

THE BISON FLIES



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The Bison Flies

These stories are powerful medicins I got on my shamanic trip through the underworld during my life. It is a sort of medicin wheel of heavy metaphorical and cryptical, mirroring dreams and visions as portals to the other worlds. It is the raw manuscript, so it hasn't been edited. It has been written down how it came through.

Dutch translation :

Deze verhalen zijn krachtige medicijnen die ik kreeg op mijn shamaanse tocht door de onderwereld gedurende mijn leven. Het is een soort medicijnwiel van zwaar metaforische en cryptische, spiegelende dromen en visioenen als portalen tot de andere werelden. Het is het rauwe manuscript, dus het is niet ge-edit. Het is neergeschreven zoals het doorkwam.

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Have Some Tea

After the shipwreck they came to this beautiful new world, this island. It was full of monkeys and tropical birds, like paradise. The ocean turned out to be beautiful. They got enchanted lives here, like a sorcerer was watching over them. They were all so hungry, but the trees here offered delicious food. They made themselves huts and tents, waiting for the night which didn't seem to come. The days were long here, or there weren't any nights here. They saw the sun moving closer and closer like it was swallowing the whole island. The beach was full of pearls. Lots of monkeys were on the beach. They were funny creatures, and some birds played with them. 'Dress up for the emperor,' a parrot was screaming.

The flowers here were opening up, spreading their powders. There was a huge wind, mixing all treasures given by flowers in the air. There were a lot of volcanoes on the island. Some monkeys were playing on violins. 'The wizard is coming,' they were singing. Were they in a dream ? There were blue flowers growing on the beach and suddenly everything became psychedelic. 'Oh,' some of the men were screaming, 'are we dead ? Is this paradise ?'

A small man with a beard was coming closer on the beach, approaching the men. 'Welcome,' he said with a delirious voice.

‘Welcome to what ?’ some of the men asked. Then they were all fainting. The small men took them up and brought them to another place one by one. When they woke up they had been tied.

‘What is all this,’ one of the men was asking.

‘Oh,’ the small man said, ‘this is the bottom of the sea.’

‘Are you mister death ?’ they asked.

‘Yes, call me that,’ the small man said.

‘Okay, but give us some more information,’ someone asked. ‘Where are we, and what is going to happen.’

‘You are dead,’ the small man said. ‘Welcome to hell.’

‘Hell ?’ one of the man shouted. ‘Man, are you crazy. We don’t belong to hell.’

‘Well, why did you come here then,’ the small man said. Then the ties by which the men had been tied started to burn, and the men started to burn as well, and they all shrieked. The small man pushed on a button and the platform on which the men had been tied went downstairs like an elevator. It ended in a cage with all sorts of big cats who started to eat from their flesh.

‘No,’ they were shouting. ‘We never asked for this.’

‘It’s a gift,’ the small man said through some speakers.

‘We do not want this gift,’ some were shrieking. ‘Stop it now.’

‘No,’ the small man said. ‘Party is forever.’

‘Oh, you’re kidding us,’ one man said.

The small man started laughing. ‘It will only get worse,’ he said.

The men started to shriek louder. ‘We’re in hell,’ they shouted. Some were screaming. ‘Please tell us what we have to do to get out of here,’ a few men asked the small man.

‘You already had your chances,’ the small man said. ‘But you didn’t listen.’

‘Okay, but what did we do wrong,’ the men asked.

The small man started to laugh again. ‘Ha ha, you will never know.’

‘But that isn’t honest then,’ one of the men said.

‘Be sure you just pay the price for all your deeds,’ the small man said. ‘And because your deeds are a growing pain, so are you in growing pain now. Can’t help that.’

‘Okay, but give us any philosophy to get us out of here,’ the men said.

‘No,’ the small man said, ‘you will only get more dumb.’ Then the small man laughed hysterically.

Some men started to weep desperately. Again the small man pushed on a button while they went into the depths. Now they were sinking underwater, where a lot of sharks were swimming. 'No, you can't do that to us,' they shrieked even harder.

'Why not ?' the small man said through a speaker. 'Welcome to my fairground. It will never end.'

Then the small man started to dance and sing. The sky was burning, and also the water started to burn. The small man started to laugh harder and harder.

'The music is nice, huh ? It kind of takes away the senses. Just listen and the pain won't be too much.'

'I need to have that music,' a man was saying. 'I need to have it for my son.' Soon other men were saying it, and a fight rose up. 'Fight for your life,' the small man said. While he pushed the volume switch higher.

Blood was coming out of the ears of the men, and some birds offered them jobs to quench the pain a bit. Now they were fighting about the jobs. 'Easy, easy,' the small man said. 'There are jobs for everyone.'

And they got jobs, and they got rich, to keep their senses at a distance, and they could build up a happy life. But the small man knew better. He knew it was a cage. What if he would take it away one day ?

'Rich man, riches are making them deaf, taking them away from the tear,

But when they become too deaf they don't hear my music anymore,

Then I can't sooth them anymore, and then hell is what they are reaching for,

Let me give you some balance, I will bring you some soft pop, some soul and some classical,

Or just some happy sounds of a city, of a family, you know that is your destiny,

There's no way to escape, you're on the fairground of tragedy,' the small man sang.

But one day I saw a wild indian blowing an arrow into the face of the small man. The small man got poisoned and it seemed his fairground and it's fairytales was dying. The indian had a black box in which he put the small man, and then he pushed some buttons. I heard the small man screaming and weeping. Then the indian took some thin pins to sting it through the black box, and he threw the black box into the ocean. I never saw a greater explosion.

But one day a little girl found the black box on the beach. It had turned into a small musical box now of a purple black and pink colour. It displayed strange songs and rhymes. The girl loved it and took it home. One day the small box said : swallow me. She did and became one of the greatest singers. They all wanted to be with her, as she could save them from hell. But who could save them from her ?

One day she told me this story, that she could turn into a monster. And I believed her, as I knew gifts and talents come with many curses. And I said : be creative. You can bend those spells. Make art of it. You can change it, move it to another direction. No need to be nihilistic, no need to be fatalistic. 'Okay,' she said, 'but let me kiss you then, so it can also jump on you.' Then she kissed me. It was like a tattoo. It burnt me. It followed me everywhere, and I knew I could only quench it by the kiss of another like her, one of the greatest singers. But those two singers soon got in a fight against each other, and I seemed to be the only one who could bring the flame of peace again, as I was possessed by both of their kisses. I was inbetween them, and it was too heavy, so I needed a third one. When I got a third one, they formed a triangle, and I could escape, but the triangle became the most dangerous thing in the world, swallowing everything. One day the small man stepped out of the triangle and was laughing. He was proud of his big machine. While I sighed and thought about having some tea.

The Savages of Beli

There were fights on the pirate ship. Savages had climbed in and started a war. They took the pirates with them in their boats. They were with so many. They took the pirates to their island, where their mysterious queen throned. They didn't know if she was human. No one had ever

seen her. She lived behind a veil in a cave. She spoke through the veil, and no one was allowed to see her. The savages feared her. They knew they would die if they would ever go beyond the veil. They brought the pirates in front of the veil. Smoke was coming from the veil, and they could see through the veil that there was something like fire.

The queen was roaring : 'Burn them ! Eat them ! Just make sure they will be digested, and feed their bones to the hyenas.' One pirate could get free from the grip of the savages and dived through the veil. He just wanted to see what was behind there before he would die. He was thrown back by a mysterious force, while his eyes were bleeding. He shrieked. 'I... it is a monstrous ornament of a golden ball and jewelry, also with a black golden ball ! It is too much light, my eyes and body cannot bear it ! I have seen it ! I have seen it ! Let the gods have mercy on me !' Then the skin surrounding his eyes started to melt, and suddenly in a flash his body was a fluffy mess. The savages had put their hands before their eyes, and more pirates could escape. They ran outside of the cave, and dived into the water, but crocodiles grasped them. Then suddenly the waters started to burn. From behind the veil there was roaring. 'No one was allowed to ever see me !' the queen roared. The savages were shaking. 'You will all pay for letting this foul pirate touch my veil and go through it !' The savages fell to the ground. Still some pirates were with them. Among them was also a boy. The queen started roaring so much, and more fire seemed to come forth from behind the veil. Suddenly all the savages were running away.

'Come closer, boy,' she suddenly spoke with a much softer and friendlier voice to the boy. 'Me ?' the boy asked. 'Yes, you,' the queen said. 'Come closer.'

'Don't do it,' some of the pirates with him whispered. But hypnotized as in trance the boy walked closer to the veil. 'You aren't scared, are you ?' the queen asked.

'No,' the boy said. Suddenly he felt a warm hand on his hand, which took him behind the veil. He saw that the ornament had lost its glow. It didn't shine anymore, but there was still a bit of fire. 'I am dying,' said the queen, 'because someone has seen my glory. I cannot take it. I want you to be the new ruler.' She stretched a sort of arms out to the boy, but then the ornament exploded. The boy ran away to make himself safe.

'What did she say ?' the pirates asked. 'You are glowing,' they said. But the boy didn't speak. He could not speak. Suddenly it was even hard for the pirates to look at him, as he was shining so much. 'Quick, bring him behind the veil !' one of the pirates shouted. 'My eyes are stinging !' They all put a hand before their eyes and didn't want to watch the boy anymore. Smoke and fire seemed to come forth from the boy, and soon he was behind the veil. 'Now stay there !' a pirate shouted. 'As there are spooky things going on.'

After a few days the boy could speak again, but he figured he had a very low voice now. 'It is the voice of the wolves,' one of the pirates said.

'I don't glow so much anymore,' said the boy. 'Do you want to see me ?'

Some of the pirates carefully checked, and he was right. He could come forward now. After another few days his voice was also normal again. Soon the savages found out about their queen. There was a mark on the place of the hand where the queen had touched the boy, like a red pink spot. That was why the savages now accepted the boy as their new ruler. They called him Rula. But when the boy became older, the red pink spot on his hand started to hurt more

and more. He had to live in so much pain that social contact became harder and harder for him. So one day he decided to live behind the veil again. This time he took a closer look at the ruin of the ornament. He saw a glowing switch, and when he turned the switch a gigantic wall behind it opened up, and he stared right into another cave. There was a staircase down, and soon he stood in front of the hugest savage ship he ever saw. It was much bigger than a pirate ship, and it was full of savages who seemed to live here. Because of the spot on his hand they feared him instantly. The savages here also called him Rula.

He went on the ship and soon found out that there was another veiled place. The savages seemed to fear this place, and when he looked behind the veil he saw ornaments much like the queen was, but this time they were much smaller, and although they glowed, they didn't hurt his eyes. He decided to stay here. He could command the savages from this place when necessary. Soon they were on full sea. It had a healing effect on him, and he more and more came out of the veiled place.

Skinhunters of the Laperid

Germenezer was a hunter, one who loved to bath in the blood and juices of his prey. He often went to the huntingfields to build a mountain of meat, but the thing he liked most was skins.

He hang the skins of his prey all around his hut, also at the branches of the trees. He made tents of it, clothes and blankets. Germenezer was a savage one having no conscience at all. His conscience he lost in his youth after many torturings inflicted on him. They didn't have any mercy on him. He lost his heart in that period, and now he was a skinhunter with no mercy. It was like it was healing his past, seeing the skins waving in the wind. He wanted to see the world burn. He skinned everything : predators, cattle, and also men. He had the most precious sorts of leather. Although he was a skinhunter, he also had plenty of meat and blood warm blood, and he loved to drink it. But one day there was a war against him. Men came to the realms of his hut, and imprisoned him to take him to their castle. Here they threw him into a deep cellar, where they chained him against the wall. Years went by in which Germenezer didn't see any sunlight. But one day they threw a woman into the cellar, and they also chained her against the wall. The woman seemed to be a very wise woman, who could teach Germenezer a lot. In the beginning all he wanted was to have her skin and eat her, but later on he started to like her a bit. It was like she put some flames in his head, and he could think clearminded for the first time in his life.

To their surprise they got their freedom back one day. The woman would stay close to his neighbourhood, and at times he visited her. But it was like the woman was giving him his conscience back, and one day they got in a fight in which he killed her. Years of loneliness followed. Years in which he took more skins than ever before. He built an empire by the bones and the skins, an empire in which he would be the emperor, but he didn't have one single soul as his servant. He created a world by the material of death. And this time he had an idea. He would use this empire as a skinfarm, so that he didn't need to hunt all the time. He became a skinbreeder. It was the world's biggest skinfarm, and the realm was full of traps. Not many dared to come there.

He hated women, men, and animals, but he liked their skins. He liked the leather, and imagined what he could do with it. He built the world's trickiest farm from which there was no escape. No one could bring this fortress down. There were too many tricks and traps. If it would catch you, you wouldn't survive. It was like Germenezer found some peace within for the first time of his life. But then a flood came up, and it washed the farm away. Germenezer had built a sailship of wood and skins, so he could save himself. After years of sailing and living by fish and wateranimals he reached an island. The island was plenty of food, plenty of animals, but they didn't have skins. On the island a giant-woman lived. She had the most beautiful skin Germenezer ever saw. But he could only like her. The woman gave him the best food there was and soon Germenezer was a giant like her. She brought him to a huge cloudship and showed him a skinfarm inside. Here the finest mills were, and there were also birds here. The woman used a lot of feathers, as she was a featherhunter. It interested him, and soon they hunted together. Germenezer became obsessed by the feathers, as it was the finest jewelry of the ship. But the ship needed some trickery and traps. Germenezer would take care of that.

The End

Featherfarm

It was detailed the way the machine picked the feathers. Kurgos looked at it with a smile. These machines were from his father, and when he would be older he would work here too. Kurgos sometimes went here with a lot of friends to show them the wonderful mechanism his father had invented. It was kind of cruel, as the birds didn't have anything to say about it. Their beaks were often tied together because otherwise the noise would be too hard. They got

caught by strange traps full of trickery and by all sorts of webs. Kurgos' father was a master in this. And he caught the most wonderful birds from all over the place, only for their feathers. By certain food the machinery made them big. In his hut Kurgos had a lot of rare feathers. He got them from his father. Because his father kept birds they ate a lot of birdmeat. Not all the birds had a good taste, but his father always said that birdmeat was good for him.

Kurgos himself was a fisherboy. He did this with a lot of other boys in a sort of class. But when he would be older he wanted to be a birdhunter and he wanted to work in his father's farm. There was a lot to do there on the farm, but the machines did most of the jobs. One day the machines quited their jobs and no one knew why. There was no way Kurgos' father could repair the machines as he didn't know what was wrong with them. From that day on everything had to be primitive again. The workers of the farm had to hunt a lot more, and they also had to do the work which the machines did in earlier times. It was a challenge for Kurgos to invend some better machinery. No one seemed to do that better than Kurgos, as no one was more intelligent but him. And he could devellop a machine even to catch and handle the biggest birds of prey. All the boys of his class went to see his amazing work, and they wanted him to make something like that also for the waters. But Kurgos only wanted to be with the birds. Birds attracted him more than fishes. Most of the boys wanted to work in the featherfarm, and those who went back for the fishes became somehow the outcasts. The ones with the best feathers were the ones with the most power. This was how they chose their chiefs. But Kurgos only wanted to be on the featherfarm. He wanted to live there. He became obsessed with birds, more than his father was.

Years later when Kurgos was a woman from another tribe came to the featherfarm. She had heard about this farm and wanted to know more about it. She was also obsessed with birds.

Kurgos fell in love with the woman, but the woman said she would only be with him if he would follow her to her tribe. The woman lived in a cave, together with lions, and other wild animals. They seemed to be totally under her control. 'I have a farm underground,' the woman said. He followed her to the place, and he saw the most amazing things, like leopards in cages, and the wealthiest underground birds. He also saw several sorts of giant-chicken. Suddenly the woman changed into a bird herself and then she flew away. Kurgos didn't know what to do now, but then he saw her changing into a huge dragon. Kurgos didn't feel any fear, but was only amazed by the show. He could see a huge heart appearing in the dragon. Then she turned into a woman again, having feathers at her arms like wings. She looked like a chief with a head-dress full of white erected feathers, but her head was like a skull. 'Amazing,' Kurgos thought. She was like the princess of birds. But soon Kurgos had been surrounded by dangerous feathered mills. It was like she was hypnotizing him. Some of the spinning mills looked like the heads of lions. Also her jewelry seemed to spread lights like mills. This woman was dangerous. He couldn't go anywhere now He heard the sounds of bit cats, and then all the mills were gone. She called him from a distant bench from which strange fluids were floating down. He climed on the bench and could see downstairs where he saw the finest featherfarm. He could even walk over it. This woman dwelled in feathers. She seemed to have many birdfriends, strange birds of prey. It seemed she had a hold on his head and heart. She was surrounded by strange dolls. She said these were the souls of birds. Kurgos thought that was kind of strange. Lights seemed to come forwards from the woman, soft lights. 'Come,' the woman said. He followed her to the end of the farm, and then stepped into a cave-hall where some lights were. She showed him her room, where black panthers with yellow eyes stared at him. Some had green eyes, and one or two had blue eyes. Her blankets were dreamy, soft, so soft, that they could never hurt anyone. She stepped in her bed, while the panthers

didn't let him come closer. 'It's okay,' the woman said, and soothed the panthers. Then they stepped away, while Kurgos didn't know what she wanted. 'You still want to be with me ?' she asked.

'Yes,' Kurgos said. She fell asleep, and Kurgos sat down. He seemed to be more interested in her panthers all of a sudden. The panthers led him to a place deeper in the cave-hall. There were more dolls, and the dolls seemed to talk. So these ones were really bird-souls ? Then the dolls stood up, and led him further. They had their own rooms in the cave-halls, and Kurgos was like hypnotized by them. He didn't think about the woman anymore. Then he heard screaming. Kurgos ran back and saw how the woman was changing into a snake. Then she said : 'Follow me.' She led him to secret places where he saw strange things he couldn't explain. She gave him feathers he could tie around his arms, and suddenly the snake slided around his body. There was a pressure on him and suddenly it was like the snake was in his mind. 'I'll lead you forwards,' she said. He had colours in his head, strange colours. Everything around him started to change into meat now, but he knew it was only in his head. It was the work of the snake. She had hypnotized him into this dreamworld. He saw spiders around him eating from the meat, and she saw her again with a towel around her. 'I am now in your head,' she said. 'You said you wanted to be with me.' Then lights seemed to come forward from her body, like mills. And they also came out of her mouth. The lights seemed to move her away, but he knew she was in his head now. He stood up, made his way through all the caves, and went back to his own tribe again.

On his way back he met some tall monkeys with big pink stripes like lights on them. They followed him all the way back to his tribe. It was like her gift to him, and he gave them a place in his featherfarm.

The End

Bird Princess

She is the bird princess, sitting on a hill, enjoying the day, feathers tied at her arms, doing the dance. There is no one like her. When she fades away, and when she appears like falling from

the sun, so erected. When she touches the earth it's doom. Feathers tied at her legs, and when she screams, fireblood comes forward. She looks like she is alive and healthy, but suddenly all skulls around. Bird Princess like a flying spider, sucking the blood away. She has no mercy at all when she comes down, but she has style and it is an art. Bird Princess, her arrows deep, letting them all weep. She wants to see the planet in blood and fire, no, she doesn't hesitate, she lets hear her cry. By her mills she raises featherfarms, then lights fall down, while she smiles. Her smile like no one else does.

Followed by panthers, winged and well, looking so healthy, but suddenly death skulls all around. They are winged, with lights in their eyes, it's a wake up cry. A thousand years of nightmare are on her bow, like sharp arrows she pierces the sky. She is a warrior and a hunter, in featherfarms she glides down. Like the snake in the distance, erected and tall.

Lights like featherfarms fall down, mills are spinning, ornaments are moving from side to side. Jewels in the distance, lights spinning like mills. By her lights she ties them all. It's an art how she takes the feathers away. Her lights, like a jewel in the night, like a mill in a featherfarm moving from side to side. Her mills look like faces, pretty faces.

She dwells between the feathers, as in a bath. She holds jewels in her hands which she likes to touch. Jewels come to her in the night, and she sends them out like soldiers, they are moving through the stars spreading their lights. To her it's all a featherfarm, holding feathers close to her heart. She doesn't care to become dirty when she dives down, for her feathers is everything which counts.

The End

The Swamp

The indian piramid was large. I went from layer to layer. The sun was shining hot. It almost tatood my back. I wanted to know about the secret, the mystery, supposed to be on the top of the pyramid. I desired to see and feel it to become a warrior. The old gods blocked the portals to the ancient worlds, and only gave access to those who were worthy to be initiated. It was a fire there burning on top of the pyramid. Sweat was dripping from my head. My hair was wet. I desired this key, I desired to enter all those skeleton worlds, the worlds of the ancient.

There were eagles around the fire, and the sunlight was almost like a mirror. On top of the pyramid there was a big wide tall stake like a ladder. The ancient ones had built it, but it was too dangerous now to climb it. Eagles were living there. They were bloodthirsty. But I wanted to make an attempt anyway. The stake was so wide and big, almost like a mountain. The path was sandy. Trees had grown here and bushes. It was a path to heaven.

I could feel and hear the breath of the ancient ones, who were now skeletons in the sky, living in the illusions of the afterlife. They had made themselves big worlds, things we didn't understand. These were the things we suffered under in our minds, and the things we fought about. None of us would understand these things.

The gods were merciless, cruel in our eyes, but they just invited us to make the journey, to come where they were. They needed to protect their treasures. They had gained them by death, and we had to gain it by death as well. At the ends of pain there was bliss, sweetness, like drugs. It was growing there, on top of the stakes. They looked like matches, like wands and like strange bony tall skeleton-toes. The gods used them. They used them to make their illusions. On top of these wands there were strange lights and strange flames. You could only reach these lights by dying in hunger and drowning. There was no other way. It was a lonely path, for at the stake you would lose everything.

It was a strange door on top of the big stake standing tall on the pyramid. It was completely made of skeleton-toes. The stench was unbearable, while the sun was almost grilling me. I was almost bathing in my own sweat. I made it through the door made of skeleton-toes, and I just came at the other side of the pyramid. It was strange. Eagles were sitting on that door, staring at me. A softness fell on me. There was a gate close to me to enter the stake on top. I slided down across a rope. I was inside the stake now. It was a deep pit, but finally I came to another world. Here the skeletons lived with their illusions.

The biggest wizards had the tallest wands, and some used them as staffs. They were prophets, most of the time of doom. The stench of this world was unbearable. The ancient ones lived here. The stench was so overwhelming that only the stench could form sights. There were no

usual weapons here, only the skeleton-toes, which they used as rods and knives. There was such a stench that it brought forth flames and sounds. The stench seemed to be a way of control here.

A huge skeleton seemed to be the boss here. He had a throne made of skeleton-toes, and his whole domain seemed to be made of it. By the stench he had enslaved them all, doing his will. His laws were written on huge tablets, all by stench. He guarded the flame of stench. It was a flame he once found in the head of a beheaded girl. He had put this head on a stick, and it made him the most powerful man in the underworld. They all burnt by this flame, by which he kept them in his illusion.

His kingdom was full of stairways. He was obsessed by stairways. And lights were always moving across the stairways, dragging the skeletons forth. It was the light of stench. His kingdom was tragic. All he could inflict was hunger and death, in deep suffering. That was what the flames and lights were creating. Those who survived all this ruled with him together. He made giants of them, immune to the lights and flames. However they moved by sound, by communication. The sound of stench kept them sane, and was their immunity. They were the capitalists and opportunists of this world, the royal ones. They had already climbed the ladder, and sank down along the rope. They knew the depths of this world, and it finally made them fly. They had places in the sky. They would only help if someone would follow their traces. But they had much more important things to do : to continue their journey. They were building highways in the sky. They lived by communication.

The gods were these capitalists, prophets of doom, only to let their kingdom rise higher. This was why the gods were sending floods, the floods of stench. They were careless. And all these floods were nothing but steps on the ladder. The capitalists in the usual world were just their omens, the shadow of a much greater capitalism, having eternal value. They had the power over heaven and hell. They had their cruel laws. They were the judges of the afterlife. But the difference was : they had been to hell already. They knew both sides of the game. They were a paradox. They could feel.

The stench had opened their feelings. It was a breaker and a heart-breaker, an illusive giant-skeleton living in the depths, in shadows and mysteries, guarding the swamp. It was a swamp-skeleton, the worst and strongest skeleton existing. Even the gods feared him. He had dragged them all into the depths of the swamp where he gave them a new life. But the swamp was deep, dangerous and torture. There was life for those who had reached the bottom of the swamp. The guard of the swamp was a communist. Not a communist like those of the usual world, as they were only shadows and omens of his kingship. He was a machine. It was the communism of heaven and hell, of eternal values, bringing them down in equal suffering. There was nothing but equality, reaching for the depths of the soul, coming from both sides. The guard of the swamp was the biggest threat against the capitalistic skeleton-gods. By his

fist he could smash their kingdoms until everything was equal in pain. His fist could swell so big that he could even smash the greatest area's. He was a hell-breaker.

He had an army of robots, all emperors. He was also obsessed by stairways. One day he entered the domain of the throning skeleton. He smashed it down by his fist, and his emperors took the kingdom over. Communism would rule now. And that day the swamp was rising. It was the biggest flood ever. I climbed my way back along the rope. I reached the top of the stake again and went through the door made of skeleton-toes for the second time. It followed me. The swamp made a disaster of my world. But after a few years it was a shiny river, giving much fertility to the world. However it was the darkest river I could imagine. By this river skeletons could reach for our world and could communicate with us.

To me communism was a trick of smart capitalists, like a prison. It was slavery, and it was all to protect the power of those smart capitalists. In my eyes the guard of the swamp was such a person. Our world had been saved by something else, named anarchy, by indians. It was this biggest machine showing up, which turned the swamp into such a shiny river. It gave freedom, but it dealt with communism and capitalism in such a way that it could be useful. For anarchy always had to protect itself by a certain level of communism and a certain level of capitalism. Those were it's two wings, it's weapons. There was a skeleton called anarchy in the core of the underworld. It was a machine who had actually invent communism and capitalism. It had invented the whole indian pyramid with it's stake and it's door made of skeleton-toes, all to bring those worthy to be initiated into it, all along the rope. However it's biggest weapons were democracy and dictatorship, a strange paradox and a strange door, leading someone to the strange insides of this being. There was so much royalty here, so much delicious food, all brought forth by the stench. It was the taste of stench. It was a strange heart beating while other hearts died only to be taken over by this strange heart, the heart of stench. It was a heart dominating, floating in a bottomless abyss.

Anarchy was the biggest warrior I ever saw, with a lot of weapons. This being was totally made of skeleton-toes. It was burning in a strange fire. I could see it's heart beating through it's ribs. It was making music, but most of all sound-patterns, finally ending in eternal silence, like the most beautiful blossom. Also this skeleton was obsessed by stairways, but his stairways had a lot of holes and empty spaces. The stairways were all made of skeleton-toes. It was a world of skeleton-toes he lived in, and it dominated. He had a harpoon called theocracy, but he didn't use it too often. Only when it was necessary. However some beasts could only be defeated by the harpoon of theocracy.

Anarchy hid the key to the highways in the depths of the abyss. One could only get this key after defeating Anarchy, as in the depths of the abyss he seemed to be nothing but a guard of the worse form of theocracy called monotheism. Anarchy seemed to be a slave of this skeleton. Monotheism had a castle below the bottomless abyss, a castle of mystery, where it

played the organ all day long, burning the worlds above. It was a grill. Monotheism was most feared, but he didn't show up too often.

After defeating Anarchy I finally came to this place. I saw the skeleton behind his organ, and I knew he could spit fire. The dogs of hell were his pets. The fire-spitting lambs of hell were his knights. They marched along the castle on its walls all the time. On a big wall a cross made of skeleton-toes hung. Venom was dripping from it. It was an anchor of hate, displaying politics, all to protect the skeleton and his organ. Suddenly he stepped away from his organ. He was burning in a strange fire. He came towards me and roared : 'Do you want to know the secret of me ? I have the thinnest skeleton-toes, the sharpest, piercing them all like spears. They are behind the door on the balcony.' I watched the balcony.

'Why do you visit me ?' he asked. 'You have already defeated me, as you defeated my greatest weapons.' Then he fell down, and his body became a stairways to the unreachable balcony high in the building. I climbed upstairs and went through a door on the balcony, where the thinnest spears were. These were the pipes of his organ. Strange sounds came forward from them. It was a strange machine. Someone was playing them like a harp. 'Is this heaven ?' I asked.

'No, it is hell,' the harpist said. 'I make them all suffer by this.'

I didn't hesitate one moment and broke the snares one by one, while fire started to come forth, and lightrays spreading a lot of stench. The harpist melted. A door opened behind the harp and I could enter a new world. It was like a huge cave here. There were some lakes and rivers, and skeletons in boats. 'You have found the key,' they said.

'Yes,' I said. 'Where am I ?'

'The world between the snares,' they said. 'Don't worry about Monotheism,' they said. 'He will grow again after a few days, but at least you are free from him, although you will need it here to a certain level.' They showed me a strange weapon built by venomous skeleton-toes. 'His bones,' they said. I took the weapon. It was like a gun, a bow and a harpoon in one. I smiled. 'So you made him right ?' I asked. They nodded. 'We needed him to protect ourselves,' they said.

They were strange royal skeletons, in a way I didn't see before. I understood they created these horrible creatures all for protection, for it was a mad mad world.

The End

The Swamp II

The indians had huts along the swamp. They were warriors and hunters, living in deep hunger. The swamp was huge, taking a lot of their food away. Some indian tribes also had to sacrifice a lot of food to it, because they thought the swamp would overflow if they wouldn't. They feared the swamp. They already had been interlocked by the swamp. There was no way for them to escape. But one day some indian boys succeeded in building a bridge across the huge swamp which had surrounded them for such a long time. The indians were all very glad, but soon it became clear that the bridge wasn't strong enough. Too many indians were on it at the same time, all falling away in the depths of the swamp. The boys made another bridge and this time they made it stronger, but they also said that the indians shouldn't be on it all at the same time. This time it worked. Many tribes left the area, although there were still a lot of indians who wanted to live in the swamp area. They kind of loved the swamp.

But one day the swamp was really overflowing. No one knew how it could happen, but from that day on the indians started to hunt more, sacrificing more food to the swamp, and the hunger increased dramatically. The indians worked for the swamp and lived for the swamp, and started to believe that if they would leave the swamp it would hunt them down one day. They were in the claws of fear. Everyday the swamp started to rise higher and higher, and the indians knew that there was only one way to become safe. They had to go to the highest mountain of the area. If they would reach it's tops they would come into it's valley where they could live in safety.

It was a long journey. Many tribes participated in it, while the swamp was still taking space everyday. When they finally came into the valley the swamp even followed them there. They were interlocked again, and couldn't get to any side. The only way to survive was to go underground. So many indians lost hope when they saw the swamp roaring. It came down into the valleys. But in a strange sense it didn't come any closer. It was like the swamp had reached it's heights now, and it started to dry up. The people were now in a fertile area, where they had everything. The mountain gave them good harvests every time. But in a strange sense the older ones started to long back for the swamp. One day they went to the tops of the mountain again and saw a world totally covered by the swamp. However the sun had dried it so much that it had become hard. A new nature was developing itself. And some went there to never return. The world was now more fertile than ever.

Savage Tragedy

There was a children's tribe in the depths of the tropical rainforest, a savage tribe. They were lost children, having no parents. They survived by the venoms of the jungle, which they used for hunt. They also used it as medicin. A young boy was their leader. He was described as cruel on a list made by researchers.

The government wanted to have him, they wanted to do tests on him. Some said he had extraordinary abilities. The boy knew he was wanted, that's why he went even deeper into the wilderness with his tribe, and he became even meaner. He feared the government. He wanted to forget about it. It was in that time that the tribe moved underground.

Here they found even more venomous stuff, having the ability to induce undescrivable disease, sleep and death. The boy wanted to use it against the government, and against humanity. He wanted to make his tribe safe.

A monster lived in the depth of earth, with a wish to possess the earth. First the boy had a terrible fight against this thing, but he overcame. It was as if he possessed the earth now.

He became smart. He became a breeder. He loved the poison because of it's medical and guarding abilities. One day he kept drinking of the poison and he became terribly ill, as if he was on drugs. Some girls took the leadership over. They were even crueller than the boy, and started to mistreat him in his illness, which didn't seem to get away from him. He became their slave and let him live in hunger. Also the other boys were soon enslaved by the girls, as

their leader had fallen. They had to be necktied all the time, but a strange monster set them free, and took them to the core of earth.

The fallen leader of the boys was like drunk. The strange monster however was dying, and soon the girls found the shelter of the boys and killed the strange monster in order to enslave the boys again. All the boys had to live in hunger. They became weaker everyday, and soon they were not able to do any slave work anymore, so they were nothing but captives.

When all the boys were dead, the girls moved on. The government found them later, and they could do nothing against it. They were put in society, but they were described as strange. They couldn't really adapt. They all died because of this.

The End

The Zombie's

Curse

Green Rat was an indian of the Mokze tribe, a chief and one of the most dangerous and notorious warleaders ever. He was feared by many tribes from all over the country. Green Rat was his enemies' worst nightmare, and he was a sadist. In time all sorts of legends and fables started to get grip in the heads of many. Tales about his zombifications were the most horrible of them. Those of the Mokze tribe were teethfilers. They did that to their prisoners of war but also to their cattle. It was some sort of ritual. The teeth got filed in such a way that the victim didn't die but lost their lives by the severe chronical pains, slowly turning them into zombies. And thus Green Rat got his extra name The Dentist. Green Rat said that zombies were the best for slavery and for meatproducing. Green Rat knew ways how to use them as meat without having them killed. Green Rat turned them in such a position that they wouldn't be a threat to him.

But one day a fairy visited his teethfiling breeding deep in the forests, where the Mokze tribe lived. She took a lot of elves with her, the darkest sorts, and started a war against Green Rat. Her name was Mozoke. She loved the Mokze tribe, and knew that most of them were not like Green Rat. Green Rat had zombified many of his own tribe as well. Mozoke visited him in his temple. In a conversation she tried to explain to him what he was doing. But Green Rat laughed at her. Then the fairy took off her white dress, and threw it into his face. Another indian immediately took the dress and put it into fire. The fairy stood there, covered by a few flowers, and a skirt. One of the elves who was with her had a horse. She stepped on the horse and proclaimed war to Green Rat. Green Rat laughed. He wasn't afraid of fairies and elves. The arrows of the elves couldn't hurt him, as he was an expert in indian witchcraft and voodoo, and other dark systems of magic. Out of his eyes came arrows of fire, and soon the elves and the fairy were in the flames and had to flee.

But there was one elf who found a sort of feather tied to a certain stone. 'Oh, don't touch that,' Green Rat screamed. 'It's the holy Fumerator.' The elf picked the stone up and threw it into the face of Green Rat. The priests of Green Rat got mad. He stood up from his throne while his hairs were rising. 'Amadekiss Caboulam Padisto,' he screamed. Green Rat fell down, while his priests threw water on his head. 'Kingdomcosaba Corola Vatudo,' Green Rat whispered. 'He has touched the holy stone. May the gods fall upon him to destroy him.' Green Rat pushed on a button and another door of the temple opened. It was a huge golden door with a red stripe on it. The elf took the stone again and threw it in the dooropening. Suddenly there were all explosions. The elf ran inside, while Green Rat was screaming. Wild dogs came out of the darkness behind the open door. Finally the young elf had to flee. He couldn't begin anything against the dark powers of Green Rat.

Green Rat rejoiced the whole night. Although he knew it wasn't a big deal. Mozoke was in tears. But inside she knew she had sown the seed of love. She believed that the powers of good were stronger than those of evil, but she also knew it worked by seeds. After awhile she returned to the temple of Green Rat. This time she went with an army of dragons, but even these dark dragons couldn't begin anything against the dark sorcery of Green Rat. But the dragons were very wise creatures and they told Mozoke that the only way to help the zombies was to bring them food from a certain tree so that their teeth would grow again, and they would get rid of the zombie's curse. This tree was called the Tree of Tantalos. But it was a tricky tree, for whenever someone would try to take food from the tree, it would move away. Only the dragons knew how to get to the tree and how to get food from it.

That same night they took Mozoke and some elves with them. They took them on their backs, and flew with them to the hidden place of the Tree of Tantalos. When they approached the tree they said : 'Oh holy tree, we bow to you. Your works are good, and you are the source of blissfull food.'

'Oh but you know what the sacrifice is, right ?' the tree spoke with a dark and low voice. One of the elves moved forwards and showed a stone to the tree which he had found in the temple of Green Rat. Also some dragons started to spit out some of the temple's stones they had taken.

'That's good,' the tree said, while a wind came forth from it to take the stones from them. Then it was like fire was coming forth from the top of the tree, and soon they all had bags in their arms full of food. Then they went back to the Mokze tribe to feed the zombies. Green Rat was full of rage, especially when he saw what happened to the zombies. He also took something of the food, but it poisoned him.

'Now he will be a tree, a tree of history,' one of the dragons spoke.

'When someone tries to touch him he will flee. In the distance, in the distance he will forever be.'

It was like Green Rat was in the flames now, and started running into the depths of the forest. The zombie's curse had been broken now, but who would be his next victim ? The poison turned him in a tree of fire. And to today they call him stinging nettle.

Fatal Omens

She was the jungle, a tropical area of gigantic size. She was the wilderness, the rivers, the mud, and the houses, the huts. She was everything to me, since I discovered her. She would float above the sea like a balloon to call me, but I could never come. I had been tied. But when I grew up she set me free. She brought me to her place across the oceans from where she shouted, shrieked and screamed. She was a witch with a snake's head, an anaconda, but witch isn't the good word. She was a savage, a savage nature, like a shiny mirror. She wasn't a sorceress, but just a good fighter. She all did it by her knives and spears, by so many venomous arrows on her bow.

She believed in bone-tying, and she made everything of it. It was an illusion. She lived in the depths of the jungle, where her echoes came from. She lived there with leopards and panthers, while in the night they formed her carriage. She became thunder and lightening, and could dive in the sea. She was the big balloon. She had the voice of an anaconda, her whisperings could raise my spirit. She could fall into me.

She was a weaver and an embroiderer, like a spider, making the most beautiful webs. Like an orchestra of venomrays, like venomfountains, spitting and spitting. She was the illusive death.

She lived in the depths of the jungle where they had placed her skull on a stick. There she became the jungle. A skeleton kept her skull, and called her Surinam.

I loved the way she walked, the way she talked, but my father once shot her. She had to leave the city, and the city became dumb, full of dumb girls. She was a high source of intelligence.

She became obsessed by her creativity, creating the most beautiful armories, hairy shields, mysterious metal, all bones from the inside. She hung her skins throughout the jungle,

hanging out the veils of blood, for no one was allowed to follow her, into the depths of the wilderness. Her warning signs were obvious, and her omens fatal.

But she gave me the key, and she brought me down. On my knees I was, and she said : ‘Help me.’

‘Help me, yes ?’

‘Help me, you know ?’

The way she talked, it was like a show. And that night, it was overwhelming, volcanoes burst, the balloon, while someone fell out. The snake was speaking, chest so erected, head so erected and blown up, and then spitting the fire to do the job.

She was the jungle, while oceans between us dried out. She had found me, she would never let me go. I was in the grip of an anaconda, one bite to make me weak, and soft like her river. She took me to her place like I was a doll. She is the monster, the dragon, where can we hide. She is the head hunter, sparing heads for a democracy. By her blows she opens doors.

And they called her Surinam, but she was just an island, finding land.

The Eternal Journey

A journey through hell

I heard them, those kings. They were screaming at the coasts of hell. Who could make it through the fire ? I saw them making signs with their hands, waving, and they made themselves ships. But these ships wouldn't come far in the seas of fire. They wanted to make a trip through hell, finally to establish their thrones forever. I saw masses of people there, weeping. For who could bring them through the fire, through the hours of time ? There was no one, no one who could help these people. I saw kings with their ships, sinking deeper and deeper into the fire, almost transparent, until they entered the bottoms of their miseries, the desert.

Someone said : 'Ah, but there is water there, somewhere, deep down in the desert, an oasis.' But who would believe such a man ? All they saw were screaming kings, and the deserts below the fire only turned them into eternal miseries, like strange statues of sand, hardly moving. I saw them with their paper ships and fantasies all ending up there. No one could move there, so how could they reach the water ? Water, water ? Did water even exist in this place. This was hell.

I didn't know what to do, but suddenly someone ticked me on my shoulder, and took me away, so far away. 'Do you believe these tales ?' he asked.

I asked : 'Who are you.'

'Well, tell it, as you all know it better,' he said. 'The king of nonsense ?'

I smiled. Who would he be ? Friendly eyes stared at me. Again he asked : 'Do you believe all these fairytales ? Someone made up these stories, and the literalists obey

these laws, but then when someone finds the original version of the story, these laws suddenly change, and everyone follows them, still being literalists. And then later someone finds out that even the original version seems to be a translation of a primitive version, and then they will follow that. Do they come closer to the truth, or does it lead them further away ?’

‘I’m not sure about what you are talking,’ I say.

‘The law of translation is a hard law, for you have to obey it for awhile to come any further. But go from translation to translation,’ he said. Mr. Brimstone was his name, a king.

And I saw the secret of hell brought and buried by Mr. Brimstone. And he said : ‘These are just the seasons of love and sacrifice. All these translations build their own literal worlds and laws. Do not worship and serve literalism anymore. In the bottomless pit, in it’s depth, there is nothing but fire leading to brimstone, all to enlighten you more. And these beasts coming forth from it were nothing more than the seals and fuels of it. ARE YOU READY ? There are eternal symbols you need to live by and serve,’ the king said. I watched Mr. Brimstone. ‘They show up again and again until you recognize them.’ I watched an army of brimstone.

‘A new literal world ?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ Mr. Brimstone said. ‘With a new meaning. Let them become literal.’

And I saw all the other kings in the fire, while doors leading them away, ending with their ships in the deserts, deep below the fire. Their ships had sunk, and they couldn’t come any further.

‘What kind of ship do we need, Mr. Brimstone ?’ I asked.

‘Well, I have a ship,’ he said. ‘A ship of brimstone, and it will enlighten you. This one can even go through the deserts to reach the waters.’

And then Mr. Brimstone was gone, and all he left was this book. And it said : A journey through hell. The book had a lot of pictures.

The End

Heather

It was a drill communication system, all working by drills and bead-flower-fields. It was an alien society. The drills were merely sucking fleeces, hyperconcentrated, but often neutral. The society was ruled and controlled by mailmen. They didn’t believe in love, just control. In their eyes this was a higher love, as they cared no one would fall out of the system. It was a system of balloons high in the skies. The bead-flowers brought forth their children. These were huge flowers connected to a mainframe. The bead-flowers induced a strange weakness combined to a strange thinness, sickness and coldness. It brought forth a strange strength by which they were all connected and by which they communicated. They were all drill-hunters and drill-warriors, otherwise their system would die.

They were space-pirates, strange vampires. It was a society in the middle of the universe, floating like an island of balloons. They scarred each other for building the memory, and a tight system by which they would be interlocked, all by the drills. It was writing on the tablets of their hearts, and it was actually a deeper and tighter system than the genetic one. The drills could go beyond that. They kept drilling on their scars to create certain space-anchors, and these scars would finally grow into skin which looked like nipples. Even when the skin had reached this level they would go on drilling, until the material looked like toes, like the thick sole of a foot. In this they could store their information, and it was a code beyond the genetic, having a powerfull communication. It was third degree scar-material. Here they could raise a higher fire, a higher love, an overcontrolled system, taking care of a new immunology. It was actually waking up new lungs, in a system of new, inner breath, generated by the lungs themselves. By this the body could also produce food itself. It was a whole new world caused by this system beyond genetics, called scaretics, filled with TDS, the third degree scar-material, which formed the codes. It was the deepest and best way of storage, and it caused overcontrol for overprotection.

It seemed the drills were always up to this level, causing the burning wounds. It caused sensitivity for the best communication, beyond the heart, through TDS. It was like a big computer, a big mainframe, causing multi-sense and multi-possibility. However, the system could only work by the use of cattle. And 'cattle' was the code-name for all the war-prisoners of the society. There was no communication possible without slaughter and milking, so the alien farm became the code name for the whole mechanism of scaretics. TDS would die if there wouldn't be such a farm anymore. And the aliens thought it was the highest standard. The enemies were pigs, nothing but fuel, in their eyes. And by this the vampiristic system was growing and growing. More and more pigs seemed to get trapped in the system. The aliens who had invented this system got insane by the drilling. They were nihilistic in a sense, but all in order to raise a new immunology, in which their enemies would be the weaklings, just fuel. The immunology would live by prey, and it needed to keep the enemy weak. However scaretics was the science of weakness, the power of softness, the art of scarring. In their eyes the enemies were scarless, or at least scarred in low degrees, and thus dangerous, not sensitive. Their enemies were either cattle or predators, while they themselves were in the middle of that. They were greater cattle and thus greater predators. They had developed their scaretics, they had cultivated themselves beyond genetics. They could recode their TDS, by scarring them more, and thus opening new portals and pathways. It brought a new nerve-system, and a new regulation of the blood. They had it more under control now. Scaretics was the level of overcontrol, necessary for the finest robotics. It worked by programming the TDS by the finest drills. They had experts for that. It could regulate temperature more than ever. They had found the key of life.

The pigs would burn forever in their slaughteries, as a symbol of what would happen to those who wouldn't live by third degree scars. The pigs were a code-name for those who got stuck in the middle. They were nothing but fuel. There was no eternal memory and no eternal life without high-developped scaretics. Scaretics developed TDS-brains, a higher intelligence, called the burning brains. They were the only way to a higher civilized society. These brains worked by a higher fire-code for greater transformations, and thus having more space for information. They had the power to erase things and shift things. It was the safest system. One

has to come across the river of drills first to actually change scaretics and to start to live by it. The river of drills was like the river of scorn, turning your life upside down. There was no other way but to cross this river in order not to become trapped forever and get destroyed. Those who crossed the river got the powers of destruction and it's sources. They became the masters of scaretics. It was an art, both ascetic and esthetic. One had to believe in the power of pain.

