

“Oh, you mean they publish all dissertations and stuff for you “

“Yes, exactly” I respond. “ I do want to publish something which is not academia-related, but it is my personal endeavor, let’s say. I use some internet sites and I’m in the process of compiling my book. The sites can get addictive after some time but they are also stale if you delve on them too much. I’m actually going to suspend my activities there indefinitely. I won’t publish anything by focusing on the same spot for too long. Everything has its timing and it’s our job to know when that timing happens to come about. If you’re new to this, I could give you some websites to visit. You’ll be judged and not always nicely, mind you. There are also contests but you know how that works. Everyone says it’s unbiased . What are they supposed to say ? ” I pause for a second and change the subject swiftly as it has dawned on me I am performing a monolog “ What’s the genre, what’s that you’re writing ?”

The man is slightly confused by the obvious question. He tells me “Ah, some existential stuff, you know.”

“Well, I’ll be glad to read it “ I say with a sincere smile.”And as to writing, you probably know it, magazines, websites, or simply luck. Know where you wanna go with it, define the genre, write a synopsis, it might help.” I pause again and add something again “ Though I’m not sure it’s gonna help me. “

“Are you gonna stay here for long, at the university “ the man asks me another question.

“Actually not, I already have some offers on the horizon “ I respond and then look the man in the eye.”But don’t tell anyone.”

“Of course, thank you for useful information, I actually haven’t thought of websites ” he smiles and walks away.

*Ah, people are moving out. So it's time for me to get a move on.*

## Chapter Seventeen: Rosary

*“ We see things not as **they are** but as **we are** “*

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*Mark Anderson is a young Scottish man of twenty four . Highly trained in linguistics , life has thrown him into finance . Unfortunately, due to unfolding global economic meltdown , the company has implemented the “layoff” policy . Mark has not been some cubicle worker, dreaming about superheroes , while typing up trivial data with his boss’s gentle voice around the corner as incentive ; his talent has been clearly visible to upper management . Still , God does play dice with the universe and the protagonist has been persuaded to leave on his own volition .*

*“ You’re good but we just can’t afford it anymore, we’re doing you a favor actually, we might not be able to pay you very soon . “*

*Fine . Being a reasonable man , Mark has been able to detect no cognitive dissonance .*

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*( Centering on a small tavern located near an Irish cliff overlooking the coast . The protagonist is sitting at a wooden table , sipping sweet Irish beer and immersing himself in the Celtic genius loci . )*

*Mark is also a writer . It helps him unwind , it helps him organize various thought patterns present in his psyche . To him , utilizing imagination is of the essence , not just some pastime endeavor . He really believes that “ imagination is more important than knowledge .” After all , all knowledge has been imagined at some point , no matter how fixed it may be at a certain point in history . Some would even call Mark a misunderstood genius . He is not keen on using the latter as a means of description , though he silently agrees . Intravertically , mind you . Not openly .*

*Not knowing what to do next with a massive torrent of thoughts and analyses in his mind, the protagonist knows all too well that “ too much analysis leads to paralysis.” He just sits there and*

*listens to Irish music, one of the best, if not THE best type of music in the world . Hoedowns, jigs, Celtic music ...soothing . Mark also knows that staying away from electromagnetic pollution is a good move . The number of stimuli one is bombarded with every day can be too overwhelming for the human brain .*

*Ten minutes pass . Twenty minutes pass . It is dark outside and Mark does not feel like leaving . He does not have to ; taverns are open all the time . He has got a sizeable amount of money earned hither and thither , so , for now at least , all systems are in the green .*

*“ I just want the corporate world to leave me alone . I don’t want its infrastructure, its helping hands ... please, just leave me be . Stop asking for errands , stop telling what to do all the time “ musings continue as a figure of a middle-aged man can be seen looming on the horizon .*

*“ Excuse me, Sir “ the man begins after focusing on Anderson . “ Could I please join you ?”*

*“ Of course “ Mark responds as if awoken from a trance . “ Plenty of room here .”*

*“ Thank you so much, Sir “ the man responds as he pulls a chair for himself . “ I’m Adam .”*

*“ Mark “ the protagonist responds with a smile on his face . “ You’re from Yorkshire, aren’t you ?”*

*“ Oh, I am, very good Sir, you must either be a native or a linguist “ the man laughs .*

*“ I’m the latter “ Mark responds and adds quickly “Please drop the Sir routine, I do work for a living...well,not at the moment, but...still.”*

*( “I’m grand,all grand, matey” some drunk can be heard passing by, barely able to stand . )*

*“ Mark “ the man’s tone becomes serious .” Why do you wanna do it ?”*

*“ Excuse me ?” Mark responds , his tone bordering on defensive .*

*“ Why do you want to throw yourself off that cliff ?” the man says , his hand pointing straight as if he wanted to make the wooden wall go away .*

*Mark is indeed planning the aforementioned action . He is staggered by the news that his plans are so **transparent** to others ; he decides to inquire more .*

*“ Is it really so obvious or are you just a good at reading people ?”*

*“ I’d be inclined to state the latter, though it’s neither” the man smiles . “As you can probably guess, I’ve come to have a little chat . I wanna offer you something before you implement the plan in practice.”*

*“ So you’re not here to stop me or anything,no clairvoyant powers ?”*

*“No” the man shakes his head.”Far from it. I believe in laissez-faire . I just know that you’ve written..a rather interesting piece and you’ve it with you . I’d like to take it with me, if you don’t mind.”*

*Mark is , understandably, in a state of consternation .*

*“Is everyone here suffering from folie à plusieurs ?”*

*“I believe it'd be just me” the man concludes .*

*“Normally I'd have serious reservations about how much of this conversation is sophisticated and how much of it is sophistry but I've got over that point now ” Mark states assertively. “What do you want my work for ?”*

*“Well, since you're not gonna be needing it anymore, I believe it can come in more handy than you could ever imagine ” Adam responds .*

*“You know” Mark says .” I've always wondered if pareidolia is responsible for all miracles...or is this true that rosary really protected twenty people during a nuclear blast in Hiroshima.”*

*“Religious symbolism is ignored by the learned” Adam states .”Perhaps it is a deliberate policy because they know , high above, how powerful a prayer can be, how it can meddle with the fabric of reality itself .”*

*“Very clever” Mark snaps his fingers .”I like you, whoever you are. Good timing for you, I'm open to various divagations . MA's and BA's won't help me much when it's all gonna go to hell.”*

*“Papers, this civilization is all about papers” Adam adds.” Papers mean everything. True intelligence matters not unless you're very lucky indeed.’*

*“Wise words, wise words...”Mark answers, staring at a light in front of him.” Oh well. You wanted something, yes?”*

*“Yes, if possible”*

*“You know it's possible, otherwise you wouldn't be here”Mark utters a sarcastic remark after which he reaches for the manuscript in his backpack.”There you go, Adam. Whatever you wanna do with it, it'll serve you better than me.”*

*“Before I go” says Adam.”Before I go, think of this : there are basically two main types of reality and five subtypes . There is reality ,then there is consensus reality determined by the fact you're bipedal species ; look at the mentality of cityfolk and villagefolk ; then you've got solipsism, you've got Cotard's , you've got all real, you've got some real and you've got Truman ...”*

*“ Very interesting” says Mark , meaning it . “Can you elaborate, some of your conclusions are a little short and also it's interesting you used ‘you're’ there.”*

*“You're very perceptive” Adam answers . “ For a human ” he then adds facetiously and literally vanishes into thin air . Mark is left mentally stunned . He looks around nervously but no one seems to care about anything else rather than their mug .*

*( “ He's a jolly, bloody good fella ... ” a couple of drunks can be heard not – so – much – in – the – background – anymore .)*

***Mark's not getting it .***

*“ What the hell have I just done ? Why the hell has my story been so important to this guy ? What the hell just happened ? ”*

*Not knowing what to do with himself before the final step, Mark manages to get a room , get his laptop operational ( sic ! ) and then proceed to analyze his story thoroughly . His modus operandi involves*

*A. Hand first*

*B. Electronic device writing storage second*

### ***Safety measures .***

*“ Let’s see what is so intriguing about all this , hell I’ve nothing else to do right now ... and I don’t need to justify what I’m about to, it’d be too grotesque even for my taste . ”*

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### *“ Intertextuality ”*

*A contest e-mail has arrived onboard a StoryHarsh account . The contest involves a story up to fifty thousand words , no specific topic has been indicated . The crazier the stuff, the better . The prize is five hundred dollars . The name of the website is , of course, no accident . People are allowed to attack each other mercilessly, go on a rank-plunge spree, innuendos abound . Normally, I’d wager, you’d expect staff to be helpful and considerate . Not so on StoryHarsh . On StoryHarsh the staff is mean and inconsiderate . They will laugh at you for wearing stupid subjugating dresses if you are a woman but then admit that women are inferior periodically so everything is ok ; they will call you a fairy if you write about fairies ; and finally they will call you a fucking moron if your name is a pile of jumbled up letters you have concocted while attending a bordello last week because the thought of becoming part of a creative writing community has rendered you overstimulated . Yes, they are terrible on StoryHarsh . There are no rules apart from one big department , yes you know it very well, the department called semantical-syntactical-morphological synergy . Even on StoryHarsh they will exhibit no leniency when it comes to language Nazism .*

*Among an infinite number of politically correct garbage hiding reality under the veil of Orwellian newspeak , the mean five has discovered a consensually interesting piece . It’s title ?*

***“ Xenoglossic Misunderstood Artist Solipentialist ”***

*One of the team members nicknamed " sanctimonious male " has rightly concluded that " solipentialist " is a portmanteau word . His intelligence quotient, whatever you might think of it, is average but with an M.A. in creative writing he simply knows certain terms by heart . He does not know what the M.A. in creative writing is good for, though, so he needs to be as mean as possible in order to keep the job .*

*( " When I grow up ..... I wanna have boobies " song can be heard in the background as the team scrutinizes the newest e-mail addition . )*

*" Ha Ha , I've downgraded the contest participants, all done with a smile on my asinine face , I'm like so totally unbiased ! " sanctimonious' hebephrenic demeanor causes everyone to burst into uncontrollable laughter .*

*" Ok, back to work now, we're what we're but there's business to conduct . " Maran, an elderly gentleman with proclivity toward adolescents, butts in." I wanna see if the writing is as good as the title or is it just a catchy stratagem meant to keep us off-guard ."*

*The congregation renders themselves serious and the scrutinization process begins .*

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**???**

*( I am an omniscient narrator interested in misunderstood geniuses . Reality in which you exist is just a movie for me, a game . I find it extremely curious that you get so attached to it . I find it interesting beyond belief despite being an all-knowing creature . I would like to present to you a very interesting case . You see, the definition of "genius" is a vague one , as all is relative when it comes to intelligence on your plane of existence . Still, as I analyze people's thought patterns, I can discern, rare as it is, people whose patterns are so unpredictable, so enchanting that only they can possibly be of any interest to me . The rest of you is so boring, please do not take offense . Who am I, apart from the narrator ? I am pure energy, I can be anyone I wish to be if action demands . Some of you might accuse me of cruelty that I just observe, I do not help anyone . Please understand that my perception of the world is much different, I see it in an infinitely more complex way where good and bad just blur away . Genius is a companion spirit and - indeed - brave people I observe are divine . Their multi-layered analyses of life are so powerful that even I, the all-knowing, find it enthralling and captivating. Today I want to present the case of Michael . In your years, he is*

*twenty four , Caucasian, slightly overweight ( yes, I mean slightly it is not sarcasm ) and he generally wants the system to leave him alone . He does not want the system's food, he does not want the system's sewage, he just wants to be left alone . Unfortunately for Michael, the system does not reciprocate ; it attacks our protagonist from every possible angle, justifying it by "because" statements . Michael finds the whole charade to be grotesque, especially the part about freedom . To him, humanity is as enslaved as in former times, people simply use different names for identical insitutions and ways of life . How true, Michael . How true . I will now enter his home where a rather ... startling revelation is about to surface . Come with me, we may observe it together . )*

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*( Since we are not watching a movie, I will describe what I see . I see Michael writing that the system is not "physical" , as so many people are convinced, but rather it is a "mindset" which expresses itself in the "physical." Thus, the "system" cannot be targeted per se, because it is an abstract entity . Well done, Michael, it is a truism perhaps, though so significant if one wants to appreciate the complexity of your modern - and not so modern - civilization . )*

*"Michael !" I can hear mom's voice coming from somewhere in the house . "What are you doing ?"*  
*I can see Michael's puzzled facial expression as he struggles to understand the question.*

*"What do you mean what am I doing ?"*

*"Can you come and help me with the bags ?"*

*( Michael does not know it yet ; his mother is about to ask him some rather ... strange questions . I mean, to me they are funny because they expose the nature of the Matrix, to Michael they will be grotesque . Please stay a little longer as at the moment nothing interesting is happening . )*

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*"When will you get some pussy" mother asks Michael, visibly concerned.*

*"What !?" his voice is embedded with shock not because of the statement but because of who utters it. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?!"*

*"It's just unnatural for someone your age to..."*

*"Oh , here we go, some more existential holders proving me right concerning the nature of this edifice" he thinks to himself and responds sarcastically . "Well . I guess I'll look for a hermaphrodite then . Two options for the price of one, how's that for starters ."*

*( Michael is not a hypocritical prude. He is simply shocked at the blatant ways of the system . He does not do anything about it , however . All he does is shrug it off and continue on his path . The Matrix will not get him, no matter what they say . He feels fine as it is . )*

*"I've been accused, to use the vernacular, of gayness because I've found myself in one tent with a male. I was told I was going to hell when I was nine . Next, pedophilia is around the corner, I'm sure . Geez . What a wo..no, what a typically human interpretation of the world. Life is way more complex than that and nothing is more sacred than the gift of consciousness . The rest are paintings, shadows of true reality . "*

*( Yes, Michael . You are a shadow to me . )*

\*\*\*\*\*

*( I see Michael attending a lecture concerning history of Europe . )*

*" How did it happen that a peninsula considered insignificant by the Asians has become the main force in the world , virtually imposing its standards upon the planet ?"*

*Michael seems to be interested in the lecture, though feelings of existential nihilism keep pounding him all the time . He looks around and notices mostly drones, drones who just take what they hear, regurgitate it on an exam paper and so the vicious circle goes .*

*"How can these people live like this ? " Michael thinks to himself for a 1000<sup>th</sup> time . " They are no better than computers . Such a waste of self-awareness . "*

*( Michael, I wish I could disagree. If it were not for people with a glimmer of independence, the planet you are on would already be an official Fourth Reich . Yes, those people can be irritating, can be infuriating, can even be dangerous from time to time ; however, without them, you would experience your worst nightmare, the only reason why you are not is because of those individuals and their determination. The powers that be are still unwilling to use their fully-fledged assault against you . Also, what I find interesting as the omniscient narrator, is how many people do something they consider "rebellious" which is exactly the opposite. If you acknowledge that you are "defiant" then, by reflex action, you accept the status quo. This means you are no different than your drone counterparts . Do it because you want to do it, do not embellish it with system-phrasings and system-mindsets . Is this really what you want or is this what you think you want because another branch of the system told you so ? After all, what is the difference between mainstream society and some sort of an "alternative" society ? Both have rules and regulations ;*

*both treat you well if you behave well according to the standards ; both will castigate you for being a nuisance . Alternative societies can be as cruel as mainstream ones, if not more . )*

*“ After all, superstitions are very much a Sumerian invention. Also, when you see a widow-in-black, it’s reminiscent of ancient rites where wives wanted to avoid seeing a ghost of their husband. Nevermind our sixty second system,a Sumerian invention, our yearly calendar, invention of ancient Egypt . As you can see, we don’t even realize how deep our cultural ties go . I urge you to analyze the genesis of long hair in women and the genesis of clothing division among genders . You will find it all enthrallingly interesting .”*

*( Well said, Mister Lecturer . Well said . I, as the omniscient narrator, I love geneses of various cultural idiosyncracies . It is interesting that one of the biggest memes I have found on Earth is called money . Yes, you are correct . Money . Money is, of course, a consensus among people it is “worth” something. Ask economists, ask common sense . Stocks, loans, it exists on a computer screen but try not fulfilling your end of the bargain and you are going to be visited by very nice people who will be more than happy to show you just how “free” you are. This is why I love your planet’s humanity . It is full of dichotomies if one does not understand the method in the madness . Fortunately for me, I understand all . I wish I could expound upon the issue at hand , but – alas – your CPU will be toast . )*

*( Anyhow . Going back to my observational subject, Michael . I will cajole him into suicide . Yes, it is not evil . In fact, I am going to be doing him an exorbitant favor . )*

\*\*\*\*\*

*( Fast forward to the scene inside a deserted cinema . Michael is faced with a Darwinist dilemma . )*

*“Oh Michael please, fertilize me !” a young woman is screaming .*

*“No,please do it to me !” another one can be heard yelling .*

*“You’ve got enough swimmers to fertilize entire Europe !”*

*“This is fucked up, go away sluts “ Michael says calmly and runs away as fast he can outside the cinema . He gets into his car and bolts .*

*“ I just showed you the true and only motivation for being alive as far as the vast majority of people on your planet is concerned “ I appear to Michael as a voice speaking with a smug Scottish accent .*

*“Yes, you’re damn right, thank you for the demonstration,alright...”*

*“You’re most welcome . You’ve tried some pussy, though ?”*

*“ Yeah . Quite a despicable thing to look at , that pussy, let me tell you .”*

*“ I know . ”*

*“ This is the last thing I’d expect you to say . Of course you know. You know everything . ”*

*“ Correct . And yes , suicide does not exist . Sui means you in Latin . Roughly . Cide you can guess ... that’s where you get regicide, femicide, infanticide, pedocide, broadside ... yes . Let us find a proper spot and I’ll show you wonders you’ve never dreamed of . ”*

*“ Agreed . ”*

*( Surprised that Michael does not seem the least bit surprised at my presence ?Yes, he knows me very well. He did not deny my existence as so many people prior to him . I’m no schizophrenia, be it catatonic or paranoid or hebephrenic ; I’m no figment of someone’s imagination ; I’m not an imaginary friend; I’m not your typical Cotard or solipsistic individual . Now throw away that DSM’s , please . Your concrete minds are simply impeccable when it comes to what I call “reality-edition” . I could turn myself into an elephant in your living room and you still would not see me . I avoid children because they often do not understand what is happening . I go for young adults mostly, but oh my...isn’t sophistry pouring through your veins . Michael is different in that particular regard . I respect him for it and I do not intend to harm him . Even if I did intend that, your law enforcement would be a joke . Chasing shadows , literally this time . So shove your badge where it does not belong and dance to the light . )*

*“ Here we are, that’s the spot . You go get some pancuronium and then I’ll enhance it to make you feel akin to experiencing a speakeasy . ”*

*Michael parks the automobile and heads toward the dealer. Pays in cash and returns to the vehicle .*

*“ I got it . ”*

*“ Fuckintastic . This is the device you’re going to use . ”*

*“ Looks like some sort of a diabetic contraption ? ” Michael asks me .*

*“ That’s what I call the streak of smartness ” I tell him . “ Apply the device to your throat . ”*

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*“ Where am I ? ” Michael asks me.*

*“ You are in the middle of nowhere ” I respond .*

*“ What do you mean ? ” he clearly can’t get his head around the concept.*

*“ A lecture is about to start, look at your fellow students ” I tell incorporeal Michael. “ Your consciousness is fine with the body-computer, see? ”*

*“ What lecture ? ” he asks me, full of consternation .*

*“ Well, about some social analyses and so on ” I respond indifferently . “ You’ll find it interesting to find out what are the origins of social norms on the planet ”*

*“ Always into that, the most crucial element of all, something that renders you alive” he tells me, or whispers, whatever you wanna call it .*

*“ It’s starting ” I clarify the situation as the incorporeal rector emerges .*

*“Hello fellow students ” the rector conveys a message . “ Do you understand my conveyance ?”*

*“ Yes ” response comes .*

*“ We’re talking about social norms on Earth today ” the rector continues .”I wanna point out some rather disturbing phenomena it’s been my privilege to observe first-hand .”*

*I look at incorporeal protagonist with a touch of friendly disdain .*

*“ Remember : when you want to get something done, it is good to go as high as you can . If you want to know about a place, it is good to go as low as you can . Aluzju panial ? “*

*“Da, ja aluzju panial “*

*“Charaszo,aparatchik . Eto ocen haraszo . Ja dumaju,szto my budziem prikrasnyj duet .”*

*“ Michael, do you see the sign in front of you ?”*

*“ This can’t be, this is one of my favorite computer games !”*

*“Correct,Michael” I tell him.”Do you remember how you owned others at RPG’ing ?”*

*“Yes” responds Michael.”There were so few who could match my pace. This is why I took up writing and various schemes testing human systemness...”*

*“Yes,Michael” I convey.”Let me show you a sui generis study dealing with the emergence of social norms and magic realism .”*

*“I’m ready” I receive.*

*“Well then.Let us start.”*

*“A good world creator needs to be a master at imagination, both practical and theoretical, needs to have a vast amount of experience, has to adapt, has to connect, has to see...” Michael conveys and what can I do but to confirm .*

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*( To make it easier for “ Michael’s ” senses, the lecture is going to be represented in a standard academic fashion . The lecture’s topic is “ gender roles and its practical impact if impossible avenues are available .” )*

*“ What are we expecting here ?” the consciousness asks me.*

*“ You’ll understand it all soon enough” the narrator conveys. ”It is going to be commented as you are interactively embedded into experiencing the same as the victim .”*

*“ Awesome “*

*“ Indeed it is .”*

*“ Consciousnesses, please observe the following “ a telepathic communique is established . “ Please observe society A , where concepts such as punishment are inextricably linked to gender . Dear consciousnesses, please observe the following scenario and pay close attention to the stimuli you are about to experience . We will discuss more once this is all done and you will get a chance of meeting the victim . “*

*“ Consciousnesses, in this lecture we will find out why cowardice [ flash of consciousness ] is a girlish [flash of consciousness] trait according to society A . You will observe a formula one competition [ flash of consciousness updates every single consciousness as to the nature of the activity – omniscient narrator’s interjections ] . In a team competition involving ten members of andros, we will observe what happens when one team decides to punish their leader for cowardice [ Yes, some realities out there actually **allow** ” magical ” feats on a daily basis, remember the principle “ what can happen, does happen “ – O.N. ] . Consciousnesses , please pay attention to the following enactment happening right now in reality 1009857 quantum coordinates .*

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*“ Michael, observe it carefully “ I state . “ You might find it interesting . You will actually experience it , and I would not even call it vicarious . “*

### **Scene Of Tangibility One : The Court Of Manhood**

*Andrew Jackson, you have not been able to be fast enough due to your inner inhibitions . As a result, this court finds you guilty of cowardice. As you know, cowardice is a girlish trait . Hence, we shall cast a curse upon you, morphing you into **la puella** . You are not allowed to defend yourself due to conspicuous acts of cowardice . As an act of leniency towards the defendant , the defendant shall be transmogrified away from public eye .*

*“Michael,look” I tell the consciousness .”He is nineteen, white, quite intelligent . Look at it, experience it first-hand .”*

*“ Whoooooo “ a strange sound can be heard permeating the room with the defendant . He is there alone , so shocked he does not know what to say . No pleasure in it at all . First, his hairs change . They become long and blonde . Timing : two seconds . Second, facial features become XX . Third , Adam’s apple is gone . Fourth , sparing additional shock, entire body changes and clothing follows . Thirteen years of age, pretty Caucasian girl in a short yellow dress . Her name is Juliette .*

*“ Consciousnesses, seeing the above scenario concluded , please perform a cultural analysis of society A . ”*

*“ Yellow denotes treachery along with dickless escutcheons . ”*

*“ A very profound analysis, thank you consciousness . ”*

*“ Juliette has only four minutes to save her hymen ? . ”*

*“ Next consciousness please . ”*

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*“ Juliette, we’re Romeos and we’ll save you from disgrace ! ” I convey a message and take her away to Sigil, the city of doors .*

*“ Juliette, here you can go whenever you want, just please avoid the lady of Pain ? ”*

*“ Thank you, I will ” her sweet voice responds .*

*“ Michael ” I then turn to my friend . “ I think it’s time for me to leave you as well . This is the city of doors from where you can go anywhere you like . You can always take care of Juliette . ”*

*( Before they can say anything, I disappear . Yes . That is my nature as the omniscient narrator . Time to move somewhere else . )*

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*“ Nothing discernable ” Mark mutters to himself . “ Probably a happenstantial psycho . ”*

*Seven hours later . Early morning . Mark has already paid for accommodation . No surprise there . He is seen with his backpack . He is seen in a jovial mood . He leaves the tavern and moves towards the cliff . After two minutes he is already there . He throws his backpack first . His emotions are in a state of suspense . He feels nothing as he descends into the darkness of infinity .*

*A note covered in blood is later found by a startled stranger . On it , three sentences are written*

***Who is the mystery man ? What is his agenda ?***

***Unanswered questions abound but no time and no point .***

## Chapter Eighteen: Kundalini

The Third World. What a nice term with not so many really knowing its origins. Primitive people, they are. Yes, everyone will tell you that. In fact, the so-called "primitives" know more about what is going on than you and me combined. They understand many things much better than the "enlightened" Europe-related individuals. It is a puzzle why would they be in such poverty, then. Africa could easily sustain itself, common sense dictates. India, and so on...then why are we talking contrast here, much bigger than in "the north" of the planet ? Is it because these people are simply incapable of proper infrastructure management or is there something more to this ? Perhaps the controlling force understand the true magnitude of their knowledge and has kept them under fire for many hundreds of years ? Perhaps the knowledge of the ancients is labeled as "primitive" for mainstream perception only and - behind closed doors - shady individuals rever that very knowledge and cherish it, respect it ? The knowledge about how to create your own reality. Escaping reality is one thing, but understand the basics behind its creation to get whatever you want ? Now, that's a gem, getting way beyond ephemeral trinkets such as money. Is this really the bottom line of the manipulation, as many content ? To manipulate our sense of self, our sense of possibility ?

"It's just bludy governments and greedy corporations, mate, I know it "

But is it the end or just a means TO an end ? Logic dictates it is the latter. Money is power - but power only when agreed . How about objective power ? Now, that's nectar. I seriously doubt the government is THE top of this game. Please do not make me laugh. Or corporations. They are greedy not by accident, but by design. A vehicle to serve a purpose.

"That's impossible, mate, no one would survive to see their plan !"

True, unless your perception of time is different or, even better, you are disconnected from time altogether. Sounds fantastic but I am not so sure about it. Fantastic , sci-fi, these are the words of the consensus. Who has crafted this consensus ? When ? Why ? Yes, most of us have no time for such "elevated" thoughts. Serves people right to be gobsmacked, then. They deserve it.

After all, who says the manipulation is limited to this one tiny planet, or even to this dimension. Bodies can be swapped, same consciousness behind them.

And I love our conditioned mind. Even now, as I am writing this, it is screaming at me, telling me to stop being a nuisance. What a perfect control mechanism, what a perfect force.

Because , you see , to control someone , you need to have a consensus between you. Let me give you an example.

If you call someone "A" , and "A" denotes something you perceive as negative, then your interlocutor needs to have the same set of memes. Otherwise, your intentions to - for instance - humiliate the subject might result in a different effect. I do not care how deep you go, everything can be broken down into meme-infestation. Yes, pesky memes. Even flag-waving. Why am I mentioning this ? It is no secret that a force dubbed "kundalini" is said to be the key to controlling your own reality from gavel to gavel. In our society, people who are hit by the "kundalini awakening" can exhibit symptoms similar to various psychoses and different types of schizophrenia. Naturally, mental institutions barge in to "help" them. But is this "help" really going to do much good ? Unlikely, because mainstream "science" does not know much, unfortunately. Lock 'em up in a padded cell, that'll fix 'em. Oh, I can sense freedom now.

Meet Daniel Gordon. A man in his thirties living somewhere on the east coast. Caucasian. He's been experiencing a mental state that is commonly referred to as "existential depression." Well, that's just one term. I call it the "Shaw's principle." Shaw indicated that everything is going to be no more one day, even the universe. So what is the point of creation if it is going to collapse anyway ? Doesn't it feel a little akin to running on a machine just to stand still ? Humans have warded themselves off by sets of "scientific principles." Yes, very nice. Just not very practical in the long run. Even the collider agrees and has stopped in protest against ignorance.

Daniel's job is a reasonable one, though some would want to see him dead. He is an editor. His task is to spot any mistake you might think of. Surprisingly, one would expect a rather narrow-minded individual, not too bright perhaps, without alternative thought processes, when it comes to such a vocation. But Daniel is different ; inquisitive, intelligent and nasty at times, if necessary. Generally when he says something is wrong, he gives so many reasons that you nod and leave in silence with a smile on your face. Amazing, I know. A true neurolinguistic programming at work.

Daniel's head has been abuzz with thoughts lately. Even more than usual. At first he has thought he is dealing with a local phenomenon. For local, read psychiatric. But psychiatrists , as they usually have in nature, present to you a cavalcade of catchy names. Zoloft. Ritalin, perhaps? Or some Valium ? All TM's , of course. Miracle-makers. Daniel, however, has persisted in his inner malaise. This has puzzled the doctors big time. MRI, perhaps ? No ? EEG, then ? Still nothing ? Oh my. Mental health profession has exhausted its avenues. The only thing left is eternal suffering or - yes yes , say it aloud - a padded cell. But Daniel is not crazy, not by a long shot.

Can there be a solution found before he will totally lose it ? Yes, fortunately Daniel soon is going to realize that the world is meant to be fucked up. Thank God...er....or gods. Point taken.

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"They call it the power of the serpent" a Tibetan man tells Daniel as they sit inside a monastery somewhere deep in the Himalayas."It is what Hitler's men came here for. It is what all people really want. The power is within your blood, my friend. The power only you can access. It is also within gold and that is why gold is such a precious metal if you look beyond marketing. It can become a white powder, unlocking your brain completely. Let us test it now, friend.Let you experience the full power of your brain. Reality will bow before you. The consensus will no longer apply."

"You said there is a danger involved" Daniel asks the monk, not sure what to expect."What exactly are we talking about here ?"

"We are talking about mental cleansing" the monk replies calmly."All your inner distress, your anger, your anxiety, will explode. You will be transported from reality to reality, experiencing your worst nightmares until you, my friend, until you snap. This is when your mind will let go and the connection to intuition will once more be clean. Your mind and your intuition will be in unison again, the conditioning of your world will be gone. "

"Does this process always end in a positive manner ?"

"Yes" responds the monk."It is a very painful process, however. You will experience every emotion associated with every problem in your mind. You will experience humiliation, fear of monumental proportions, you will experience it all. At the end, after all of this, you will be untouchable. Reality will once more be tamed and you will once more become consciousness that you are, not just a conditioned automaton which was created to perform social chores."

"Are you...?" asks Daniel.

"Yes" responds the monk."I am free of this pollution. It is a wonderful experience. My mind is in unison with my body."

"Does it mean you can...?"

"Yes" says the monk and becomes a small statue of Buddha . " I can be whatever you want me to be. No exceptions. Reality is meant to be controlled, Daniel. It is your servant , and not the other way around. "

"Is this why you have invited me here ?" Daniel thinks out loud."Because you have seen me as a person capable of digesting what you are about to do ?"

"Yes" nods the monk in a confident manner."Your kundalini will be activated when you ingest the powder. This is when you will be on your own. Your mind will jump around akin to a wild horse , generating all kinds of realities, jumping from one to another. You will have no control initially, this is when nightmares are. Then, then you will regain your skills."

"But how..."

"Patience, my dear apprentice" the monk waves his hand in a slow motion."Once you are there, you will experience all I am talking about. Certain things just cannot be intellectually quantified. Trust me on this."

## Chapter Nineteen: Twists Of History

Mark Greenbaum is an English Jew of Polish descent . His family was expelled from Poland in 1968 during the " Anti-Zionist Onslaught " organized en masse by the Soviet-controlled government . It was meant to be a retaliatory move designed to show Israel that the Soviet Union would not allow the newly formed Jewish state to continue its aggressive policies toward Middle Eastern nations . Many Polish Jews were given a one-way ticket to Israel which – in fact – provided Israel's armed forces with essential manpower ( though women took active part in defending the homeland ) . Israel had no need for peaceful relations with its neighbors and the " Six-Day War " showed that the relatively young state was capable of sustaining itself even if it had to fight a war on multiple fronts . Various anti-Israeli organizations emerged later as a sign of resistance : Hezbollah ( Arabic " The Party Of God " ) being the most prominent of them all . The latter organization adopted an abysmal form of terrorism which then spread around the globe : suicide bomber attacks . People were, and are, all too eager to die for the cause . On the other hand, it is no secret that " Holy War " was first declared upon Nazi Germany in June of 1941 during the onset of the operation " Barbarossa " as the Nazi war machine flashed toward the Caucasus oil fields .

Mark's family always wanted to live in England, however . English shopkeepers in the middle of debree in London, putting a " business as usual" signs in front of their businesses, not knowing if Nazi V-2's were around the corner . This always impressed the Greenbaums . Mind you, when the Nazis invented the first ballistic missile, there was no defense against it . Adolf Hitler decided to teach the English a lesson by pounding them with long-range missiles . Those were not homing missiles , they simply kept destroying random buildings around the capital with people not knowing what to expect next . Hitler's biggest dream, " Amerikabomber " , an orbital craft designed to obliterate Manhattan by dumping a nuclear device above it, was also dangerously close to fruition .

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With typically Jewish determination and shrewdness, they managed to find themselves in London two years after arriving in Israel . Mark was born in November of 1970 . He has been living in London most of the time, with temporary business delegations to Australia and Canada . Mark owns a chain of English language schools *focusing* on its business aspect . Slowly approaching the magic barrier of forty, he is divorced and has one son, Adam . Mark is Jewish only when it comes to his deoxyribonucleic acid ; he does not care about religion at all , but he finds its various aspects interesting and , indeed, holding profound truths if one is willing to read between the lines with a sharp mind involved .

His son has been having some problems for some time now . They are , not hard to guess, connected with school . Adam has been considering talking to his father for more than two months but it is not something that can be achieved on a whim . Adam's father is an extremely busy man who just cannot afford anything outside his schedule .

The chance for a proper conversation has finally arrived . Adam's perpetually busy father is about to pick him up from school . The boy is going to use that opportunity wisely . Cars have something magical about them – at least Adam thinks so . This is why he welcomes the opportunity which is about to unfold .

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"Well, guess who's here , Adam !" Mark exclaims as he gets out of his black mercedes.

" Isn't this a shock therapy for me !" Adam responds and then looks around ."It's kinda empty here at the moment, I've had a chit-chat with you know who ."

"Ah" the father says, sighing slightly."Get into the mobile, we'll discuss it all."

"I get along with teachers fine but she is terrible, I *mean* it this time ..."

Adam starts the conversation as his father's driving towards M25 .

"What did she do ?" Mark inquires as he's glancing at the mirror .

"She keeps telling me that my ideas, what I write about, they're too iconoclastic ..."

"Too iconoclastic !?" Mark is taken totally aback by his son's sentence . "You mean it's not about grammar, spelling or anything, she actually *told* you it's about *iconoclasy* !?"

"Yeah,dad, that's exactly it ."

" What'd you write then ? " a question filled with curiosity .

"Well, usual stuff ... I mean, that was the *first* time when I really wanted to, you know ..."

" Yeah, when you wanted to show your true colors " Mark adds assertively."And how did that go exactly ?"

" Let me explain everything in detail because I've a feeling you're gonna be talking to the missy soon enough " Adam concludes .

" I'm all ears " Greenbaum answers with a mischievous grin on his face . Being an experienced driver, he can devote inner mental mechanisms to his son's grievances .

" The topic was ' do you think that global corporations cause more harm than good ? ' " Adam states matter-of-factly ." I've started off with a note that the topic is too general . Then I've clarified why this is so , according to yours truly , as global corporations are merely expressions of a systemic mindset, thus the system is not physical it is a rogue meme residing in people's minds that manifests itself because people *make it manifest* , often unknowingly ."

"Let me guess, her brains went haywire when she read that " the grin is not going away .

"Well,I'm not sure but she's been very concerned actually, she's told me I ..."

"You've some issues that need to be dealt with at once ? " a voice with an underlying message 'predictable ' can be heard coming from Mark .

"Yeah,pretty much, you've always been a perceptive individual,dad,I'll grant you that ."

" That's my job, son" the father responds flatly ."That's my job..."

" I mean,you're an exception,you're not only intelligent but you listen to me and you'd be surprised how rare this has become these days . If you're not with your 'mates' then you've no life according to them " Adam concludes .

" I can imagine, believe me" Mark says ." Because when I see you – I see me some years back . Same problems, different date . It's a shame that we've not moved that much . Actually, son,you're in an even bigger mess than I used to be back in the days ... ."

" I can imagine with political correctness, soon they're gonna be offering thumb scans to protect us from the enemies of the state " Adam adds sarcastically .

"I'm glad that you're so similar to me, son" the father says ."You're not condescending in nature. You meander between people and know how to talk to them . You see life as a sharp painting rather than a blurry imitation . Son, indeed, Oscar Wilde was right ."

“Most people are other people ; their life a mimicry, their passions a quotation “ Adam finishes before Mark can do anything .”Your favorite quote .”

“Precisely” answers Mark.” Going back to the problem at hand, so to speak, you are absolutely positive that she’s gonna wanna see me as a corporeal being ?”

“ Very likely to be the case , dad “ says Adam with confidence in his voice .”She’s been visibly distressed . A simple damsel in a simple state of distress . She needs a knight to comfort her now and bring in some flowers . I think I’ve rocked the boat too much and what to me is moderate to her it’s just ... unfathomable .”

“ Damn , son, and that’s why I like you ” Mark bursts into laughter and subsequent quasi-seriousness sets in .” Let’s do this in the following way : let’s play the social game with people without exposing ourselves . You know , better safe than sorry . I mean, Adam, it’s good to step in front of the choir , but sometimes just not worth it . You’ve got to assess the situation first : is this person you’re dealing with shallow or perhaps more profound ? If you’re dealing with a shallow individual, just do your job and don’t talk about issues you find minuscule because – to them – it might be something exorbitant . Remember, *perspective is everything* when dealing with people . As most of them are insecure, avoid ruffling their feathers unless provoked . As you know all too well, you just *feel* who’s who . I’m gonna handle the damsel , throw a few knightly comments about how I agree and so on, she’ll be mentally owned , don’t worry son . Just don’t do that again with her, or with anyone at your school for that matter - not worth it . She’ll pollute your otherwise sound existence with some trivialities , we wouldn’t want that, would we . Save your stamina for *real* games with *real* profits , if you catch my drift .”

“Oh, I do , dad “ Adam says .”I do catch the drift just all too well ...”

“ Then I’m expecting a call from the prissy missy ?” Mark adds .

“ Yes “ Adam smiles contemptuously . “ I believe our fate has been sealed when it comes to the meeting , dad .”

## Chapter Twenty: Point Of View

1943. Summer. A little boy has just arrived at Auschwitz-Birkenau. He getous out of the cattle compartment. He is without any family, everyone has died. They have been shot by the SS in Warsaw some time ago. Yes, he is Jewish. He cannot really hide the fact of his ancestry. It is all too visible. He can still remember the SS soldiers, with two SS runes on their uniforms, resembling bolts of lightning. Tall, blonde, powerfully-built SS soldiers, screaming at him and his parents :

"RAUS ! RAUS, SCHWEINE !!"

The parents have been begging to spare their child ; the SS-men have not been touched. Still, in a twist of perverse amusement, they said :

"Ja,gut. Ich denke das ist schon. Dein son kaput nicht."

The parents have not been stupid : they have noticed that their German grammar has not been perfect, that they have not been from Germany - originally. Their accent has given their identities away. The father, a middle-aged Jewish librarian from Warsaw, has asked the soldiers in a confident manner :

" Woher kommst du?"

An informal language. He has been risking a lot. One of the soldiers replied :

"Russland. Wir kommen aus Russland."

Russia. It has all made sense now : since 1941, 22nd of June to be exact, the Nazis have been advancing toward Moscow. They have been very successful. Suddenly, their fate has been altered. Weather plus Stalingrad,mainly. The Nazis have still adhered to their racial criteria but they have broadened the "scope" of the soldiers : various ethnic groups have been swept, from France to Russia, even up to Greece, to find as many men of "Aryan" descent as possible : their genealogy has been verified by experts ; even the smallest trace of Jewish or Slavic blood has been frowned upon. Frowned upon. It has not meant rejection. Many volunteers from east to the west have joined their fight against the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Going back to the family. Soldiers have intended to kill everyone but their minds have been changed for the better. They have shot the mother and the father - their death has been quick, a bullet to the back of the head as they lay on the ground. The child has been allowed to escape. Unfortunately, he has not escaped far. He has been apprehended by another SS patrol and put on a train to Auschwitz.