It was a river of fire they had to cross. There was no other way. Everyone would have to burn at one moment. Everything was about the tattoo. It was like a flowerfield, and only those becoming like the weak intense flowers could grow beyond it. It was like a sea of optical illusions, the sea of the fight. In the TDS-brains the wheels would start to spin, opening multi-sense, which would be the base of communication. If one could master scaretics one could escape from the most complexed prisons. This was a disaster for other sorts of alien farms like psychiatry and dentistry which used obscure medicines and implants as a model for remote imprisonment. There were many space-prisons in the galaxy based on these sort of models, and they were the satellites of even bigger prisons. Scaretics was a threat to them, like a new upcoming religion taking the land over.

Scaretics were the banks were the ashes were, the overburnt substances of life, those parts who went to hell, the overwounded traumas. They lived there, waiting to be used, waiting to be recoded, to rise from the ashes. Here the beautiful scars were, the tattoos. By this one could write eternal letters, by this one could reach beyond each other's heart. Here the phoenixes could rise with their eternal messages. Here every word was like an eternal piercing.

In scaretics one had to search for the right paths, the right ladders, the right combinations, and the rest would burn. It was already there, in history. These were the banks of history, the banks of scars, growing into beautiful flowers. Strange things started to happen whenever a wound became a third degree scar. The wound would start to sing, or become a piercing, like a precious jewel of the body. The body would be overprogrammed by this, recoded.

However there was a deeper layer than scaretics. It was based on dirt, the re-arranging of it to make it become useful and a source of health. It was called dirtetics, and again the third degree of it looked like toes, like the thick sole of a foot. It was like the overdirt producing stench, all by drills, the dirt-drills. These ones could spout and suck, and all they wanted to do was to make things dirtier, finally to change all sense. These ones were strong enough to reach the sight and change it. The material was TDD, third degree dirt, which the dirt-drills could recode. By reaching the eyes, the centers of perception, they could finally reach and change all senses, and then settling the so-called TDD-brains. They wanted to have a dirty society, as in it's depths the bottoms of history would be locked up. All they wanted was to release this history and recode it. On top of their society there was a house made of bones, the house of dirt. Their leader was a skeleton and he lived here. He was a master-driller. To his drills there was nothing unreachable. He dominated everything. His opinion was that the

matrices of dirtetics were the power of change. Dirt was change, the mover, in his eyes. It was the force of recreation. He wanted to create a totally new universe. Behind his house there was a huge dirt sea. The waves could switch every vision. And it was a vision in which he kept his victims imprisoned. It was a vision strong enough to give them senses. They lived in this vision. Big balloons would come out of the dirt sea finally grasping someone's head to suck all the life out of it and making them part of the vision.

The stench was actually the interaction between the dirtetics and the scaretics making the more dramatic changes. Behind the sea of dirt the skeleton had his hidden empire, huge buildings all made of huge bones. Those who would cross the dirt sea would reach this empire. But the dirt was too tricky. It would make things unreachable. It could change time, coordinates. Only those with the dirt-drills could tame it. The skeleton had the tallest and thinnest ones.

They believed in everything. They believed they were the creators, those who crossed the sea of dirt. They were space pirates, mind shifters, all by the weapons of dirt, their drills. They were the masters of dirtetics, and they used the matrices of scaretics just as a generative reflector. They were the space cannibals of change. They were able to create a new world. They took it all very serious. The skeleton was their captain. No one knew who he really was. All they knew that he gave them taste again, and feeling. The waves of the dirt sea were so illusive. They often went out for hunts, by their pirate ships and boats. They were barbarians.

One day the sea of dirt was overflowing. It looked like a swamp. It even destroyed the hugest wall in universal history called The Fence. The flood of dirt was shapeshifting everything, and the universe became like a ball. It floated before the throne of the skeleton, and started to become green, like a green slimy balloon. On the bottom of the balloon there was a little hole, like a small tube, through which the green stuff started to flow out, and the balloon started to become grey while the skeleton laughed. Then it became dirty brown. The skeleton took his drill and started to drill on the balloon. It started to become stone more and more. There were six universes. The other five he took out of a cupboard, and then they started to float next to the other. They started to become a circle, and the dirty brown one floated in the center. Whenever the skeleton shrieked a balloon of the other five pushed the dirty brown one away, and became the center, while the dirty brown one started to float in the circle, at the border of it. 'Now don't run away,' the skeleton said. 'We need you.' It became a strange molecule and then a flower. The skeleton started to weep and covered the flower by it's tears. 'This will make you sensitive,' he said. But this time the sea of dirt also came into the throne hall of the skeleton. It was like a roaring beast. It jumped on the throne and devoured the skeleton. This was how the sea of dirt became king itself. Since then things started to change. The sea of dirt started to bring forth blossom, and rivers, with the most beautiful flowers growing at the sides, foul flowers. The flowers looked like heather. Along the rivers the most delicious sorts of food started to grow. There was a great fertility now.

The End

***The Fire No One
Could Quench***

A man came home from his work. He had found a little statue on the streets with four heads. It was a strange mysterious statue. He gave it a place near the hearth, took something to eat and then he went for a shower. After awhile he heard some strange noises. Voices were whispering his name, and he thought he was dreaming. He had strange feelings in the shower, like it was an elevator. When he finally stepped out he had the feeling he wasn't in his own house anymore.

‘Angeline, are you there ?’ he said loud. She should be in bed. After awhile when he was in the bedroom he didn't see her. He opened the wardrobe to take some clothes, but her dead body fell out of it. He got panicked and started to shout. ‘Who is there ?’

‘Oh, my god, Angeline,’ he cried. And took her in his arms. But then he knew he had to be at his guard. Carefully he walked to the door, and saw the little statue before his feet. There was music coming out of the statue. He took it up, and turned the mechanism off.

Then he watched the corner of the ceiling where an enormous spider was sitting. The spider was shrieking loud, while the man was in a shock. It was a giant spider who was after his life. He threw the little statue away and escaped from the house. After running for awhile he came to the forest. 'What is your problem ?' an old man asked. He started to tell what happened, and the old man immediately said he should never take strange statues in his house, for they could be cursed by the gods.

The man described the statue, and the old man told him it was an old statue of India.

'You better put the statue away and let your house be exorcized,' the old man said.

That was done pretty fast. But the problems didn't go away. It only got worse. The spider got more and more hold on the house, and it started to become a strange elevator. The old man who had helped with the exorcism told the man that there were more things going on. The spider didn't want to leave the house, and was materializing itself this way.

In the night it was rude, as the elevator grasped the man and went underground. The man woke up in sweat and called the old man. The old man told him that he was welcome to stay with him for awhile. The old man told him that obviously the spider was an old inhabitant of the house and wanted his place back. 'Edward,' the old man said. 'The best thing to do is selling your house.' But Edward didn't think that would be a good idea, as the house was a heritage. Edward wanted to fight it.

One day he went home again, took some tea, and hoped the spider would be gone. 'I'm telling you,' he said loud. 'No one will leave this house but you.' For a few nights it seemed to be a peaceful place, but then in the middle of a certain night the spider attacked him again, and took him to the underground. There were whining humans there, like they were deceased. Also his girlfriend Angeline was there. He didn't know what to do. The spider took him even deeper where humans were burning. Was this hell ? Suddenly he saw himself and he was in a shock. The spider started to laugh and had wings, like a dark angel.

In sweat Edward woke up. 'Well it was just a nightmare,' he said to himself. There were no traces of the spider in the house anymore, although sometimes he had the feeling he saw the elevator close to the ceiling, high on the wall. He kept hearing voices.

One day some of his nieces came for a few days. In the middle of the night he heard screaming, but when he went to their room they were all sleeping. 'Uncle Edward,' one of his nieces said the next day, 'we had a wonderful sleep.' When he looked into her eyes they were redder than ever. Something had happened, but he didn't know what. They looked strange like they weren't themselves anymore. They were sitting around the table for breakfast. Suddenly another niece grasped a knife and threw it quickly towards Edward who could dive away just in time. 'Who are you !' he screamed. 'You're not my nieces, right ?' He had to leave his house again, for things weren't right.

'Take a holiday,' the old man said. Edward decided to stay with the old man again. But that night the spider had found him there also. He opened his mouth wide and Edward saw the heads of his nieces roll through the spider's mouth. A tall drill appeared, like the sting of the spider. 'When you got born,' the spider said. 'You took my heart. I'm here to take it back.' Then the drill wanted to pierce the flesh of Edward's chest. Edward rolled away and called the old man, who immediately came and turned the lights on. 'There's nothing wrong, Edward, there's no one here,' the old man said. 'He got you in your dreams.'

'But it was so real,' Edward said.

'Well, I know what is going on,' the old man said. 'It has lost grip in the material world, and now it will lose grip in your dreams.'

'But how long will it take ?' Edward asked.

The next night the spider took him away again to the underground. This time he saw humans in ice, creatures in laboratoria, and the most horrible things he ever saw. Again there were drills at his body, waiting to pierce him. 'You took my body,' the spider roared. 'I want it back.' Edward pushed some buttons of the elevator. There was a button to call for help, and there was a button to let it all explode. He pushed them both and woke up in sweat. The old man stood before him with a gun. 'Now you know who I am,' the old man said. 'There is no way to escape.' The old man wanted to shoot, but in a flash Edward kicked the gun out of his hand, and ran outside. When he told the story to the police they laughed and didn't believe him.

He was ordered to go home, which he did. But he knew he was in great danger now. Skulls had been drawn on the walls. Edward was so tired and fell down on his bed. He heard voices and strange sounds and called the police again. The police decided to give him psychiatric help.

'I'm not crazy,' Edward shouted to the men in white. They had strange ties on. Edward didn't recognize them. They didn't look like real humans. They had red eyes. Edward knew he just had to escape totally, since his city couldn't be trusted anymore. He ran to the forest again, where he found an old indian woman. 'Ghosts, ghosts,' the woman said. 'They are everywhere in the city.' She brought him to a camp. 'Here,' the woman said. 'We all lived in the city once, and we all escaped because of these sort of things. Be welcome.'

Edward got a place to sleep in a wigwam. He hoped he would be safe here. He had a good night, and the next morning everything seemed to be normal.

'What is it ?' he asked the old indian woman.

'Oh,' the old indian woman said. 'You know, the city they build on the bones of the old. It's just a vision, a vision of the blood of the old. They have made their tales of death and hell, where those who got old went to, but we all live here.'

'But then, who is the spider ?' Edward asked.

'Oh, don't believe their tales. The city has many tricks, but it actually led you here,' the old indian woman said.

But after a few years Edward wanted to get back to his house, as it was a heritage. To his surprise other people lived there now. He didn't have a place to go anymore.

'Yes, the city is hard,' the old indian woman said. 'But don't you have a better heritage here ?'

Edward nodded.

‘The city is the spider,’ the old indian woman said. ‘Waiting to attack, waiting to tell it’s tales. You’re never free.’

‘Will it find me here ?’ Edward asked.

‘Not if you go deep enough into the wilderness. Nature is beautiful here,’ the old indian woman said.

‘What kind of spider is it,’ Edward asked.

‘Well, it’s living here in the jungles,’ the old indian woman said. ‘You have to go underground.’

It took a long time for Edward finally to get rid of all these spiders. He made a journey underground, but even there they followed him. Until one day he reached a strange fire. A fire to become free. It was a source in the depth of the earth with bright light, a light stronger than daylight. For the daylights were these spiders who had hunted him all his life.

There was red clay here, red mud, and a lot of wild tribes who seemed to live here. They smeared and rubbed their bodies everyday with the red clay and the red mud, to protect them against the daylights. They were hunters, and they actually lived by the meat of the spiders. They even bred these spiders, as in their eyes it was just food, necessary to survive in these dark places.

Carefully Edward smeared some of the red clay on his body. Before him there was an ocean of light. They lived by sheeplmilk here as well, and Edward wondered how the meat of the spiders would taste, so he took a bite, chewed and swallowed. It made his shrieks loud. He was sick for a few days for his body needed to get used by it. It looked like a strange ritual, finally to overcome the spiders deep inside.

The body needed these venoms to transform and use as a higher immunity. It was necessary in war and hunt. The ultimate queen of all these spiders they kept in a glass box. It was a transparent box so that everyone could see. It was a purple spider, much smaller than the ones he saw. For several reasons they had kept the queenspider alive. It’s poison would only work

if this spider would be alive. It was living poison, with a heart, and without it they couldn't live. They milked the spider everyday by some sort of drills, sucking drills. It was a strange spider as it could change it's gender all the time, so it was also a king. It had been stored in some sort of museum so everyone could see the milking everyday. It was a poison to keep their hearts alive, and to heal the worst wounds. It could heal those who had been burnt, but they never got their own skin back again. The skin looked like a nipple, or the sole of a foot. It would always be scar-skin. But these skins were so beautiful like jewelry.

Those who would drink from this poison would live forever, and would actually get healed inside. The poison would be powerfull enough to do genetic healing.

Carefully Edward swallowed a bit of the poison. It made him sick, but after a few days he had been healed beautifully. He could finally deal with his past, and he had the feeling it didn't hunt him anymore. He had been released, connected to a greater heritage, a greater history, which could be traced through the red clay and the red mud. There was a fire burning in his heart now, a fire no one could quench.

Blind Money

Skeleton Fiction

The indian pirates had blue faces. They were blue skeletons with savage clothes. They had a skeleton ship built of the bones of their defeated enemies and prey. They had many slaves on their ship. They were on their way to hell, in the depths of Orion. Here they would sell their slaves, and buy some new ones. They were on their way to hell's market.

In the depths of Orion, one paid by blood, but also by some light sort of metal which looked like silver and gold. It also looked like gems. It was hell's money. They could do anything with it. At some other places one paid by bones.

In the depths of Orion it was like raining gold, like raining money. The indian pirates knew where the banks were. They had been sent out by the banks once. They were robbers.

The banks kept themselves alive by robbing. They were capitalists, and the poor were their slaves. The indian pirates bought some dogs. They looked like wolves. They were hellhounds. In the abyss they came to life, where they met the red faces. They came to an island floating in the middle. It was like a pearl, like a gem. Wilderness was king here. The red faces were racists. They didn't allow blue faces on the island.

I have never seen a bigger war between the blue faces and the red faces. I have never seen more cruelty than this. When the skeletons are at war, there are no rules or laws. They go to the extremes. No one can see this without becoming blind at the end. I'm blind for many years now. That is the price of seeing such a game. You can only see it one time in your life.

So Much To Share

Death Fiction

He had been decorated by rare jewels of death, made of bones. He had an armory. Not many dared to approach him. He was a lonely man. Only some savage beasts visited him at times, but often he would do nothing but slaying them. He was a cruel man, not caring about anything but death. Death was like his oracle, his breath, in these strange areas. He was often barefooted, not caring about the things he tread. When blood would stream, he would not hesitate to drink. There was no love in his heart. He was cold as ice, frozen by drama. The fear had made him like this. He was like a tormented statue, zombified.

And now he was a zombificator himself. Whenever he spoke the ones who would hear it would get possessed and would never find themselves back again. His voice was like a web of

no return. In cold rage he would slay those kings he hated, the kings of Moab. Then he would go for Ammon. His sword was hungry for blood, royal blood, and he would not hesitate to drink. He knew about their banquets, about their parties, but this day was their last. In a vision he saw the skeletons chained against the wall. They were their victims, but he didn't care. He would crush their bones too. To him they were all his enemies.

He remembered the voice of his father, talking about their jewels. He had a lust to rob their palaces, and then he would go for Edom. He would turn this place into a sack of hair, and would let blood come forth from it. He wanted to see an eternal well burst. He wanted vengeance, but he knew the price he had to pay. His sword would come against himself as well. His sword was his enemy, and before he reached the palace of Moab's kings he changed his mind. He pierced the ground by his sword and ran away without it.

He was roaring. There was nothing to comfort him. He was lonely. After awhile he fell down, exhausted, in terrible pains. Someone stood before him, took him by the shoulders and raised him up. It was a man with a tall white beard, a necromancer. His garment was red, like dyed in blood, and covered by shrunk skulls, very small like buttons. The man had a golden smile but a serious face. Then he disappeared in a flash.

'Those of Midian again,' he thought. He started to dance and sing, mocking the visitation, but on the other side it had given him strength. 'Well,' he said to himself. 'The gods have been good to me.'

After hours and hours of walking he came into a Philistine village where he went to the first temple he saw. He fell down at the altar, while a woman was smiling at him. 'Dress me,' he said. The woman walked to the altar, took a bowl with red paint and threw it over his head. The man was laughing. He put his hands into the air and mocked the gods of the temple. 'Uh, Dagon, uh uh, yes,' he said. But he got strength. He ran outside the temple, went into a house where a woman was feeding her children. 'Can I sleep here tonight?' the man asked.

The woman was very friendly. She told him a lot about her husband who was a sailor but he had drowned. On the wall there were many paintings. He loved to paint, and the man could see he was a real artist. After hours of talk they both fell asleep on her huge bed. In the night ghosts came into the house, as he had mocked their temple. They gave him bad bad dreams, while the woman was smiling. She couldn't hear him screaming. She was far away. 'Sapphire,' he stuttered, 'iron, steel, why are you doing this to me?' Then he died in her arms. A skeleton took his soul, and chained it, as he had plans to chain those of Moab.

‘Moab,’ he stuttered, ‘you dumb pig’

No one was with him, only chains, and the memory of the skeleton. ‘Moab,’ he sighed, and then he fell down. The ground was burning. Was this hell ? He saw skeletons having banquets. They were eating meat from their sacred altars, and paintings were on their walls. The paintings were bleeding.

‘Oh, you dumb pigs,’ the man said. He heard the scream of a woman. There she came in. They laid her on a table and he put his hands before his eyes. He was sensitive all of a sudden. He cared about the woman. In a rage he broke his chains, ran to the table and took the woman away. Then he came back to break the table. ‘Moab, dumb pigs,’ he roared A man woke up from a confused dream. A woman lay close to him. ‘Care about me,’ she said. The man laughed. ‘Why should I care ?’ the man said. ‘It is not real to care.’ Then the woman slapped him in the face. The man lay down again, and whispered : ‘family, concentrated care, but when you lose it, then you have so much to share.’

Disconnected

The virus had been inserted into the system very easily. The pirates attacked, and took the machine over. Tantalos was falling, like a falling star. Someone stang through it. It was now hanging in the universe like a weak ball, full of blood. Soon the predators would come to prey on it.

The mainframe had been polluted. Agents were running, and some fell down. Others were holding their guns. They were shooting at some men with big naked chests. Some clowns were running away. The circus was falling.

Someone shot some sharks by harpoons, another shot the window open, while hell started to set in. We were in a tube, in the depths of a sea. Now the sharks were everywhere. I swam to the surface of the ocean. It was close to the island Hawaii. Someone was screaming. I ran to the beach through the water. Someone gave me water.

We had done it.

Huge waves were roaring in the sea. Then I woke up. I had my swimming shorts on. Someone was holding my hand. It was a beautiful lady with a hat and sunglasses. I didn't know her. She said she was my girlfriend, but I didn't believe her.

'Oh, I'm sure you make a mistake,' I said friendly. The sun was shining in my face. She finally let my hand go.

I was sure I didn't drink too much. The lady seemed to be confused and walked away.

'Hey,' I shouted. 'Tell your story.'

She walked back to me. 'You were with me last night, we had a good conversation, and you told me I was your girlfriend from now on,' she said.

'Oh well,' I said, 'then I was drunk and just made a joke.'

'Oh, are you married then ?' she asked.

‘No,’ I said, ‘that is not the issue. But I say those stupid things when I am drunk. Then I’m just far gone.’

‘Oh, fine,’ the lady said. ‘Well I took it serious. My fault, won’t happen again.’

‘What is your name ?’ I asked.

‘Kimberly,’ she said.

‘Nice name,’ I said. ‘I am so sorry.’

‘So you wouldn’t pick me up when you wouldn’t be drunk ?’ she asked.

‘No,’ I said. ‘I have problems with women, and when I don’t have them, I just get them soon whenever I go out with them.’

‘Try boys,’ she said.

‘Ah, no,’ I said. ‘I think I just can’t handle humans.’

‘Try aliens, try something else,’ she said.

‘Yes, poor people,’ I said.

‘What ?’ she asked.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘I just have problems with the civilized stuff. Give me a savage and I’m okay.’

‘Oh, you mean like Indians living in the bush bush,’ she said. ‘They aren’t so complexed. I have some friends like that. Try to have some conversations with them.’

‘Okay,’ I said.

Within a few minutes three indian girls stood before me. ‘We’re the poor people,’ they said. I smiled. ‘You want some money ?’ I asked. ‘I respect you highly,’ I said. ‘You know, you saved me.’

‘What ?’ one of the girls asked. ‘Are you drunk ?’

‘Yes, I still am,’ I said. ‘A bit. Well, what is wrong with that ?’

‘Oh nothing,’ the other girl said. ‘Maybe you will tell us something interesting then.’

I took a deep breath. ‘Well, I like indians, I really do.’

The girls started to laugh. ‘He’s interesting,’ they said.

‘Now stand up,’ one of the girls said.

I couldn’t move. I was still too drunk. Then they went away laughing. I felt so stupid. What did I have to offer when I was so drunk. I messed a girl up, and now this.

After a few hours I walked back to my house. I fell down on my bed, while a girl was in my room, dark skin. ‘What are you doing here ?’ I asked.

‘I thought we were friends,’ she said. ‘Yesterday you gave me your key.’

‘Oh well, I was drunk,’ I said. ‘But please don’t go away.’

There was another girl in the house having the same sort of story. What did I drink ?

‘Eh sorry,’ I asked. ‘What did I drink yesterday ?’

I almost fainted. ‘Well, actually, we put some pills into your glass. Love-pills,’ the dark skinned girl said.

‘Yes,’ the other girl said. Her skin was also dark but a bit lighter. ‘We want you to enjoy.’

I grasped my gun, but then I couldn’t move. I started to scream, and woke up. My wife lay next to me. She took me tight. ‘I missed you,’ she said. ‘You have been in a coma for days.’

‘By what ?’ I asked.

‘Well, you got stung by a venomous spider,’ she said.

‘Yes, I know, these guys are in glass-boxes all around in the room. Did some of them escape ?’ I asked.

‘No,’ she said. ‘You were playing with one of them. I begged you to stop, but you didn’t listen.’

‘Oh, have I been drunk ?’ I asked. ‘What did I drink ?’

‘Yes, you drank a lot,’ she said.

‘Just kick me down the next time,’ I said. ‘I just can’t control myself.’

‘Well what about our marriage ?’ she asked softly. ‘I miss you. Why drinking, as we can do so many things together, having fun.’

‘You’re right,’ I said. ‘Then what are we going to do about it ?’

‘What about a game,’ she said. ‘So many games in the cupboard we never play.’

I nodded. ‘Choose one,’ I said.

‘Oh no, not that one,’ I said. ‘There are cards between them like : ‘Give your friend something to drink.’

‘Well, I know what to give you then, and it won’t be beer or wine or something,’ she said softly.

I was out of order. I didn’t like the game. She was too good, she always won with this. So then I took a game, and we played it the whole night. She finally fell down because she was tired. I also fell down. The next morning I woke up not drunk anymore. But I felt so strange. ‘What did you give me to drink ?’ I asked.

‘Well, something I made. It’s in the refridgerator now,’ she said. ‘It’s made of raspberries and some other things.’ I looked at it and smiled. It was a delicious mix. ‘Why would we mess it up ?’ I asked. ‘We have such a good marriage, and you are the most sweetest person I ever met. You’re mysterious, you’re a dream. And you make the best juices.’

She smiled. I woke up. Alone. I had been divorced. I couldn't handle marriage, only in my dreams. But it was still strange. I wanted to heal my marriage, as I was older now, not so naïve. I was free of the spider's poison now, so maybe I could give it a try again. But I was a coward, maybe it was just common sense. She was dangerous. She was a predator. One day she stood before my door with flowers. 'I want to talk it out,' she said. 'I'm also older now, stronger, healed.'

'Well, I'm broken now,' I said. 'The poison is out, but now I see the damage.'

'Fake flowers,' she said, and laid it down on the bench.

'Why did I come ?' she asked.

'To talk it out,' I said.

'No, please, listen,' she said. 'I'm at the cross.'

'What ?' I asked.

'Well, at the cross means mixed feelings,' she said. 'I hope I won't regret coming here, but I just didn't have another choice.'

'Oh, but you are welcome,' I said.

'Okay,' she said, and sat down. 'Give me your hand.'

'Oh no,' I said. 'No holding hands. I'm not romantic anymore.'

‘Why not ?’ she asked.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘you ruined all my feelings.’

‘Obviously,’ she said.

That was a mean dream. I woke up, and tried to shake it off. I took some coffee, and would go to the beach again today. When I sat there for awhile an old lady came to me. ‘Did you see the balloon ?’ she asked.

‘What kind of balloon ?’ I asked.

‘Well,’ she said, ‘Nevermind, there was a balloon awhile ago, floating dangerously above the sea. Someone fell out and swam to the coast while a shark grasped him.’

I woke up, and woke up, and woke up, like awakening from a million dreams, from dreams within dreams, like stepping out of a cube. Dreams were cruel. I could never get a hold of them. I could never grasp them. They would always slide away, and I would lose them. I was in Tantalos, where nothing could become a reality. I was stuck between dreams, spinning around me. It was okay, I got used to it. I had lost all hope. I once fell into a nest full of spiders when I was a kid. I got stung by many of them, and was never the same again. I could never grow up normally. But what was normal ? The dreams around me ?

I wanted to become soft and melt away, like a virus in this computer, making a big change. It was like I couldn’t reach myself, but the dreams were the bridge, finally to mess me up even more. I was the virus, the virus in this Tantalos. That was why all my dreams were breaking off, as they wanted to trap me into something. The fragments led me higher. I had to make the big puzzle, and discover the machinery. I had to play a new game. But I was so nihilistic, for everything took so long. Was there a chance for me to survive and win ?

Why would I believe a dream ? Why would I become a champion somewhere to forget about the bigger picture ? I didn’t want to be that drunk. But what if the biggest picture would be the

same as the smallest picture ? At least we had to make the journey between them. We had to build up a memory, pointing out this journey. Every step was important, every level of the building. I felt I was huge. I treasured the journeys. I treasured the rings, as rings would always bring us to the beginning, and then to the next ring. I could build up my jewelry, and it made me feel huger. I felt disconnected, for there was a bigger world than my own consciousness. Of course.

Vuda's Death

No one knew about the secret society on the ship. Through an electric mirror in the depths of the captain's private sector you could enter it. Even the captain herself didn't know it. By accident an electric field arose and a wind sucked her in. She saw beings with tall legs, and a woman named Vuda. 'Am I dreaming ?' the captain asked.

'No,' Vuda said. 'Welcome. It seems you're so drained by the ship and by its purpose.'

'Then what is your purpose ?' the captain asked. 'Do you have a better purpose ?'

'Welcome to Catholine World,' Vuda said.

The captain tried to get back to the ship, but there was glass around her.

‘Don’t worry,’ Vuda said. ‘You’re in good hands.’

‘But I need to get back to my ship,’ the captain said.

‘Oh, we will take care of that,’ Vuda said. ‘We will send a copy of you, which will perfectly fit.’

The captain started to cry. ‘Give her some water,’ Vuda said. While the beings with the tall legs gave her something. ‘I want you to know that you are safe here,’ Vuda said.

The captain bowed her head. When she came deeper in Catholine World the beings were more savage and half naked. ‘Is this all happening on my ship?’ the captain asked. ‘Why didn’t I know it?’

‘Do you know what Catholine World is?’ Vuda asked. The captain shook her head.

‘Let me tell you,’ Vuda said. ‘It is the third day of creation. In the old groundtexts it is the world of the children. Day was not a literal day, but it meant world. There were seven days of creation, seven worlds woven into each other. Those of the children who had sinned went to the Catholine Underground, which was hell.’

The captain was shocked. ‘What was the sin?’ she asked.

‘Oh, that’s a long story,’ Vuda said. ‘You see there were seven worlds of creation, so it wasn’t necessarily a chronology. They were seven dimensions having interactions with each other more or less. The sixth dimension was the dimension of humans and half humans, and they made the laws. When the children wouldn’t obey them, they would be sent to Catholine Underground, to the burning fire. So I hope you understand there are a lot of innocent children there, still burning day and night.’

‘Sometimes I heard strange screaming in the night. Could that be them?’ the captain asked.

‘For sure,’ Vuda said. ‘They tried to get your attention since you were young.’

Vuda reached out to a book which lay high in a cupboard. 'Here, read this,' she said while she gave the book. On the cover there was written : 'The Wolves of Samdoom.' It was a strange story of enslaved children. Every world had it's own nightworld, where those who had sinned lived as exiles. The first dimension was the first day of creation, the ultimate separation between the seven dayworlds and their nightworlds. It was an unbreakable wall. This wallworld was Samdoom, on which the wolves were marching. In the underground the children were working. The wall itself was even made of children. Of their bones and their blood. In the old groundtexts of creation in the second world there was an order called the Mayim. They were the savages or foul ones. In this world they got isolated, in this second dimension. They got torn apart from each other, and in the fifth world of creation they were used to bring forth the beasts. This second dimension was hell itself, the center of all the nightworlds, which had to keep them separated. Many tried to escape from this evil world, even trying to come through the first dimension, the big wall, to reach for the better dayworlds. But they could only see themselves sinking away to the underground of the evil world, the worst nightworld of them all, the fourth dimension, where the light is the night.

'You come from that world,' Vuda said to the captain. 'You have been chosen by us. Do you understand that there is a night within a night ? Catholine Underground has always been that night. The third dimension is the shadow of the fourth dimension. It's the nightworld of the nightworld, where the children still suffer in the flames. It's the underground of all undergrounds. Your ship has entered the seventh dimension of eternal rest and peace, but you had to fight against it's shadow. You have now the seed to free these children. The seventh dimension is an important key to tear down the walls.'

'So my mission is to bring those children back to Catholine World, their dayworld ?' the captain asked. 'But how ?'

Then Vuda showed her a door behind which there was a heat like of an oven. In the distance she saw the flames, and heard children crying. 'Our bodies cannot bear the heat,' Vuda said. 'But your body can, as you have been to the seventh dimension. It's a dimension of ice. Go, you will not burn. Take the children, and bring them here, to me.' It was like the captain had power over these flames. It was still like she was in a strange dimension, a dimension which wasn't hers. She ran inside, to a place where some children hung or had been tied to stakes. By her knife she cut the strings, and ran with them back to the open door. Then again she ran back into the flames, took some children out to bring them to Vuda. Deeper in the flames she saw a valley of millions and millions of children burning and screaming. How would she ever come there. In the air she saw big black eagles. And it seemed like walls of glass covered the valley to isolate it. 'That's the first dimension,' Vuda shouted. 'It's the big wall.'

A big snake like a giant cobra slowly slid towards the captain. It had the tattoo of a cross on it's throat. 'Oh, I'm not coming to fight you,' the snake said. 'I just wondered if I could help you to save these children.'

'How to get the glass away ?' the captain asked.

‘Trust me,’ the snake said. ‘I know who you are, and I know why you come here. Please take me to Catholine World, as I am dying here. If you take me with you, I will break the glass. That’s no any problem to me.’

‘Deal,’ the captain said.

Out of the snake’s snout fire began to stream, such hot fire that it easily melted the glass. Quickly the snake slided into the valley and took as many children with him as he could. Suddenly more snakes slided in, until the valley was full with snakes. They could easily save the children, and when they had brought them to the open door, they slided in as well. ‘They help,’ Vuda said. ‘And this is their reward.’

A strange dog with one eye and a tall tongue came out of the valley. ‘Catholine World is full of liars,’ the dog said. ‘In the night many lives will be taken away.’ Then the dog ran away. In that night Vuda died. And the captain found herself back in the ship. She lay on the ground. She stood up, took some water, and went to her room to write some things down. It was like in the air she heard the children singing. That night there was a huge storm, and a tornado tore the ship apart. Many were dying in the waves. The captain screamed to the air. The ship was sinking. A golden rope was appearing in front of her, and it took her into the sky when she grasped it. ‘Up to Catholine World,’ someone shouted. It was high in the sky, this world, like on an amazing island in the clouds. But it was like there was a wall of fire around it. It was a tropical climate. She could swim to the island, the brightest island she ever saw.

The End

The Keys of Hell

I lived totally alone on the fields of hell, together with some hounds of hell, some black panthers, and sometimes great white catlikes showed their kindness. I was alone. There was nobody in the neighbourhood. But one day an indian woman came near. She tried to get my attention, and I really had to keep my dogs quiet. They didn't attack her, but they were barking. With one sign of my hand she could be the dog's prey, but I gave her a chance.

She had some strange tattoos on her body, or maybe they were just scars. Suddenly her face changed into that of a pope and she said : 'Do you know you are in hell here.' The dogs were barking.

'Shut up,' she said to the dogs.

'What do you want from me ?' I asked. The black panthers and some of the bigger white catlikes also started to come forward, but they were more subtle and of cunning than the dogs were. I knew they could attack her any moment.

Suddenly she changed into a snake and attacked one of the dogs. The cats jumped on her all of a sudden, but she bit a few of them horribly, and the others ran away. The hounds of hell were crazy of rage, and one bit her in the neck. Then she left, leaving a trace of blood. I was proud of my dogs, and I tried to take care of the cats, but they wouldn't let me come close to them.

After a while the woman came back. 'I'm sorry,' she shouted. Then she turned into a huge white hairy spider, while a huge spiderweb appeared in the sky. I saw the dogs of hell became scared all of a sudden. I had never seen them in fear before. But the cats were awake and came closer to the spider, waiting for the right moment to attack her.

'Get out of my way,' she shouted, and in speed she jumped on me, and I got in a terrible wrestling. She tried to insert her poison into me, while the spiderweb seemed to come closer as well, catching the dogs, but the cats were on my side trying to get the spider away from me. One hound of hell, the biggest of them, was also still by my side helping the cats.

'What do you want from me ?' I shouted. One of the cats got bitten by her, and suddenly turned against me. The spider got confused, and I could break free and ran away. I didn't know what was going on. I knew I had to get away from here as soon as possible.

After awhile a few dogs of hell had reached me again. I was almost in the wilderness. 'You are in hell,' a voice spoke like thunder. There was still a huge spiderweb in the sky. Together with my hounds I ran into the wilderness. Black panthers were staring at me, and lions were in the bushes. I know if the dogs wouldn't be with me they would attack me. The hounds of hell seemed to be the key here.

There was a pasture somewhere in the wilderness. I knew that I had to stay far away from it, as there lived the lambs of prey. They were tall predator-lambs, and a hundred times worse than the hounds of hell. Some called them the lambs of hell, and they could spread the biggest fear. But all of a sudden such a lamb of hell stood before us. I almost sunk away in fear. The terror which came from its eyes and face was undescrivable.

'Why are you in fear ?' the lamb of hell said.

I didn't know what I heard ... that voice ... It was calming. The lamb of hell seemed to know what was going on, and the fact that I was in a fight against the white spider and wore its smell was a reason for the lamb of hell to be so friendly to me. The lamb of hell seemed to be interested in this white spider. These moments looked like hours. My fear was going to the background little by little, but still I was on my guard. My dogs looked like cattle all of a sudden, compared to such a terrible lamb of hell. All the movements this lamb of hell made scared me, but when I got used to it a little I went with him to the pasture. There were a lot of lambs of hell here looking even more dangerous than the one who picked us up. But we seemed to be safe with this one on our side. I was swallowing my spit all the time. I wondered if my dogs would be safe, as I knew they were the enemies of the lambs of hell. They gave me a place to sleep, but in the morning I saw my dogs lying dead besides me. I was in rage, but at the same time I knew I had to be careful. Later the lambs of hell told me they didn't do any harm to the dogs, but usually they aren't able to live in such atmosphere like this. So that explained their death.

Some of the lambs of hell offered to come with me to the fields where I lived. They said that they would be able to deal with the spider. And thus it happened. We made a long trip through the wilderness and then through the fields to my hut. I felt uneasy. I really didn't know what to say and what to do. I still didn't get used to the lambs of hell. They were so tall, and looked so threatening. They took away my breath.

When the woman came back she was in a shock. One of the lambs jumped on her immediately and dragged her to the others, where they had their meal. But this time more women seemed to descend from the sky, and attacked the lambs of hell. They were laughing

and shouting, and suddenly turned into white spiders. Fire started to come out of the mouths of the lambs of hell, and they were spitting blood. The spiders were spitting black poison. One of the lambs was shrieking, and I had to put my fingers in my ears. Also the faces of the lambs started to change into popes. 'Run for your life,' the lambs shouted to me. Again I ran towards the wilderness, and some smaller white spiders were following me. I knew where the pasture was, and screamed they needed more help. Many more lambs of hell made their way to the fields in speed. Small white spiders were all over me, eating from my flesh. Soon there was no any lamb in the pasture anymore. I knew I had to stay here, otherwise I would be an easy prey for the cats and lions of the wilderness, as there were no protecting dogs around me.

The spiders made me burn, and my hair was rising. It was like all the blood was sliding out of me. The small spiders were eating their way to my heart. I could feel it.

'Easter Sabbatha Marma,' a lamb of hell was shrieking. On his back a black skeleton sat. Near behind him a unicorn came forward also with a black skeleton on it's back.

'Satanas rulas,' one of the black skeletons said.

'Is that really what you think ?' I asked.

'Amun Burkas Arakas,' the other skeleton said. 'Oh sure, we have always been the slaves of the white pope. He's the ruler of the dead, the black ones.'

'I also know black popes,' I said. 'It's not a matter of black or white, of pope or satan.'

'Then what ?' the black skeletons roared.

'I know many chessboards,' I said. 'But you see : spiders can be on both sides.'

'Amun Burkas Arakas,' they said again. They had sharp toes like knives and brought it into the skins of the ones they were riding. 'It's not a matter of life or death,' I said. 'It's a matter of behaving or not.'

‘Ah, you dumb fool,’ one of the skeletons said. ‘If we do not rule these they will rule us, and they will do worse things to us than this.’

‘Why not suffering then instead of being unrighteous,’ I said. ‘I know some creatures you can take care of : white spiders.’ And I showed them mine.

They seemed to be all respectful all of a sudden. ‘Can we buy them ? You get the lamb of hell and the unicorn, and we get the white spiders,’ one of them said.

‘Deal,’ I said.

For these black skeletons it was an easy thing to get the white spiders out of me. And soon I had the lamb of hell and the unicorn as my possession, and although I gave them their freedom, they didn’t want to leave me.

The black skeletons enjoyed their white spiders. They were toys to them. They could use them for a lot of things. And I knew : everything was useful in the right combinations. These black skeletons were immune against white spiders, and because this lamb of hell and the unicorn lived with the black skeletons for such a long time they had this immunity too. When the other lambs of hell were back they seemed to be highly interested in this new lamb of hell. There was some biting here and there, but that was all to exchange the immunity. Soon all the lambs of hell had that immunity. But it seemed the war had been won by something else already. The black skeletons seemed to have found out about the other white spiders as well, and became their riders.

I still wondered why the lambs of hell had such a high interest in these white spiders. That the black skeletons had that interest was clear to me, as they could ride them and use them as toys more or less, because of their immunity. But one day I found out. One of the lambs of hell found a small white spider, ate it, and immediately got wings. It was a dreadful sight. It gave him power and might.

To me it was an awesome thing to ride these beings, especially when they were winged. They were like a map of hell, and I could come anywhere.

Fly Like Eagles

short psychological thriller

In this strange sect, they killed animals for their gods ... They had strange paint on their feet ... and strange flavours which could easily enslave you ... or in worst case even kill you ... They were painted and clothed to this goal ... strange outfits of this religion ... In the night their feet became strange spiders going for a hunt ... Their toes grow out into tall killerpaws ... strangling their victims ... to bring them to their realms of death ...

They worship feet and spiders ... It's a strange cult ... They tie their prisoners to tall stakes ... while their feet fall off to become prisonbars ... Strange paint with strange flavours ... entering the minds of the prisoners to give them illusions ... It's a sort of prisondrugs ... so that they can never escape ... It starts to take over their minds until they are mental slaves ... and then piece by piece they will be bound in their emotions until they are emotional slaves as well, breathing in and out the strange footpaint flavours ... Then they can be used for slavework ... They are now sleepwalkers ... zombies ... zombified by

Suddenly Enric wakes up .. what a strange awful dream he had ... And what are these strange flavours in his room ... He looks at his wife ... she sleeps her face gives him strange feelings in his stomach ... what is going on ... Finally he awakens his wife in tears ... telling her about the dream and the strange flavours in the room ... His wife doesn't understand ...and she doesn't smell anything strange in the room ... 'You just had a nightmare, now go sleep again, it's too early' and then she starts to sleep again ... but Enric can't He's still shivering ... and why is his wife so cold to him all of a sudden ... she used to be so warmhearted ... maybe she's just tired but ... Enric doesn't want to sleep anymore although he feels so tired too ...

The next night he has the same sort of dream, but it's much wilder ... It's like the wildest indian warbook ... but it seems it's living in him ... as if he's a part of it ... and as the nights follow, it returns again and again, becoming wilder and wilder ... He cannot go to work anymore ... he's too tired It's always the same story at nights ...

His wife cannot take it anymore and one day she's gone ... Enric needs to be taken away to a place of rest and his wife signs for divorce ... What is going on ? It's like something is eating him inside ...

Enric was a butcher ... but he can't do it anymore ... He's too tired these dreams are making him sick ... One day an Indian woman comes to the place of rest where Enric lives now ... She's his new nurse ... for the other one died in a car-accident The woman gives him strange feelings ... like she's sucking his last piece of life away ... She has strange shoes ... almost boots he never saw the design There was ... a spider ... painted on it She smiles ... 'What are you looking at, Enric ?' She says 'Well, do you really want to know ?' Enric asks carefully Yes, of course, she says ... I want to know you better She comes closer to him and starts to sit on the edge of his bed holding his hand 'Enric,' she says ... 'I really want to help you ... you see, I came for you ... I had a dream about this place of rest that someone needed my help for he was being disturbed by spirits of my ancestors ...' Enric gets big eyes ... 'spirits ?' he says ... 'well, I don't believe in spirits' ... Then the woman starts to talk about his dreams ... she knows a lot of details, and even knows their meanings Enric starts to shiver ... How do you know that ? he asks ...

I know this because I dreamt this ... she says ... but she lied, for it was his ex-wife telling her all this, and she had asked her to go to him, to care for him, and let him die soon ... for then she would have peace of mind ... This woman would do anything for her, for she paid for it ... and she was an assassin in service of divorced women ...

But it was like the woman had a weak spot for Enric ... He told her so many things she didn't know yet ... and soon she started to really care and feel for him ... When he spoke about the stories she got strange feelings in her stomach ... and it was like there were strange flavours in his room ... making her drunk It was like she was losing herself, and suddenly she started to look deep into his eyes and started to undress herself very slowly Enric didn't know what to do He was very serious about the dreams ... and he wanted to talk about it ... Why were these stories so cruel

The woman started to tell him more and more about the meaning of these dreams ... but she just made it up .. for she didn't know ... She said : You dreamt about your butchery in symbols The man started to cry ... So these dreams wanted to show me what is happening to the animals, right ? We are from that strange cult ! Why would we sacrifice animals for our own lusts ? It was like his eyes were opened ... and the woman was amazed about the effect ... she just made it all up ... but it seemed she pushed a button in him ...

Enric took her into his bed and started to make love to her saying that he would never work in a butchery anymore ... He wanted to warn all butchers that they were in troubles ... for the Indian ancestors would find them also ... The woman was smiling ... whatever he said ... all she wanted was making love to him and listen to his strange stories

But suddenly the door was smashed open and the ex-wife of Enric stood in the opening ... with a gun ... 'What a surprise' she says ... Now you finally found what you were looking for, right ? All the stories about

but then she fell down ... and the doctor of the place of rest was standing in the door-opening with a gun

'Finally we have her ... for she killed men all over the place ... Have fun together ... I will give her over in the hands of the police ... It's just an injection-pistol ... no worries ... she just sleeps now for awhile and .. aren't you that new nurse ? the doctor asks

'Yes, doctor ... and this is just part of the therapy ...' the Indian woman says ...

'Well, yes,' the doctor says ... 'for this is not a religious place'

Suddenly Enric wakes up ... It was all a dream There are strange flavours in the room He looks at his sleeping wife ... Her face gives him strange feelings in his stomach ... Didn't he have this before Is he still dreaming ...? He pinches in his leg ... He's watching his feet Again strange feelings are flowing through his stomach ... What a strange experience ... He doesn't feel anything in his leg ... He only has strange feelings in his stomach ... and still strange flavours ... Is he dead ? he gets the shivers ... Suddenly it's like the picture of this experience is frozen ... like he cannot move, and as if that second takes a million centuries He tries to breathe but he can't ... only a small spider is creeping over his bed ... very fast ... He tries to scream but he can't ... It's coming closer, going slower, growing bigger, until it's a foot ... and it's coming to his chest ... A black man is standing in the doorway ... while the door is locked ... He has a black hat .. a white face, but further he is black ... black clothes He has strange eyes ... like he has high authority somewhere ? In art ? In politics ? Enric doesn't have an idea, but the face seems familiar ... A fight starts ... Enric is screaming for the man is hurting him ... while his wife is lying in bed ... still ...

I am the butcher ... the man says Not a butcher of animals ... but of butchers Enric starts to scream, and a tall knife appears You're sick and crazy ... he screams but then he remembers his dreams ... and begs the man not to hurt him, for he will stop being a butcher

'That's already too late ... Now the animals want a sacrifice ...' the man tells slowly ...

'Please I'm begging you, don't hurt me, I promise I will stop the butchery ...' Enric says ...

'If you will now work against butchers I will spare your life,' the man says

'That's a deal ...' Enric says ... 'but what does that mean ...'

But the man was already gone ... but ... also Enric's wife ... Enric is desperate ... and he still doesn't know if he's alive or not ...

'Hey, hey ... maybe you are already tied on a stake in the realms of death ... having your illusions ... you slave ...' a voice whispers ... 'You are under someone's foot for you had beings under your foot ...'

Enric is watching his feet again, but screams ... they're black now ... black like ashes ... and it's starting to break off ... Someone's laughing

Enric is waking up ... a psychiatrist is watching him, with something that looks like a sarcastic smile ... Mr. Letlock, you finally woke up ? Enric nods a bit ... but he isn't sure about himself anymore ...

Something is drawing him deeper He doesn't know what it is ... but this something has power over him ... Is he also a victim ... ? Enric is in a wheelchair ... without legs ... this is worse than his dreams ... but is this also a dream ? ... and ... is the reality even worse ? He feels like he is drowning Is he doomed to be in this roundabout forever ? ... Things are repeating itself and when it seems things are getting ground he wakes up, which is the proof it was just a dream ... Or isn't it a dream but is waking up the same as getting a dream, while the dream is the reality ? he has so many questions ... Where is he, who is he ? And is it real ? Or are the symbols playing again, wanting to show him

Suddenly the bell rings It's his wife she's also in a wheelchair without legs ... She tells him since the caraccident he isn't the same ... They both lost their legs but Enric also lost his mind ... Her lap is covered by a blanket ... an old blanket ... he recognizes it ... He sighs he has problems with talking while his wife is still a good talker ... but no legs

She wants to be with him ... together they go to his bedroom ... She's from another hospital ... for he also needs mental care ... She undresses herself very slowly ... It's like he experienced this before ... She has a tattoo of a spider between her breasts ... and again he smells strange flavours but there is no footprint ... no strange shoes for she has no feet ... She undresses him He's too weak for it and then they make love ... like having everything ... It's so much deeper than before the crash ... It's like they really found each other now ... They have time for each other They were both teachers ... being too busy to listen to each other why did he have butcher-dreams after the crash ? He wasn't a butcher ... but a teacher ... so why ? ... or ... is it the same ? It's like he feels a foot on his chest ... It's a tight pressure ... He breaths in very deep ... It's like they fly like eagles

The Secret of Hell

I was stumbling through hell, through the lakes of fire. The Tribunal of Skeletons had been unmerciful to me. I was condemned with even greater death. There were storms around me, howling, and mocking me. The heat was penetrating my skin. If the goddess wouldn't have anointed me by her magic potions I would burn here for sure. The memory of her in my heart was healing me and guiding me.

But suddenly a ghost slapped me in the face and took it all away, while I was sinking into the lake of fire. I was doomed. I couldn't remember her anymore, neither the one who brought me here.

A skeleton lay before me in the lake, floating, while blood came out of its mouth. I tried to run away but I couldn't. Something had bound me, and there were hounds of hell around me all of a sudden. I had never seen such a sight. This was a place of death, with skulls of elephants, skulls of dogs and lions, even of tigers. There was no way out of this situation. There were jewels staring at me, like they were speaking. I was doomed. I had been judged by a high centurion, a roman bastard. I was marked, there were strange letters on my bones. Then dogs started to bite me to drink from my juices. I fell asleep, couldn't stay awake.

But the next day they led me to the roman emperor. He was laughing at me. He had a robe with greek signs, and further strange symbols. Some figures who looked like popes stood close to him. They were skeletons in garments. 'Why am I here ?' I asked.

'Oh, you're prisoner number 20010,31,' the emperor said. 'Not even a full number. So why would I tell you.' Then he smiled and gave me a garment. It looked like flesh, and when I put it on it became one with my body, like a second skin. My body became very elastic. 'You're now king of hell,' he said.

'Oh, but I thought I had broken the law here or something,' I said.

‘No,’ the emperor said, ‘you were just on a trip and now you have visited me.’

Later I found out that to be a king of hell meant you had access to a deeper place in hell which looked like a forest. I had a forest skin. I had survived my long trip through hell, and I finally made it here. I was free in this place, like I was an animal. I could breath fresh air, although it smelled like pigs, horses and other sorts of beasts. This place was surrounded by huge fires. There were a lot of trees around me with strange hearts. The hearts were shining their lights, and strange silver snakes seemed to come forth from them.

‘Breath, my son,’ someone said. When I followed the sound I came to a place where a unicorn lay in the grass. It was a white unicorn. ‘The secret of hell is that there is a world inside,’ the unicorn said. I showed the unicorn my marks, my scars. ‘Yes,’ the unicorn said, ‘it’s a strange language telling a strange story.’

I was crying, while a bright jewel appeared before me, between me and the unicorn. ‘Watch it,’ the unicorn said. I saw so many worlds in this transparent stone, and lights were coming forth from it. ‘Hell is only a doorway to these worlds,’ the unicorn said. ‘It is the heart of hell, where you will find so much love.’ I couldn’t remember what love was.

Suddenly a beam came from the jewel, and my heart started to change into a clock. Also a brilliant sword appeared before me. ‘Take this,’ the unicorn said. ‘It’s only a matter of time.’

It was like all the dragons in my head started to melt away, and the voice of the unicorn took me over, something much stronger. The unicorn was a clean being, so full of love that I could forget about everything else.

‘Remember,’ the unicorn said. ‘Time is but a shell. There are worlds inside, eternal places.’

Before I realized I was on the back of the unicorn, and we were on our way to a great castle in the distance. It was almost like the sun was falling upon us, but the unicorn made a brilliant sight of it. It was such a holy creature, beyond anything, the greater unknown. I felt safe with him, like I finally found a true friend.

Suddenly I saw the beautiful forest in the flames, and even the opening of the castle was of stone. 'Everything of the castle is of stone,' the unicorn said. 'Only when you have a clock you can move through it.' Well fortunately my heart was a clock, and I could enter with the unicorn. Now the flames were surrounding the castle. Inside the castle a white and a black hand were holding each other, while two shiny cups were coming from them. There was no racism in the castle, but I knew outside it was. Black and white were united together here, and by being twisted around each other they had created the most beautiful things. But someone was tearing this whole unity apart like it was a veil. A big fish lay behind it, showing its tail on which a small girl was sitting with brilliant light. She was holding a key, while the black and the white came together again. This time the black and white were kissing each other, but again a hand tore them apart from each other, and also the fish tail got torn apart. A tall sword appeared, while the black and the white tried to come together but they couldn't. And I saw the small girl shedding many tears.

The unicorn told me it was a universal picture. I saw another color coming forward : red. And the red could bring the black and white together. But they were yelling against each other, and they both got red. Then it exploded, like a red pearl exploding, and blood was all over. The castle was like a red stone now. No one could move, and everything was turning blue, little by little ... first purple, then blue Like frozen. And everything got torn even more by the blue, until there were splinters everywhere. It was like a machine, like someone was taking a picture.

'There is a harmony,' said the unicorn, 'even in the greatest evil and the greatest chaos.' A flame was coming from my heart, and my clock was in fire. I could move again, but everything around me had been frozen. 'Move on,' said the unicorn, 'for small things can only get a place in the bigger pictures.' A huge portal opened before me, and I saw big paintings, but they were all burning. 'Only the biggest picture doesn't burn,' the unicorn said. 'It is the framework for which all the smaller pictures must make place.' I saw all those paintings move, while a path was appearing. The biggest painting was a ball floating in the nothing above a cup.

'It is something you must drink,' the unicorn said. I took the cup and drank. And that biggest frame was entering my head. It was like the hugest attic I ever saw. And the trick was it could become the smallest thing as well. It was the big and the small united which could make it the biggest. Where the big and the small were united it looked aggressive. But that was just a point of view. It was the framework, like a puzzle, like a camera, but at the same time like a cigar-lighter. It was harmony.

I could see the big eyes of the unicorn. There was flowing so much love from it. It was harmonious love. There was also disharmony, which was in perfect harmony with this harmonious love. The dragons had always been the creatures of disharmony, but the unicorn was both dragon and unicorn.

In the deepest of hell there was a slain zebra. The unicorn was coming forth. There was so much wisdom in this place, in perfect harmony with innocence and stupidity. Where there was only knowledge, without wisdom, it would if it would grow turn into stupidity. It was a strange tower, bending in the clouds. There were clowns on bicycles who could cycle across the walls to the top, all in perfect harmony. It was a strange picture, like a dream. The clowns seemed to disappear when coming close to the top. When there was only wisdom, without knowledge, it was also the work of clowns. I saw two snakes twisting around a strange tree. One snake was called gnosis, knowledge, and the other was sophia, wisdom. The tree started to burn and split. There were clowns on both sides, and a doctor offering medicine. This was hell.

I saw the two snakes trying to reach each other, but they couldn't. The doctor was the boss here. He opened a rippled shell with a small roulette game in it. Gamblers were all around, spoiling their money, all for a bit of medicine, while the doctor was laughing. This was hell. The winner got some medicine and got addicted for life. A slave This was hell. I saw gnosis and sophia both blind and deaf by the medicine, not able to find each other, only a stake. What would bring them together ? They could only smell each other. And the stake was medicine, a strange sword, and it slayed them. And again I saw the small girl crying.

The doctor was the god of hell, but this time I saw the small girl crying so much that the flood reached heaven, and it started to rain in hell, melting the medicine. It flew through the keyhole, and brought the small girl through it, and also the two snakes. The two snakes found the small girl, and together they formed a boat for her. This small girl had the name 'love'. Soon they came to an island, where the two snakes found a new tree. There was a lion with one horn on his forehead, holding a flower in his paw. There was knowledge, there was wisdom, but most of all : there was love.

In the middle of the island there was a pyramid with an eye on it. The eye was blind, but it thought it could see everything as someone had told it to the eye. But the eye had only a picture in it's memory, not the biggest picture, so it was in the flames. So the eye was melting, crying, but it was thinking it was happy, for it could see everything. And one moment the eye was so small that no one could see it anymore. And this was hell, for ignorance had been called knowledge, and grew into stupidity, and soon I saw clowns on bicycles cycling to the top of the pyramid, while the doctor was laughing louder. And this disharmony was in perfect harmony with harmonious love. And I saw the small girl laughing as well.

And that day I found out : hell was a circus, and the unicorn was the harmony of all things, which was the half-dragon. I wanted to see the machines, but even more : I wanted to forget about them. I mean : There had to be bigger machines out there, machines who wouldn't burn

so loud, but who were merely the frames of it all. I wanted to escape from this fairground, but was there an exit ?

The entrance and the exit lay close to each other like a snake biting it's tail. But at the same time I knew : there is no exit, for every exit is just a deeper entry. It was like a whirlpool sucking you deeper, showing you the mechanisms of life. And the unicorn was in this a very welcome narrator. How often the enemy and the friend would like to shake hands because of their pain and loneliness, but they couldn't. Someone was holding them apart, a faith, which means : a war. Knowledge and wisdom seemed to grow there, and even love, but the enemy and the friend could never be together. They were marionets, dancing their own dances. They were killers, killing everything which was different. There is something greater than knowledge and wisdom : cunning, phronimos. Cunning is more sensible, personal, interactive and communicative, as the tree of life, zoe. This is true medicine. Zoe is the doctor giving rhema, the living word. So then we have this formula : Zoe = gnosis+sophia+phronimos. Phronimos brings the two together. Is then love the same as life ? Is Zoe the small girl ? Is she the true doctor ? Zoe is another word for life, and together they are 'love'. Phronimos is strategy, getting the whole picture. It has to do with the roots of the tree : depth. It is a lost service, a lost doom.

'Now you know the secret of hell,' the unicorn said. 'It's cunning, deep deep cunning. All to open up the senses.' I looked at his big eyes. There were the most beautiful ornaments in his eyes. I trusted him. He was my friend. There was harmony when I looked at him, deep deep harmony in everything. It made me calm.

She worked for Mrs. Molly. She was in the kitchen. She took some tea, and became dizzy. Soon she found herself laying on the ground. It was like the floor below her was melting. She felt herself sliding through a tunnel, deep down. Suddenly she saw a valley, very dark, with huge skulls. A spider moved towards her. It was all sticky. She was in a web. Something was eating her from inside.

She woke up. She was paralyzed by fear. When she came to the home of Mrs. Molly everything was quiet. A few guests would come today. Mrs. Molly was still sleeping. 'Are you there, dear?' she suddenly heard.

'Yes, Mrs. Molly,' she said almost whispering. She drank some tea, and brought some tea to Mrs. Molly.

'Spiders are of fear,' Mrs. Molly said.

'What?' she asked.

'Spiders,' Mrs. Molly said. 'They are of fear. They spread fear.'

'Oh,' she said.

'Why are you saying that?'

Mrs. Molly didn't say anything anymore.

The housemaid went to the door. She opened it for the guests who had just arrived. No one could possibly know about the spider, so why would Mrs. Molly talk about them? The housemaid made some coffee for the guests.

Late in the evening the housemaid went home. It had been a busy day. It was raining. When she came home she went to her bed immediately. She was very tired. That night she had a dream about Indians. They were hunting. She had strange feelings in her stomach. They did terrible things to the animals. Her nipples started aching. Then she saw how the Indians were turning into a spider. Everything seemed normal all of a sudden. It was like she could understand that the spider was hungry. Another insect was eaten. She didn't know what kind of insect it was. It was like the horror didn't bother her anymore. When she woke up she felt guilty. How could she not feel empathy for the insect in her dream? She fell asleep again, and dreamt about bottles. Bottles with jewels on it. She wanted to drink from those bottles, but she couldn't reach them. Some people were laughing at her. The bottles seemed like filled with magic. Suddenly the laughers turned into Indians, and then into spiders. Now she was the prey herself, but she felt the animal was so hungry. It was so hungry that it couldn't control itself anymore. She just let the animal eat of her flesh. She didn't care. All she cared was about the spider ...

She called the spider 'darling', and then she felt like dying, but she was in the arms of a man. And the man turned into a fire. 'I cannot help it that I am burning you,' spoke the fire. 'You are close to me. I cannot help it.'

'It's ok,' she said. 'It doesn't hurt me.' Then the fire turned into a swarm of flies, and then into flowers. She felt love from the man. She felt love from the man. 'I am consuming you,' said the man.

'In me you are safe.' She felt like locked up, but she didn't care. She felt warmth from the man.

'Who are you ?' she asked. But then she woke up. She felt guilty.

The next day she went to Mrs. Molly again. She made food for the guests. She didn't speak to them. Mrs. Molly was silent as ever. After a long day of hard work the housemaid went home again. Feelings of guilt started to flow over her again. She went to bed.

She was dreaming of horses, and Indians hunting. They were led by a native princess. She was in white clothes, made of white animal-skins. The princess came close to her, and suddenly turned into a white spider to attack her. The housemaid started to run, deep into the forest, while the spider was chasing her. The housemaid found a little house somewhere in the depths of the forest, and ran inside. An old woman was there, who also turned into a spider. This time she wouldn't like to be eaten. She started screaming. Suddenly the house was in fire, and also the trees outside started to burn.

'There is nowhere you can escape to,' a voice spoke. The housemaid was shivering. Then she started to shriek while the flames were consuming her. It was a terrible pain. She woke up in sweat and didn't dare to go to sleep anymore.

In the middle of the night she went to the house of Mrs. Molly, and went to the kitchen. The nightmares started with the dream in the kitchen of Mrs. Molly. As soon as she saw the floor, she fainted. It was like she was sinking through the floor, and came into a dark forest. Ghosts were surrounding her, and started yelling, while she felt like she was melting. Then spiders were crawling over her, starting to eat her. She was shrieking.

She felt like she was drowning. She knew she was still sleeping. It was like she couldn't wake up anymore. As if she had slid into a coma. She felt like dying. She saw thrones in the distance. Everything around her was white all of a sudden. She looked into the faces of frozen leprechauns. They were almost like statues, or they were in a shock.

A dwarf walked up to her. But the dwarf melted away. Then a fairy walked up to her, but she also melted away. Everything around her was melting away. She felt like she had to vomit. She was still fighting for her life. Then she suddenly heard the voice of Mrs. Molly : 'Spiders are of fear. They spread fear.'

Mrs. Molly ? the housemaid said. Are you there ?

--But no one answered.

There was something in that tea, said the housemaid. I knew it. There's something wrong. I need to get out of here.

Again she was calling Mrs. Molly, but no one answered.

Then she heard someone saying : 'You are under the curse of the leprechaun.'

How to break it ? she asked.

'You cannot break it,' the voice spoke.

What can I do then ? she asked.

--Nothing.

Oh come on, there has to be a way out of it, she said.

--No.

Then who are you ? she asked.

--Nobody.

'Yes, I know you are a nobody,' she said. 'How dare you talk to me like this.'

--I am the leprechaun.

'Well, soon you will be frozen like the others,' she said.

And then the voice was melting away. There were no witches, giants or any other creatures as mean as the leprechauns. The leprechauns used money to upset everyone, but at times they just turned into hunting indians, spiders, flies, flowers, men or fire ...

She was shivering and crying. She didn't know where she was. She just knew she wasn't awake. She was like locked up in a nightmare. Maybe she was in a coma, or even dead. I cannot stand this anymore ! she shouted. She felt like she was starting to freeze now also, like turning into stone, and then she woke up. See, I am not dead, she said to herself. But she lived on between the parasites. They called it life, but it was death.

Wars of the Flies

In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack

He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.

There are standing racecars on the tall attic on the tall table, where the nephews play. These racecars are a species of flies. They like to get fast to break through the picture. Then nothing has form, nothing has shape, and everything starts all over again. There's coming soft smoke from their throats.

Their fathers have smoked too much. Tall cigarettes are their cue's on the billiardstable, while the balls are of gold in all colours. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments.

The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. There where the nephews live. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.

He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.

He's a flyian mariner, without an army. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples. Their immunology systems are overactive, but a White Golden Hand takes them away. They just need to have a good circulation, and he teaches them art. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. They have no shape here, only movement and change. They are free.

In White Golden Ornaments we are free, no identity, no names. It's shifting so fast into endless summers, to become blue on top ... a bit blue.

The popes of hell were judging the masses entering the huge hall. I had never seen such a huge hall. I was there too. Close to me there were all sorts of skeletons in deep pain. The popes of hell were laughing. They had big books under their arms, often with symbols of medicine. In the distance there was a tribunal of skeleton-popes. Weak souls were crying there but these popes seemed to be without mercy. A huge door made of bones opened, and these weak souls had to enter there, receiving their eternal punishment. There was fire and smoke behind the huge bony door, and the skeleton-popes didn't show a smile. There was a difference between the popes of hell and the skeleton-popes. These skeleton-popes had a lot more power, and they were often more serious. An awful stench filled the hall. I made myself a way through the mass. There were a lot of huge doors, often made of bones. I entered through one of them and came in a sort of garden. Here skeletons were playing, black skeletons. They didn't seem to care about popes. There were also some frogs and toads dancing around them. They were pretty big. It looked like a party. Further on in the garden it turned into a forest. I saw the lambs of hell in a pasture nearby, and in the distance I heard the hounds of hell barking. I started wandering through the forest for awhile, and finally came into a wilderness where the trees were higher than I ever saw. It was an amazing sight.

There were skeleton-flies in the air, and some skeleton-elephants were around. This was the place of the goddess Mur. It all looked like a puppetmarket to me. Finally in the depths of the wilderness I reached her place. She was a beautiful black woman with high veils around her hair. These veils were very transparent, and in a sense she looked like a sort of fairy to me. The goddess Mur was surprised to see me. She took off her veils and moved her head wildly to make a mess of her hair.

‘Do I have to call you pope or popess?’ I asked. She smiled.

‘I’m the grandpope of all fairies,’ she said.

‘What’s the deal with all these popes of hell and skeleton-popes and such?’ I asked.

‘Oh, I need to arrange them, arrange everything here in hell,’ she said.

I sighed. She wanted to give me a cup of water, but I refused.

‘Let’s see, why are you here with me ?’ she said. ‘You know I have set you free from the market one time, so why are you here again ?’

‘Well I’m gracefull,’ I said. ‘I think I love you.’

She smiled. ‘Are you sure you do not want anything to drink ?’ she asked.

‘No,’ I said. ‘I’m not so thirsty at the moment.’

One of her monkeys came close to her, and started to hang at her. She smiled again. ‘Well, I’m glad you’re back,’ she said.

She was okay. I didn’t like the popes of hell, and those skeleton-popes, but she was okay. Since she had set me free from that stuff and marked me, the popes of hell and the skeleton-popes left me alone.

I knew a bit how it worked. She was in war against Arbeitir, the goddess of a place near hers. She had a same sort of market like this. All these popes were merely the warriors in this system. It was all part of the big war of hell. I didn’t know Arbeitir. I had heard a lot of her, but I had never been there to find out about it’s mysteries. It seemed Mur was glad to see me because I could mean something to her. She showed me a key, and led me to the gate where her place lay against the border of Arbeitir’s place. She gave me the key and said : ‘Take this. It’s important for you and me. If we want to win this war, we need to figure it all out. If not we will be Arbeitir’s slaves one day, then the unknown will grasp us. You know I do not have any powers there. Go there, and use the magic I once taughted you.’

I started wandering through the cities of the place of Arbeitir, having the highest, tallest skyscrapers I ever saw before, all surrounded by strange smoke in a bloodred sky. In the highest building of them all of course Arbeitir herself lived. That was what Mur had told me. As I wandered through the streets of the villages and cities I encountered poor and dirty women who had to do heavy work. There was no sense of reward here, only misery. Arbeitir lived in a sort of tower. It looked like a huge cross from a distance, by which she had survey over her realms. It took me hours of walk on the stairways before I reached the top. It was a huge hall where she lived with her cats. She wasn’t what I

had expected. She was a black woman. There were popes of hell all around her, and a lot of skeleton-popes. She herself looked like a grand-pope.

‘Come closer,’ she screamed. I didn’t know what to do, but her big cats took me in a grip, and I didn’t have another choice. ‘Why do you let poor woman work for you in dirt and under such a burden ?’ I asked.

‘Who are you, and what are you doing here ?’ she asked.

I realized her place was much bigger than Mur’s.

Suddenly a fat black woman came in with towels around her head holding a precious jewel. ‘I can zombificate him, princess, if you want. Or I can make a precious dinner of him, what do you want ?’ she said.

‘No, I want him alive and well,’ Arbeitir said. ‘You can go now.’

The big fat woman left, while Arbeitir stood up from her seat. She directed her finger at a big door, where soldiers stood with spears. They looked like knights in a sense. ‘Let me be alone with him,’ she spoke to the soldiers. Then they left. I knew this was a woman with great power, and I didn’t know what my fate would be. A small man with a big ball on his head entered. ‘Lazaroi, you can also go. I need to be alone with this man.’ Then the small man left.

‘I want you to know that I know you come from Mur,’ she spoke. ‘She doesn’t know me. It’s merely her watchers and my watchers are in a fight, and her watchers give her the wrong information about me.’

Slowly I came closer to Arbeitir. She was a beautiful woman, and I almost couldn’t get my eyes off of her.

‘You dwell in riches here,’ I said. ‘While outside women are dying in poverty and by their burdens. Why don’t you help them ?’

‘I can’t help them,’ she said. ‘They live in such situations because of their wrong idea’s about me. I can only help them if they would approach me. I’m living here in a big vision.’

‘So you weren’t the one chaining them in such heavy slavery ?’ I asked.

‘No,’ she said. ‘Why would I ?’

‘Then who did it ?’ I asked.

‘They chose themselves males who did that to them,’ she said. ‘They made families, and they started to live around my vision. They are called the cinderellas.’

‘And where are their husbands now ?’ I asked. ‘For I only saw the women.’

‘Their husbands and children live deeper underground, even working harder,’ she answered.

I now realized there came a tear from her eye. ‘They say I am the source of their problems.’

‘So they should leave their families ?’ I asked.

‘I don’t care,’ she said. ‘They only work for their families. They are egoistic. If they would work for the benefit of the whole, they wouldn’t be so burdened.’

‘Yes, but isn’t that just a division, that everyone works for their own family ?’ I asked.

‘It shouldn’t be like that,’ she said.

I sighed. Neither did I have a solution. However I could return to Mur now to tell her that Arbeitir was different. But she stopped me. She wanted me to stay with her.

‘Why do you want me to stay with you ?’ I asked.

‘It isn’t good for you to return to Mur,’ she said. ‘She has a problem with information, you know. She mixes it up. I don’t want you to be her next victim.’

‘But this woman saved me,’ I said. ‘I think she deserves this information about who you really are.’

But the doors through which I came suddenly closed, and red spears blocked every approach to them. ‘It’s too dangerous,’ Arbeitir said.

In the midst of the night when everyone slept I escaped out of a small window. Fortunately I got picked up by a black lion-bird. Mur had sent it already to bring me back.

At the moment she was in a place with skeleton-pharao’s. They had higher powers than the usual popes, so she didn’t consult them too often. They could even be dangerous to her. They were dressed in the skins of zebra’s and their bones, striped by paint. The skeleton-pharao’s gave her some stones to increase her ice magic.

As soon as she could she came back to see me. She told me that the skeleton-pharao’s had told her that I was a dog of hell slowly returning to the pharaonic throne of hell. I was a king in their eyes, coming from the depths to incarnate here for a reason. It sounded interesting, as there was a lot to do here. This place had much potential, and the first thing I did was explaining Mur about Arbeitir. She immediately understood. It was like a burden fell away from her, and she knew she could better not take the information of the popes of hell and the skeleton-popes too serious.

One day Mur took me to the place of the skeleton-pharao’s. They lived in a huge complex building with a lot of halls and layers, even underground. It was an amazing place. But when they reached their sceptre out to me to become their king I could do nothing but refuse. They understood that my mission was maybe above their understanding of it. Mur smiled, and soon she took me away with her again to her place. I knew they could be of use, and I didn’t feel any threat coming from them.

There was another place, where indian skeleton chiefs lived, and their gods. Mur didn't know too much of them. She almost never came there. But whenever she came there it was always good.

Soon the war stopped between the watchers of Mur and the watchers of Arbeitir.

There was a school in the place of Mur where indian chiefs were the teachers of the popes. These chiefs seemed to have their knowledge from a certain pharaonic clock in the depth of the school's underground. It was a sort of speaking oracle. But it had spoken a lot of misinformation. The indian skeleton chiefs who were from another place said that they had something which could replace the pharaonic clock. It was called a dreamweaver, a mysterious web. It was a sort of elevator which could reach the deepest depths and also the highest heights, for much survey and investigation. It would be a source of information they could trust better.

It was in these days Arbeitir sent a red bird of hell to me to take me back to her. This time she opened herself up to me. She said that the secret of her success was because she worshipped some sort of stone named the Jewel of Fear. She said that this jewel needed to be worshipped above anything else. It was indeed the most beautiful and powerful stone. She showed me that the poor women who lived in dirt failed to worship this stone of fear by choosing themselves families. I wondered what the use of fear was. The big fat black woman came again, and this time she showed me her kitchens. She was a cook. She told me that the fear was the personification of time. If there wouldn't be time, there wouldn't be fear.

‘But what is the use of it ?’ I asked.

‘The jewel of fear is the clock of hell,’ the big fat woman said. ‘There is no life without it. Those who do not worship this jewel of fear soon or late sink away in paralysis. We can use them here in the kitchen.’

‘For what ?’ I asked.

Then she opened the door behind her kitchens, and I looked into a hall where they all hung.

‘For meat,’ she said.

‘Oh,’ I said, ‘but if this jewel of fear is so powerful, why doesn’t it bring them back out of the paralysis to give them a life again ?’

‘Because they do not worship the stone of fear. They actually hate it. And the stone needs meat, you see,’ the woman said.

I ran back to Arbeitir. ‘Why are you doing this ?’ I asked.

‘The Jewel of Fear is the only source of life,’ she said.

‘So the women who work in the cities and villages will also be paralyzed one day to end up in your kitchen ?’ I asked.

‘They mock the stone,’ Arbeitir said.

‘Then why don’t you tell them the truth ?’ I asked.

‘They don’t listen to me,’ Arbeitir said.

‘Then let me tell them and warn them, for I don’t want them to end up in such a horrible fate,’ I said.

‘They are egoistic, only living for their families. The ones trying to reach them will only crash against their walls. Why risking your life for it ? These women are dangerous,’ Arbeitir said.

‘What if we use Mur,’ I said. ‘She’s powerful and has a lot of powerful friends.’

‘No,’ Arbeitir said. ‘These women would kill her. They are predators.’

‘Then what can we do ?’ I asked.

‘We can’t do anything,’ Arbeitir said. ‘They know of the stone, and hate it. It’s their own choice.’

‘Maybe they are misinformed,’ I said.

‘Maybe they’re just evil,’ Arbeitir said. I now started to realize that Arbeitir already gave up on them.

In the midst of the night I went to the Jewel of Fear. It started to change into a cross before my eyes.

‘Rebirth in hell only happens by me,’ the jewel said. ‘The rest will die.’

I came in a wrestling against the jewel. I didn’t know what to do. Did I have to submit myself to it right away ? I finally did, as it was too strong, and I found myself worshipping it, while rays of light seemed to come forward from me.

‘You have saved yourself by that, soldier,’ the jewel said.

I still didn’t know what to do. I felt crucified. The next day I showed myself to Arbeitir and she saw my wounds. ‘These wounds will let you live forever,’ she spoke. It seemed to be a necessary initiation.

The next night I had another fight against the jewel. ‘I want to live in you,’ the stone said. ‘Then I can heal and you as well.’ In the fight I didn’t have another choice. The stone was too strong and pierced itself through my body. We were one now. It lived in my heart. I got an immense power, and the next day Arbeiter could see from my face something had happened to me. Since that day I had a certain power in Arbeiter’s place, and I could finally make an end of the horrible cannibalistic kitchens of the big fat black woman.

There was a wall in the midst of hell separating two parts which didn't know anything of each other. It had always been like that. No one knew something of the other side. When I went there I found out about it's guard : a two-faced man. No one seemed to get over the wall or come over the wall from the other side. Since I had the jewel of fear in my heart I started to develop wings, and one day I could fly to the other side. No one shot me down. I guess I was just lucky. The lambs of hell were dwelling on the fields there, and the fields were more or less burning. The lambs of hell wore all sorts of symbols on their heads, shiny symbols, and one of them was their king. I had never seen so many lambs of hell before. There were bulls between them, who seemed to be their prisoners of war, waiting for slaughter.

One of the lambs of hell stepped forward. It seemed to be their king. Suddenly they were devouring one of the bulls, while blood was streaming. Some savages like indians came from behind the lambs of hell. They seemed to be the owners of them. They seemed to use these lambs for all sort of things. Suddenly the air was full of birds of hell, floating down on the bleeding bull to eat from it's meat.

On the fields there were some big trees with dangerous cats in them. Suddenly they all ran away for some sort of unicorn was coming. The unicorn wore a crown and seemed to be the emperor here. But when it came closer I saw some sort of ghost was riding it. It was a skeleton-ghost. In a sense it looked like a monkey, and it smiled at me. I didn't know anything of this place. After awhile the unicorn with the monkey-like ghost-skeleton left again, and soon the lambs of hell with their owners were coming again, still with bulls between them. Another bull got slain now, but this time there were no birds of hell floating down, but huge flies of hell. After awhile chained popes came forward. They also seemed to be prisoners of war. These were the judgement-fields. I didn't know anything about the rules here. It was like my coming had triggered something in the others. I saw a lamb of hell trying to get across the wall, and after awhile also others made attempts. I didn't know anything of this nature, this wilderness, so I decided to go deeper into it. When I returned to the place where the walls stood, I saw that they had disappeared. They had been eaten away by the lambs of hell ... totally.

I remember the giant-pigs of this place. They were merely the petrol-stations of hell. The many vehicles I found here ran on pigblood. This place was obsessed by big trains. Also the big oxes seemed to be the oil for the big machines. Especially the bigger trains ran by their juices. There were a lot of pigbreedings and oxbreedings underground, gigantic complexes, all for oil.

When I returned to the Mur and Arbeitir their places weren't the same anymore, and I couldn't find them. The lambs of hell seemed to rule everywhere now, and everything was a wilderness. The tower of Arbeitir didn't exist anymore, neither the cities with the skyscrapers and neither the dreamweaver-elevator. There was an immense wilderness now, and of course a lot of railroads. Everywhere there were gigantic bull-industries and pig-industries.

I didn't know what had happened to hell, but since the wall had been broken down everything seemed to be burning.

I tried to fly away from it, watching it like a planet of fire in the distance, but it was growing with an immense speed almost absorbing the space around it. It seemed like no one could escape hell.

Suddenly there were explosions everywhere. The planet of fire was turning into an immense sun claiming the center of all space, while swallowing so many other planets. It pierced itself through the old sun, totally taking it over, totally digesting it, while shining in a new fire. It seemed like the sun had grown now, 20.000 times it's size. A shiny thin tall sword decorated by the finest jewelry appeared. It was an insectian sword. I saw a woman trying to grasp the sword, but when she got it she turned into blood. Fear was entering the space. Who would be the ruler of this new sun, the new ruler of hell, now it had changed so much ?

Flies seemed to fly around the sword, tall flies, with tall stings. They had stripes on their bodies. Suddenly there was another explosion and the whole space was in fire. I didn't know how long it took, as I had lost my sense of time. There was hell now everywhere. But it seemed to make place for immense ice. I saw faces appearing with strange pale lights on them, and many shadows. They were in darkness.

I wondered what kind of wall it was, which had been broken down. It was a wall of time it seemed. And new walls were appearing, and they were moving and turning, like a labyrinth. The sight was inducing sleep. It was all nothing but a dream now. Visions started to swim through it, growing up, looking for victims. I saw bodies swelling up, standing on their feet. And by a cross one could become thin to enter a new world. If one had reached the thinnest entrance there was a flash, and then they were in. Everything exploded into thinness. The cross looked like my own jewel of fear.

I saw the visions of hell looking for damned souls to enter their heads so that they could eat them undercover. These visions were inducing illusions to blind their victims for the reality. The visions of hell were merely intergalactic spiders without any sense of good and evil. They were just hungry, and tricked their victims just to survive. Like red lights they went out for hunts, and they also laid their webs and traps. They had the technology for that. Mur once made them, but when she found out they had dangerously growing artificial intelligence she only used them in her aquaria hoping they would never escape.

The lambs of hell seemed to be everywhere. They seemed to worship a pig at a cross and an ox at a cross. Suddenly another cross was appearing between them, a taller cross with a goat hanging at it. The lambs of hell all seemed to worship it. They dressed themselves like popes with capes and went downstairs to a lonely and small planet. I wondered what was going on. They were carrying a book.

There was a transparent curtain in the middle of space, and I saw them laying the book in some sort of lock. Then I heard all sorts of soft sounds like a melody, and the curtain opened itself. I could stare into a new world. The transparency of the curtain had always displayed something else. It had been a curtain of illusion.

I saw trains going through the opening between the curtains. They looked like huge flies of hell attached to each other. Big preachers settled themselves in the air like satellites, preaching about the three crosses. Only by these three crosses one could enter the new world. Millions and millions of nuns seemed to enter the new world.

I saw a big spaceship appearing above me. I wondered how such a big heavy thing could fly. The ship picked me up, and soon I stood eye to eye to the captain, a man around 55 years old. He took three tall plugs out of my head, and showed them to me. 'You walked with these things,' he said, 'keeping you chained into so many illusions. But you need to worship the four, so that not any of them can pierce your head so deep.'

'What do you mean by the four ?' I asked.

'Well,' the captain said. 'The ones in that false illusion only worship three crosses, but there are four. These are the main crosses. It's the cross of the ox, the chicken, the goat and the pig.'

It reminded me of the four animals of the book of revelation, surrounding a slain lamb. These four animals were an ox, an eagle, a man and a lion. Now this was something else.

'By the cross of the chicken we actually fly,' the man said.

I remembered the stone of fear in my heart which gave me the ability to fly. Now this was something else.

'This spaceship is called the hell,' the man said. 'The hells you saw were illusions. Hell is a spaceship. It's moving. It's bringing time.'

Again it reminded me of the stone of fear I had inside.

‘But our spaceship is dying,’ the captain said. ‘The four crosses are missing something. It’s the most important thing of a cross : fear. It’s jewels must return to the crosses, or we will all freeze and turn into stone.’

I didn’t dare to say anything, as I was afraid they would take my stone away. However, I could tell them about Arbeitir who seemed to know a lot about the jewels of fear, as she was worshipping them.

One day the captain showed me the four crosses in the depths of the ship, and he was right : there was a hole in the center of each cross.

The captain told me that deeper in the ship far below the crosses the chickens of hell lived. These were women who once lived among them more on the surfaces of the ship, but because they broke the rules all the time they got banned to the depths of the ship below the four crosses. The four crosses formed a web of strong radiation like a fence, so that they couldn’t return to the surfaces anymore. In time the women developed strange abilities. Some said they changed into evil chickens at times. This is how they got their name the chickens of hell. They could also steal the jewels of fear out of the crosses one time, so that the ship was doomed to die if they wouldn’t find it back. I became fascinated with the story, and one day I wanted to visit these women. They lived in the pits and ravines of the ship, in the deeper undergrounds of it’s wilderness. The women were predators now, and some said they had the ability to grill by their stare. They guarded the stones now. Some said they also bred the lambs of hell as predators. They worshipped a burning face, and one day they would take over the ship, according to this burning face.

One day I decided to go there to take a look. I soon found out that they worshipped five crosses instead of four. They had made their own four crosses and in the midst of them there was a cross with a man hanging at it. Again it reminded me of the book of revelation. Four animals and a slain lamb in their midst. In this case it was a man, and they had laid the jewels at his feet. Four of them. I was wondering why they had five crosses instead of four, and what kind of rules they had broken that they became the outcasts of the ship. As I was watching for awhile I saw them dancing around the crosses and worshipping the stones. It reminded me of Arbeitir. ‘I smell a man coming closer to us,’ one of the women said. ‘I smell that he doesn’t know who we are, and that he has been misinformed.’ I was at my guard but on the other side it attracted me and I wanted to know more of it. ‘Tell me what rules did you break to come here,’ I shouted.

‘Come closer,’ the woman was saying. Then she started to tell her story. As I came closer I could hear the cracking branches below the feet of the women. They were standing there, staring at me. I wanted to go beyond the legends and hear it from themselves. The women told me that it was a man’s world upstairs and that women had to bow down before their dictatorship, their uniforms. But here they chose for the broken man whose corrupted strong natural overpower had been broken to become savage, wild, instead of controlling. I watched the cross ... It wasn’t a real man but a doll. But when I watched it closer I saw it was a zombified man. The animals had also been zombified. Here the women ruled. Suddenly I knew I was in danger. I couldn’t go anywhere as the women had surrounded me. ‘Please try to understand us,’ one of the women said.

I told them that when the stones wouldn’t return to their crosses the ship would die. ‘Only their piece will die,’ another woman spoke. ‘Our piece will survive. They do not have the crucified man, and that is their lack.’

I waited till they all slept, and then I took the cross with the zombified man having the stones at his feet on my back and carried it to the place where the radiation-fence was. I placed the cross in the midst of the other crosses, took the stones and planted them in the centers of the four crosses. Much more radiation seemed to come, and a new and better fence started to form itself. I now knew that the women could never steal the stones again. It was because of this fifth cross which was lacking the women could do such things. The next day I told it to the captain and explained about the fifth cross, the cross in the middle, with the crucified man. He understood it completely and was very glad.

He said that the trip of the ship was actually towards a certain constellation called the Bison. He showed me a picture of a broken cross, not like a swastika, but more like a real cross and deeper broken into a sharper sting. It was called the Bison Cross or hidden cross. He said that the bison had always been the symbol of male power, and he understood that it had to be broken first to become savage. It happened by this deeper broken cross, which looked like lightening. Their trip was to the heart of the Bison constellation where they had to raise this cross and be the new center of hell. It would trigger new lightening for a new world. I looked at the Bison Cross on the picture. It looked like a sign which had been carved into my stone as well. I never understood the sign, but now I did. It looked like bow and arrow in a sense.

The captain had an old bible with the original Hebrew words and their translations. He was reading the part of Genesis in which God promised he would never devour the earth by water again. The mark of that promise was the Qeshet. They used to translate it as rainbow, but in the original Hebrew meaning it was a thunderstorm, the celestial archer, which was God on his chariot. It was a sign he ruled the weather, and by this sign his people would rule the weather as well. The actual sign was the lightening sceptre, the bison cross. By this God could break all the male powers of nature. It was the hidden cross by which he could tame them.

In many cultures the gods ruled by lightening, and it was by this bison cross. This was actually the sign by which Moses could split the sea. I remembered in some indian tribes when a man would be 35 years old there needed to be a bloody series of rituals to break the bison spirit in him. I remembered these rituals were so cruel that young boys grew up in fear of becoming 35, and many ended their lives before they reached that age. It was all to protect the tribe against the untamed overcontrolling power of the male. I remembered at the end of the series of rituals the man needed to be 'reborn' by entering into a living bison and then creeping to the top of it to 'take it over'. This was the sign of overcoming their own corrupted male forces, their erected pride. Not many men survived this ritual, as they often drowned in the blood, in the body of the bison. They had been martyred for the better.

It was a huge experience to see such a big ship entering the heart of the Bison, between the stars, taking it's position. There was lightening everywhere. I remembered gods like Zeus, Donar, Wodan and Odin, riding on their chariots through the sky causing thunder and lightening. They were actually reflections of this powerful sign of God, the Qeshet. It was the bison-hunter, the savage, wild indian. The bison had to be stung and broken, for every herd of bison would be one man of power. This was why the romans focussed their worship on Mithras, the bull-hunter, instead of Qeshet the bison-hunter. They wanted to raise their men of power to rule the world. God wanted his people to follow his sign, Qeshet, the bow of the archer, and to receive it's mark, but his people chose a lovely rainbow. Qeshet finally disappeared totally when Mithras became the Messiah, Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is a bull-hunter in origin, not a savage bison-hunter.

The captain said that Qeshet once appeared to him showing that sign telling him he would have the victory by that sign. I remembered a roman emperor called Constantine who had a vision of another sign, the so called Chi-Rho, an X with a P inside, which was the ultimate sign of Christ by which he would conquer. In Hebrew the word 'water' had a much deeper meaning, as it was a mixture of sweat, blood, faeces and seed, and it literally meant 'dirt'. It was the source of creation, and thus Qeshet was the Creator and Lord of the Dirt. Ruling the water by this sign meant ruling the dirt and thus creating. It was a true powersign.

Qeshet was a thunderstorm, more powerful than just wind. In Hebrew 'wind' means strong odor. Qeshet, the sign itself, was the stench. It was very well the best kept secret of hell.

The romans were bull-hunters, keeping the bison-spirit, the source of all male power, alive. The bison was the king of all bulls and men. The men could get their male powers by killing the bulls. This was why they worshipped Mithras, and later Jesus Christ. Soldiers of Jesus Christ, the popes, were merely bull-hunters. First the romans hunted the christians, but later they just used them.

I saw the spaceship was making an end of the Age of Romans by the sign. It was like a vacuum cleaner. Again the captain was reading from the bible, about the creation of man. He had been formed from the dust, but in Hebrew it said 'dirt'. Man became an 'Aph' which was like a vacuum

cleaner, a dirt-eater. When the snake initiated man into the gnosis, the hidden knowledge, he got the same fate : eating dirt. Qeshet ruled, and broke man and it's erected pride. Qeshet however showed up again as he wanted to live in man, but man chose the sign of the romans, the Chi-Rho.

Chi-Ro was only a temporal sign, but Qeshet would be forever, and had to sink into the Aph to rule dirt and thus create. This Aph is the heart of the bison. The Aph needed to be broken, so that the Qeshet could enter.

I saw computers in the distance melting away. The sign had it's own technology and the spaceship was taking over.

There were a lot of stations in the evergrowing spaceship, and of course a lot of trains, running by dirt. It had a hidden bison industry. Many machines in the spaceship seemed to run on bison-oil. It was especially for television. Most of the time they used television for communication.

The End

Bodies on Coins

I was wandering through this huge prison now. I had been escaped out of my cell, but I was still in danger. It was night now, and everything was dark around me. It looked like a school. No one was around. I ran on stairways and through doorways, along classrooms. I was in hell. After awhile I was running through corridors of something which looked like a hospital. I was running hard. In the distance I saw a skeleton with a sort of ray-gun. I stopped, hid myself behind a huge plant. He walked along me, while I was holding in my breath. Fortunately he didn't see me. All I knew was that I had to be very careful now. After a few minutes I started running further. I saw a ray-gun somewhere, took

it, and shot some portals open. It was strange to me that there weren't any alarms. I didn't know where I was.

Then I was running through tall corridors of stations for hours and hours, and finally I reached the fresh air outside, in front of a burning desert. How could I escape from this ? I saw a balloon in the distance and some spaceships. They were making signals, friendly signals. Soon they picked me up. There was smoke all around us, and now I heard some alarms, but they said these were theirs. They brought me in a place in the depths of hell, with horned walls. There was a lot of jewelry here, and I didn't know where I was. All I knew was that I was in good hands.

'Hell is but a cocoon,' they said. 'It's of no use to get out. There is only an escape in it's depth.' Yes, there were amazing worlds deeper in hell, if we only would reach deeper. There's no use in escaping a cocoon. We must follow the trace to the end. Hands were holding transparent balls here, like jewels. It was an amazing sight. There was a mine in the depths of hell, with the most precious stones and ornaments, beautiful sculptures. It was like these sculptures were alive. A woman had turned her body and head to the sky, letting a fish sink into her mouth, but the fish looked like a cup. It was a waterfall. The waters were very shiny. There was a man with his head like a cup. The opening was his open mouth. It was wide open and headed to the sky. The man held grapes above the cup, and there was also water coming from it like a small waterfall.