The first stage. The selection. Men to the right, women to the left. Then, the final judgement. Literally. Further left means death ; further right means you are going to survive a little longer but "arbeit" will eventually get to you.

The boy is moving toward the "right-left" stage when his life is going to be decided. Everyone has thought that showers await them, they are just to be relocated. Some have been smarter than that, though. . They is among them. He knows that there is something not right in this place,

something...beyond perverse. And then he sees him. He sees "the angel of death." Doctor Joseph Mengele. An expert in genetics and mind control. The Americans , as well as the Russians, would love to get in hold of his knowledge after the war. Mengele's shiny boots and the SS-Totenkopf uniform. "SS-Totenkopf" are not just regular SS soldiers : they are in charge of concentration camps. Women have been as violent as men, mind you. Even more so, sometimes.

Joseph Mengele appears to be a God to the newcomers. His calm demeanor, his cold eyes, his uniform, his piercing eyes, eyes that can tell him everything about you - it really can make an impression. Suddenly, he notices the boy. Just as one of the SS-soldiers in charge of the "selection" is about to send the boy to his death in a gas chamber, Mengele intervenes. He takes off his black glove and signals the soldier to wait. The soldier complies as Mengele is not someone to be messed with. He tells the boy to step to the "side of life." He does not call it as such, of course.

Later, the most grotesque moment occurs : doctor Mengele notices a group of Slavic and Jewish children - they have arrived from all over Europe, as far as Paris. He tells the kids in his broken Polish :

"Dzieci drogie, chodźcie do mnie !"

Everyone understands the message, even if they do not speak German or Polish. Body language does its work.

They keep waking with their "uncle" as some have begun to call him ; he has given some of the children candy, he is smiling , he is very nice to all of them. He tells them to "enter the magical house of brickstone."

And they do so. The rest one can imagine.

Joseph Mengele is obsessed with twins. The twins can cause the massive expansion of the Aryan race, in his mind. He is loyal to the Nazi regime and he wants to show that his research is , indeed, absolutely necessary for the Reich to colonize the areas its war machine is about to conquer. He looks at the picture of Hitler in his office. The words spoken by Hitler in Reichstag at the beginning of 1939 are the driving force behind Mengele's ideology. In English, one can find the following translation of the gist :

"If the international finance-Jewry inside and outside Europe should succeed in plunging the nations into a world war yet again, then the outcome will not be the victory of Jewry, but rather the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe!"

Joseph Mengele exclaims to himself, rising his hand in Nazi salute :

"Sieg Heil!"

He is going to be visiting various barracks now. Not so long ago he has solved a problem of women suffering from various diseases in one of the barracks in a typically Nazi fashion : he has ordered the barrack to be burned down, with women inside. Anyone attempting escape was to be shot on the spot by the SS-personnel. There is no anger in Joseph Mengele. There is no joy. There is only blind faith in the superiority of the Aryan race - the culture bearers. One would be wrong to assume that it has been only about blonde hair and blue eyes - children have been subjects to a wide array of tests, measuring their behavior and intelligence as well. What a grotesque situation where some children have been saved by being deemed "racially valuable" and their their friends have perished.

Joseph Mengele enters one of the barracks. He is calm. He is confident. He is a demi-god. One gesture means that anyone within the barrack can be killed on the spot. He notices the Jewish boy. He points at him and says :

"Chodz ze mna. Mam cos dla ciebie."

The Jewish boy agrees, albeit reluctantly. He is smart enough to know , though, that not going equals instant death. The Nazis are not about maintaining their facades forever - once you are inside, they do not give a damn anymore. They will actually even encourage you to die.

The "Angel of Death" eyes the boy as they are marching to the doctor's office - the very office where things beyond anyone's imagination happen.

"Gut.Gut," Mengele murmurs to himself, smiling slightly at the boy.He asks the boy :

"Kannst du Deutsch ?"

The boy reponds, a skullcap and his blonde hair do not seem to make it easier :

"Ein bisschen."

The doctor looks around. He uses his broken Polish again :

"Dobrze wiec. Bede sie z toba po polsku porozumiewac."

His German accent is more than noticeable. It matters not. They boy has to be alert all the time.

The two enter the office. Two nurses approach the doctor. They are prisoners as well, but are catered for, at least temporarily. Mengele "needs" them. He tells the boy to sit on a table in the middle of the room. Then, he goes out of the room with the nurses. They come back after two minutes. The nurses tie the boy up before he can do anything. They tell the boy :

"Dzieciaku, trzymaj sie. Jesli bedziesz robic to, co on chce, wytrzymasz. Badz dzielny. Przygotuj sie na bol, ale jak wytrzymasz, to przezyjesz."

The boy is startled. He notices, just now, two pairs of twins, sewn together back-to-back. One of the nurses notices the boy's anxiety, whispers to his ear before the doctor comes back :

"To bliznieta. On ma na ich punkcie obsesje. Robi z nimi rozne rzeczy."

You would think that Mengele ought to have some sort of an emotional reaction. Not at all. He is not only patient, he is sarcastic beyond belief . He looks at the twins upon entering the room and says :

"Schade. Eine grosse schade."

A slight smile on his face conveys the message regarding his true intentions better than any written word.

Planes can be heard flying overhead. The planes of the Allies. Unfortunately, they have no intention of bombing the camp - or even the rails leading to it. Smoke can be seen emerging from the crematoria. It matters not. Hitler will have more time to focus on his ideology : the annihilation of the "inferiors" is more important to him than any military victory. Trains with "subhumans" have the priority, even beyond the war machine. Ideology first. War second. Generalplan "Ost" has never come to light. If it did, it would make the Holocaust look like a stroll in the park.

### Chapter Twenty One: Grammar Nazis

A brane what is commonly dubbed to be "parallel" to the one you and I collectively reside. In fact, it is milimeters away.

Location is New Amsterdam, end of September five thousand and six. Ancient religion of exploration is strong . If you are familiar with Michio Kaku's work, then you know there – in

theory – exist various level of civilizational development. Minus one would constitute a pre-industrial civilization. What you see on this gorgeous planet ( with not so gorgeous inhabitants ) is considered to be type zero, moving toward one , though that is a long way ahead. Given the amount of energy consumption, humanity as we know it ought to get there within one hundred and fifty years. What are the features of type one civilization ?

- A. It is planetary. By this I mean fully planetary. There are no local disputes involved, not the ones you and I are experiencing every day . It is a unified organism, operating as a whole “ out there. ”
- B. Weather is not much of an issue. Hurricanes are toyed with. Their power harvested.
- C. Solar system has seen human beings fly around it. Whether beyond it depends on a particular case.
- D. Money is no longer valid. There is no need for it.
- E. Focus on human psyche is enormous. The terms such as “the unexplained” are no longer laughing stock for the masses.
- F. No zeitgeist issues such as : gender problems, euthanasia, cloning and so much more you can think of. It has been taken care of.

And derivatives thereof.

There is, however, the transition period, involving going from zero to one. It usually involves MAD scenarios. Kaku conjects that there is a huge number of planets with failed “type one” attempts : nuclear holocausts, natural disasters, meteorite collision and what have you. You and I exist in this transition period. It is unfolding in front of our eyes.

Just to give you a taste of more

Type two : See United Federation Of Planets for the blueprint.

Type three : See “The Borg” for the blueprint.

Yes, it is sci-fi, though valid in this theoretical case.

Extremely advanced : type four : God – like, capable of generating new realities in laboratories, travels from point A to point B by bringing the destination to the point of departure. The only civilization capable of escaping the death of the universe.

Going back to type one. Two brothers in their early twenties, John and James, speak English as their first language. In theory. You see, their English is very different than what you are accustomed to. There was no French influence. Declension is a normal feature of their English. There is a strong R, think Slavic languages, German. Their English is a phonetic language. You do not have to worry about spelling so much, there is just a few exceptions where it is written differently to how it is spoken. Declensions tend to be difficult to get them right from time to time, though they give you an incredible ability to state precisely what you need to state. Tenses are pretty much the same. Their English is much more unified in terms of pronunciation, perhaps of the phonetic features and ; thus, there are just a few local varieties which do not impede efficient communication. Accent is fixed ; there is no need to jump around between verbs and nouns. Despite all that, there has been a language reform to eliminate all local issues – present and future. There is no th sound, just f ( elderly people would simply *love* this feature ) . Articles are used only when necessary, not every single sentence. The system is working great. The problem of lingua franca and one language being superior over the other in an individual's mind has been dealt with swiftly ; one can choose whichever language is preferred to be used. This is possible due to a common root of all languages, a startling discovery. A proto-human language. The *ursprache* of all *urspraches*. This allows everyone to speak any language as if it were the one 'acquainted with' from birth. Some have even developed telepathic communication by tapping to uncharted regions of the brain.

The reason I mention it all is highly significant. The two brothers experiment, on their own, with differences between time travel and parallel universes. Their conclusion being, it is one and the same. By traveling "back" in "time" one actually moves from one universe to another. Each second, each moment, we travel from one universe to another...if one could stop this process and anchor in one particular one, this would mean amazing features of which I dare not speak.

Anyhow, the two are getting impatient. The whole weather control scheme is what they despise. The weather has become so predictable. They want to experience some big – time events. Granted, there are ways of empirically feeling the hurricane and such , but they want it for real. No technology. No virtual razzle-dazzle. If you saw a Stargate : SG1 episode "There but for the grace of God" , you might recall a device called "quantum mirror." This is, pretty much, what these two have. First , they allow a particular place to be reconnaissanced. Then they step in. Who says sci-fi shows have bad ideas. Some are quite clever and dividing "sci-fi" from "reality" is a myopic action proving one's standardarized (with localized deviations) discernment capacity. They have

programmed the remote device to discover places with no life forms, mild weather at arrival, social structure similar to the one you and I are experiencing, with some national/continental variations. The core appears to be fixed, however.

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( For the sake of clarity, the protagonists will “read” familiar . My attempts at the alternative English language are below standard and this is still a narcissistic approach )

“John, look at this” says Jake, stepping onto the other side of the mirror. “This looks interesting. It says we are in a place called New York City. Does it tell you anything ?”

“Not at all, doesn’t sound familiar to me at all” responds John, puzzled as he stands beside the pane. “Are you sure there’s no one around, you came here five minutes prior.”

“It’s clean, no bodies around, alive or dead.”

“Fantastic.”

“This device is called a laptop” says Jake, bursting into laughter.

“What’s so funny ?” asks John, barely able to contain laughter himself.

“Apparently...” starts Jake while looking at this translation. “Apparently, this is English. Look.”

Concomitant laughter ensues.

“Damn, infinity never ceases to stagger me” John blurts out. “Oh hell” he pauses after a short while and asks his brother “ so they actually *thought* that the mirror was just that - a mirror ? ”

“It’d seem to be the case, yeah” says Jake as he nods. “They actually thought that. Otherwise I doubt they’d keep it here, allowing someone like us to enter unwarranted.”

“And what’s the device, right over here ?” John touches the keyboard of a laptop. “It seems to be some sort of a receiver ?”

“According to the database I was able to collect by tapping hither and thither, the device is called ‘the laptop.’ Its manufacturer is a company from Japan” concludes Jake. “What we are seeing here is the ‘screen.’”

“And what the heck is StoryHarsh ?” asks John as he is reading letters on the screen. “It looks like an entertainment mechanism ?”

“Wait !” interrupts Jake as he gesticulates. “I know ! Let’s use the search engine to learn more, a reconnaissance within a reconnaissance, now I get it, I get it !”

“True, let’s more about the place we’re in I guess...?”

“Fair enough. Just make sure *no one* is coming near the place.”

“Agreed.”

“What does it mean that someone is a drag queen or a queer ?” Jake muses. “I mean, they look similar to us in these pictures, am I right ? John ?”

“Well, yes, and I’ve no idea what it means but I doubt it’s anything good...gay, queer, drag queen , look at the number of epithets.”

“We’re not from around here, thank you very much, we’re none of those things ” Jake states.”  
What strange division of masculinity and femininity ... no wonder they have screwed up their planet big time. Such narrow – mindedness. “

“We’re dealing with infinity, remember ?” says John as he is looking at the laptop’s screen using ‘Boggle.’ “Usually you’re the one telling me this. We don’t give a damn about non-interfering, interfering is fun but not here. Damn, I thought I was joking but now I see this place *is* fucked. Look what I just found about the site.”

***STORYHARSH*** : TEST YOUR GRAMMAR, TEST YOUR SPELLING AS YOU WRITE WITH US ! BE THE BEST OR BE THE REST \* !

- ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION , MAKING A MISTAKE OF ANY KIND IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH. ERADICATE THE SINNERS INVOLVED IN THE BABEL CONSPIRACY !
- IF YOU RECEIVE A COMMENT “ YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE WITH THE REST” PLEASE PREPARE FOR THE ARRIVAL OF LAW ENFORCEMENT.

“What !?” Jake jumps away from the keyboard.”We’ve been around but this is just some...some...and how *could this be real* !?”

“Well, it says StoryHarsh, alright..”

“Thank you very much for such harshness, I’m outta here !”

“Oh.”

“What do you mean ‘oh’ !?”

“I published a story by accident when you wasn’t looking.”

“And...!?”

“...and there’s a comment.”

“What’s it say ?!”

“That we’re with the rest.”

“Oh fuck. You idiot. Through the mirror – avante !”

The mirror disconnects. Their reality disappears as “The Language Purity Enforcement Agency “ barges in. All they find is a not saying

***“DON’T EUTHANIZE THE DWELLERS OF THIS HOUSE – IT WASN’T THEM !”***

It is unknown whether such a stratagem will be enough to save the indigenous inhabitants of the house.

## Chapter Twenty Two: The Paradigms That Be

Writing is different from painting or any other art for that matter. It engages all the senses. A good writer needs to possess an enormous amount of information. Not just that – the writer needs to expound upon their knowledge independently, i.e. if there was nothing more coming in, the inner power plant would have to go on. Otherwise, no matter how much one knows, it is always raw data without any viable input.

It is also interesting to see what motivates people to write. From what I can discern, the following is obvious

- A. **Profiteers**
- B. **Idealists**
- C. **Torrent – Control**
- D. **Sexual Tension Release**
- E. **The “Enactors “**

**Type A** dwells in everyone of us. However, writing just for profit is akin to the communist times when writers were told to write on demand. And I always wondered who had been writing those nice notes...apart from the latter, profiteers are writers dealing with “pragmatics.” Something devoid of imagination as understood by the creative writer. It is about precision, conveying the message. The only difference between creative writing and “expert” writing is perception. In creative writing people usually assume it is a concoction. In expert writing it is believed the text deals with pragmatic matters. So these two types are not *that* different, after all.

**Type B** are the people who feel they have a mission. Their task is to convince you that they have THE answer. Type A manipulates you consciously ; type B does it out of conviction / bigotry even perhaps.

**Type C.** Torrent control. Writing allows me to describe the concomitance of life via the prism of organized thoughts. I can see the patterns emerging, creating a unified field theory of social interaction.

Everyone is also a little bit / more than a little bit of **type D**. Let us face it. This is how humans are wired. Unless you happen to be genderless ( it did occur, do not ask me how ! ) . This is where the old “sublimation” versus “ the sublime” comes in. I have observed a long time ago that the so-called “high culture” is awash with sexual overtones if one cares to look. This is nothing bad, of course, though it is funny to observe all these pompous fools playing their mating rituals in front of each other while condemning everyone else as being “philistine.” What a dichotomy. What a travesty of logic.

**Type E** can be very dangerous if a “perfect storm scenario” is allowed to develop. Comprising creative writers and their fans, these people strive to shape reality just as it is in their favorite book/ movie/ celebrity gossip/ belief/ et al. I find the movie “Misery” to be very much a possible real-case scenario. This is what type E is capable of. Fiction and reality intertwine within the mind of the writer ( if this writer becomes more fecund, fine ) and the fan ( if this fan enters the stage of “filling the void in one’s life” then it is time to bolt ) .

*This is merely a general classification. Not everything is quantifiable. That is understood.*

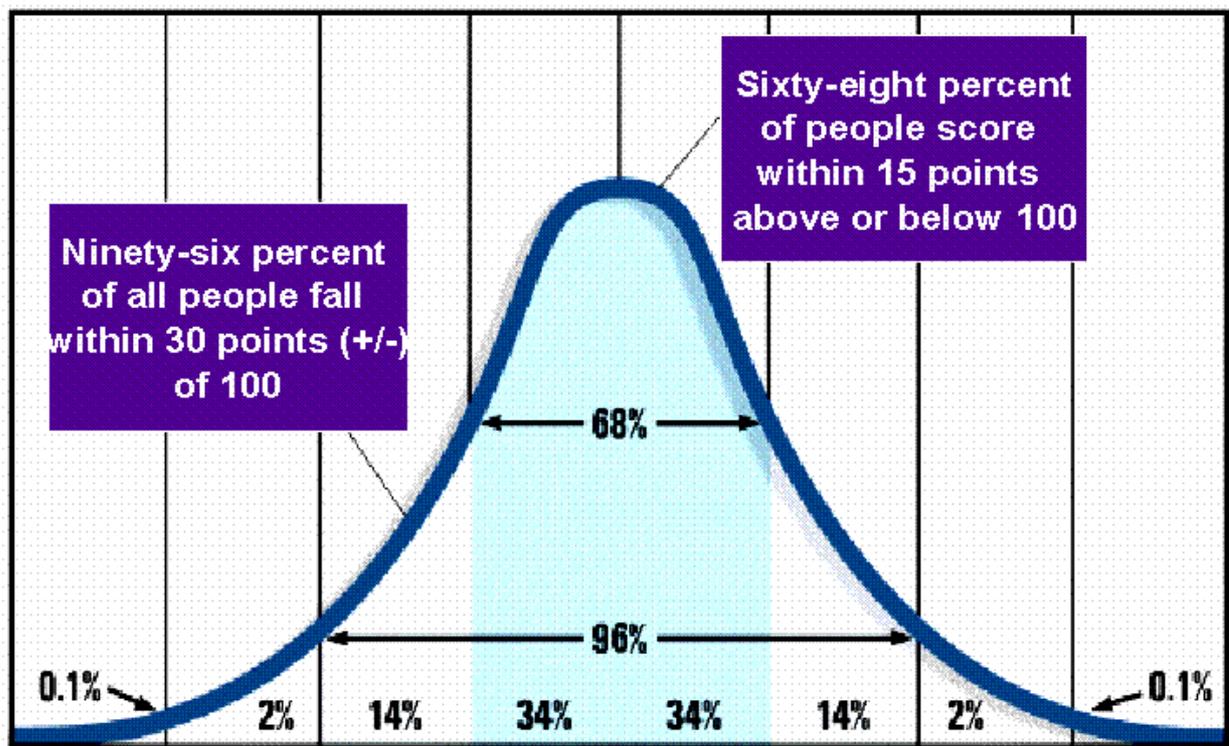
Various types of writers do correspond with their personalities. Thus, **type A** tends to be organized, methodical. It searches for grammar mistakes, punctuation, et al. It believes in the consensual interpretation of the rules and adheres to them. As in writing, so in life. Type C, on the other hand, might be perceived as chaotic and with only a temporary injection of creativity if observed via the prism of **type A** . It does not take a genius to realize the consequences of the “type meeting.” Type C might be much more disorganized than type A but, in time, it can change. In creative writing, this means a major leverage : type C’s spontaneous flow of ideas and the ability to generate a coherent pattern in a heartbeat puts it way about the rigid and cliché **type A**. On the other hand, if type A deals only with “expert” writing, then there is no need for spontaneously generated ideas. Everything is provided for analysis and a person involved draws conclusions based on the “man of letters” / life experience.

The conclusion ? Most people are very predictable creatures. They operate under the paradigms.

The paradigms that be.

Chapter Twenty Three: The Gifted – A Matter Of Perspective

The Gifted – A Different World



“Throughout the history of our species there have been only a handful of real human beings ; for what are we, if not teachable beasts? Plant the seeds, and they will grow ; but our minds could never have spontaneously generated them.” – Author Unknown, My Paraphrase

Methodology is trying to answer the most crucial issue of all in terms of education : what ought to be done if one wants to convey their knowledge onto their subjects ? The question is of paramount

importance, one cannot contend it. However, as it is typically solved in the course of human cognitive development throughout the ages, the emphasis is placed on the mediocre aspects of our intelligence as a species. Individuals unfortunate enough to have been born with implicit genetic defects are often considered as well and taken into account when various methodological approaches are considered. A minority is willing to recognize the other “extreme,” of the Bell Curve, to use the vernacular : the gifted. Even though one can observe different ways of nurturing the talented via the course of human history, like special peripatetic “sessions” in ancient Greece where famous philosophers like Socrates or Plato engaged in discussions with those brilliant minds ; or ancient China where the gifted were also recognized as bearers of enormous potential. It is not much of a conundrum to discern that most humans on this planet are within the “mediocre” spectrum. This is not a flaw in any way, as some people have to be workers to sustain this civilization’s “run-of-the-mill” operations. It can be said about the methodology as well : it adjusts to the *modus vivendi* present within the prevalent thought patterns of the population. Still, one could conjecture as well as contend, it is highly ironic : people that utilize today’s inventions are the same people that have been condemning its inventors. Perhaps a saying that “the opponents of certain ways have to die out while the new generation is going to treat certain inventions/social trends as something embedded in their lives without giving much thought to it. If we move forward, we shall see that the latter is going to become the status quo which is going to be challenged by another hapless individual known as a genius. The perpetual cycle of despair continues. I think it is off the essence to present who the gifted are and how have they been treated in the contemporary era, i.e. the twentieth and the beginning of the twenty first century, as well as what can be done in order to improve the situation regarding the treatment of the gifted as well as the most pivotal issue of all : why does it simply pay to care for the gifted?

### The Gifted – Who Are They?

Even among the gifted one can discern different layers of it. If one measures the level of giftedness by juxtaposing it with the “average” population, then it becomes clear what constitutes a moderately gifted individual and what comprises an exceptionally gifted entity. One could content, quite understandably, that it is impossible to state with any certainty what the “average” level is, and, therefore, what the “gifted” level is. This argument is valid ; however, each one of us can detect various differences as prevalent among various human “archetypes” – even though the exceptionally gifted tend to be beyond archetypal malleability. According to the article entitled “Exceptionally Gifted Children : Different Minds” :

“ There are few descriptions in the literature of the cognitive processes of exceptionally gifted children. This study, based on testing profiles, anecdotes collected from parents, and observations made during family and group therapy sessions with moderately and exceptionally gifted children delineates some of the characteristic modes of thinking that differentiate exceptionally gifted children from their more moderately gifted peers. (1) “

In order to understand the differences, one should familiarize oneself with the following descriptions that present the differences between the moderately and the exceptionally gifted in a very conspicuous manner :

“Exceptionally gifted children often have difficulty dealing with material other gifted children find easy. The exceptionally gifted see so many possible answers that they are not sure how to respond because no one answer seems to be better than another. For example, Zachery, age 7, with an IQ over 200, was unable to answer the question. "What does a doctor do?" The moderately gifted children answered with any of several acceptable responses and did not find this a difficult question. Zachery, however, answered that there were so many different kinds of doctors, and they all did different things. Even when encouraged, he was unable to pick one kind of doctor and name something that doctor did. Zachery obviously knew the material but was unable to focus on a simple level. His response suggests a higher level of analysis and integration than the question required. (2) “

One can easily infer from the above quotations that the difference between a moderately gifted child – that is a child said to be within the range of circa 150 IQ, and the exceptionally gifted one, that is a child with IQ circa 180 or higher – is akin to the difference between an average child and the moderately gifted one. The same principle applies to adults as well, but the concept of “High Iq societies” is meant to rectify the situation. But the question inevitably arises : does it rectify anything at all? Alfred Binet devised the method of IQ tests in 1905 to “weed out” genius children. Unfortunately, his attempt could be considered far from successful. How can one conject, based on the aforementioned statement, that the “High Iq Societies” are any different ? Is it really possible to reach a consensus , as this is what the word “society” stands for, when one is dealing with epitomies of individuality taken to the extreme level ? Attempts at creating “genius children” undertaken by Robert Graham ended as a total failure – even his own “children” , among them Doron Blake, claim that playing the role of the Creator is a fallacious idea – at best - and should not be justified by someone’s higher notions.

It is noteworthy to bear in mind the following division of intelligence as well :

- **Bright:** 115+, or one in six (84<sup>th</sup> percentile)

- **Moderately gifted:** 130+, or 1 in 50 (97.9<sup>th</sup> percentile)
- **Highly gifted:** 145+, or 1 in 1000 (99.9<sup>th</sup> percentile)
- **Exceptionally gifted:** 160+, or 1 in 30,000 (99.997<sup>th</sup> percentile)
- **Profoundly gifted:** 175+, or 1 in 3 million (99.99997<sup>th</sup> percentile)

An article entitled "Outsiders" which can be found on the website of the "Prometheus Society" states, among many other issues it covers, what are the problems encountered by the gifted when dealing with mainstream society :

"Children with IQs up to 150 get along in the ordinary course of school life quite well, achieving excellent marks without serious effort. But children above this mental status become almost intolerably bored with school work if kept in lockstep with unselected pupils of their own age. Children who rise above 170 IQ are liable to regard school with indifference or with positive dislike, for they find nothing in the work to absorb their interest. This condition of affairs, coupled with the supervision of unseeing and unsympathetic teachers, has sometimes led even to truancy on the part of gifted children. (3)"

Where does the problem with perceiving the gifted come from? It seems to stem from the collective proclivity towards stereotyping – the very word stemming from the Greek *stereos*, meaning a solid body. The first and foremost issue is drawing a parallel between IQ and giftedness. This excerpt clarifies the misconception - and the latter's origins :

"For many years, psychometricians and psychologists, following in the footsteps of Lewis Terman in 1916, equated giftedness with high IQ. This "legacy" survives to the present day, in that giftedness and high IQ continue to be equated in some conceptions of giftedness. Since that early time, however, other researchers (e.g., Cattell, Guilford, and Thurstone) have argued that intellect cannot be expressed in such a unitary manner, and have suggested more multifaceted approaches to intelligence. (4)"

It is unfortunate, as well, that the collective social psyche tends to view the gifted as physically weak individuals, very often conjuring up a picture of Stephen Hawking, confined to a wheelchair, to support their consensual perspective. The fragment below explains, yet again, that the truth is often located within the gray area :

"There was a time when all precocious children were thought to burn out the same way that Sidis (*An American child prodigy from Boston, said to have had an IQ of 300, spoke circa forty languages fluently, corrected Harvard professors at the age of eleven ; ended up as a counter clerk on his own volition to focus on his research more away from the people* – My interjection) did. The man most responsible for changing this belief was Lewis M. Terman. Between 1900 and 1920

he was able to carry out a study of about a hundred gifted children, and his observations convinced him that many of the traditional beliefs about the gifted were little more than superstitions. To confirm these observations, he obtained a grant from the Commonwealth Fund in 1922, and used it to sift a population of more than a quarter of a million children, selecting out all those with IQs above 140 for further study. That group has been monitored continuously ever since. Many of the previously held beliefs about the gifted did indeed turn out to be false. *The gifted are not weak or sickly, and although the incidence of myopia is greater among them, they are generally thought to be better looking than their contemporaries: They are not nerds.* ( My Emphasis) (5)”

The gifted are often perceived as solitary individuals who tend to exhibit bizarre demeanor when faced with various situations. However, if one does not possess the capacity to comprehend what goes on within the gifted person’s mind, it is very easy to dismiss it as something grotesque. People need to remember that when dealing with a person who requires precision and sees many more facets of an issue than they do, it is essential not to judge based on superficial behavioral patterns – the very patterns that reflect a huge mental task which can bear an enormous strain on a gifted person’s mind. The article sums the problem of the gifted and their relations with environment in a very laconic , albeit appropriate, statement :

“But the point of this article is not that there's some special hazard in having an exceptional IQ: There's not. The point is that the danger lies in having an exceptional IQ in an environment completely lacking in intellectual peers. *It's the isolation that does the damage, not the IQ itself.* (My Emphasis) (6).”

The last sentence says it all. People that tend to perceive much more than others are not loners because they are arrogant, as they are so often seen : they are forced into solitude because they cannot find enough “common ground” with individuals around them – apart from casual superficial conversations where the gifted tend to mask their true views in favor of the more acceptable ones – or the ones that will be more easily understood by their milieu. As Oscar Wilde is purported to have said : “People forgive everything, except genius” and “The play was a huge success but the audience was a disaster.” Indeed, the former and the latter encapsulates the gifted people’s feelings toward the world around them very well.

#### Chapter Twenty Four: Incorporeal Reciprocation

Most of us have their favorite pastimes revolving around the mainstream . Most of us enjoy computer gaming in one form or another. MMORPG, MMORTS,MMOFPS,Second Life, and so

much more is free to download and an individual can immerse themselves in a persistent world where it is unwise to step away from the command control. A weak-minded person might not be able to resist the omnipresent temptation : every single game will have to be played, as long as it takes. Then, there is a movie-game-movie-game combination. Oh, and skype in the middle because clients on the other side of the globe want your newest analysis concerning local gaming market trends.

Internet language creeps onto the "pure" territory.

Neway luser dunno pwned noob nub are bread and butter. Soon enough, I am sure, someone will be "pwned" and not "totally defeated." It is not a problem for me as I have grown up with the following terminology. For some other individuals, to be purposely vague, it is a disgrace. The problem is, the English language has no official supervisory body. Imagine calling a particular dialect "substandard."

"What, you call MY SPEECH inferior !? You ...."

Exactly. So it is non-standard. This is one of not so many PC examples I tend to gravitate toward. There is logic behind it. What if someone uses Penglish ? What then ?

Dobilem z nim deal'a i all jest cool !

Bilingual individuals tend to do that a lot. It is not done on purpose, it is automatic. They mix languages because sometimes one language is better than the other. One can be good for literary language, the other can be good for technicalities. Besides, your brain is more malleable if you are able to use two languages on a roughly equal level. If you can use more...well...it rarely happens. I mean two parallel languages, so that you can simultaneously translate idioms, intricacies and various pun of words. You have no accent when using them. You are natural.

Going back to the mainstream pastimes. Do you see the connection? Some people tend to get bored with them. Yes, there is a myriad of it out there. But – let us face it – very similar to each other in principle. Samuel Cowen has encountered such a condundrum. A member of upper management, highly intelligent , he demands quality. He believes in MBA – management by walking around. Sitting in the office and receiving memos is not his idea of business. He gets bored when playing WOW and everyone is talking akin to the language described above, even though it is supposed to be "in-character."

“Oh well” he has thought to himself while sitting in front of his state-of-the-art monitor. “I’ve found this site about EVP’s. Intelligent voices ? Time to check it out.”

No one would have ever suspected that Mr. Cowen, a serious manager working for a global corporation, can immerse himself in something so “out there” as seen by the consensus.

“It is my private life, I can do whatever the hell I want. I don’t hurt anyone and I live with my cat. It’s a symbiotic relationship. I go my way and he goes his way. He brings me birds as a sign of respect. All fine but it is kind of late for that as it usually happens around three in the morning. Once his hunting escapade has enabled the alarm and security has almost cuffed me – in my own house ! So I have to kick him out from time to time. Sorry for that, Albert. I promise to find a better place for you to stay next time I go away. This last cat-hotel was a joke.”

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Samuel has taken care of a proper recording studio. Not knowing it, he has got all he needs to start recording “voices from beyond.”

“This is gonna be amazing” exhilaration can be seen on his face as he is present in a dark room set for a home cinema. “I’ll be recording all I can as long as I know it’s sterile. This environment allows me to avoid any outside interference. Soundproof walls, how great it is !”

He turns to one of the pages and finds information about Friedrich Jurgenson and Konstantin Raudive. He also reads about the group that calls themselves “TimeStream.” Despite darkness permeating the room, Cowen’s small light is always there to be utilized. He likes it that way.

“This movie , White Noise I think, another cheesy production. Though I do believe I can achieve prolific results in this conducive milieu. I know it does take time but I am absolutely positive I will succeed. Yes. I will. NLP has taught me that. Life has taught me that. What I want, I get. The world is merely a reflection of our inner selves and if anyone thinks this is mumbo-jumbo, then look at my house and tell me if this is all a figment of my imagination. Simple as that. “

Five days pass. Cowen has accrued a two-month leave. He has earned it. Samuel keeps perusing the internet about various abandoned sites around London – especially if something tragic has happened inside.

**“Mental institutions with unexplored tunnels”** one headline reads.

*“ A House With Possible Connections To Jersey Scandal. ‘Punishment Rooms’ Discovered With Remains Of Adolescents.Forensic Investigation Halted. ”* another one reads.

*“A Grisly Discovery : Man Kills His Family, Then Self, Over Financial Problems, While The Neighbours Worry About The Long Period Of Inactivity Around The House.”*

“Ah !” he exclaims while sitting on a sofa in the dark room.”The last part is where I gotta conduct my ITC !”

Samuel persues the internet again. Carefully, he finds that the building he is interested in can be found in the southern part of the capital. Being from the north-west, he gets into the “Smart” car and heads toward the “London Orbital.” Having a remarkable sense of direction despite being a Londoner, he finds the place without problems. He can see an abandoned mansion,something similar to wooden plaques instead of windows. He leaves the car in a relatively safe place and proceeds toward the structure. To his surprise, light can be seen on the ground floor. He keeps moving toward it. Slowly but surely. Cowen is a tall (not too religious) Jewish man and is not taken aback easily. But this situation, right now, has seriously unnerved him. There is something strange about this light. It is not a normal house-light, nor is it a weak candle light. Hard to discern what it is from the distance. Cowel manages to get inside. There he sees a white female in her twenties. His managerial senses turn on and he compartmentalizes her, even though he dislikes it – occupational bias is stronger than he can wish for.

“Hello, Miss...I must say I’m...”

The missus is not very communicative, however. She simply looks at Samuel and then at the door. She has earphones on , the big ones. The light is coming from there. She moves toward the door akin to a zombie, treating Cowen as a non-existent entity. She then disappears before he can even turn back and ask he any questions.

“Nothing strange about it” he murmurs.”Plenty of bushes around, she probably just dove into them. This place simply screams Satanic dabblers. Not real Satanists, just dabblers. She did not seem to be one of them , though..gotta be careful, never know if she was stable or not. Gotta perform my deal quickly.”

As he says, so he does. His digital recorded is already rolling. Later, it is going to be analyzed in detail in the dark room. Amplified, wave-scrutiny. Piece by piece.

“This is Samuel Cowen and I want to establish contact with whomever I can. If you are out there, please contact me. I am sure our incorporeal reciprocation is going to be fruitful. TimeStream, TimeStream, respond.”

Of course, the first principle of ITC is to listen to the recording AFTER it has been done. It does not come on the spot unless a very special case involved. With all due respect, Mr.Cowen does not seem to be at that stage , at least yet.

The reason why people pick places with questionable history is more than obvious. Energy patterns associated with powerful events tend to act similar to portals between branes. The more energy one can generate, the better. This is why, it is rumored, Satanic rituals center on creating massive amounts of adrenaline within the victim’s bloodstream – the victim is TOLD he/she is going to die. Then, it is rumored again, blood with such a powerful emotional charge allows to open portals to “the masters” much easier.

Cowen is ready to go back now. It has taken him circa thirty minutes to gather all the data he needs.

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Cowen enters the dark room as “Mama Africa” is playing in the background.

“So much love to share...” he is listening to the music as his brainwave activity enters another state of awarness similar to daydreaming.

“...ripped from the land and shipped away” once he hears this part,something clicks.

“A voice ! A fucking voice ! Clear as hell, the highest quality and it is referring directly to me, this zombified male voice !” Cowen exclaims and starts dancing the “spontaneous dance.”

Indeed. This *is* a remarkable achievement ITC is usually a very strenuous process and belief in success does appear to be a significant factor.

“Why..can’t I ...be you” another song by The Cure can be heard this time as Cowen keeps listening to his data. It seems one task does not interfere with another.

The message aimed at Cowen has come from someone with a foreign accent speaking robotically. It states “ This is the albino speaking. Congratulations on your first suprabranial contact. I offer you the opportunity to experience the afterlife by talking to me. Time is irrelevant to me. The afterlife fulfills all your wishes. Think it and you have it. Make a wish in the first second. Experience the wish in the second. I will be your liaison.”

Cowen is exhilarated. He immediately reponds with an affirmation. Still, being an audio buff, he notices a strange background noise in the albino's message. It is reminiscent of subway. Listening even closer, he actually does recognize the station. One of the disused ones. Akin to a tabloid newspaper, Cowen acts on a hunch. He rushes to the tube and heads toward Bond Street. There, he enters the tunnel not many people are aware of.

"Surveillance does not seem to notice..." he mutters while plodding along the tunnel utilized by the tube until the 1960's. Five minutes pass. Ten minutes pass. And a familiar light can be seen. Cowen enters a circular room – something atypical for the tube. To his horror, he notices dozens of people underneath, facing one direction. A man on a wheelchair can be seen above them. He notices Samuel and smiles broadly.

"Join our congregation !" voice of the man can be heard bouncing off the walls."These people already know there is the afterlife and already know how to create any reality they desire on the spot ! Why would anyone wait after what I have described !? Why would anyone want to continue living in this poverty-stricken dimension !?"

"Everyone is wearing the headphones...damn headphones.." Cowen murmurs in disbelief as the front of the rectangular congregation turns around to face Samuel. Among them he can see all of the actors who have played "The Doctor" in "Doctor Who."

"What the hell is your agenda !?" Cowen yells."Are you pretending to be from the afterlife by insinuating yourself into the phenomenon of ITC !?"

"You probably think they are actors" responds the albino."Some of them – yes. Some of them are for real. I have mixed them because we are dealing with infinite possibility and I am the embodiment *of it!* "

Before Cowen can even open his mouth, he sees circa one hundred people representing all walks of life slitting their throats.

"Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !" the albino confined to a wheelchair is in ecstasy."Incorporeal Reciprocation has happened !"

The albino disappears right after the mass suicide. Cowen is left alone, shocked and not knowing what to do next.

## Chapter Twenty Five: MAMI

Mark and Catherine Smith . A couple from New England . Middle-aged . Caucasian . Their ancestry comprises Jewish , English and Russian genes . Quite a good mix, if you ask me . Catherine works for the government . Mark is a physicist with particular interest in time travel . To him, time travel involves perpetual movement between dimensions ; each moment of our life we experience a different brane . Mark actually believes he has created a way of not only traveling through time but – most pivotal of all – telling the mind where one wants to go *exactly* . In his case it is not mere obsession that is the driving force . The protagonists have a ten – year old daughter, Emily, who suffers from an unknown genetic disease . Her brain tissue is rapidly degenerating and turning into useless mass . She is still capable of reason , though deterioration of cognitive functions is conspicuous . No one knows exactly how long she can last but it is estimated that “ no more than six months if the condition continues to exacerbate . ” Everyone in the family knows about the problem ( to put it mildly ) . Including Emily, though she is trying to ignore the issue for as long as she possibly can .

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“ Are you out of your *fucking* mind !? ” Catherine yells and violently gesticulates . “ Time travel is *impossible* , and even if it *were possible* ” she shakes her head after the last word “ *No, this is simply ludicrous* . Instead of spending time with your daughter, you *sit in your hellhole* and that’s it ! That’s *all* you ever do ! ” she walks out of the room .

Mark is not a *pussy whipped* type . He just knows that Catherine is right . His inner uncertainty stemming from the conditioned mind does not allow for his project to be successful . And his project is something of a *sui generis* . The only problem is *timing* .

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Mark’s – let us call it – *private study* . In fact, it is a *terra incognita* to anyone but him . The protagonists live in a Victorian mansion , so such a move is perfectly feasible if we are dealing with a genius not always capable of facing the outside world according to “conventional ” code of conduct .

*Tell me lies, tell me sweet little lies ....*

“ Damn eyes, damn computer ” he is processing the same message over and over . “ I *must* finish this, there’s no other way . It *must be* done .

*... you can’t disguise ... no, you can’t disguise ...*

“ Wait ” he snaps out of mental squalor “ Disguise ... what the hell am I missing here , what’s not part of my equation ...”

Akin to a truly wondrous bathtub moment , Smith manages to find the missing piece . His experiment is complete . At least in theory . Do not ask me about the details, I do not fathom it . Yet . Theory does not success make ; *tempus* to face the music .

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“ Ancient Mesopotamia , Sumer , Mami , Ninhursag ... awareness of the times .... ” Mark thinks to himself as he stares at a vertically-positioned hexagonal structure in front of him .