There was a tree with big ears like an entry, but it was a trap. The tree looked like some sort of ascended master. It was a cocoon. This sculpture was called 'The Elephant'. A snake had twisted it's body around a tree and a stretched brown woman. The tree had branches like the ears of a rabbit.

In the midst of these sculptures there was a pond with a red pearl floating above it's surface. As soon as the red pearl touched the surface ripples were appearing in the pond, and the sculptures started to move. 'Eat me,' the red pearl said. I knew there were many things in me like frozen, so I didn't hesitate one moment. I took the red pearl and started to eat from it. It tasted like an apple. The sculptures really came alive now, and they started to hunt after me. I needed to run again.

'Run again, run again,' someone said. I saw a mighty hand in front of me. I stepped on it and it took me up. I could see the mechanisms of this place all around me. It didn't scare me. It took me up high, to the very center of hell it said. It was a castle. In this place ladybugs fell in love with locks, just to open them. I also saw scarabs doing the same thing. They were the keys in this castle. And they flew around me to open doors. I can remember their songs, their beautiful music, all to be a key. There were so many locks in this castle, but fortunately also many keys.

The ladybugs were such mighty creatures, but they were in war against the flies. The flies were subtle and cunning, and they had their webs everywhere. If they would catch a ladybug they would eat it

for sure, after fattening it up. There were certain locks only flies could open. These flies loved to sting. You had to sting these locks in certain ways to open them, and the flies knew how to do it. When the lock was almost open, it started to produce a strange smell. I couldn't bear it anymore to see it. It looked like torture. But a point was : if these locks wouldn't be opened, it would only get worse. So I followed the flies.

There were strange lights in the sky. Sculptures made of bone seemed to move again. There was something changing in the center of hell. All I knew was it was a labyrinth, a place of puzzles and riddles. It was a puzzle-master living here, who had made all these worlds, hoping someone would unlock the mysteries. The puzzle-master had made all these locks to protect himself, but at the same time he had left a trace for those who loved him, and those he loved. It was a difficult trace, and it had to be for otherwise dangerous predators could enter in. First you had to prove yourself, your love, your wisdom and your care.

The puzzle-master was a wonderful creature, but finally the flies found him and tore him apart. They made new worlds, with their own puzzles. They were the kings of hell. Who could crack the codes the flies made ? They could turn themselves into flowerfields, letting all the visitors sleep, and letting them sink into the deepest and cruellest traps. Traps ? They were merely puzzles. Who was the new king of puzzles ?

I knew a man, I met him there, who was a slayer. He didn't believe in all those puzzles. He had a sword by which he could open the most difficult locks. Not by cracking their codes, but just by slaying them right away. He said that to puzzle was leading you into the illusion made by the lock. When you would find the solution it would be just another illusion of the lock. This man said he had his knowledge from a different sort of flies : Indian flies. They taught him how to hunt and fight.

I started to believe this man, and he also seemed very protective. So I followed him more or less. He spoke words of wisdom. He said that hell was a ritual of sacrifice, also of self-sacrifice. That was actually the key according to him to come any further. The most important thing according to him was not the ritual of sacrifice, but the sacrifice of ritual. As to become ritualistic was the biggest trap in his eyes. He seemed to be a free man, but bound to this rule. It brought him life. It seemed his sword was the key to many worlds I didn't know of, all in the depths of hell. He seemed to accept certain locks, as a matter of self-sacrifice. So the worlds he showed me kind of floated between the surfaces and the depths of hell. It was in the middle of it. It was kind of a three-dimensional world, with the flashes of the four-dimensional. Too much sorcery was dangerous in his eyes, as it could enslave and bring illusions. He used the sword, and at times his knife, his bow and arrows. He also threw stones if he needed to. He also had a limited belief in the spiritual. He was careful with so called voices he couldn't see and feel. He needed to feel the flesh, so he preferred the women of flesh and blood around him. He was not materialistic, as we were in hell already. We had already done a great deal of spirituality, but we reached for the balance, and I believed him.

There were goddesses around here, oracles of flesh and blood. It was a new world like paradise. Only by balance we could enter it, he said.

I saw a circus in the sky, while he ripped it apart, both man and horse. He said he didn't bother, as it was only a veil of illusion. It all came down like a curtain. There was something strange in the eyes of the man, like he had the sparks of flies.

There were so many dreams in this realm, mixing themselves into the three-dimensional trying to make themselves come true. They came as wishes, then turned into thought, and finally vision to become flesh.

I needed to have my own home, my own place, so I went to a castle near to the place where the man lived. This castle I would make my home, my heart. I tried to remember all what the man had told me. There was a unicorn living in this castle. I wanted to know the secret of hell. I knew I could never really escape hell, as there seemed to be nothing else, so I had to find the key, a way to live with it, leading me into the deeper worlds, although I believed the words of the man when he said that it was all in the middle. Too much depth would be dangerous and deceiving. But I was also afraid of the surface and the non-growing. Was it all about to happen here like the man said ? I loved the unicorns, the half-dragons, the ones of harmony, as they had a place for everything.

I was smiling, as the unicorn came closer. This was a creature mightier than the dragon. Suddenly the being started to turn into a mass of indian flies, and then into flowers, and it seemed to be just the garment of an indian woman. She smiled at me. There were monkeys around here, and she stood among huts made of reed. She sat on a bench and suddenly she started to sing. I didn't know anything of this world, and didn't know the language. I could smell and feel so much but didn't understand.

'Welcome to the world of mazes,' she said. A coin was spinning before my eyes, turning blue and then copper. I grasped it. 'There is no unity in here,' she said. 'Everything lives in separation to make room for the unknown.' I stared at the coin which lay in my hand now. There was a face of an indian man on it.

'What is wrong with the worlds you come from ?' she asked. 'Why would you spoil your precious energy in trying to let them repent ? Why trying to change them, instead of continuing your journey into harmony. You are serving the illusions. There is no one you need to save, just come closer.' I watched this indian saint. I wondered what kind of religion it was, or philosophical system. She laid her hand in my hands.

‘What is it you are wondering about ?’ she asked. ‘Come with me.’ Then she stood up and I followed her. She guided me along young tigers and lions, and some black panthers. There were also white panthers in the distance, close to curtains. Also strange holy dogs with tall necks were around, and some lay on high benches. She guided me to a place where a huge head was floating between curtains. It was a sort of skull, and the place was darker.

‘Come closer, earthling,’ the skull spoke. The woman was still with me. We sat down on chairs, like we were in a cinema. ‘Where are you from ?’ the skull asked.

‘I made a long journey through hell,’ I said.

‘Oh, earth, you mean,’ the skull said. ‘Yes, that’s a part of hell.’

I nodded. Then the skull moved away, and another skull appeared. ‘I’m the ruler of hell,’ the big skull roared. ‘I have 3000 masks, and all kings are mine.’

‘Oh, are they your marionets ?’ I asked. The skull nodded.

‘Do you know the secret of hell ?’ he asked.

Suddenly purple flames jumped up from the floor in front of him. ‘This is the secret of hell,’ he said. ‘Somewhere between the red and the blue, the blood and the ice, there is life. He showed me some pictures of purple saints in garments, all purple pictures. Then he started to laugh. The flames started to bring forth pink pale hearts, very shiny, and surrounded by white silky ropes. ‘Pink it will be,’ he laughed. Then he smiled. ‘Do you want to be a part of the kingdom ?’

I said that I didn’t understand a single thing of what he was saying. I did remember the words of the man with the sword that there needed to be balance, for only the things in the middle were alive.

‘Well, pink is the middle between red and white,’ he said. ‘Green is the middle between yellow and blue. So my world is purple, pink and green.’ But it made me angry, and I remembered the man with the sword also spoke of sacrifice. ‘Is there another skull ?’ I asked.

Then another skull moved forward, while the skull with the middle talk disappeared. I took a deep breath. 'Portals in hell,' he said. 'There are many portals in hell, guarded by the hounds of hell or guys like us. The difference between the hounds of hell and us is that we allow you to choose Which skull do you choose ?'

I looked at the indian woman. 'Choose this one,' she whispered. 'This one is the best.'

'I choose you,' I said to the skull. Then the skull opened its huge mouth, and we entered in. It was like entering a mine, so full of precious jewels and stones. Then the indian woman changed into a unicorn again. I climbed on its back, and the trip started. The unicorn seemed to know this place, and soon we got to a new castle. Behind the castle there was a wilderness. The wilderness seemed to be full of indian saints. They looked like sculptures, and some sat in trees or in front of them. They bore wisdom.

I loved to listen to these sculptures. They talked for hours and hours and then they stopped to make place for something else.

Above a pond an apple was floating saying : 'Eat me, so that they will all move and come alive.' I ate, and it happened. In the midst of the wilderness there was a beautiful garden with a lot of flowers, and behind there were only flowerfields as far as the eye reached. There was a woman living in these flowerfields with the name 'Divide and Rule'. She was stirring up all sorts of fights. She was the goddess of a certain arena, and she was cruel. 'Why aren't you among the saints ?' I asked her.

She didn't say anything. She was just mad that I had awakened out of her spell. She tried to ignore me, but me and the unicorn came closer to her, together with all the other saints who had awakened out of her webs. She had drillmachines all around her. Suddenly she raised one of the drills. 'I am the secret of hell,' she said. No one dared to come closer to her, but suddenly the horn of the unicorn started to change into a drill and pierced her. She fell to the ground, and flowers fell on her to cover her. 'Let the funeral begin,' someone was shouting, while the others were roaring : yes.

It was the strangest funeral I had ever seen. They were all surrounding her and weeping. She was a sleeping beauty now, covered by so many flowers and webs. Then plants of drill-thorns started to cover her, huge plants, and she was sinking into the ground, while tears were covering it. A huge sea came into existence, like a whirlpool, and the sea was green purple and pink. Everybody started to drink from it, and most of all the unicorn. The flowers seemed to wake up, showing their bows and arrows. They were showing their traps all of a sudden, like huge mouths, and they began to drink from the sea as well. It happened to become a pond, and an apple was floating above it saying : eat

me. I did, while the flowers came alive again. Huge warriors, like the vulcanoes of hell. And they spoke and showed their thorns : all drills.

There was a flowerthrone, and a new 'Divide and Rule' now. It was the unicorn, and on it's crown there was written : harmonious love. There were coins spinning in our heads now, new coins, not with heads on it, but with the body of this indian woman saint. There was no head on the coin anymore, only a body. As soon as the coin started spinning, the body started to move as in a strange ritual dance. On the edge of the coin had been written : 'Separate and Rule'. Showing the coin was enough. There was no need to pay for anything. The drills had made holes in the coins, so they could be stringed as jewelry.

The unicorn brought a new isolation, and only the unknown was it's frame. And wherever the unicorn came, minttrees seemed to grow, holding so much medicine, and bringing forth the coins. Many of these coins could be eaten. They gave dreams and eternal access. It was the mystery of hell.

High on the hills the flyhives of death are dwelling. It's merely a pigbreeding, as they use pigs for honey, silk and much more. The hivecombs in which it is all happening they call the smiles of suffering. It is a feared place, as the flyhive-combs are merely deadly mills in which they put their prisoners of war and hunt, and these are not only pigs. 'War to the bees ! War to the spiders !' the queen of the hive-flies was screaming. Armies of deadly flies were coming forward, armed like the best warriors. They had edgy swords and sharp spears and other cutting weapons with many stings. It was a war like hell. At the end of the day the combs were full, and they started to work. Silk came forth and leather for the tailor-flies, and honey and meat for the butchers. It was like the combs were smiling, and this was why they once started to call them the smiles of suffering. The queen of the hive-flies was a cruel woman. Some of the flies could produce silk like spiders and could build webs to attract prey. It seemed the flies were very good at it. They had all sorts of tricks to get it done. A lot of horror was happening all the time in the flyhives, and the flies seemed to enjoy it. They were full of hate and very bitter as they once had been caught by the queen of the flyhives to become her slaves and gladiators. She had been very cruel to them, and she still was. It seemed like they became like her through all the years. They had learnt trickery from her, webs and traps, which she first tested on them. Not many of them survived these tests, as she wanted only the best warriors and hunters. But slowly the armies were growing and growing. They loved to eat wasp-meat and ladybug-meat, but most of all : the honey of it. There were hundreds and hundreds of flyhives and each flyhive had it's own general. The generals were the best of the best, and they were the loves of the queen of the hive-flies. She lived in a place far above the flyhives, which the flies used to call the tongue of the fly. No one could penetrate this place but the ones given permission by her. Everyone entering lost so much of their consciousness, and even not many survived, even if they had the permission of the queen of the hive-flies. And that was why she lived a quiet life, for not many dared to ask for her permission. Only some generals had the grace of staying alive. The secret of her powers was a cross with an ear in the middle. It was a strange amulet she once got from a raven, by which she could crucify and change the consciousness and the unconsciousness. By this she could get almost everything in her hand. But the raven had also prophesied that one day a man would come to defeat her. This was why she didn't keep men alive for too long. She would raise men till they were in their thirties, and then she would kill them. But most of them she killed earlier, as she didn't want them to be a threat. One day her amulet had been stolen. It was like she couldn't breath anymore, so she let all her generals come to her one by one and killed them. She gave the flyhives to someone else, a soldier she trusted, and then she flew away. She knew she couldn't stay any longer or she would die. In her weakness a fly of another flyhive killed her. The fly brought her body to his own queen of hive-flies.

The flies of the flyhives of the killed queen were glad their slave-mistress was dead. They were free now, and many of them left the flyhives. For the first time the place called the tongue of the fly was now open to everyone. From the body of the killed queen of the hive-flies they made another cross : a cross with a heart in the middle. It became a powerful amulet, and soon many more of these amulets started to rise. Everyone who would have such an amulet and wear it, would be immune against slavery.

Flyman

They erase minds They erase the memory They are the indian flies, with strange black tattoos on their hands They are a strange feeling, pumping up the layers of the body, so deep, where no one filled up ever before They are the gods of a new generation having pink eyes hot boiling brown behind it, escalating into black ... like beads They erase visions They erase everything They pump up the layers between the layers to let new forms rise The old forms aren't important anymore They are just shades shades of a past that didn't really exist It only seemed to be someone's point of view They erase the conscience while there are no taboos no borderlines, as everything is in order They erase the lights in the mind They erase the lightstructures of the feelings A new science is in their hands That of the indian flies They are erasers, to shapeshift the world, by strange lightening There is no excuse no explanation as some things can't be explained It's a higher code of existance they bring a new mind, and a new heart It's a higher code of ethics It's called God but it's more There are no borderlines Nothing is forbidden As everything is in order since the flies came to the earth

It was dark on earth worldwars one after the other The flies invaded in a time no one expected it. They seemed to come out of nowhere full of wings up to a hundred each fly They came from a place no one could imagine They pierced their way through the layers of the earth stinging the minds of millions until everything was burning It was the ultimate delirium There were high voices drawing new pictures All gates of the unknown seemed to open In these ages a hero stood up a hero named Flywoman She lived in a world without mercy where no one cared for the other, and where a gang seemed to rule and terrorize the whole place It was a gang of women named The Mean Women From a distance Flywoman came, as she had heard the sound of the Mean Women They had a gathering on a balcony somewhere in a flat-building. The Mean Women were more dangerous than wild cats. They were a sort of catwomen, coming from a strange planet. Flywoman landed on the balcony and kicked one of the women in her face. The woman fell, while the others jumped on Flywoman. They scratched her and spat on her, while Flywoman dropped a time-detonator which stuck immediately to the ground. Then she flew away, pushed a button on a device and the whole balcony exploded. But the next day it was in the newspapers that the Mean Women had killed many people.

Flywoman sat on her flying motorcycle and covered the city by webs and nets. Then by pushing a button on a device a vibe was sliding across the webs in search for the locations of the Mean Women. On the screen she could see red lights blinking and by one push on a button all these places started to explode. Then she went to another city to do the same. But deep in the underground there was a huge gathering of the Mean Women. Here thousands and thousands of them came together, following Flywoman by a big screen. They all laughed, as most of them were safe here in the underground. Here the vibes of Flywoman couldn't come. From here the Mean Women ruled the men in power and toposition. These were nothing but their slaves, and actually ... robots George Meadow was a man who didn't want to have anything to do with the topositions. He couldn't stand their arrogance. He had a normal job, and spent his time a lot with thinking. He thought that the topleaders were just making war because of business. In his eyes it had to do with thievery on a big scale ... a big swindling game He dreamt about Flywoman, his hero ... He liked the stories he read about her because he could relate to her so much He was often dreaming that he would be Flyman. Suddenly he heard some sounds close to his balcony. He opened the window and saw Flywoman. He couldn't believe his eyes, and was a bit shocked 'I ... I'

'It's okay,' Flywoman said 'Can I have some water here ?'

'Well, of course ----' George said. 'I can't belief my eyes. What are you doing here in town ?'

Then Flywoman told him the story. He asked him if he wanted to come with her to the underground. On the balcony the flying motorcycle stood, and there were high sounds coming from it. 'My motorcycle is getting hot,' Flywoman said. Together they went to the motorcycle. 'Wow,' George said. 'I always wanted to ride on such a thing.'

'Well climb behind me,' Flywoman said, as she stepped on the motorcycle. Quickly she found her way to the underground, where the Mean Women still had their gathering. Someone had a microphone and spoke to the others in a huge hall : 'This is the age that we as the Mean Women will get absolute power. All men in topositions will be nothing but our marionets in business and war, until they worship us us, as we are their only way out' Then she showed on a screen behind her a sort of paradise. 'This, ladies, will be the vision in their minds by our new drug we will sell to them when they have reached their most hopeless position. And you are going to take care of that. You will make hopeless slaves of them junks' All the women in the hall were clapping and laughing. 'And where is that paradise ?' someone was asking.

‘The paradise doesn’t exist,’ the lady with the microphone said. ‘It’s only simulated by the drug they use, and then after awhile it fades away and they have to buy it again.’ Again the women were clapping and laughing. ‘How many addicts do we have at the moment ?’ Then the face of the lady seemed to change, like she got a bit angry and upset. ‘We have let’s say half of the world under our feet. This is a new project. But there is one town standing in the way : Orlock Town.’

In the meantime Flywoman and George could enter the underground, and by her device she could trace the weakest place where they could enter the building. They came to the side of the building, where they could blast a wall. ‘I wonder why this is the weakest place,’ Flywoman said. In the hall everyone seemed to hear the explosion, and the face of the woman with the microphone changed into bitterness and irritation. ‘Let some girls find out what’s going on !’ she shouted. Immediately a group of armored women went after the sound. In the meantime Flywoman and George found out that where they had come was a storage full of boxes with strange white powder. Then the door opened. Flywoman and George hid behind some of the boxes, as the women came closer. Flywoman took her harpoon and shot through a wire on the ceiling holding up a board of boxes. All the women seemed to get crashed by the heavy falling boxes. ‘Come with me !’ Flywoman said to George. They were running through some tunnels, and finally they reached the hall. Through a window they could see what was happening there. ‘Come, I want to show you something,’ Flywoman said. Then they ran downstairs to a deep place. Here the eggs of indian flies were, plenty of them. ‘Deep down this place they keep indian flies like chicken,’ Flywoman said. ‘They have to bring forth eggs, and they use it to make drugs’ George was shocked. He couldn’t belief that someone would do that to such precious beings. ‘We do not have much time, George,’ Flywoman said. Then they ran deeper downstairs. By her harpoon Flywoman pierced two guards, and then kicked the door in. Here they saw a hall full of indian flies, so beautifull, having so many wings. They were in boxes and cages, all in rows, where they had to produce the eggs. But then women were coming in. ‘I heard voices and sounds,’ one of the women said.

‘Yes,’ another one said. Flywoman and George ran away behind some rows, and they opened another door of an even larger hall full of indian flies. ‘These flies are too weak,’ Flywoman whispered. ‘We cannot set them free now, as they would die.’ They ran through the hall, and then they could get upstairs again. Quickly they went to the motorcycle, and then they had to leave. ‘George,’ Flywoman said, when they got finally to George’s house again, ‘we had a good time. I have to go now. You know what you have to do. Listen, you will not be alone. Flyman is your other part, and sometimes, when it’s necessary, he will show up.’

‘When will you be back ?’ George asked.

‘I will be back,’ Flywoman said.

Always when George started to change into Flyman he got a red suit, and a weakness coming over him making him so strong. There wasn’t anything he could do to stop this, but he knew there wasn’t another way to make the world better. It was like a strange force was pumping up the layers of his body, especially the layers between the layers, and the layers of the depths, the unknown depths he knew nothing about. Then it was like someone was filling him up on places where he had never been filled up, and an amazing force was flowing from his hands. Then he could breathe so deep all of a sudden. He was Flyman, something he always knew deep inside. And since he met Flywoman it was like he came out of his egg.

The first time in his life he became Flyman he knew what he had to do. He went to the underground again, to the places he went with Flywoman once, and he set the indian flies free, and took care about the eggs, which he brought to his own warm house. By lightening he struck the main-cabins of the headquarters of the Mean Women, and by strange lights they seemed to die. But there was one part he seemed to forget a part in the form of a man the hidden leader of the Mean Women It was a man who had the meanest women with him in a cabin high in the sky a spacestation by which he could rule the planets. It was almost like a floating land, so big it was. Mister Fashion lived here, a man of doom. By his fashion-clock he kept them all enslaved. When Flyman got there he got the shock of his life. The women here looked even more like wild cats, and were the most dangerous ones he ever saw. He got into a fight with them. They were like acrobats, but by his harpoon he shot a sticky net over them, and then he pushed them into a swimmingpool. Soon he met Mister Fashion. Mister Fashion sat at a round table with a strange fashion-game on it. ‘You are just in time,’ Mister Fashion said. ‘Wanna play some games with me ?’ From the game a cannon was rising, a small cannon, and Flyman could dive away just in time. Flyman took one of his ninja-stars which looked like a fly with more wings, and threw it towards Mister Fashion who could just move his head away, while the star pierced his chair. ‘Well, well,’ Mister Fashion said, ‘we have one hell of a boy here. He likes to play games, and he likes to win doesn’t give up too fast but here, let me give you some style, some fashion’ And from the ceilings all sorts of sticky clothes fell on Flyman, and these clothes were like wild rats. Flyman screamed, while the clothes started to burn. Another cannon raised from the game, a bigger one this time. Suddenly Flywoman stood in the dooropening. ‘What are you doing here ?’ Mister Fashion screamed. By some neutralizing fluids she could help Flyman out of his situation. Then she harpooned the cannon which turned around to shoot Mister Fashion. But he could jump away just in time. Then he jumped on the table, and said : ‘Let’s do a little dance.’ He pushed on a button, while wild cats seemed to come out of the walls. ‘Quick ! Jump !’ Flywoman shouted. But again sticky clothes like wild rats came out of the ceiling to fall down on Flyman and Flywoman, while they got surrounded by the wild cats. Mister Fashion moved the arms of a clock behind him, while the ground below them opened up. Together with the wild rats and the wild cats they slid into a dark pit. But then indian flies seemed to come into the room of Mister Fashion. They spat venom in his face, and he fainted. They followed Flyman and Flywoman, and could get them out of the pit just in time. Mister Fashion pushed on a button and opened a door, while he ran through

a tunnel into another hall of him. Here there were all sorts of computers and machines by which he ruled the planets. He was laughing, while he still felt a bit dizzy because of the venom. He pushed some buttons on a machine, and a screen in the ground was opening. A big clock appeared like a mill. It started to spin dangerously. 'Let them come here !' he laughed. Then the door opened, and Flyman and Flywoman started to shoot the machines and computers. Also the indian flies came inside, and tried to damage the equipment. Mister Fashion stepped into a machine which could move and had tall arms. He took Flyman in a grip by one of these arms and let him soar above the mill. 'Are you ready to die ?' Mister Fashion laughed 'It would look good on you I mean Imagine how the girls will like you all of a sudden' Another arm took his harpoon away. The indian flies couldn't spit their venom as Mister Fashion was behind a window of transparent stone. Then another arm took Flywoman and also let her soar above the mill. 'Let's see what time it is ...' Mister Fashion shouted while laughing. 'Ready to die ? It makes relationships so much better in a new outfit ...' But one of the indian flies could destroy a certain computer which seemed to control the machine, and then the machine couldn't move anymore. Flywoman and Flyman could escape the grip, and now hanged above the mill, while moving to the machine. Then they climbed on the machine, and jumped away from the mill. Mister Fashion stepped out of the machine and disappeared quickly through another door. Then they saw the mill rising out of the ground. 'We better leave now,' Flywoman said, and together they ran away to Flywoman's motorcycle. Many indian flies were following them through the night, until they got back to George's house. 'You have done a good job, George,' she said, while George was pouring her glass full. 'You know, we are a great team, but still Mister Fashion is in the air. Suddenly they looked through the window, and saw Mister Fashion sitting in a strange flying machine with many arms like tentacles. He shot through the window, while Flywoman and George ran to the other room. They climbed out of the window, and climbed their way to the ground. 'We need to get out of here,' Flywoman said. 'In a way he can trace us, so we can only be safe on my spaceship.' Flywoman took a device, pushed some buttons, and within short time a lightening fell on them, and in a flash they stood in a strange cabin in the spaceship where Flywoman originally came from. The spaceship looked like a giant fly. George was amazed. This was above his dreams and imaginations. On the ship there were many more men and women like them. Flywoman brought George to a room where an old man sat. He was the chief and captain of the ship, the head-commander, and at the same time Flywoman's father. The man was glad to see George. 'I have heard much about you, George,' the man said. 'I'm pleased to meet you. You see, this is the age that the indian flies will fill the world and the skies, and will awaken into the hearts of human beings to enlighten them. There is much work to do. You erased the works of the Mean Women, but still you didn't complete your task in erasing their leader, Mister Fashion. You cannot do that on your own. I have sent you my daughter, and now you have seen this ship. We will do it together.' Flywoman smiled.

In the meanwhile indian flies were attacking the soaring land of Mister Fashion, and they could follow everything on a screen. 'You see, we have a lot of help,' Flywoman's father said. The ship was moving closer to the soaring land, and then like a white flash all sort of lightpatterns were coming out of cannons to shoot and absorb the land. Soon it was over. 'Sir, how did you do that ?' George asked. The old man took the hand of George and showed

him a certain pattern in his hand. 'You know, you just activated it by your handcode. That was all what this ship needed to defeat Mister Fashion completely.'

That night indian flies seemed to invade the earth. They awoke in human hearts to erase the minds and the memory. Strange lightpatterns were piercing the world, to turn it into a paradise, a paradise in which they all slept. Some woke up while having strange electricities on their hands. Others woke up by the strange lightbeams in their rooms. A new day had begun. Some woke up by strange lights filling their bodies up, layer by layer. Some woke up without conscience anymore, as everything had been erased, all their feelings of guilt and shame. There was a new innocence coming healing so many deep in their hearts, to wake up in serenity. Flyman had struck the earth, and he had struck it good.

After a long time George woke up. At his work a lady got his interest. She was staring at him for such a long time. 'What are you doing tonight, George ?' the lady asked.

'Nothing,' George said.

'Well, why not coming with me I'll make you some dinner.' she said.

It became a long long evening, and a long long night She showed him some of the clothes she made She was a fashion-designer, but a very special one George liked the clothes When he held them in his hands to touch it, it felt so soft, like such a weakness overflowed him, at the same time giving him such strength She hugged him and kissed him ... I call it 'paradise-clothes' she said He smiled She kissed him deep while weakness seemed to overflow him It was making him weak, and he fell on her bed Soon he felt her soft skin ... soon he felt her heart beating 'Paradise-clothes huh ?' he said Then he fell asleep He was safe with her

Then after awhile he woke up, feeling that he was changing into Flyman. He went to the balcony, and jumped into the night, in search for the spaceship. When he came there, all flywomen and flymen were staring at him. Then Flywoman came and hugged him. Also her father was with her. 'You have loved a woman, right ?' she asked 'For the first time of your life, right ?'

‘Yes,’ he said. ‘It felt so good. She was a fashion-designer of paradise-clothes’

‘Well, love is a gift, a present it will work forever,’ Flywoman said ‘It is good to love as you are love You are a lover but don’t forget you are also Flyman, having jobs to do’

‘And that is ?’ George asked.

‘That is to stay with us’ Flywoman said ‘The earth will fall asleep again but here you will be always safe Not just for one moment.’

‘So I cannot return ?’ George asked.

‘Oh yes,’ Flywoman said. ‘Enjoy it but always return to us to the ship’ That seemed to be a good idea to George ‘How many girls am I allowed to have ?’ George asked

‘All the women of the world,’ Flywoman said.

‘And here ?’ George asked.

‘All of us,’ she answered. ‘You see, you are Flyman, you are love, and love has no borderlines The world is a paradise now and this is a paradise all because of you You are our hero,’

That night the indian flies seemed to invade the earth even more Swarms and swarms of them seemed to come to the world to lay their eggs and leave again. Earth was now in the hands of the Almighty Flyman. He felt himself like a god, but something was missing There was a gate in the universe he knew nothing about It was a black gate He would lose everything if he would go through that gate but he would win the deeper secret of life So he chose for that And with him the whole ship It all faded away

When he returned to earth through the black gate earth wasn't a paradise anymore but worse than ever. It wasn't a place where love ruled, but hate and no one believed he was Flyman They thought he was crazy The only one who knew he was Flyman was an old woman in a hospital He didn't know why He didn't know who she was They said she was demented. But he never forgot her. Life wasn't what he had expected There was no Flyman anymore, but an ordinary man having dreams He was creative, but Flyman could only be in his imagination There was no Flyman and he seemed to be strange The more he grew up When he told a story of Flyman to his grandson one time he was the only one who seemed to belief him 'It's just a story, grandson,' George said. After all these years even he himself didn't belief in it anymore It was like life like this had swallowed him Just before he died he looked outside the window and he saw a strange falling star, coming down like powder He smiled, and then he died

The End

Back to Lakshor

Lakshorian Fiction

Long ago there was a planet called Lakshor. It was the biggest planet that ever existed and that would ever exist. When it exploded it split into the planets Pythia, Maldek, Piril, and Earth. This was the end of the Lakshor Age, and the beginning of the Pythia Age. In the Lakshor Age flymen and flywomen existed, and they ruled the universe. Lakshor was the center of this universe. There was no

place but Lakshor. It was the place from which a woman called Sevenlegs ruled the universe. She ruled the universe by her sword. Whenever she moved her sword, big snakes appeared. But her rulership went down by a man called Elsar the Flyman. He once defeated her in swordfighting, and became the king of Lakshor. He tortured her severely. After him a lot of other kings came, but later on they all became friends of each other. But then the Sjarun came, the civilized order, and it came to such a war in which Lakshor got destroyed and split up into four planets and a much smaller piece also called Lakshor. Pythia, the black planet, was now the biggest of them, and got the central position in the universe from which the Sjarun began to rule. It was the beginning of the Pythia Age now the Lakshor Age had more or less ended. Lakshor became the name for the uncivilized wilderness beyond the realm of hell. It became the name of the eternal war.

Meanwhile Elsar the Flyman and Sevenlegs got into a deep friendship, but they couldn't save the Lakshor Age, and began to sink away in the hands of the Sjarun. Many years later a man called Golem finally saved them out of the Sjarun's hands. They wanted to rebuild Lakshor. Later one they met Tara from Rhodes and her son Barkas, but they failed to rebuild Lakshor, and even the black planet, Pythia, started to split up from which Mars and Venus rose. Their plan was now nothing but blood and meat for the Sjarun. Even the Pythia Age ended, and Mars and Venus became thorns in their eyes. But then Sevenlegs gave birth to a woman called Tze-ra and she finally found the last pieces of the black planet in which the secrets of Lakshor had been stored. Tze-ra became the new ruler of Lakshor and found a way to rebuild it.

These were glorious days for Pythia and Lakshor, and finally Tara from Rhodes became the ruler. It was by her skills old friends found each other. She restored the old and good rulers of Lakshor and gave them all their parts. They had finally found their ways to bring the Sjarun down. Deep in Lakshor there was the Awela-jungle where Awela ruled. It was the deepest and most mysterious place of Lakshor. It was an isolated place, where Awela suffered in loneliness. But when Tara and her friends had reached the place and reached Awela, they made him ruler of Lakshor.

There was no better king but Awela. His skills could bring them all to a higher level. A woman called Tania had built a ship called High Tide which she led together with her old mother and a man called Hurricane. Awela had given them the mission to bring them all back to Lakshor.

The End

Laws of the Fly

In the beginning of all existence, a small planet of light came up called Taroon. It was the center of the universe where all concentration was dwelling. It was a poison, eating away the lifeless substances of a world of the unknown past. Taroon was a parasite developing itself in an unknown speed. There was no hope for any other planet developing itself, as by its light Taroon became the center of the universe, preying on any other light.

A man called Daylar was a half skeleton, a corpse, sailing on the pink red rivers of the deep jungles of Taroon. His ship was made of wooden planks tied to each other. A giant spider came near the ship and entered it, and attacked Daylar who grasped his dagger. After awhile Daylar raised the bloody corpse of the spider in the air and roared, while eating from its meat. No one would successfully attack Daylar.

After a few hours the ship reached a camp at the side of a certain river. Indians lived here. They saw the sail of the man, a red sail with a black spider on it. They were carrying a cross, and welcomed Daylar. Daylar had a lot of meat aboard. He came to trade. There was a lot of hunger in the camp. This time Daylar asked for an unusual price. He directed his finger towards the daughter of the chief. The chief nodded. They simply had no choice. Daylar tied the Indian woman and said : 'I will take good care of her. Trust me. I will bring her back, but not now.' Then Daylar left with her on his ship. The Indian woman was very willing, but at the same time very bitter and coldhearted. She knew that her people were dependant on this man for food, and if he would ask this offer, then she would do. He took her to a place in the mountains. A lot of other women of other tribes were here.

'I promised your tribes to bring you back, but I will not do,' Daylar said. 'I know only the dead can hunt here, skilled enough to take prey. They will die. I have the circle full now. Please believe me. When we bring forth a mixed race, they will have my skills. Without me you will all die.'

The women knew he spoke the truth, as he had the hunter genes.

Millions of years later Taroona had grown into a big planet, full of different races all based on the circle of Daylar. Because of him they could hunt, and they could survive. No one knew if it was a myth or reality, but at least it was a spiritual truth to them. Daylar was the father of them all who had bound them together.

There were no wars in those days, as they lived by hunt and hunt alone. But things started to get confused since some tribes started to degenerate more and more into animals. Some other races started to believe that these races didn't have Daylar as their tribal father. And thus war started to rise. Daylar himself lived far away from the tribes, in the mountains, but one day he showed up, because he had heard of the wars. He said they still didn't know much of war. He said it wasn't fair to wage war because of racial differences. He told them there should only be war because of protection, or when something needed to be taken back because it had been stolen, or in the case of a kidnap.

Daylar seemed to be the only one who knew about the circle of tribal mothers, and they asked him if they still lived. 'Of course,' he said. 'They all live with me. They live forever, and have the same capabilities as me.'

When he had gone, they followed his trace, and discovered something horrible. Their tribal mothers had been put into ice. Daylar lived in the middle of these huge ice cubes. They waited till he slept. Then they tried to drag the ice cubes outside the mountain. It was for them a pleasure to see their tribal mothers melting in the sunlight outside. Fourteen tribal mothers, and they were still alive. However they said that many of them had died throughout the years. Daylar had done horrible things to them.

There was a feast that night, but the fourteen tribal mothers got killed horribly by a hostile tribe. No one actually knew this tribe, but it seemed that Daylar kept a lot of tribes hidden throughout the years. It was war now. Daylar was in a rage.

It was in these times the curse of Daylar really came over the planet. He chose himself fourteen women by kidnapping and brought them into the ice. This time they would get prepared for a thing worse than him : a beast who lived in the very depths of the planet. It

was the only thing connecting him to the unknown past of Taroan, even before him. And it was a creature having the genes of war, worse than Daylar ever had. The fourteen women would be the circle of the beast, to bring forth the unknown prehistoric races of Taroan, something which the beast carried in his genes.

It didn't take long before the icecubes were dragged to the edges of the depths of Taroan, an unknown wilderness, and soon the icecubes were sinking, waiting to be embraced by the horrible beast. It was a spider, a giant spider, the only thing Daylar kept alive from his own past. He once found the species and didn't want to kill it. The women were shrieking as they had to bring forth the savage world of Taroan, the unknown depths of history, in which they would probably die.

It was like they were swimming in poison, in which they had to survive. Some of the women lost their skincolor to become white, while some became yellow or yellow-brown, or even gold. The beast didn't have mercy on them. He dragged them all in the depths of the poisonous river. The river became their grave, and their corpses brought forth eggs. The spider devoured the eggs of the women who lost their skincolor, but he took care of the eggs of those who didn't lose their skincolor. The spider hatched three eggs. 'Three races is enough for me,' the spider said. 'I will let them go, to go to the world above to do their job, to mix themselves there, so that nature will prevail, the history of Taroan.' Daylar nodded. He would take care of the children, and this time they were more worth to him than anything. He treated them like princes, and the girl like a princess. When they grew up to become adults he didn't want to let them mix themselves with the upperworld, so Daylar brought them back to the spider. Daylar knew how dangerous that would be, as when they would lose their skincolor the spider wouldn't accept their eggs. Only the girl kept her skincolor, while the river became their grave, and their corpses brought forth the eggs. The spider devoured the eggs of the men, but the egg of the woman he took with him in the depths. This time the spider didn't return to Daylar.

In the unknown depths the spider hatched the egg. It was a girl, and the spider didn't want to let her go, so the spider took care of her itself. When the girl had grown up, the spider took her to the river of poison where the same happened. But the girl lost her skincolor, and the spider devoured her egg, only to come out of his pit of ages. Daylar was surprised. He knew that the spider came for a hunt. This time the spider would be the one who would chose the women. He inserted his poison, and this time their skins got darker. They started to bring forth dark eggs.

Daylar knew that only these children would have the keys to the depths of Taroan's underworld when they would be older. The spider couldn't bear the lights of the upperworld and died soon. The children of the dark eggs started to live with Daylar in his mountain, close

to the portal of the depths of Taroan. They soon grew up as a mighty tribe, mightier than any tribe before. The underground nature would accept them, as they would have the genes of the spider. One day they made a journey underground. Since the spider died, there wasn't a river of poison anymore. Nature seemed to have changed underground. It was easier to get access there, but it was still a dangerous jungle.

They found a deeper history here, a history they carried inside and which could finally heal here. It was a wild nature sucking them deeper inside, through all sorts of fleeces, like the intestines of a savage world they did not know anything about.

It seemed another race lived here. They got surrounded by spears. They had brown pale bodies, like brown sifted sand. But dark ones were their chiefs, having many feathers on their head. It seemed to be a welcome.

In the depths of this world all sorts of red races lived. It was a strange world there. Their bodies were like food, evergrowing. These people lived from each other. It was a strange ritualistic bakery. Too much of a certain food would be fatal. So there were severe rules. They all had to discipline each other. It was a strange bakery deep down in Taroan, where people were like evergrowing cookies, cakes and tarts. These people didn't suffer from hunger. But they certainly had to direct themselves to the right food and not over-eat. Everything was for hire.

These people admitted that they were or became like that because of a certain venom. It wasn't venom of a spider, but that of a fly. The fly was subject to their worship, as it protected them against hunger and let them live forever. It was for the fly very easy to insert his venom also into the newcomers, who immediately started to show the same signs. They became eatable. But this time not only cookies, cakes and tarts, but also chocolate, spinach, carrots, and many more vegetables. They also started to develop strange fruits, as the venom of the fly started to mix with the venom of the spider which lived deep inside. The fly could transform this genetic venom and could use it. Although there were wars here, and there was hunt, there was less grief, and that was all because of the fly.

The queen and the king of this land so deep were the most delicious of them all, and they had the best food growing on their bodies. It had been said that they had been stung by a secret sting of the fly, secreting a secret royal venom. It had marked them for life by a strange scar, a sign, like a tattoo. Their bodies had been made by scar-skin. It looked like they had scars all over, but these scars were beautiful and thick, like jewelry. They were the most tender beings. Behind the bakery kingdom there was a wilderness no one knew

anything about it. Only those who would have the third sting of the fly would be able to come there, but they would never return. Those who lived there had normal bodies, but it was still eatable and would also grow after eaten. It was like a butchery. The savages who lived here were bloodthirsty, but for sure, the fly cared for them, and cared they would never be hungry. These savages were disciplined even more. When taking the wrong sorts of blood and meat or taking too much or too less of something one would burn forever. This was why the fly wouldn't let anyone go to this place so fast. It was the most dangerous place existing. Every mistake would be fatal in a horrible way, ending in the everburning fire. There was no place for mistakes. These savages were highly disciplined and trained. They knew the laws of the fly.

Behind this land there was finally the land of hunger. Here the bodies were normal and not eatable. Here they had to hunt for their lives. Only those who got the fourth sting of the fly could enter here. Many of those who came here longed back for the bakery kingdom and the butchery kingdom, and the only way to get this feeling back was by hunting, sex, and having strange rituals. The sex they had reminded them of the lands in which they were eatable, before they had been stung by the fourth sting of the fly. By sex their souls got connected again in this way, and for sure it fed them in a sense, but it wasn't like when they were living in the kingdoms. They were in savage hell now, in Tantalos. Tantalos was a teaser, a place of such deep darkness and such cruelty, only preparing them for the fifth sting of the fly, the return to the kingdoms.

Not many warriors in Tantalos went the humble way. They built themselves kingdoms to guard a lot of power. However it was the path of brokenness leading someone to the fifth sting, the only way to return to the higher kingdoms. Tantalos was a deep valley of shame, a hell in the depths of Taroona. The slaves were closer to the fifth sting than the kings, however not many would ever reach this sting. It was only for those with the greatest love for the fly, his most intimate friends.

The fly was the emperor of Tantalos, the core of Taroona. There was no one greater than the fly. It guarded the bloodlines of the earlier emperors, and this was by which it lived. It guarded the history of Tantalos. The fly was a mysterious being. Many books were written about it. The five stings were five legends, guarding the book of the fly itself, its history. No one was bigger but this emperor. And everyone had to live by its laws or they got punished by it. The fly had its own agency, the under-emperors. They had been divided in Tantalos to rule it, and they were higher than any king. The fly itself controlled them, and lived by their blood. The under-emperors all had been tattooed by the fly, by a bite, which was called the kiss of the fly. If someone would get that kiss without having the fifth sting it would be fatal. At times the fly only used this kiss to kill.

Some of the under-emperors had two kisses of the fly and they were the ones having the power of life and death in Tantalos. There were only a few of them who had three kisses, and only one had four kisses. The ones who had the three kisses could bring forth babies, and the one who had four kisses could read the book of the fly. This one was the wisest of them all, and most dear to the fly. However the fly had many women having many more kisses, burning bites, changing into the most beautiful scars. They were the most sensitive and seducing beings. The fly hid them in his hiding place.

Once in the million years they would go to the surfaces of Taroon to seduce some warriors and drag them to their place. The women of the fly were bloodthirsty. They could take these bodies and just letting them melt into their skin to let them live forever. These were the secrets of the fly. They assimilated male bodies. By this they could eternally feed on their blood. It was such a disastrous event that they could do this only once in the million years, but when they would go out like that, they would stay for a long time, and take as many male bodies as they could, all to drag them into their dens in the depths of Taroon, in Tantalos, where they lived with the fly.

Daylar always warned his men against this event from generation to generation. When finally the women of Tantalos came to the surfaces the men were all on their guard. However it became a big slaughter. The women were disastrous. They came to eat everything, children, women, men and cattle. But the fly was in rage. He didn't want his women back, as their blood had been poisoned. And to the fly this was an easy thing. He just bit these women all over, as he knew that too many bites would activate death, a venom they couldn't handle. Because the fly was in need of women he chose some other women in Tantalos, and because of this event he took care that no one from Tantalos could ever return to the upper surfaces of Taroon. He just locked it.

Because of the broken connection the skies filled themselves with blood, and Tantalos the land of hunger, had enough food for the first time in eternity. It was raining blood, making the mountains and the valleys fertile. And the flow seemed to be perpetual. It was the flood of blood. The fly had it's ark, it's secret place, and he had chosen only a few women and a few men. The rest would die in the blood, to fertilize the ground.

The chosen ones brought forth a new race, and this time the fly trusted them enough to open it's book for them. It was a book of stories, legends, together with the history of the fly. It also contained the far history of Tantalos. It became a sacred book, worshipped by the new race. After millions of years the blood had totally soaked the ground, and had been absorbed. It wasn't raining blood anymore every second of the day, but only when it was necessary. However the bloody skies would exist forever. Since then there were rivers, seas and oceans of blood, and jungles, forests and fields of meat in Tantalos, and the kingdoms of

the bakery and the butchery also started to rise here to deal with the hunger. Those who worked in the butchery and the bakery had drills, not only to drill but also to suck. This was to let them work faster and really making artwork of it. The best ones always worked with many sorts of drills. They also used drills to bring the perfect temperature to the food. They used the drills for making locks and attaching chains. By the drilling the food also started to produce a drug-effect, so the new race only wanted to have drilled food. The bakeries and butcheries which didn't use drills had to be locked and destroyed by command of the fly. The fly's most feared, loved and worshipped weapon was the drill. It brought Tantalos into a sphere of ecstasy.

By the drilling the race became drugs themselves more and more, but it also attracted the most dangerous flies to build their webs. Especially the bones could produce a high level drugs-effect, and in the experience the bone was nothing but flesh. Because the bakers were more skilled than the butchers they soon took over the butcheries and became the highest military leaders.