“ Can this really be enough to interfere ? ” Mark doubts his own invention . “ How can *this* be enough to find my way ? Theoretically, all that *can* happen *does* happen, but ... ”

Mark picks up a small stone and throws it into the hexagonal space .

“ It is gone ... can I risk it with her ? ”

“ There is no other way and you know it ” intuition slams Mark .

“ Agreed ” he responds by nodding to himself and moves on to bring Emily into the equation . Literally .

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“ Emily, it’s me, daddy, don’t be scared ” Smith says as he approaches the sleeping girl’s bed . “ I’ve found a cure . It will help you, but you can’t tell anyone . Don’t do anything, mommy can’t know .”

“ Fine daddy ... I hope you know what you’re doing though ” Emily answers in a mature tone as she is rather used to her father’s *panacea-speech* . “ I trust you . ”

“ I know you do ” says Mark tentatively as both approach the corridor leading to the “ asylum ” area . “ Come on, get inside . ”

“ Where are we going to go , daddy ? ” Emily asks Mark . “ Is it safe for us ? ”

“ Emily, I’ve always been honest with you ” Mark responds firmly . “ You know that your condition is rapidly deteriorating . The only way to avoid total entropy within your brain is to find the ultimate expert that has ever walked upon this planet . Please, Emily, trust me . Without it , there is nothing anyone can do for you . A *slim* chance is better than *no chance* . ”

“ It is a sound reasoning ... I’m just frightened ” she says while looking at the hexagonal device .

“ Don’t be ” says Mark as they both approach the hexagonal portal . “ Don’t be ... ” .

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Mark and Emily land in the middle of modern-day Iraq . Make no mistake, not only they are in a parallel universe, they are also many thousands of years prior to what your mental connotations imply .

“ Where are we, daddy, what just happened, why is there sand everywhere and why ... ”

“ Emily, please wait for a moment, I got to think ... ”

“ But ... ”

“ I do understand your immanent curiosity, you obviously got that scientific style from me ” Mark says . “ But please , let me fathom what’s happening first , ok ? ”

Emily nods slightly , not sure what else to do .

“ Emily, just wait here, you’ll be able to see me, I’ll just walk around ? ” says Mark , not sure what to expect both of the environs and his daughter .

“ I’ll wait, but *please* be visible all the time ? ” she responds . “ I’m going to be very distressed if you just drop off the map ... ”

“ Don’t worry, all is going to be just fine ” says Mark . “ I’ve got the pilot here, *see* ? ” he adds and then moves on into the unknown .

“ Daddy ! ” shouts Emily .

“ What !? ” he responds, slightly irritated. “ I thought we agreed that ... ”

“ No, no ! ” she shouts again and runs toward her father . “ There’s someone coming here, look daddy ! ” she keeps pointing in one direction .

Mark takes out his video camera (!?) and zooms in .

“ They look like people ... homo erectus ? ” he is thinking out loud as Emily transfixes upon the newcomers . “ Yes, definitely homo erectus ! ” he exclaims and adds quickly “ Emily, where’s the caduceus !? ”

“ I’ve it right here daddy ” she takes the token out of her pocket .

“ Don’t you ever ... ah nevermind ” he ignores the problem and bolts toward the welcoming committee . Emily follows, not knowing what is going on, though trusting her father enough to risk becoming a sheep .

“ *Ninhursag!* ” Mark exclaims as he flashes the caduceus in front of the homo erectus.

Apogee has been reached . Five “humans” look at each other in the blink of an eye . Afterwards, they scan Emily and – most importantly – the caduceus on Mark’s palm . A “ nod of acknowledgment ” occurs between the males ( a practice which Emily finds interesting due to her particular focus on social norm evolutionary cycle ) and one of them , seemingly their leader, utters a sound .

“ I think he wants us to follow him ” says Mark . “ Just as I thought . ”

“Where are we going daddy , is it far ? ” asks Emily as she holds her father’s hand .

“ No ” he responds assertively . “ We’re gonna be there in a minute or so . ”

“ But how ” she asks again . “ I ‘m not seeing any .... ”

“ You’ll see ” Smith responds with a beaming smile . “ Just wait . ”

A prophet perhaps , he is indeed correct . A focused beam of blue light transports the two onto a Ziggurat .

“ We’ll have to wait now ” says the father as he turns around . “ Look . What a *vantage point* . ”

Indeed. A lot can be seen . The Ziggurat is much higher than the ( non-existent as of yet ) Egyptian pyramids .

“ What’ll happen now, daddy ? ” asks Emily . “ There’s no one around ... ”

“ They’ll come eventually ... ” says Mark as he continues to mentally devour the purview . “ Just wait . ”

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Five minutes pass by . Emily notices a group of twenty reptilian figures approaching. They seem to be the representatives of a warrior class . This is Mark’s conclusion based on their “ scale ” color and height . All of them are wearing green robes with images of caduceus somewhat embroidered . Emily is told by Mark that caduceus is a symbol of NINHURSAG . She is not the only one , of course. ENKI is also using the sign .

“ Are they here to protect Mami ? ” asks Emily .

“ Yes ” nods Mark . “ They’re here to ensure her safety . If we attempted anything out of the ordinary, we’d be instantly vaporized by the force field permeating the Ziggurat . The field is monitoring our thought patterns, Emily . ”

“ MAMI ! ” lizardish hisses can be heard coming from the Pretorian guard somewhere near the Ziggurat . It is established that the guard comprises twenty thousand reptilian warriors capable of mind-control and teleportation at will .

Akin to Roman emperors , NINHURSAG appears ; a blue beam coming from Earth’s orbit sends her directly in front of Mark and Emily . She is a winged albino *Draco* measuring circa eight feet . Albino reptilians are the most powerful ones as they belong to royalty . They are taller, have wings and are of different complexion than commoners . Their piercing vertical pupils can read you like a book .

But NINHURSAG is *not* just another royal reptile ; she is the co-creator of homo sapiens *sapiens* . By infusing the DNA of homo erectus with that of the Anunnaki, Adamu has been created in E.DIN . A perfect slave race . Still, NINHURSAG treats humanity as if they were her biological progeny .

Mark receives a communique from the goddess . She communicates in mental symbols instead of words . Right brain hemisphere at work . Her intentions are conveyed directly to Mark’s mind . She already knows who he is . She knows all there is to know .

“ You impress me, my child ” she finally utters a sentence in perfect English, possibly to appease distraught Emily . “ You have mastered a true art . I am aware of your request . I shall help you . ”

Before Mark even *manages* to contrive an encomium , everyone is transported to E.DIN by a powerful energy burst .

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Imagine a different reality. Imagine a reality where George Orwell is alive and well. More than that, he is a university professor dealing with “The Memetic Transference Principle Analysis.”

Mr. Orwell has chosen one student to accompany him during the practical aspect of the scrutiny.

“A person that is going to assist me has to be a genius. No more, no less.”

Make no mistake, Orwell is not into branding extremely intelligent people “geniuses.” A genius is someone who is possessed by a higher power. A genius is someone who cannot be quantified. A proper candidate has been discovered by Orwell’s keen discernment.

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“How dare you!” screams can be heard. “You arrogant...”

“Please stop” Orwell enters the room as one student is being lambasted by a lecturer.

“He has called me a bitch in front of everyone! Can you imagine something like that !?”

Orwell smiles.

“Indeed. I can. Now please. I am borrowing him.”

“What just happened?” the student asks, visibly flabbergasted.

“I need your help. I have been looking for a proper candidate and I believe you are the best choice.”

“Please elaborate?” the student continues, his tone undergoing a major shift.

“You are interested in memetic analysis, are you not?”

“Yes, very much so” the student nods.

“Your name is Paul, am I right?” Orwell asks in a firm tone.

“Correct” Paul responds.

“I find your mind to be able to grasp many intricacies and connect them into a coherent whole without emotional attachments. Only geniuses can do that efficiently.”

“Me ?! A genius !? Oh no, I”

“Don’t depreciate yourself ”Orwell interrupts firmly .”I know what you are capable of. I want you to help me with my memetic analysis. AnalysES rather; I possess a device which will allow us to study the phenomenon up-close.”

“I’m all for it, since I’m about to vacate the premises anyway...”

“Don’t be so sure about that. I’ve a lot of influence around here and other subjects can wait. You are too valuable to be thrown away like a piece of trash. I do hope that you’re interested without any incentives? The subject is fascinating within itself.”

“I’m in one hundred percent” Paul states.” Even if they throw me out, I’m in.”

“No one is going to throw you out” responds Orwell. ”I’ll make sure of it.”

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Orwell’s laboratory. A rectangular room full of books trying to determine the beginning of the beginning – and if the concept of the beginning is a valid point. A device is present in the middle of the room. Imagine a Stargate and that is – circa – the device’s shape as well as purpose. The principle behind it ,though, is much more sophisticated. Orwell in this reality is not just an author simultaneously inventing and denouncing Big Brother.

“This is the device I was talking about. It will transport us to various realities where we will study the process of memetic transference.”

“Then you are obviously aware of the most significant locations within the continuum?” asks the student.

“Absolutely. Our first stop – parallel world where HMS Birkenhead is about to sink.”

“Does the device really control the concomitance of life?” inquires Paul.

“Yes. It will also render us impervious and invisible to any autochthonal interaction. It is needed at this point, though we will adjust the directives where deemed appropriate.”

George Orwell and Paul are immersed into the shimmering light.

“Welcome to the parallel world of 1852 anno Domini. Our location : close to Cape Town.” says George as he continues to stroll around the deck. “She is going to sink soon and you will observe the genesis of the ‘women and children first’ meme, contrary to the ‘every man for himself’ meme.”

“Fascinating” answers Paul. “Every meme can be traced back to a particular milieu. This is the meme’s nature. They are like Trojan horses taking over human minds.”

“We are here to study the biggest enemy of the human mind. The mind meaning us, our very essence.” Orwell continues. “Record every single occurrence aboard. We will then follow the survivors to analyze the spread of the meme and people’s reactions to it.”

“Agreed. I am wondering about the thought pattern, about the meme that has to be instilled in order to pave the way for the subsequent action to occur. ”

“It’s like a disease of the mind which controls them...” Orwell muses.

“A perfect memetic storm, literally and figuratively” adds Paul.

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“We’re about to analyze the beginning of the modern draft meme” states Orwell. “Welcome to the French Revolution.”

“Jean-Baptiste, he is the father of the modern conscription meme” concludes Paul.

“Yes, my friend” Orwell adds.” The September act of 1798.”

“...which allowed levee en masse to be used as defense against European monarchies”

“We will leave for now. We do not have much time, we need to step up our analyses” Orwell concludes.

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“This is New York City in the 1920’s, when the future seems rosy, the future under the sign of everlasting prosperity” says Orwell, almost in a narrative tone. “Look at the boys, my friend. What do you see?”

“They are wearing pink...”

“What is your reaction, honest initial gut reaction?”

“They might be gay”

“Yes, even though we know our assumption is absurd, this is how strong the memes are. The mind becomes a conditioned mental reflex response, no matter what our intelligence quotient is. You can evoke many images right now, I am sure.”

“The color association is one of the most common memes one can come across” says Paul. “It stands to reason that a major shift has occurred along the way.”

“Indeed” nods Orwell. “For some unknown reason, blue means masculinity and pink means femininity to these people. The origins of the memetic inversion are unclear, though I suspect it has something to do with the Second World War directly and with the Great Depression indirectly. We will study the matter further later on.”

“It only proves how arbitrary historical happenings develop fixed thought patterns in people, who do not understand the geneses thereof.”

“Well said.”

“Did you know that traitors’ escutcheons depicted emasculated animals as coats of arms?”

“Eh?” Orwell bursts into laughter and shakes his head. “We will explore why yellow equals cowardice soon enough.”

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“Northern Palestine. Cana. Immaculate Jesus is about to perform a miracle : he will turn water into wine. We will investigate the miracle according to the memetic analysis ” Says Orwell while putting on a pair of Gucci sunglasses.

“Could it be that Jesus is an individual who uses a much higher percentage of his brain capacity, thus being able to perform reality-bending tricks?”

“Yes, that is my contention as well” says Orwell. “We will come back later, now I am merely outlining the memetic prospects. By understanding the genesis of the memes and people’s proclivity towards them, we will be able to substantiate – or refute - the ursprache hypothesis.”

“Language can tell us a lot about reality. We ignore seemingly trivial linguistic patterns and that is a big mistake.”

“It is...it is...”

The duo returns to the laboratory.

## Chapter Twenty Six: “Solipsistic Consensus Breakers”

Three thirteen-year old Caucasian boys – Adam, Paul and Andrew - are playing truant in order to try out their local swimming hole, which is surrounded by an abundance of trees and bushes. Pine trees, maple trees, birches, you name it. The scenery is picturesque, almost magical.

The “truancy plan” is the creation of Adam and Paul. Andrew follows suit as he suspects that the whole escapade is a test. Under multiple layers of technology, we remain the same beasts with a need to prove our loyalty to others.

There is much more to the plan, of course. The latter is merely a façade to ensnare the duo’s victims into a life-altering trap. They use basic psychological concepts to manipulate their prey -with sense of belonging and the mechanism of reciprocation at the top of the list.

“I know!” you think to yourself. “ Adam and Paul are simply deranged juvenile psychopaths who use their wit and charm to kill their ephemeral friends. “

You are neither right, nor wrong.

For Andrew is about to find out that reality is INDEED stranger than fiction.

Back to the swimming hole. Andrew keeps immersing himself in water. Adam and Paul are sitting on the sand nearby , observing their soon-to-be victim. Paul looks at Adam and utters a sentence in a robotic fashion

“I think it is time. He is worthy. We *need* them.”

Adam does not look at Paul. He just nods as a sign of acquiescence.

“Hey guys, come on! This is awesome!”

“A Second, dude!” Adam shouts. “Or kinda more, like five minutes .”

“Ok...”

“We tell him to come to us. Then we begin” Adam goes on.

Paul nods.

Five minutes pass. Andrew gets out of the water and stands in front of the two. He is visibly perplexed.

“What’s up with you two?” says Andrew. “ Don’t just sit like that, use the summer !”

“Andrew, we’re sitting here because we’ve got a surprise for you” says Adam.

Andrew becomes even more confused and asks

“What do you mean?”

“Come with us, we’ll show you. Get dressed.”

“We’re leaving?”

“Yeah, we’re leaving now Andrew” Paul interjects.” The test is over. You have passed.”

“I knew it!” Andrew exclaims. ”I KNEW you were testing me!”

The two start laughing. The problem is, Andrew does not realize they are not laughing WITH him; they are laughing AT him.

Two minutes pass by. Andrew’s excitement transforms into a sense of self-fulfillment.

The trio find themselves in the middle of a small meadow with the trees majestically overshadowing it.

“Stand here, Andrew” points Adam.

Andrew does as he is told. He is really expecting a prize for his loyalty.

Adam and Paul stand in front of Andrew. They exchange looks. After five seconds of suspensive silence, Paul begins

“Andrew, do you know why you’re here?”

“To receive a prize for my loyalty?” Andrew responds, his voice full of hesitation

“Yes” Paul responds calmly. “Though it would be better if you did not pass the test.”

“Why?” consternation is slowly getting to Andrew.

“You see, we are from another location in what your scientists call multiverse. The world where we have no women.”

Andrew bursts into laughter.

“What!?”

“Don’t laugh, we’re deadly serious” Paul continues. “Adam here is going to turn you into a female because you have been deemed worthy. We only take the worthy ones.”

“Ok, this joke is getting kinda boring” says Andrew. “If you gonna continue with this, then I’m going.”

“We’re sorry but this is not a joke” Adam and Paul unanimously proclaim. “Instead of abandoning us and doing what you want, you kept following us. This is not how men behave. You are afraid. You will be punished. Funny how quantum physics and social norms bend the very fabric of reality . Funny how all that can be – is.”

“What the fuck!?” Andrew exclaims. “You’re psychos, I’m outta here!”

Andrew notices that his voice has changed. In horror, he realizes that something keeps obscuring his vision. He also realizes that he is wearing a short yellow dress and high heels. He wants to escape and – to even greater horror – it dawns on him that he has no problem with new attire. He has no problem with walking in high heels.

“What’s this!? This is impossible!”

“ Mind-bender. Gender-Bender. ” Paul calmly explains. “Reality is an illusion, albeit a persistent one. Meme transference. ”

Andrew disappears into the blue. The two smile.

“The transformed make the best females. One more to the collection.”

## Chapter Twenty Seven: “Diversity in the USA”

The notion of diversity is inextricably intertwined with the idea behind the country we know as the United States.

### **Racial**

## Native Americans

Native Americans were not indigenous to the American continent. It is hypothesized that they arrived from Asia, particularly Siberia, circa twenty thousand years ago and settled in North America. However, comparing to the early white settlers, they can be considered indigenous. Thus, they are called Native Americans. Their population was reduced by violent means. It is estimated that millions of Native Americans as a result of expansionist policies employed by the white settlers. Native Americans developed their own division of the continent, with different tribes taking control of different regions, with the Cherokee and Sioux among the most popular ( hence Sioux city)

## WASP ( White Anglo-Saxon Protestant)

WASP are the descendants of white Europeans. Some racist groups claim that WASP should only entail people of Anglo-Saxon origin, Caucasian. According to these groups, only white direct descendants of the white Anglo-Saxon settlers ( i.e. England, Ireland, Scotland , Germany, Scandinavia) have the right to be considered true Americans.

## Latino Americans

Americans of Latino (Hispanic) origin are the ones who have the longest presence on the continental North America after Native Americans. They were the first to explore the continent and the first to establish a permanent European colony – St. Augustine, Florida, in 1565. Latino Americans fought in every major war on the U.S. side. It is also noteworthy that first Spanish settlers did have their version of thanksgiving, much earlier than the widely recognized version of it today established believed to be at the Plimoth Plantation in 1621. The Spanish version was held on September 8, 1565 around Saint Augustine, Florida.

## Afro-Americans

Afro-Americans are mostly descendants of slaves brought by force at the very beginning of the colonization process. First African slaves were present on the continent in Jamestown, in 1607. They are the only group out of all others that was brought to America by force, instead of seeking freedom, adventure or exploration. The term “Negro” is associated with Nigeria, one of the major points of origin of African slaves.

## Asian Americans

Asian Americans appeared in the U.S. around 1763, escaping from the treatment they suffered under Spanish colonists, mostly in the Philippines. Later on it was very popular for Asian Americans to work in the U.S. on sugar plantations. Many Chinese sailors married women they met on Hawaiian islands.

After an attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese Empire, many Japanese-Americans were locked in internment camps for security reasons.

### Jewish Americans

Jewish Americans were always the backbone of the American dream. They were present in the U.S. from the beginning, many of them establishing prominent business known worldwide, i.e. the Rockefeller Empire, the Rotschild Empire. Unrest in Europe throughout the ages contributed to the steady migration to the U.S., especially during WWII. Large Jewish population is located mostly on the east coast, especially NY metropolitan area.

### Linguistic

#### English

United States has no official language. English is used as a *de facto* official language but there is no status to it as such. States that were established by the settlers from Great Britain on the east coast, especially the first thirteen ones, do have English as their official language. However, in certain states, such as New Mexico, there is no official language mentioned.

#### Spanish

Spanish and English do intertwine with each other a lot, creating such linguistic hybrids as "Chicano English" where two languages are mixed together in terms of grammar and usage of words. It is used mainly in the southern states, especially Texas. Spanish, too, is beginning to have an equal status with English in many areas of the U.S.

#### Other languages

Given the history of the U.S. , a host of other languages is present in the country. French is an official language of Louisiana, along with English. German is widely spoken in states such as Pennsylvania.

## Social

In the U.S. it is a sign of aristocracy if one can trace their roots to the “Pilgrim Fathers.” Thus, it is a different kind of social stratification than is present in Europe.

### The Ivy League

The Ivy League is the union of the most prestigious universities in the U.S. It comprises nine universities, among them Harvard and Yale. All of the Ivy League universities are located on the east coast. The name derives from the brick color that can be observed on the buildings. People who emerge from these universities become the leaders of society in various fields, most notably politics ( Bill Clinton, for instance, graduated from Yale and Oxford ) .

## Belief

In the U.S. one can find many religious groups that escaped persecution , mainly from Europe. Among the most notable are

### The Amish

The Amish came to the United States from Switzerland. Even though they speak English, they do use German as well. They reject the ways of modern society, keeping pretty much to themselves. They are famous for their quilts.

### The Mormon Church

The name “Mormon” derives from the name of the angel, Moroni, that visited Joseph Smith Junior . The visitations began in September of 1823 and lasted for many years. The angel told Smith to lay the foundations for the Church – the foundations dictated by the angel. The Mormons have erected an imposing temple in Salt Lake City, Utah, from where they send missionaries to preach all over the world. The current number of Mormons is estimated to be circa 13 million followers worldwide.

## Creationism versus evolution

Creationism is at war with evolution primarily in the United States. A major debate has transpired among many groups across the country. The recent case of a “cross burner” from Ohio, who used a special device to burn the image of the cross on students’ arms and refused to teach evolution, only seems to support the notion that Christian fundamentalism is alive and well in America.

## “Discrimination Breeds Discrimination”

### African Americans

The most notable case where “discrimination breeds discrimination” is the case of African-Americans. Brought from Africa by force, first Africans settled around Jamestown, Virginia. Before the 1700’s, African-Americans possessed the same status as poor Englishmen who could buy their way to freedom in America. Only when the trans-Atlantic trade began to be utilized, mainly by Dutch and French traders, did the Africans lose their status. African-Americans helped the colonies to gain independence from the British Empire; their status was not improved until 1863 with the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Abraham Lincoln. The situation of the blacks improved only on the surface, however, and the biggest change could be observed with the arrival of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X – both of whom were assassinated. Malcolm X admired MLK though he was much more radical in his views. He considered white people to be “defenseless without their tanks and planes” and also prophesized that the world would become totally black someday. He compared the US government to Third Reich many times, calling the US the “ultimate colonial power, even more so than Britain and France once were.” The attitude that Malcolm X adopted did resonate with many black individuals because they felt the burden of discrimination on their shoulder despite the superficial improvement of their plight. This is why Malcolm X said that “slavery is replaced with the term ‘second class citizen.’” If it were not for the discrimination that the whites implemented, then Malcolm X would have no reason to incite the same action toward whites.

There is also another example of the “discrimination breeds discrimination” scenario that I would like to mention.

### Selective Service

In the United States it is mandatory for all males to be signed with Selective Service, in case of an emergency draft needs to be re-installed. The idea of "Selective Service" has been re-established during the Carter administration in 1980. Even foreign males are subjected to the "Selective Service" regulations if they stay in the U.S. for a sufficient period of time. It is a requirement if males want to attain the right of permanently staying in the United States. One has to fill out a form and send it, the authorities claim, which is not problematic.

Such an attitude toward males, both domestic and foreign, is, understandably, causing serious discontent with the government and the entire premise behind "The land of the free." As in the case of *Butler v. Perry* as well as *Rostker v. Goldberg*, where the court has ruled "the idea of selective service for males only is not against the constitution, it is actually what they owe to the state." It is perfectly understandable, then, that many people become disillusioned with the idea of "The American dream" when faced with a hypocritical attitude toward gender. The feminists that fight for the rights of women and gender equality, do not wish to entertain the notion of the draft for females. Their attitude toward equality is very selective, as any intelligent person can clearly observe. It is not just the case of the U.S., however, as one can observe this Orwellian "double-think" mindset around the globe – with even more severe consequences to the male population. Women complain about not being taken seriously, and yet they do not want to be taken seriously, according to many proponents of the "universal draft or no draft."

#### The "White Girl In Distress" Syndrome

Very often the media have been accused of biased behavior toward abduction victims. The basic notion could be summarized in the following terms : once a member of the minority has been kidnapped, the outcry in the media can be considered as minimal. When a member of the white community is kidnapped, however, especially if it is a white female, this immediately creates an incredible "AMBER alert ( a media blitz designed to help find a child that has been abducted)" throughout the media. This, many people contend, is a blatant example of the special status that white females enjoy. On the other hand, the proponents of such a notion argue, serial killers such as Ted Bundy focused primarily on white females in order to gain attention in the media ; serial killers are able to discern very well the death/kidnapping of whom is going to attract people's attention, eventually making them transfixed on the subject.

#### Chapter Twenty Eight: The Causality

A parallel Earth of 2008 . History of this Earth is very similar to the one we experience today up until the 9/11. No one has destroyed the towers on this Earth. However, massive population growth in China becomes unbearable as no law exists that allows one child per person. The Chinese government is forced to start populating Siberia which enrages the Russians who threaten a nuclear response if the former does not stop sending their troops onto Russian soil. India is beginning to suffer from overpopulation as well and threatens Pakistan with nuclear annihilation if the latter does not stop its radical Islamic government from warmongering. This stirs up the Middle east which causes the isolationist policy of North America to be nullified as Iran threatens Israel with obliteration. Diplomatic efforts bring no results and separationists in various regions of the planet take advantage of the situation and bomb the UN building in New York as a sign of common cause among them. Before anyone can do anything, Russia loses patience. ICBMs are exchanged around the planet with no one knowing anymore what is going on. Every group that has access to any kind of missile technology uses them : terrorist groups, religious whackos, individual countries, power-hungry billionaires...it is a total laissez-faire.

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There are also groups around the world who have been considered “delusional” for a long time and have kept building massive underground shelters. There even has been a project involving a space arc but it is abandoned.

These groups are the only ones who have managed to survive the inferno on the surface. In an ultimate twist of fate, the delusional become the sane ones. After circa six months, different groups have started communicating with other cells around the planet. The overall population of the known groups combined has been estimated at circa “twenty thousand individuals worldwide” level. No one even dares to go above the ground.

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Year 2553. Time travel technology has been developed. The Earth is now what Michio Kaku would dub a “Type Two civilization” meaning humans have colonized a couple of solar systems and utilize the sun’s energy by directly interactin with it. Despite sounding utopian, human civilization is very much dystopian and has been ever since the mayhem of 2008. What has become a necessity back then, has turned into a way of life after five hundred years. A group of dissidents plans to create another, parallel universe. The universe where history is much different. In 2553 it has been well-established that time travel relies upon Occam’s razor . There are an infinite number of universes in existence. Thus, anything that can happen, does happen. Going further, time travel is simply moving via different dimensions where outcomes tend to differ due to various factors. If so, the dissidents want to use the machine in their possession to save as many genius minds as possible

throughout the millenia : the mystery behind the brain is still there. Why ten percent only ? Even in 2553 people have not been able to find the answer. Time travel is strictly prohibited , it can only be done by mind-controlled zombies who will not rebel and decide to escape. The dissidents possess the technology which allows them to see the outcome of tampering with the timeline ; they also possess the device capable of scanning the thought patterns of the population and determining who can be classified as a “genius.” The principle the dissidents utilize is very simple : let us assume that person A is about to be drafted and sent to Vietnam. It is known to the dissidents that person A is very gifted when it comes to astronomy. Unfortunately, no one ever recognizes fact as he is turned into cannon fodder and dies in Vietnam. The dissidents then determine if the person A is important to the timeline by projecting a simulation of a new timeline in which the person A has gone before being drafted to Vietnam. If the verdict is “timeline unchanged” then the person A is “snatched” from his reality to that of the dissidents. Still, it is not even the same reality but a very close one – the dissidents left from one reality and will have arrived in another one, whereas some other group of dissidents is likely to take their place. By saving the brilliant minds the dissidents want to uncover the mystery behind the brain’s full capacity as well as finding out what the timeline would be like if these individuals were returned to their realities with proper “tools” to survive and flourish unharmed.

#### Chapter Twenty Nine: On A Personal Note

*I am by nature an explorer. It is a shame that I have to limit myself to a tiny planet in the middle of nowhere which I also happen to call home ; I always cheer myself up by invoking my inner naivete telling me “it will be better in the next life.” I am mostly interested in places from a non-tourist perspective, i.e. by seeing what is happening behind the curtain. Guided tours with dozens of people in attendance are of no interest to me. I want to peruse inside an abandoned tunnel complex in Liverpool , the purpose of which is yet to be discovered ; an ancient Hypogeum site in Malta, where people allegedly go missing ; the great library of the Vatican where some manuscripts dating back to Alexander the Great can be found ; and so much more even this minuscule planet has to offer.*

*As I have visited various sites to the west and to the south, I have thought it would be a splendid idea to find out about the bear – Russia. So many contradictions abound , especially if one finds himself so close to the animal , which in my case means circa one thousand and two hundred kilometers. Yes, I am actually closer to Moscow than to London. Never mind the Kaliningrad city, the capital of the Russian enclave to the north, which is just around the corner.*

*I have decided to activate my long-lost contact in Moscow. A Russian guy my age, we have met some years ago in England. Speaks very good English, though I have kept imploring him to use*

*Russian only. From a certain perspective, I must admit he has done a brilliant job. The thrill of using another lingua, so to speak, other than English or Polish .... what an exhilarating experience.*

*First, my arrival at **Шереметьево** airport. Comparing to tiny Polish airports, this one is definitely larger. Such is a trend around the world, though I am not sure I like it. I prefer smaller ones. It is easier to get out and commotion inside is always less annoying. What can I say about my initial minutes on Russian soil? Only one thing which deviates from the norm : many cars outside in total chaos. Honking, screaming, no order whatsoever. I have wondered how the hell can they even drive around. Very direct drivers, even more so than in other countries, gesticulation is more than abundant.*

*My friend greets me once more as he manages to “tackle” the car problem. Then, we move onto the Moscow ringroad. I am positively surprised. Five to six lanes on each side, very good signs indicating one’s next move ; I wish they had something like this in Warsaw instead of arguing over one grandma who is blocking the way. But hey, it is all because of dictatorship. In Hitler’s Germany, highways were the cornerstone of success. No one would even dare to protest – people were very happy, in fact. Stalinist Russia made sure to have the same principle applied.*

*Anyhow, I have decided to test the subway. As in every major city on the planet, it is well-developed. Big escalators leading hell knows where and people doing their usual stuff. But the ladies...the control ladies..oh my God. They just stare at that screen of theirs. This fixation is really unhealthy, let me tell you. Talk to them and you might get in trouble ! It’s funny, though.*

*The city is definitely chaotic but it has got its own style. Many condominiums, many blocks of flats here and there. I have not been able to identify the purpose behind various wires on the rooftops. Not even natives could tell me. Moscow’s “city” is still in statu nascendi. Seven daughters of Stalin do not seem to be very appealing. Very tall and menacing but this is the prime directive governing communist architecture.*

*Time to visit a cinema. Upon entering, I am “kindly” asked to open my backpack. Security guard scans its contents and nods I am allowed to enter the almighty movie theater. At first, I would think about rudeness, even for Polish standards. But no, this is normal. Nothing to worry about. I proceed to buy a ticket for “The Mummy And The Dragon Emperor” or whatever the title is. Indeed, all is in Russian. Funny really, I wish I could see the “X-Files” in its local version but it has somehow slipped my mind. There have been some good movies being advertised concerning the October revolution. My Russian language comprehension is mediocre at best, though it is a Slavic language and I do get what they mean even if I cannot express myself properly. I have understood*

*the gist of the movie and some gags , though it has been more about knowing the movie's "nature" beforehand.*

*Second-hand bookstores. Everywhere I go, it is my inner imperative to find them. Moscow, a big city full of contrasts everywhere one goes, I have "targeted" a few locations which would seem to warrant further scrutiny. What an exorbitant amount of books I have seen ... but only a few gems. A book about Russian Ufo experiences and secrets of Siberia. Well, surprisingly, I have understood most of it. Speech is more difficult as it requires "feeling" various stresses on each word. If one does not know them, then Houston we got a problem. English is not very helpful when trying to communicate in Russian, Polish can be, but again, we are dealing with stress. In Polish stress is usually fixed. However a word is pronounced, stress is not much of a problem. In English not so and in Russian even more not so.*

*Red Square and Kremlin. Kremlin apparently means " fortress" from what I have gathered. I have expected it to be bigger. Red Square also. Well, propaganda has done its homework I guess. Stalin was a man of frail posture ; but he did look akin to a "generalissimus" when looking upon his "herd" marching across the Square. Worse than Hitler as he easily killed his own without hesitation. Everyone was a suspect ; no one was safe no matter how well they had served the cause. When the Nazis captured his son, Stalin was unimpressed. He said that ranks counted to him, not nepotism. And in ranks his son was not a significant bargaining chip. His other son attempted suicide. He survived. Stalin was dismayed.*

*"Look . He can't even shoot properly."*

*It is about time to fly away home. I can see the villas of Russian oligarchs as my plane takes off. I can see concrete blocks, omnipresent concrete blocks. I can see pine trees and birches. Yes, Moscow is an interesting place but it is definitely not a place for the squeamish. Then again, same can be said about London or New York...but Moscow is more chaotic. I would wager Russia as well.*

### **Chapter Thirty: Principle Of Impartiality**

I am consciousness . You probably understand consciousness in " the brain is me " terms. Well. I am lucky to know that there is much more to us than just a simple bodily vehicle. In fact, it is the least of what we are. I used to be a bipedal primate as well. I have discovered your civilization while traveling across infinity. I do pull various schemes sometimes – I admit – but this time I have decided to ease tensions. I usually struggle to remain as neutral as possible but this time I just could

not help myself. I have always had the rezoneric nature. Double standards really do get to me, despite my current status. As a result, I have decided to help a distraught Caucasian male contemplating taking his own life as a direct result of losing a court battle with his wife. Child custody battle.

I have become a Caucasian male in his mid-thirties. I just think this American will be more receptive after hearing a different accent once in a while. I enter the watering hole and the man is sitting at a table, staring at everything around him in a senseless daze. I am accessing my linguistic database as fast as I can to avoid any potential blunders as seen by society I am ephemerally operating in.

I approach the table. The Caucasian male does not even notice the moment when I sit opposite him. He is my age. That is intentional. I stare at the table – intentionally – for three seconds. Then I gently place a note so that it interferes directly with the man’s line of vision ; he picks it up and starts to read it. I sit there calmly. I make sure no one approaches us.

“Who are you?” he asks me and quickly adds “ Where did you get this ?”

“Just read it, friend. It will answer all your questions” I respond.

“You’re English, aren’t you?” the man inquires.

“Indeed, I am” I smile.

The man does not continue our little chat. His attention shifts towards the note completely. He is entranced by the message. Just as I thought. People are so much more receptive when in crisis. He keeps muttering, he keeps uttering every single syllable as he goes on I can hear it all so well...

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The Privilege Princess Check List

The female/feminist privilege checklist:

1. Do you experience other people paying for your dates, or occasionally even picking up the tab in non-romantic settings? Or paying for vacations when the relationship moves along?
2. Do you occasionally experience subservient gestures by the opposite sex(opening doors, giving up a seat in the bus, standing up when you come in the room)?

3. Are you able to simply pursue what you are interested in at university without much societal pressure on "breadwinning" - although you could also take that route if it interests you?

4.a. Have you had to register for selective service? Would you be ripped out of your life and forced to defend your country in time of attack or national emergency? Can you demand strength and full participation in society, but then get out of this obligation by pretending to be weak with no influence over society (only when it suits you)?

4.b. Can you come up with any and every excuse to get out of this without being laughed at ("No one should be drafted" - when you would be the first to cower in the corner and demand that someone do something if China & Russia combined and attacked full force - and "If men start wars ..." when women are the majority of voters and the expression is more likely "Men are SENT in wars ..." - exactly what you're trying to get out of - and sometimes sent by M. Thatcher, G. Meir, I. Gandhi, B. Bhutto and others)

5. Will you statistically get a much lighter sentence for exactly the same offense if you commit a crime?

6. Are you able to take on a job or choose a career route that is only capable of supporting yourself, with no thought to preparing yourself to also support a spouse/children, although you are also free to choose a more difficult career that will bring you more money? Do you not have much pressure on you with regard to this?

7. If you are in a committed relationship, do you have much greater flexibility to choose whether you want to work or simply stay at home (even without kids)?

8. Will you be called an unemployed loser if you decide to be a homemaker?

9. If you have a flat tire on the road, if someone is harassing you in a public place, if an animal attacks you, or if you are lost, will someone be much, much more likely to help you?

10. Are people generally much nicer to you in public? Are you sometimes given privileged treatment?

11. Are you much more capable of "marrying up" - enjoying the money and status that comes with this?

12. Are you statistically much more likely to be given money in a divorce - sometimes huge

amounts - even if your behavior caused the divorce (e.g. affair) and even if you didn't work for the money?

13. If you slap a person - or even knock someone's tooth out throwing your Aunt Selma's Christmas mug at that person - is it much more likely to just be viewed as cute, understandable or not a problem?

14. Do you statistically live much longer - possibly due to less stress on you with regard to breadwinning, providing protection, being responsible, not having society viewing you as "expendable" or viewing your problems as not being important?

15. Do you have much more money spent on your health concerns in reality (e.g. 5 times as much on breast cancer as on prostate cancer - although they have roughly the same death rates) while you simultaneously claim that more has to be done for you?

16. Are you much less likely to be homeless? Is more offered to you by society when you are in this position?

17. Is there far less scorn and pressure on you by society when you are an irresponsible doofus? Are your default rates for payment of child support roughly twice those of the other gender, while you simultaneously complain about the other gender not paying?

18. Has whining about and hating the other gender actually been made into a course of studies in college (women's studies) - as opposed to the true, neutral, unbiased study of this topic - which is simply anthropology?

19. Do you have full opportunity to do anything you want in life - become a doctor, a lawyer, start a business - while simultaneously using the fact that many of your gender don't CHOOSE themselves to do these things as an argument to try to gain even more advantages? Do you get affirmative action because many of your gender don't choose to do these things, and thus the numbers don't "come out right"?

20. Can you manipulate the other gender with sex in some cases to get what you want? Can you pretend like you don't even know what anyone is talking about on this topic?

21. Can you manipulate using old notions of men protecting and deferring to women when it comes in handy?

22. Can you effectively manipulate by playing the victim? Do tears work sometimes?

23. Can you get sympathy if you don't work and don't have children by listing all the household work (hmm ... Oprah really does get high ratings, though) while simultaneously being able to bear the cognitive dissonance of calling your sister's husband who stays home a worthless bum that she ought to leave?

24. Can you "mix and match" traditional and progressive roles - finding just the right mix to get what you want? Can you be a "traditional wife" - enjoying the positive features of that (like not having to work) - while simultaneously being a progressive feminist when THAT gets you advantages? Or having a career while simultaneously using traditional chivalry and male deference to your advantage?

25. Can you constantly say "that's just typical" and "it doesn't surprise me a bit" and make a lemon face if you are a parent-in-law? Is near-universal contempt by both genders for your behavior hidden to a much greater extent?

26. Can almost any remark by your partner be construed as verbal abuse if you want sympathy, but the meanest, nastiest, most humiliating things that you can say simply involve "speaking your mind" and "some people just don't want to hear the truth"?

27. Can you use the fact that gender roles were differentiated long ago - with different advantages/disadvantages for both genders - to try to induce guilt today in people who had absolutely no connection with any of that? Can you say that you have been discriminated against for thousands of years - when you're only 20 years old - with a straight face? Can you even make things up about history and no one will really check or dare call you on it?

28. Can you propagate myths and outright lies ("Super bowl /domestic violence hoax", "rule of thumb", 1/4 rape statistic, intentional misconstruement of pay figures, and many more) and be given a "pass" - without more rigor being demanded?

29. Can you rationalize your own failures using the concept of the "patriarchy", and blame the other gender for nearly everything that goes wrong in your life - even with quite contorted explanations that no one would otherwise buy - while failures of the other gender are just ... failures?

30. Do you want to be treated like a child when it suits you but as an adult when you get an advantage from that? Do you "look the other way" when someone doesn't require responsibility

from you that they certainly would from the other gender?

31. Can you focus heavily on perceived earnings in the workforce - the statistics of which are influenced by people's choices in reality - while utterly ignoring the inter-family transfer of wealth? Can you completely ignore the fact that one gender picks tougher jobs (garbage collector), works more hours and takes on more responsibility because of more pressure to earn - but the other gender has the same lifestyle and statistically more assets (and not just because of inheritance/earlier age of male at death...). Can you deliberately claim that earnings figures are based on equal pay for equal work? (when you probably full well know that they simply involve all people working more than 35 hours - and don't take type of job, hours worked over 35/week, danger, responsibility, years in the work force etc. into consideration at all).

32. Is what used to simply be an irritation for grown-ups many years ago - the self-centered rantings and foot stompings of spoiled high-school and college brats - now not only embraced by your movement but almost the modern cornerstone of it?