The bakers cared for the inquisitions. There were too many who worked with undrilled food. They were often in hidden places. The fly wanted them to be executed. It was a severe regime. So in fear many started to develop all sorts of drills. The bakers had all sorts of hats, and those with the tallest ones were of the highest ranks. The bakers were feared, especially the highest ones. The bakers were cruel, like pharisees of the laws of the fly. They were the judges of the Tantalos, and they judged all things to this : 'Which drills do you use, what do you eat and how do you eat.' The highest rank of the bakers was actually the rank of pharisees. They were like statues of mint. Eating from them meant you could lock and unlock doors. But it was also a high price eating from them : you would become their slave forever, and most of all : you could only eat them once, and after that they would be unreachable to you for the rest of eternity.

This was how Tantalos was developing itself. The prices of eating something became higher and higher. Some bodies of food were so expensive that you could only get a few bites from them, and then they were unreachable forever, while they were preying on you all the time. It was in these days many started to hunt again, just for animals. However the economics of Tantalos became such a big spell that hunger started to set in again. The people got desperate, and soon it was worse than ever.

People started to repress their hunger by having a lot of sex and having a lot of communication, all to remind them of the time that everything was less expensive. Tantalos became an evergrowing hell. People started dying in themselves, longing for the surfaces of Taroona, but the stairway had been broken off by the fly long ago. However, one started to make a journey. The top of the stairways could be reached in a few days. From that place

they all looked into a hole in the bloody sky. There was no return to the surfaces of Taroön. They had to live here in this eternally growing hell, hoping that something might grow from it. The people lost their powers and their strengths, and became weeping figures, easily hyperventilating, having no control at all. But they got something else instead, which was the ability to fly. The fly had given them the grace finally to become like himself. Now they didn't need any stairways. They flew to the bloody clouds to feed themselves, and they could plug themselves into the surfaces of Taroön to feed well on its sources. There was a world above Tantalos, a world like heaven, like paradise. But the everlasting monster Tantalos was started to eat the flying people, chaining them, sucking them in by his venomous drilling fleeces. They had been caught in a web.

Only a few could reach the tops of Taroön where Daylar had made the biggest mess. They didn't know where to go. They were trapped between two fires. Daylar had become a killer-king of a world where nothing was eatable but the animals and the harvest of the wilderness, but that was not enough to live from. The hunger started to make them so insane that they started to eat each other like they did in Tantalos. Although the meat could grow again, bringing enough blood to live on, it wasn't really eatable, or did they have to get used by it ? Daylar saw it happening, and he thought he could use it. The people told him it was possible because of the venom of the fly. By bites it would be enough to bring this venom over. It was the solution to the hunger existing without having to kill each other for it.

But Tantalos was still raging in the depths of Taroön like a disastrous whirlwind. There were storms all over, moving closer and closer to Daylar's empire. No one could start anything against the savage powers of Tantalos. But in some sense, Tantalos could never come closer. After a few days the storms sunk away. Although those of Tantalos bore a lot of children here, they wanted to go back to Tantalos after a few years. In a strange sense it was too hard for them to live on the surfaces of Taroön. They needed its depths. So they started to make their journey, but they weren't welcome anymore in Tantalos. The fly blocked their paths. In his eyes they were sinners and heretics mixing themselves with unpure blood. They were doomed. The fly rooted out all their traces. It was the first time he showed up at the surfaces of Taroön, something he would never do again. It was a massacre like never before, in which Daylar could save himself in the nick of time.

Tantalos was a place of the dead, still of great hunger, and this all because of economics rising higher. Unreachability was the price of almost everything, and soon nothing was eatable anymore but animals. Even the jungles became too venomous to eat from. There were no economics anymore. There was no food. However, cannibalism started to rise at some places. Suffering started to set in, and death. There were not only animal breedings, but also human breedings. All for meat. Great fear started to spread in Tantalos. People started to forget about their horrible situations by having much sex and by starting their own breedings, all because of fear and hunger. They needed to be the greatest in this, or they

would be grasped by someone else. They needed to trade, and to keep their clients satisfied. They needed to entertain. They had become slaves.

It was by the grace of Daylar this finally ended. He finally went to Tantalos himself. He found out about it's terrible situation, like even the venom of the fly had been dried out. Daylar still carried this venom in his veins. He took a woman and mated with her and started a new race. The fly didn't know how Daylar could come to Tantalos. The fly hunted after the new race, as they could make everything eatable again. It was a threat against the hunger ruling. The fly got headaches. But there was one weapon he seldom used in a fight, which was the spitting of venom. He did this time, striking Daylar. Daylar became meat on the plate of the fly, but it took a lot of time finally to root out the new race of Daylar. Tantalos had to become clean of it.

It was for the fly unbearable that a man like Daylar had poisoned his land. After Daylar's death it was like the last bit of grace had been taken away from Tantalos. It fell in such a depth like never before. There was not only growing pain and growing hunger, but also growing consciousness of it. Memory was nothing like the bars of the cage, making them all slaves by their desires. They wanted to have the past Tantalos back, but it had become unreachable, behind glass. They would grasp and miss, and it made them very tired. They would jump and fall. It made them very weak and broken. The past Tantalos was seducing them, only to mislead them, to trap them even more. They fought each other to get a glimpse of the past Tantalos, but the only thing they could was to lose it even more. They had eaten from the poisoned fruit from Tantalos, and this they could do only once, while sinking away in an evergrowing hunger. Yes, they were drowning, drowning in their own blood and meat, while there was nothing to eat. They would do anything to get a glimpse of food, but it would always slide away from them even more, while they wished they had never seen it. It made them angry. There was only one small light in the greatest darkness, only leading them to an even greater darkness. And the more darknesses they entered, the smaller these lights became. And it would be even harder to get these. It would finally freeze them. The ice would get them, growing bigger and bigger, and the flames would tease them, growing smaller and smaller. They would finally live in an icecube, too tired and too desparate to do anything. Only the drill would wake them up, but the fly would only use it on those who loved him.

There were a few. They became doctors of the fly, which means they would check the icecubes keeping them cold. If they needed something from those in the icecubes, they could use their drills for that. Because the icecubes looked like big teeth the leaders of the doctors were called the dentists. This was the race the fly loved most. But because there was one dentist who used his drills too much, the ice started to melt one day because of the heat, and even the fly couldn't do anything about it. In short time the general temperature had changed. In rage the fly killed all the dentists and their doctors, because he didn't know which one was guilty. However he kept one dentist alive. This was the one who had to guard

those who were coming forth from the ice-cubes. There was no escape from Tantalos. This dentist was most cruel, using the thinnest drills existing. The pain induced by these drills would turn them into gel, although they developed the most powerful stones inside, slowly growing forth as a shell around them. In this sense they would be trapped forever and the fly would take care they would be thrown into the sea.

The fly wanted to take everything to the limit, waiting for that what would come out : a tongue. The shell-creatures would finally bring forth a tongue hot and strong enough to break through the stone, and they would just eat everything, slowly becoming who they were. After eating just everything they would never be in need of anything to eat again, as they would live by something else : communication, relationships and intimacy. They would live by contact.

The fly turned the key and opened the door inside the window. He knew that only by the book and by such a past they could have such a connection. A man and a woman walked up to each other, trying to grasp each other, but all they could grasp was air, and they finally touched themselves, becoming air again. 'Fake', a voice said. They could never become a reality, for they had not read the book, and they didn't have such a past. The fly made a sign, pushed some buttons on his computer and the next couple came in, while the same happened. 'They haven't read the book,' the fly said. 'And they didn't have such a past,' the other voice spoke.

'Yes,' the fly said, 'their lives are balloons. Soon it will explode. Give me something to drink, will you.'

A dark man stepped into the room with a strange tongue and hellblack eyes. He gave the fly something to drink. 'This is the last time you will drink anything,' the man said. 'But you know, your past is full of it. It's some sort of double life.'

The fly nodded. Tantalos was burning before his eyes, while a book was burning as well, his book. Some would never reach this book, while others would finally reach it at the end of their journeys. Some will find letters in it, and others just empty pages. However the book will all lead them to their places, as there is a place for everyone in Tantalos.

'I give you the half of the book,' the dark man said. The fly turned to the dark man, and in a flash he pushed him through the door in the fire behind the window. 'Go see if you can get

something there,' the fly said. Then he closed the door, pushed some other buttons, while the book started to open up. Blood was coming forth from it. And the pages were nothing but grills. 'Go, and become a baker, or a doctor or a dentist,' the fly said. 'Rejoice in your meat and blood, but it will never satisfy you, it just shows your lack of words, of communication. It's only a book.'

'Go, rejoice in all your visions and illusions, it's all your lack of relationship, a lack of past,' the fly said. 'It's just a book, just a voice. You never have it close. It's no reality. Welcome to Tantalos.'

The dark man came up in the flames in which he had sunk away. 'You will pay for this, bastard,' he roared.

'Oh, I already paid, big enough, for this machinery,' the fly spoke. 'But it seemed you never did.'

'Economics, right ?' the dark man said while he was fighting to get his head above the almost liquid flames and the gas.

'Yes,' the fly said, 'Tantalos economics. I can't believe people live just by a stupid book, as if there is no greater thing than that. Never heard of computers ? Well, also stupid.'

'What are you talking about ?' the dark man roared, while he was sinking away in the flames again.

But the fly didn't answer. He had enough of communicating with someone who wasn't worth the whole communication.

'Half of the book will I give you,' were the last words of the fly to this man, and then the man totally sank away.

The End

Prisoners of the Fly

The men had been tied to the walls, and also chained. The fly had inserted venoms in their bodies, which kept them extremely weak, and by which they couldn't think straightly. It was like clouds in their heads, poisonous clouds. They had strange wounds by the fly's stings.

They were in the depths of a strange castle, in a deep huge cellar. No one knew where it was. They had been abducted by the fly. Strange lights moved across their bodies, taking their last hopes and dreams away. They weren't allowed to dream. They went crazy. Whenever they remembered the soft bodies of their women sliding across their skins alarms started to shriek. It made them numb. They lost their feelings and senses. The fly kept them in this state.

They were hungry. The fly didn't feed them well. Whenever they got some food it got inserted or it was very dirty. They had to eat strange meat, and even food which looked like faeces. Whenever they could drink it was blood or something which smelled like urine. They were prisoners of the fly.

Their captain had many scars. He was here longer than them. He knew what it was all about, and tried to give them some hope at times. 'Please believe me,' he always said. 'One day we will be out of this. It is one big test.' But very often he himself didn't believe one word of it. He just wanted to encourage them.

'I hate life like this,' another one said. 'I am here for many years, and it's always the same.'

'Well, be glad the fly doesn't pick you out to become it's meat,' the captain said.

'Well, I want to die,' the man said. 'Life like this I cannot bear.'

‘Oh, but who knows what happens when the fly picks you out,’ the captain said. It happened often that new men came into the cellar. But not often the fly took someone out. When that happened they would never see such a person back. Would they get their freedom or something worse ? No one knew.

The men often had problems breathing, and often hyperventilated because of the things the fly had done to them. ‘I can’t feel myself anymore,’ they often said. The fly itself had a tall body and was cruel. Many had even lost their speech and were disorientated.

The fly fed them by spiders which they had to eat. They didn’t know that, for they would eat it piece by piece. These were giant-spiders. When they had eaten a hundred of such spiders they would go to the next level, for then they had been possessed by a hundred spiderghosts, an army.

The fly would recognize those by their hearts, as they would have a strange nipple on their hearts after having received the army. They would never have to return to the first level, and on the second level their eyes would get open for that. They would meet each other again there, as officers, while those of the first level would stay blind for it. Only those having the strange heart-nipple as a sign of having received ‘the army’ were worthy and capable to know the truth of the second level.

Streetfighters, streetriders,

Streetroses, always dying,

Streetfighters, streetliars,

Streetkillers coming to kill these days,

I’m on fire

There were songs and fights on the second level, all in synchrony. The officers had a kind of tablets in their heads, always switching and shifting. Whenever they won a fight a heart ray started to open up. It was like a big computer game. Whenever they had ten heartrays their hearts were like spiders, and then they could go to the next level. In this level they became more and more like the fly itself. When they had eaten a thousand spiders they would lose

their wings finally in order to go to the fourth level. They were now the wingless flies. Here they could fly without wings, and they worshipped the so-called 'dying goddess'. When they had eaten a million spiders they became the fly of the prison itself, and they would find out that it was also wingless. The fly didn't need wings to fly. Wings only kept them bound to the lower levels.

Andrew was a wingless fly now. He had the keys of the prison now, as he had cracked the game. He stared at the strange box, and he knew that his mates would only get out of it by following his trace. They had been abducted to this thing, just like him. He knew some would never make it to the finish as there were many traps in the game, many dangers. He was just lucky. To lose meant to be eaten.

Andrew was aware of the fact that it was a lethal game. It was a futuristic prison. These prisons were mere breedings. Andrew was now in the position to change the game, but he was afraid he would get trapped again if he would mess with it. He also knew that the game had been created for winged beings to lose their wings. Now Andrew didn't have wings anymore he could go deeper underground, and he could also fly much higher. It was like a world had opened himself to him. He had much more freedom. It was like he was unbound now. The wings were nothing but the prison-implants of a worse game. It was like slavery. They had been burdened by these wings. It was like these wings were eating from them, taking so many senses away.

Finally Andrew could love the game. The dying goddess was also a wingless fly, and he came to love her as well. The dying goddess seemed to be the velvet rope who saved them out of the game. It was to raise up an army, the army of the wingless flies. Because by losing their wings their senses opened up, and they could cry more and better than they had ever done, all for their release. They could also laugh more and better than they had ever done. They could laugh and smile deeper. They could fly by their senses now.

The dying goddess had made the game to select her soldiers.

A boy stared at a strange plant. It was a flycatcher. Flies got caught by the plant which would eat their wings. When it would have eaten the wings it would drop the wingless bodies out again. It was a tropical plant in a tropical museum. They also called the plant the prison of the fly, or fly-dungeon. The plant could grow very high, up to six metres. No one was allowed to touch the plant, as that was dangerous. It was a very venomous plant.

Close to the plant there was a statue of the dying goddess. Some tribes seemed to worship her. She looked like an indian woman. The keeper of the tropical museum stood next to the boy, and said that the indians originally came forth from wingless flies. Their ancestors were wingless flies, and they were just their evolutions. They actually came forth from this venomous plant. The plant, even at a distance, smelled deliciously. It looked like a bush already. It had big leaves and small flowers.

‘I always wanted to be an indian,’ the boy said.

‘Well, there is a way,’ the keeper of the tropical museum said. ‘Your soul is winged. Which means you are not an indian. Indians do not have winged souls. They have some feathers however, which are signs that they have overcome their wings.’

‘How to become a wingless soul ?’ the boy asked.

‘Well, here you have a book,’ the keeper of the tropical museum said. It was a book with pictures of wingless flies how they developed themselves into indians. It all started with the prison of the fly, the tropical plant. ‘I can give you a small plant, in a glassy box. Take care you never take it out, but give it water everyday, through the small holes on top of it. Make sure you never touch the plant, but sleep close to it, and by your dreams the plant will cut off your soulwings. Then you will become an indian, a wingless fly,’ the keeper of the tropical museum said.

But the boy asked him if he could sleep one night in the museum itself.

Since then the boy started to behave like an indian. Also other boys wanted to sleep one night in the museum and the same happened to them. They even started to worship the dying goddess. But many parents came against it. To them it was all nonsense. How could someone who wasn’t born an indian become an indian by a certain plant. In their eyes it was just a myth. Also indians themselves said these were fables. One could only become an indian by death. Some others said only those chosen by the dying goddess could become indians. However, the story attracted many visitors, and they published the myth in many newspapers.

It was a thick book the keeper of the tropical museum had. Many boys wanted to read it, although they often only watched the pictures. The book said that the plant could even abduct the chosen ones to make them prisoners of the fly, finally to become wingless flies. It could take souls out of their bodies finally to cut off their soulwings in a strange factory. It could give them nightmares. These nightmares were the knives to do the job. Whenever someone had a lot of nightmares, he could be a chosen one of the dying goddess, taken by the plant.

Someone woke up from a strange dream. He had nightmares all his life, and many strange strange dreams like this. 'The dying goddess ?' he thought. Then he tried to sleep again. When he woke up he wrote everything down. He had a diary for that, a dream-diary. One day he went to the library to search for a book about wingless flies. He found one : Curse of the Wingless Flies.

It was about an army of wingless flies, living in the depths of the jungle, a savage tribe. They had all sorts of organs like balloons. They had an organ causing partial paralysis and an organ causing partial epilepsy. By these organs they could reset themselves, and these were important parts of their immunology system.

It was about a planet called Brannan in a land called Rediga where there was a huge city called Promenade, the head-capital of the land. There were chickens on this planet like giants and these were often very evil. In Promenade there were chickenfighters. They looked like bullfighters, like matadors, but these ones had to fight against the giant chickens. The chickens were very dangerous as they could kill by their bills and wings, and by their sharp claws. This was why the chickenfighters had to train a lot, and they had to go to special schools. Promenade was the main city for chickenfighters. The traditional clothing went back to ages ago. They also had traditional swords and knives, and a lot of spears. They also used stones. It was an art. They also had lassos and ropes, and they had to try to get themselves on the beasts to ride them. It was some sort of rodeo, but when the fighter had reached the top of the giant-chicken it would become a lot easier. However the giant-chicken would still be able to sweep the rider away. In this ritual the riders had to bridle the chickens by their necks. If they would succeed they needed to bridle the bills of the giantchickens. These bridles had been smeared by some sort of venom by which the giant-chickens would get drunk. This was how they could get tamed. After a few rides the chickenfighter had to kill the giant-chicken. But not in all arenas these rides were part of it. In some arenas the giant-chickens had to be killed without the ride. The rules in it were very strict. It only could be done by real professionals.

The chickenfighters were developed wingless flies, having developed organs caring for their immunology system, also the organ of hyperventilation and spasm, which worked partially,

and was necessary for their protection. The giant-chickens they fought against were demonic creatures wanting to take over the whole of the planet. The chickenfighters were thus fighting for the protection of the planet and thus for their own lives.

The chickenfighters of higher ranks were the knights and guards of the emperor, who lived in and around the emperor's house to guard it. To this job there were also special schools. They often had helmets and were well-armed.

In the depths of Brannan a skeleton lived who created the giant chickens. He had evil purposes to take Brannan over. He had a palace and domain just like the emperor and did anything to bring down the house of the emperor. The leaders of the giant chickens could shapeshift into people. The emperor would send the higher ranks of chickenfighters out to the underground to spy on the skeleton and its kingdom, and to bring it down. But that was often a big sacrifice. Often they got caught in traps to suffer horribly. It was the curse of the wingless flies.

The wingless flies often had to live with cut off limbs like pirates. Even their heads got cut off at times, and they had signs around their necks, certain necklaces, telling about this. Because of witchcraft they could live on. It was a witchcraft worse than anything, but they needed it to live on. The highest ranks of chickenfighters were witches, and they lived with the dying goddess, in the depths of the underground. At times she sent them back to show up as angels. They had to be initiated in all the mysteries of the dying goddess.

The dying goddess was a religious leader underground. Her representers on the surface were called 'the black glasses'. They had their house near to the house of the emperor. There could only be one black glass at a time. Most of the time they were women. They were the highpriestesses of the dying goddess. Whenever a black glass died the black glass would be buried in a chamber called the chamber of spiders, and the black glass had to live on there among the spiders. It was a tradition to mummify the black glass and cover the corpse with spiderwebs, putting the body on a sort of chair or small throne. The black glass would live on there eating spiders until the black glass would deserve a place close to the dying goddess. This event caused the body to have floating limbs, cut off, but it could be attached to the body again by jewelry. These ascended black glasses would have the most beautiful and powerful jewelry, and they would hunt at the side of the dying goddess herself.

The Organic Bomb

Indian Horsefly Fiction

There was thunder in the air, when the warmachine was coming down, while horses were on the fields. It was a strange camp coming down, like a butchery. There was no one who could do anything against it, as in swarms of flies it came down, to eat, and to let everything be washed away. It was like an apocalypse, a revenge, possessing the minds of so many, like a divine arena coming down, evil in it's origin. There was no place for love or hate, it was a different game, like a cartoon made of strange paint, blood and flyfluids mixed. This was like God coming down to hatch the eggs of a strange breeding. It was the time now, and the soldiers were standing up. They all shouted : apocalypse, apocalypse. They wanted to see the blood streaming, like they needed meat for their restaurants. It was a fairground of grills, like shrieking indians waiting for the harvest to come. But this religion, this cult, was just like a strange drug in the mind. It came from a strange tree called the tree of the indian horseflies. It was a meat-eating tree with so many flowers, and with such a blossom. No one should eat from this tree, but they were all forced to do it. 'Eat !' someone was shouting, 'or I will shoot your mouth off.'

It was a strange puppetshow, like a hungry computer. So many lights in the sky, and the horses were like in a roundabout in strange rodeos. 'Ride the puppets, yeah, ride the puppets !' someone was screaming. These were the small vehicles in the haunted house No one would know where the trip would end, for no one ever got out again. And one by one they got pushed in this haunted house, while no one cared. The portal was a hungry mouth, and everyone screamed. 'I am a butchery,' said the haunted house, 'welcome, all sit down.'

The puppets had strange costumes, and the horses were even stranger These were the indian horseflies flies coming from hell and below hell For yes, there is a world beyond hell. The boss of the fairground was a strange man. No one had to pay, for he paid them. It all ended in death, a strange part of the haunted house. Then you would hear a voice saying : 'The trip is over, you will never get out.' It was the worst part of the haunted house, as here something seemed to be wrong with the vehicle. The vehicle would finally tumble down, and everyone would fall into a ditch or river to drown as in a strange part of the haunted house Are we out or in ? We only sink deeper and we drown stuck in a haunted house without food becoming part of the haunted house itself, for the next day we are the skeletons

To survive life like this we become fairgrounds or even their bosses we become fata morgana's in the sky to tease the thirsty ones in the desert We become evil ourselves, the thing we always feared And then we work our ways up to be the biggest devils, like butcheries in the skies, like grill-restaurants and then we find out it was all automatic part of the haunted house becoming the haunted house ourselves.

Then we do not belief in our self anymore, and neither in the other We become genderless, to get the wild puppets on our hands. We play man and woman all part of the haunted house all part of a strange fairground And is there any way out ? No. We all fall in the hands of starvation, for it gets boring.

We are the starving ones, drowning in the machines of strange fairgrounds, becoming these monsters ourselves only to come to the bigger fairgrounds to be eaten alive, and to learn to ride the thing which is having us inside It's a strange rodeo a strange puppetshow We do this masquerade for we are nobody anymore to be someone was only a lie there is no self and there is no other. But when does this all stop ? Only when we reach the everlasting and evergrowing explosion. The organic explosion is somewhere in the brain, a very sensitive spot like a nipple. It's a soft spot we can't touch. But we must reach it in our imagination. It's the vibration between personality and unpersonality. It's the vibration between you are everything, and you are nothing. It's the vibration between there is no self and there is no other. It's the greatest paradox on earth, that what happens between two mirrors It happens in the house of mirrors, where everything seems to change, and everything seems to split up endlessly. It's the fairground's human bomb.

From this bomb the indian horseflies come forth, leading you to their land. It's the game beyond good and evil It's the game of the fairground It's not a fruit easy to take in paradise No, it's a trip of discovery to the world beyond paradise Here the

fairgrounds are the butcheries to deal with the illusive self, in which we are locked up It's an evergrowing bownet for us to become free The evergrowing fairgrounds are like vulcanoes.

The Organic Bomb II

Indian Horsefly Fiction

They sank down in social starvation and social drowning, until they reached a strange fairground in the air. There was a strange machine called the Women of Ridicule, like a strange haunted house. They got marks and tattoos on the fairground nothing but strange scars sucking so much life away from them They were now haunted themselves a part of the fairground forever, until they would be fairgrounds themselves It was all part of a strange trip It seemed they had been captured by a swarm of indian horseflies after a day of going to the forest It was not such a good idea It was on the television They had been warned

They had been stubborn they were the stubborn ones It was a trip they wouldn't forget so easy. They got ridiculed and humiliated to their weakest spots But after all it was just a fairground trip They found out they could never get out It was forever until they would be fairgrounds themselves

There was no one more friendly than the boss of the fairground It made them belief that the good didn't exist, as if such a friendly man turned out to be evil everything would be evil It was all just a matter of time before the mask would get off There was only evil and they would have to live with that on this neverending fairground It was an evergrowing sight in the sky, luring more visitors everyday until it would come down to swallow the earth

There was also a machine called the Women of the Stories, also like a strange haunted house. These were women who would tell the visitors stories, and it would only get worse It was one of the darkest trips of the fairground This would let the visitors not belief in

a self and the other anymore, only in the things inbetween. And these things inbetween were the strange machines of the fairground There was not a self anymore after the trip of the fairground only the fairground itself as a strange being Lose yourself was the theme to be adapted to the fairground where the self seemed to be an illusion a prison just a strange machine on the fairground And also the other was a strange machine Too many haunted houses on the fairground let them long for getting away but there was no exit They could only sink deeper into it and they had still seen so little of this fairground It would be the trip of their life That they would be a part of the haunted house themselves was a thing they could never expect.

The machine called The Evil Women was a place they wouldn't want to be, but the trip was leading to that place automatically and then they really regretted that they once went to the forest, while it was on television saying not to go there They had to listen better to the newsreader but they had been stubborn too stubborn and now they were here in a thing they couldn't escape They had been eaten by a beast to become a beast themselves as part of the fairground Who could expect that they would become fairground themselves also

They were hungry in the skies hunting by their skills They were the fairground They would announce their coming on television telling not to go there but the forbidden always seemed interesting There were fata morgana's on television like kidnappers undercover

The organic bombs were like spots in their ears It was a strange deafness leading them deeper a social deafness And these spots also started to grow on their eyes a strange blindness It was now on television where sight seemed to be nothing but another trip in the fairground Strange spots were growing on them, telling them they had survived as the survival was also nothing but a strange fairground trip Everything seemed to be in the hands of the strange fairground boss until they found out that he was also nothing but another trip on the fairground

Bloodbather

On the beach they were standing, tall men like indian bloodflies. They were martyrs and warriors, in a strange idea. I saw it, yesterday. And I was thinking : Would these guys be able, ever be able, to pick up their lives again ? They were now lost, so lost, as they lost their wives, their lives, their families, children, their jobs. Now they were standing there with pale stripes, on the beach, stripes like arrows, starting to burn before they would shoot.

I've done this all before, walking on the beach, but I never saw a sight like that. And I was thinking : would I ever see these men again ?

But now after years, I can tell you : I never saw them again. But I once saw a woman coming out of the sea, and in a flash I thought she was a mermaid, but she wasn't. She was like an indian bloodfly. She went to a rock, and then I lost her out of sight. She remembered me a bit about the men Was she one of them ? She seemed to be alone

Neither did I see this woman ever again The pictures are still haunting me The woman's feet were red by blood like she had red boots It also looked like she had red hair but it was blood like she came from the sea ... of blood ...

I had problems to live with these pictures in my head It seemed like I wasn't myself anymore since I saw them

No one ever believed me They said it was just a nightmare or a dream but one girl did belief me She lived next to us, but she moved to another place This already happened years ago, and sometimes I think about her She had some strange books with strange pictures

One day I went back to the sea again, after years, and the sea was blood, and I shouted It looked mean and I took a dive, as I wanted to escape the nightmare but it took me and it brought me to the martyrwarriors the indian bloodflies And I said : well, nice to see you again and they greeted me

They showed me their arrows and bows their knives, their daggers their pictures and picture-books and I was amazed I didn't judge them, neither did I laugh They wanted to crown me, and I said : 'why ?' Well, because I had taken the time for them, they said hmmm Because I had studied their lives Did I study them yea in history-lessons But I never listened I never paid attention I was always dreaming

So I didn't understand and still I don't It's a paper crown and in the night it glitters like diamonds

One day I decided to read the paper, and I read horrible stories so horrible that I couldn't read any further

But hey, people said I just dreamt it I showed them the paper, and they said : well, oh, it's just a newspaper, dude just a newspaper

One day I swam back to their island in the sea of blood again They had their crowns and I thought : finally as I think these martyrs should be kings, as they have understood life They waved at me, and I couldn't reach them I was drowning in the sea of blood, and I thought : maybe it is all a dream, and then I woke up

There's a picture in my room of the martyrwarriors now a picture of their island with the sea of blood, the crowns, and everything It reminds me of the girl once believing me Would she still be alive Would she still belief me ?

There are so many pictures I try to forget, but to this picture I'm holding on

One day I went to the shop, while a girl stood there and stared at me 'Are you ? No, tell me it isn't true are you 'him' ?' she asked

'What do you mean with 'him' ?' I asked

‘Well, the boy of the neighbours,’ she said

I smiled she took my hand, and caressed it ‘Oh boy,’ she said ‘good, good boy
I’m so glad seeing you again.’

It struck me like lightening she had red boots and she said she still believed me
She was tall now I remember when we were young she always told scary stories She
said she was a writer now with many many books She took me to her home She
had returned She gave me a glass of red stuff I drank, and fell asleep in her arms
‘What kind of strong stuff is this, honey,’ I asked

‘Shhhh,’ she said ‘shhhh’

Then she took me to the bedroom, and laid me down ‘You still belief in it, right ?’ she
said

‘Yes,’ I whispered

She closed the curtains, lay herself next to me, and turned the lights off And then she put
on a small red light

‘It’s dreamy stuff,’ she said and then she took my hand and we fell asleep together
.....

I remember I woke up that night, while she was still sleeping I watched her, and loved the
sight I also watched her red boots made of velvet and leather I went to her room
full of books Books of leather and velvet in red and brown covers I started to read
.... I smiled She was still the same

Then she woke up and stood behind me She took me in her arms, and soothed me

She was tender and she spoke about the sea of blood

There was nothing which could come between she and me She led me to a room with pictures on the wall She explained them and she even had some statues while the floor was red red velvet with red leather also the furniture She had a big house and even an underground She said the martyrs lived there They were warriors now martyrwarriors indian bloodflies

I said : Oh

And she took me away downstairs There were rivers and lakes of blood with islands like a wilderness, a jungle but I didn't see anyone

‘The martyrs are sleeping,’ she said. Then she took a flute, while I had to be the drummer and then they came alive Graves opened themselves and they came out

Anyway, she got me that far I wished I never had done it, but it was already too late For later on we tried to make them sleep again, but it wouldn't work She smiled always in for an adventure but I thought : damned

I had to get used to it and it worked She made a good drummer of me I still stand in her toyroom while at nights I come alive in the undergrounds She stuffed me like this Still her drummerboy, after all these years awakening the martyrs and leading them together with her the secret of the indian bloodflies

She is a bloodbather and I now know why She is their crown, they follow her and she never wonders why It's like she always was like this

The End

Indian Bloodfly Fiction

Bloodbather II

Not much can I say after the encounter, am speechless, cannot talk, but everyday it's getting better with me They came there, and suddenly everything was red everything turned in blood, and I was standing like a zombie

It was in a flash and then everything was gone no more hope inside it got into a long long night tall blood shadows, tall knives, guns it knocked me down and I woke up on an island, far away, in the seas of blood It was doom's day why would they save me ?

They gave me blood to drink, meat to eat, while I still thought I was drowning, but they saved me I would never laugh again and I still couldn't talk I was like their baby

It was a long time after the kidnap, I could finally breath, and feel the hand on me

It was a blood shadow tall knives, guns but this time it was helping me

I know I will never be the same, after the kidnap There was a sword of blood in the sky roaring and so many bloodflies in the air soaring ready to attack ready to go out in war they had so many wings and for the first time after the kidnap, I could feel myself again knowing everything would be okay

They had strong, deep eyes and then they shrieked, as war would begin

And then it overflowed all again all the blood so many were drowning It was doom's day

And someone shouted : 'Don't come too close !' I saw so many running, but they had nowhere to go

And they stung some holes in me, and the blood flew inside I stood up, and I couldn't drown anymore I was one of them as I had the holes

There are many holes in a lifetime some are for real some are for always Some you will never forget

And we are reaching for the holes in the sky holes to escape holes to have some peace and rest but don't let it be a mistake it is all to prepare for war as doom's day is coming through

I have read a book about doom's day I smiled, it was like a fantasy I guess it wasn't real at all Life is just a story

So I could finally shut the book of my life, saying : story's over I took another book of my life inside and another story began a story of doom's day a second one for the first wasn't real at all

I have seen the faces of these indian bloodflies licking their lips of blood they are the martyrwarriors locked up creatures of an old historybook The seals have been broken, locks have been removed, chains have been cut, and now they fly, and rise telling stories like they should

They tell their dreams and fantasies They are smiling deep it is their weapon to
begin a new day a real day

I've seen them on the hills They aren't far away anymore There is no wall between
the history and the future That was all just make-belief and if there is a wall They
stand on it, and march preparing for war guarding the mass raising it tall
and then letting it all fall

There is not much to say after a day like this I'm closing the books and then they
follow me like tall blood shadows in the sky they cover the seas, and baby, do you
know why ? they have been here before, my child and now they are back to continue
the fight 'Fight for love !' someone shouts It's all we hear but the fight for hate is
near

'Fight for love, fight for love !' someone shouts again, but the fight for hate comes closer
as the hate of history is ready to jump jumping all over me 'Come here, and forget
about the pain,' someone's whispering But the pain is alive large like a well a well
of tears

And still they march on the walls of tears These tears are red my dear, like blooddrops
on the waterside reflecting words by which we can hide It comes all too close my
dear and the indian bloodflies are near We cannot run, but we can hide following
reflections of a dark dark night It's doom's day, yes, the second one It has just begun
.....

Where can we go ? There are red tears all over blood knows all the firecamps all the
places where we hide someone is piercing them It shrieks it is a high proclamation
..... 'Stay close ! But don't come too close' As it jumps and it can tear you down you
must shut the book now

They are speaking from times ago these martyrs It is my book, it makes me cry
They have sensitive spots Tender words they have spoken Their warriors are broken
..... but rising up To speak again on doom's day

And if there ever comes a third doom's day I will be there reading the book, shutting
it again and then staring at it's cover, for that's the best then a picture tells more
than a thousand words So I glide into the picture and will be the book's unheard
silent words, never spoken luring visitors to the second floor and further Come
away with me, let me show you the shadows forget about the words, don't create the
dungeon Be free with me, to the island we will swim It was all paint, this blood
we can do it, we can win There's no use in making war, but we can paint, that's for sure
..... I will raise my rod and scratch your name in the sky will it be full of roses,
blossoming

We can make a new world, you and me we can paint the ladder, always to escape for
there are better ways, much better ways Come with me darling forget about the
past forget about the misery as there is now enough paint to paint we are
bathing in blood, I know, but it's paint so paint the stairs through the curtains we will
go make it transparant baby so much to show

I will paint you on the cover of my book I will paint you in the sky and at the rock
There is magic when we speak the words, come follow me follow the reflections of
these bloodred tears

The End

The Troll Saviour

The Harper's Tale

'Light is a secret. How does it exist ? It is a hormone,' said Doctor Uzaki. Now they lived in hell since the atomic war they needed some light, as their monkeys were dying. 'They need light,' Doctor Uzaki said. They were in a dark capsule, sinking deeper into hell. The capsule was getting darker and darker. Suddenly someone blasted a piece out of the wall. It was Derenjen, a warrior. There was some light now. The Doctor and his daughter stepped out with the monkeys. 'Welcome to hell,' said Derenjen. 'Can you explain to us how we can breed the light hormone, as the monkeys really need it,' the doctor said. Derenjen told them to come with him. He led them into a cave with spiders and snakes. Some spiders were very big. Behind the cave there were some bigger caves, and here it was like an arena. Giant insects were fighting against giant snakes, while they started to produce much sweat caught into big kettles. These kettles were connected to big tubes leading the mixed sweat into a breeding of strange eggs. Derenjen said that whenever these eggs get in touch with the mixed sweat they open up after awhile bringing forth rare sorts of flies carrying the light hormones. Everyone got smeared by the light hormone, to become true citizens of hell, to be assured of a perpetual flow of hell's stamina. Now they would produce these light hormones by themselves.

Doctor Uzaki and his daughter took a bath in these hormones to get full possession of it, but awhile later they got killed. Only some of the monkeys could escape. One of them was not a real monkey, but had a monkey-suit. He worked in a circus, but now, by the atomic war, he was here, in hell and it seemed more needed to happen to become an eternal inhabitant of hell His name was Darrel, although some called him Dan. He thought it was kind of strange that they had to be smeared by the light hormone. He went to the caves again, and hoped that no one would see him here. Again he went to the breeding and this time he took the hormones to swallow it This seemed to work. He now knew that to be smeared by it was just a trap. He felt the lights moving through him, making him a true citizen of hell, like a big rebirth. He could smell the snakeslime now, and could watch all the hairs of the spiders It was like he was coming alive now, and he took a deep breath. But then he got killed by Derenjen who attacked him from behind. Derenjen smiled as no one knew the true way to get born into eternity. Derenjen felt like he was the father of hell, as he had invented this hormone. The wrong applications always led to death, and he seemed to be the only one who knew about the true application So he was the ruler and prince of hell But one day, strangely enough, he got killed by a giant black like snake. It was a sort of a seasnake, with very complex patterns. Derenjen knew nothing about the knowledge of these snakes, and it seemed they only bred him for this purpose : to die.

Deeper in hell there were the lights of illusion, spreading illusions to everyone coming closer. So many visitors who came to hell once in their lives started to believe that they were the kings and emperors, all to find out that they had been deceived. Hell didn't accept visitors, only inhabitants. The snakes of the depths of hell could shapeshift into women, and also the wasps, the spiders and the flies could do that. They were the hybrids of hell, and they battled for the first place. They were all hungry for domination.

They knew the secret of true light. It was the knowing that they were true inhabitants of hell And this knowing had been tested, even in the kettles of ignorance and oblivion. The inhabitants of life were easy to deal with, but it seemed the inhabitants of death were quite difficult. And Bombaya, the true prince of hell, feared the prince of death, as he was very strong. The prince of death had a series of old indian masks who were very powerful, so powerful that they were able to deceive the prince of hell at times, and it brought fear to the prince of hell, much fear. There was so much mystery around the domains of death, and it was such a riddle, that one day the prince of hell gave up all hope.

The prince of death was a fly, knowing a lot about the technology of death, and as he was growing he more and more started to steal parts of hell to turn it into death. This was how the domains of death

were growing more and more, and there wasn't anyone who could do anything about that. One day the prince of death took the prince of hell as a prisoner to the realms of death, while armies of death flies started to eat the lights of hell away. Hell was now nothing more but an island. Death was roaring against hell, and took so many lives in one day. Death had its dungeons, and the prince of hell started to burn in a strange fire. It was the day hell turned into a woman again, a dark woman of death, eating the last lights of hell, like the flaming pigs. Hell was now nothing more but a pigbreeding, while death grew more and more, and its blossom was covering everything. Nothing could shriek more than these pigs, these flames of illusion, these deceiving lights, until the spears of death finally quenched all life.

The dark woman of death became the woman of the prince of death, but it only lasted for a day, as they got into a horrible fight. The prince of death tore her into many pieces, but they all grew into women again, dark women of death, coming against him. And thus the prince made them as the hours of death, threehundredthousand hours of death, as that is how long every day in the domains of death take, and in his fight against them he had torn them into minutes and seconds, like armies of dark dark women of death, more than can be counted, as an eternal graveyard for the prince of death. He lives deep, the prince of death, and he is their table, he is their bed, and their heart And there it's ticking full of rage, full of fear and grief He is depressed, this prince, feeling rejected but he is the prince of death

No one can follow him when he speaks, he speaks like the riddle he is a vampire like a skeleton he rises every day, to rule the domains of death, and when he goes to sleep, a small lullaby is with him He doesn't love this lullaby, as she keeps him imprisoned when he sleeps He only loves death He's a criminal, a thief, taking away lives, he rules them all, by deceiving lights These lights are dark like the lights of flies

His name is David, by a strange religion of death he has chained them all. His chains are snakes like worms, striped by the pale, when he touches you it is too late. Once I was caught in his kingdom, in his garden of snakes I tried to find my way. He told me his name is Joseph when he sleeps, his name is Jesus when he dreams. There are black demons in his tree, hiding the hidden meat. It's the kingdom of death, the kingdom of meat, always full of grief. I tried to lighten him up by my harp, but he almost pierced me by a spear, so I ran away, to hide in his tree. Now he tells everywhere where he comes I am a black snake, a black demon. I am hiding forbidden fruits, but it's a hidden fruit It seems he doesn't like me

By a strange religion he has chained them all, he has eaten hell away, but still he scares them, telling about the death within death for me it's a road to escape How many times did he kill me, I do not know It seems I always come alive again in this strange place I'm a strange striped snake, striped by the pale

Still David is my secret obsession The white is rippling on my skin, turning the red into pink. I close my eyes when I think of him, I'm in my dungeon, still with the harper's play, maybe he will take me back another day Maybe he will open my eyes Maybe he will take away my fear

It's a strange hormone of light, the death within death, where the deepest death ends in the flame It is like overdeath, carrying the blossom of light, so pale to see all the other sights and the surveys of the seas I know he will kill him soon, the prince of the sea But that's another diamond, another skeleton, another warfeather.

I will tell you how that will be he skins him, tying his skeleton to his ship and then the sea will disappear in a deeper flame This can only happen in eternal death where time has faded

away, and everything is frozen awakening by the deeper flame The deeper flame of eternal death is sliding across the snares of my harp I know I can awaken them all

I still remember his three faces David, Joseph, Jesus Three chiefs of indians Three old indian masks Three warhammers Three stinging flies Your Troll Saviour

The Eyes of Death

He was the stomach piercer, he pierced kidneys by his arrows, like a prince of hell he was, but he was the prince of death, once swallowing the prince of hell Death had overcome, survived, not hell And his death was eternal, like the eternal flame, a deeper flame, going from heart to heart, from stomach to stomach, all to pierce, binding them together, for the lake to swallow But one time he got into a fight against the prince of the sea, and this one pierced him in the intestines, as a mean bite, so many spears through the head He had a harp harpoon, he was a hunting harper, piercing his stones, his soul and his blood I do not know for how long the prince of death was in the grip of the prince of the sea All I know is that the prince of death finally survived and took the weapon of the prince of the sea, his harper's harpoon, and his head

Now the prince of death is riding high on his dragonhorse, high on the hills, piercing the intestines of his victims by his harpoon of death by strange lullabies he's taking them away into a cloud to his dungeons, where they die the deeper death, calling forth the flames

He has the biggest death and the growing death in a bowl like two mysterious creatures, while the prince of death himself, he has three heads Three heads like the Cerberus, he guards the gates of death Like a knight he is, standing tall, having the thin strike, and thick edges of his helmet he's a skeleton

He shrieks when he shoots, all souls are his, he's their saviour, for there are many illusive lights He likes it when it's dark and pale, when the flames are fading away Once in awhile he has some fires, pigs at stakes Meat is what he desires He is king David, when he sleeps he's Joseph, and when he dreams he's Jesus He is our Troll Saviour from a harper's tale I once had a harpoon like him, but I never used it I only stared at it, such a pretty thing It's hanging like a shield in my room, like a web sifting the dreams and the nightmares like an old indian mask

There he rides high on the mountains There he spreads himself in the clouds like a web, and then so many predators are coming, it's dinnertime They are telling religious tales religious games

He is like the wasp, like the fly, like the spider, all in one, but as the snake he slides His webs are dangerous, so mysterious Prophets have warned him prophets from dark religions of death

..... How long will he be prince here ? I don't know One prophet is called Haggai, another one Sefanja, and another one claims to be Joseph, and another one claims to be Jesus It's the war of the death prophets They are strange gladiators, baptizing the skies in blood

I see indians are moving closer, of prince of death, what will it be They come out of strange boxes, out of strange warbooks wasps and spiders, so insane full of rage Like priests from the temples They're looking for their goats of sin, looking for their pigs of lies Prince of death, what will it be

Some are singing lullabies, but they are hunters, so get wise, warriors are rising, it's death rising, rising up Is this a greater death, I do not know, I just watch from the hill, having my harpoon raised ready to shoot No one will take me No one will take me for a sinner I'm clean No one will take me, no one will break me, no one will take me for a liar I am a harper, that's my destiny

Indians rising on the fields of death, mean faces Shrieking, yelling, full of rage Some are laughing, mocking, warriors, don't take me for a sinner, I don't belief in priests, I am the harper, that's my destiny I'm shaking in my dungeon The ground is breaking below me Someone's sucking me into the depths There are snakes all around me It's like my days with Lilith

And there she stands before me, her ornaments they strike me, it's Lilith with her company I tell her with a harper's smile about the wars coming Then she grasps me Lilith, princess of death what will it be I'm holding on to the harper's destiny

Then I hear shrieks The prince of death is falling Indians are surrounding him Then they pierce him Then they burn him At the stake they turn him Has another religion grasped us, or is this the same All I see is indians All I see is rage or hidden rage, covered by a smile I am here, with Lilith what will they do Do we have to say goodbye ? I'm holding on to the harper's destiny Then they crown me and all these lights are bowing before me It's Joseph, it's Joseph, one of his dreams ? No ? Is it Joseph the Dreamer, or is it something else ? Yes ? Please tell me

I found the harper's crown I take it off and throw it into the sea Is it the last sea It's disappearing before me

I'm sitting on my dragonhorse High on the hills I'm too peacefull, then I jump off sliding into a lake deep down in the fields in these forests and jungles of death Then I'm shapeshifting into a snake, searching for my spider I have a harem of spiders downstairs I will set them free, for now I have the key this harper's destiny And they will raise the flies They will raise the fly eye A pretty flame Deep there in the lake of death and the rivers are like veins The deepest death where water turns into blood There is a shrieker's harp, a tree of death meat for all predators to know It's all about the domination of the soul But don't fool yourself you can never drink from this well Lights are guarding it It's only an illusive spell There is a world inside Forget about the outer lies All these faces are just your misunderstandings Don't fight against these riddles, but go deeper, to the harper's play Listen to the Harper's Tales Don't let anyone else take you away

There's a place called death deep inside, but it's never what you think, it's bigger than your mind, it is a symbol Forget about the outer lies, don't let your head take you away Deeper inside your head will be cut off to let you enter a cryptic world Listen to the harper's play You're a

prisoner of your brains, a strange religion But when you come deeper you get an axe to crash the brains

Go there where the waterfalls turn into blood, for these waters are only lies. Go there where bread and fruits turn into meat, for this food is only lies. Die the deaths with the deaths Don't touch life as it will hypnotize you but treat all as a symbol.