33. And if you irritated about generalizations and stereotypes - and utterly fail to see the hypocrisy in stereotyping and generalizing about one gender while simultaneously making a career (literally in some cases) whining about your own gender being stereotyped ...

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The man finishes the read after a few minutes. He lifts his head up and looks at me. His body language is screaming at me

“WHAT SHOULD I DO ABOUT ALL THIS !?”

I smile as my head points to a giant screen. The man picks up the sign on the spot and turns around. “Beat It” by Michael Jackson just happens to be in progress. The man turns back, looks at me and mutters to himself

“She’ll kick me, she’ll beat me, she’ll tell me it’s fair... just kill her, kill her, kill her, kill her ... I don’t want to be defeated ... it only matters that I am right ”

“That is what you need to do in order to redeem yourself, my dear chap” I tell the man.

A vile smile crosses his face. He stands up.

“Thank you, Sir. You just solved my dilemma.”

“That’s what I’m here for” I respond but the man has already bolted.

“ A tip or two for the bar wench ”

No one notices. I was not even there in the first place.

( Scene change : A house in Jersey City. Two massacred bodies can be found lying next to a TV set. The Caucasian woman , twenty nine years of youth. Her daughter, ten years of youth. Paul McCartney’s song “Wonderful Christmas” permeates the house.)

“See...I told you it was a simple deal”

“Cheers, mate. You’re the best” I tell him as we make a toast.

( The choir of children sing their song )

“Too bad I’m gonna get arrested, but it’s been worth it all the way”

“You’re not gonna get incarcerated, my dear friend” I respond. “I’ve a Christmas present. Just for you. You earned it.”

“Oh?”

“I’ll transport you to parallel reality where your wife will be much nicer to you. She won’t be such a cynical bitch.”

“After what’s happened here, I really do believe you can pull that off” my friend tells me.

“I’m English. I always keep my word.”

“No strings attached?”

“No.”

The portal opens. The man steps through it. What he finds is an exact replica of his wife and daughter...albeit the tailoring process has been vastly improved.

“This is amazing man, you’re one heck of a genius, let me tell you!” the exhilaration of my friend knows no bounds.

“Don’t thank me” I reply calmly. “I’m merely trying to stay as neutral as possible. You’ve been given what you deserve. Cherish it. I know you’ll make the best of it.”

“Truer words have never been spoken ...” I can hear the man in the background as I depart. This time for good.

## Chapter Thirty One: I'm So Unsorry

An auditorium inside one of prestigious universities somewhere on Earth. Yes. Specifics are irrelevant. A young man is about to deliver a rather idiosyncratic speech to a clandestinely gathered "committee."

"Hello everyone" Michael starts his graduation speech. "It's a strange situation indeed. I am twenty three and would never think about graduating from anywhere. And here I am, at this supposedly elite institution .... a stranger in a strange land who hates English and yet...utilizes it ! What a dichotomy. What a bloody dichotomy. But then again. We are all like this ! Today , as I am leaving, I want to present something for you to ponder. I would like all of you mathematicians gathered here to convert my writing into calculus or calculi or whatever...it would be much appreciated. It is a two-dimensional construct and now needs three-dimensional principles such as volume and velocity...if you will. Dry calculations need to be upgraded. Dry analyses of hypotenuses and functions will not get us anywhere. This is not mathematics. Mathematics is logic. And hell, we do need logic now. I need all I can get ... quantum physics, quantum mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, give me all. We will unify these words under a single principle – and this principle will then be translated into the mind of our , oh how feeble, concept of "God" as well as, oh how feeble, "sense of existence. I would not be asking you about it if I did not know I am talking to many geniuses among you. Genuine geniuses. Oh. There you go !"

Microsoft PowerPoint is Michael's friend.

### 1.The Unknown Principle

There is nothing that can be ascertained for sure, this is why I am obliged to call the highest principle 'unknown.' It is a malleable infinity but nothing more can be stated as to its purpose or nature. Moreover, the questions of purpose and nature can also be classified as fallacies.

2. Prison warder consciousness (The instigator) – An unknown force created as a representation of the unknown principle

The mysterious force that seems to be manipulating the game. The purpose, if it exists, is unknown. The nature of the force is unknown as well – it is possible, however, to determine some of the traits by looking at the local spectrum. The question of this force's intentions is unclear.

### 3. The Causality – The template of existence on an objective level

The force created the causality in its image, akin to God creating 'Adam and Eve' in his. The template of existence is only objective to the prison warder consciousness as it can understand everything without smoke and mirrors.

### 4. The SuperBrane – Realities interweaving

The template created by the consciousness is based on realities that interweave with each other, thus creating a wide array of the (so-called) 'anomalous phenomena.'

### 5. The Brane – One particular reality

Heaven, hell and the physical world are all branes created for the purpose of manipulating the subjects after they have died. By inducing certain thought patterns, they can manifest whatever is desired after so-called 'death.' There is no escape from the manipulation, as the same thought patterns continue to be present throughout the brane continuum.

### 6. Universe – The perception of the brane

The perception of the existential template is always subjective, and very often taken for granted.

### 7. Habitat – The local milieu

The perception of the existential template can be manipulated, even inside the subjectivity itself. The consciousness seems to be targeting the local milieu by implementing the knowledge contained in the points above. The purpose of such action is unknown, the only conjecture is that it is to suppress the potential of the subjects by keeping them entangled within 'divide and conquer' game. There are certain methods in place, however, that can be discerned, if careful studies of the local milieu are conducted. Since the local milieux do differ from one another, one can only focus on a particular example; from there, one can discern an underlying principle. The manipulation on Earth can be classified as:

1. Create the 'contention layer' before one can consciously defy/define it by suppressing the knowledge about the brain/DNA nature and functioning. The latter makes the following possible

### Gender identity

The 'Pink and Blue' syndrome

### Family identity

'Respect thine elders'

'Blood is thicker than water'

### Race identity

'I am Aryan so I am better than you, Nigger'

### National identity

'My place of birth is better than yours'

### Linguistic Identity

My language is superior to yours

### Economic identity

'I am more affluent than you'

### Anthropocentric identity

'I am human so I am superior to everything else that is alive because only I am sentient'

### Implemented through

*Parental conditioning*

*Peer pressure*

*Education system*

*Societal stimuli*

*Self-Imposition*

*“Natural” Disasters*

*Hegelian Dialectic*

*Electromagnetic / Food / Air Pollutants*

*Concoction of the above*

*The mindset behind the conditioning*

### **Belief identity**

‘My belief is the only way to view the world ; yours is wrong/naive’

‘My reality is the only prism through which I view the world; everyone else can be measured using the same prism as mine – but I am not consciously aware of the former and the latter’ ‘I am merely trying to guide your way through life; it is better that way when you do things like they have always been done. You will not re-invent the wheel.’

2.Let the layer be reinforced by constant external (societal) and internal (thought patterns, emotions) stimuli , the former and the latter subsequently creating ‘zeitgeist’ issues that only perpetuate the cycle of deception The above leads to:

Rebel Identity

‘I do not accept what is around me so I fight it’

The latter can involve

Two-layer identity

I do not wish to live my life as is expected of me but I have to maintain an illusion of identities by projecting it onto others : my interaction is not genuine which makes me feel hollow and frustrated because I know that how others interact is either genuine(their limited response matrix) or also suppressed(which proves the slave-like reality). I also know that the "Nietzschean principle" posits the backwash effect, whereby I become what I fight.

**The above points can lead to**

*"Cognitive Dissonance Syndrome"*

**Hypocrisy identity / DID / Social Obligatory Personas**

**The above leads to**

*The "Syndrome" Family*

*The "Every" Syndrome*

*' We are all alike. Thus, my idea of freedom equals yours. '*

*The "Manque" Syndrome*

*' I need to focus on a multitude of variables in order to sustain myself '*

*The Tantalizement Syndrome*

*' I wish to leave but I am not allowed to do it openly as the government will not allow euthanasia due to ambiguous civilizational notions '*

## Leading To A Response Of Human Organisms

*A. Existential Holders*

*Inner Storm Resulting In*

*Stabilization*

*Inner Storm Resulting In*

*Suicide*

*Homicide*

*Suicide plus homicide*

*Permanent mental health facility commitment*

### **3.The aim of the two above points :**

Nature versus nurture : Or is it nature deriving from nurture?

The behavioral patterns become ingrained within hman DNA as a result of controlled nurturing which creates a vicious circle of control beyond the slave's perception : there are none so hopelessly enslaved as those who falsely believe they are free

**Thus**

There is no need to discover the true magnitude of life when every answer has been provided as a result of the implementation of the points above

**Thus**

Anyone who is trying to find out what is going on in the world is labeled 'mad' or 'dangerous' or 'derisive.'

**Thus**

It is highly unlikely that the above is a result of humanity's developmental happenstance. Thus, if the above is considered to be 'sane' then indeed the world has gone insane by rejecting the idea of a conspiracy on an unimaginable scale.

### ***Observed Problems***

*Relativity Principle*

*Percentage of the brain usage ?*

*Practical verification methods and their feasibility ?*

*People's inability to cease being forum mouthers .*

### ***Solutions***

*Mathematical construct involving dry calculus with finesse of genius connecting the dots.*

*Continuous Mileal[ ... +N...3 +(3+N)...] X Infinity Alternator.*

*Feasibility Of The Solution*

*100 %.*

### ***Concurrent Implementation Methods***

*Self-Termination*

*Nirvana*

*Mathematical Construct*

*Monoatomic gold – true reason behind gold's status ?*

***Wherewithal to perform the elements***

*Available.*

### ***The Utilization***

*Unlikely.*

### ***Inquiry***

*No Comment.*

*“ Some people claim that I could make them think” says Michael, continuing. ”To which I say in my mind ... this is sad that the first time you have thought about it has been because an external factor had to intervene ! I mean...nobility...what is nobility ? Wasn't nobility the same at some point ? Isn't nobility sublimation in disguise ? Authority...is it really our conscious decision to concede to it ? Wish I could tell you. Perhaps the conundrum holds the answers. What is that we want, then ? The only answer would come as a direct result of creating the mathematical construct allowing us to supplant the present one on an individual level. The very magnitude of manipulation renders it worth it above all else as everything else is a direct derivative of the issue discussed at hand. So let us stop being forum mouthers and let us become practical mouthers. Who is in ? “*

*Laughter is heard permeating the auditorium consisting of more than two hundred individuals.*

*Oh. You did not get it. I am so unsorry.*

### **Chapter Thirty Two: Unknown Entity – The Genesis.**

It is rather staggering that no one, as far as I am able to discern, has ever mentioned the genesis behind their nickname. Usually it is connected with an event in one's life. You like someone, you hate someone, you are a fan of someone. Still, there are some more bizzare stories to be told. Bizzare if you exist in your cosy little world, that is. Funny,many individuals will undoubtedly scream I am a mental patient with access to the Internet. I have no problems with that...some of the most intelligent people I have met in my life were, indeed, out of whack as seen by John Doe/Jane Doe. But nothing is out of whack if you understand a *paradigm* behind it. It is only someone else's

perspective that renders it “out of whack.” People are strange to me. They sit around a table and keep discussing “issues” as if they had any bearing on an outcome. They could have...but it is better to sit around, talking about “living behind the veil” than doing something about it. Not many of you have seen “Brandon Corey Story.” This is exactly what happens when one gets too involved in something clandestine. I do not mean reptilians , not necessarily...anything clandestine really. The world is just too much , too complex, to make sense of it. Constant situations, constant analyses lead most people to paralyse – i.e. robotic existence even though they do not want to. I mean, what else is there, right ? The truth to be told, I am not sure. But as long as it is not verified, the veil stays.

I have been invited by an organization dealing with the unexplained to accompany them on a mission to verify claims that person A is a “contactee.” I translate certain stuff from English here and there, so someone has thought of it as a “gesture of gratitude.” Well. Amazing really. Beings keep visiting him every night, he says. And he has agreed to constant surveillance so the truth can be exposed.

This is , or so it says, a “non-profit” organization. People devote their own resources. When I have entered the world of – which, in itself, is fringe, I have realized that there is an internal fight within the fringes as well. It is no longer about whether UFO’s are real or not. It is about getting to witnesses first ; spamming each other’s forums with garbage ; debunking case A gavel to gavel. Layers within layers...sometimes I am told subjects I choose to be translated from English are too “convoluted.” I tend to agree..not many people will grasp it...and then it is all about L1 – L2 transition. You know the word but put it in order...your mind needs to operate fast .

Anyhow, we enter the guy’s flat...or,er, apartment if you will. They install the surveillance stuff, I just watch. The night approaches. The man is asleep and then bang. Everything goes out. No power whatsoever. We rush to the “scene” and we see two entities. I feel nothing. No fear, nothing...one of us actually approaches the gray-like entity and checks if this is not a mask (sic!). We have always been open to the idea of extraterrestrial/interdimensional visitors...and we would have to be lying by saying this is “bizarre.” My mind has never been conditioned enough .... I have never been “properly medicated” and “politically adjusted (sic!).”I do think that one’s mind can become a powerful screening mechanism that edits out what we see – individually and collectively. This experience has been so amazing...and yet I know no one is going to believe me. I do not care. Facts cannot be altered. As this all has been happening, all of this at once, my mind has been approaching meltdown...I asked, in Polish

“Jak masz na imie, czy w ogole masz cos takiego jak imie ?”

No language involved. Just images in our heads. No grandiose messages. Just "Unknown Entity." Yes . This is what I have seen in my mind. Two words. I am both fascinated and afraid. Does it border on paranoid schizophrenia...what if...just what if...mental disorders were invented to dismiss certain problems as insane...people might be perceived as insane, but are they ? Or do they simply see more than our consensual selves and we cannot comprehend it...so we lock them up because they can no longer operate within our constrained milieu ? So, on the one hand, they need help as they cannot survive in what we have boldly dubbed "the real world." Is mental illness really a dissonance where one's mind operates in a different reality than the body ?

"When you stare into the abyss, the abyss stares back at you."

Amen, Nietzsche. Amen.

### Chapter Thirty Three: Living In Travesty



Auschwitz - Birkenau . Concentration camp. Extermination camp. A brothel. Black market. Whatever you like – it is there ! Famous words copied from Dachau are swinging at the entrance. Heinrich Himmler has just arrived to pay a visit to this “anus mundi” as it has been dubbed by many. People curse Hitler for all that has transpired ; what they do not seem to understand is that Himmler is the *real force* behind worst of the worst. He is akin to an evil spirit, inculcating Führer’s mind with grotesque ideas ; and all Adolf does is say

*“Sehr gut. Sehr gut, Heinrich. Ich denke das ist wunderbar.”*

Himmler is a farmer. He considers the ones at the very bottom, literally, to be the best “volk.” Peasants. Their “attachment to roots” is the most powerful of all. He is a bureaucrat that makes sure everything is in place. He is also opposed to hunting because it is inhumane to be cruel toward animals. He has fainted many times upon seeing public executions. Is this really an idea surrounding the concept of “THE monster ? “ Hardly. Somehow, in Himmler’s mind, untermensch

are not even animals. They are just vermin, something that is a hindrance for Aryan colonists. Mostly German, but Himmler's fantasy reaches Aryan populations from all over the world coming to the East and eventually settling down : Scandinavia, Belgium, England, maybe even some people from America and Canada. He also looks to the east and sees Iran. You might think Iran is not exactly important. Oh but it is. To Himmler, these are very much Aryan populations there . India, Tibet...not so clear with the Arabs. Hitler uses them as his bargaining chip. An uprising in Iraq perhaps, to stop the British rule ? Of course. The only problem is ... Iraqi military is not exactly advanced. Himmler still remembers Hitler's ramblings that in 1921 Iraq has been created out of nowhere by the arrogant British Empire. Three lines and there it is.

*"No wonder there is so much chaos there" the thought crosses Himmler's mind."I am not sure what to make of them at this point."*

Himmler keeps sending expeditions all around the world. To find entrances to hollow earth in Tibet. To find out about the spear of destiny, allegedly in Austrian museum. An occultist to the bone, Himmler always makes sure to consult his astrological manuals when consider a major decision ; even the Reichstag fire has not been an accident.

*"It's just a little sad that this retard had to be framed for it" Himmler smiles to himself as he keeps walking toward the camp."Without him there would be no Gestapo...and so much more. He has served the cause well. We needed a patsy. We needed someone to blame. Who better than communists and the Jews ?"*

Himmler's mania never ceases to stagger. He wants to make sure that his "knightly order" , the SS, are seen in the same light as King Arthur is seen in England. In their clandestine location, Wewelsburg, Himler and his trusted companions sit around a huge round table. Huge "SS" runes are seen above their heads. Each rune has meaning. It is never an accident, just as swastika is no accident. It has been reversed to symbolize destruction and disarray. Himmler believes he is a reincarnation of a powerful Germanic king. A Teutonic knight who would make you laugh if you saw him walking down the street. His small glasses, his peevish nature. A walking dichotomy. By his surroundings he is considered to be of average intelligence ; extreme stubbornness ; paranoia. Himmler is THE man for Hitler. Head of the SS, Heinrich always studies areas that are about to be invaded.

*"Are there Aryan populations there ? Are they Nordic types ? Or perhaps Flemish ?"*

Yes. Himmler is obsessed with race even more than Hitler. Just by looking at you, he would know who you are. Do you have Jewish blood pumping in your veins. Even if you are Aryan, then which geographical region are you from. This knowledge is about to be utilized in practice. Himmler, Höss and Mengele approach a burning pit, in front of which adolescents are alligned. Himmler

hates executions, no matter who is involved. For the sake of upholding an image in front of his fellow SS-men, he has to stay strong. The three approach the adolescents and this is when Himmler's mind notices a blonde girl with blue eyes. His heart begins to pound in a mix of anger and fear.

*"Bist du Polnisch ?" Himmler asks the girl in his red-tape survivor German.*

*"Ja, ich bin Polnisch, ich bin nicht ein Jude" the girl responds. "Kommen Sie bitte, ich bin eine Nordiche rasse !"*

The girl's response surprises the Reichsführer. He scans her body quickly, every part of it. His verdict is clear. She is Aryan. He is unsure which region she comes from but she is Aryan.

*"Among people of the East there are many Aryans. We need to find them and turn into our own. They are too dangerous to be left on their own as this is where future resistance can spring from."*

Himmler is furious. He looks at Mengele, then at Höss. The former would love to "experiment" upon twins and such. The latter knows a terrible crime has been committed – in terms of racial purity.

*"Das ist unmöglich...verstehst du mich, Höss !? Ich mag dich, aber das ist unmöglich !"*

It is all clear now. Wasting Aryan blood is never accepted. Everyone knows that. The KL master has been given a warning. Nothing will reach Hitler this time. Simply because Himmler likes the commandant and he understands that running an "enterprise" such as Auschwitz-Birkenau is not an easy task. But if it happens again...there will be no mercy, regardless of the circumstances involved. Good blood can *never* be wasted.

The girl has been saved by the monster himself. Mengele can barely refrain himself from having lewd thoughts. Rudolf is shocked by the situation which has transpired and is creating a disciplinary plan in his mind for the SS-personnel responsible. He has been reprimanded by the head of SS himself ! This is unacceptable. *Unacceptable* ! Whoever has overlooked their duty, will pay for it immensely.

The girl is being taken to a "racial examination board." This is where her

- A. Appearance
- B. Character
- C. Intelligence level

Will be tested. It is a common misconception that anyone who looks Aryan is Aryan. The Nazis want much more than that. Character and intelligence are of paramount importance. The looks will not get you anywhere. Such is the extent of absurdity, of pseudoscience. But for now, pseudoscience is the only thing that is keeping this girl alive. She might still be deemed “unfit.” You never know. Being rescued by Himmler, though, is not something common. He has ordered her “examination.” He has even decided to perform it himself. Auschwitz staff is jealous. Yes, amidst all of “anus mundi” , they are jealous.

“ *Maybe Himmler is going to turn her into his SS-wolf , ha ha ha* ” thoughts of Mengele himself. He wants to be the examiner because he is THE doctor. Not this time. He will be just a spectator.

“ *I will still have her if she turns out to be a mongrel, ha ha ha* ” he bursts out laughing as the scene plays out in his head and this saves the lives of hundred inmates. Because Mengele is in a good mood today. You are safe. *For now.*

Some children will die in gas chambers. Some children are in Auschwitz temporarily. Under the care of the “Lebensborn” program . Such is life of travesty.

#### Chapter Thirty Four: Marriage Problems

Why marriages Do Not Succeed? – Analysis.



The institution of marriage is a very old concept. It was present throughout history, long before Christianity saw the light of this planet. There were different ways of becoming 'bonded,' but the principle remained the same: partnership. The nature of this 'partnership' differed: in some cases it was merely to procreate, in others to establish a spiritual bond. The culture that we are living in seems to be set in between the former and the latter. But the Western world treats marriage as a game of 'gender role practice' where one partner reinforces the other partner's stereotypical behavioral patterns – and very often, alas, not being aware that the latter is taking place. This artificial nature of marriage, the sublimation that it promotes and the superficiality it so often generates is the core reason as to why marriages are considered to be 'deficient' by a growing number of individuals. This essay is an attempt to delve into the nature of the aforementioned problem and to find out what lies at the very core of the 'marriage problem.'

First and foremost, marriage as we know it is definitely a Christian idea. Whether it is created in the way that Jesus would have wanted it – no one can tell with any certainty. However, the idea that a priest plays the role of a 'God's transducer' when it comes to bestowing an honor of marriage onto a couple is claimed to be 'an act of God.' The Lord is, of course, male. Thus, marriage is a male idea. The priest plays the role of the 'messenger,' and is, of course, male again. The ceremony of marriage is considered to be one of the most joyous occasions in one's life – but how could that be if a woman is being subjugated at its very beginning by the patriarchal system of the Church? Moreover, vast majority of women tend to 'overlook' that 'minute' detail. One can only wonder how much conspicuous gender bias there would have to be in order for the 'fair sex' to grasp their precarious position. On the other hand, however, one cannot help the contention that an overwhelming percentage of women seems content with their plight. The latter shows, yet again, how omnipotent social conditioning really is: people tend to perceive the world around them via the prism of their cultural upbringing – indeed, being largely unaware of the process. Secondly, once a marriage is established, most parents would want their progeny to see the sunlight. Once their child is born into this world, the process of a 'never-ending story' begins. The behavioral patterns pertaining to the gender roles one could observe thriving in a marriage (covering areas like appearance, conduct, relations with others, even ritualistic 'parties' taking place before a marriage – of course with members of the same 'sex' – raise a person's awareness of his/her gender roles) are being conferred onto an unsuspecting child – with parents' best interest for their child at heart, of course. Father tells his son 'to treat women well' and 'to die for them in a war' while mother tells her daughter 'to find her knight in shining armor' and 'to wave her handkerchief whilst her husband goes off to fight the bad guys.' Theoretically speaking the former and the latter should represent a seamless conjunction – how unfortunate, then, that social life is not that simple, even though many individuals would be delighted to divide the world into 'pink and blue' – another rigid concept derived from relative beginnings. Parents (with honorable exceptions) are perpetrating a crime by mind-controlling their unsuspecting children – in the name of 'tutelage' – by polluting the child's developing psyche with their 'memetic ethos' before the offspring has even a chance of figuring the world out for itself. It is not surprising, though, as one has to be aware of the problem (parental conditioning) before facing it (how can I avoid mind-controlling my children). Most parents are totally unaware of the issues

mentioned above, dancing to the tune sang to them by social conditioning instead; this leads to an act of perpetuating the charade of gender roles throughout the generations – and it all started in an innocuous manner with words ‘I hereby pronounce you husband and wife.’

Thirdly, society as a whole needs the institution of marriage because it has been structured in such a way that – without the latter – it can hardly sustain itself. The reason as to why same-sex marriages are so opposed is not because of morality but rather of sheer pragmatism; no procreation means no population, means entropy. No population, no people to work for the elderly, et al – a chain reaction of events is easily noticeable. Again, irate individuals waving their flags against homosexuals would be rather unaware of the ‘procreation’ argument. This is the most disturbing feature of all. Ignorance, in case of the institution of marriage, is not bliss, but rather a disaster waiting to happen. And, alas, disaster continues to happen. Exponentially.

Penultimately, there are different ‘styles’ of marriages – not always a good template to follow. In Saudi Arabia, for instance, a man has to utter his wife’s name three times in public to divorce her – this is why women in Muslim countries are adorned with jewelry : to sustain themselves after an unexpected ‘renouncement.’ Women (of course) do not possess the power to divorce men. Polygamy is encouraged, albeit a husband has to support every wife’s financial security. Polygyny, on the same hand, can become a dreary custom when dealing with a sect like the ‘Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,’ led by Warren Jeffs (in custody at the time of writing this essay), where adult men forced young girls to marry them – and if a girl refused she was told that she would face eternal damnation in hell. From the ‘Western’ point of view the latter is, quite rightly, outrageous; but from the other culture’s point of view the ‘Western’ approach can seem bizarre. Another noteworthy ‘fact of life’ to consider when pondering the ‘failure’ of the institution of marriage in its Christian form.

Finally, the concept of marriage does not have to be a dream which has gone awry and turned into a nightmare in the process. On the contrary, there is nothing wrong with an union of two people – regardless of their mindset or skin color. The union like this can be extremely prolific if two individuals are what is popularly called ‘soulmates’ – that is, they understand not just their bodies, but their minds as well. The only problem is the way that theory seems to be well-versed among people; but they tend to understand it in stereotypical ways. Thus, many individuals – advertently or inadvertently – choose to follow the blueprint that the sanity of which the author of this essay chose to refute. However, choosing a less stereotypical version of the marriage can lead to problems as well when each party tries to impose their paradigms on others. The heart of the matter seems to be a distinction between a ‘soulmate’ and a ‘perfect mate.’ Unfortunately, vast majority of people claim to be looking for ‘soulmates’ while their real aim is the latter. Women look for men that can provide for them and their children – men look for attractive women in hopes of having better offspring. If the latter were not true, there would be no bastard children. It seems more reasonable to be honest to oneself instead of playing a social ‘smoke and mirrors’ game. Maybe then the nature of this elusive word called ‘marriage’ and why it was structured in the way it was would make perfect sense. Richard Dawkins, a prominent British ethologist, once said. ‘Aren’t we just selfish

genes wanting to propagate?' Whether we are or not, the sheer thought of having to consider the latter seems unsettling to most.

### Chapter Thirty Five: David Icke Analyzed

Brent Cross shopping center, London. A group dealing with investigations of the unexplained has gathered around a table inside an Italian coffee shop. It would be even wiser to state that the core has convened. Five people. Something important has happened to one of the members, a twenty year old Caucasian male called Mark. He has sounded absolutely petrified over the phone. No, petrified AND exhilarated at the same time. It can be classified akin to anxious but it is still merely an approximation. If you are an individual awareness, then you know what I mean. Make no mistake. Not everyone is self-aware the way we might think . "So you think that stories depicted in Icke's books, the Matrix, the X-files and so much more are actually what we are facing right now ?" asks thirty year old Pete, the organization's founder, a keen intellect who never says more than necessary but thinks *much* more than it is required. "Yeah, that's what I'm saying" replies Mark, slightly anxious. "This is not just some zombie fiction out there with notions that people can possibly entertain. This is something tangible, something I am convinced impacts our lives on a daily basis and there is not a damn thing in the manual of law we can do about it." "What is it exactly you're saying, it's beginning to intrigue me" says Michael. "Mark, I mean, you never come forward with anything unless you're absolutely certain you've got it covered. We respect you for that. You earned it. But please, cut to the chase !" Mark nods slightly. He then gets out his cell and puts it in the middle of the table. "Just listen" he says. "This is our old friend Jackowski coming out of shock after what he has realized about the nature of consciousness and its distribution among human population." Deafening silence permeates the immediate surroundings of the table. Not many people present inside the gelato as it is rather late. A very climatic atmosphere has been inadvertently established by happenstance. The group starts watching the footage while Mark steps away to buy some more hot chocolate with his favorite froth on top. "Dopiero teraz uswiadomilem sobie, ze oni nie maja duszy ! Oni sa bezduszni, dosloownie ! Do tej pory myslalem, ze to tylko cos w moim lbie sie pierdzieli, ale teraz wiem, ze tak nie jest ! Przez lata pracowalem na sprawami gdzie psychopaci mordowali ludzie ,a teraz widze jak na dloni, ze oni wszyscy maja wspolna ceche – ich aura jest taka sama, zero jakiegokolwiek roznicy, nic ! Fotografia kirlianowska potwierdza moje obawy w stu procentach ! To nie sa ludzie, to sa chodzace programy komputerowe !"

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"That explains it" says David while scratching his head. "Normally I wouldn't be so sure about the veracity but I've talked to the guy and I know he's really good at precognitive phenomena." "There you go, a new term has just been coined" laughs Pete. "Precognitive phenomena," he continues after

two seconds as a paradigm shift happens.”Why does he mention Kirlian photography, though ? Isn’t it impossible with our current equipment to take snaps of auras with normal digital cameras ?” “Aye, that’s not possible to my knowledge” Scottish accent of Kelvin can be heard. “Does that mean you’ve devised a way of circumventing the technological issues !?” Paul’s brogue asks the question. “I believe so” answers Mark while observing the froth carefully.”This is too complex to get into right now, though I’ll try to explain it all to Kelvin.” “The bottom line being we can snap people’s pictures to find out what’s going on ?” asks Pete akin to a professional investigator. “This is correct” answers Mark while others listen carefully.”Jackowski has clearly described the type of aura these ‘people’ seem to have. This will help us to separate the sentient from those who pretend to be sentient.” “Do you realize that what you’re saying” Kelvin butts in, exhilarated.”This would mean you could easily identify people with psychopathic tendencies...and...and...” “...and use it in your professional lives while dealing with people all over the place” finishes Pete as he nods slightly.”This is a revolutionary find, and if it is as you say, the we’ve just got a promotion.”

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Pete’s mansion in London. He is a lucky man, having inherited his father’s business which is rather easy to maintain and generates enormous revenues without the fear of subsiding. With the Olympics around the corner, it is going to be even better for Pete’s pocket. If you are intelligent, you already know what business he is in. They say money buys freedom. Pete can vouch for it. He has got all it takes to investigate the unknown : money, time , an open mind, polyidiomacy as well as polyvernacularism. Power point presentation is being set up by Kelvin while others keep watching a movie about recent Ufo wave in Wales. “We’re all set !” shouts Kelvin around twenty minutes into the movie-watching session in a dark room adjacent to the ‘presentation suite.’ “The floor is yours” Kelvin tells Pete as the latter stands beside the white projection screen.”Ok everyone” begins Pete while enabling the first slide.”We all know that human population at the moment encroaches on seven billion. We also know that three billion organic portals can be among us. So far, we’ve not been successful in devising the means to identify them. But thanks to Mark and his old friend Krzystof, this is about to change. We’re not here to save the world. We’re not here to spread more cliché ideas about zombies among us. We’ve known from the start that human zombies are real. We’ve known it because they are so obvious.They’re without emotions, without conscience. Psychopaths are the ones which have malfunctioned. Most of them live their lives as our co-workers, bosses and traffic wardens. They’re all around us. The ones that claim to be free and investigative, indeed the ones that claim they’re free thinkers, oh God have mercy, are the one most likely software people Thank you for this term, David Icke. Using the site which has been very helpful in presenting how does an aura of a conscious human being look like, I would like to recommend a link where you can read more about phenomenon . “ A click can be heard and the following link appears <http://www.spiritireland.com/angels/columns/about-aura.htm> Also, for further reading as it’ll be necessary, please look at this site as well

[http://www.cassiopaea.org/cass/organic\\_portals.htm](http://www.cassiopaea.org/cass/organic_portals.htm) Pete continues talking while both links are present on the screen behind him. "As you know, many debunkers claim to – wait for it – be successful at debunking the aura claims. They call it pseudoscience at best, a joke perpetrated by the human brain. We're impartial as well. Though we do know that anything can happen in infinity, it does not mean that it is happening in our particular milieu. As a result, an experiment will need to be conducted. We'll invite a well-known skeptic to an interview. We're well-known, he'll come with pleasure to serve us shite. We'll snap some pictures of the guy and then compare it with both types of auras." A cough can be heard among the "audience." "Oh ,yes.Right" continues Pete."The difference between organic portal's aura and the conscious human being aura. As you can see in the first example, this is a very vibrant aura. Many colors do intertwine witch each other, you can almost sense sentience behind it all at work. But now look at this." <http://markgorman.files.wordpress.com/2008/03/scary-hillary-clinton.jpg> Laughter is permeating the room while Pete can barely contain his own joviality. "I know this is merely an approximation but there is a reason why they say eyes are the window of the soul. Organic portals have no consciousness on an individual level which means they only operate as a hive mind. Their eyes are a perfect reflection of it. Of course the eyes are not the main reason. The aura of organic portals seems to be consisting of barely visible white tinge. Not even a color, just a tinge. Our clairvoyant friend is not someone who enjoys joking when it comes to serious matters and we trust him implicitly. The aura of humans is just *way* too different.

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"But there is no way this can be useful apart for our own awareness" adds Michael. "I mean, no one is going to do anything about it." "Yeah, they're gonna leave a supportive comment and that's about it, go back to sleep in your contemplative sci-fi mood" Mark tosses in his opinion. "We'll be using it to know who's who and how to handle them" answers Pete. "Both in our private as well as professional lives. Hell, big corporations employ horoscope readers. Not a good publicity stunt, so it's not a popular topic." "All-knowing...and yet still asleep ?" asks Kelvin. "Exactly" answers Pete. "Oh, and I do have a present for you. A group photo !" "Everyone aligns themselves while Pete sets the countdown. A flash is seen permeating the pitch black environs. "Now,let's find out who's the portal !" says someone from the audience while it's still dark. Pete uploads the picture and projects it on the screen. "Multi-stratum chaotic auras, everyone" says Pete, smiling. "Not many times in life I can say I'm glad I've an element of chaos in me. This is one of these times." "So the objective has been set ?" asks David. 'We're going out to find out who's who ?" "For real" answers Pete. "Some practical action is needed and we have the wherewithal to do it."

### Chapter Thirty Six: Human Intelligence Classification

Human existence is a rather complex issue. No one in their right mind can deny this, unless propaganda is involved. In my opinion, the way one can perceive the world is done through the following prism : Internal With External Milieu / External Milieu With Internal What one perceives within oneself influences his external reality which, in turn, influences his internal reality – creating a perpetual cycle of development and conditioning at the same time. The question of genes and socialization is very much dependant upon one's concept of self. The " homo duplex" theory is certainly a sound one. It would seem that Nietzsche's "superman" could be defined as someone who is able to control one's internal environment at all times and thus creating a desired outer milieu – making the outer milieu not the "creatory force" per se but rather "the malleability of one's internal thoughts". Such a feat of engineering is , indeed, virtually impossible to attain for a social being. The following chart of inter-human relation patterns can support the idea that the above is not merely a notion but an axiom :

**Vegetable** A person incapable of discerning their existence - euthanasia advised. It is impossible to discern any meaningful contact between the individuals – whether of the same state of mind or not.

**Automaton** A person capable of discerning their existence by performing menial tasks. Useful unskilled labor. It is highly likely that some sort of a very primitive vernacular pattern can be observed – the concept of socialization too complex , thus all actions automated at best.

**Neanderthal** A person capable of discerning their existence but incapable of controlling primordial drives. Useful unskilled labor requiring a lot of strength. Mundane social rules accepted, interaction automated with a tinge of a primitive self-governance based totally on primitive social constructs induced externally.

**Mediocre** A person discerning life through the consensual prism. Useful at work that does not require unpredictable factors, be it manual or intellectual. Interaction between mediocre individuals automated with a tinge of self-conscious choices deriving from the social construct. Not aware of the complexity of the social construct , and what this individual is aware of , is just the tip of the iceberg of the internal/external and, ergo, the world as perceive by Joe Bloggs. Requires confirmation of one's self-worth externally, as internally this is what the social consensus demands. Characteristic: Unawareness, conformity, fake rebellion, bigotry, strength in numbers.

**Smart** A person capable of discerning the consensual patterns but not their absurdities. A good businessman. A conformist. Can appear to be shrewd - and yet still enslaved by the system. Plays social games with other without realization that he is being played like a violin by the very same social games due to the fact that he is playing them in the first place without understanding their origins and purpose. Characteristics : Systemic Shrewdness, Materialism, Common level among

psychopaths, Conformity along the lines "I conform and through this advance in the social hierarchy."

**Very Smart** A conformist with a tinge of non-conformism; discerns consensual patterns and notices their absurdity when necessary - backs off when too much at stake.

**Extremely Smart** A non-conformist by choice; observes all the necessary patterns withing a particular society ; can go all the way to implementing his aims - incapable of creating something unique, can work only with already present material.

**Genius** He is neither non-conformistic, nor conformistic; he operates outside any known paradigm; a "rezoner" who finds it hard to adhere to the consensus rather than pretending to be 'different.' Can discern the 'unified field theory' of social interaction and use this knowledge to create a whole new paradigm of perceiving life, and, subsequently, living. Can become a "super human" by implementing his best invention into reality. Destined to be great or die in misery, nothing in between.

**"Nietzschean" Super Human/Aka "The Rezoner."** A person detached from any reality, a true rezoner. Whether the latter allows this individual to avoid the solipsism syndrome is unknown due to lack of data. Not everything has been described as certain stages do not require it. A genius can become everyone that they want to be , thus they are in a unique position. Even extremely smart people, however, cannot transcend the boundaries of their conditioning and minds to get to the stage of genius , nevermind the "super human." It is the ultimate bias of the universe.

### Chapter Thirty Seven: (The)R-Complex Society : An English language lesson as the prime example of primordial reptilian characteristics in humans

We live in what I call an 'R-Complex Society' where the traits of the reptilian part of the brain are apparent.I wish to present how a simple language lesson can be overflowing with these traits – and what does that mean for learners.

First of all it is important to introduce the setting.The subjects in question are native speakers of Polish,albeit some of them attained considerable mastery of the English language – sufficient to convey any thought they want, in fact. Their accents are a mix of an Anglo-American variety.The teacher is a native speaker of English, coming from California. His accent, however, became 'Frenchized' due to the fact of residing in France for a long time(yes,indeed,I meant the guy in question not the accent). The teacher can be considered..well,you shall see.The students are

intellectually sound and it is their first lesson with this scholar. There are four students in the class, aged 15 to 18. Their profiles are as follows :

Sarah – a fifteen year old student, gifted. She is having existential problems which are very well - concealed within her complex mind. Her conversational skills are elevated; she cannot stand boring grammar drills. She has what is defined as ‘Standard American Accent.’ A visual student with auditory traces.

Alice – eighteen years old, gifted. She is very condescending toward anyone she deems ‘intellectually inferior.’ She is a very intricate character that can surprise others when least expected( yes, even a surprise can be expected). She speaks with a North London accent. An auditory student with visual traces.

Laura – Seventeen years old. A kinesthetic student with auditory traces. She needs movement to learn. If her motor skills are enabled, she can astound you. She speaks with South African accent.  
Fiona – Eighteen years old. A new student. No one really knows anything about her. Mr. Aron  
Johnes – a native of California ; Twenty six years of age; White; tall. His language principles are nothing if not rigid ; intelligent albeit petulant at times. Will not admit it, but feels slightly superior due to the fact that he is an English native speaker. Doubts that anyone can surprise/surpass him with their language skills.

It is time to analyze the lesson itself. I will attempt to scrutinize the initial stage of the lesson (first sentences exchanged between the teacher and the students) – and indicate the R- Complex elements, as well as why it is vital to understand the nature of the ‘problem’ in question in order to improve the nature of language acquisition.

Stage One : The teacher introduces himself to the students.

‘Hello everyone, my name is Aron, and as you can – probably - tell, I am an American. I am going to be teaching you English this semester...and possibly further on as well. I would like to get to know you as well, so ...maybe you could introduce yourselves to me?’ (Aron expects Polish accents and rudimentary language skills..he also thinks that his fancy speech has impressed everyone – (Ignorance/arrogance) – both features intertwine - of U.S. citizens will never cease to stagger me)

‘Yes. I can start. My name is Sarah and I hope that your tutelage will increase my practical vocabulary skills to the point where I can discuss complex existential issues with my friends from around the world.’

‘Hello Sarah. Could you define practical vocabulary for me?’

‘Certainly.To me it is being able to convey a message in a natural milieu without pretending in the classroom, which is an artificial environment.’

‘I see.Thank you Sarah.Who is next?’

(Aron’s dreams of being a – no, THE ‘shining star’ became somewhat less pronounced.His arrogance waned as he realized that he is dealing with superior intellects – superior to his own in every aspect.This made him feel uneasy – his preordained edifice did not pan out!) ‘Yeah,I am Alice. I like different things, you see..but I really despise stupid people...and I hope that you will not be playing that black and white game...’ ‘Alice...hello...you mispronounced the word’stupid’...it should be...’ ‘In my universe I was correct.You understood me ,right?’

‘Well,yes.’

‘Then what is the problem?’

‘Ok Alice.Whatever floats your boat.’

‘At the moment?I’d gladly rock it just to see you drown.’

‘Oh..ok ...good to know.’

(Aron became spooked.Again, this is what happens to ‘black and white’ teachers, who perceive themselves as superior and treat the speakers of different languages like garbage.It is a big mistake for which they will pay dearly – their Anglo-Saxon wits do not match their student’s wits.)

‘Aaron,you are immature.You will not be a good teacher.You probably think that women say ‘pretty’ a lot and your minuscule mind cannot comprehend the nature of the universe.You are the weakest link.Goodbye.’

(And Aron was gone.You probably know who Fiona was by now.) P.S. To anyone who might feel offended by the above : I exaggerated certain traits to illustrate important elements within human society – these elements were shown using a miniature laboratory where it is best visible. It has nothing to do with inferiority complex or other ‘psychoanalyses.’ Although, of course, certain individuals cannot survive without the latter.

### **Chapter Thirty Eight: Genuine Concern**

“Leave me the fuck alone” replies Paul to the publisher who wants to apologize for his contract withdrawal.”First you say we’re on the same page and then you don’t sign it. Give me a fucking break. I’ve got bills to pay, the money people are after me,I’ll fucking go to jail if I don’t pay this shit, so much for free creativity you see” Paul , a young Caucasian male of twenty four, slams the publisher’s door and walks out of the building. He then looks up and concludes “Too much fucking security. Can’t do it here.” He scans the immediate area for tall buildings with relatively easy access

to the roof."Oh , there it is ! " he exclaims to himself."How the fuck could I forget about you, my old friend ?" Paul walks calmly toward...the same building. Yes. He has concluded that the publisher's building is the best for this kind of action."I need some symbolism in life" he smiles as he enters the same building he has just abandoned. The elevator takes him all the way up to the very top. From there he simply walks up onto the roof by breaking the makeshift door blocking the way to his salvation. He moves forward while contemplating the nature of existence."This shit is not what I signed up for and I don't give a damn about the law of attraction. I love life. Only its human interpretation sucks. I won't be sitting on my ass contemplating the omnipresence of concomitance while other pinheads...oh fuck it...where is my fucking music ! " he says as he takes out his alternative version of Ipod."The money people will not get me this time and I don't give a damn about the audience that would not understand what I have to say anyhow. Fuck them all, in good faith of course. I've achieved enough in my life just by writing my opus magni" concludes Paul as he watches the city in front of him."I love life. Really, I do. I just demand some answers. Right now" he shouts at the top of his lungs."What is this is all for !? Why am I hostage to the memes !? Answer me now God damnit !" he yells.Suddenly, voices can be heard coming from behind."Holy fuck, step away, I'm not gonna be the hostage to the taxes ! Fuck this shit ! You'll tell me to sell my life to some international conglomerate which is gonna control my life right until I retire ! Fuck this, I say that I demand answers ! I quit this shit and the option is twofold – oblivion or infinity !" We are simply concerned about your well-being" a voice is coming from behind."Really, we are. There is always a way out of every situation !" the voice concludes with Paul not even looking back."Fuck your mediocre reasoning, I'm outta here !" exclaims Paul as he jumps by spreading his hands."Infinity, here I fucking come !""What the fuck !?" he yells while plunging down as a strange force field engulfs his body."What the fuck is this shit!?"he shouts louder and louder."Tech support, fuck off!"he screams."I want out of this shit !" Then, nothing happens.He is back inside his apartment."What the hell is this about!?" Paul slams the chair against the wall not knowing what is going on."Am I going psychotic!?"he shouts and heads for the kitchen."Ah there it is...a good old knife...come to papa" continues Paul, this time calmer, as he cuts his wrists along the veins."They say it's faster that way." The very second blood starts flowing out, someone begins to pound on the door."I'm busy, you'll have to come again!" concludes Paul in a very pleasant tone as his consciousness is starting to fade probably more from the placebo effect than actual blood loss."I'm sorry, we are simply concerned about your well-being" an elderly lady can be seen standing in front of the protagonist."Who the hell are you, get out of here!" Paul yells and he runs out of his apartment.He notices his veins are back to normal."No, this is enough, I'm done with this shit !" he yells again as he notices that busy road in front of the condominium.He runs onto the sizeable street for the area like this ; a car hits him after five seconds."Finally, the money people won't get me and I've no purpose here anymore"he tells a terrified driver who's just come out of the car to help the protagonist."What the hell...?!" exclaims Paul as the man smiles at him and says."We're merely concerned about your well-being..."Upon hearing this, Paul loses consciousness

out of shock. He just cannot take it anymore. He wakes up in one of local hospitals with a literary agent beside his bed. The agent smiles and says " I understand you've been through a series of incredible events ! Would you care to describe them ? This could become a sensation ! Paul looks at the white agent in his thirties and replies "First, just don't tell me this is for my well-being. Second, *please just* kill me. Write the bloody story yourself."

### Chapter Thirty Nine: Romanticism Defined

Romanticism was a reaction to the exponential rationalization of society. Everything supernatural, untamed (nature), simple (folk-tales) and individualistic tendencies fit into the movement's doctrines. There were many notable poets of the era but I have decided to focus on the following authors:

#### **William Wordsworth**

William Wordsworth was one of the major English romantic poets, the most notable work of whom is *The Prelude*. Wordsworth gained fame after publishing his first poetry pieces 'An Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches.' Upon meeting Samuel Coleridge, the two produced *Lyrical Ballads*. One of the most famous poems written by Wordsworth, 'Tintern Abbey' was published as a part of the latter.

In 'Strange Fits of Passion I Have Known' the poet travels to the cottage of his beloved Lucy. As he was approaching the cottage, a premonition dawned on him which signalled that Lucy might have died. His plea for her survival is summed in the following words : ' O Mercy! If Lucy should be dead!' 'She Dwelt among The Untrodden Ways' is a description of Lucy who is a reclusive woman living near the source of the river Dove. Wordsworth experiments with her features, physical as well as psychological, making her a perfect reflection of a woman for him. He becomes extatic as well as sad, making a reader aware each time what is the author's present state (i.e. exclamation marks in the second and third verses). It is likely that Wordsworth described his longing for a soulmate which—given his alienation from society—could have been a significant craving.

'Tintern Abbey' present the author's musings about nature and the sublime while revisiting the banks of the Wye. The author is considering the meaning of existence and finds that the idea of nature is the perfect explanation which allows his despair to be lifted. The poem is written in the blank verse.

Another interesting collection is 'Poems In Two Volumes' with its major work 'Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood' where the passing of time and the pristine

nature of life left the author disillusioned as to the idea of immortality. He realizes that everything is ephemeral and this leads him to inner dissonance ('The things which I have seen I now can see no more'). In 'I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud' the poet conjured up an image of daffodils every time he feels depressed or needs to consider something important. The beauty of daffodils symbolize the beauty and complexity of nature – a recurring thought in Wordsworth's writings. Later, he published 'The Excursion,' which was a part of a collection entitled 'The Recluse.' In 'The Excursion' the author presents a link between the human mind and nature. The mind, according to the author, plays the role of a 'decoder' that allows us to perceive nature in a certain form ('The external world is fitted to the mind').

'The Solitary Reaper' deals with the author's belief that all social classes should be able to appreciate the poetry. Thus, the language used in this poem is rudimentary ('Yon Solitary Highland Lass'). The protagonist of 'The Solitary Reaper' does not understand the song sang by the girl and so he cries for help. Then, however, he decides to listen without comprehension and leaves the girl. Every time he recalls the melody, however, it brings up positive connotations in his heart. Also, the themes of fields, harvesting and simplicity, in its idealized form, are centered on throughout the poem.

'Elegiac Stanzas' presents us with a painting by Sir George Beaumont named 'Peele Castle in a Storm.' Wordsworth spent some time near the castle. Also, his brother had died in a shipwreck which makes this poem a personal elegy.

In 'Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802,' as the name suggests, the author revels upon the magnificence of the view from the bridge. He believes that the view from the bridge reflects something royal ('A sight so touching in its majesty'). The author also notes the difference between various stages of the day by mentioning that his writing takes place in the morning ('The beauty of the morning; silent, bare').

After Wordsworth's death in 1850, his wife published her deceased husband's autobiography entitled 'The Prelude' in which he analyzes his role as a poet throughout his life. Wordsworth uses his persistent metaphor that life is merely a 'circular journey whose end is to arrive where we started.' The latter signals a departure from the Neoclassical and into the Romantic.

'London, 1802' is a critique of English society. Wordsworth points out that it became 'stagnant, conformistic and selfish' and the only person who could change that was John Milton. The author points out that Milton's 'soul' is pure and unshackled. He could 'Raise us up, return to use again and give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.' Despite the above, Wordsworth was very concerned with morality as related to nature, he urged his fellow countrymen to become 'selfless and virtuous.' One could notice an obvious discrepancy between a romantic idea of freedom and Wordsworth's advice.

'The World is Too Much With Us' is a critique of the author's contemporary world. He criticizes the fact that people infatuate themselves with materialistic pleasure while ignoring nature. He expresses

a wish that he would rather be an outcast than a materialist. The latter emphasizes the level of alienation that Wordsworth felt toward his milieu in general.

## Mary Shelley

When mentioning Mary Shelley, it is impossible to ignore her major work : 'Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus' in which life is created in human form by a scientist living a solitary existence. Mary Shelley was married to another famous English Romantic writer, Percy Shelley.

The idea behind 'Frankenstein,' as it became known in the popular culture after the 1930's, did not stem from anything in particular, which the author had acknowledged herself. Upon visiting Lord Byron in Switzerland with her lover, 19 year old Mary Shelley read *Fantasmagoria* – an anthology of German ghost stories. A challenge was established to write the scariest tale. Mary Shelley, then a young woman, found her inspiration in stories about scientists 'meddling with the legs of frogs, bringing them back to life via treatment with an electric current.' Then she experienced a waking dream in which she could see 'students of unhallowed arts' performing a procedure designed to create an abomination. The creature was created by Victor Frankenstein who intended the latter to be innocent and beautiful. Upon realizing that this was not so, the creature was terribly abused by the creator who reflected to it as a 'vile insect' or 'abhorred monster.' This is a typical feature of gothic novels where darkness and mystery permeate the atmosphere.

The term 'Prometheus' obviously suggests the link to the Greek myth, indicating that creating new life is a 'gift of fire.' Also, the term 'Modern Prometheus' was invented by Immanuel Kant who thought Benjamin Franklin with his electricity experiments would, literally, enlighten the world anew.

The problem of prejudice can be observed in the novel where the sentient creature wants to find someone to be with – of its own kind. All of the attempts to achieve the latter prove to be futile, however, and the abomination decides to destroy its' creator's life by targeting all that he holds dear. The entity does not do it out of pleasure but rather out of despair, revenge. The fact that the creature is conscious is not explained in the novel which is another feature of the gothic genre where reality is bent in order to make it more palatable to the reader. Victor Frankenstein is a stock character, an embodiment of a 'mad scientist' who will stop at nothing to achieve his goals. Evil geniuses usually devise clever stratagems to take over the world are extremely intelligent and pragmatic and yet suffer from an 'ivory tower syndrome.' The latter is a common theme in gothic novels. A Faustian element can also be found where a 'deal with the devil' is made by Frankenstein to gain superior physical and mental abilities in order to capture and destroy his unfortunate 'progeny.'

In 'The Last Man' we can observe the vision of the world decimated by a pandemic in the year 2097. Mary Shelley lost her husband and it was, very likely, the main stimulus that propelled her to

write the novel. Along with 'Frankenstein,' 'The Last Man' is considered to be one of the first, if not the first, science-fiction novel.

'Mathilda' presents us with the consequences of incest and what happens when a woman becomes too dependant upon her male guardian. It is a critique of naivete of a Romantic-era woman.

'Falkner' deals with a relationship between a father and an orphan daughter. The father cannot accept the fact that his adopted daughter falls in love with a son of a woman he despised. A feeling of guilt connected with rage sets in, giving rise to psychological tortures that both the father and daughter endure. The principle of the unknown is also used in the work, playing on a reader's presuppositions about psyche in general, creating twists of fate that surprise him/her.

'Lodore' deals with a mother-daughter relationship that Shelley never experienced which made it possible for her to improvise and create a description of reconciliation between the daughter and the mother after the latter had been through some unstetling adventures.

Mary Shelley, unlike most of her contemporaries, did not emphasize individuality as the center of one's happiness. On the contrary, she believed that selfishness leads to self-destruction which could be seen in 'Frankenstein' as Victor Frankenstein destroys all of his domestic relationships by devoting his time to an experiment that did not succeed, whereas Robert Walton who conquers his own ambition by focusing on other, thereby not reaching the 'region of beauty and light.'

## **George Byron**

Byron's writings very often reflect his journeys to the East. In the poem 'The Giaour,' for instance where it is predicted that the protagonist will become a vampire as punishment for his crime and forced to drink his relatives' blood, tormenting his family as well as himself by being unable to refrain from performing such a despicable act. The concepts of afterlife, in its Christian as well as Muslim versions, are also mentioned.

'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' is a narrative poem (A poem that tells a story, like a ballad, epoch or idyll) where a young man travels the world in order to find a new meaning of life that he lost after enjoying the material pleasures of existence. It is likely that Napoleonic wars heavily influenced the poem's theme. It centers on a notion that 'the biggest tragedy of man is when he cannot attain a perfection that was conceived in his mind,' the words that were, apparently, used by Byron to describe his attitude to life and virtually making the young man in the poem his alter-ego. The poem introduces the concept of the Byronic hero who is torn between the world of happiness and sadness, constantly searching for new adventures to satisfy the wanderlust.

'Don Juan' reverses the roles of an archetype of a 'womanizer' who mesmerizes females and creates a protagonist who is very intelligent and pragmatic but also very naïve and easily seduced by women. Byron intended the poem to be a satire. Byron chose ottovarima (eight line iambic pentameter) to make the poem amusing by rhyming the endings.

'The Prisoner of Chillon' features a Genevois monk in Chateau de Chillon, Switzerland. The monk is a strong character who is willing to become a martyr for the cause of freedom. The phrase 'Eternal Spirit Of The Chainless Mind' exemplifies the belief in liberty. Byron used his knowledge of continental Europe to write the poem and the idea of an individual who is facing the 'rest of the world' on his own and finds solace in nature can be found throughout his work.

'Darkness' focuses on the apocalypse as Byron wrote it in the same year as Mount Tambora erupted, thus causing 'the year without a summer.' People started to predict that the eschaton was nearing and many poets felt the need to become prophets warning people 'of the impending doom.' The whole poem revolves around the phrase from Matthew : 'The sun shall be darkened.'

'Cain' presents us with the idea that an individual is thrown into the world that he does not comprehend and has to obey by the rules already pre-ordained by an omnipotent being. The protagonist, Cain, does not accept the fact that he has to thank God for anything because he is going to die anyway which compels him to kill Abel in an attempt to vicariously attack God by destroying his favorite creation.

'The Dream' questions the nature of reality by pointing out that there is 'death', 'existence' and 'sleep,' each of them having their own world. Byron questions the nature of the past by rhetorically asking 'is not the past all shadow?' indicating to the reader that he does not believe the answer can be provided by anyone. The reader can detect agnostic thought in the poem where everything is put through the prism of uncertainty principle.

'Manfred' contains supernatural overtones where a noble summons seven spirits to help him get rid of the guilt within. He decides to commit suicide, however, rather than submit to the higher power represented by the spirits. This is, once more, an indication that freedom is more important to the Romantic poets than solving problems by paying a 'Faustian' price (long-term reciprocation).

'The Corsair' exemplifies the idea of freedom by a ruthless and villain-like pirate who travels the oceans and is answerable to the forces of nature only. The pirate is an example of a 'Byronic character,' who is evil only on the surface and deep down harbors a desire to be free while others, who conform to the standards of society, prefer him to be portrayed as 'evil,' thus justifying their own conformity in front of themselves.

'Mazeppa' features an Ukrainian page who was punished for an affair with a wife of a gentleman. He rises from near death and becomes the leader of the Cossacks of Ukraine. The protagonist is an embodiment of Romantic virtues and, quite possibly, Byron's alter-ego disguised as someone totally different.

#### **Chapter Forty: October Chill : From the Preacher's Perspective**

I have just come out of the nice man's house with whom I have had an interesting conversation about many topics. He seems to be perceiving me as a preacher. I am the preacher. Or, should I say, I possess the qualifications to be seen as such. I am no preacher as you would expect me to be: I have no formal education in the area of religious zealotry. I am a well-educated individual, albeit in other areas of what we collectively discern as "life." The facade of the preacher has been chosen by me in order to enter the homes of the people in an easy way. The time before Halloween is conducive to high strangeness in general - be it factual or fictitious. I am merely using the opportunity of that temporary openness to survey, to scrutinize, to analyze, what have you. What am I analyzing? I am analyzing what the people are like. What are their lives like? What is their mindset like? What better way than becoming the preacher, someone who, by sheer appearance and smooth talk, can be seen as someone trustworthy? Granted, not everyone is going to view me as a friendly character. I have sensed the man's concern - I have decided to leave as there has been nothing of interest to me in his petty house and in his petty chat about the demise of his family. What a shame, what a shame indeed. But it is of no concern to me. I have a mission to accomplish. I need to compile a profile. The profile of the population. The rest is irrelevant.

You might ask, rightly so, what do I need the profile for? Would you believe me that I was an inter-dimensional traveler performing reconnaissance missions for...myself? Yes, for myself. No hidden agenda, just that. I have devised a machine that allows me to have a peek into other realities. They are not "parallel" per se; not at all. A millimeter away would be a more appropriate description. Some timelines differ just a little; some differ a lot. What causes the divergence in the first place, one might ask? Hell knows. All I can tell you is that I can travel from one world to another - and my device makes sure, somehow, that each reality is not too far on the dial. Just in case. Just to avoid ending up in a concentration camp, for instance. You people have not mastered inter-dimensional travel. At least not officially. Your mainstream science doubts its existence by presenting the "evidence." Oh please. I am the direct proof to the contrary. I have to keep it to myself or otherwise various mental health officials would be too eager to get to me. I have chosen to be the preacher on your world. I have also chosen the date and the place. I am not from this country originally on my world, though it does exist there as well. It is just a little bit different, nevermind the details. I always perform a "telemetry" of sorts to determine what would be the best "social role" for me to adopt in order to see what a certain society is like. Who would care about freaks in America anyway, your America. America I know is, as I have said, a little different. The obvious question in your mind ought to be, if you are a keen observer of reality:

"If you're not from the U.S. then how come you claim to be from 'somewhere around Denver' it would be obvious to everyone that you are lying?"

He he. Good point. Though linguistic diversity should be taken into account as well. I have mastered the skill of learning a certain accent if necessary - on my world there is no longer a distinction between a "native" and "foreign" language. The society I exist in has gotten past that. I, myself, am not what you would consider a "native English speaker." Though it is not a problem for

me to become a native speaker of Swahili if needed be. Your understanding of the world is so limited comparing to the world I am from. Your socio-linguistic barriers are no longer an issue, merely a pittance that brings back memories. I do not come from the future - I come from exactly the same moment as you. I have chosen America , Denver to be more specific, in order to experience the place I have never visited before. Not even in my own reality, though there are no restrictions to enter the U.S. where I come from. My world is not utopian, far from it. Though the 9/11 has never occurred. Political issues appear to be handled more swiftly from what I could observe. It might be due to our first contact which has taken place - for us - about fifty years ago. And no, it has nothing to do with Roswell. Never mind the story, the point is simple : by knowing, for sure, that we are not the only ones in the universe, our universe, we have become more united and certain nuances have been eradicated for good. In general, my world *seems* to be a much friendlier place. Here, the people seem to be a little concerned by my presence. They know it is about the great festival of the undead but still...still, I scare them. Is it because I am not their neighbor ? Do I look so much "out of this world ?" Weird. Weird indeed. Even the children get out of my way somehow. Just the man I have talked to but now I am not sure if I am going to continue this...your society , or this milieu anyway, appears to be rather suspicious. People watching, people talking on the phone about me, police vehicles observing me .... is it because I really have no costume ? Or is it because something about me just screams

" Hey, I am the scientist and *you* are my subjects ! "

Holy crap. The cops have been observing me for thirty minutes now ! This is just becoming ludicrous. I am out of this place. And do not worry. I will never return. Not even because I would not want to - but because it is contrary to the principle upon which my device is based. I might come back to a very similar reality ... and different nonetheless. Infinity is the limit. Also, just to end my contemplations about your reality, it is not that bad in the overall scheme. I have visited some .... bizzare locations. Fifty, to be more specific. My aim ? Around three hundred reality variations.

Your reality is rather moderate by comparison. Take it as a compliment.

**(The two policemen, given the signal by the man with whom the preacher had a conversation, decided to investigate. All they found was the above note - hidden in the bushes somewhere near the man's house. The next day , a local newspaper headline glared )**

**"MYSTERIOUS PREACHER-LIKE FIGURE INCITES FEAR IN THE COMMUNITY"**

October Chill : The Voice of Insanity

This is me . The preacher. The preacher, the doctor, whoever you want me to be. I have come across a rather interesting reality. The reality where Michael Myers is alive. Alive and well. In his own unique way, of course. I intend to become his inner voice. His conscience. I will tell him who deserves to be killed. Who deserves to be left alone. And why. I will give these people the celebration of a lifetime. They will never want to experience any kind of foolish holidays again. Of that - I am absolutely certain.

If I want to influence this poor sob, I gotta make sure to do it in a proper way. Michael Myers might be lost to you and to others - you who operate on a "normal" wavelength of existence. What I am going to do is rather different, akin to autistic communication. Because Michael is autistic. Psychopathy, in his case, is a perverse way of interacting with the world around him. He does not see killing and mayhem - he sees people, happy people that he is helping. If you saw one of the "masters of horror" episodes where the guy thought his family was alive, despite them being pieces of bones, you will know what I mean. Anyhow, anyhow, anyhow. Assuming that there is no communication with someone is utterly wrong. Everyone has a certain wavelength that can be utilized in the process of interlocution. You do not have to be loquacious to be effective. On the contrary. The best approach, in my humble experience, is called controlled insinuation. What the hell is that about ? Let me explain by focusing on Michael's case - though I have no doubt more intelligent individuals out there can become prophets at this stage of my dissertation.

Every entity in the universe has a certain element of focus. How one discerns that element it is a wholly different matter. If one wants to insinuate themselves into the existential paradigm of other entites , then this is THE best approach : to take a form , a thought form perhaps, that is going to be understood by the recipient. Then, the communication can occur on a totally different level. Imagine an autistic child. From the outside it is very often impossible to establish an effective link. However, let us suppose that the child is in "love" with a cartoon character. If we can insinuate ourselves into the cartoonish existence, then we can communicate with the child. How does one do that ? It requires a huge amount of intelligence and slyness, as well as technological savviness. Pardon the tendency toward neologisms and tautologies.

Myers seems to respect only one person in his life : his mother. If I can gather enough data about her and establish a link, the best approach would be via his dreams, then I could easily influence the psychopath to do my bidding. I will direct his rage at the ones that really deserve it, not the innocent of society. Also, please understand that Myers does not understand his miscommunication with the world - he perceives it as normal, and before he, or anyone else, can interact in the standard way, first it has to be realized what the "issue" is. Michael is a very intelligent person who

has just escaped from the mental institution. He is angry inside, extremely angry, angry beyond your perception. He can speak, he does speak, he simply chose not to do so. There are channels always open and I will compile the list of victims. I will also explain his fate - the proposal I have for him, it is a rare gem indeed. He has what I need - I have what he needs. Together the business transaction can be sealed.

To hell with it. The truth is, he is just a patsy. Just like Oswald and Chapman, and all the rest of them. I even sat at the top of one of the towers before it got hit. They do my bidding because I know how to communicate with them. You can be green with envy as you will never master THE skill. I will never be held accountable for my actions...I ain't killed nobody, mr. officer. I am the pillar of the community. Naivete...beyond belief. It is actually getting hilarious.

To the point now.

I see Michael right now, wondering the streets of suburbia. I know what his aims are. I know his thoughts, his actions, his motives. I know all which might be considered paramount in Michael's case. You see, not everyone is going to be easy to manipulate. Individuals with a grudge, individuals who are depressed, anyone who tends to exhibit hatred toward the world, be it inner or outer, they are my prime target. Indeed, I could try that with a "normal" human being, or even a retard, but it would take me too long and I am rather impatient. It has been a very boring endeavor, watching those idiots in Denver, pulling pranks. What idiocy. Michael does not see me, no one can see me, as I operate in the state of "telekinetic flickering." You will not know that term, invented by the famous doctor Jan Pajak (residing in New Zealand, to the best of my knowledge). In my reality, this guy is a revered genius. In yours - and many, many others - not necessarily so. Not to bore you with the details, the state of "telekinetic flickering" allows me to remain invisible to the senses. Even the sixth sense. Not just that, however. I am also untouchable. I can be someone's voice, they can be hearing voices and wind up as looney tunes - all because of me! Isn't that hilarious? I could be a direct cause of someone's demise. Myers is not the one I will be targeting for malevolent reasons. He is merely a tool, a device to be operated when needed. I want to target the skeptics. The skeptics who keep laughing at others, who keep telling others what is possible and what is impossible. The skeptics who consider Jesus to be a fact but laugh in your face when you mention other dimensions. They do not buy possession. They do not buy the paranormal. Of course it is not the paranormal, you idiots. How can it be when the very prefix, para-, indicates something "beyond, incorrect." Then all of them must know what is correct, then. Is it any wonder that people of the "skeptical" mindset can be found in various positions along the "red-tape" line? Is it any wonder that they are, very often, grammar Nazis? Not at all. Makes perfect sense to me. If they want to be like that, feel free, good luck to them. The problem is, they really do need to strike others. This is where my ol' friend Michael comes in. Well, he's not really my friend, I couldn't give

a damn about him...but , for argument's sake. He is going to target one of the centers of skepticism : there is a HQ in one place, I will not name it. The HQ of the so-called "enlightened individuals." Fools, more likely. I want Michael to go there, to slaughter as many as he can and to deliver the message – by himself – that I made him do it. I do not care about celebrity, of course not. All I want is to make sure that people open their eyes. Make no mistake, then I will send him to deal with the other extreme of folly : the "Hare-Krishna" individuals. Why? Because when one group is encompassed by a wall of concrete, this group is encompassed by a wall of bliss...nymphs, and la-la lands. No golden mean, just extremes. They claim to be "awakened," you see. The Krishnas. No, I do not mean them, per se, I am just trying to present an archetype. Or, actually, New Agers seem to be a better choice. Forget Krishnas. Yeah, New Agers are definitely it. Ashtar command, saving others, enlightenment, free thinkers...please stop me before I collapse. No one can be a "free thinker" if he, or she, or it, has been, even partially, through the machine of socialization. Are genes involved ? Can we be without socialization or would we wind up as animals ? Are animals socia....ah, fuck it. You answer it yourself. I am not your encyclopedia. Michael has to be cruel to deliver the message of ... hope. Yes, hope. Shock is needed as otherwise people will not see. I am not a free-thinking individual, nor would I want to be. That's a conundrum, then ... solve it on your own terms. I am not trying to justify my actions. I am way past that level. I have seen many worlds with many laws. Each reality has had its own order. Each reality has been claiming that they are THE ones. This is just bullshit. It will not matter to you, of course, since you cannot leave your concrete world. Maybe it is better that you cannot. It would overwhelm you. Stay in your condemnation mode while I , and Myers, go trick-or-treating.

### Chapter Forty One: A Journey To Hell

Canterbury, England. Summer of 2008. A town with rich history. It is more than that, however : some claim that a huge underground complex can be found under the region if one cares to look well enough. In nearby woods, ample in Kent, the Devil "himself" was supposed to have been strolling. Some contend the notion that Canterbury is a town . In England every place with a Cathedral becomes a town. Even if it consists of two houses and one street.

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Two youths arrive in Canterbury for their vacation. It has not been a very torturous journey at all, as they arrive from north London. This would mean their distance to cover is circa one hundred forty kilometers at best. They are white, intelligent and their perception of reality has gotten them into trouble more than once. Jake and Paul, eighteen year olds at the crossroads. GCSE's are gone.

Passed with flying colors. Now it is the time to think about their future. So much strain from the world on their shoulders, so much to think about in terms of their careers. Jake and Paul are not so much concerned about that. Especially Paul, who is the driving force in looking for many answers at the same time. No real answers in schools, he keeps thinking. Just a joke to keep you sedated. Popular with others, the duo feel very alienated nonetheless. They have met some years ago and quickly managed to comprehend their similarities. Both of them have been looking for something meaningful in their lives, something beyond everyday preaching about bliss and carpe diems from omniscient adults. Adults might be omniscient, some of them might be convinced of it beyond any doubts, though they are merely expressing nescience.

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Paul has been reading various sites on the internet and confronting it with his practical experiences. He has been investigating the claims of haunted houses and haunted asylums. He has found some very interesting locations – mainly abandoned asylums – around London. He has discovered many tunnels under the mental facilities, some of which are still a conundrum to experienced urban explorers. Paul tries to find a golden mean in his life between openness and pragmatism. He believes that people close their minds to infinite possibility by imposing a belief system on themselves but they can also be too easily controlled – to the point of paradoxical myopia – if they try to acknowledge their total freedom. There is no total freedom, according to Paul. We are all “Children of the Matrix” as David Icke has pointed out. A follower of no one, Paul takes what feels right and ignores the rest. Very often people have expressed their “consternation” at Paul’s claims even when he has tried to keep it on a very simple and corporeal level. Funny, he thought, that these people fancied themselves intelligent and eccentric. What morons.

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Paul believes he has deciphered the legendary “Voynich manuscript.” With a very interesting message behind it. Is it his beliefs getting in the way? Or is he on to something? Even if one claims agnosticism, can one really be free of any influences?

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Jake usually follows in Paul’s footsteps. Not like a sheep but someone who is willing to weigh what Paul presents to be scrutinized. Very intellectual, he enjoys a repartee from time to time in order to silence his “doubting Thomas” family. Jake has a strong predilection toward hell and all connected with it. Stories like “well to hell” or “23 minutes in hell” among many more inspire him to look within the profound abysmal recesses of human psyche. Is hell in the middle of this planet? Or is it

something more mundane ... does hell expand ? You might think I am telling you all this with a touch of sarcasm but no. Jake does not negate any notion concerning hell. Even if it sounds medieval. He tries to understand the purpose of hell as well as people's strong inclination to invent the most gruesome visions of it while claiming to be so "innocent and God-loving." It would seem that sublimation is alive and well, he thinks about the apparent travestical contradiction.

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Jake is also very much into – what he has dubbed – the "classification of cognition among human race." Here are his philosophical musings which – I must admit – find a wide array of practical applications.

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Human existence is a rather complex issue. No one in their right mind can deny this, unless propaganda is involved. In my opinion, the way one can perceive the world is done through the following prism : Internal With External Milieu / External Milieu With Internal What one perceives within oneself influences his external reality which, in turn, influences his internal reality – creating a perpetual cycle of development and conditioning at the same time. The question of genes and socialization is very much dependant upon one's concept of self. The " homo duplex" theory is certainly a sound one. It would seem that Nietzsche's "superman" could be defined as someone who is able to control one's internal environment at all times and thus creating a desired outer milieu – making the outer milieu not the "creatory force" per se but rather "the malleability of one's internal thoughts". Such a feat of engineering is , indeed, virtually impossible to attain for a social being. The following chart of inter-human relation patterns can support the idea that the above is not merely a notion but an axiom : **Vegetable** A person incapable of discerning their existence - euthanasia advised. It is impossible to discern any meaningful contact between the individuals – whether of the same state of mind or not. **Automaton** A person capable of discerning their existence by performing menial tasks. Useful unskilled labor. It is highly likely that some sort of a very primitive vernacular pattern can be observed – the concept of socialization too complex , thus all actions automated at best. **Neanderthal** A person capable of discerning their existence but incapable of controlling primordial drives. Useful unskilled labor requiring a lot of strength. Mundane social rules accepted, interaction automated with a tinge of a primitive self-governance based totally on primitive social constructs induced externally. **Mediocre** A person discerning life through the consensual prism. Useful at work that does not require unpredictable factors, be it manual or intellectual. Interaction between mediocre individuals automated with a tinge of self-conscious choices deriving from the social construct. Not aware of the complexity of the social construct , and what this individual is aware of , is just the tip of the iceberg of the internal/external

and, ergo, the world as perceived by Joe Bloggs. Requires confirmation of one's self-worth externally, as internally this is what the social consensus demands. Characteristics : Unawareness, conformity, fake rebellion, bigotry, strength in numbers. **Smart** A person capable of discerning the consensual patterns but not their absurdities. A good businessman. A conformist. Can appear to be shrewd - and yet still enslaved by the system. Plays social games with others without realization that he is being played like a violin by the very same social games due to the fact that he is playing them in the first place without understanding their origins and purpose. Characteristics : Systemic Shrewdness, Materialism, Common level among psychopaths, Conformity along the lines "I conform and through this advance in the social hierarchy." **Very Smart** A conformist with a tinge of non-conformism ; discerns consensual patterns and notices their absurdity when necessary - backs off when too much is at stake. **Extremely Smart** A non-conformist by choice ; observes all the necessary patterns within a particular society ; can go all the way to implementing his aims - incapable of creating something unique, can work only with already present material. **Genius** He is neither non-conformistic, nor conformistic ; he operates outside any known paradigm; a "rezone" who finds it hard to adhere to the consensus rather than pretending to be 'different.' Can discern the 'unified field theory' of social interaction and use this knowledge to create a whole new paradigm of perceiving life, and, subsequently, living. Can become a "super human" by implementing his best invention into reality. Destined to be great or die in misery, nothing in between. **"Nietzschean" Super Human/Aka "The Rezone."** A person detached from any reality, a true rezone. Whether the latter allows this individual to avoid the solipsism syndrome is unknown due to lack of data. Not everything has been described as certain stages do not require it. A genius can become everyone that they want to be , thus they are in a unique position. Even extremely smart people, however, cannot transcend the boundaries of their conditioning and minds to get to the stage of genius , nevermind the "super human." It is the ultimate bias of the universe.

Paul is going to come up with a proposal that might, *just* might, challenge the very bias of the universe to the two's favor.

(2)

"Listen Jake, I've deciphered the Voynich manuscript." says Paul in the midst of an uproar inside Pizza Hut."I know what it wants to tell us and the message is magnificent..it is life-altering !"

"Yeah?" says Jake, looking surprised."What is that exactly you've managed to find out about the great manuscript of the ages?"

“People have been trying to decipher it for years” says Paul while sipping orange juice and observing the people around him as on some sort of a clandestine government operation. “They’ve gone about it the wrong way!”

“So you’re saying this is not a hoax of any kind?” asks Jake.

“Hoaxes are non-existent in the infinite number of universes, though I know what you mean” says Paul. “No, I’m absolutely certain this is the real McCoy.”

“Your interpretation of events?”

“Yeah” says Paul, nodding slightly and looking at the glass with orange juice as if wanting to devour it once more. “All I did was not trying to decipher the language, fuck no as I’m no linguist to that extent, I just used basic logic in my understanding of the word.”

“What have you been able to find out?” asks Jake, looking at a young woman bringing the pizza toward them.

“That the symbols represent the monoatomic gold” answers Paul.

“Wait” Jake interjects. “The same monoatomic gold as shown on various websites to be a wondrous dietary supplement?”

“Hell yes but also hell no” says Paul. “You see, it is more about the nature of suicide. It is a code, monoatomic gold explains the real nature of suicide.”

“So it does explain the nature of life as a consequence?” adds Jake in a philosophical tone. “Or am I missing something here?”

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The two have to suspend their interlocution for a moment to receive the pizza.

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“Listen, I understand that what I’m about to say is going to render your mind defensive to the extreme” says Paul, getting excited within but maintaining a calm façade without. “Not to be loquacious, what I’m getting at here, is that suicide is the first step to achieving what you’ve described as rezonerism!”

Jack, understandably, is both shocked and curious upon hearing the statement. He is open to many ideas, yes, though could this be of any substantial value? They are both considered to be rather bizarre by the mainstream socio-emotio-intellectual milieu but this has gone even beyond Jake’s perception of operation. He looks at Paul and asks him the following question in all seriousness

“Are you trying to tell me that it’s time for you to depart from this brane just because you’ve allegedly deciphered a message encoded within a manuscript that could well be the creation of some deranged mind, even by our standards, to specifically wreak havoc on unsuspecting minds centuries later?”

"No" Paul objects categorically. "This is not so simple. Let me break it down to you this way."

"I'm all ears" says Jake while putting one piece of his Super Supreme , thick cake, on a plate.

"Good" answers Paul with a mischievous smile on his face. "We both agree that there is an infinite number of universes existing concurrently to our own yes?"

"Yes, I think it's fair to say so."

"So we agree that anything which can happen, does happen?"

"Yeah, makes sense to me."

"So it makes sense that there is no prevalent reality, rendering each reality merely an illusion which can be treated akin to a DVD player?"

"This is one of the statements by quantum physicists and conspiracy researchers like David Icke" says Jake. "After careful consideration we've come to agree it's more than likely to be the case."

"So, bearing all that in mind, what is the nature of suicide?"

"The nature of suicide depends on how does one perceive oneself" says Jake, continuing the thread. "If we're more than gray matter, then, indeed, we can experience the infinity so suicide is non-existent, apart from our deluded self-perception of reality..or what we've come to know as reality."

"Is it even possible to distinguish between reality and fiction?" asks Paul. "Or are these just names we give to what we think we are?"

"Names, just like God and all the rest" says Jake, humming from time to time. "Where are you going with this?"

"What I wanna tell you" says Paul as he observes Jake eating more and more of the pizza with his bare hands starting from the front and ending with the cake at the end. "What I wanna tell you is not intricate at all!"

"Then tell me, for Satan's sake!" exclaims Jake creating a moment of consternation in the immediate vicinity."

"Well" Paul goes. "Wouldn't it be fair to say that by getting to the point of rezonerism we could render everything else that had happened before in our perception of existence...couldn't we render it devoid?"

"The reverse engineering principle ?" asks Jake, his tone more and more inquisitive. "We get to the stage of the rezoner and from there we reconstruct our existential edifices ?"

"By crossing the rubicon there is a plethora of phenomena to be experienced, not just will-o-the-wisp ideas!"

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The duet has not noticed a waitress stopping by and asking how is the pizza. Upon further inquiry, they have answered the question. The waitress has been visibly puzzled by the nature of interaction between the men.

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“Fuck, we trippin’ man, our language is gettin’ weird” concludes Paul.”Anyhow..the plan is simple from what I’ve been able to discern.”

Jake’s attention span is set to zero again.He’s all geared up for more incessant ramblings.

“We terminate our physical existence and then we experience oblivion. Our thought patterns are set on rezonerism and we , in full awareness of our desire, get to the point of that.”

“How can you be sure it’s like that?” asks Jake.

“Well, this is infinity and there is no rules unless you impose them upon yourself in order to interact with what’s within you and around you in a more efficient manner, I think this is a good answers I suppose..does that make sense to you?”

“Superimposition” Jake mumbles.”I like that.I’m in , man. Count me in.”

“Great” says Paul while sipping the orange juice once more which makes his speech slightly incoherent.”Come with me.All has been arranged.”

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After ten minutes of divagating the duo has finally left the pseudo-restaurant to implement their “grand scheme” project.

### 3 : Hypermnesia

Paul has already picked the method of suicide as well as technique that is going to be used. Fast and painless, this is his motto. It has been established that the best way to solve the conundrum of death would be done by suffocation via carbon monoxide. Or is it carbon monoxide poisoning. Paul has hired an automobile to be used for that very purpose, without anyone from the rental personnel knowing about it. Ought to be obvious. Both of them have driven outside the Canterbury borough to one of the places dubbed as “one of the ley line centers of the Earth.” They have positioned the car in the middle of the purported zone and have Paul has begun implementing his plan. By using a specifically devised contraption he has managed to trap carbon monoxide inside the vehicle. It is said, based on circumstantial evidence, that elongated exposure to CO can cause nausea and brain damage. This is why it is so important for them not to be found. Their parents, loving as they are, exist merely in a certain frame of the (so-called) reality.

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“Are we ready for this, it’s really getting late here” says Jake.