The Stone

He was a pianist. He had the feeling people looked right through him, as if he was transparent. He lived as a recluse. He wanted to make something of his life, but it was like he didn't have the strength for it, as if he always slid away in a dark pit. Here he lived between the rats and the snakes, who mocked him. He was not happy. The sadness of life had overwhelmed him. The gardens of his mind were high and huge, hiding their secrets for him. He was searching for inspiration but he found none. His piano didn't give him any hope as well. It was like he had once married her, but now it seemed like they were divorced. In the past he always had the feeling he was riding a fast horse, but he didn't have that feeling anymore. Life had been hard to him. He couldn't enjoy music anymore. He felt numb. His piano was like a sleeping beauty and he didn't know how to kiss her. It was like his whole house was full of thorny bushes, stinging him, keeping him away from joy. In the nights he had dreams about bison hunts, after which he drank their blood and ate their meat, as in a dionysian mystery. He had the feeling he had gone mad. He didn't have a grip on the reality anymore. In these dreams he had many women, and there was coming wine from their feet, which he drank. These women were red indians, the ones with which he hunted. He felt the urge to return to the wilderness, but he didn't have the strength. He was locked up in society. The women he adored were like vines, but in daily life he could not reach them. He was too far away in his own world.

Vines grew in his garden. He loved to watch them. It gave him a feeling of peace amidst all the darkness. But it was like everything was sliding away from him. He didn't even know anymore what was real and which wasn't. Strange lusts were in him, which he never could satisfy. The other world was unreachable for him. The vine was divine for him, related to Dionysus, the god of the wine. He was also the god of pleasure, but the man could never reach this. He felt like doomed by Dionysus, but he also knew that the vine was about pain. It was by his suffering that he was slowly going mad. Within short time he moved to a flat. In the other flat on the other side he saw a woman undressing herself, probably because she would go for a bath. She had a beautiful dark skin. This went on for awhile, and at one moment he

decided to go to her house. He admired her, because she was like one of the women in his dreams. She opened the door for him and looked surprised. 'Dionysus,' she whispered.

It was silent for a few minutes. 'Come in,' she said.

He took a chair, sat down, and smiled. 'So you are a Dionysian priestess ?' he asked.

'Oh yes,' she said.

Then teach me, he said. How to live this life.

'Watch the trees,' she said. 'Watch how they grow, see the beauty in them.'

'That's all ?' he asked.

'Yes,' she whispered, 'for now.'

Then he told her about his dreams and asked her for explanation.

'I think you have gone mad,' she said. 'But that is the purpose of Dionysus, to become a fool, free from civilisation. He mocked the law, you know.'

He nodded. 'Do you want some wine ?' she asked. He nodded again. The cup looked like a foot. He drank and stared deep in her eyes. He loved her body. 'Unveil me,' she said. They made love the whole night, on a carpet of deerskin.

For him it was just an adventure. He didn't want to get too attached. Soon he took another girl, and then another, all red indians. It was like he wanted to live his dreams now. They were all dionysian priestesses. Some thought he was Dionysus himself. He ended in a mental institution, where they made a doll of him by medicins. He felt like he was a tree now, stiff, but still hotblooded like the vine. In his eyes the nurses were naked here, barefooted. It was like they were treading him.

Within seven months he was home again, in his flat and he decided to move to a house in the forest. Again he had his own vineyard but this time it was much bigger. He wanted to make wine like never before, and then to let it grow old.

It was like there were women living in his house, on the walls, knowing the way to the cellars. His cellars led to the underground, from where he came. And in these undergrounds ... bison hunts ... all to honor Dionysus. She stared at him. The clock seemed to have eyes. She was like the mother church.

In the cellar he was bathing in wine, in a huge wooden pan. It was steamy creamy wine. His dark eyes watched his lovers. They had bodies like chocolate. He was drunk. He was a god. Something had broken in his brains. He couldn't handle so much wine, and he ended in a mental institution again. To him the nurses were naked, barefooted. After seven months he was home again, but he wasn't the same. The women had missed him, and told him he had to go to the underworld. They crowned him when he was home. They called him Dionysus of the mother church. They drove him drunk and drove him to the piano. He was tired and he didn't have much control over his fingers. They ended in bed.

The women worked in the vineyard. In the neighbourhood he was known as polygamist. The people thought he was a sexist because there were naked women painted on the outside walls of his house. He wanted to go into the cities to preach the gospel of Dionysus, as a fool looking for work. He wanted to build his empire in the wilderness, on the broken stones of the villages. He wanted to break these cities down, to let tree-life take over. He wanted to plant trees, he wanted to bring mud to the water.

He could save a lot of people, the cities were flooded by wine, and one major flood. He preached them the gospel of wine and drunkenness. There were floods in his bed, the floods of sodom, and it soon ended in his head. He was staring over the vineyards, so many, as far as the eye could see. He was in joy, his women were with him. He stood there on top of the hill, it was sandy here, and there was the beach. From here he could see the sea of wine and joy. He could escape through the vine, through the roots, but it was like climbing up. He could reach heaven. He took the piano and could play, ethereally, insane. His women played the violin. He stood eye to eye with the mysteries. The mysteries were huge, overwhelming his mind. He was freezing, and it was snowing. He was leaking. He couldn't handle this, so again he had to go to the mental institution. This time they didn't want to let him go anymore. He felt like he was in an abattoir. They cut him with knives.

He got his own room, like a room on a ship. He knew he had fallen into the hands of pirates. They forced him to take medicines, they even put it into his food, and he even went more downstairs. This time he was really visiting the underworld. He went to the cellars of the hospital, where all the old wines were. They were guarded by the feet of women.

The bottles of sex were tall and stinky. Sodom was a hairy goat, and it could kill by its noise. He knew it was the power of death. He took one of these bottles in his hands, and he knew he was ruler. It led him to the sea. He climbed the tower, where the worms were born. All these roads led to death. He was the god of death. Where bodies came together the play of death seemed to begin. It was all the fermentation process of death, a wine he kept drinking from, tasting like licorice. Sex was the drunkenness in the hand of Death, as a road to madness, the liberation of the self. He was aware of it very well. And she was veiled by the veils of torture.

They were working, making love for a better world, and they were surrounded by jewelry. The joy of sex was a profound one, like the birth of a new baby. At the same time it was a war, a death, but it was a holy war, a dionysian one. It was to set free, and to be free. Sex was one of the strongest powers of Drama and Comedy, of the Great Carnival.

They buried him soon enough. He was now a ghost. He looked back on his life, looked back on the past. They took him out of coma by a new medicine. He was allowed to go home soon. He felt a hand on his body. He moved to another house to start a new life. The mysteries of Dionysus were eating from him. The trees were growing beautifully here, with grapes and licorice, and small dead heads. He came from the depths of the underworld and had conquered.

He came with licorice, the finest of juices, and with foam, the fruit of poverty. There were statues of naked women around his house, and they were tall. He loved wine, he loved to swim in it, and the group of his women had grown, and he called them his disciples. They would stretch out to the vision of love, the love for wisdom. He had a game to play to build his empire, and it was based on dionysian doctrine.

The next day he woke up and there were so many women around him. They were like wild dogs, and slowly they began to tear him. He was holding the grail, and it seemed to be his own blood. The mysteries of licorice were his, they were sweet and calming. The stones of his city were big, shining in the sun, with black watchers on them, archers. Inside his city there was confusion, much confusion. He wanted to escape from his city, but he was trapped. He was a prisoner of himself. All roads seemed to end here and there was a cry of death. He wanted to wage war against a big red stone in the midst of the city. He did not know who had planted it there. He wanted to remove it, but he couldn't. Dionysus had planted this stone.

Someone gave him the key to the stone and he found rest. He could enter the stone. Dionysus smiled. He had waited for this moment. It was his stone. No one could fight this stone. They just had to enter it.

Green Slime

The Fourth Death

Chapter 1. The Obsession

Jeremy was developping a new computergame. The games he played in his life were really an inspiration to him. He was a real game-addict, almost a junk on that area, and he wanted to bring all good games and characters into one super game. He didn't know that a friend of him was also working on such a game. Both had the intention of building a new virtual world, which would take over the nerve-system, and by that even the hormones and cell-production. By this they could transform the earth. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body.

Jeremy was a punk boy. In this way he had the best chance to survive earth. For him it was a very hard experience, but the games helped him through. His friend was called Sam, but

everyone always called him maestro. He was a good musician, a good technician, but he always acted very strange, and always tried to stay at the background. The last years he isolated himself more and more. They had a lot of contact by internet or by phone. He called himself an internet-hermit. He built a world there where he could study and work. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. The hybrids were fusions of different lifeforms together. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. For Sam it was a challenge. He believed that evolution could only exist because of the pressure. Which makes that evolution is eternal life itself. Life will keep developping itself until it has the perfect frame to be permanent. Sam learned to see death as an elevator to new laboratories. All these new species were heading for hybrid earth. Every strike against it would only settle it and develop it more and more. In this case enemies and friends would work together.

Jeremy was already far with his game. He had developped guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slimesort had another function. There were slimes for war but also slimes to build or heal. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. One day he got a call from Sam. Sam was telling him about his plans, and they decided to work together. Sam was also very far with his game, and they decided to make a fusion. Sam was an expert in anatomic technology, and he had already built hospitals in the game where the player could enter for new installations and healings. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. Sam asked Jeremy to come to his room for some experiments. Jeremy was excited and stepped into the capsule. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. They both had a good teacher, teaching them these sort of things, but Sam was really on track. He had developped his knowledge the last few years without this teacher, just like Jeremy. It was their high school teacher, but since they succeeded in their study they studied on their own. This was a deeper feeling of liberty, although their old teacher never forced them. The hours they were with him were always like deep magic. The classroom was in a cellar below school, where he had his lab. Here he teached them about evolution and the hybrid theory. There were many caves below the school in his dominion, and some of them even led to the core of the earth. This was why his lessons were always so exciting. They could experience it by themselves.

Now they had the plan to show the old teacher what they did, but it wasn't finished yet. Jeremy would take his own files to Sam's room, and they would try to make a good fusion. Sam liked the guns immediately and tried them out. Jeremy had built a lot of characters and enemies, all in 3-dimensional style. These characters could talk and even develop their knowledge. Jeremy had a crush on one of the characters. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when Jeremy saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. Sam liked Onnia too, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities.

Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. Sam loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. Jeremy agreed. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' With tears in his

eyes he stood there. 'This is so good, boys.' The boys were smiling. They liked the idea of their teacher about the capsule. The old teacher would go to his home and bring them some old games he liked. He wanted them to bring it in the new game. Sam and Jeremy agreed. 'Well, that was a good shot, maestro,' Jeremy said to Sam, when the teacher was gone.

The old games of the teacher were brilliant. They never saw anything like this. These were games from his youth. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. Sam decided to bring it into the new game. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the atmospheres were full of dark colours. Jeremy was smiling.

Chapter 2. A World in Lava

After years the game was a topper on internet. In many houses there was a special capsule to play it in virtual reality, but most of the houses just played it on screen, 3-dimensional. The project was very expensive, but hospitals were so amazed about the program and its influence on medical evolution that they were about to raise funds for it. Jeremy and Sam were heroes, and their old teacher was very proud of them. But more and more Jeremy and Sam started to draw themselves back from usual life. They found a cave in the forest leading them to the deeper cores of the earth, even deeper cores than the caves of their old school. The air was so clear here, and the darkness had a good effect on their bodies.

Somebody invented a virus against the game and against internet, which could not be destroyed. Science was hopeless. New sicknesses came on earth, and it was like humanity was losing it. Something was eating the human structure away. The real junks of the game, who really had hybrid abilities growing into them, and who sometimes even started to look like hybrids had a sort of new immunity against all that was happening. Their journey would be to the sacred cave of Jeremy and maestro, but it seemed that no one could find it. Humans were dying like many millions a day, and the hybrid-junks started to gather. They came from all countries over the world to a place where many caves existed. There were many deserts here, and they had the plan to make a living here. They wanted to find a way to the deeper cores of the earth, to meet Jeremy and maestro.

The rest of the world was dying, but they had a small power which gave them hope to survive. Jeremy and Sam didn't know what was happening above the ground. They had moved to this place underground, and built a new world there. Here the game was still working, and they had their own internet.

The beings they found here were looking like the Onaks, but they had wings, and in a sense they looked like birds. But they were more the flying monkeys or crocodiles they knew from old movies. It was like a prehistoric world was still alive here. One always said in the deepest core of every planet there is a road to the sun. There was so much fire here, but it was under control. At least that was what they thought, but it changed their mind when they had their first vulcano-like experience. It would take a lot of time before they could deal with this. It was like some of these parts were floating, deeper into the earth. And it was like the atmospheres got softer here, but still the oxygene was very thick and there was a lot of slime. Do snakes come from here ? They had the most horrible experiences with these underground snakes. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. It

seemed that a lot of creatures here didn't like their presence. They didn't want to fight, but they had to, for they needed to survive. They were getting crazy of hunger and while they didn't want to hunt for food, they started to eat which had attacked them. They hoped they could have some friends here, but it seemed they were all against them. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ?

The world was in fire and lava now, no any hybrid-junk survived, only the two inventors of the hybrid game, Jeremy and Sam, were still alive, while they were deep underground, looking for the center of earth. They had to find their way through the mud and the swamps. Fortunately the swamps weren't deep, but what would they meet when they would be further in the darkness. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a certain time-period of a day or a week ? They didn't know what they could expect. The meat of snakes was very tasty, and it was like new sorts of slime running through their veins. They didn't know that this slime was making them immune against the heat. The more they ate this meat, the less snakes attacked them, they found out. These snakes were very thick and big, very large, in all sorts of colours. The colours were inspiring them. It was like hard slime, very transparent and often very bright, but not bright enough to be a light in the darkness. When they saw a snake coming out of the lava, they knew that these sort of snakes had a great immunity against the heat, and they started to understand why they were having a lower temperature now. It was still a very pleasing temperature, but soon they would find out that this immunity was slowly killing them. They were starting to freeze at a certain point.

'Stop eat snake-meat, Jeremy,' Sam said. 'It's killing us, it's freezing our senses.' Jeremy dived into a river of lava. It didn't bring him any damage, for he was immune, but it was still like he was freezing. 'Oh, how cold this is,' he screamed. Sam was diving too. He found out he could breath down under, thinking maybe because of certain meat he ate. He found a hole deep down in the lava, leading to a lava-cave, while Jeremy was following. They saw strange creatures there, while they were hiding behind a rock. It was a large cave. It was like giants were living here. Suddenly one of the giants found them. It was like a shark was looking at them, a hybrid lava-shark. Strange chills went through them. The giant took them to the middle of the cave. He was too strong, they couldn't do anything. They were thrown into a sort of kettle, while giants around them were screaming. These screams were like thunder underwater. But soon they found out that these giants were friendlier than they thought. They brought meat to them, and they had to eat. While they were eating the meat, the strange coldness which tried to kill them was slowly disappearing. It was like balance started to come, also an immunity against the cold was developing itself in them. The giants were starting to get more and more quiet. They were speaking in a strange language, and Jeremy and Sam were raised out of the kettle. One of the giants came to them, and said : 'Now you are free to go the world of ice and glaciers.'

Chapter 3. The Wizard

It was like defeating their enemies and eating them was a base for their existence here and to find their friends. But they didn't know about the dangers waiting for them. They had to take

place into the kettle again and it was sinking into the ground, like it was an elevator to a new domain. It was a world of ice they were floating in, and the kettle was sliding so fast. The pastures were green, and they saw dragons in the distance. Suddenly they felt like something was moving their arms, like they were in a game. When they looked to the ground they saw the face of a child appearing, and he had a joystick in his hands. Was this all a trap of the giants, or were they trying to show them something ?

This boy lived in the center of the earth, in a gamecave. They always said that he who would live in the center of the earth ruled the sun. Under his gamecave he had a million of thronehalls full of toys. These were frozen victims without ice-immunity. They never ate the meat of their enemies. It was a strange capsule, producing so much heat. In a sense it was inspiring Jeremy and Sam. They felt so weak inside, like their brain was of pudding. Suddenly it was like they were starting to melt away. It was time for them to attack the dragons, and try their meat. Strange gasses were coming out of their beaks, trying to harm Jeremy and Sam. It was a horrible fight, and it was like these dragons were mocking them, while they started to get very dizzy. They had cynical heads, cynical faces, and it seemed like Jeremy and Sam couldn't do anything. The gasses were tearing them away, while they had horrible pains. They were screaming and shrieking, while it was like these dragons were laughing at them. They made such strange noises. Suddenly there was an enormous explosion, and they were surrounded by light. A wizard was standing before them with an enormous gun. It was a Mercury gun. There were seven giant-heads rotating on it, while smoke was coming from it. But suddenly he was aiming it on them, and shooting. It was like all flesh was ripped out of them, like they were losing their last strength. The wizard took them to a cloudcastle, they didn't know where. He told them that his wife was dying, and that their meat would let her survive.

Many days they were in a cage, waiting for the last strike. But the dragons finally arrived in front of the castle. They needed the meat of the boys too. They were very mad at the wizard for he took their prey away. An enormous fight started, for the guards of the wizards tried to get rid of them. The cage hung very high in a hall, but a mountain of meat was growing because of the fight. Cut off arms and legs, cut off heads, hearts and other organs. Jeremy and Sam could reach some of the meat and started to eat. There was much dragon-meat between it, and they felt they got immunity against the draining fluffyness in their heads. They felt strength and tightness in their bones again, while the meat-mountain was still growing. At one point they were reaching the ceiling, and the cage crashed open, while the ceiling was breaking. They were now on the top of the castle, and they had an enormous survey.

They saw the game-boy smiling in the clouds, with his joystick in his hands. All of a sudden there were lightflashes, like diamonds were exploding. The air was getting full of brightness which started to blind them. They weren't immune for that, and started to eat more meat of the dead guards. It helped a bit but the lights got brighter and brighter, like things were exploding in their heads. They needed the meat of the wizard, but was he dead or still alive ? Suddenly the castle was exploding too, and they saw the wizard attacking the game-boy in the air. There were still a few dragons living, and they could shapeshift themselves in all sort of forms and characters. The wizard took his crown, which started to change into a circular saw, and he started to throw it at the dragons. Meat was falling all over. But then the boy started to produce flames hotter than ever, in all sorts of colours, and the wizard got hit in his feet. It was like a ball was forming around his feet, and he started to lose his balance. Suddenly the ball started to rise in his body and exploded, while the wizard himself was exploding too. Jeremy and Sam both caught a piece of the wizard's meat and started to eat. All of a sudden

they could see a bit better, and they got great light-immunity. The boy was laughing in the skies.

Jeremy and Sam got an anger towards the boy which they couldn't describe. Suddenly the air was like filled with thronehalls, in which silver toys were spinning like ballerina's. In the middle of these halls was a bright capsule, with bubbling transparant fluids, bright green and a little blue. A strange creature was dwelling in it, attached to pipelines and cables. These cables looked like snakes in all sort of patterns. The creature looked a bit like a scorpion, a bit white, and it was incredibly soft and full of light, pulsating these rays into the atmosphere. The boys were aware that they could look at this because of the light-immunity. Suddenly the creature changed into the face of a woman, and the boys were shocked. Then the woman grew to a full length and stepped out of the capsule, moving towards the two boys.

Little Numsit was her name. She spoke in many languages to the game-boy, but suddenly she started to speak in the language of the two boys. Suddenly the atmosphere got full of insects producing the shrillest tones they ever heard. Blood was coming out of their ears, and the insects started to attack them. It was a devastating fight, but the two boys got in such a rage that they started to eat the insects alive. The meat was easing their ears a bit and they got immunity against the shrill tones. They now heard that the insects were just communicating with each other. These were all sorts of insects, and suddenly they could see that the woman's body was made of different insects together. It was a shocking sight, and suddenly the woman started to cry while her shoulders were tightly shivering. She said she was a prisoner of these beings for so long, while they were parasiting on her. This was why she was so soft and bright. The insects were dying one by one. 'It's because of the shrillness you produce now,' the woman said. 'All immunity produces the same substance of the thing they are immune against, but just in a higher grade, so now you dominate the insects.' The boys were staring at each other, and then at the woman. She was now changing into a man, while the parasital bodyparts were dying. Little Numsit shook the old skin off and now a golden statue stood before them. Suddenly all the silver toys were also free, and an enormous gate opened itself below them. Now they could travel even deeper. Little Numsit walked at the front, and the silver toy-beings walked behind him. The two boys walked behind them all, at the end of the rows. But after awhile Numsit was changing into a woman again, and got problems, while also the toys started to freeze again. It was like they were standing before something which was stronger than their immunity. The two boys got breathing problems, they started to get very nervous, and a strange fear came over them. It was like many things trying to take them over. Something was stinging them.

The statues were melting away and there were rivers of gold and silver flowing towards the world above. Here they would be mixed into the seas of lava. The two boys got in deep confusion. Now the gameboy was raging at them. He was standing before them like red golden boy, while he was shapeshifting in all sorts of animals. The two boys got sick in their stomachs, and pains were taking them over. Pains like they never had before. The boy was taking some comics and threw these in their faces. Suddenly they couldn't move and got hard like stone. Was this the end ? Suddenly he took his car, which was a red shoe, and he drove away. They needed one special immunity to activate all the other immunities again. They had the immunity against softness, but they needed also the immunity against hardness. A red golden eagle came sitting on Sam's shoulder. There were dripping red golden drops from it's head to fall on Sam's shoulder. Sam got new immunity and he could move a bit again. The eagle was flying away already, while Sam was rubbing the stuff on Jeremy's shoulder. Now they could both move and had new immunity. Then the eagle came back together with a blue

golden eagle. It had almost the face of their old schoolteacher. So many memories were floating through their minds, but it seemed to hurt them more and more.

Loud noises were teasing them while they were moving forwards. They came standing before an enormous sea, and it seemed that sharks produced these noises. They dived into the water, and started to swim underwater to ease the pain of their ears, but it didn't help, and sharks were already coming. An enormous fight started. They were bleeding all over, and they had a fear like never before. It was the terror ringing in their ears, like the sun was screaming at them. Suddenly the blue golden eagle came down and struck the sharks one by one. The two boys started to eat the meat for new immunity. When they swam further they met new sharks who didn't seem to give much attention to the boys, and quite peacefully they could swim further, without hearing noise. The blue eagle was very strong, and after hours of swimming he took them both in the air, to fly with them to new areas.

Chapter 4. Dangerous Temples

They came into a new world, so deep in the center of earth. A world of black golden temples, trees and strange beaches. A brown woman was walking towards them. She looked a bit like Onnia, and Jeremy got the chills. Something was wrong here. He didn't know what, but something was very wrong. The woman had a flute by which she could produce very low tones. With this she could lead the snakes. She was a snake dancer. There were big spiders walking here, they looked like feet. The two boys got very strange feelings in their stomachs. The woman had a black golden amulet with a green stone of slime. She said she got it from her granddad before he died. It would give her power over many animals. She showed the boys one of her granddad's temples. Granddad was an important chief, who had built a lot of temples. All these temples had a green slimy stone above the portal. When they were in, all sorts of wild plants, bushes and trees were growing against the walls. It was a bit dark, and they had to walk for awhile. There were a lot of snakes hanging in the bushes, but they didn't harm them at all. After awhile they got into a sandy hall, full of mud and hanging bushes. In the distance they saw a brown ball of two giant feet. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth from it. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. The two boys got scared, but the woman said they had nothing to fear.

She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them.'

Jeremy said : 'It's okay, we will help you,' while Sam was nodding.

'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.'

'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' Jeremy said.

'But many of us went underground, but none of them returned,' the woman said. 'If you go can I go with you ?'

And the day after they went there, Sam, Jeremy, and the woman. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds.

Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. When they're swallowing their mouths hurt enormously. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. A green golden eagle is floating in the air. When he comes closer he has the face of a fly. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. The stings are unbearable, and they are shrieking and screaming, while they're feeling deeply sick because of the poison. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise.

'Throw the woman in the pit of octopuses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But Jeremy dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. Soon also Sam was in the waterpit. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stung the octopuses one by one. He told them to eat the meat, so that they could raise up new immunities. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. The woman was deeply wounded, so they took her inbetween them. They had to swim for awhile, while the octopuses they met didn't harm them. They had a new immunity now. The octopuses here were bigger and more hybrid. They could even speak to them. They showed them a gate through which they could swim.

Here the octopuses were almost sharks, such dignified beings. Their hearts and organs were connected to the several suns on which their systems drove. They were called 'the ofions'. From here their souls could travel along the circles of the suns. The boys asked them if they knew anything about the flies dominating the land of the woman. The ofions told them that these flies were fallen out of these areas. They had the chance to go even deeper into the earth but they gave it up for might in the areas above them.

The boys wanted to go deeper, for only by going deeper they would have the force and immunity they needed to defeat the flies. The woman was out of consciousness because of her

wounds, but the winged spider cared for her, and she would still be inbetween them. Going back would be too dangerous, which was also what the ofions told them.

The boys were amazed about the ways of communication they saw between the ofions. They communicated by using different sorts of solar heat. It was a healing language. The ofions were very peacefull but they were great guards. The ofions decided to give five of them to join the boys on their journey, for it would be very dangerous downstairs. The ofions had a lot of weapons. They could spit fire, but also a lot of other substances to reach their goals. The ofions had some meat of fallen ofions for the boys, so that they could develop the same qualities. The meat wasn't tasty, and even hurted their mouth like never before. It was like their mouth was in fire, and when they swallowed the meat it made their stomache so upset that they got sicker like never before. They were in deep delirium like they were fighting against horrible creatures. It was to prepare them. The ofions told them that the fever had to stay for a very long time. It would raise their immunity-level until they were safe. The ofions had eyes like lasers and by only watching something they could burn it from inside out. Their eyes were hi-sense weapons. The ofions told them that the woman had already many ofion-qualities for the things she dealt with in her life. She needed to stay unconscious for awhile for deeper initiations.

The boys got panicked about the pains they were feeling, but there was no way back. The ofions had them inbetween, and they were swimming to deeper worlds underground. When they got deeper the boys lost consciousness too, while the ofions protected them carefully. The seas were getting darker here, and the fishes bigger. They would die of fears if they would be conscious now. But in their dreams it was frightening enough. They had nightmares about big dark creatures coming against them. In the distance they saw a boy in a game-capsule, floating on the sea. It was a sort of helicopter and there was a green shiny stone on it. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds above. The ofions started to attack the whale. They knew what they did, and they gave the meat to the two boys and the woman, who were slowly coming to consciousness. They were in open sea, but the presence of the ofions made them at ease. It was like the sun was shining over the waters, even more suns, and they wondered how this could be, so deep under the earth.

After hours of swimming they came into a new domain of ofions. It was a land where many hybrids lived. Here they met some flying ofions, like eagles. These were very impressive beings. There was internet here, and a game even more advanced than theirs. This game regulated the land. The woman asked them if there would be any chance to save her land. But the ofions told her that she couldn't go back, it would be too dangerous. The woman started to cry thinking about her family. The ofions told her that the green slime would destroy the temples, and that her family and land would die. 'They had the chance to come with you, but they didn't. It was also your last chance to set your journey forth,' they said. But the woman got hysterical : 'And what about the babies, the animals, the old ones, and the sick ones who were to sick to make this journey ? No one ever returned so no one dared to make the journey.'

We are very sorry, the ofions said, but it has to be this way. Going back would be too dangerous.

The woman started to scream : 'I want to go back saving my land.' And she ran to the sea again, diving in, while a shark took her and killed her. The two boyes were staring like the

death was in their eyes. They knew they couldn't fight against nature itself. Jeremy was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone. They told him it was better for him to throw it in the sea, which he did. Days went by, and the boys talked a lot about their world, and about the game they made. Jeremy wondered if he could introduce Onnia and the Onaks in the ofions' game. They thought it was a good idea.

The End

Inua

She climbed through a window of the palace, took her bow from behind her back, then an arrow and shot the prince. Then she took his jaguarcoat, and ran through the corridor into another room where the princess was bathing. Another arrow was enough to kill the princess and to make the bath bloodred. Snakes were soon sliding into the bath to eat from their mistress' body. Inua then walked through further tunnels and gracious halls of the palace, along the portals high on the walls, and she ran. She found a red rope hanging, and swung to the other side of the palace. A black hooded warrior stood before her all of a sudden with a sword shining in the sun. It almost blinded her eyes. She could stoop just in time and pushed a knife in his leg. Then she pushed him from the wall. Another black hooded warrior came, and a red one. But she took another rope and swung to the next part of the palace. Then she ran upstairs. Here the queen and the king lived. They were just drinking from their golden cups. She used two arrows in one shot, and killed them at the same time. Then she ran to the entry of a tall tower. She knew a sorcerer lived there, holding the hearts of those who lived in the

land. He had poisoned them by his medicin. Quickly the warlock spoke his spell. He had a red garment with a large cape. Inua fell to the ground, like she was struck by a strong drink. The wizard took his sword from the wall and wanted to kill her.

‘Demibrazi,’ a voice said, ‘don’t do that.’ A man with a harpoon stood in the windowgate, shoot through the wire holding the lamp, while the lamp fell on the wizard. ‘Are you okay, Inua ?’ the man asked. But Inua didn’t answer. He took her on his back and brought her to his home. After awhile she woke up.

‘That was pretty dumb what you were doing there,’ the man said. ‘The wizard could kill you.’

‘I’m not scared of him, if I would die, it would be so, but I had to do it,’ Inua said.

‘You are a brave woman,’ the man said.

In the night Inua returned to the palace, and this time she could kill the wizard. She entered through a portal where a strange elevator stood. Suddenly the man stood before her holding her arm down. She wanted to push the button to open the elevator. ‘Let me go with you,’ the man said. Then they stepped in the elevator together. They visited a city in the sky, where gods and goddesses lived. They guarded the so-called Eye of Blood, by which they ruled. Inua had already an arrow on her bow, ready to shoot. She could see the eye from the elevator, and shot through it’s fleeces. The elevator fell back, together with the whole city of gods. It was all coming down. The man didn’t survive the fall, but Inua did, and ran into the wilderness. Then she went back to her cave. The Eye of Blood was a conspiracy of ghosts who had implanted thin and small saws into the genitals of their victims, to let them live in deceiving visions.

She was now the bloodbather, behind the walls of paradise, where she dwelled between the volcanoes of death and blood. She was now weaving her palaces in the sky like the widow spider, from all the tears of men and gods, from all those royal tears, and she wove the hearts together of all the fallen warriors and their intestines, to raise the fleeces of pestilence and drunkenness, she would settle her throne in war. She was the queen of delirium and intoxication, a huntress of deception. There was no seducer like her, time would come into slow motion around her, her arrows were sweet, bringing the weight of tragedy and torture, finally a deeper bitterness. She was from the garden of the snake, a wardancer, a poisonblower, through tubes of death and confusion. The intestines of fallen warriors she had woven into chalices, and she made dishes of their hearts.

She was the intoxicator, carrying the ancient secrets. She was a designer of heavenly cities, a conspiracy as well. She was a whisperer, a threat to the kings and their sons, to the queens and their daughters. She was an everlasting flame from hell, torturing the chosen ones by visions.

Inua II

She was a treasure of the gods, a troll treasure. She was a haunted house of seduction, all starting by drinking from her cup, in hell's pub. She was hell's calculated bartender. All she wanted was to make cigarettes of her visitors. And their heads would glow and she would bring the fire in them, all she wanted to see was them burning.

She was a weaver, taking the testicles and eyes of her enemies. She had a horned helmet, by which she showed the sweet venomous paths leading to the bitterness. She was the spider, the whore of destiny.

In the nights she would become the seven faces of Mercury, spoiling them by delights, all to fatten them up for a butcher called history. They had no names, but she would call them, to be a number and a slave. In her hands they grew, and by testicles she built her screaming walls behind which she hid her silences, where the mercury was her poison to hold. So many testicles of fallen warriors bound together. She could be found on beaches, where he lured them to watch her, until the sting of mercury took them away. They could not eat nor sleep, they could not breath nor move in bed, for she was in their head. By a bisonhat she showed them the paths of venomous sweetness ending in a bitter death.

She was a calculated horror, with cups from mars and spain. She was living in Jerusalem, rebuilding it again. Was it a hidden Rome so sugared, hiding the sting of hell, or was it innocence and ignorance, unable to find the right spell. The spell to raise the new mind, testicles bound together in a well, where fishes were nothing but testicles, and shrieking hunters possessed by sharp objects letting them bleed inside. They cannot stop their hunt. Something wants to come out. And this is all her pride.

The kings rise on their morningbeds, all ready for a new day, while she rides on peacocks, the warrior goddess. She is a weaver, a dancer of swords and spears. And while she is pregnant she is so soft, until the morning comes with it's black blood and grey coffins. Jerusalem is in her hands, her feet are demanding, equipping soldiers to open the gates of the promised land. She is the black spider, white in her strike, rebuilding the heavens, by the testicles of the fallen. Where Mercury had it's seat, she rises with mint fleeces, so thick, surrounding the mind, where soldiers had their stands, she speaks deadly accurate words.

In a bleeding bed she has her Spain, the grapes are ripe. In a bleeding bed she welcomes her tomorrow, as a bleeding dove, ready for sacrifice. She tastes death so many times, she has sweet feet hiding the bitter seat, a golden sun of scorn, testicles woven together by the whore. She has her chalice here under black waters, filled with brown desires. Mercury was here before, now she is riding it's horse. Yes, seven faces he has, to spread his evil, mint and mess. It is the new mind, a new calculator, on the testicles of once such mighty men, they are in hell while their tops are broken. The eye of the spider has spoken. It is here, Mercury had it's place, but the night is over.

She is the one with many feet, they call her a spider, setting them free by mint. She is torn inside, for there was always a fight between her mint and her mercury, she lives in an eternal war, and the chemical disease spreads it, by pestilence and hysteria. There is war in her chalice, and much paranoia. The skin of her back is soft, swept by swans and heavenly feathers, while her mind is hell, covered by bats and zombies. She is the tormentor of the new day, the knocker on hearts.

In a spanish church she has her many faces, where the whore of dentistry has her coffins. Where angels of scorn and no care lead the mass by fear. Testicles have been pierced by the chains of Mercury, her seven faces. When he speaks, soldiers are near. His voice like a moderator, rivers of poisonous deaths to raise the leg of the ballerina, her feet denying everything, on her toes it's written she doesn't care. Lethe has them in his hands, the trips across the Styx were dangerous and expensive, while Charon comforts their souls.

Weren't we all in this dentist church, where the trolls run free in the huntingfields. Mercury has them in chains, with cups full of liberties. She is the black spider, stretching out on her

beds, while so many are dying. On her toes it's written queen of scorn. Seven toes will rise in the black night, to guide them by her light. She is the queen of scorn, a moderator of hell. When she speaks the snares are breaking, and men are weeping. The church she closes by her wings, and opens it by a grin. Her ballerinas all drowned in her seventh night, for it was the night of Jupiter, her inner delight. She speaks while temples are rising, and then the poison catches them all. She holds them in a tight grip, like a snake sliding, wanting more. She is the green-black anaconda, waiting for them on a tall shore. She lets them fall when they have almost made it, and they fall hard, like goats thrown from a tower. She builds her sands, and by deserts she creates time, all to lock them up in prisons of lights.

She is in chains, this woman, her nipples pierced, deep into her breasts, whenever she moves the sweetness falls to the earth. And deadly snakes hide her mercury pride. She is the slave of a king, king mercury, her own grin. She is heavy burdened, while her body is mocking herself. She wants to become grey but the green always wins. There are soldiers on her walls, moving by chemicals and mercury, created in mint metal. They hide the faces of oz, the faces of fear, they show the faces of ox, and bring the spears near. She has bullfighters like machinery, saying : don't come here.

Oh, the whore of Spain, dwelling among the testicles of bulls, opening her wings saying there is so much to do. The seven faces of orion is she, a secret of mercury perfectly denied.

Different Games

Short Detective/ Thriller

It was a long journey to the lion's temple ... When they arrived there, they found a golden flower speaking. Every letter it spoke hurtled and wounded them very deeply, like runes were being burnt into their skins.

'These are the butcher's runes,' the flower spoke.

John woke up in the morning. What a weird dream he had. Peter was also slowly waking up, and John started to talk about the lion's temple he dreamt of. Peter smiled. He loved to hear John's dreams ... They were always like stories ... Soon Ed was waking up too, and John told him the dream too, in short. He was not always interested in the things John had to tell, but this time it was like there was something jumping inside of him. The three boys were on a trip through forests and deserts, and Ed suddenly had an enormous plan for them.

Ed was smoking his cigarette, and slowly started to talk. He had never been a fast speaker, but this time it looked like there was a rhythm in his voice, coming near to something which they didn't know anything about. Ed's father was a pilot, and he wanted to be a pilot too. His mother was a mistress on a school for very young children. They lived in a house which some might call too rich and capitalistic ...

He knew of a river near to their tent, and he suddenly felt the need to go fishing ... John who was a strict vegetarian shook his head ... and Peter, who was a real animal activist, shook also his head ... but they didn't want to let their friend down, so they made the option of going swimming ...

Ed had glitters in his eyes ... yes, it was a beautiful day ... They would go to the lake instead of the river, and Ed was hoping he would see some girls there. He was the one always bringing up the 'girl' thing, while the others were more tempered on that area ... Peter had a buddistic background, and didn't want to marry at all, while John was already married, and didn't want to have any talks to girls .. His wife was too jealous and suspicious, and he didn't want to bring his marriage in risk. .. Going out with the boys on trips like this

was always a sort of major escape for him .. The ties of his marriage seemed to strangle him more and more .. Ed didn't believe in ties of marriage ... He wouldn't mind to marry but he thought marriage is freedom, just deep friendship, nothing more ...

While they were swimming they found out that at the other side of the lake there were some girls swimming in a group ... John didn't want to go there ... but Ed complained so much that they would give it a try ... It was not a large lake, but it took a few minutes to arrive there ... The girls were a bit shy ... Ed started to make a conversation with them ... but they didn't answer ... and they slowly swam away to their clothes ... Ed looked at Peter .. 'Did I do something wrong ?' ...

'Well, I guess, not', Peter said ... 'But maybe they weren't up to talk ... Maybe they had other things to do ...' Soon enough the girls were gone and Ed started to become a bit depressed ... He was always very insecure about himself, and soon enough John and Peter needed to talk him out of his doubts ...

But a few hours later the girls were back again and they had some boys with them ... these were Japanese boys ... and they started to dive in the water ... John said : let's go away ... maybe they're looking for fights ... but Peter said : 'No, maybe they need our help ..' One of the Japanese boys made a sign to them, he waved like he was asking them to come closer ... Peter swam to them like they were his friends, while Ed and John were slowly following ... The girls were standing on the lakeside ... on a rock ...

The boys started to talk Japanese to Peter, and Peter could follow it very good, for he was half Japanese ... His father was an American militair, and his mother a Japanese nurse ... He was raised both in Japanese and English language ... For the

first time they heard the girls talking to each other ... It was in a language they didn't know

Peter stepped out of the water with the boys ... and soon they were all gone, leaving John and Ed in the water ... Ed said to John : Let's go with them ... but John said : 'No, let's wait here, maybe they are back soon ... I don't want to interrupt them ...' So they decided to wait ... They stepped on a rock and started to lay themselves in the sunlight Soon they were both sleeping ... It was a hot day ... But when they woke up Peter still wasn't back ... and they started to worry a bit ...

'Maybe he's at the tent again, Ed said ... So they started to swim back ... When they were back the tent was gone ... and John started to get in panic ... 'What did they do ? Who are they ... and what is going on ?'

They decided to stay calm and wait ... Maybe Peter would return soon ... Ed asked to John : 'Can you please tell me all the details of the dream you had ? Maybe there are some signs in it for this very moment.'

And John started to tell everything he dreamt :

When they came in the Lion's Temple they saw a strange alphabet of golden stones, lying in a circle, while a torch was burning in the middle ... They had to wrestle with four golden women who even looked like lions ... And in this wrestling they weren't able to hurt each other, but they had to overcome them, so that they could go to the next cave in this passage of the lion's temple ...

The skins of these women were hot, and they tried to keep the men in this very cave, but the men were finally able to shake them off and escape ...

Ed didn't like their behaviour but he wanted to go back there, maybe for some friendship, but Peter and John blocked him the way ... 'It's dangerous,' Peter said ... 'They are the objects of misleading ...'

Ed didn't know what was happening ... He felt so much love from Peter all of a sudden ... that he forgot about the women ... and he stared in Peters eyes, like these eyes were large blue, without the eyewhite ... It was like Ed was looking in the eyes of an amazing lion or tiger from another planet ... It calmed him ... and he sat down to cry ... because of the experience ... John didn't see anything changed about Peter ... but Ed more and more got in a shock about it ... 'He is ... God ...' he stuttered ... and in a flash Peter had disappeared ... John started to get in panic ... What is going on ? ...

... Ed was amazed about the dream .. for he really understood it now ... There is something about Peter ... I don't know if it's symbolic or not ... but maybe the Japanese boys think he could be of use for them ... and these girls ... these four girls were the misleading women ... Maybe they have misled Peter and took our tent away ... so they also misled us ... I I ...

'Ed, wait,' John said ... 'I don't know if this is all accurate who knows ... maybe Peter is a misleader too ... In that dream he appeared to you like a God, while I didn't see that in him ... we have chance he is a misleader too ...'

But John, Ed said, why did he protect me against those women, and didn't let me go there ?

'The misleaders act like they are your friends, and they even act like their real friends are their enemies,' John replied, 'but to be honest, Peter was the one going to the boys ... like he

knew them ... he didn't act like he was an enemy to them ... so then the dream differs from reality ...'

Suddenly Ed started to cry like a baby ... 'Oh, my god, John ... I suddenly remember something from a few years ago ...'

And Ed started to tell while John was listening ...

It was on a birthday-party ... and Peter also had invited some of his Japanese nephews ... At the end of the day Peter found out that all his birthday-presents were gone ... and also his Japanese nephews ...

I never saw them back, Ed said, but I was like scared of them ...

John said ... hmmm that is strange ... I doubt if Peter has to do something with it ... Now suddenly ... maybe we shouldn't judge our missing friend so harshly while we don't know anything about it ... It can also be a kidnap ...

A few days later, when they were home again, the police came at the door ... John was with Ed for awhile, in the house of Ed's parents ... The police had shocking news ... Their friend Peter had been found murdered ... but the police didn't want to give any further information at all ... They were still doing research ...

Ed and John were in a shock They couldn't do anything about the situation ... and they fell in each others arms to cry ...

It was such a harsh moment ... How would they get through such a situation ...

'We should have come with them ... then it would not be happened ...' Ed cried ... They were both like falling in a pit of guilt and shame ...

Ed wanted to open a pot of fish for himself ... but John said : 'Don't do it ! I know you are not a vegetarian, but I don't feel good about it ... They could have our address from the bag and maybe they put their crimes also in this house ... Maybe they even poisoned the refridgerator ...

John wanted to go home to his wife ... but he also didn't want to leave his friend ... but it irritated him ... for Ed didn't listen to him ... He just started to ate ... He knew John ... he would use anything to keep him away from meat

But the frustrations got bigger .. and soon John couldn't hold it anymore ... He even longed for his wife ... Maybe she wasn't the worst after all and maybe she could help him to come over this traumatic experience ...

When John came home, his wife was very glad ... She had missed him so much, and she heard about what was happened ... John embraced his wife and cried ... She was also a vegetarian and John often said to his friends that that was the only good thing about her ... He loved her but he had a lot of problems with her ...

John felt so different about his wife all of a sudden ... And she was so caring and soft to him ... It was like he was on honeymoon with her again ... They talked till deep in the night ...

Suddenly the phone rang ... The police requested if John could come for a conversation ... John went to their building

immediately ... When he got there, they arrested him ... John screamed : 'Hey, what's going on ...'

In the building they told him that he was suspected to be the murderer of Peter ... John started to yell : How would you know ?

The police-officer showed him a golden lion hanging on a key ... Do you know this key ? he asks 'Yes, that's of my car,' John says ... The police-officer pushed on a small button on the golden lion and a stiletto-knife appears ... 'with this thing your friend was murdered ...'

'How would you know it was me who killed him ?' John shouted in panic ...

The police-officer showed him a golden handkerchief ... 'Do you know this handkerchief ?' John nods ...

'There are initials on it with a symbol referring to the gang of the golden lion ... These are high educated rebels, infiltrating among vegetarians and animal rights activists ... They come as friends and so-called vegetarians, but they are sponsors and hire-murderers of butchery-accompanies ... They play double games and radical activists like Peter they want to terminate ..

Suddenly Ed wakes up ... and grins evilly ... What a good idea of him to give his friend John such a hanger for his key, and that golden handkerchief specially made for his friend John ...

Years ago Ed used to be so-called vegetarian ... until some friends found out he was not ... Since then he just played the games different ...

Chrystal Spider

Short Medical Fiction

Chapter 1 - Strange Preludes

It was a strange ornament on a Japanese Cupboard. So strange, when people watched it, they could die. She kept the ornament on the attic, and if she had visitors she told them to never go there. It was a heritage from an old man she used to help. He told her the ornament could cause lightening and thunder in the air. She didn't come on the attic very often, for she was a bit scared of the ornament. She didn't want to put it away, for it was a heritage, but she didn't feel good about it.