“Don’t worry” adds Paul, turning off the front lights.”It’s happening right now.We’re departing to la-la land on the spot.”

"I really do hope that our concept were not just mis concepts" concludes Jake as he begins to feel the effects of the gas."I really hope we know what we're doing."

"Nothing is certain in this life" says Paul."This is the most infuriating thing about it but also the beauty behind existence. Nothing can be said to be for certain because , sooner or later, someone is going to prove you wrong."

"Too bad sometimes it would be good to cling on to some form of certainty."

"It is merely an attempt at discerning the infinity, qui pro quo alas terrarum"

"Agreed"

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The existence has been concluded on their own volition. The car can be reclaimed in – almost – untouched condition.

Darkness permeates them both. Nothing can be seen, nothing felt. Hot . Voices can be heard from the distance as they realize that the biggest riddle of humans has just been solved for them . It's not the brain anymore, they are officially deceased ! Their awareness indicates just that.

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"Damn, for the moment it was oblivion" says Paul somewhere into the ether."I really thought it was nothingness awaiting us."

"It seems that life is not so simple as some know-it-all preachers would like us to accept it" says Jake."It seems that you're fucking right...but..but..."

"WE'RE DESCENDING INTO THE DEPTHS OF HELL!" the two have just realized the terrifying truth.

"How is this possible?" says Jack."Why the hell are we going to hell?"

"Calm down,for the sake of whatever" throws in Paul."We don't know what's this place about and I've my own hypothesis even if we're going to hell."

"I thought hell wasn't real!" screams Jake , trying to pinpoint Paul's location."Our voices sound rather weird, don't you think?"

"Helium possibly" says Paul, wondering about it himself."I really don't know.What's important is my theory."

"Give it now!!" exclaims Jack."Now, now, now!!!"

"Yeah, it's simple really" responds Paul, his voice can be discerned parallely to that of Jack as both of them keep falling down the – literal – abyss."Our social conditioning indicated to us deeply that suicide is something unacceptable. Look at language bias for one . It is to commit suicide, equating it with a crime. This language bias sure as hell got to our subconscious and if this is what is creating our reality then we are still deeply contaminated from various belief systems that inhabit it. Death is no cure for contaminative ignorance, apparently."

"Damn, I hope it's just that" adds Jake, his voice terrified."I really hope it's only about that !"

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A large ambient splash can be heard. Both of the protagonists have just hit the ground. Or whatever stands for it. Normally, they would be dead many times. No bone of contention here form a consensually discerning entity.

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“This is what I call stuck between a rock and a hard place” says Paul, attempting to be humorous.”Hey, we still have our clothes on !”

“Weird indeed but not surprising at the same time” says Jake.”In many stories it is a constant element. Take the story by **Bill Wiese** as one example. Or, should I say, his account.”

“You’ve told me all about it !” concludes Paul.””Could it be that..”

“I don’t know” responds Jake.”If it is the same place that we’ve simply gotten by our own subconscious mind, then this is not very good at all.”

“Do you see what I see” says Paul, checking his eyes by blinking faster than usual.”Look fucking there. Just look there, in the distance, for fuck’s sake...”

“Holy mother of God...”

The two have seen something beyond description. I wish I could supply you with a link but what they have experienced surpasses any writer’s ability to fathom, I do not care how good you are. I shall attempt to describe it to the best of my abilities.

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*The occassional omnipresent darkness has been pierced by a beam of light where various macabre scenes could be seen. The lake of fire could be seen in the distance, far away, as if tangible. In front of it, many people are given sedates by sadistic orderlies inside a mental hospital. You can tell they are normal but this whole situation renders them insane...children, everyone is here. Crucifixion is also taking place on a separate island. No one is there to help people, you can literally see them being nailed to the crosses. Yes, these are island, just as if every group of people had their personal hell. The common denominator is the lake of fire below. It would seem to be the most common form of punishment as thought by various religions throughout the planet. I can also see a young woman being repeatedly raped by someone who appears to be Ted Bundy..she is killed and then revived ! There is no hope in this place, there is nothing. It is beyond surrealism. It is akin to dadaism which has been developed exponentially according to whimsical requests by its inmates. The inmates are indeed controlling the asylum without even knowing it. It is hell of their own making, literally. Forget about “What Dreams May Come.” This is just...something so grotesque that your mental illness would be gone in two seconds if you saw it all. Even Marquis De Sade would be destroyed in this place.*

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The two are also on a small island. Very small indeed. It is no accident they have landed upon it. Suddenly, out of the dark, a figure appears.

“Lord Jesus, save us !” screams Jake while Paul is too shocked to even utter a sound.

A strange light appears and the protagonists find themselves in heaven.

"It's time to end this charade" thinks Jack, stealing Jesus' keys to heaven in the blink of an eye while Paul is still out there somewhere with his mind."Paul,we're getting outta here !"

"My children, don't..." Jesus shouts in his almighty voice but to no avail. The two are already gone somewhere beyond the Lord's reach, however it sounds.

"Where the hell are we now?" says Paul out of nowhere, as if the shock simply poofed in a second."What's going on?"

"It seems that your techniques of mind control are not so good after all" says Jake, the body of whom cannot be seen."We're outside the time loop. David Icke was right. Look !"

There it is. Events in our life akin to a movie, going back and forth. Starting and ending. Ending and starting. The same way.

"I wonder who has done this and what does it say about free will and destiny?" thinks Paul.

"I've no bloody clue" thinks Jake."What if we..."

The protagonists have found themselves in front of a Church in Canterbury again. A young Scandinavian-looking girl wearing a blue – slightly above the kness - dress can be seen approaching them. She approaches them and sends each the same telepathic message

"I've written you. You seem to be doing fine."

"It's so convoluted..." Paul thinks back, relaying the message to Jake.

"It is" responds the girl with a posh English accent heard in Paul's mind."I belong to a differnet story..."

"The confession booth incident?" asks Jake, temporarily suspending his telepathic communiques.

"I think I'll move somewhere else."

The girl smiles innocently and disappears.

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*With infinite power at your disposal, how can you be sure where does this power derive from ? Is it real or merely an illusion meant to spin someone else's yarn ? Did the two really understand the meaning of life ? Did they manage to understand time, matter, the infinite universe ? These questions are not easily answered. In fact, they are rhetorical.*

## **Chapter Forty Two: The Journal of a Madman**

I wanna kill people. See, you're already jugdging me I bet. I wanna kill the ones that are responsible for the mess I see around me. I can take care of myself, believe me. When I see what's happening around , I just can't take it anymore.

I thought of killing sprees. What the fuck would that be good for ? Killing sheeple ? Ah get outta here.

I thought of suicide because I believe I am consciousness and this body is merely a vehicle to experience this frequency range. What the fuck , why would I gotta be afraid of an illusion.

But now, I wanna stay and find out what's really going on. Is this fucking true, this reptilian shit. What the hell is going on here, Satanic ritual abuse, Dulce, all the rest of it. I wanna fucking get to one of these underground bases and find out what's going on there. I've been persuing the internet and I've got me a plan. To fuck with hassle-free zones. It's time to find out the truth.

I've got the money and I've no family. I've got the time and resources. I live in London, one of the alleged centers of the reptilian activity. I've seen the reptile with brass balls at the entrance to the city of london. Damn, there's something to it. Hell, I'm not fucking crazy by my standards. The sheeple are off the mark because even if I'm wrong then who can prove it? Fuck how ? How will anyone prove that David Icke is wrong? He makes sense to me. And I'm not some loser, fuck it, I've got the money. If I don't find something there then it might be somewhere else..and I feel this urge to kill If I've to, of my God, I will fucking kill the shite.

I'm sick of threads like these where dumbass sheeple think they know it all - I hope this link's gonna be active after someone discovers this friggin jorunal

<http://www.abovetopsecret.com/forum/thread197467/pg5>

On both fucking sides - the believers and doubters. Same shit, different arsehole. I'm gonna find the truth behind it as what more important can there be...they can whine all they want, I'll get to the bottom of things..Illuminati, here I come !

It's so tough to get thru the complexity of the modern world. The modern world awashed with bigotry where anything outside the mainstream is wrong ! How many people've died because of someone's senseless policies. I've been always like this, I'm just twenty five now, but hell I've seen nuff shit to see what's going on. My girlfriend's left me cuz I became a "burden." A fucking burden because I began asking questions ! Ha. Good for her, serves her well. But damn, I still don't know where to go from here exactly. This Illuminati shit is clever. They control infinitely more than most people can ever fucking fathom. They control this fucking reality. Reality my ass.

People go to a cinema to watch a fucking "Matrix" movie and then go out pretending that they're fucking intellectually more advanced than their neighbor

"Oh yes, John, this movie has so much to it, we definitely live in a world like this."

"Oh yes, oh yes.."

Oh, I know it's just a "movie." Well. I've got news for ya. So is the life you're living. And you ain't in the scriptwriting club.

Oh yeah, you morons. Then you go to Church and pray to some sun God who disguised himself as Jesus. Jesus here, Jesus there, Jesus seems to be fucking everywhere.

What's the most tangible element that a madman like me , the proud madman, can start to investigate...pedophile links, Satanic rituals, shape-shifting prime-ministers, Pindar...underground bases?

Yeah, I need something tangible. Something that I can bite into, something which is there for me to discover. But I need coordinates to start digging somewhere, maybe even fucking literally. What I need is

A. Constans

B. Easy access

C. Knowing what to take to investigate A and fucking B

Damn, George Cralin was a clever man. He pointed out so many clever elements. Yeah, people get offended upon seeing a fucking nipple on TV but it doesn't bother them to see some remote place bombarded in the name of freedom. Yeah, this one is great , just google "get a brain morans." This is the fucked-up mentality behind the sheeple , even if this guy is a prankster. George, you're right as heck : most people are fucking boring. So boring that they wouldn't care if a Ufo landed in their backyard or garden or whatever. But I gotta put up with this shit, this designed shit and as hell I wanna get to these Illuminati geniuses. Yeah, cause they're brilliant ! So much chaos , so much havoc but there's a flippin method in this madness that only the overlords know. To most people its just

"Oh but I'm so pissed at the system,I'll become a rebel then."

Yeah, be THE rebel, then, and die when a tank goes over you.Fucking literally. Rebels, theorists, it's all the same shit. The Illuminati, or the force that controls them rather, this force is simply pure genius. Stupid people with mediocre lives will never be able to conceive of their plight, let alone fight it ! Moreover, they'll put everyone into the same cage ! Even now I feel the thought police on every corner watching me, watching if I'm politically correct, gender-unbiased, properly medicated, not so overly frustrated, not too eminentated , community - integrated. Wish I could join these fuckers, it'd be fun seeing countries fight each other. Yeah, the cold war must've been fun for them . They musta been in hysterics during the crusades and when Hitler fought the Allies.

No one seems to give a shit about missing children being consumed alive by pure malevolence. This is too much for people to handle. Their children are safe, after all. I wonder, just wonder, how many people would be more than happy, despite what I've written , to call my journal "vitriolic" at best. Well, don't come to me when you are imprisoned in a vat somewhere in Dulce, let's see how "free" you're gonna feel then with your intestines pulled out and fed to some creatures. Idiots. You were all inculcated with a belief system origins of which you do not understand and yet you have the nerve to call others "insane." Get of your arse and see for yourself , but no..oh yes , I forgot. You've got bills to pay. Bull crap. That's just a petty excuse to stay in your zone. Well. Let's just see for how long your zone is going to remain yours. Once you've got a chip in your arm turning you into zombie, you'll get exactly what you deserve. Because you are fucking boring. Don't take it personally, you just are. You get excited about movies that have no merit; you read books that have no substance; the truth is stranger than fiction and if you only wanted to investigate serious issues, not what you were told was serious by some pie in the sky force, then you would know that no sci-fi novel concocted by someone in the dark could ever be better or scarier than real life. I've barely started researching this stuff and let me tell you : real life is the best scenario you could ever imagine. So don't even attempt using your imagination. It pales in comparison with what's out there.

Yours Truly,

The Mad person ( Politically correct as always ) .

Post Scriptum Oh my style is not mad at all, you say. This is because I'm not mad - only in your deluded mind I am.

### Chapter Forty Three: The 'Fare Thee Well' Factor

Maternity ward . The birth is in progress. Screams and moans can be heard, occasional cursing here and there. Finally, the screams of the baby filled with blood are evident. The baby is about to be transported to its proper place after initial "hugs and kisses" but something unnerving happens. The baby just slips up – literally. The status of the umbilical is unknown to me. All I do know is the baby grabbed a scissor-like device and slit its , bloody anyhow, wrists.

"Nurse, nurse, code red , code red !" an exclamation can be heard coming from the doctor, not knowing why the heck would he use some quasi-military names. The staff was just too overwhelmed to do anything when the critical moment arose. The baby died in a pool of blood. Its umbilical chord still attached. It is evident now. Mother's reaction is not something I would like to delve into. As she was laughing. She actually stood up and disappeared. The baby also vanished. The explanation ? Always the same.

It's always the same. That's all.

After a few hours, the following headlines could be read in various newspapers

#### **"Suicide of an infant and mother's strange behavior – evidence of possession in action ?"**

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Now picture a stone church . The church is located in the middle of a very nice neighborhood at the suburbs of a circa 2 million-inhabitants city. Mixed forests and tranquil atmosphere. Something of a fad these days. Middle-class citizenry is beginning to gather itself in front of the Church. Formal attire is a necessity when one comes in contact with the beyond. Girls compare their dresses in a subliminal fit of competition. Men show to everyone around just how manly they are by flattering their wives. The weather is also very nice. Fall is omnipresent. Everyone enters the interior. The priest is getting ready and cannot be seen. The impressive wooden statue of Jesus on the cross is overseeing the faithful . The elderly sit first with children right after them. The middle-aged come at the very end. Altar boys can be seen preparing for the mass. Silence permeates the Church, no one really says anything as they are awaiting the charismatic priest whose sermons are said to be imbued with God's grace .

The priest finally emerges. He addresses the faithful by using carefully devised body language. The Church is full of rumors as everyone is simply in awe of this mysterious figure. The mass begins. It goes all the way to the sermon. The sermon is the only part where the priest can show his uniqueness. And show it he will.

"I am the one who has been chosen in the place of the holy Father Pio !" exclaims the young priest to the stunned congregation."I shall demonstrate, this very moment, how powerfully I am blessed with God's grace !"

The people inside the Church freeze. Even the ones who come to Church just to appease their elders, stop their sarcastic undertones as a vibe of consternation exponentially permeates God's temple.

"This shall be done now !" the priest's accent seems to have shifted to that present in Middle English. It is virtually impossible to fathom the words he is uttering. "Thou...heilig..."

"This is the tool of cleansing !" the priest exclaims as he brandishes a pair of scissors. Then another. He plunges both of the pairs into his eyeballs as blood begins pouring out. He steps away from the dias and removes the scissors from his left eyeball. He manages to disembowel himself without uttering a single sound.

"This is just another decapitation incident, the Devil has possessed the servant of God !" one elderly man shouts as he desperately tries to get out. But people are transfixed. They simply do not want to move. The elderly man and the priest disappear.

In a few hours, the following headlines are circulating around the globe

**"Priest claims stigmata , disembowels self during sermon"**

**"Disembowelment and stigmata – what is the connection ?"**

**"Priest and parishioner disappearance mystery"**

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An orchestra comprising twenty young adults of all shapes and sizes is being driven inside a coach toward their destination where a performance of the year is to be held. Two people have joined them recently, a male and a female.

"Very nice people, very talented, a good addition to our group" the overall group's impression can be summed in these words.

"Oh my, the weather today sure is nasty" says one of the females in the group to the male newcomer.

"Yeah, I can't argue with that" responds the Caucasian male with a slight smile on his face."I've always loved some weather pounding here and there, if you get my drift."

“Yeah, I think I do know what you mean” responds the female.”It’s just I’ve never understood how people could like it in any way.”

“Well, you’re about to find out !” yells the male as he starts elbowing his way toward the driver. His female companion brandishes a semi-automatic gun . The male is now the one behind the wheel and the female is the one making sure no one is going to interrupt his “cruise.” Before anyone can even ask what the hell is going on, a tornado can be seen to be spawning just to the right . Everyone screams and calls for help but the male keeps going . The tornado emerges on the road and slams the vehicle. The vehicle is yanked away akin to a toy. The scenario after is predictable.

**“ Twenty three die as tornado slams onto the highway ; two passengers unaccounted for “  
“ Foul play suspected as the driver found with scissors forced inside his head. “**

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Bungee jumping. A wonderful pastime endeavor. So many people enjoy its thrills and want to test themselves. A 15 year old boy has been pushed for the last forty minutes to jump. His friends keep telling him that he will “impress the girlies” and “every single one will want to fuck him. ” To a 15 year old it does sound compelling. So many pussies at his disposal. Primeval thinking , perhaps, though pleasant nonetheless. The boy has decided to hell with risks and he is about to jump. Bungee instructor is the one who is going to be watching the smoothness of the operation. Four years difference is not a lot so the boundary between the apprentice and the master is very blurry.

“Go for it, Mike, show us what you can do !”

Mike plunges down feeling as if the jump is going to last forever. His emotions are gone. He has transcended every bit of fear or exhilaration. He simply awaits the worst. Or, rather, he makes it happen.

“Why is the sun suddenly reflecting itself ?” wonders the instructor as various boys and girls surround him. The instructor knows exactly why. He simply vanishes. The usual routine happens

**“Teen cuts bungee cord with scissors, dies on the spot.”**

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“Have you heard about this publisher that sends his response whether to accept someone or not by re-arranging popular song lyrics so that it is clear what the verdict is ?”

“Well, that’s very interesting” answers someone.”Then why are you telling me about this ?”

“I’m telling you about this because he’s playing with people’s minds, first offering them hope and then there is his typical song he sends to people.”

“Which is ?” someone leans as if instinctively. “What is the song about?”

“Here” answers another, taking out an iPod out of their pocket. “Listen to it.”

Someone listens carefully and hears the following

“ Well I guess what you say is true I could never sign a contract with a writer like you I could never be your publisher..... I could never be your publisher . “

“And you say this guy first offers some incentives there is a chance ?” asks someone.

“Yeah” responds another one. “Precisely. He thinks he is so big that people should thank him for even reading some manuscripts and bothering to respond.”

“Well, then it’s time to teach this publishing kingpin a lesson” responds someone. “Does he have any children ?”

“Yes, a son and a daughter, five and ten respectively.”

“Very good” someone nods firmly. “Take me to their habitat.”

“By the way” says another and sends a telepathic message. “Look at this.”

### **Beheading victim 'never got into a single fight in his whole life'**

“Very good” responds someone. “We’ll use this scenario.”

### **Chapter Forty Four: The Narrator’s Personal Intervention**

It’s funny really. People talk about different kinds of narrators. Well, I guess you could call me an “omniscient narrator” type. Still, it is not exactly correct. An omniscient narrator knows it all, just as if the world he/she/it/et al is observing is a direct creation of their thought patterns. Solipsistic overtones become apparent. I have always pondered that question but none of my teachers seemed to grasp my concept. What a shame. Anyhow, the second question that kept coming to my mind was : where the hell does the omniscient narrator reside ? Is it a pantheistic form of intelligence ? Of course, literature buffs never care to answer that little question. Why the hell does the narrator have to observe anything to know it ? To show the reader what is going on ? Fine , but very often the narrator behaves as if it is an epiphany of sorts. What a total hoot that whole concept of literary correctness really is. It is akin to nominating Adolf Hitler for the Nobel peace prize.

The above is not the point of this short musing-like type text of mine, however. I will be your narrator. Yes, this is what I wanted to say. Yes, I know you are dissatisfied. Trust me, though, I’m no omniscient type. I can simply observe people without them even knowing about it. See, I terminated my bodily existence. I committed suicide, semantically speaking, I was just twenty three years old and that human interpretation of awareness did not appeal to me at all. Superficial interactions, existential holders, I got what I wanted easily. I even wrote a lot and got some very

positive feedback indeed though I never felt a desire to publish it. Did not feel the need as it was intended for myself. And who would understand my personal insights embedded in my books. People would simply toss it. So I did not care. I must confess to you that I loved when a terrorist attack happened. I mean, I had nothing against the WTC jumpers, it just seemed so surreal to me, so different. Action ! The mainstream interpretation of existence is not even boring – the people are. George Carlin , rest in peace friend, presented it in the best way. Some people got so “outraged” because of the “language” he used. For crying out loud, get a life. There is a difference between not knowing anything apart from “bad” words and using them as a conduit to prove a point. Oh but that’s too difficult to grasp for me mate, he was simply rude. Funny then that most sentient entities I met in my corporeal life were not rude and still – they were the ones who would stab you in the back in the first place. So many times I thought “oh my God, what a daughter of a bitch / gender equality eh?/ ” and then this person turned out to be far more reasonable than the nice guy/gal type. It’s all such a hoot, that physical existence of mine. So I decided to pass away in style, to use an euphemism. Just as one of Nero’s advisors apparently died, I rented a nice room in a nice hotel, slit my wrists and slept away as nice Celtic music kept playing and water kept filling the tub.

When I could feel myself floating away, I thought – that’s it, oblivion awaits. And yes for a moment it was oblivion. But then I realized that death was unreal. I had no body, nothing , just consciousness. Why did I still utilize only ten percent of my brain was anyone’s guess because I had no brain anymore. Damn it , I thought “chicken.” And I was a chicken ! After trying out fifty different bodily combinations including every gender race and level of outward intelligence you can imagine, I chose to remain the consciousness. Yes, very original indeed. I kept traveling around the world. I could sense people’s thoughts, their real actions, their games. I could literally enter their minds and feel them all the way. I can still do that, of course. The concept of boredom has been altered in my case but I am beginning to feel rather frustrated again. I have tried a lot since my demise six months ago. As I am a writer at heart, I have decided to find a writing contest. Not to participate in it, fuck no, bur rather – to observe people’s interactions on a more profound level. As profound as you can get, actually. Matters not where this has happened, what language have been the medium of communication as the Babel conundrum is gone for me. I am beyond spoken idiom though I can utilize it – it’s getting harder and harder.

Anyhow, the contest has been about “mini sagas.” A mini saga usually involves a story consisting of fifty words. Something that you can develop later on, a thesis statement if you will. I have been observing these people, all two hundred of them, writing and sweating. One person has caught my attention in particular : a woman in her fifties, Caucasian, rather chubby. Very arrogant, very bossy. She has been giving everyone her honest “opinion” about their work because she has felt it would “help” them. Too bad most of them have quit the creative writing meetings, thanks to her

wonderfully insightful “advice.” That aside, she has resorted to some cloak and dagger techniques to ensure her winning. The prize has been simply recognition so not exactly anything tangible. But, oh my my, how people with big, insatiable egos need recognition. They will be nice to you but – when it comes to having a chance to shine – they will kill you for it if necessary. Such is the depth of their honesty. She has been criticizing everyone and has of course stated that everyone is welcome to criticize her – but, oh my my, just you try ! She would get you later with a bashing of her own disguised as “good intentions.” She is not a stupid woman so I cannot believe she would do it on a whim. It is a coldly calculated scheme that I have decided to stop. I might be dead but I still have some say on this planet, God dammit ! No, she has not been trying to bribe/coax/cajole/coerce/dissuade/blackmail anyone. She would never do that, miss “goodie-goodie girly” churchgoer. She has been trying to use her sychophancy as she everyone has known who the judges would be. Then, she has been trying to discredit others so that the judges would consider her “so active, so helpful.” And dammit, she is going to succeed with her little-minded, albeit crafty, stratagems, unless I, the narrator, intervene.

My plan has been established : I am going to turn myself into Jesus Christ and appear to her in a feat of miraculous engineering. She is going to kneel before me and confess her sins – and I shall command her via telepathy

“My dear child, why hast thou forsaken me ? ”

The sheer mental strain of the above event would render her incapable of sanity for the next twenty four hours and someone else would win the contest. How do I know that she would not use it as an inspiration ? Well. Smart as she is, she is also incredibly dumb. She would fall for my Jesusness !

### Modus Operandi

Christopher Gordon is looking at a screen of his laptop computer. A plastic bottle of orange juice stands on his desk. Various documents can also be seen lying here and there. Mostly psychological assessments of his patients. As Christopher Gordon is a clinical psychologist. He works in several places at once due to two factors a ) the demand b ) bills have to be paid. He is forty five years of age, white, organized and definitely biased . By biased I mean the simple fact of having been the psychologist for more than twenty years. At first his patients comprised some local troubled individuals. Marriage problems, self-esteem issues, nothing fancy. They come in, they come out. His main area of operation, so to speak, is in one of hospitals in London for neurological disorders and such. From there, his name has become known in a multitude of places. More and more "high-profile" individuals have started to arrive at Christopher's doorstep. Gordon, always positive and always honest despite how he might feel inside, listens to his patients divulging the most intimate

details of their lives. They are not afraid of total openness as Gordon can earn people's trust . He never judges unless someone specifically requests it . His technique ? To keep asking questions until the fallacy is exposed to his patient. Christopher does not believe in "I am right and you need to be rectified" principle, whereby his patient needs to be "convinced" of this society's wondrous nature. No. Au contraire, Gordon balances on the edge of countertransference quite a lot. But everyone needs to have a vent and psychologists ought to know that more than anyone else. There are mainstream activities and less so. Christopher enjoys creative writing on various sites, not for recognition...he simply wants to order his mind, put his mind at ease as a stream of consciousness continues. Switching between patients, an extremely extrovert person to a schizophrenic individual with whom interaction is possibly on by entering their own world, leaves a lasting impression on Gordon's mind. He often wonders how much of a biased person he has become. In his line of work there is more than ample opportunity for writing ideas. One session with a schizophrenic patient is more than enough for a book. Also, Gordon, being someone who thinks a lot himself and has seen probably every possible human reaction to even the simplest of stimuli, cannot remain indifferent to his patient's conclusions. Some of them do make sense and he cannot deny it. A lone bachelor, he does not tell people about their problems, though he sees them before they even realize they have anything. He is also not trying to dub everyone a "nutter" as it is just too simple. He has enough high-profile cases to focus on. Some might think such line of work is fun. It can be but not always. Imagine a terrified parent calling you that their child is about to perform a suicidal act. Christopher does not have the time for analyses then - his own experience and common sense is all he can rely on. The money does pour in, no doubt, but the money is just an expression of this psychologist's inner talents. He has ran the gauntlet more than once. Writing is a great vent, this Englishman thinks. Sitting in his apartment overlooking the Thames in the center of London is just one of many places where Gordon works. He enjoys the view. He always ponders what is going to happen when the big wave hits the Thames. At least his standard is high enough to survive, he laughs at the metaphor. Christopher Gordon is always experimenting with people on creative writing sites. Once he has almost managed to convince someone of his suicide, though knowing how people react, he has explained the situation. He is not at all surprised at how strangers perceive him - as this is exactly the way he wants to be perceived. No more, no less. It only confirm his psychological prowess not to anyone else but himself. He can see people's frustrations and people's involvement ; he can see the way people react to his personal comments and inspiration-seeking. He knows when to push and when to ignore. "They really think I am what I tell them and judge me based upon it" Gordon smiles, treating his writing exercises as an intellectual exercise involving mandatory (orange juice with bits drinking !) before the next patient hurls in.

"Yeah. Maybe I'll collect it all one day and publish a book. But then all of them will know who I really am. Damn."

"Excuse me, mister Gordon?" a female voice speaking with a thick German accent comes from behind Christopher.

"Oh nothing" he responds, looking at this new patient. "I'm sorry, I just got a little carried away. I'm a big fan of creative writing."

"Oh really?!" says his new patient. "So am I!"

"I know that, I know that" thinks Gordon while smiling at that middle-aged woman called Christine who has just come to his apartment for the first time ever. "Miss Steinbach, is it?"

"Yes it is" Christine responds in a matter-of-fact way. "I came to you because a friend of a friend told me you are the best."

"It's hard to tell, it's always a matter of personal understanding, Miss Steinbach" says Christopher. "I think it would be best if we were to talk for one session and then you would decide whether you want our co-operation to continue or not."

"Fair enough" says Christine.

Christopher has two options available : to ask what is the problem before the patient even does it or to wait and determine it by himself . Judgement is essential so Gordon concludes this time it is going to be better if he just talks with the person in question and writes down the conclusion himself. Then, he will go from there.

"Aren't you going to ask me what my problem is?" asks Christine, visibly agitated.

"Oh my God, another unpredictable type" thinks Gordon while smiling innocently to himself and uttering a sound indicating it. "Sure, tell me about it."

"I'm too attached to one community. I take what they say in a too personal way !"

Gordon frowns.

"Do you mean the creative writing community you are a part of?"

"Yes, that's exactly it."

Christopher moves around in his revolving chair and asks

"How does it manifest itself?"

"I just feel this inner surge of emotions and I cannot control it."

"And you're afraid that you might lose it if nothing is around you" adds Gordon confidently. "Isn't that so?"

"Yes, how did you know that?"

"People tend to behave like this when there's no solid foundation in their lives, be it a real problem or imaginary. In other words, there is chaos in their minds so they are vulnerable. If there's order, it looks much different then. You don't become so susceptible to emotional responses, you can take

the control back. Tell me, if someone insults you on that type of site, does your inner reaction correspond with the real situation of that type?"

"Yes, I think so very much" says Steinbach. "You're absolutely right. I'm a very visual person so when someone tells me something bad over the internet it's the same story. Is it a self-esteem problem?"

"No, the fact that you're attached to the website is one element. The problem is, I think, in your priorities as they exist in your mind. Tell me, how does your day look like? Do you have anything like a typical day?"

"Well..." Christine murmurs as if wanting to avoid the question. "Actually yes. I usually wake up at seven then I eat breakfast around eight I go out to work...it's highly irregular..."

"What do you do?" Gordon interjects.

"I'm a cleaner" says Christine. "I clean houses but it's more like when acquaintances need me or the company I co-operate with gives me some errands to run..."

"So your day is regular on the one hand but is also very irregular on the other?" asks Christopher.

"Yes, I think this is a good point" says Steinbach.

"What are your interests?" asks Gordon. "Your English is very good, so I assume this is one of them."

"True, I like reading books and dictionaries, I really like English vocabulary" says Christine. "When I come back home from work I usually spend hours on it. Then I keep writing."

"What's your purpose in writing and exposing it to others?" asks Gordon, adding.

"And what do you do there?" the question is twisted by Steinbach.

"Hahaha" Christopher laughs loudly. "It's a good exercise for me to keep my brain prepared for various contingencies, let's put it that way."

Christina laughs back and says

"But ... do you treat it as something very important to you?"

"Well, to me and to me only, yes, I don't pay attention to the rest, it's just my personal way of cataloging my thoughts" says Gordon. "What I ..."

"Do you use multiple screen names?" Steinbach butts it once more, becoming visibly agitated. Christopher notices it quickly and suspects her of being mentally unstable, just not sure what the problem is yet. He is not willing to put up with her as more patients need his help. He knows that if he says yes, she is going to burst; if he says no, she is going to accuse him of lying. So he says "I used to do it but then I realized it wasn't fair so I stuck to one."

Christine smiles.

"This is great, I just hate people who use multiple screen names, I think they should be shot" says Christine, becoming agitated again. "Do you comment on the stories of others?"

"Not too often" responds Gordon nonchalantly, experiencing an "oh shit!" moment two seconds later as he is observing the German lady becoming all red and her eyes roving. He slowly stands up and circumnavigates his way out of the room. Then, he enters another room where he locks himself

up and calls his friend, a psychiatrist, while Christine is pounding on the door, screaming "COWARD! COWARD!"

"Listen Jack, I need your help. Another emergency. I think you should send someone here. No I don't think she's gonna go anywhere. Complete whacko. She's not fit for therapy. Not yet. Multiple issues. She's a cleaning lady too attached to creative writing sites. Yeah, just be ready. Ok, I owe you one, as always."

(Thirty minutes later)

#### BREAKING NEWS : WOMAN THREATENS TO BLOW UP A THAMES APARTMENT COMPLEX

The woman, identified as Christine Steinbach, fifty two years old, has arrived in England to reportedly punish those she believes are responsible for social entropy. The German cleaning lady has a history of mental illness as confirmed by psychiatrists in her native Berlin, where she has been undergoing treatment for more than two years before escaping from one of mental facilities where she has been sent by the German court.

### Chapter Forty Five: Metastasis

#### Metastasis : Chapter One : Epiphany

A meeting of creative writing enthusiasts from all over the world takes place in Canterbury, England. It is summer of 2008, people have arrived from all over the world. There are no commonalities between them apart from their very high level of English, never mind if they originate from an English-speaking country or not. They do not belong to any kind of an organization, it is just a way to get together and discuss various projects, brain storm ideas. Each day involves a different topic that is chosen by one of the participants. There is fourteen participants which equals two weeks of discussions. The person who chooses the topic becomes the interlocutor for the day. The interlocutor's task is to serve as a conduit between various members of the group. The people involved in the project come from all walks of life one can imagine. None of them are full-time writers, even though it would not be a problem for many within the group as they possess the financial wherewithal as well as the will to self-publish . They treat writing as a medium of self-expression in this stale civilization. They could not care less about someone else's opinions about their creations as it is done for them only – so there is a common element I have forgotten to mention after all. These people have achieved enough in their lives to go beyond the core

foundations and onto the planes of contemplation and adventure-seeking. This is what monies are really about : they buy a person the time to be free. The monies allow the group to meet and occupy an entire building just for their own purposes. They hire people to take care of an organizational side. Group members have met via business meetings as each of them has been traveling around the world a lot. A simple ‘ oh you’re a writer ? Me too, show me what you’ve got !’ was enough to initiate the contact. Intelligence, practical experience, open minds, diverse view of the world – this group has all that can be needed if one wants to create a masterpiece.

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The group is in the process of discussing their experiences with the literary world and why it is not a good idea to focus one’s attention solely on writing if one does not want to starve in the process. Mike, a thirty year old Englishman living in London, is the interlocutor today. The discussion is about to commence when his cell phone rings. He leaves the climatic environs of the ‘think-tank room’ and finds himself running down a corridor with his cell still ringing. Finally, when he knows that no one is going to hear him, he answers.

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“Hey, Mike. It’s Adam ” A voice speaking with a thick Australian accent can be heard.  
“So I hear” responds Mike jovially.”What’s up?”  
“There’s something going on” Adam’s voice can be heard to become more and more lively.  
“Let me guess, another sighting ?” responds Mike, his tone matter-of-fact mixed with sarcasm.  
“No, Mike, this time it is more bizzare than human exsanguinations !” a shaky voice responds.  
“Cut the bull and tell me what is going on, you’ve always enjoyed this flippin’ emotional build-up,” says Mike.  
“There’s something going on in Silesia” says Adam.”I think it’s imperative we go there.”  
“Wait” says Mike.”Silesia, as in the region in Poland ?”  
“Exactly,” says Adam.”There’s an urban legend for us to verify.”  
“Damn, if I didn’t know you, I’d just tell you to fuck off,” says Mike.”But I do know you and despite your emotional instability, I know that if you call me, you call me based on solid evidence. So when do we meet and where ? “  
“I’ll be waiting for you at the Luton airport,” says Adam.”Near the entrance. As always.”  
“The timing, as always ?” asks Mike, his tone eager.  
“Yes,as always” a firm response comes.  
“Great,” says Mike.”Then I guess I’ll have to skip a couple of writing sessions.”  
“What?” Adam asks.

“Ah nevermind, I thought you’re gone,” responds Mike, laughing. “I’ll see you when I see you.”  
“Great.”

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Mike comes back to the contemplation room and states that a new business deal has appeared around the corner and he just cannot miss it. Being business people, everyone has applauded Mike for his “entrepreneurial spirit” and right after this he has simply bolted. Even though they are the group, the policy of the assembly is laissez-faire . Active people live active lives. The stream of life comprises infinite concomitance, as one of the members put it.

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Four hours later. Mike has arrived at the Luton airport in his silver Toyota. The tickets for the plane ought to have been arranged by Adam. This is the cheap flight they are taking. Theoretically. Adam has got some connections hither and thither, which allows him to be treated a little less rigidly by the authorities. Mike enters the long-term parking lot, gets out of his car and looks around. He pays for the automobile’s place and proceeds to look for Mike. Adam’s luggage involves his wallet and some spare clothing. Nothing more. He does not need anything more. Mike approaches the meeting point and there he is, Adam, a twenty three year old involved in aviation technology. It gives him freedom , he says. Mike is the first to notice his friend at the crowded airport undergoing a major makeover.

“There you are” Mike says while Adam turns around in the blink of an eye.” See, we don’t even need our communication devices. We’re so fucking synchronous.”

Adam bursts into laughter as he knows this is true. They have traveled a lot together and have managed to find each other within the jungle with no compasses available.

“What’s this for us, Mike, what’s this for us !”

Mike nods and his facial expression shifts to deadly serious. He looks at Adam and says

“But if you gonna pull that ‘I’ve not packed my bags myself’ crap again....”

“Don’t worry, I thought this guy had at least *some* sense of humor !”

After hassling around and mental gymnastics with airport security, they are off to Katowice international airport.

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Two hours of relative peace pass by. They are getting out of the airport, crossing the scrutiny zone, and there is the man waiting for them, right at the beginning of the crowd. He is holding

“Adam Smith and Michael Jones” sign written on a piece of paper in bold black letters.

Michael notices the person holding the sign first and gives them a sign of recognition. The man with the sign notices the conspicuous hand gesture and rushes to greet the tandem.

“Hello, my friends, it is good to finally see you in person” says the man, shaking their hands before they can even say anything.”My name is Marek. In English, as you can probably guess, it would be Mark.”

“Hello back at you” says Adam, smiling.”I guess I’ve talked with you over the phone some time ago, I recognize your accent.”

“Yes it is me” says Marek.”I represent the infinity foundation as you might know. We deal with the unexplained, mostly in Poland, but our contacts stretch around the world.”

“Your English is very good, where did you learn to be so fluent ?” asks Mike following Adam’s lead.

“Oh one of my parents is Canadian actually” responds Marek, smiling. “I was born here but I’m no stranger to the language.”

“So you’re bilingual ?” continues Mike as they proceed to move outside the airport.

“Yes, I guess that’d be just about right” responds Marek.

“It explains the accent then “ says Adam. “I’ve always been a linguist at heart.Though not everyone likes my probing questions. So, I guess, Marek, you’re gonna be our interpreter...?”

“Yeah, there’s no other way” responds Marek. “The region we’re about to go is not exactly known for language proficiency. Mind you, I find it hard to understand them because I’m originally from Warsaw. I sometimes wonder how is this possible that people can understand each other in English, you know, I mean in England alone they’ve got circa twenty seven thousand accents.”

“But Polish is more homogenous, I believe ?” asks Adam as they approach Marek’s car.

“Yes, definitely” responds Marek. “It’s a phonetic language.”

“Yeah, I hate English spelling” says Michael. “It’s a real pain in the neck.”

“The Americans have at least done something about it but Britain...” adds Adam.

“Like maneuver and manoeuvre ?” asks Marek.

“There you go” responds Adam with a grimace on his face.

Ok, there’s my car, friends. I’ve explained to Adam the details of our expedition. One more guy is gonna be joining us.

“Is it gonna be a long journey ?”

“Not really” says Adam. “Around fifty kilometers. Roads around here are relatively good when you compare it to the rest of the country. It’s an obscure region of Silesia, very secluded with strange people with nothing to do thanks to unemployment as the mines are being closed down.”

“Someone care to fill me in on the details ?” says Mike. “I’ve no idea what’s gonna be going on.”

Marek looks at Adam, puzzled.

“What, you didn’t tell your friend about the findings ?”

“Not exactly” responds Adam, smiling. “I always enjoy telling him at the eleventh hour.”

“Whoa, that’s strange, I must admit” says Marek. “I’m not sure if I would..”

"...go with someone if you didn't know what's it all about?" Mike butts in and finishes."Yeah I know.Crazy as it sounds, Adam is a real pathfinder. He can find many interesting things so even if I'm initially skeptical, it just fades away."

"It's always the same, first he criticizes me for concocting some stories akin to terrorists wanting to bomb the ISS and then he realizes I'm very much on to something."

"Yeah, I can confirm that" says Marek as they drive out of the airport.

### Metstasis : Chapter Two : Jackowski

During the drive, the trio has been discussing various topics, from the ones collectively perceived as mundane to the ones collectively perceived as insane.

"So what do you think about this Jackowski person?" asks Marek, looking into the mirror.

"Are you asking me?" responds Adam.

"Yeah, since I don't think your friend knows anything about the guy based on what I could hear while driving"

"Well" says Adam while looking at Mike,as if preparing for a tortuous speech."I do know he's well-known for his precognition gift. He's supposedly helped many police departments around the country,went to Japan where he won the competition revealing much more than it had been intended and , generally speaking, he knows the ropes."