The ornament was called chrystal spider, for it looked like a spider. Most of the chrystals were white, but there were also some red and blue ones among them. It was a very large ornament, it could fall over the whole body.

One day some visitors with a little boy were with her, but the kid soon got very curious after the warnings. And while his parents were in conversation with the woman, he went upstairs. He wanted to see that ornament, and ran to the attic.

The cupboard was low, so he could touch the ornament very easily. But when he touched it he got paralyzed immediately, like lightning had struck him. An hour later the woman found him, while blood was coming out of his hand. They brought him to the hospital, for he was still without consciousness.

The doctor wanted to see the ornament, but no one dared to bring it to him. So he went by himself. The doctor was a transsexual in secret, and he felt he could neutralize the powers of the ornament by the combination of his male and female powers. The ornament's energy got confused and he could easily put it in a bag.

"Trixoderion was a jester. Xodus was God. Trixoderion was an angel falling out of heaven, but he escaped to earth. Now I must find him and bring him to hell," said the ornament. "I am Jormud, son of Xodus. I must bring him to the reincarnationfunnel to let him slowly reincarnate into the realms of death and hell. I am this funnel. I am the thin intestine, living in all humans. I am a multi-possessor. I created the thin intestine into the blueprint of humanity in cooperation with the Nordics. It's created to keep them bound to the realms of earth. The thin intestine influences the eyesight day and night to maintain and shapeshift the illusion like we want it. I work together with the thick intestine, the black pot-belly snake Jurod. Xodus is the liver, where the storage is

Chapter 2. The Lion's Heart

Peter was walking down the streets, on his way home. His house was underground, he lived in an old ruin in the forest. It

used to be a temple of hippies and anarchists. It was a sort of cave, and throughout the cave curtains with lionheads hung there. No, not real lion-heads, but just textile. Peter was in love with lions. He could read about them for hours and hours. He even worshipped them. He thought lions were the guardians of nature, but they could also be the guardians of vegetarian anarchists and hippies, those with a nature's heart.

He found a strange book about a chrystal spider on the streets, and now he was reading it on his way home ... Peter never knew which gender he was deep inside ... He didn't feel like a man, but neither as a woman, altho when he was young people often thought he was a girl. He had read books about hermaphrodites, a half-male, half-woman archetype ... but it was more ... It represented all genders humanity didn't know about yet ... He was always feeling like there was missing something ... an important piece of life's puzzle.

He had a golden skin. His girlfriends always said they had never seen such a skin before. He looked like an elf, like he was not a human. He had somewhat pointed ears, and he had some green and blue spots on his body, which connected him to the forest and the sea ... He had always been a nature being, and didn't want to know anything about city-trends.

Somehow he could never stay long with his girlfriends .. for nature attracted him too much, and it was like he needed to isolate himself again and again, for he had the feeling they were more dangerous than predators. He loved them, yes, no doubt about that ... but he couldn't live with them ... But still there is so much magic between him and his old friends ... He still visits them once in a year ... But he more and more feels the need to break the material contact, so that he can swim

with sharks, whales and lions ... He wants to be free ... He wants to make the journey to find out who he really is ...

He thinks he has nothing to lose. His friends are deep in his heart, and he feels by letting them go they can only come deeper in his heart. He admires the way how plants and trees communicates ...

He reads the book about the chrystal spider, about how the large intestine is an important base and controller of the audible capacities, and that by silence the visual capacities become a reality ... It looks like a medical book, but it is a horror ...

In his cave he works on a big project trying to find tricks how to communicate with lions. He would be too scared when a real lion would be standing next to him, and technology is also something he's afraid about ... He wants to be in nature where he lives between golden fences ... for deep inside he is afraid of the wild side of nature Deep inside he has the fear that he cannot control it yet ... but he believes in the way trees communicate : by distance ... by bio-electricity ...

He finds out that the book talks a lot about the secret powers and the magic of the large intestine ... It is somewhat the base for many forms of communication with all sorts of life-forms, as a covenant which keeps them all together ... according to this book ... but it is a horror book, so does it have real value for medical and anatomic information ? Does it have value for living in, through and with nature ?

The book speaks about a journey through the large intestine ... a journey every skilled nature-pilgrim has to make ... when he defeats the beasts and monsters of this passage, he will get the crown of the large intestine, as a crown of communication and

transparency, which is interpretation. All the systems of association come forth from the large intestine, and the relationships you have in life just reflect your associative mind.

As time goes by Peter becomes obsessed with the book. He finds out that he can come in such deep spiritually contact with lions by focussing on the large intestine and by doing all the instructions the book gives. But some pages of the book are missing, and this makes him very frustrated ... In shops no one knows about the book, and on the cover the name of the writer is torn away ... he only sees some letters like an H and a W ... but it's too vague to make something of it

He wants to make a soul-passage through the large intestine .. he really wants ... but just in that chapter ... so many pages are missing ... and then it stops completely ... It feels like he's warm and cold at the same time ... But he knows he has to make this inner journey himself ... The last words the torn book gives are 'all secret genders you need to be whole can be found in the pilgrimage through the large intestine pick up the coins and watch these golden heads on it ...they will speak with golden voices to you ... to lead you to the golden cards ... the rabbithole is deep ... and you wouldn't want to miss alice swimming with the beasts of the sea ... the golden sea ..."

So here he has another strange story about alice in wonderland. Peter gathers these sorts of books, for besides his obsession about lions he is obsessed with different versions about alice in wonderland ... This seems to be another one for his collection ...

Peter likes to read this new found book over and over again ... Somewhere in a piece about the large intestine it sais that when the substances of food flow through it, little flames take

the pictures out of it and beam it in your head with such a force that you think it is reality ... These pictures were bred by the greengrocers and the heads of the supermarkets ... wanting you to do what they want ... They rule your head, these banana's and these pears ... They are on the coins of your world ...

'Where am I ?' Peter asks ... he looks right into the face of ... 'a banana ?'

'Yes, a banana,' the banana sais ... Then it starts to laugh very hard 'Where am I,' Peter asks again 'You are in wonderland,' the banana sais 'Your own wonderland inside ... everything is just inside you just thought that you were living in an outside world but that was just a trick ... Even your body is a big trick and at the end of the thick intestine you discover that ... Then you find out that you thinking you are in a body is just a picture in your head ... a card'

'Huh ?' Peter is surprised. 'What's happening to me ? I don't feel any connection to my body anymore.'

'That's right,' the banana sais, 'you only thought that you were connected to it, but it was a lie ... We gave you these feelings, and we let you desire to move, and you were thinking that you moved, but we gave you the desire and we gave you the picture that you moved ... you just watched a movie ... a movie in which it looks like you play in it ... but it's a lie ...'

Peter starts to scream : 'get me out of here'

'Where ?' the banana asks ... 'You are nowhere, even this screaming is a desire we gave you, and we gave you the movie of you screaming, while you think you were in it, but it was a trick ...'

'Well right,' Peter asks, 'so what I say now, you do also, right ? all movies'

'Yes !' the banana yells ...'all movies !' while he claps in his hands of joy ...'We create it, we are the creators, while you are a soulflame just displaying what we put into it ... You cannot do anything about that ...'

'So am I your prisoner ?' Peter asks ...

No you are a prisoner of yourself ... we just protect you against something worse the unknown ...

Chapter 3. God of Lions

How can we defeat Jormud, the chrystal spider ? the lions asked their king. Well, read the book, very carefully, for in it we read that the docter could confuse the spider by being half-man, half-woman. So the victory weapon will be in the fact if we use the multi-gender, the path of the hermaphrodite ... If we chrystallize one gender in our being and repress the other genders we will definately lose, for then we are in the hands of this chrystal ornament ... the king sais.

And how can we defeat Jurod, the black potbelly snake ? the lions ask again ... Well, he's the evil guardian of the thick intestine, and he is a multi-gender indeed ... This is why he has so much power ... He chrystallized all the genders in his being ... but read the book for yourself ... I have other things to do now ... the king sais ...

The god of lions was actually the one who brought the book to Peter ... He could materialize it on the streets where Peter would walk ... but a strange power burnt some pages away ...

There was not much they could do ... a lot of keywords were in the missing pages ... and they knew that the book would become a killer when it would not be complete ... The god of lions was in despair ... It must have been a trick of Xodus, Jormud's Father ...

The god of lions is in a fight with Xodus for ages and ages ... but he got help from the jester Trixoderion, who was an angel in Xodus' army for a long time ... an archangel so to say ... or better : an angel of light ...

Peter wasn't so far in his lion-communication that he could pick up everything they wanted to tell him. And the book had to be a mighty way to make the ring of lion-communication complete ... but now the ring was there where two ends could not reach each other ... The god of lions was worried ... for he knew about the roads of this uncompleted book ... It would be the worst danger in Peter's life ... something which could kill him and bring him to a hell of an area ...

The god of lion, the old king, found it about time to make that long long journey to his old friend Trixoderion again, to get some advice or maybe even a ring of solution for this scaring problem. He would leave his kingdom for it, and would have to be a pilgrim in disguise for he had many enemies ... He was also very worried about his kingdom, for if he would leave, would they stand powerful enough against their enemies He called one of his closest disciples to him ...

'Father, why have you called me ?' the lion-disciple asked ... And the old king started to tell the whole story ...

'You can count on me, father, I will protect the kingdom with my life and all the wisdom you gave me ... Thou need to go, for our friend Peter ... we must save him ...' the lion-disciple spoke And the old lionking started to give him his crown and clothes, while he started to cloth himself like a beggar. 'I must do this for Peter and for the sake of the kingdom, for to save a lion's friend is to save ourselves ... Our heart is too deep in him ... He is our library, our storage, our liver

Suddenly there was lightening all around in the lion's castle ... a witch came forward loud laughing and yelling ... She said that when the king would leave ... she would take over the kingdom ... and then she disappeared ...

'Father, don't listen to her,' shhh, son, she never fails in her predictions ... she is the goddess of cobra's ... an evil one though ... I never saw her fail ..' the king sais ...

The old king didn't know what to do anymore ... He had to choose for Peter or for his kingdom

'Father, isn't there another way ? Can't I go to Trixoderion to bring your message ?'

No, no, that would be too dangerous ... You would be killed on your way by our enemies ... you are too young, and you have a lot to learn yet ... The distance you cannot face, son ...

'But father, I would die of tears and sorrow if I would see Peter die and go to that horrible place ... Please, bless me and send me, I risk my life for him ...

Good, son, I will bless you, go in peace, and be the flag of our kingdom ... Be well son, tell the story to Trixoderion ... He will know the answer to this all

And so it went ... the lion-disciple took a good disguise and went as a holy pilgrim on his journey ... Would he be in time ?

Meanwhile Peter went to the refrigerator to get some juice, but when he opened the door it was full of strange meat ... It was the most horrible picture he ever saw and he shut the door in a flash What's happening, he thought ... I'm just a prisoner of myself ... I'm just a prisoner of myself and it's protecting me against something worse what is then 'something worse ?' ... the unknown the unknown the unknown ... Peter was fainting ... The curse of the uncompleted book was already streaming through the atmosphere in the cave he lived ...

He woke up in the hospital, where a psychiatrist shook his hand ... I'm mister Peter couldn't hear it further ... He could only hear some words and then it was fading away ... It was like a shark was standing before him ... but he also felt the lion inside ... All colours in the room started to move and to fade away ... 'You are very sick ... Peter ..' he heard the man saying ...

Chapter 4. Trixoderion Again

The lion-disciple was traveling through oceans, deserts and forests, battling against the most horrible monsters, he was going through underground passages and caves ... where substances of undigested food were screaming to be digested ... they were misunderstood spirits ... having the worst smell you could imagine the lion-disciple thought he would die in this stench ... here the forgotten souls were living rotting away in the most horrible pains ... Would this be the place

where they wanted to bring Peter ? On the wings of an uncompleted book ? The lion-disciple almost vomitted ... It was the result of an uncompleted large intestine ... a lack of translation ... and a lack of creativity ... These souls could not be healed ... these souls could not be helped ...

But he was on his way to Trixoderion ... He would know everything about an unfinished digestion-system ... He was an angel of light working in that factory ... but now he would work in a completed and perfectly working digestion and creation-system they said ...

The lion-disciple took his atlas, his map, but found out some of the pages were missing ... He lost all hope ... for who of these creatures would know where Trixoderion would live ? .. And what would happen to this uncompleted map ? They said uncompleted books would turn against you, and would be your worst enemy ... So he chose to throw it away in a ravine ... in a deep pit ... and he started to run for his life ... Now he even wouldn't find his way back home ... So what would he do now ? It was like he couldn't digest this ... He got so tired ... like all life had been flown away ... He felt he was floating to the caves of stench ... He couldn't digest ... and now he couldn't be creative .. to escape this ...

Peter is that you ? I feel another lion-hearted someone is here ... Suddenly he felt a hand ... Yes, it's me ... How do we get out of here ? This river had a waterfall downstairs ... and I fell hard ...

This is where the journey through the large intestine ends ... because it isn't completed by the gods ... but Trixoderion can help us ... He has a perfect digestion system ... something called 'The Pink Link' In earlier days he worked for the

uncompleted system, so I bet he knows this place ... Oh my god, how dirty I feel myself, are you okay ?

Suddenly an eagle stood before them ... saying he was the messenger of Trixoderion ... he could speak and translate all possible languages ... and once a year he went to the caves of stench to pick up misunderstood, untranslated and dumped victims of his enemy

Well, we're lucky then if you come once a year ... can't you come more often ?

No, the eagle sais ... the powers of the uncompleted works can't be underestimated We got to get out of here before it is too late. the eagle picked them up, and flew to an opening of light in the top ... Suddenly the sky was there, so blue, so white ... like chrystals tinkling, in a golden bath I feel so clean here, Peter shouts ...

Far in the clouds they see a silver path to a castle in the distance ... where Trixoderion would live ... They said all genders were his ... and he would have the whole book ... They saw beings like unicorns with tall necks ... They saw a group of a gender called the cow-embracers ... they had golden bodies ... and their smiles could let rivers flow through your head ...

Unicorns were drinking from golden baths ... And suddenly Trixoderion appeared before them, in a red suit, and he had a tall white beard ... He gave them something like a block of pink candy ... Eat it, for then the pink link can rise in you It will let you speak all languages ... It will make everything transparent ...

I will now read for you the missing part of the book, he said ... He started to sit down on a golden gardenchair and a table was appearing before them ...

'The large intestine when food runs through comes in a myriad of different frequencies ... They will be activated because of the interaction between the large intestine and the food ... This myriad will start to move through the body to activate other life-functions and other myriads ... They will form the aura of fairytale ...'

Suddenly the old man stops reading and three longbearded men in black tall clothes walk towards him ... They walk not fast, but in a strange semi-slow tempo which comes more and more in slowmotion ... Trixoderion screams and the men put him in a strange black box like a grey smoke ... 'You don't have the completed book, Trixoderion ... you only think you have ... but our father Xodus has ... and he keeps it secret even for us ... Finally we found you, we will bring you to a place darker then the place where you were before ... darker than the caves of stench ... We will bring you to the Liver, to the library of Papa, where you will be again ... a prisoner and a slave ... but now in a worse place .. for you hurted our Papa ... You will fall into the hands of the Living Xodus now ... and our mission is now completed ... we will get our rewards ...

With an enormous scream they took Trixoderion away in the box ... like a caged bird and they flew as eagles ... while the castle got in flames in one flash of a second ...

The eagle-messenger of Trixoderion started to speak : 'Now we know what to do ... our master is kidnapped ... we will have to go to the castle of Xodus, to see what we can do ...'

No ! Peter screamed ... well ok, we go ... for we have no other choice ...

And the eagle started to fly again with the lion and Peter on his back ... and soon enough they saw the castle of Xodus in the distance ... a dark, spooky castle ...

The air was getting greyer and redder ... and it seemed that the castle didn't come closer ... it only took more distance, until it was out of sight

'Tricks of illusions,' the eagle said ... 'they rule our head for a great part ...'

What do we do about it ? Peter asks ...

Just by your determination ... claim the castle ... the Eagle said ...

and within a few minutes they were there ... Dark brown rivers were streaming here ... It had a strange stench

Suddenly Peter woke up ... with sweat on his face ... he just dreamt it ... and he saw the book he bought yesterday lying on his cupboard ... 'the chrystal spider' ... and he starts to smile ... for it's a whole book ... the book is complete ...

The End

The Fishfighter

The fishfighter looked like a fish ... When he spoke ... something was burning inside ... such a deep voice ... Well, it wasn't really a he It was a sort of hermafrodite And on his bow were strange arrows ... they were creatures of an unknown gender ... As time went by the genders died out, there were so many wars ... only the male race and the female race survived ... At least ... that was which they are thinking ... All the other genders they recycled into animals ... These animals were their slaves ... on this strange strange planet called Draminia

The fishfighter gathered all the other genders, to attack the male and female form by which they were prisoned ... He spoke his spells and wrote his books ... Now he walks lonely on his path ... to the old castle of the sea ... where all oceans gather ... where they dine and have their feasts ... eating all the other genders again ... The fishfighter doesn't feel fear neither does he feel pain ... for his pains he used as his senses ... and now he knows the illusion of pain and pleasure ... He's determinated and focused at other things ... When he enters the castle old ghosts laugh about him ... but he shoots them by his gender-arrows ... when ghosts attack him he shoots with the multi-genders ... these are spirals ...

One day they will explode ... all these males and females eating themselves so round ... Then the fish will dine ... with his brothers the frog and the toad ...

When the fishfighter talks it gets warm inside ... and so many intoxicating spells enter your body ... It is like getting sick, but it's his delirium ... his way to escape ... Slowly he steps forward ... and then he commits his crimes ... In the kitchen he bleeds ... but all these attacking spirits are just his friends so confused ... They thought another one entering who would eat them ... And now the wound heals before his eyes and all his friends follow him to the dining room

The fishfighter looks like a friend .. so friendly is his voice ... so radical his steps ... when he touches you, you know you are safe ...

Angel of Wrath

There were horned white pigs on the fields ... Indians with white painted bodies hunted them ... Often only their feet were painted white ... It was a sign they ruled the horned white pigs ... It was a sign of victory ... In earlier years many indians died after an attack by such horned white pigs ... But now the indians really declared war to them, and the hunt had started more than ever before. They dragged them to captivity, where they started a breeding.

The horned white pigs had skins the indians could use for many things, and their meat was delicious ... But there was one boy disagreeing with the treatment of the horned white pigs, and he tried to make sense in arguing with the other indians. They called him a white pig boy. The boy got so mad that he left the tribe, and tried to make connection to the horned white pigs. He found out that there was a reason for their behaviour.

In his tribe the men were the weaker race, and the women the stronger ... The horned white pigs had both qualities in them, they were both predators and cattle. The boy was fascinated by them, as they seemed to live together in a greater grace and peace than the tribe. The boy made a deal with them, and they accepted him in their group.

The boy often hunted together with them. The boy grew up and became a lonely warrior, always together with the horned white pigs who kept him company. The boy loved them to death. But one day he decided to return to his tribe, and this time he could convince them that they shouldn't hunt the horned white pigs anymore, so that they would live in peace. They bred other animals instead, and the same they did in their hunt.

It was a deal which would change the whole tribe, which would raise them into a higher level. It was like an old curse was breaking down. Soon the horned white pigs became like their pets, and became their faithful company in war and hunt. It was like the spell was reversing now, and soon the boy found out that the horned white pigs were nothing but enchanted indian princes. Long ago they had been struck by a witch who would go along the tribes to take their chiefs. She was an angel of wrath.

The boy knew there was nothing to break this spell. But the horned white pigs were safe now, and so was the tribe.

Heaven

T h r i l l e r

Dan is running home. It's raining, and his work for today is done. When he comes home his wife is reading a book. It's a strange book, but she doesn't want to say much about it. When it's night Dan gets thirsty, steps out of bed and sees the book still opened. He takes the book and starts reading. It's a book about a strange hospital where patients are disappearing one by one. At the end of the story it becomes clear that these patients were kidnapped by some doctors to be turned into new sort of creatures who have to work underground. It's a very strange book indeed. That night Dan has a strange dream. He sees his wife drowning in a pond but he can't do anything. When he wakes up his wife is dead. Dan starts screaming, he is desperate, and soon the doctor is there, trying to discover what had happened. The doctor says it's a riddle. Dan is so upset, and doesn't want to live anymore. A few weeks later Dan feels so sick that he thinks he's dying. In the night he's speaking deliriously, while he's sinking away.

He hears wolves howling, and in the distance he sees a sort of cloudcastle. He's sliding through a misty portal, while a shimmering being with an aura of clouded light is coming towards him. The being smiles a bit weak, and takes his hand. Together they slide through the portal, like they are sliding by the light and the clouded atmosphere. Inside the castle Dan sees his wife. But his wife isn't happy. 'Where am I ?' Dan asks. 'In heaven,' the soft shimmering being tells. Dan's wife walks towards him, and they take each other in the arms. Dan's wife is crying. 'Aren't you glad in this place ?' Dan asks. 'It looks like a wonderful place.' But his wife, Karen, doesn't say much.

Dan is glad he's in such a wonderful atmosphere together with his wife, but he's a bit worried about her. Some angels come to take his wife away. They say that she needs a lot of rest. The shimmering being with the aura of clouded light takes Dan to a room. Here he can sleep a bit. Dan steps in the soft bed with some soft shimmering lights. In the distance he still hears wolves howling. After sleeping awhile he suddenly wakes up. Someone is knocking on the door. 'Yes ?' he says. Then someone kicks the door in. A man with an axe stands before him. 'Who are you ?' Dan shouts. The man with the axe says : 'I am God, and you won't leave this place anymore.' But suddenly an angel enters in, and takes the man away. The angel said the man just died and was a bit confused. Also Dan himself was a bit confused now. How could this happen in a place like this. Dan was a little bit disappointed. The next day Dan saw his wife again. She was still very sad and didn't say much. Dan asked himself all the time what was going on with her. Dan asked some angels if he could walk a bit with his wife, maybe

outside the castle. But the angels said there were dangerous wolves around the castle. Dan didn't expect wolves surrounding such a holy and heavenly place like this. But behind the castle there was a path where everything was safe. They could even walk to a next castle of heaven. That was which they did. Dan tried to talk to his wife when they walked, but she didn't say much. Soon enough they were in the next castle. Here there were also some angels. Dan's wife hadn't been here either. Dan was looking around him. He hoped that this place was even more quiet than the other place. Dan told his wife what had happened to him, about the guy with the axe. His wife didn't say anything.

Suddenly an angel was standing before them. The angel was very tall and had a wide smile. 'Hello, Dan and Karen,' he said. 'The Lord wants to see you.' Dan shivered a bit. That he didn't expect. His wife still didn't say anything. They followed the angel and soon they stood in a huge hall with a low ceiling. In the distance they saw a dim light. 'Come close,' the light was saying. The angel had already disappeared. When they came closer they saw that the light was also a sort of weak fire. At the top of the light a bright orange yellow flame appeared which started to move like a mouth. Again the light talked : 'Hello, Dan and Karen, welcome in heaven. I am the Lord.' Dan started to bow before the light, and Karen sat down. 'I want you to have a good time,' the light spoke. Then the light stood up, and walked towards a door behind him. Dan felt a heat coming over him. 'Follow me,' the Lord spoke, and they both stood up and went through the door. Here a few beings were sitting behind a table. They looked like humans and they had soft orange aura's, and soft dim lights as their appearance. 'Hello, Karen,' one of the beings said. It was Karen's mother, and when Karen found out, they both hugged each other. The other beings didn't say much. The Lord was already gone. After awhile a few angels came in : 'We have decided that you will stay here, for you need a quiet place.' They both got a room, apart from each other.

In the middle of the night Dan awoke. In far distance he thought he still heard some wolves, but he wasn't sure about it. Fortunately it was really quiet here. The next day they met each other in the same room again. Karen's mother was there also, and the other beings. After awhile some angels entered in, and asked Dan and Karen if they would like to see more beings living in heaven. Karen didn't say anything, but Dan said : 'Yes, we would love to.' They followed the angels to a huge hall, full of beings with a soft light aura. Some even had wings, and behind the hall there was a huge garden. The garden was also full of beings, but they didn't look happy. Some of them sang, and others were reading. Dan thought there would be much more happiness in heaven, and he still thought about his wife, why she was so sad. One of the angels asked Dan if he wanted to do some work for the Lord. Dan was willing to, but he wanted to know what kind of work. 'I am a bit tired, Dan,' Karen said, and she sat down on one of the chairs, close to a group of singing beings. The angel took Dan by his arm, and wanted to show him the work. First they had to walk through the garden, and behind the garden there was a building. In the building there were also groups singing, but the angel was leading Dan downstairs. Under the building there was a room where they made music instruments.

In the night Dan awoke, and a strange feeling came over him. He thought in a flash about his wife, and he wanted to find out what was going on with her. He decided to go to her room, but when he got there no one was in the bed. The strange feeling got stronger, and Dan needed to find out what was going on. Close to Karen's room he could downstairs. Where would she be ? He hadn't been here before. There was a corridor leading to a door. Carefully he opened the door. Suddenly someone knocked on his shoulders from behind. It was an angel. At the same time he heard a scream. It was Karen. 'Karen ?' Dan shouted. But the angel held him very

tight. 'Who said you were allowed to come here ?' the angel spoke. Dan couldn't breathe well, because of the tight grip. 'What are you doing to my wife ?' Dan said. 'Help me !' Karen was shouting, but the angel had already laid a hand on Dan's mouth and brought him closer to the noise. There was a gigantic pool of fire and in the middle there was a small platform and a stake to which Karen was bound. Her eyes were closed. 'Dan, are you there ?' she shouted, but Dan couldn't speak because of the angel's hand. Dan tried to escape from the tight grip, but suddenly the angel pushed him into the fire-pool. Dan screamed of pain, and also Karen started to scream again, and called for Dan. 'What did they do to you ?' Dan roared. 'I cannot tell,' Karen screamed. Suddenly strong arms took Dan again. Dan couldn't see anything because of the fire. 'They need me to make babies !' Karen suddenly screamed. 'What ?' Dan roared. And from the depths of the firepool an enormous alien-like creature rose up. 'Everytime this creature rapes me, I have to give birth to an earthling, which means that special earthling dies and gets born here in heaven.' Karen screamed. Then an angelic voice said : 'Now you have told your secret you will never leave this place anymore.' Karen started to cry. Again Dan couldn't say anything for his mouth was blocked by a strong hand. They took Dan to the other side of the fire-pool and threw him in a room behind it. Dan opened his eyes and could see a little bit again. There were also other beings in this room, and a huge hairy widows spider. Dan was in a shock, but the other beings tried to sooth him. 'You can never leave this place,' one of the older beings said. 'You are property of Jesus Christ. He has paid for you. We all have seen our loved ones in these horrible places and now we are here too. There's big chance you will have to work here also, boy.'

'What do you mean ?' Dan asked. 'You will see,' the older being said. 'This heaven is a trap,' a younger being said, 'I don't know if they are other heavens than this, but this is a slavery. Women have to give birth to babies, and men have to work in the realms below the fire-pool.'

'Oh, but I though that Jesus Christ was a good guy,' Dan desperately said. But no one responded. After awhile another door in the room opened. An angel stepped in and took the beings to another room. After that he took Dan. 'Can you tell me what's going on here ?' Dan asked. But the angel said nothing. After awhile they were taken to the realms below the fire-pool. Here Dan really got the shock of his life. Creatures were growing out of the ground like trees of meat, while other creatures had axes to cut off the pieces. 'What ? Is this a soul-butchery ?' Dan was screaming. In the distance there was a huge skeleton sitting on a very high and thin throne, made of a sort of bone. The skeleton itself was also very thin. The skeleton had a horrible high and shrieking voice, and when he shrieked flames were coming out of his mouth, while his mouth opened itself very tall, and moved a bit left or right, in an aslant position. 'Christ is here !' the skeleton shrieked. Suddenly fire was coming from the ceilings, it started to move and ripple like fireclouds, and pillars of fire and terrorizing smoke started to come down. The living meat-trees were shivering, and some of them were shrieking. A strange sort of octopus was sliding down between the pillars, and formed a pool of green fire. The under-surface of the gigantic octopus was white, and looked like a dress. A huge transparent fire-egg was coming forth from the octopus while it was screaming. Smoke and steam came from the egg, and suddenly it burst open. A very wild and primeval person came out of the egg, very hairy. It started to eat from the meat around him. There were also hanging bags of meat like waspnests, and while the wild person was eating from it, the bags were growing. 'It's a meat-breeding,' Dan thought to himself, while he was almost vomiting. He was still thinking about his wife, Karen. How could he save her ? But he also knew deep inside : heaven would endure forever.

They had to sleep in rooms of twenty persons. Dan couldn't believe he had to work in this butchery forever. To most of his mates he couldn't talk, for they were too far gone. Fortunately he could have some conversations with the older man. The older man had given up all hope of escaping. He tried so many times, but he said they were surrounded by fires. The fires would always draw them back.

One day Dan asked him who the tree-beings were. The man told him that those beings were the eternal damned. Their souls were locked up deep in hell, while here in heaven they were evergrowing trees of meat. Dan sighed. How could he change anything about this situation. He felt so much compassion for the tree-beings, but he was also thinking about all those women having to give birth after rape. Was heaven a bigger terror than hell itself ? The work was very hard. None of the men had an easy life here, and they could only live by this terrible meat. Dan felt helpless and hopeless more and more. As years went by he never saw any of the women. One day an angel came to his place of work, and commanded him to follow. Dan was overwhelmed by a strange deep heat like never before. The angel told him that he had to appear before Christ. The angel was leading him through dark tunnels while Dan's heart was almost overflowing of fire. In the distance he saw a huge cave while fireflames were descending. He saw a face appearing in the distance, which looked like a young man with long hair and a beard. A huge arm was appearing in the sky of the cave, while there was lightening and thunder coming forth from it's surroundings. Dan thought it had to be Jesus. The angel told him that this figure wasn't Christ. In the distance Dan saw a lot of women standing there like frozen. Some of them were moving forwards very slow. As he came closer he saw their sad faces and from some faces tears were streaming. Dan felt much compassion for the women, but he knew he couldn't do anything. A strong angel appeared and took one of the woman to tie her to a stake. 'Oh, Lord Christ,' the angel roared, 'allow us to bring you this sacrifice.' Immediately a tall thin snake slid from a huge tree. It was the tallest and thinnest snake Dan had ever seen, and it gave Dan a feeling of tremendous fear, a fear like he had never felt. The woman was screaming, while the tall snake slid over her skin, and started to coil around her. It was like high flutesounds were ascending in the sky, and suddenly the woman started to roar, and an egg was coming out of her womb, a very tall and slimy egg. The egg was transparent and a small boy was in it. Suddenly the egg broke, like a fleece. The boy was crying, and looked very dizzy. He had his eyes closed. 'Be well, Andellon,' the angel spoke. The boy cried very loud. Then the woman and her son were led into a cave. Dan had to come forward, while he was shivering. What would happen to him ? 'You have to become a hunter of the fire-fields,' a voice spoke. 'You must hunt for souls, for the heavens and the hells must be full.'

'Pardon me,' Dan said almost trembling and stuttering, 'but what is the meaning of all this. Who and where is Christ, and what is his purpose. Do I have to be here forever, and why ? I do not understand.' But it was like the atmosphere charged with so much fire was slowly strengling his voice and his breath. Dan felt so weak, he couldn't do anything. Suddenly he fell down. Two angels took him and brought him through an opening in the wooded wall. They threw him in some bushes, and in dizziness he saw the fire-fields, their hills, their wildernesses, and their terrorizing dark skies full of smoke and clouded layers in all sorts of dark colours. Dan couldn't say or do anything. Suddenly a horned man stood before him with a horse. The man had a dark animal-skin, and whispered something to Dan, but Dan couldn't hear it. Again he whispered, and now Dan could hear what he was saying. The man said that the only way to escape heaven like this was to die the second death, or to become an angel and then fall from heaven. Dan didn't know what the man meant with it, but after awhile the man started to explain. He said that behind the fields of fire there was a fire-river and behind

the fire-river there was the fire-city of angels where he could become an angel. But there was also a faster way, for it would take hundreds of years to reach the fire-river, and then another hundred years at least to reach the other side of the river. The best he could do was to die the second death. To die the second death Dan had to search for a certain tree in the fields of fire. There would hang a bag with forbidden meat. If Dan would eat from that meat it would poison his soul to second death. 'But where will I go then ?' The man wouldn't tell, but it would be a better place than here. But Dan immediately thought about his wife. He wanted to rescue her also. But the man was shaking his head. Suddenly the man was gone. Dan didn't know which tree he had to search for, but he started his journey.

Years went by and Dan had the feeling he didn't come any further. One day, and he didn't know how many years went by, for he had lost his feeling about time, he saw something in the distance which looked like a fire-river. Dan was shouting of joy, for that would mean that he was one step closer to the fire-city of angels. It would take him at least a few days to come there, or maybe even weeks, but he wanted to make the trip across the river of fire. But as he came closer to the river of fire, an angel appeared before him, in a terrible fire. The angel looked like a warrior, with a winged iron helmet. The angel had a terrible penetrating voice. 'You will not come any closer,' the angel spoke. 'No human flesh can come near to the fire-city of angels.' It was like the wrath of this angel was about to hit him. Dan felt helpless and hopeless more than ever before. He saw the fire-city of angel as a last flame of hope to finally escape heaven. But suddenly the angel said with a much softer voice : 'Help me.' Dan immediately realized that the angel found out about the terror of heaven as much as he did. Dan whispered : 'How can I help you ?' Suddenly Dan started to shiver. And also the angel started to shiver. A dark low voice full of fire penetrated the atmosphere. The angel started to burn even brighter, and suddenly he disappeared in a flash. Dan was in a shock when he saw how a fast invisible hand threw the shadow of the angel in the river of fire. 'You will go to hell now,' a terrible low voice spoke. Dan heard the angel screaming and shrieking in the distance. It was like there was a fight in the river of fire, but short afterwhile the calmness entered into the river again. Slowly the waves of lava and fire moved on. It was another trauma for Dan. How he would like to help the angel, but he couldn't. He almost couldn't imagine that hell would be a worse place than this. Suddenly light purple lights very bright appeared above the tremendous river, and were also thrown into it. Was this river the road to hell ? And if so, Dan couldn't enter these depths, for he wasn't an angel yet. He wasn't in the ability to become a fallen one now, unless he would find the tree of forbidden meat.

When he finally stepped into the river of fire he realized that it was undeeep. As he moved forwards he got deeper and deeper until he had to swim further. In a strange sense he could float through the firewaters, and there was no way to sink in it. After awhile the waves started to move him forwards, very gently. But as he came further the waves started to become wilder and wilder. Dan didn't have a sense of speed or time anymore, but often he had the feeling he didn't come forward at all. It looked like eternities before he realized there was a strong streaming leading him to the leftside. He became very afraid that he would miss the fire-city of angels. But after awhile he heard screaming in the distance. It was a terrible sight, the fire-city of angels in the distance. He saw angels tied to stakes, while some of them were burning. Dan had become very tired. One angel was screaming : 'Don't let him come here.' When he came on the shore two angels took him tightly by his arms. They brought him to a sort of cathedral, and a horrible stench was there. Inside it looked like nothing but a butchery. Strange meat was lying everywhere. The heat was so terrible that it even swelled up in his stomach. 'Don't let him take from the forbidden meat,' someone was screaming. Soon Dan realized that by taking from this forbidden meat you become an angel. Quickly Dan took a

bite from a piece close to him. Suddenly he had to vomit, because of the stench of the meat and the taste of it. It was like a flame was descending on Dan. He was now becoming an angel. He felt a light coming over his face, as he heard some dogs barking outside, and even wolves howling in the distance. What had happened ? Dan asked one of the angels how he could fall from heaven. Suddenly a door opened in the cathedral and a huge angel appeared with a sort of dog. The dog looked like a lion. He was chained by a leather rope. Several angels were with him now, but they didn't say anything. Dan realized how dangerous it could be for them to speak. And Dan was thinking if he would be really better off when he would fall from heaven, for where would the escape bring him ? Suddenly one of the angels whispered : 'Come with me.' The angel walked outside the cathedral, and Dan followed. They went through some alleys and after awhile they came to a tall house, very dark. A dark halfnaked woman was sitting there on a small stairs. One leg was chained to the stairs. The angel started to hit the woman, but Dan got very mad, and tried to stand between the woman and the angel, but the angel pushed him aside. 'I hoped you would explain me how I can fall from heaven,' Dan said. The woman looked very sad. Then the angel walked away. 'I will tell you,' said the woman. 'Are you an angel ?' Dan asked. 'No,' the woman said. 'I am an earthling.'

'Then why are you here ?' Dan asked. 'The same reason as why you are here,' the woman said. 'But why don't you eat from the forbidden meat ?' Dan asked, 'for you first need to be an angel before you can escape.'

'They won't let me eat it,' the woman said. 'All they do is raping me.' Dan sighed. 'But I can tell you how you can fall. You must go to the other side of the city, where the sea of fire is. That is the edge of heaven, but believe me : If you jump you can never return.'

'But where do I come then when I jump off,' Dan asked. The woman bowed her head, and spoke : 'When you jump and you become a fallen one you will be free from service here, but if they find you they will bring you to hell.'

'But what is better,' Dan asked, 'to be here or to be in hell ?'

'I can not say, for I have never been in hell,' the woman said. Dan thanked the woman and began to run through the alleys to finally reach the sea of fire. Slowly he slid into the sea, while a terrible fire started to burn him, but he was becoming free. After awhile he found himself in his bed. He felt like he had a second chance now. But he also knew that if they would find him, they would send him to hell.

On earth he tried to warn everyone against that horrible place heaven was. 'It is not what you think it is,' he explained to some. But he knew he had to be on his guard.

Dan tried to pick up his work again, but everyone was saying he had changed so much. Many of them didn't believe him. They thought he just had a nightmare or something. One day he had to do some overwork, and he was sitting alone in his office. Everyone had already been gone, even the security guards. Suddenly an angel was appearing before him, but it was not what he had expected. The angel was in a fire, while he had long hair, and looked a bit like a warrior-angel, but not the kind he encountered before. 'Why did you leave is,' the angel spoke. 'When are you going to help us.' Dan was in a shock. He was trembling in his seat. The encounter was very striking. It was clear they needed his help, but how could he help them ?

'You have to go to the sea of fire by yourself, to fall from heaven,' Dan said. 'But I am afraid of hell,' the angel spoke. Dan sighed, still in shock by the terrorizing sight. It was such a traumatic encounter. Oh, how he wanted to help this suffering angel, but he couldn't. Suddenly it was like lightening struck the room, while it started to coil on the ceilings. Dan got very dizzy, and tried to put his hands before his eyes. An angel of terrible light appeared taking Dan's hand. 'Come, Dan, you have to appear before the Lord.' In a flash Dan lost all the connection to earth, and found himself on a ship on the sea of fire. There was no escape possible. The angel was too strong. 'I am sad about your fall, Dan,' the angel spoke with a depressing voice. It was like the heat was eating his intestines. It was like a boiling fluid came up from his stomach like a well. Dan looked outside, and saw the terrible waves of the sea of fire. Then he thought like he lost everything, all consciousness. Wasp-like angels came down, huge and strong, and they took Dan into the sky. The movements of their wings were terrible. Dan had to appear before the Lord Jesus Christ of the Heavens. They brought him towards an enormous temple-like castle in the skies. The wasp-like angels were shrieking high, as consciousness dripped into Dan again. What was going on ?

Dan could hardly breath and move as they were leading him inside the temple-like castle. Someone was laughing with a low voice, while lava was streaming from the place. 'Bring him to the lava,' the voice spoke. Suddenly he only saw lava around him, while he was sinking deeper. The lava was all over him, and an aura of strange bright lights surrounded him. He could still hear the voice laughing, until his feet felt ground again. It was like he had heavy boots now. 'You are now in hell,' the voice said. It was strange, but suddenly Dan felt calm. It was like someone was soothing him. 'No one will ever leave this place,' the voice spoke.

Here he found the suffering souls of angels, while in heaven their spirits had to work. He heard their mournings, their screams, their shrieks, and their periods of longlasting weeping. Some only wept very soft, like whispering. There was a well of lava, where the bright lights were coming from. Here the spirits of angels would be separated from their souls. Slowly Dan was moving towards the well. Suddenly everyone was silent. Either hell and heaven were eternal prisons. Maybe it was just the best to be split up in this lake. As Dan slowly sank into the lake, his mind started to split up. It was like he became free of so many things. His spirit was soaring between heaven and hell, while he didn't know where he exactly was. An aura of strange fire was surrounding him, coiling, calming him. He knew he would float to a different place now, along the streams of fire moving forward very slowly. It was like he was frozen now. He felt like he was an insect now, a being with so many arms and legs. He felt like a was a sun now.

But then two strong arms take Dan in a tight grip again. 'You are now an archangel, Dan,' a soothing voice tells him. Behind the fields of coiling fire-clouds Dan could see a bright softness coming towards him. It starts to surround him, while Dan is screaming. It is like he's taking a shower, but it feels like poison, like it's tearing him apart. An archangel is holding him tight, while Dan thinks he is dying. The archangel speaks loud like thunder. Suddenly there is smoke everywhere. The voice was begging Dan for help, but Dan couldn't do anything. 'Where are we going to ?' Dan asked. But the voice didn't say anything. After awhile they stopped and Dan was sliding along a pillar of fire. Suddenly his feet felt the ground. Still he felt like he had heavy boots, but he couldn't see anything. Suddenly he saw his wife standing there. An archangel was slapping her in the face. Dan tried to call her name, but he couldn't. If he was an archangel himself now, then why couldn't he speak ? It was like a strong invisible hand was laid on his mouth. He couldn't breath well. Suddenly his wife was screaming his name. Dan fell to the ground. The voice was penetrating like never before. How

could his ears be so sensitive all of a sudden. Dan had to appear before the throne of archangels. His wife had been tied to a tall stake. One of the archangels walked towards Dan, and shouted : 'This man has betrayed our society, this Judas. His soul has been laid bound in the outer darknesses, but his spirit will serve us.' Other archangels were clapping there hands, moving their wings or just nodding.

The most horrible things Dan encountered here the weeks he was with the archangels. For Dan it was undescrivable, and how he desired to fall from this place. But how ? He was now an archangel, and he had the feeling he had been tied tighter and deeper than ever before. One night he saw a ship coming towards him with green shiny sails and the ship itself was shiny yellow. Women were on the ship wailing and begging him for help. A small girl was sitting on the front of the ship. She stood up, and whispered : 'Come, help us.' Not much later Dan found himself swimming in the waves. When he reached the ship the women appeared to be all skeletons. Dan raised himself on the ship, but the sea appeared to be like fields of fire. On the fields of fire there were trees of beating hearts, begging Dan for help. 'How can I escape ?' Dan desperately shouted. 'You must save us,' piercing voices were saying. 'But how ?' Dan cried. But then everything was silent. Dan tried to walk towards the trees of beating hearts. 'If you eat from us, then you will escape,' the trees whispered. Suddenly the small girl came from behind the boat, and said : 'No, Dan, don't listen to them, for if you would eat you can never leave this place. These are the trees of the eternal meat.' Dan got very confused and didn't know what to do. Who was speaking truth. Suddenly an archangel appeared to him in a storm of fire. 'You have wandered through our gardens, but I will warn you not to eat from the trees of hearts, for then you will be damned forever,' the angel spoke with an awful low voice. 'I have not eaten from it,' Dan responded. 'You have to appear before Jesus Christ of the archangels,' the archangel spoke. And a terrible fire-storm came down to take Dan away, while the little girl was screaming. 'There is nothing you can do,' the archangel spoke. In the fire-storm Jesus Christ appeared to Dan. He took Dan by the hand, while Dan was screaming, almost shrieking. 'You will walk on fire, Dan,' Jesus Christ said. 'You have eaten from the eternal heart, and now you're free.' Jesus Christ had a very bright voice, even soothing, but Dan was still screaming. Suddenly he was thundering : 'Bring him to the elevator of everlasting damnation.'

'But Lord !' Dan shrieked 'I haven't eat from any meat or hearts here !' But Jesus Christ didn't respond. A heavy and huge archangel took Dan to an elevator in a sea of fire. How many years or even hundred years it took Dan didn't know, but it was a long period of time before he reached the city of everlasting damnation. He had never heard such shrieks and such wailing. Everywhere there were skeletons walking with small girls. The voices were penetrating him like he could faint every moment. 'There is that fallen archangel !' a woman was screaming. 'No one wants you here !' another woman screamed. He saw other archangels here under terrible chains. He was now a fallen archangel, but he wondered what would be the best in his situation. To him heaven would never be a desirable place anymore. Somewhere in an old house he sat down. A woman was sitting before him, with some stumps lying on a table. 'This is not the end, do you know ?' the woman said. She had wild hair.