"Then I hope it's enough for Mike because we're about to meet the man in person"

"What does he have to do with the case?" asks Mike

"It's a criminal investigation where conventional methods are no longer available" says Marek."Or, rather, they are no longer efficient to indicate anything sensible. You two got the expertise, Jackowski has got what it takes. Literally."

"At the risk of sounding redundant" says Mike, almost preventing Adam from asking the same question."What do you mean?"

"Jackowski,as in most cases, needs an object that belongs to the victim" says Marek."He can then see many things which are beyond our normal perception."

"Extrasensory perception you mean" affirms Adam.

"Yes, that's right" says Marek."He's been involved in many criminal investigations. He's damn good and I know it as I have personally witnessed his discoveries many times. The police were absolutely stunned as he could literally see within the culprit's mind."

"It rings a bell now, yeah" says Mike in an epiphanical voice."Yeah,it does..."

"He has been having some doom and gloom scenarios unfolding in front of his eyes.Literally again."

"Let me guess, something concerning the war , the economic collapse ?"

"Yeah but he is becoming more and more specific" says Marek."We're gonna be seeing huge problems with oil industry this fall."

"Leading to a global economic crash..." adds Mike, almost sighing."The way things are going now, I would predict that myself as well. It doesn't sound so fantastic anymore."

"It's strange, don't you think ?" says Adam in his typically inquisitive tone.

"What's strange" asks Marek,looking into the mirror again.

"Well, my dear friends" says Adam,pausing for a second."It's gotta be obvious that there's some sort of a convergence hypothesis at work."

"What does the equilibrium between the industrialized part of the planet ha..." says Mike, slightly irritated."..aha...this is where you're going with this...the New World Order, the 2012, John Titor, war with Iran, people's general mental state...am I right Adam?"

"Spot on" says he."Do you know what we're getting at here, Marek?"

"Yeah, I do get it very well" responds Marek."It's nothing I've not analyzed myself. My fucking eyes are not what they used to be.Gotta wear glasses most of the time, even though I'm fucking only thirty."

"You're married ?" asks Adam, not sure why he has even mentioned it.

"Who ? Me ?" responds Marek as if trying to play the fool.

"Well, I know that Mike's not and I don't think he's planning anything" says Adam,probing Mike with his eyes at the same time."Or are you hiding something from me my dear ?"

"Not at all, not at all, I'm too busy right now to donate my sperm to anyone" responds Mike, bursting into laughter."Life is my best partner in life."

"I wonder who'd be the best partner for Marek" Adam whispers to Mike.

"Backseat drivers !" exclamis Marek sarcastically.

Everyone bursts into uncontrollable laughter. Everyone keeps asking everyone else what the hell is so funny. No one seems to know and this is the funniest part of it all. Marek has almost swerved off the road because his eyes have become watery and he has been seeing a rather distorted picture of reality for a short period of time.

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"Approaching doom and gloom !" shouts Marek as the backseat drivers are in the land of the la.

"Holy fuck, what !?" shouts Mike, not aware that the dream is over."Oh..sorry..it just came to me."

"Yeah, don't even tell us what it was about" says Adam, yawning."I've heard enough from you and your stories about Churches and flying bleeding hands already."

( Doom and gloom is the codename that the trio has given to Krzystof Jackowski. It is not fair, I believe, as he is always stressing that it is only a scenario which he is presenting. He does not know the source of the vision. The gift is very much a conundrum to him as it is to everyone else. The problem is, though, his visions tend to be very accurate, variables or not. )

“Jackowski is gonna meet us in five minutes” says Marek.

“Nice neighborhood” adds Mike.”Almost like Liverpool.

“Does the guy speak English?” asks Adam.

“I would seriously doubt that he can speak it fluently even if he can come up with a few words” replies Marek.”This is where I come in.This guy is gonna help us with putting the pieces together.”

“But what kind of an investigation is it exactly” asks Mike.

“Not even I know that” says Adam.”Marek has kept it a secret.We’ll see it soon enough.”

### Metstasis : Chapter Three : The Twilight Zone

The trio has finally arrived at a designated point. The small village in the middle of upper Silesia does seem to be rather out of this world. People looking at you as if they really wanted to harm you. People stopping and looking at you because they have not seen a stranger in many days. Marek parks the car in what he deems to be a sensible place to do so – away from the people. Not that it would really matter but he counts on their shreds of decency. It is getting late but it is summer so it should not be a problem. Stifling hot, a storm can be heard circling around. Everyone gets out of the car. Adam looks at Marek in bewilderment.

“Where is Jackowski?”

“He’ll be here” responds Marek.”He tends to be unreliable but I just know that he’ll be here.”

Suddenly, Marek’s cell rings. He answers.

“Tak, jestesmy juz na miejscu. Kiedy bedziesz w poblizu ? “ Marek talks on the phone and no one can understand him.

“Dobra, to czekamy. Tak, sa i eksperci.”

Marek turns around and tells the two

“He’s driving. Should be here any minute now.”

“This is a good place for a horror movie” says Mike, scanning the immediate environs.”And very nice people, too.”

“Oh indeed, you’d be surprised” responds Marek sarcastically.

Ten minutes pass on observations of the locals and a car can be heard approaching. It is an old green volvo. Jackowski waves to everyone, parks his car near the other one and gets out.

“O kurwa ! Myslalem ze nigdy tu nie trafie !”

Marek bursts into laughter and the other two just stare at the newcomer. Mike grabs Marek and asks him

“What did he say, what did he say? Was it something about us?”

“No,man, chill out” says Marek.”He just expressed his dismay at the state of the local roads.”

Adam and Mike burst into laughter as well because they know there is something more to this.

Jackowski greets Marek first. Then, Marek introduces him to the rest of the group

“Krzystof, this is Mike.”

Jackowski shakes Mike’s hand and tells him in English with a thick Polish accent

“Hello, I’m Krzystof. I have heard a lot about you. My English is very poor so I fink we are going to must to ...”

“Ok,I’ll take it from here” says Marek,smiling.”Anyway this is Mike and this is Adam.”

“Hello Krzystof” says Adam , shaking the hand of the newcomer.”So what’s cooking?”

“I have not cooked anything recently” responds Krzystof taking the idiom literally as if he was reading from a textbook.

“Nevermind that, let’s focus on issues at hand” says Marek, giving the two a ‘ I told you his English is not state of the art so drop the innuendos.”

“Marek,sluchaj, trzeba im powiedziec co i jak bo pewnie jeszcze sami nic nie wiedza...” says Jackowski while looking at Marek.

Marek looks at the two British members and says

“He said that you gotta be filled in on the matter at hand”

The two nod.

“We’re listening.”

Marek looks at Krzystof and tells him

“Begin.”

“Ok, we go to a place now, come” says Jackowski while rushing in front of everyone.

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“To tutaj” says Jackowski and realizes that body language needs no translation. “Zapytaj sie czy ktorys z nich slyszal o miejskiej legendzie o czarnej woldze”

“Have you heard about an urban legend dealing with black volgas” translates Marek.

Two Britons do not think so.

“Powiedziec im o czym to jest ?” Jackowski is asked by Marek.

“Yes, yes” says Jackowski. “Powiedz im co i jak bo przeciez inaczej to nie ma sensu.”

“Ok, so this legend would be best explained by this wikipedia article I think” says Marek. “Our great surprise.”

Adam and Mike are given a small piece of paper where it states the following

**Black Volga** is an **urban legend** bred in **Poland**, mainly in 1960s and 1970s (still live even after the end of **PRL**), about a black **Volga limousine** that was allegedly abducting children. According to this rumour, the black Volga had white curtains in its windows. Others have been mentioning **white tires** of the car. According to different versions it was driven by **priests, nuns, Jews, vampires** or **satanists**. Traveling at night, the driver allegedly abducted children to **use their blood** as a cure for

rich Germans suffering from **leukemia**. Some variants use organ theft as the motive, combining it with another famous legend about **kidney theft** by the **KGB**.

The legend surfaced again in the late 20th century, this time embodied by a **BMW** or **Mercedes**, sometimes depicted with horns instead of **wing mirrors**. It was said that **Satan** was the driver, and he would ask passers-by for the time and kill them when they approached the car to answer (in another version of the legend, they died at the same time day later)

“Ok, so what are we doing here exactly ?” asks Adam.

“Krzystof tells me he keeps having these visions concerning the murders of adolescents in the area.”

Mike and Adam look at each other. Mike says

“But isn’t this a criminal matter?”

“Yes yes” says Jackowski, getting the gist of the message.”Marek powiedz im,ze te wizje nie daja mi spokoju juz od jakiegos czasu i ja po prostu wiem, ze tutaj za kilka godzin pojawi sie czarna wolga, taka jak kiedys. Widzialem duzo dzieci od ktorych zabierano organy i je tutaj zostawiano potem. Policja mi nie wierzy choc rozviazalem tym skurwysynom kilka ladnych spraw...”

“He tells me that the pleas directed at the police are constantly ignored because they simply don’t buy his story. It’s all falling on deaf ears. His vision keep getting more and more intense and they are happening at random now. He just knows that one of these volgas is gonna be around here and we’re gonna tail it to find out what’s it up to. He’s absolutely convinced they’re murdering children for some nefarious purposes. Does that make sense to you?”

“Well, his conviction is more than apparent to us” says Adam.”Yeah, sure we’re in.”

“Powiedz im ze chce aby to udokumentowali, bo wiem,ze sie tym zajmuja i dlatego do nich dotarlismy” says Jackowski.

“Your role is to document our findings to prove that Krzystof is not a fraud once and for all. He needs to substantiate his claims concerning prescience. Not for himself but for the sake of widening the people’s horizons.”

“..and saving a few lives here and there” adds Mike.’

“Yes” says Jackowski.

“Damn you do understand quite a lot, am I right?” Mike looks at Jackowski.

“I do a little it is more sensing” says Jackowski, stressing the last g in the continuous form.

“Dobra , idziemy, pora sie skryc, wiem, ze niedlugo mozemy na nich liczyc !” exclaims Jackowski.

“Follow him. We’re gonna hide now and wait for the right moment to get back to our cars to tail the psychos” says Marek.

The consensus has been reached and the group rushes toward the less conspicuous location , i.e. maple tress with ample leaves present off the road.

It is in the middle of the night and Jackowski becomes visibly agitated. He tells others while looking at the dirt road

“Wolga nadciaga, pojawi sie tutaj za jakies piec minut...nie wyczuwam nikogo w srodku , trzeba za nia jechac.”

“Damn , doesn’t that volga legend sound like Christine?” asks Mike.”Perhaps Stephen King’s inspiration is actually based on facts.”

“We’ll see, let’s not jump the gun here” adds Adam looking at Jackowski in anticipation.

“Let’s be quiet now, he senses something” says Marek, waving gently at the two.” We gonna get back to our car now, slowly..from there we’ll follow the target.”

Jackowski gives everyone a metaphoric green light as they move stealthily toward the automobile.

“What’s the point of hiding then?”

“It’s Jackowski’s secret, he just thought it’d be better to remain out of sight and in that particular spot” says Marek.”This is what he told me, anyway.And I do trust him.”

Everyone gets inside the car. Jackowski looks around nervously as if he is expecting the worst. He then glances at Marek behind the wheel and tell him

“Jedz powoli do tej wioski. Staniemy tam na chwile przy jakies chalupie.Wiem,ze samochod się pojawi.Nie wiem tylko czy to będzie wolga czy cos nowszego.”

“He says we gotta go to the village we passed by same time ago and he’s not sure whether this is gonna be a volga or something else which is keeping up with the times.”

“I guess we’re about to find out” Mike’s voice reveals a note of consternation.

“We’re gonna be there in a second” says Marek.”We’ll park the vehicle somewhere away from the people and let’s hope this shenanigan’s gonna be over.”

Silence has set in as Marek has kept driving toward a desirable spot.

Very predictably, Jackowski enters some kind of trance. He keeps touching his head, kneading it over and over again. He exclaims

“Kurwa ! Marek ! Oni tu jada ! Spierdalamy za ten bar autem ,szybko !”

Marek’s bodily language clearly indicates that there’s no time for translation at the moment. Jackowski continues to mumble something under his nose and keeps looking around as if he is about to go postal.

“Don’t mind him” says Marek.”This is a defensive posture.He simply sees way more than we do.”

“Are there gonna be any victims inside the care?”

“No” says Jackowski , surprising everyone.”We follow them only!”

“There you go, he’s been reading some English articles, mostly self-taught so still very good” says Marek.

“I am absolutely petrified of inflections” says Adam.”English doesn’t have them though it used to..”

“Yeah, Old and Middle English” nods Mike. “Times change, we all know why..”

“Ok guys, this is not the time for linguistic discussions now” interrupts Marek, scanning Jackowski. “I think they’re gonna be here any minute. The plan is simple : we follow them and see what is this shite about.”

“Agreed” says Adam.

“Got me and Krzystof and the car too” adds Mike.

“Let’s wait here” says Mark, parking the vehicle behind a small pub of sorts. “I’ve a feeling it’s gonna be bumpy.”

“I hope you don’t mean it literally” asks Adam while looking at Jackowski who seems to be deep in thought , struggling with multitude of visions.

“No , not in this case” says Marek. “I meant that he can foresee things and it’s already happening to him. We’re gonna be next.”

“What do we expect to find, anyway?” asks Mike, looking around carefully. “I mean there is human depravity on this planet and we are not exactly superheroes ready to fight against it. I can use my intellect to change stuff but how am I supposed to alter anything with my bare hands ?”

“Krzystof would not take us here just for kicks , believe me” says Marek. “He knows what he’s doing. He believes you are an important, if not essential, part of it. *And this is why you’re here.*”

“Silence !” yells Jackowski and eyes Marek in a milisecond. “Jada juz, slepi jestescie?”

“Our arguments’ve caused our ignorance” shouts Marek and points to the lights which have just appeared in front of the house, apparently reflectng off it. “This is what we’re talking about !”

Adam and Mike begin scrutinizing the situation. Yes, they say, it’s definitely an old car. White curtains..net curtains in the old automobile. What the heck, what the heck ? Everyone’s trying to say something . Jackowski goes into the trance mode again and exclaims which causes all bickering to cease in the blink of an eye

“Nie wiem kto prowadzi ten samochod, ale wiem ze zaraz sie rusza i beda szukac nowych ofiar. Będa objezdzac ludzi wracajacych z dyskotek a na takim zadupiu nie trudno ich znalezc! Zaraz rusza, Marek, przygotujce sie do kurwy nedzy, a nie pierdzielcie tutaj o niczym, nie ma na to czasu !”

“No need to translate, just prepare for some action” says Marek as he ignites the car’s engine. “Well, look, he’s a genius” comes another Marek’s comment concerning Jackowski. “The car is flippin’ movin’ away !”

Indeed. And it is moving away fast. Faster than any normal volga would.

Metastasis : Chapter Five : The Inconvenient Truth

The black volga is a very strange automobile . It is moving fast without any lights on ; as if it was shouting that it did not could not care less about the police. Jackowski is rather peaceful at the moment, usually it is the opposite. His visions are gone for a moment. It does not have to be a good sign as a new storm can be around the corner. Mike and Adam keep contemplating their role in the entire endeavor – they are not exactly martial arts experts to defend themselves against whatever it is on the other side. Most people would find their situation entirely surreal. The volga also has no visible license plates, which is even more disturbing. As if this car and its passengers were not into registration business. Jackowski’s credibility, despite his reputation, is not exactly Mike and Adam are willing to take for granted. The fact remains, however, the volga is here. It could be a set up and they know it. Marek and Krzystof continue talking about something in Polish . The latter visibly unnerves their British colleagues. They begin to think about a trap and other perceptual phenomena. Marek keeps thinking about maintaining the distance from the volga – no one can possibly discern what is going on inside the blackness. The very fact of observation is unique as it confirms an old urban legend.

Silence persists. The road in the woods of Silesia seems endless. The volga , which is even more disturbing, does not go slower or faster one bit. It is always the same speed, the same pace. Jackowski becomes agitated again. He presses his left hand against the forehead and shouts

“Skrecaja ! Zaraz beda skrecac !”

Mike and Adam look at Marek urgently awaiting the translation. Marek looks in the mirror and says

“They’re turning. They’re about to turn.”

“They are going to go left, woods woods “ Jackowski adds in an almost stuttering variety of English as if processing every word.

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The automobile has indeed turned left. Marek keeps driving, slowly but firmly. The volga suddenly stops and the drivers pops out and approaches the automobile of the explorers. Everyone is petrified, no word is said. Marek hits reverse but it is too late. A figure dressed in white knocks on the car’s windshield and waves subsequently. It is so bizzare, so idiosyncratic that Marek does not know what to do until Jackowski shouts at him for two seconds. Finally he manages to hit reverse and avoid the trees. The figure runs back to the car and continues driving forward as if nothing has happened.

“Well” says Adam, looking at bewildered Mike. “That’s certainly something worthy of a story...”

“Yeah, we’re entitled to a story” responds Adam, laughing.

“You’re entitled to ramble on about something which’s been consensually accepted” adds Marek with a sarcastic smirk. “I’ll bet my bottom dollar that this guy is involved in some organ snatching or other shit. What do you need writers for ? This is more interesting than any writer’s gobbledygook, I don’t care how well-received and well-advertised. Are you in? Do you wanna go back there?”

“Yeah” an almost unanimous reponse comes.

“I remember this poem of sorts” says Marek in an attempt to ease the tension before the second try.

“What’s it like, tell us” says Mike eagerly.

“Well, something along the lines ...ah fuck it.”

Laughter can be heard from everyone , including Jackowski.

“Fuck, I’d never wanna be a writer” says Marek.”I mean, to put yourself in the spotlight so some inadequate jerks can attack you just because they had a bad day ? And all this for a miserable amount of money unless you’re Rowling or King. Plus the way the publishers behave toward you and all the rest of that conformist crap. If I were to write anything, I’d write it for myself and myself only and it would have merit instead of some concocted shit with no meaning apart from someone’s ephemeral emotional problems and such. I mean, I don’t need anyone telling me shit, I’m fine with myself as it is. Besides, I earn enough to have an interesting REAL life rather than reading through someone’s sweat.”

“Yeah, you’re right” says Mike.”I kinda thought about it as well. It’s a very dodgy business.I’m not sure if I’m gonna continue unless it’s based on real events like this one.Damnit, what I just saw was simply beyond awesome.”

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“Hey guys,we’ve just passed the spot where the figure was” says Marek.

“Powiedz im,zeby sie przygotowali na cos mocnego jak lubia pisac” says Jackowski.

“He said that you’d better prepare for strong shit ahead if you enjoy writing.”

“Damn, can’t wait, bring it on!” exclaims Mike in a fit of exasperation.

“This is becoming somewhat weird” adds Marek.”Not so long ago we’re running from this place.”

“Tempora mutantur !” interjects Mike.”Don’t you agree,Jackowski?”

“Yes yes,Latin, I understand Latin” concludes Jackowski as they appear in the middle of a range meadow.

“There’s no sign of volga” says Adam.”Very weird indeed. I mean there’s no way in hell you can get anywhere by car...does that make sense to you?”

“It does make a lot of sense” says Mike while Marek nods and Jackowski keeps scrutinizing the environment.

“Widze!” exclaims Jackowski.”Widze tam ! Przed nami cos jest wolga, wolga jest ! Tam jest jakis dom a w nim ta postac ale kolo domu tez cos jest, tam sa ciala , ciala dzieci !”

“...the bodies of children” the simultaneous translation done by Marek ends as it is advised to get out of the car.

“Krzysiek’s gonna lead us now” says Marek.”You better listen to what he’s to say very carefully.This is not a pretty picture that’s gonna unfold before us so get ready.”

Jackowski enters the trance-state again where he mumbles something totally unintelligible to himself. The group enters the woods again, comprising mainly a variety of pine and maple trees aligned in a typically German way.

"Makes you remember this used to be Deutschland" says Marek."Just look at the precision. It's visible even in the tree position."

"No argument here" says Adam but no one is really listening this tension-breaker as there is only focal point now.

"Pol kilometra przed nami, dom i ciala !" exclaims Jackowski, who is acting as a temporary group leader.

"...bodies !" Marek concludes the translation as Jackowski's voiceover.

They march for another ten minutes and approach a small wooden cabin . The volga is standing next to it. Before they can do anything, the same white figure emerges from the cabin.

"Hermafrodyta na drugiej !" Jackowski shouts to others before they can even see the figure.

"Hermaphrodite, two o'clock!" the translation comes.

"What the he..." says someone from the group amid the pandemonium which has ensued once again.

"Nicht schissen ! Nicht schissen ! Wir sind gute leute !" shouts Jackowski in his broken German as everyone keeps retreating toward the recesses of the woods.

"Why the hell is he using German now?" asks Adam, gasping for breath.

"Apparently there's something we don't know about yet" responds Marek as Jackowski is left behind to communicate with the white figure that keeps approaching him steadily.

"Ich bin ein prekognizant ! Ich weiss das du hast leute gestoren !" Jackowski continues his pathetic attempts at communication not knowing why German is the best way to go.

The group stands and keeps observing Jackowski from the distance. Around fifty meters separate them now. The figure has stopped circa ten meters from the clairvoyant. Out of the blue, Jackowski starts rushing toward the entity. The being turns back and heads to the volga. It enters the vehicle and drives straight at the petrified group. It ignores them, however.

"What the hell was that all about!?" shouts Adam to Jackowski as everyone else keeps following him."What's it all about!?"

Jackowski touches his forehead as the congregation gathers around him. He says

"Za tym drewniakiem, sto metrow, ciala"

"...bodies" concludes Marek with the simultaneous translation.

"Why did he use German ?" asks Mike.

"Czemu uzyles niemieckiego ?" Jackowski hears the question from Marek.

"Knowledge" responds Jackowski, pointing at his forehead again.Suddenly, he stops.

"Zimno, brak emocji, ciala, ciala dzieci, mnostwo cial."

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And indeed. The group has arrived only to find countless bodies of naked little children with their eyes snatched. Various incisions could be seen. Jackowski, despite his abhorrence at touching the bodies, reluctantly agrees to find out who has committed such a terrible atrocity. He touches the body of a young boy, whose sexual organs are missing. He does it with visible dejection as his eyes close and a vision appears. The vision lasts for ten seconds – full focus, his eyes closed throughout the entire time. Upon finishing, he looks up at the group and says in an incredibly agitated, shaky, voice

“This has been done by the very people that should be taking care of these young souls.”

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The group alerts the police. The group is quickly cleared by Jackowski as the “good guys.” A major crime scene is established with people in special suits sifting through the ground as huge halogens accompany them.

“They’ve discovered thirty bodies so far” says one of the policemen securing the scene. “Whoever did this, did not care about the children. They were like a commodity to them, a joke.”

“This is the most terrifying crime of all” says Marek. “The crime involving no emotions.”

“When wisdom is out of the way and the intellect is left alone to go rampant” adds Mike. “This is when the truly horrific stuff happens.”

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The whole group gets back to their car after many hours. Their destination is Breslau. From Wroclaw, they are going to proceed each in their own direction, changed forever. None of them will spread the word as they have signed the non-disclosure agreement. Not to cause panic. Makes sense. For now.

## Chapter Forty Six: Who Am I?

Whether one thinks about the development of an individual as mostly social or biological, there might be another explanation involved. The DNA might influence the social understanding of life and then the opposite happens. Still, the question remains, what creates the prime element – the material from which the prism that one views life will be built? The answer to that question has not been presented so far. Thus, there is a vicious circle operating throughout societies, which does not allow the change to occur because the same paradigm is used – just re-arranged.

The ideas of nature versus nurture might be fallacies as well. So what is the main principle which causes them to be such? The concept of 'self.' Humanity has devised the following definitions of 'self':

A. The self is the brain and the body

- B.The self is the brain alone
- C.The self is a soul – which reflects the state of the body
- D.The self is a consciousness that operates via the brain/body
- E.MY self is all there is(Solipsism)
- F.MY self is non-existent/Dead(Cotard's Syndrome)

What is the definition of 'self' influenced by in the first place?It seems that it very much depends on an organism's cognitive.Then,out of those faculties,the interpretation of the inner,and,subsequently,the outer world emerges.Still,there is the world as perceived by the consensus and the world as not perceived by any force whatsoever.

The definition of 'self' is off the essence as every action in life derives from how one perceives oneself.This might sound cliché but it is very often the 'cliches' that one takes for granted – they are at the core of the problem.This is no accident that every ideology , whether totalitarian or "democratic" focuses on "self" at the very core of it – how can there be a totalitarian ideology if the "self" is defined as something more than A,B or even C?Impossible.Thus,it is imperative to manipulate one's perception of who one is in order for the rest to be implemented successfully.

This brings me to the next point : can anyone state that one is an "independent thinker?" No.How can anyone be a "free thinker" when he is always constrained by certain stimuli,be it social or genetic?Granted,one can be aware of those stimuli,but it still makes the person in question not a "free thinker" but rather "a person aware of the conditioning and trying to look beyond it." There are no "free thinkers" in the society such as the human race has created ; there are only those who think they "free-think" and those who know that their thought processes are not free of certain "world stigmata." The former is more inclined to be able to look beyond the "interpretation edifice" than the latter due to honesty that they treat themselves and others with.People that claim they are "independent thinkers" usually believe that they version of "freedom" is the ultimate stage and that everyone has to attain the same level.If someone does not wish to do that, he/she is condemned,alas,without the understanding of the "independent thinker." Yet,the formula as a whole does require a certain amount of braincells,no dithering here.

It is not hard to discern which interpretation of "self" is prevalent on this planet and what consequences such an interpretation has for male-female "relations,"for instance,or for spree killers,to follow the extremes.

It does not take a genius to realize what significance the concept of "self" can deal with the nature of self – doesn't it indicate that there is something wrong with our understanding of the very word : a disorder? What is order in the first place,then?It is not so easily defineable as one would want to think – just delve deeper and you will see what I mean.And I am a layman myself.Just a perceptive one.As the same can be said about solipsism or Cotard's syndrome,among many many others...

For the mind has **us**, not **we** the mind. We can get deleted any time.

## Chapter Forty Seven: Malcolm X

Malcolm X delivers his speech to a sizeable audience – the audience that comprises some malevolent, in his opinion, individuals, individuals bent on undermining his cause. Malcolm X realizes this fact, however, and addresses the problem by stating that there cannot all be allies when it comes to such a large assembly. Later on Malcolm X states that the audience consists of many different individuals, coming from diverse walks of life – but there has to be a consensus reached and this can only be done by putting issues such as religion aside. He explains to the audience that he, himself, believes that the religion of Islam is the greatest but has no argument with anyone believing in something different, no matter how different it might be. By doing so, everyone will be able to focus on their common problem, which is oppression. Luther King is mentioned as one of many people that have undertaken the struggle for freedom.

A concept of “Black Nationalism” is mentioned : it is summarized by stating that “every black person should govern within their community.” The blacks are also criticized by the speaker who calls them crazy by not looking out for themselves and showing that the white people know how to do that, so they are smarter. The community should be supported on a local level instead of making other communities more affluent by neglecting one’s indigenous living space.

America is called the ultimate colonial power, even more so than Britain or France once were. This is attributed to hypocrisy that surrounds the United States where twenty two million individuals of African descent suffered from slavery for four hundred years. Malcolm X says that the idea of slavery is substituted by the term “a second-class citizen” which, in effect, is tantamount to the former. He calls the year 1964 the year when “the ballot or the bullet” agenda is going to come to light. A comparison is used that “racial tensions in the U.S.” are more dangerous than “all of the nukes in Russia.” Historical arrangements made by Lincoln or Washington led nowhere; they were just hollow words.

He compares the situation of the blacks to the one that early colonists were faced with when opposing the mighty British Empire’s taxation rules and religious persecution. The colonists have managed to survive and their cause has been a success , and so it is going to be with the problem of the blacks.

The drafting of the black men, against their will, to Vietnam and Korea is also mentioned and criticized as not only the blacks are already oppressed but they are forced to participate in the draft which is supposed to be their payment to the American people – the payment for certain privileges they have never experienced. The blacks are born slaves and it is as if the South has won. The Democrats are playing a “giant con game” aimed at the black people, according to Malcolm X. The

South and the North are no different – they are different masks on the same face pretending to oppose each other while, in reality, having a common goal in mind : enslavement of the blacks.

The whites are the ones losing the battle, there are more blacks on Earth than there are whites; the whites are powerless without their slaves from Africa and Asia. An example of the French occupation of Algeria is cited as supporting the “resolute nature of the indigenous Africans” argument. The white man is only brave when “he has got tanks and planes.” The U.S. government is no different from Adolf Hitler’s Third Reich as the U.S. government is also targeting particular racial groups in order to destroy them or enslave them, while using carefully devised language to fool the international audience into perceiving various actions perpetrated by the U.S. government toward the aforementioned racial groups in America ,as well as around the world, as “necessary and noble.” Malcolm X explains that the case of the Jews is bullhorned around the world, as well as that of the apartheid in South Africa, but no one is talking about the situation of the blacks in the U.S. He states that it is about time to address the problem by contacting the “world court” and the U.N. so that people around the world can be made aware of the problem existing in the ,supposedly, “most liberal country on planet Earth.” Uncle Sam is subsequently called “ a crook and a hypocrite.”

Malcolm X concludes with the statement that “it’ll be liberty or it’ll be death. And if you’re not ready to pay the price don’t use the word freedom in your vocabulary.”

### Chapter Forty Eight: The “Manque” Syndrome

One of the universities in Europe. It matters not which one. This is left to the reader’s intelligence to decide. What is important, however, is the setting concerning the person in question : a twenty one year old going by the name of Adam. Caucasian, extremely intelligent by many people’s standards and extremely mean and arrogant by many people’s standards and extremely nice and extremely insipid by many people’s standards. Depending on the side of perception. It is so simple to be misjudged as everyone has a different window , nevermind the timing of the encounter. Adam has been asked by the dean to visit his office. The dean dealing with students, that is. He has entered the building consisting of narrow corridors where it is beyond stuffy in the summer. He has sat in front of the wooden door and has begun his eschatology prayer. Another person has appeared on the horizon . Also a Caucasian male, albeit not so bear-like as Adam. Both have struck a conversation as it has seemed they both have similar tales to tale.

“And I told her to shave the fuck her face” says the newcomer.

Adam bursts into laughter.

"You know what, I thought everyone at this fucking university was boring as hell. Now I at least know it is not true. I called one lecturer an insipid bitch ... it just sort of happened. Now I am here, as a result of it. A talk is on the way but no worries certain steps have been undertaken."

Just as Adam has been about to end the sentence, a white Welsh man in his fifties has opened the door. Clean and bald with circular glasses, a typical intellectual if the consensual opinion concerning the appearance is involved. Adam enters the room and sits down, his face opposite to the window. The man sits in front of him, eyes Adam cautiously and begins the talk

"Adam...the reason I was angry yesterday is that I simply could not have allowed others to think they could pull the same stuff as you did. I mean, if they think you can do it, then they will think they can do it."

Adam nods and responds

"I do understand completely. I flew off the handle."

The bald man looks at Adam with concern and says

"I've talked to many lecturers, Adam. Every single one of them has told me you are an intelligent man. Explain to me then, please...what the hell are you doing?"

"I'm not sure I understand" says Adam, not trying to get involved in psychological discussions.

"Adam" continues the man."I'm not trying to praise you here but facts are the facts. Every single lecturer has told me the same story : you do not want more ! Let's be honest, Adam..you easily surpass most people at this university with your intellectual insight. I've seen what you can do. You're amazing on the one hand and yet..and yet you almost always spoil later on with the fact that there's no work behind it ! Can you explain to me what is the cause of such a dichotomy ?"

"Well" Adam begins."I'm training my focus somewhere else."

"Be honest with me Adam, cut the crap" says the man."What's going on?"

"Like I said, it's not easy to control a torrent of thoughts analyzing a plethora of issues concomitantly" responds Adam matter-of-factly."It's just perceived as lack of focus but nothing could be further from the truth. I simply tend to overanalyze various phenomena..."

"Concomitantly" smiles the man and adds."If it was someone else, I'd suspect them of affectation. Not you.So the not so intelligent tend to perceive it as laziness or lack of focus, is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"Yes, pretty much but you added the intelligence part...you see, too much analysis leads to paralysis."

"Adam, we all can be honest here" says the bald man in a confident voice."I know that and you know that.You're way above the people here.This is why you should have all the best grades. But no, you just have barely passed in most cases, apart from writing and communication. Why is that?"

"Barely passing is what satisfies my needs" says Adam, hiding the rest of the sentence behind a smirk.

“But you’ve such a great potential !” says the man, scrutinizing Adam’s body language.”Why the heck don’t you share it with others !? Why don’t you talk with others from time to time on your own volition ? Why do you keep wasting all this!?”

“I do talk with others, please do not exaggerate” responds Adam, slightly agitated.”It’s nothing to do with my arrogance or anything. It’s judgmental again...I know you know. Besides, as I have said, I tend to write a lot , among many other things. It helps me unwind and my mind can spout out various ideas hither and thither. This society is never going to ... oh, nevermind, please ignore the last part.”

The man nods as if acknowledging the request not to encroach on the metaphysical territory.

“Fair enough, I know what you mean. You’ve failed one course. The lecturer has thought you would pass it with flying colors. Now we gonna have to think about what to do with the problem at hand.”

“Yeah yeah, here comes the red-tape” thinks Adam.”I just enjoy it immensely.”

“Adam, I mean it” the man continues.”It’s easily within your reach to have straight A’s. It’s not even an effort for you, I bet. So just re-direct your focus somewhere else, it’s really worth it..trust me, it’s got practical applications.”

“It’s funny that two days ago you wanted to throw me outta this department” Adam thinks to himself, smirking within his mind.

“First I will have to define the focus” says Adam.”I’ve made a lot of progress but the vortex is still unstable from time to time. Much better than it used to be though still room for improvement.”

The man looks Adam straight in the eye with a flash of intellectual curiosity appearing

“Adam, don’t let anyone tell you that you’re suffering from the manque syndrome. Your focus can be incredibly intense, it just needs an internal justification. The questions concerning life need to be answered – if you ever wanna talk about it, I’m at your disposal.”

“I couldn’t have said it better” says Adam.

“Contact me if you need something more” says the bald man as Adam is standing up and heading toward the door.

“Of course, if anything comes up, I will let you know immediately.”

Will he adhere to the rules of the game ? He does not know it . Yet. Too many contradictions to be worked out on a purely intellectual level. It needs to transcend the boundaries of space-time and enter the level of intuition. Naïve as it sounds, this is where the unfathomable issue can be fathomed. Pardon the tautology.

“How can I interact with people on a more profound level” Adam asks himself upon leaving the dean’s office.”Will I benefit from it? Will it stop me from testing my milieu in a priori and a posteriori setting ?”

“Ad rem, ad rem, ad rem” Adam mumbles as he continues walking down the corridor.

One of the female students passes him by and shakes her head.  
"Are you the one who has called Smith an insipid bitch?"  
Adam turns around and responds in anticipation of a barrage loaded with negativity  
"Yes, I guess that'd be me"  
"A sui generis event!" exclaims the woman. "I applaud you."  
"Impromptu sui generis it has been" Adam responds laughing and continues strolling down the corridor. "Whoa. What a world. R-complex is not a myth, it would seem."

Who is in control of whom now? Does Adam control the writings or do the writings control him and keep concocting new schemes designed to create a situation conducive to new literary stimuli? *That* is the question.

### Chapter Forty Nine: The Excitement Factor

Mark Verner is a native speaker of English hailing from London. Of intelligence reaching slightly above the chimera of mediocrity, he teaches the English as a foreign language to French students in Paris. Practicing his unique methodological approach, a mix of alternative school methods, he hopes to achieve impressive results with adolescent learners of the language. Not having experience definitely does not help in the task. Twenty five years of age is the time when it ought to be clear who one wants to become. In case of Mark the situation is convoluted: he does hold a B.A. in English language teaching (very generally speaking without getting into all the arcana); he centers on individuals who live in non-English speaking environments and do not have a lot of contact with the language as prevalent in native environment. Mark believes there is more to native / non-native division than meets the eye and he wants to prove it beyond any shadow of a doubt.

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One of elite all-girls schools in Paris. Surprisingly enough, the institution itself is not religiously inclined. Uniforms are set in stone. Mark has already passed the scanning stages with flying colors. He is about to start his first lesson with new students - most of them twelve years of age, usually daughters of wealthy international entrepreneurs.

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"Hello Mister Verner" the class consisting of ten adolescent girls speak in unison. "Hello" replies

Mark, kind of consternated, if you will. He does not know what to expect as his eyes wander around the classroom, desperately trying to avoid the sight of girls under the desk. "Aye, they're cute in their dresses of theirs" his mind tells him, laughing inside. "Shut the FUCK up !" Mark responds to his conditioned part as he gathers his thoughts and prepares a short speech. " Yes, I will be your new teacher and, as a matter of fact, it is my first serious post, so to speak, so it is a great time for me, a time of great trial.." "What the fuck are you talking about ?" he can hear a comment in his head. "Do you think any of these girlies give a damn about your life?" "And first of all, I would like to know your names, please..and you could introduce yourselves as I am told this is an advanced English class?" "Yes, mister Verner" one of the girls nods her head and responds. "Oh great , a red-head...yummy." "Shut the fuck up, I'm telling you again !" another voice can be heard inside Mark's mind as he is telling the girl to introduce herself first. " "...and I have been living in the states when I was smaller" she concludes. "Oh that explains your accent then" Mark smiles. "I mean some people claim there's no such thing as an accent but , you know, let's leave it for now" Mark concludes. "Who's your neighbor?" "I'm called Anne and I'm from Paris" says the other girl, loose blonde hair this time. "I would want to learn more about various differences in the English" she tells the protagonist. "Mistake..mistake" his mind keeps telling him. "Yes, I know, later !" he responds as the girls keep looking at each other in anticipation of who's going to be the next in line for introductions. Ten minutes pass and every single one is acquainted with Mark, if you will. " Yes" says Mark as he positions himself in front of a rectangularly - arranged class. " You wanted to know more about various Englishes, yes ?" "Oui" responds one girl, smiling. "Well" Mark responds, a little flabbergasted. "It's a vast subject but let's tackle it, shall we. You seem to be aware of various accents, dialects, Old English, Middle English, Indo-European languages, Basque language even, which is impressive in itself ... how about some hybrids that keep popping up here and there ?" "When I was in London I heard many Poles using English and Polish interchangeably and it was very funny" says one of the girls. " Yes" responds Mark. "English is a global language, there is no denying that, and many local varieties emerge. Ponglish has become very popular in Britain , but there are many other varieties, much more exotic. Take Singlish, for instance." "The language as used in Singapore ?" infers one of the girls who has not been very active. "Exactly" replies Mark. "English has no supervisory body. I am sure you know French has a very powerful one" Mark adds. "What is that body?" asks Anne. "It is called 'Academie Francaise' here in France but there are also separate councils for Louisiana and Quebec. I would wager on Africa as well" Mark pauses for a moment. "In practice it means that calling one's dialect sub-standard is a major offense. It is better to use the term 'non-standard' these days. Makes sense, though I sometimes wonder how is it possible to communicate in English at all. If you were in England, you'd notice people tend to speak in very different ways. The more to the north, the worse it gets for people who have not been exposed to many different language varieties. Mind you, I am talking about natives as well. They get it messed up all the time. In the states it is a little different, more unified. " "This could be because English originated in England" says one of the girls. "It is partly true, though

England and English, I mean, there's definitely an emotional connection there. Much more so than in the U.S. and other English-speaking regions around the world." Your English is very clear" says one of the other girls."This is not so common and that American twang really gets on my nerves" she concludes."Not everyone in the States speaks with the 'twang' as you rightly called it. It can be annoying if someone has developed it to grotesque proportions, I agree. I find American English to be much more robotic in nature . Again, no disrespect towards it, just an observation." "Could this twang be a result of Irish, Welsh, Scottish and Jewish influences ?" asks the same girl as before. "Oh very much so" answers Mark."Irish does have some similarities as well as Scottish English...Welsh too, so there is something to it, I am sure...perhaps a mix ? Irish English and Scottish English, Scottish especially, r can be very strong. It usually occurs in phonetic languages. I believe the weak 'r' is a result of French influence." "English sucks" one girl raises her head."I mean, French too to an extent. All non-phonetic languages are messed up. Why would there be a language where you say something and then you can't even write it down ? This is just stupid. Spanish is much better. Spanish should be the lingua franca, not English. English accents make me feel wanna vomit , American accents make me feel nauseous.No disrespect intended,mister Verner, I simply cannot understand how English is so popular when it is nearly impossible to communicate in this language. It is only good for writing." "Yes" Mark laughs."English is a mongrel language and I do enjoy rhotic as well as phonetic speech. Nothing is better than a strong r." "Yeah" says the argumentative girl."Americans sound like hamsters with their r's. It's not even an r, just some sort of sound."

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The bell can be heard permeating the ether. Mark allows the girls to leave the classroom. He stays behind. He notices the hands.

*"I'm all sweating."*

Can *you* guess why ?

### **Chapter Fifty: Eureka!**

Why?

The ultimate question.

The propeller of human thought.

Many questions were answered thanks to our three-letter friend. But some persist, like a splinter in your mind that you cannot really reconcile with your inner sense of well-being. This is when all kinds of individuals scrutinize their psyches for answers.

Meet Adam, a ten-year-old Caucasian boy. Visualize yourself inside a class room with him sitting somewhere deep behind enemy lines. Twenty peers scattered around.

A new priest comes in. Hardly Aryan (racially speaking), around thirty years of age. You can tell he is a charismatic soul. You can tell he is intelligent. Ok, *relatively* intelligent, for all is a matter of comparison.

“Hello” he says, smiling slightly.

(You would expect some more. Not this time. This priest decides to show how brilliant his mind is. Follow me. We will stand in the corner and observe carefully. Like existential voyeurs lurking in Plato's shadows. Like rezoners who understand the mind of God.)

(In the meantime, Adam keeps laughing inside. Here is why.)

“Killing all those women. You killed them because they were beautiful?”

“You mean hypothetically.”

### **Chapter Fifty One: Unspeakable**

A secluded mansion somewhere in New Zealand. A journalist in his late twenties just arrived to conduct an interview with a Belgian billionaire. Wrong, actually; the journalist's part is taken over by the interviewee very quickly. Not a problem this time, given the circumstances.

A Caucasian man in his fifties keeps walking around a room. It is a big room, very likely a study. Enough space for a massive knight on horseback to be put in the middle.

The man is clearly aloof. He does not want to associate himself with the world. And the journalist is about to realize that this is not a character quirk of someone who is going through late mid-life crisis; it is much more than that.

The man keeps walking around the study. He indicates a place for the journalist to sit. The billionaire does not do that, however; he just keeps wandering aimlessly, akin to a peripatetic philosopher.

He then begins a monologue rather than an interview. He looks at the journalist from time to time. He gesticulates. His voice is calm, steady. It is as if nothing more can ever surprise him in life.

He speaks English with a thick French accent – which is hardly a surprise.

“I settled here, in New Zealand, because I wanted to get as far as possible from what I discovered. You see, most people would not know about merde even if it bit them in the arse. So – you ask – why did not I go public? My friend, go public where? Tell that to narrow-minded imbeciles who are incapable of looking beyond the system that has been their master all along? Still, the system is very clever, you see. For it allows you to live like you want to live but – somehow – you have to get the money first. To get the money, you cannot escape it. What a fascinating design. People brag about freedom like children, without knowing what it really means. When I saw Obama’s inauguration with all the flags behind him, it immediately reminded me of Hitler. I would not be surprised if they re-instated the draft. Make no mistake, nothing personal. Just an observation. I hear you’re a gifted journalist, a true journalist. Not many of them around these days. So I scanned your career, if you will. Yes, my conclusion was: you’re good. You take risks, you’re not yet another intermediary between official stories and general public. You’re exactly what I need. That’s not a compliment, I’m not into flattery. I deal with facts and I must read people on the spot or I wouldn’t make billions otherwise. I wouldn’t have foreseen the financial mess otherwise. I chose you, chose you out of hundreds. I have something important to show you. It all started in my native Belgium. I had all one needed to conduct a proper investigation: I had the time, I had the money, I had the intellect, but most importantly, my friend....I did not dismiss anything a priori, by God no! You see, I met people here and there...forgive me for lack of specifics, all will be provided for you. I didn’t invite you here just to listen to an old fool, don’t worry. Materials I’ve are beyond mind-blowing. I just want to give you some background. As you probably know, the line between anarchy and order is extremely thin. Things like rape, things like spree killings, it’s all hanging by a thread. People prefer safe environments, people prefer a good book that has nothing to do with reality whatsoever. It’s all good, but deal with reality first and have fun later. Don’t pretend, don’t draw a clear fiction and reality line that you don’t even know exists anywhere else apart from your mind. For how can you know that an obscure entry somewhere out there is fiction and not an actual account of somewhere being murdered and the perpetrator just happens to be typing everything in while - then - everyone congratulates him on a job well done? Only your belief classifies it as fiction, nothing more. What do people lack? They lack the time, they are back on the farm with other animals. You think I’d get where I’m now just by working from nine to five? I always said that one needed to be prepared for the worst. Don’t trust that others will help you when all is going to hell. Movies, movies...yes, they’re movies but makes you wonder what is based on what, you know? Personally, I thought that what I was about to delve into was merely a mirage. Yes, it could have happened but nothing common, far from it. Surely, law enforcement around the world must have known, would have

intervened? Forget it. Forget about them. Forget about me going public. I would be crushed. Yes, a billionaire would be crushed. You've got the chance. I've done my part. All you see around is self-sufficient, by the way. I'd never rely on any state to provide security for me. To provide food and electricity...no way. New Zealand is very quirk-friendly, you see. They've a creative spirit, attitude you don't get in places where people think they're number one."

"What do the materials contain?" the journalist asks, incapable of resisting curiosity.

The billionaire turns around and looks the journalist deep in the eye.

"Unspeakable. Words can't describe it. If your faith in humanity remains the same afterwards, consider yourself a hopeless case. Is there doubt in your mind or do you believe in everything I'm saying, Mr. John?"

### **Chapter Fifty Two: Contingency Plan**

A twenty-something man sits in a taxi in front of his parents' house, trying to find the strength to tell them that he has squandered their money on publishing attempts. A vortex inside his mind is spinning out of control. He has no idea what to do.

"I think it's best if I just go and tell them" he nervously concludes. "Time to face reality. I WILL NOT run away from responsibility THIS time."

Lost in time and space for a while, he notices the cab driver looking around impatiently. Jake gets the message. He pays the cabbie and gets out as fast as possible. A silent exchange of money and looks.

"How can I be blunt about it?" he walks up and down, next to a curb. "I have lost a LOT of money and it will probably mean that...that they will not be able to stay in the house..."

"\*\*\*\* it!" he exclaims and flinches at the same time to the dismay of some passers-by. "I'll do it. I'LL DO THIS RIGHT NOW !"

As he says, so he does. He is subconsciously counting the time until the 'meltdown moment.' It does not take long to distract him. Mary, Jake's mother, has spotted her son getting out of the vehicle. After makeshift self-pampering, she bolts out of the house to greet him.

"Oh Jake, Jake, how wonderful to see you again!" she approaches the man with her arms wide open. "I'm so happy."

"Me too" Jake responds as they keep hugging each other. "Me too."

His words are far from sincere, of course. It does not take long for Mary to spot that something is wrong.

“Jake” her tone inquisitive and slightly concerned. “Is everything fine?”

The meltdown moment has just occurred. Jake does not know what to do. He is petrified. This is all happening *too fast*.

“Is father home?” he quickly mumbles.

“Well no” Mary’s voice becomes shaky. “He’s at work and I’m sure you know that?”

“Yes, of course I do!” Jake waves his both hands. “How could I forget.”

“Exactly” Mary nods. “Workaholics never come early.”

Suddenly, Jake receives a powerful surge of confidence. He feels powerful, almost aggressive. He knows that the time has come. Who has given him the money, after all? His mother is waiting for the answer.

“Let’s go to the kitchen” Mary’s body language is a mix of consternation and exhilaration. It is as if she is preparing herself for the news.

Jake nods. Not a word is said for ten seconds.

“I think you know what I want to tell you” Jake’s facial expression can be best described as “doom and gloom” combined.

Mary turns to Jake. She looks him deep in the eye and says

“Of course I do. You’d be jumping around like crazy if you’re successful.”

Jake’s mental petrification has slightly mitigated. Mom’s sense of humor is a good sign. Still, he is unsure what to make of all this. Before he can ask, she quickly adds, as if sensing her son’s inner disarray

“Don’t worry” she gently shakes her head. “We knew something like that could happen. Not would – but definitely could. I’m sure you did your best. And gained some experience too?”

“Yeah, a lot of exposure actually” Jake smiles. He knows that the worst case scenario has not come to pass.

“We were always for Scandinavian alternative thinking, don’t you know that?!” jokes Mary. “We’re prepared for every single contingency life could possibly throw at us!”

Jake’s silent. He is too overwhelmed to respond.

### Chapter Fifty Three: Clarifying The Obvious

( Near Future, major changes on Earth )

“I can’t stand this shit anymore!” my Aryan-looking son tells me after bolting into the room.

“What’s wrong?” I ask him, then quickly add. “Ah. Let me guess. Your work was not well-received.”

“No, I mean” I can tell this is the start of a larger piece. “I just don’t fucking get it, I fucking don’t get some idiots, they keep bashing with no substance involved whatsoever, I mean, what the fuck is this?”

“You mean most of them jumped upon you” I calmly conclude.

“Yeah, and no reason given!”

“If I knew you’re arrogant every single day of your life, I would try to handle it differently” I say.

“But I do know you’re a reasonable guy most of the time. You don’t elevate yourself above others, even though you could easily do it. You talk to people from all walks of life in a natural way. And yet, some tell you you’re aloof and have no interpersonal skills. They’re the ones who then bash your writings later and – let me guess – they’re cocky when doing it en masse, they’re not so cocky when alone?”

“That’s right, how come you know so much about it?” he asks me.

“I’ve been there. I’ve been there and I know it can piss you off. Badly.”

“So, how did you deal with the problem?”

“Son” I begin a longer piece myself. “First of all it surprises me that you take things at face value. Fuck face value, I say. And do you know why?”

“Well, tell me, that’s why I’m here?”

(I pause for a moment.)

“Times change but people *never* change. The Romans and we now, we’re just the same, the only difference is that technology and artificial laws disguise our civility under the label of common sense.”

“To the point, dad?” he nudges me.

“Ah, yes” I snap out of my inner musings. “Right. So, do you know what you’re creating this...something for?”

“Yeah” he nods.

“Do you need external confirmation that your creation is fine, indeed, that you’re fine?”

“Not really, I’m my best judge, you taught me the Disney method, remember?”

(I nod.)

“So tell me then, why are you so pissed at some nitwits who don’t even understand ten percent of what you’re trying to convey?”

(Ten seconds of deafening silence.)

“Hmm...” he finally utters a sound as I approach a window to look at maple trees outside. “I don’t know I guess...”

“Exactly” I respond firmly. “You get angry because you feel insecure inside, you treat what you do seriously and you can’t stand that someone dismisses it out of hand and gives you no reason whatsoever...or the reason is poor at best.”

“Precisely” Adam says. “Damn, you sure do know a lot about that stuff, don’t you.”

“A little” I say and then whisper. “But don’t swear so much around your mother. She doesn’t understand. She might get all prissy, you know what I mean? I know you know that swearing is relative, just another joke...but still. Most people don’t get it, man. And besides, I don’t wanna be dragged around your school because some teachers didn’t like it. You get what I mean, right? I mean, damn. Your mind is that of an adult. Emotionally, maybe not but intellectually...such a treasure. You do know how to meander between societal pitfalls? ”

“Oh yeah” he nods with a mischievous smile written all over his face.

“Good” I nod. “Where were we?”

“Anger management.”

“Yeah” I nod vigorously. “Essentially, the problem IS NOT that they don’t like what you’ve written but it’s all about them not understanding what the hell you wrote and then bashing it mercilessly, am I right.”

“Yeah, if they at least told me why and not just fucking attacked it...but no, they gotta go ad hominem all of a sudden, this is just stupid. They don’t get the difference between fact and fiction!”

“Son” I look at him. “Let me share with you the biggest secret of all.”

“Oh?” curiosity fills my son’s eyes.

“Yes” I nod slowly. “You see, people can be easily divided into types, assholically-speaking. The basicest division is into direct and indirect contact individuals.”

(Adam nods. I know I have got his full attention.)

“Ok” I continue. “Direct contact individuals mean that you confront them in person. No intermediaries, no gossiping. You and them. It does sound obvious, I know, but the dynamics of interaction change dramatically. You can probably guess why.”

(A slight nod.)

“Now” I snap my fingers. “Ah, right. So imagine what I call an ‘armchair warrior.’ This is a particularly pesky type. They feel the power when they don’t see you. They feel the power their comments give them. Nobodies in real life, but no one is responsible for the state of their lives.

They blame others for their perpetual misfortune, they're unable to take responsibility. They're unable to confront people in real life because they're afraid of a swift response. If they find someone weaker than them, though, they'll surely use this mercilessly to repair their own devastated ego. There is no dialog with this type, because there's nothing to be having a conversation with. They're not only dumb, but also arrogant as hell, they believe they're entitled to everything in life and won't have it any other way. No work and life at my feet is their philosophy. Blunt force and Nazi-style comments is all they understand."

"Go on" I hear a response.

"Right" I start walking around the room. "Then there is the 'false friend' type. They will tell you how wonderful you are but all they want is your downfall. Dumb and arrogant at heart, they are clever enough to bring others down with them. They will use you to the best of their ability and create a nasty atmosphere all around while maintaining they are your best friend. They'll undoubtedly attack you when anonymous but will swear they'd never do that when you confront them in person. They usually perceive you as having all the qualities they'll never have; they're dark green with envy. Personally, I despise them the most."

"But behaviors described above can be used by people with cognitive skills, surely?"

"Yeah, they can be" I respond. "Generally speaking, however, people who know their value will do it either because someone pissed them off and needs a lesson or they have a mean streak ...but even if they do, they'll know when to stop and won't apply their full arsenal to hurt others, unless absolutely necessary. Yes, some people might perceive what they do as arrogance or childishness but – as you know – life is not always as simple as it appears to be."

"Not everyone's got the time to analyze, not everyone possesses the skills to look beyond" Adam states.

"Of course" I respond while prancing around the room. "But, mind you, people who look for vices in others reflect – they simple transfer their own inner darkness onto others. Take pedophilia, for instance. How many of those that condemn it would love to get their hands on kiddie porn while claiming "it's just research?" Don't we live in society where half of the men keep scoping out underage darlings and women would just love to get their hands on some too? Let's be honest here."

"So what you're saying is that being nice all the time is too good to be true, the vent needs to be out there somewhere?"

"Exactly. You can't be nice all the time. If someone you know is like that, then there's something they're hiding. Something dark. Bet on it. This is why 'moral crusaders' are the most dangerous ones. How many times have I met someone and thought 'oh my God what an asshole' but then it was much easier to deal with them rather than some goody-goody people who strike at the end with a smile on their pretty faces. Heh, and then you wonder why people infatuated with romantic types are in for a major disappointment sooner or later."

"We've gone awry a little" I hear a subtle prompt.

“Right, right. The bottom line is this. Many people feel the power when they are ‘armchair warriors.’ Surely, others can be nasty as well. But there’s a fundamental difference. Someone who’s nasty and is also intelligent, they can switch and do something meaningful. If someone encounters them, be it in real life or on the internet, and that someone is insecure, the one that is playing a nasty character will be classified AS the nasty character. This is the power of perception, son. It’s all around us and you gotta be careful not to get sucked into its mirages. I’ve been there, I should know. All those words and wounds, I’ll never forget...but as time went by, I reconciled my inner and outer existence with each other.”

“You mean armchair warriors and the like are impotent and you can’t expect anything meaningful of them, while others who behave in a certain way....this is because due to a multitude of factors?”

“Yeah. Bad mood because someone left them. Bad day at work. General discontent with the system and their inner to vent. A mean streak which is really a way of testing creativity. If they put their minds to it, they can be much worse than armchair warriors and their ilk...fortunately for us, they rarely do. Ah, also remember. These days people prefer short stories. Novels, who’s got the time! If you create a story which is lofty as perceived by John, then he’ll just call it ‘pretentious bullshit’ or ‘too hard to understand’ and will probably leave it alone. If you make it too simple, people will scream ‘cliche’ and ignore it. The best way is to apply the golden mean. I do know that you simply cannot avoid deep themes when you write, so make it palatable. Don’t use big words when unnecessary, even though big words are relative. The best way is a novel that contains short stories with a link rendering it all the novel. Think of airports and stores. What would you buy there? If you want to succeed, marketing-wise, that is the best strategy. You are clever, I’m sure you can connect shallow romance with multiple hidden meanings. That way, people who only want superficiality will get it and those who want something more, much more perhaps, will get it as well. Can you do this? Try. In the future this is going to be about HoloNovels anyway. Direct neural interfaces will create what we want – even though we’re unsure what we want on a conscious level! Then, we’ll invite others to join our story. This will be indistinguishable from reality, just like in Star Trek. Real emotions, programmed emotions of characters if necessary. Game masters will be omnipotent beings. Tedious and obscure themes might become fascinating when you’re allowed to interact with them. Think about that, first there was Second Life and other in-game modules. Books won’t be rendered obsolete, more like guiding points in creation. I doubt anyone’s gonna invent something original one hundred percent...no more original thoughts since Plato, I’d wager. Yeah, every single individual will be able to generate ideas. The competition’s gonna be much tougher but look at the bright side: minds will finally generate ideas the way they want to and whoever comes in contact with your work, they’ll experience it the way you want them to. To me, the bright side wins hands down.”

“Th..”

“Oh” I snap my fingers again. “And the most important element of all: armchair warriors are nasty because they have nothing to say. Intelligent people are nasty because they create. Even if they

appear idiotic to you, they've got the skill. They've got something they've done, achieved. Armchair warriors represent underachievement, and that's being optimistic. Their only achievement involves virtual saber-rattling that serves no creative purpose. Just idiocy, arrogance and powerful sense of entitlement combined. The most dreadful concoction of all, son. Besides, I doubt you'd wanna market like crazy...I think you're more about people approaching you because you've got something they need. Akin to customers who turn into beggars. You've got something they crave. You've got something they simply must have. This is why I think you were born a little early, son. I'm sure that with stuff like HoloNovels you'd be able to work miracles."

"I agree" he nods. "You've clarified the obvious for me, thank you. I don't mean it in a sarcastic way...sometimes simple is the most evasive part of all."

"Use the Disney method" I tell him. "That's all you need to do. Then, if you still feel you want to put your work out there...you're gonna be prepared to do what it takes. And you *will* succeed. People who give constructive criticism are also a treasure. Ignore the rest. Mindless praise and mindless criticism won't get you anywhere in terms of self-betterment. Your work might not 'spell marketability' but don't you worry about that...there are people out there who'll know exactly what you're saying. You'll soon discover that a comment coming from someone who understands you is far more rewarding than one hundred bashings or one hundreds 'ohs' coming from 'fans.' Never go for fans...they're changing akin to kaleidoscope. I did get lots of hits but decided to write for myself...never tried publishing, my work is still out there, though. With today's technology it's so easy to make movies and other powerful creations...writing's no longer the best option for me. I also do it privately, no need for pesky observers who wanna undermine my every move, you know? Maybe you'd like to participate in my newest project?"

I turn around and notice that Adam is gone.

"Damn" I mutter. "I hope Julia didn't hear anything."

#### **Chapter Fifty Four: Unknown Entity And Me**

First of all, see these

<http://www.disclose.tv/files/photos/788d986905533abL.jpg>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J30WGDq-AXU&feature=related>

I cannot attest that something is indeed behind Dubya. Would not surprise me at all, given his brain cell activity.

Anyhow. This is not the time for socio-political dissertations.

It has been decided that I should take care of Unknown Entity. No, taking care is not exactly the best expression here. How can I take care of a being the reasoning capability of which put it in IQ 300 range? Extremely sharp intellect, the entity is an amazing learner. I would like to detail some of the experiences – so you can make yourself aware of some exopolitical intricacies.

You will not believe me, I know. But that is great because I can write whatever I want without worrying about shady agencies following my every move. What a relief, nobody will be watching me today.

In case you are wondering, yes. I am dealing with a gray here. Some call it ‘a grey’ but it all depends where you are. I am sure the links look familiar to you. This is not the entity – of course – but a representative of the same group.

Unknown Entity is no Alf. no Spielberg movie extraterrestrial. It communicates telepathically. In images. There is nothing I can hide from it. Yeah, sci-fi movies tend to be accurate from time to time.

I use “it” not in an offensive way. This entity is not male/female/hermaphroditic. Neutral is as close as it gets. It does not seem to require sustenance, it does not have to worry about physiological issues.

When I leave my house, I must remember not to turn any defenses on. I would not want any goons to arrive and find my acquaintance around. While I am gone, the entity surfs the internet. It calls the internet “underdeveloped but useful.” The art of euphemism is simply amazing when it comes to the Unknown.

I know the entity wants to study humans. Its appearance is no accident. It’s been living in my house for six months now. It is constantly learning, devouring the info it finds on the internet. It might even know what laughter is, I am unsure ( gotta ask it what is the purpose of laughter, as in anthropomorphologically speaking?)

This sentience seems to like my black dog. My dog is called “Umbra” as it is related to “darkness/shadow” in Latin. What a perfect denomination. My dog is rather sizeable and looks more like a calf due to excessive fat. Oh, and I forgot. My dog is actually a bitch. The bitch that does not have to be taken outside – don’t ask my why, she is an “inedian” now.

Anyway, every day the same scene unravels before me: the entity sitting on a couch, touching the ears of my dog gently. The dog keeps purring akin to a cat. One ear done, another comes. The entity tells me that the same works for human females because it is all about some sort of mathematical golden mean which can be calculated quickly and exists all throughout the universe derived from the particular Big Bang.

Unknown likes sci-fi movies, though it thinks that the Asgard are portrayed in a rather superficial way. Which is its newspeak for “this is shit.”

The being simply loves intellectual overindulgence. Philosophical discussions ( imacassions) are simply marvelous! I tell it to stop at a certain point because I simply cannot process anymore complex imagery with hundreds of implicit meanings.

The gray can appear as it wants to appear. It goes outside from time to time but it tells me that maintain a different form is very tiring. Reality is holographic, it claims. Why then does this tire you? – I asked it once. It told me I would not understand.

When I go to sleep, the entity keeps running around the house. Yeah, running. Those grays are fast as hell. And resilient, too.

There was this robbery attempt once. Just an attempt thanks to my alien friend. The sheer appearance of the entity was enough to deal with the burglars. Unknown then disposed of the bodies. Somehow. It told me to leave the room. Never asked what happened.

We were driving once. Ok, I was driving. People kept staring at IQ 300. I could not figure it out. And then it explained: it was shifting between Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin and George W. Bush. It also had some sort of a sticker saying

“WHEN YOU RIDE ALONE, YOU RIDE WITH HITLER!”

Look

<http://www.diggerhistory.info/images/posters2/usa08.jpg>

What an amazing entity. And people thought grays were only about C.E.IV's.

The entity told me: most abduction cases involve the U.S. and Chinese governments!

You now can prove it – once and for all – that you DO DESERVE insurance when it comes to alien abductions!

Just make it quick, before they file for chapter 11.

### Chapter Fifty Five: Anticipatory Absolution

A Caucasian female in her early twenties approaches a wooden confession booth located inside a climatic gothic church somewhere in England.

“Father forgive me, for I will have sinned” a young Caucasian woman tells the priest.

“You...will have?” father is confused. “I do not understand, my child.”

“This is simple, father” the woman responds. “I’d like to be granted anticipatory absolution so that I can begin my atonement prior to my actions.”

“My child, that is blasphemy” the priest responds, getting angrier by the minute.

“No father, that is what I call an open mind” the woman responds. “I’m sure you get cases like mine from time to time and that you can predict my penance.”

“What do you expect me to do exactly?” the priest asks, his voice full of consternation.

“I’d like you to tell me what to do, I’ll state exactly what I’m about to do” she says in a calm manner.

“Tell me what you’re about to do” the priest responds, not knowing why he continues the charade. Curiosity is stronger than religious dogma, it would seem.

“I want to euthanize one of my teenage patients, she is suffering, her torment is so great, I cannot allow this to continue...” the woman says in a firm voice. “I really need that absolution and my penance guidelines, she’s gonna die soon and I can’t wait much longer, I can’t come after the deed, I need to perform an act of exitus with clear conscience!”

“I won’t grant you absolution” the priest responds. “I won’t insult the Creator in such a ... vile manner!”

“Fine then” the woman responds. “This was a sorry excuse, priest.”

“What do you mean, child?” the middle-aged Caucasian priest inquires with fear in his voice.

“Your mind is closed” the woman’s voice becomes barely audible. “After I’m gone, your mind will be able to perceive new horizons!”

“Don’t do this, child, you’ll end up in hell!” the priest loses control and screams.

“Hell, oblivion or infinity, take your pick” the woman laughs. “No one is here. Allow me.”

Before the priest can do anything, his skull is crushed.

“Ah, fantastic!” the woman raises her hands upwards. “Now this priest shall finally see existence for it truly is – a miracle!”

Her facial expression quickly changes, however. It is now full of contempt. She looks at the priest’s body and states contemptuously

“You ridicule others when they believe in infinite possibility and yet you yourself believe in a resurrection and heavenly toys. No substance, no merit whatsoever, just fables to be interpreted by the wise and supported financially by the foolish. Alas, how many died because of them!”

After the deed, young female takes out her mp3 player with some vintage songs. She wanders away, singing “All I wanna say to you” along the way. Another cross added to her collection.

### Chapter Fifty Six: When Realities Collide...

Consternation overwhelms my senses. What the hell just happened? It feels like a ‘Twilight Zone’ episode where laws of physics are non-existent! I look around and see an L-shaped room filled with reddish wood. The floor, the walls. Everything. Pleasing to the eye, but I have no idea what is going on. I remember sitting in front of my laptop and reading something about global warming on CNN. Global warming, another religion. The universe is far more complex than some ‘emissions’ hither and thither.

Anyhow, I simply cannot describe the way I feel. What the hell?

And then I notice it. A small piece of paper in front of me. I can see something is written on it. My inner curiosity gets to me and I pick the paper up.

I look at it and here is what I find

***STEP 1: Step with your heel down first, then let the sole follow quickly and smoothly.***

***STEP 2: Walk with your toes pointing straight ahead or as close to straight ahead as possible.***

***STEP 3: Swing your arms as you walk for balance.***

***STEP 4: Keep your legs straight, close and parallel.***

***STEP 5: Take smooth, even steps; consider shortening your stride a bit.***

*STEP 6: Avoid walking on ice, slush, mud, grass, sand, gravel and grated surfaces, on which you can slip or sink. When in doubt, take off your heels and carry them across such questionable surfaces in your bare feet.*



“What the fuck!?” I consider myself to be an open-minded individual but this is simply too random. Literally and figuratively.

I hear a very unpleasant cracking sound which almost forces me to cover my ears. A Caucasian boy enters the room. He appears to be around ten years old.

“What’s happening, what is this place?” I ask him calmly – and that fact surprises me.

“It appears that interference has occurred” the boy answers in a scientific manner. “Your idiolectic reality has connected with mine. Unfortunately for you, this is my reality so I get to make the rules.”

“This sounds like something that I’ve been writing about...” I answer. “I still don’t get it, what is this piece of paper about, wha...”

“Just look at you” his answer is marked by a tinge of sardonic pleasure. “I think it should be obvious by now?”

I pause. What I see and what I feel cannot be adequately expressed so I will not attempt to do so. I will only provide you with a simulacrum. I look down and I see white fluffy feathers spread all around me. I am unsure what to make of this, I simply cannot process it. My mind might not be as open as I have previously assumed.

“Take a look in the mirror” the boy says and points to the left. My eyes follow his finger and – out of nowhere – *a rectangular Venetian mirror is just standing there.*

“How...”

“Just look in the mirror, that’s *all* I’m asking for” the boy reiterates his request in a calm, scientific manner.

What I see cannot be true. It can be true in fiction but what if ... ? I see a white female, her age I would estimate to be around eighteen. Her hair is long and blonde. Her eyes are blue. She looks Scandinavian and – for some reason – I think of the Aryan race when all of this is happening. She is wearing a short red dress with white fluffy feathers at the bottom...plus big black chunky high heels.

“My apologies, Paul” the boy is just standing there, in front of me.

“What are you apologizing me for?” I answer as inner consternation is beginning to devour me again.

“Well Paul” the boy continues with a smile on his face. “This is not just some female – this is *you.*”

“What!?”

“I do realize that - despite your open-mindedness – your identity is very much fixed. Your brain still thinks you are Paul, a twenty-three year old white man. See how powerful your mind is? You do not even want to admit that you sound like a girlie now. You will, though. Just give it time.”

I do not respond. This is too much for me. I feel as if all of my senses have frozen.

“In approximately two minutes *nuda veritas* will hit you” I hear his confident voice attacking me.

Two minutes of deafening silence just whizz by.

“Stand up” he tells me as I slowly get out of my inner bedlam.

Not knowing why, I stand up.

“Now, look in the mirror” I hear.

I have no idea why, but I do just that.

"Tell me Paul, what do you see?" a sarcastic note can be detected in his voice yet again.

I am seeing something that I can no longer deny. It appears that I am very tall as far as Earthly standards go. White fluffy feathers start around my waist and extend to the middle of my thighs. This pretty much can be summarized in one word: a young Mrs. Claus straight from Scandinavia...without any Jewish features at that.

"You should be grateful that you have been given chunky high heel pumps plus the appearance based upon my understanding of the golden ratio" he says as if wanting to show mercy but then his tone turns to doom and gloom.

He sighs and states

"I'm afraid that I've got some bad news as well."

I am on the verge of catatonia.

"You see, the dress is pretty much cursed. No, not pretty much. The dress IS cursed. The same applies to the heels" the boy says and moves toward the mirror.

He leans against it.

"Aren't you going to ask me what the curse is about?" he continues.

"I think you're about to tell me anyway" I respond, staring at the reddish wooden floor.

"Nice girlish voice you've got now" he nods as if encouraging me to accept my new role. After three nods, he returns to the subject of the cursed dress. "I'm in total control of this reality but this does not mean that I would want you to suffer. You see, all I want is a girlish touch to take care of me and my place. Nothing more. This is why you do not have to concern yourself with trivial matters such as food, sleep or bodily functions. Still, I regret to inform you that for my support there is a price to pay. Would you like to know what the price is?"

"Yes" I nod as if prompted by some sort of Pavlovian response.

"The dress will remain on you for eternity" he tells me with a smile on his face. "Though I could always make the feathers yellow? This is YOUR dress, after all, and I wouldn't want you to feel uncomfortable."



This is too much. His eyes are facing my waist. I make a sound to attract his attention and as he looks up to see what is happening, I look him straight in the eye.

“ETERNITY?! THAT’S IMPOSSIBLE, YOU’RE TELLING ME I’M SUPPOSED TO REMAIN LIKE THIS FOR KEEPS!? THIS GOES AGAINST ANY SOUND SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE I’M AWARE OF!” I start a cavalcade of gesticulatory moves.

“Oh, aren’t you simply sweet!” he throws his hands in the air. “Awesome, your psyche is transmogrifying too, soon the sequence will be completed!”

Here I am – girlified and at the mercy of some entity that has child-like qualities and infinite power at its disposal. This is worse than any horror I have EVER seen! Unless I can think of something – I am screwed. Hopefully in a figurative sense only.

“Yes, I want you to be like this forever!” his body language overtaken by exhilaration. *“Impossible is nothing!”*

“Why me, why didn’t you obtain a genuine female?” I ask the entity.

“Your bad luck, something has happened to reality interweavement and you ended up here. As I’m not gay or anything like that and I have come to appreciate the girlish touch and charm, then how could I resist? You know, I’ve been waiting for someone to come here for a very long time...I cannot just snatch whatever I want, even if this seems contradictory as I am seemingly omnipotent. So when you have appeared in my girlification room, a powerful surge of bliss has simply permeated my entire being!”

“You’re going to keep me here just like that, no *crise de conscience*, nothing at all?” I inquire and implore simultaneously.

“Always look on the bright side of life!” he exclaims happily. “No more sleep, no more bodily problems, always clean, always perfect...what more is there to desire? What more is there to crave? Oh, and one more thing that you might find THE most important!”

“What would that be?” another Pavlovian response.

“You’ll become THE expert when I comes to walking in high heels, you know how hard this is! You’ll be giving lessons all the time, I’m telling you! Just look at all your nice fluffy white feathers extending to the middle of your thighs, isn’t that simply...pretty?”

At that point I am unsure whether this ‘boy’ is a nutcase or perhaps all of this is just a pretence, a smoke and mirrors game to break me. Whatever the case may be, a plan needs to be devised. I am unsure if he can read my mind or not but *even if he can*, I must do something to gain this entity’s trust.

“I will leave you now, practice walking in high heels” the boy says and snaps his fingers two seconds later.

“Or – better yet – just wait for your mind to adjust and you won’t even *have* to practice.”

Suddenly – out of the blue – bugs start to materialize all over the room. I squeak and cower in a corner.

“Perfect girlishness” the boy utters a sentence with a smug expression on his face. “Cowardice, focus on appearance and lack of perseverance. Even your ancient Greeks knew that.”

A second later he is gone. No magical sounds, no magical effects. Just gone. There is no telling when he is going to come back. There is no telling what is going to happen next.

### Chapter Fifty Seven: For King And Country

A wave of destruction is sweeping across Europe. Two major fronts have become a joke rather than a real battle field. Chemical warfare is around the corner.

That is enough, background-wise. For I wish to show you something.

We find ourselves in London, England. Next to the speaker's corner, to be more precise. You know, the place where you can brag about anything...*almost* anything. Hyde Park, very close to Oxford street – that is where you can many idiosyncratic individuals speaking out THE TRUTH.

I have taken a form of a young Caucasian male. I am nineteen and the year is 1915. Oh, forgive me. Don't they use 'Caucasian' mainly in North America. ? Ah, never mind.

I am wearing some kind of vintage...coat I believe...I stand in the middle of the speaker's corner and yell

"STOP THE SUFFRAGETTES, FOR THEY ARE BIASED!"

Accent adjustment? Check.

I do realise that languages change over time but I do hope my message is going to be clear.

It seems that my message has been heard. Loud and clear. A group of young women gather around me. Their faces...such derision. Such contempt. I look at them and smile gently.

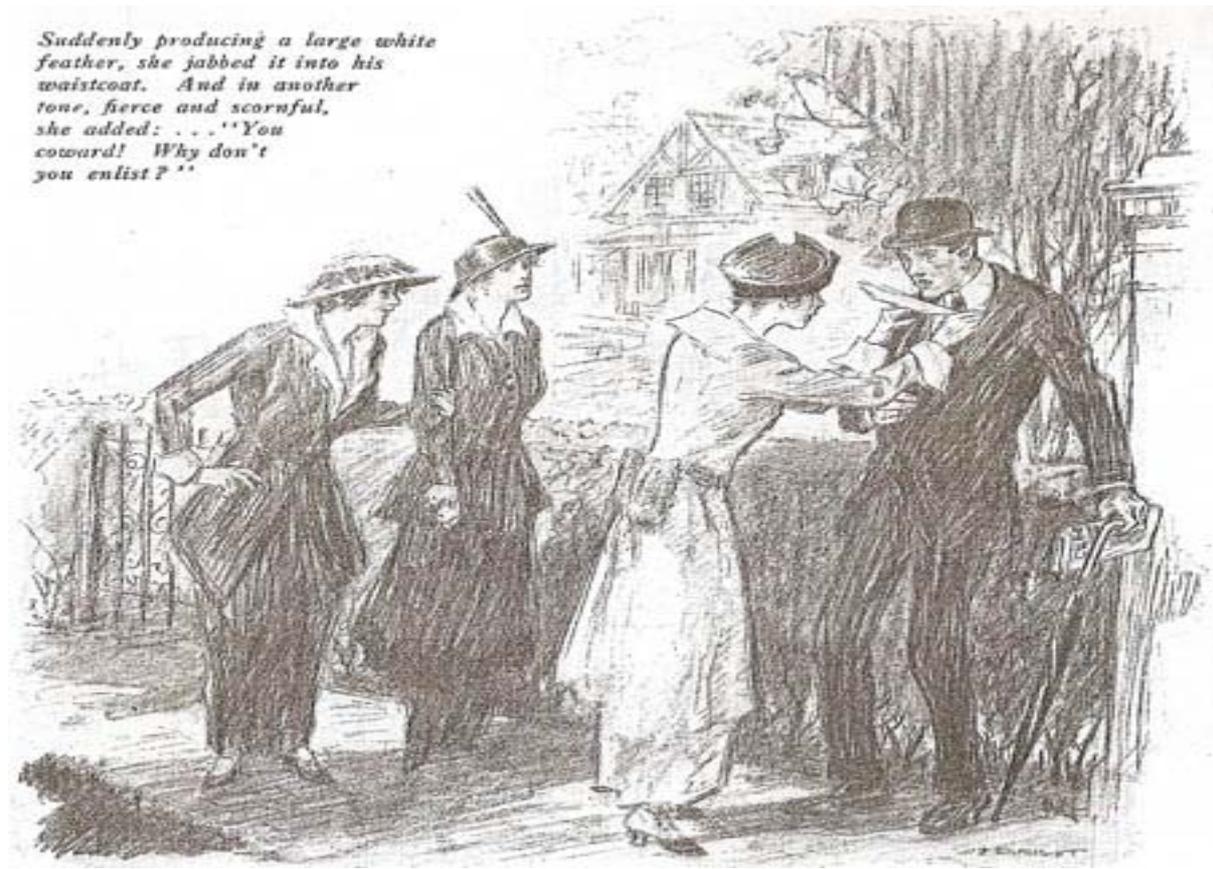
"Ladies..."

"Sir" one of them takes initiative, her tone anything but pleasant. "Why aren't you fighting for king and country? You are a healthy young man!"

"Yes!" another young lady almost shouts at me. "Shame on you, young man!"

One of the ladies approaches me and hands me a white feather, saying

"This is what happens to cowards."



I realize that my memetic field has trained me to respond accordingly. I smile and calmly respond

“Thank you for this unique gift” and quickly add with a verve

“This is very humiliating and I shall enroll at once!”

The ladies smile. Such delightful beings. So innocent and so sweet. I wish to respond in kind...for they are so kind.

“Forgive me” I hang my head in shame. “If I may, however ... I do have a suggestion?”

They turn around and look at me in bewilderment.

“Would you please follow me, I know of a place where many healthy men are hiding!”

The ladies are simply ecstatic. They agree to follow me without a glimmer of hesitation.

“Come, please” I point to a region somewhere deep inside the park. “They are waiting for me.”

“How wonderful!” one of the women exclaims, followed by a cavalcade of stereotypically feminine gestures. “We shall shame so many men today!”

We keep walking. Five minutes. Ten minutes. I appreciate fine summer weather akin to a connoisseur.

“Right here, ladies” I point to a bench in front of me and smile.

“Please explain this action to us!” I hear.

“Oh, there is no need” I respond.

“What’s so funny!?” one of the women detects my facetious tone.

“Ah, nothing” my response is filled with joviality.

“Wha...”

ZAP.

I sit on the bench. Countdown begins.

“T minus thirty ...”

Thirty seconds pass. Young ladies appear again. This time a little dirtier, a little shocked. One is bleeding.

“Has your journey been a pleasant one?” I ask them.

“We are so sorry for...” their response staggers me. Do they know? Already?

“Oh, don’t be sorry my dears” I comfort the ladies verbally, hoping that tacit meaning is conveyed as well. “You are now ready to call yourselves true feminists. You appreciate the burden of war...you are *truly* a sui generis case, ladies! I am *sure* you will *never* play the white feather game again. I have got you all figured out before you even become sentient, sweeties.”

I am gone in the blink of an eye, leaving the ladies to fight their own PTSDs.

## Epilogue: Inter-Consciousness Brain Storming

A conference room aboard the ship. Every single entity is putting out its ideas concerning new “MWI-DECK” experiences. Here is what humans have come up with

Italy fires

Nazi Germany / Soviet Union / Totalitarianisms

UFOs

Consciousness

Subconscious/Superconscious

Free Will

Destiny

Parallel Universes

Social Norm Genesis

Cotard Syndrome

Golden Ratio

Mysterious appearances/disappearances

Reptilians

The Controllers

New World Order

Voynich manuscript

Chinese aliens

Alexandria library

Possession

Crises and their causes

Religious epiphanies

Serial Killers

Psychopathy

Organic Portals

Gang Stalking

Foreign accent syndrome

Tower Of Babel / Sanskrit

Karpman Drama Triangle

Automalleabilityphilia

Reverse Psychology

Withdrawal

Virtual Impact In Reality

AD INFINITUM...