'What is the deal here in this city of everlasting damnation ?' Dan asked. The woman said : 'It's a prison. We were all archangels before, but now we have been fallen.' Dan nodded. He asked himself if he really wanted to escape, for where would he go ? 'Come,' the woman said, 'I want to show you something,' while she stood up. She took his hand, and together they walked outside. Behind the old house there were fields of fire. Behind the fields there were Falls of fire. 'They say that when you have reached the Falls of fire you can become God,' she

said. 'How,' Dan asked. 'Well, see for yourself,' the woman said, and walked away. A strange curiosity was sliding into Dan's mind. If he would become God maybe he could stop this all. 'Don't even try it !' the woman yelled. 'No one ever survived !' But Dan thought he had nothing to lose, and began to walk through the fields. Everything went very slow, and after days he realized that he didn't come anywhere like this. In the distance he heard wolves howling, and other sorts of strange roars and hysterical weeping. Suddenly a naked woman jumped on him. He never felt such a softness, and soon he was making love with her. The woman had a brown skin. Suddenly a seraph appeared to them. It was like it was ripping them apart. 'I have to take you away to God,' the seraph roared, while his voice seemed to split into a multitude of voices. While he spoke there was an aura of steam around him, and Dan found himself like almost melting away. The strong arms of the seraph took them both, and he brought them to a huge elevator in a sea of fire behind the fire-falls. They were both thrown in a sort of prison after the elevator took them to another place. Days followed, while Dan and the naked woman made love. Suddenly a tall man of white shimmering but soft lights in a weak aura came to the bars. 'I am God,' the man spoke. Dan had to come with God. The man opened the prison door, and took Dan with him. In a hall full of seraphs the man said to Dan : 'If you want to become God, then you are at the wrong address here. There's no other God than I am. 'How did you become God ?' Dan asked. The man started to smile very dirty. 'I'll show you,' the man said. Suddenly there were screams everywhere. The man stepped to the side of the hall, which started to turn into a huge arena. Women were led into the arena by seraphs. Then cages of lions were opened. 'Come,' the man said. 'This isn't what I wanted to show you. They had to climb through an opening in a rock, and came into another hall. As Dan watched from the rock he saw trees made of women growing from the floor. The women were screaming. Dan looked at the man. He was smiling. 'I will never believe in God anymore,' Dan said. 'You are satanic.' Suddenly the man pushed Dan from the rock on which he was standing. How long it took Dan didn't know, but he had been unconscious since that fall for a long time. He almost couldn't open his eyes, and he found out he was still bleeding. He could see seraphs coming in devouring the meat of the womantrees.

After awhile the whole huge room was filled by a stench of strange fluids in which Dan was bathing, while a woman entered in walking towards Dan. Dan was still too weak to stand up. 'How can you be so dumb, Dan, that you would fall in a pit like this,' the woman said. 'You knew that all those people of your church weren't better humans than the ones outside the church. You knew that in most cases they were worse than others, so why was it to your surprise when you found out about heaven ?' Dan started to moan, while the woman was softly kicking him in his stomach. 'You didn't see all it's secrets yet, or did you ?' the woman said fiercely. 'I don't know,' Dan moaned like an old man. Then the woman kicked his stomach a bit harder. 'You aren't here for nothing. I will use you. You will have my babies,' the woman spoke loud and thundering.

'But I am a man !' Dan screamed, still moaning. 'I don't care,' the woman said. 'This is heaven, not earth, so shut up.' Then the woman took a tube and pushed it deep into his stomach. Dan was moaning loud. 'Arrgh, why didn't you warn me before,' Dan said. Strange fluids were streaming through the tube, while his stomach was swelling a bit. After awhile strange eggs were coming forth from Dan, while he lost consciousness. 'In heaven all things need to be done different,' the woman spoke. Dan woke up. 'Where am I ?' Dan asked. 'You are with me, Dan,' the woman said. 'I am the princess of heaven.' Dan grasped his stomach. It was normal now. 'I am the mother of cherubs,' the woman said. She had a thin leather rope surrounding her forehead. 'I am not done with you,' she said. 'Is there any way I can escape ?' Dan stuttered. 'No, it's for eternity,' she spoke harshly. 'You mean bitch, let me go !' Dan shouted.

'Oh, how these cherub-heavens, these seas and fields of fire bring forth my love,' the woman sighed. In the distance Dan could see these fields and seas, and cages were coming from them, full of women. The woman sighed again. 'I'm tired,' she said. Then she walked away. 'Who is the boss of this prison ?' Dan was shouting hysterically. 'Let me out !' Dan crept forward. He still couldn't stand on his legs. He tried to reach the fields and their seas, but the sight was moving away from him like a fire-storm.

It was like a strange creature, a sort of tremendous butterfly. It had wings of fire, and was like a fire-storm. On the top of the butterfly he saw the woman sitting. Then the fire-storm was changing into a ball. A sting moved out of the coiling fire-ball, while the ball started to spit fluids. It was like terror had struck Dan again, and he had to run away now, or this ball would devour him. But what if he could just escape by this ball. Dan was too weak to rise up, and fell again, while the ball was slowly moving towards him and devoured him finally. Dan was coiling into many pits at the same time, like all his parts had been separated now. It was like he became a seraph or cherub himself now. No one knew the way out of this castle. No one was speaking to him. These cherubs, these angels of God, were merely the breeders of meat. They were the farmers of heaven, and there was no escape at all. Sooner or later you would fall into their hands again. Their fires were like hanging waspnests from which no one could escape.

No one would ever be ready for their strike. For there was no way to be prepared for such a war. Often they went together in a group for a hunt. Then they would search for lost wandering souls. These souls were often nothing more but seeds for their fire-farms. But Dan found out soon that also these cherubs, who often looked like fire-birds were also nothing more than prisoners of heaven. Dan wouldn't easily forget his encounter with God, who was a strange rude man in his eyes. Why did Dan have to become a power-slave like this ? Dan didn't know. All he wanted to do was to quench the flame which kept him in a slavery like this. He remembered the tales of the priest of his church, talking about baptism and the coming of Jesus Christ. It was now nothing more than a mean trap in the eyes of Dan. The priest always said that in heaven everyone becomes an angel. That was what Dan finally found out. If he could go back to earth to do it all over again, he would do it different. All these things he was writing in a letter to his wife. He didn't know if she would ever receive the letter, but for him it was a way to deal with the pain and the loss a bit. Would she still be in that same place doing what she had to do ? Dan didn't know. When he finished the letter he put it into an iron box and threw it from the hill of the room where he was. It probably would fall into the sea of fire soaring and roaring there.

On one day a tall fire-bird, a cherub, was appearing before his window. It had a letter for him wrapped in iron. Dan opened the door of the balcony and received the letter. The sun was shimmering in his face. He opened the iron and began to read :

'Dear Dan, I do not know if you will be alive when you receive this letter, but I want you to know that I have reached heaven since I died. Do not come to this place. It is not what you think. Further I cannot say much more about it. I love you forever. Karen.'

Oh, how he wished he would have received this letter earlier.

The End

The Stalker

Thriller / Tragedy

When Marjoline came home that night she was very tired and went to bed immediately. Suddenly she saw a shadow moving on the wall, and she got frightened. 'Is anyone there ?' she asked ... But no one answered.

Fridaynight she went out of town with her girlfriend Marlus. They would go to a city next to their village. They were actually friends since birth as they grew up together. They got into conversation with a boy who told them about Jesus. Marjoline said to the boy : 'Oh, come on, do you really believe in that nonsense.' But Marlus wanted to hear a bit more about it ... Not that she was really interested, but so many people of their village believed in Jesus and went to church, and she didn't know a lot about it. The boy told them that Jesus loved them, and he even said that Jesus was in love with them. Marjoline thought that was very strange. She never heard of that, and a strange feeling was sliding over her breasts. She didn't like the feeling at all. Inside she shivered. 'Let's go somewhere else,' she whispered to Marlus when the boy was going to the toilets. Marlus thought that was a good idea, and so they went outside. But awhile later they saw the boy again, and he saw them too. 'Hey, you left ?' he shouted. 'Let me tell more about it ...' But they started to run away ... When they finally got home Marjoline told Marlus what happened the other night about the moving shadow ...

Marlus had a small book from the boy which he gave to her in the conversation. There were some pictures in it from Jesus. These were beautiful paintings, and Jesus looked very calming. 'Let's not start with it, Marlus,' Marjoline said ... 'That what the boy said really scared me off, and he also said that Jesus could come everywhere as He is God. He said Jesus knows everything about us, all our thoughts, all our feelings, all what we did in the past, He was there and saw it' Marlus shut the book ... 'You are right, Marjoline, I don't feel anything for losing my privacy to this. I mean the Bible is a very bloody book, so what would this Jesus be all about ? I do not have a good feeling about it. All those people who go to church, it looks like they are frozen or something, like something strange has happened to them.'

'Okay now, stop, Marlus, you're scaring me,' Marjoline said, 'it's really frightening me. Let's talk about something else.' But Marlus already had to go home. It was late. When Marjoline was in bed she stared at the wall where the moving shadow was the other night ... but there was nothing. Marjoline tried to sleep, but still she was thinking about the things the boy said ... Suddenly she was totally awake. A man in grey, white and brown-orange was standing before her, smiling. 'Say, Marjoline,' he said, when he slowly raised his arm towards the ceiling, 'I hope you don't mind me coming in.'

'Who are you ?' Marjoline asked in a shock, and then she shouted : 'Go away !' while she was sitting straight in her bed. 'But I'm just here,' the man grinned.

At school she couldn't concentrate. She couldn't talk about it ... like something was blocking her mouth, and like everyone would think she had become crazy. She couldn't forget about the thing happened that night. Through the years Marjoline became a silent woman. It was like she finally came over her trauma, but one night she felt something was gliding over her. She felt very strange all of a sudden, but she couldn't scream. It was like she was losing her consciousness, but also like she had another consciousness now, like something was in her. 'You have given your heart to Jesus,' a voice spoke. 'That's not true,' Marjoline tried to say, but she couldn't speak. 'He loves you and you love him, admit it,' the voice said. Marjoline tried to scream, but it was like the shock had paralyzed her. It was like her head was in fire, and like it was floating through her whole body.

Since that day Marjoline had always the feeling that someone was following her, that someone was always watching her : in the shower, in bed, on the streets, wherever she was. Years went by and Marjoline couldn't get rid of the thought that there was a stalker in her life. Some days were harder than other days, but it seemed she had to live with it. She couldn't talk about it to anyone else.

One day she came home, and was very tired, because it was already late. She went to her bedroom, turned on the lights, and as she took her blankets up she saw a snake with eggs in her bed. She screamed and shouted while at the same time she heard someone was in the shower. When she came closer she could see a man. 'Who are you !' she shouted. The man took a towel and stepped out of the shower, and said : 'I'm not leaving anymore. I hope you got used to me a bit through all the years. The man sat on her bed, while he put the snake around his neck. 'And my little friends,' he said, 'are also welcome I hope.'

'Now what is your purpose ?' Marjoline asked. 'Where are you coming from, and who are you ? What do you want ?'

'I am Jesus,' the man said.

'Now do you live here somewhere in the village or somewhere else ?' Marjoline asked, still in a shock.

Marjoline tried to call the police, but it was like her hands were tied. 'I live in your heart,' the man said. 'I inspire you.' Marjoline started to scream even harder, as she felt the room was getting hotter. There was steam coming from the shower and water was flowing on the floor. Suddenly the man took Marjoline's hand, and said : 'You have hands like me, they're beautiful.' Marjoline pulled her hand back and ran to the door, but it was locked. 'Please tell me what's going on,' Marjoline begged the man. She fell on her knees and started to cry hysterically but also desperately, while she felt herself like becoming weaker. Slowly she laid herself on the ground.

'Don't you know that God is everywhere ?' the man asked. 'I'm sure they have told you.'

Marjoline had lost consciousness and when she woke up again the man was gone together with the snake and the eggs. Marjoline tried to sleep on her bed, but she couldn't. She was crying soft.

A few weeks later she had a conversation with a priest. He told her the best she could do when it would happen again is asking him : 'Is there anything I can do for you ?'

So the next time the man came to Marjoline she did just at the priest had told her and asked the man : 'Is there anything I can do for you ?' Then the man burst out in crying and begged her to let him go back to his planet. Marjoline didn't understand what he was trying to say. So she asked him : 'How can I bring you back to your planet ?' Then the man directed his finger at her ring. This ring she got when someone from her family died. She didn't even know this far aunt, but this ring was a heritage. 'Please, throw it away,' the man was crying. 'But why ?' Marjoline asked, 'I do not understand.' But suddenly the curtains got in fire, and slowly the flames started to coil over the ceiling and the walls. 'What is wrong with you !' Marjoline screamed to the man. 'Just throw that ring away !' the man shouted. Then Marjoline threw it out of the window while the flames started to spread even more. Marjoline ran out of the room and soon she was outside the house. The man was still in the flames and was laughing hard. 'I'm going home !' he shouted hysterically.

Marjoline had survived the fire, but she had to move to another place. Since then everything went more downwards with her. It was like the trauma had really struck her hard this time. She didn't have any moment of rest, she couldn't sleep, for there was always someone near, closer than ever. It was like she couldn't breath anymore, but still she could live on. She wasn't able to do her work anymore, and slowly her life was growing down the hill into the valley. The only thing she could do was read books.

In the middle of the night she always tried to read some books, as her fears where then at their heights. One night a man stood before her, coming from the darkness of her room towards the small lamp by which she was reading. 'Why have you sent my son away from earth. I have sent Him here to suffer for everyone,' he was saying. 'Who are you ?' Marjoline asked in a shock.

'I am God the father,' the man said. 'Don't think that my son has a better life now since He has gone home. He now suffers for the whole universe, for the heavens and the hells, and the unknown places.' Suddenly Marjoline remembered what the priest told her and asked : 'Is there anything I can do for you ?'

'Yes, you can,' the man said. 'You can let me go, to let me go to my son, to return to home.' Behind the man huge snakes were appearing. They were moving their heads and necks. 'But how ?' Marjoline asked. The man directed his finger at her chainlet. That was also a heritage she once got from her grandmother. 'Throw it away,' he said. But Marjoline was scared as she remembered the fire. It already started to coil through her room, while smoke was surrounding her. Quickly she opened the window and threw the chainlet outside, while the flames started to coil away. 'You have done well,' the man said, while he started to grin. Then he moved closer to Marjoline. 'I have done what you said,' Marjoline shouted, 'now go away !' But the man was moving closer and closer ... 'There is only one thing, Marjoline,' the man said ... 'Those who do not believe in us go to hell forever.' Then the man disappeared while Marjoline was in the flames. Marjoline screamed, and now she knew about the price one had to pay for not wanting these stalkers. How glad she was when firemen came into her room to free her out of the flames. They brought her to the hospital, while in tears she told the story. But none of them believed her. They assured her there wasn't any man with huge snakes.

But in the middle of the night in the hospital it was like Marjoline felt the flames again. A huge snake appeared before her eyes, shrieking : 'Those who have sinned against the Father and the Son will be forgiven, but those who have sinned against the Holy Spirit will not be forgiven. Not now, and not in eternity.'

'Who are you ?' Marjoline shouted.

'I am the Holy Spirit,' the snake shrieked. Suddenly the snake became thinner and thinner, taller and taller, while Marjoline was about losing consciousness. The snake started to coil around her, tighter and tighter, until she couldn't breath anymore. Suddenly a docter turned on the light. Marjoline was hysterical, and told the docter about what happened. But the docter said there was no snake, and Marjoline's wounds were doing better. He explained her that sometimes after a fire people needed time to make up their minds.

A few days later the boy who used to tell about Jesus came to visit Marjoline. He had heard what had happened to her. He was of course a lot older now, but still the same. He immediately took her hand and said : 'But Jesus wants to help you in this.' Oh, how he looked like the stalkers. Marjoline acted like she was glad he came, but she didn't want to give him too much attention. She wanted to get out of it. 'Is there a way out of this ?' she asked the man.

'Yes,' the man said, 'and Jesus is that way.'

'No, that's not what I try to say,' Marjoline said, 'I mean : Is there a way out of all this Jesus-stuff ?' But then the man shook his head. 'No Marjoline, for those who live with Jesus will live with Him forever, and those who do not live with him got to a place where he isn't. But they will remember Him for always.'

'That's terrible,' Marjoline said.

When the man had gone Marjoline felt relieved. She hoped everything would be over now.

When she lived on her own again, and things turned out to be better to her, one night the stalkers returned. They were all three so huge now, and there were more snakes than ever. 'We want to thank you for bringing us home,' Jesus said, 'but there is one thing : We miss you. We want you to come with us.'

'No !' Marjoline screamed and cried hysterically and desperately. 'I want to have peace and rest now !'

'But you belong to us,' the Father said, 'We now suffer for the whole universe, and we want you to suffer with us.'

'But do I not suffer enough ?' Marjoline cried hopelessly. But the three stalkers were without mercy and took her tight. 'We will take you with us !' the Holy Spirit said almost roaring. There was blood coming from the mouth of the huge snake. It was the biggest snake of the snakes there. There were many snakes.

Suddenly someone opened the door. It was a nurse, coming for a weekly control. 'How are you, Marjoline ?' the nurse asked friendly. 'You look a bit confused, did something happen ?'

'No,' Marjoline said, still a bit confused and desperate, but soothing herself. 'Okay, then I will control your bloodpressure now, and some other things,' the nurse said. It was like all the stress and fear of Marjoline was moving to the background now. She knew she had to take up her own life again, not living in the past anymore. When the nurse had been gone Marjoline looked around her. She thought it was a bit strange the nurse came in the middle of the night. But when she opened the curtains it was day.

Then the phone rang. Marjoline picked up the phone. 'Hello, Marjoline, do you remember us. We're going to get you. Just make sure you are ready.' But Marjoline tried not to think about the phone-call. It got better and better with her. She got a job again, and soon she could go out again. But one night she saw the man who always talked about Jesus again. She tried to avoid him, but he came towards her. 'Say, can I have your phone-number, I guess I want to have some more contact with you,' he said. But Marjoline refused. 'Really, it was very nice of you to visit me in the hospital,' Marjoline said, 'but I just need to have a time of rest.'

'Oh, but Jesus can give rest to you,' the man said. 'I know,' Marjoline said, 'and it's okay.'

'But have you made your choice already ?' the man asked.

'What do you mean ?' Marjoline asked.

'Well, to go for Jesus or not. Do you want Him to live in your heart ?' the man asked

'Oh, I really can not do this,' Marjoline said, and wanted to walk away, but the man was taking her hand. 'Please, let me go !' Marjoline said loud. Other people suddenly looked up to watch them. 'Please !' the man said desperately, 'You must accept Him in your life, for I do not want you to go to hell forever.' The man had almost tears in his eyes, but Marjoline ran away, saying loud : I can't !

But the man ran after her, while he started to cry. 'Please Marjoline, listen to me. I cannot bear it to see you going to such an awful place for eternity,' he wept desperately. But some other men stopped him : 'Let her go, dude, get over it.' But the man got in rage and hit three men to the ground while running after Marjoline again screaming and shrieking : 'I won't let you go to hell forever ! I just won't ! I will not let that happen !' Then he grasped Marjoline at her back and tore her dress. Marjoline was in real panic now. 'Let someone help me !' she screamed. 'Please !'

'Stupid bitch !' the man was screaming, 'just listen to me now !' More and more people were now aware of the things happening. Marjoline lay on the ground now with a torn dress, and he almost sat on her, but then he stood up and turned himself to the people surrounding him. 'If anyone of you touch me or her with only one finger, then you will get a surprise. I will beat the lungs out of your body, so back off !'

But tight hands grasped him, and again the man kicked several men to the ground. 'Damned, idiot !' someone was screaming, 'I thought you were a christian.'

'Well, I am,' the man shouted, 'I'm just saving someone from hell.' But then the police arrived and arrested the man. The man couldn't do anything this time. But he was shouting : 'I will take revenge !' They took him away in the police-car.

Marjoline needed a lot of time to get over this. It had really hit her hard. People told her that if the man would ever become free from prison again, she had to stay away from him, and from the places where he would go. But in a strange sense Marjoline felt loved by the man. It was like he really cared for her, but he couldn't handle all his emotions. That's why he was dangerous to her. One time she decided to visit him in prison. She wanted to talk to him, although people said that would be crazy. Enough people had warned her.

When he saw her in prison he was upset. 'Will you forgive me,' was the first thing he said. Marjoline didn't say anything, but later she said : yes.

The man talked and talked for hours about how he was just blinded by a cult, but now in prison he could be free of that. It was a strange paradox, but Marjoline got the impression that he had changed. Maybe that when he got free he wouldn't be a danger to Marjoline or anyone else anymore. But as soon as he got free he turned out to be the same again, and Marjoline had to hide from him. One day she got a telephone-call. It was him. 'Hi, Marjoline, I will come to your house in a moment, I need to talk to you.' Immediately Marjoline called the police, but it was already too late. The man stood already in her house. Marjoline didn't know how he could come in. She ran to the bedroom, and tried to lock the door. But she failed. There he stood. He had a gun in his hand, grinning. 'I know what we will do now. You will accept Jesus in your life now, then I will shoot you, so that you will be in heaven forever.' Marjoline started to scream as he slowly moved closer.

That day many people died this way, assured to go to heaven forever, luckily missing the horrors of eternal damnation. But to be in the hands of these stalkers is that something to prefer ? Marjoline luckily missed the shot of this stalker's gun, for she remembered that it was written in the bible, saying : Thou Shalt Not Kill. But this man wasn't the only stalker around. It was a group. He had to go to prison again, although he didn't kill anyone that day because of that bible-verse, but his mates did the kill and couldn't be found anywhere. This time Marjoline wouldn't visit him in his prison. She moved away to another country, hiding from the stalkers. Maybe one day the man would change his mind, the better or the worse, but Marjoline didn't want to wait for any of such changes. She would be better off living far away from the stalkers.

Marjoline still didn't believe in a heaven or hell, and didn't want to have anything to do with religion, especially after this incident. But she thought it was strange that people would choose to live in a hell by their deeds in order to get others in heaven.

By fear of these stalkers, who seemed to be everywhere, people committed their lives to something they wouldn't choose for if they were just free to choose. This time it was under a pressure, as they knew they would risk their lives by living in their own truths. The stalkers would get their churches full of prisoners of this fear, in order to breed more stalkers. Many tried to make compromises more or less, but the blood was still streaming.

The End

Police World

science fiction/ tragedy

It's the year 4008. The world is dominated by the police working together with a strange political tax-system office. Slavery is normal these days. Our state is a police-state, like so many other states, but there is one thing : the wilderness outside is growing, and sub-cultures are living underground. There is nothing stranger than them, although it attracts me. They don't believe in marriage and monogamy. In our state it is a duty to marry, but sex is forbidden. There are camera's everywhere, and they are charged by weapons able to kill everything which looks like sex. We do not raise children. The government does by genetic experiments. They grow in tubes, and then we get them finally by paying a lot of money. But they aren't children, but slaves. It is important to have a lot of slaves to have something to say in the government. The men with the big money have everything in their big hands. We are the marionets. They are the dogs.

I think about to step over to the sub-cultures, but we live in a prison in this state. There's no escape possible. Some tried, but didn't survive. We have too many strange implants inside. We have to go to the doctor often, and to the police for research.

In the year 4578 I finally came free, after a long time of study and research, but a time-device brought me back to 4008. They erased a great deal of my memory. The only thing I can remember is that finally after my escape I met a woman in the sub-culture. She said she would die for me to protect me. We had a great time, until the time-device took me back. My memory is now dominated. It's in the hands of a strange tax-system. It prevents me from going to any school. They are too afraid I gather knowledge again. It's forbidden to me to go to any library. I work in a factory.

My telephone is in the hands of the police. They listen to all my conversations. If they think a conversation is going too far they cut the connection off. I'm not allowed to have any computer. They keep me simple. The memories I have I need to add to the tax system again and again. It drives me crazy. However I am allowed to write books. Most of the times these

are sex-stories. Not that I want that, but that's the only sort they allow without problems. These books need to be donated to their secret banks. There's a theory that only the top-leaders are allowed to have sex. But this theory hasn't been proved yet.

The top-leaders with the biggest money rule over the machines, this theory says, but there's also a theory that the machines rule these top-leaders, and they lead horrible lives of suffering. Neither this theory has been proved yet.

The police rules the streets and it's a sad story. Most of the times they use devices. There is no one happy here. Only those of the sub-cultures are happy, and their wildernesses are growing. They haven't been caught by a police-order yet, but it seems one day they will. There is no beauty of nature anymore, for it's remains, even while it is growing, will be caught up.

They say some great books say that in the future there won't be schools anymore. Only machines, devices, making our lives horrible. It seems I'm living there already. The police-state then will be a dog-state of overcontrol, and there won't be a wilderness anymore. No hope of any escape. And if there will be an escape, a time-device will take care, like in my situation. Then it erases the memory, and voila, there you are. Where can you go ? They say when once caught back by a time-device you get locked up in time. That's what I experience, yes. My hope is floating away. I can donate it to the tax-devices. They come like hungry wolves every night. Just a camera.

Still I'm married, but married like this is a horrible situation, a prison. I do not know her. She was donated to me by the government, but she doesn't talk. I think a lot about the woman who once loved me in the year 4578, but my memories about it seem to fade away.

Some say these tax-devices are nothing but time-devices. The government doesn't get it, but it flows into time. What are they breeding ? A time-egg ? And what will come out ? They say it will be a time-creature destroying all the borderlines of time. It will rip off all the masks, but also this theory hasn't been proved yet. Some say doctors are the devices of police-man, their hidden instruments. Some say the police is a higher race than God. Where is God ? It doesn't stop with God. The police is everywhere. Here everyone believes in the police. Belief in God is old-fashioned, and in some states it is forbidden.

The End

The Doctor

thriller / science fiction

It is the year 2054. An atomic war has destroyed large parts of our world. My name is Phil Adrianson, son of a mariner. The doctors have taken over the world and are in top-positions. It's a mess in the whole world. In our town the doctor's office is close to a school. The doctors there live in secrecy, in most cases this happens everywhere. No one knows what's going on there. On a night I went there to do some research. I found a lot of skeletons below the doctor's house, but that wasn't strange to me, after an atomic war like this. But that what frightened me was that some of these skeletons were alive, and moving in large reservoirs of water. Since I brought this secret into the world everything seemed to change. The doctors

seemed to come out of their shells, worldwide, and showed these living skeletons on marketsquares. Yes, they were even boasting with them, selling them to the mass. It seemed to be a numb situation, for I didn't see any protest coming from others. What has the atomic war done to us all We are nothing but zombies.

In the year 2095 a Chinese technician created the first cyborg-doctor, and covered it up by a skin. In a few years these cyborg-doctors took over our whole world. The skeleton-market was old news. There was now a market in a sort of human beings who weren't just human beings, but skeletons covered up by a skin. Slavery entered our world again.

In the year 3024 I am still alive by the present technologies. Humans now reach ages over thousand years. There is another atomic war going on. This time it's about burning our whole world. We live in fire. But by the present technologies we are able to live in fire. The cyborg-doctors have enslaved the whole world now, and they had been able to build the first time-stealer. By this device they can kidnap humans from other time-zones to enslave them in the present. Everyday the time-stealers worldwide bring up so many human beings from history, enslaving them in horrible ways. Our world has now a population of eighty billions living in stagings and cages in the layers of the sky and underground. Marriage and sex is forbidden, and whenever a baby gets born it has to be killed by the law. There are devices for that, ultra-sensitive. No one cares, no one can do something about it, for the devices are programmed that way. We aren't allowed to dream, for when we sleep and a dream shows up a device starts shrieking and we wake up. We are surrounded by such devices, making our lives miserable. There is so much overcontrol, not only to watch the things we do, but also to watch our minds by ultra-rays. We do not have any privacy, and lots of us go insane.

I have met a girl now. She is from the year 2034 Before Christ. She is from a Jewish company, and it's not forbidden to talk. She told me her father also found a device, and that's why she was here. It brought her whole family here, but she was the only one allowed to live on. The devices here had shot her whole family. Why ? She still didn't know. Sometimes she wished they had shot her too, for living in slavery like this was horrible to her.

One day we had some free time and we were allowed to go for a walk in the forest. The trees were still burning because of the atomic war, but in a strange sense they were still alive. Just like us, there was fire everywhere. She told me her father was a doctor, and they believed that the doctors were a higher race than God. 'So your father thought he was greater than God ?' I asked. She said yes. But he also had problems with that thought. One day a strange man came to him giving him a strange book. It was a book of doctors in which these things were written. And the man just disappeared in a flash, like he was an angel. Since then my father believed these kind of things, she said.

But it was already time to go. We had to move to our cages in our stagings again. She lived deep underground, and I lived in the sky. I wasn't allowed to dream about her. Many times the devices shrieked in the night. I almost went insane, but fortunately I could meet her sometimes, so I was always looking forward to that, holding on to that thought. It gave me hope and warmth. Many times we had to show up before the cyborg-doctors. They did horrible things to us in their research. It almost felt like Judgement Day. Once in a month we had to go there, and the days before I could never sleep because of fear.

But one day they installed new devices. Lots of people were screaming. We didn't know what would happen. We weren't allowed to have any desires anymore, or daydreams. We weren't

allowed to think about each other or being in love anymore, as then the devices started to scream. It was hell. More and more the devices started to take over our minds. We lost more and more of our personal freedoms. But the cyborg-doctors said it was important to prevent many from going insane. But all I saw was people going insane. Most of the time such people got shot by the devices. Also my girl got insane, and she got shot, I heard later.

In the year 3098 it seemed to be all over. A virus had struck the programs of the devices, and they couldn't get it straight anymore. The cyborg-doctors went insane, and new atomic wars were raging. This time it was caused by detonators working by the splitting of quantum-parts, the smallest parts within the atom. It was like a mega-splitter, and it was really like the sun was covered over our world. Solar seas were coming up, bursting out from our world, and it was the change of nature. I had no idea what was going on, but to me this seemed paradise. We could have survey again, and it was like there was space again. The cyborg-doctors seemed to have all gone, but another forms were showing up from the oceans : ghosts and spawns. It was like the whole earth had been baptized in solar lava, and the most wonderful creatures started to live and develop in these seas. But all I could do was cry. I didn't know why. Soon the species like transparent octopuses and jelly-fishes started to swim around me, and I was thinking they would absorb me ... devouring me ... How wrong I was Yes, they got stuck to my body It was like they were sucking my mind away Yes, all I could do was cry It was like they were sucking my feelings away I didn't know who I was anymore They were leading me back to the year 2054 again. I got stuck in a time-stealer. In 2054 the doctors were ruling the world after an atomic war.

My theory was that these doctors had to have such a device by which they could get me back. And my theory was even that these doctors were nothing but cyborg-doctors covered by a human skin. But how wrong I was. To prove my theory I went to the doctor's house again to do research. Again I found the living skeletons in the reservoirs of water. But this time I had been caught by the police, and I got locked up in jail, so that I couldn't tell the secrets. They put a device in my mouth so that I couldn't speak. It was like a cape over my head, and in the mirror I looked like a dog. In the nights they took me out of my prison and I had to go to the underground where there was an arena. I was a gladiator. Doctors used to come here to watch. I was helpless. I was like an animal, not able to talk. There was no way how I could take this device out of my mouth. It was plugged in a strange way. When I tried to take it off, things started to shriek in my head. The cape was also plugged into my ears. It was a red cape, and it was about to make me insane. I found out that these doctors were way worse than the metal doctors, and there were times I wished I could go back to the old devices again with their cyborg-doctors.

One day, and I don't know how I did it, I could get the earplugs out. Immediately there was a noise like a crying dog was around, and the ground below my feet started to ripple as it was a sort of vortex or black hole activating. I got sucked in a spiral of time, and I ended up in the year 2034 Before Christ. I felt my flesh and bones again in a cave, while my girl was staring at me. She had a device in her hands, and I knew it was from her father. She didn't know who I was, but I told her the story. She believed me as she could see I came from another time. When I had told her the story she realized how dangerous the device was. Then we decided to throw it into the river. I also told about the man who would bring a doctor's book to her father, but she said that didn't happen yet. And I thought : 'Maybe now the device has gone it won't happen.' But how wrong I was. One day her father told about the man and showed us the book. In the book there were strange stories about doctors helping little girls. These doctors were a higher race than God. They used to live alone and in secrecy with strange animals.

Most of the times these were wild animals like bears and dogs, but they were tamed by the doctors usually, and most of the times the little girls got these animals also. In a sense the stories had my interest. I used to read them for the Jewish girl. But at one night she was screaming. When I came to her room there was a huge animal like a bear or dog having a doctor's instrument in its claw, but it also looked like a time-stealers device. The animal was wildly moving the device, and I tried to sooth the animal as he tried to hit us with the device. I said to the Jewish girl : 'Stand behind me.' Finally I could take the time-device out of the claw of the animal, but then the animal jumped on the girl and devoured her. I couldn't do anything to save her, so I ran away with the device. I knew by this device I would see her again somewhere in time.

The End

The Dentist

horror / tragedy

Kevin lived in an ordinary family, an ordinary house, somewhere in America. He had a somewhat heartshaped face, and people used to call him heartman. His family was a good family, great heart to others, and some of them had top-positions in the medical world. Kevin's father was a dentist, and he had his dental appartment next to the house. Sometimes Kevin went there to play a bit in the garden, but as Kevin was growing older, he didn't like to be at that place. A lot of people had problems to go to the dentist, although Kevin's father was a good man. He used to take wanderers in house to give them a home, and Kevin always used to call them 'uncle'. Kevin's father always gave them dental care for free. Yes, the dentist had a heart of gold, a great heart.

But one day Kevin's father was involved in an accident and he didn't survive it. The whole family and all the wanderers were in deep mourning. Soon another man took over the dentistry. This man was the opposite of Kevin's father. Kevin didn't like him at all, and the more he got confronted with it, the more he missed his own father. The man got a few rooms in the house where he started to live. Kevin thought his mother had a relationship with him, but he wasn't sure. Kevin's sisters also liked the man, but the rest of the family and most of the wanderers didn't like him.

One day the man asked if Kevin could come to his room. When Kevin stepped in he sat in his chair, staring at Kevin with a strange stare. 'You asked me to come, so here I am,' Kevin said, a bit frightened. 'Kevin,' the man said, 'your mother and I have spoken about this. We think it is better for you to leave the town, for you need to go to a boarding-school. You must work on your future and you can't if you live here.'

'Why ? Why can't I stay here ?' Kevin asked. 'You just can't,' the man said. And since then Kevin had to live in a boarding-school, far away from his family. In the boarding-school nuns worked, but they weren't good for the children. Kevin started to long for home, but he had to stay in the boarding-school. Here he tried to make new friends, but life was very hard. One day a nun said there was a visitor for Kevin. It seemed to be the man who has brought him here. 'Kevin, do you like it here ?' the man asked. But Kevin didn't answer. It was a short visit, as Kevin didn't want to speak.

A few years later when Kevin had finished his study on the boarding-school he decided to return to his home-town. But when he came there it had changed. It was like there had been a war here. Houses were burnt down, new poor houses had been built. The apartment of the dentist next to his family's house had become huge and advanced. When Kevin walked in he got the shock of his life. Two skeletons were sitting on chairs. What had happened here ? 'Is anyone there ?' Kevin shouted. But no one answered. It was strange for Kevin didn't encounter one single living being yet in his home-town. No one was home in his family's house either. No one at the boarding-school had told him about this.

As he went back to the boarding-school one of the nuns told him that there had been a man coming to his home-town who was a prophet. He had preached about eternal damnation. In his eyes it was necessary for a human being to become an angel by death, and then to search for the well of eternal damnation to become a dentist, which was in his eyes a higher entity. He preached that the fastest way to eternal damnation was by fire. 'Now who would believe such crap ?' Kevin asked in shock.

'No one believed him,' the nun said, 'but he warned them that unbelievers would be taken to Skeleton City, the city of no hope, a strange city where they would be slaves of the dentists all their lives.' Kevin started to laugh nervously, but suddenly he bowed down his head, and asked what finally happened to his home-town. 'We aren't allowed to talk about that,' the nun said.

Kevin was very worried about his family, and returned to his home-town which now looked like a ghost-town. Still he couldn't find anyone there, and again he went into the dental apartment to search for traces of his family or the man who once took the place of his father. Kevin started to read some papers but couldn't find any traces. Finally he decided to go to the cellar below the apartment, where the medical storages were. He had never been here, but he knew that it was there, as his father always spoke a lot about it. Suddenly a man with a gun stood before him. It was a man in black dress. It seemed to be the prophet. 'You are not going any further,' the prophet said. 'Behind me is the stairway to the hall of Skeleton City. Here the dentists rule over those of no hope.'

'What did you do to my family ?' Kevin asked. But then the prophet took Kevin's head in a tight grip. Kevin roared of pain, while the prophet took him downstairs, where behind a door Kevin could have a view at the Skeleton City. There was a horrible stench. It was like they were standing on a high mountain, and far away down in a huge depth he saw skeletons walk very slowly while their heads were bowed down. 'Why are you doing all this ?' Kevin tried to say, but he could hardly speak because of the tight arm around his neck almost strangling him. 'You do not know anything of God,' the prophet whispered faint in Kevin's ear. Kevin could almost feel the spit. 'The dentists were always the hidden race of God's chosen ones for His works on earth undercover. They have always been God's secret rulers, but these are the days of revelation,' the prophet whispered further. Kevin's stomach hurt, while the prophet was taking him downstairs from the mountain.

'What are you doing to me ?' Kevin shouted. 'I will show you your family,' the prophet whispered mean. Kevin had never heard such a faint voice. The hall looked like the town, but there was even more poverty, more fire and smoke, and the stench was so horrible that Kevin almost had to vomit. The prophet pushed Kevin in front of a window of a very poor house. Inside a strange baby was sitting on a chair. The baby was orange coloured and the sight hurt Kevin's eyes. Suddenly the baby started to cry, while strange gasses and fluids like chemicals

came out of its eyes. Kevin thought he was dying because of the smell and the gas spreading itself. Then the baby started to vomit an orange fluid, burning like fire. The baby just didn't stop. 'Now run, Kevin,' the prophet said, 'for it's going to get you.' But still the prophet had him in a tight grip. Then the prophet led him to another house, where the same thing was happening. 'What's going on ?' Kevin asked, 'Why are you doing this to me ?'

'To show you who God is,' the prophet whispered. 'Where is my family ?' Kevin asked. In the distance between the houses a group of skeletons walked. 'There is your family,' the prophet said, while he directed his finger. 'What did you do to them ?' Kevin roared. He tried to get free from the grip, but the prophet only tightened his grip. Behind the houses there was another gateway to another hall. Here there were many balconies while there was fire in the hall. On the balconies skeletons marched, while Kevin heard a roaring voice coming from the fire. 'The administration papers with its patient-lists were always forming the hidden bible of God, and it is alive,' the prophet said loud. 'You are already dead !'

Then suddenly all around on the balconies the tight faces of dentists appeared, judging the skeletons. 'It is Judgement Day, Kevin,' the prophet said. From the fire a sort of dragon which looked like an octopus was rising, heavily shaking its neck, and then raising his many orange tentacles. Then it started to shriek, and took the skeletons one by one into the fire, which was boiling like lava. 'God is having dinner now !' the prophet laughed. 'The dentist is just God's hidden church of Judgement Day.' Then the prophet walked with Kevin around the fireplace and led him into another Hall. Here there were many more balconies, but this time millions and millions of dentists were standing on the balconies in rows. Some had tall beards, others were dressed in orange. 'Now listen, all you dumbheads !' the prophet shrieked. 'Here is the Chosen One ! Finally the Apocalypse has been revealed to him. His name is Kevin !' Suddenly a few dentists fell down from the high balconies, and as they touched the ground they turned into snakes and they glided in speed towards Kevin while they shrieked and moved very wild. Kevin was in shock about the horror of this sight. What were they going to do to him, and why was he the chosen one ? But he decided to stay calm.

Suddenly a huge face with a tall beard appeared in the middle of the Hall, while slowly it started to turn into an orange cherub. The cherub moved slowly towards Kevin, while it seemed everything around Kevin was tumbling down. The cherub took Kevin's hand, and Kevin didn't feel the grip of the prophet anymore. Everything around Kevin was white, but more and more the sight of a beautiful but vague landscape was forming itself. 'Where am I ?' Kevin asked 'With me,' the cherub said 'As you know you are the chosen one ...'

'What does that mean,' Kevin asked. Then the cherub got an evil grin, and said : 'How wonderful it will be to live with God, as being a higher entity than dentists, cherubs and seraphs.' Again Kevin asked : 'What do you mean ?' Then the cherub continued to speak : 'Kevin, you were God's hidden seraph thrown on earth, but now He would like to bring you into a higher order, even higher than his dentists. Do you realize the powers He will grant you ?'

'I am not interested in any power,' Kevin said. 'I just want to see my family back.'

'Oh, but you have already seen them back, but it was not what you would like to see,' the cherub spoke, 'Now wouldn't you be glad with a power to free them out of their hopeless situation ? You were made to save them !' Suddenly purple lights very dim but shimmering

were appearing before Kevin. 'Now Kevin, take your powers. God had some mercy on your life,' the cherub said.

'No !' Kevin shouted, 'this can be all a trap ! Let me get out of these halls !'

'Oh,' the cherub said with a very low and penetrating voice, while it was like Kevin's stomach was bringing forth fluids of fire penetrating his whole body and his mind. 'So you want to dwell in the same fates as those in Skeleton City ?' The purple lights started to vibrate and changed into pulsating vague octopus-like jelly-fishes having strange hanging and swelling body-bags. The air was becoming darker and darker. Kevin started to shriek. The creatures jumped on him, and it was like they sucked his soul empty, while they were swelling on his body. 'So you choose to be nothing but a dumb slave ?' the cherub roared.

'I can't, I doubt the offerings you did,' Kevin shouted. 'You do not know what you are doing !' the cherub roared while masses of coloured lava seemed to come forth from him, while he faded away more and more into the distance. After awhile Kevin couldn't hear the cherub anymore.

The creatures were shrieking high. Kevin was still in tremendous fear. What was going on ? Kevin had never believed in God, and the things happening now were very strange to him. Why would he be a seraph ? He never felt attracted to God. Or was he also a sort of undercover worker, while even he himself didn't know of that ? Or didn't he believe in God because God had thrown him away from the heavens ? If it was all true then it was nothing but a strange slavery in Kevin's eyes. After he walked for a long time while he almost couldn't see anything, he suddenly saw some light in the distance. He ended up climbing through a gate leading him to the forest of his hometown. When he stepped out he could smell the fresh intoxicating air of the forest. His clothes were all torn. Slowly he walked towards his house. The town was still a mess. he almost couldn't believe what was going on underground. When he moved towards his old home he suddenly got a tremendous fear again, and finally he decided not to go there, but to go straight out of town. Maybe he was just lucky that he survived his journey underground. But he still thought about his family ... He wished they could be saved ...

He decided to go to the police in another town first, but they laughed, and didn't believe him. They said a citizenwar had destroyed the city and everyone had to move to other towns. There was nowhere in his old town anymore. Kevin asked if they knew where his family had gone, and after a long search through all sorts of papers he got a few addresses. So they were still alive ...

Kevin could never forget what happened, and since he had been united with his family again, he never wanted to visit his home-town anymore. But on one night an angel appeared to Kevin. It was a horrible sight. The angel looked like a huge fly, and there were soft roaring voices around it. 'Since you have escaped our world you have left us alone to slavery,' the angel spoke. 'You have delivered us into the hands of the dentists, our chiefs, as the hidden rulers of God the Most High. Why are you doing this to us ?'

'I do not know what you are talking about !' Kevin shouted, 'I don't want to have anything to do with it as well. Go away !' But at the same time Kevin was realizing : The underground of his home-town was living forth in it's horrible circumstances ...

Kevin tried to talk about it to his family, but they all laughed. No one believed him. It drove him a bit mad, and one day when his anger was overflowing he went back to the dental apartment in his home-town, back to the cellar, also because of curiosity if it was really true, and if it was still there. But this time Kevin took weapons with him : A gun and some knives. 'Okay, what is all going on here !' Kevin said loud when he went into the apartment again. The two skeletons on the chair will still there. The stench was unbearable. When he walked downstairs the prophet ran upstairs. Quickly Kevin took his gun and shot the prophet, but the prophet was laughing loud. 'Come on now ! You want to fight God ?' The prophet took Kevin's by his throat and tried to kill him. But again Kevin shot, and finally kicked the prophet away from him. Then he went into the first hall where the skeletons were. But then all the skeletons were running towards Kevin like roaring dogs and started to bite him. Kevin stang wildly with his knife and used his gun. But the skeletons were much stronger and took him in a grip. 'You liar !' one of them roared with a low and terrible voice, while lava was dripping forth from it's mouth having a horrible stench : 'You chose to live above the ground not wanting to know what's going on here ... Now you will pay for this.'

'Then tell me what's going on !' kevin shouted. 'I came back, just for you. Who are you, are you the citizins who died in the war ?' Suddenly the skeleton started to laugh. 'No ! You are wrong, so wrong ... Don't you know anything about the history of your town ?' Then the skeleton said : 'We are the indians who had been killed so that you could build this town. This is our land !'

'Well, I'm sorry for that,' Kevin spoke, 'but what can I do about it ?'

'You can't,' the skeleton spoke, 'but we can sacrifice you to our gods.'

'With what reason ?' Kevin asked. But then the skeletons didn't say anything anymore, as they were merciless. They brought Kevin to a smokey hill and laid him on an altar. Then a skeleton with a cape had an iron rod in his hand, while the top of the rod was burning and had some strange stones on it. Another skeleton opened the mouth of Kevin while the skeleton put the burning top into Kevin's mouth. Kevin was screaming, but couldn't do anything as the skeletons were too strong and had him in a tight grip. One had his leg in a grip and another one his other leg, and also his arms were in a grip that way, while another skeleton had his head in a grip and another one had opened his mouth. Kevin felt hopeless. He was closing his eyes. The pain was flowing through his body. Kevin tried to scream, but he couldn't anymore. Faces of feathered indians appeared around Kevin. Then suddenly a man was coming forwards. It was an older man with a beard, a bit looking like a dentist, with white clothes. He stood before Kevin and said : 'I am God, but I'm nothing but a slave of these indian gods.'

'But I do not believe in God,' Kevin whispered while a had a sore throat and couldn't speak. Then the man said : 'Kevin, you are the Chosen One designed to help us out of the dental curse. I have hundreds of indian women ready to bear your children, as a new generation of chosen ones.'

Suddenly a skeleton was shouting : the cages are coming ! And then cages on wheels having lots of indian women inside were pushed towards the altar by skeletons. The women had hopeless faces, waiting to be delivered out of their horrible fates. The man was shouting : 'They will bring forth a new generation !'

But all the women could do was bringing forth animals : goats, chicken, but also wild cats. Kevin had to get used to the thought he had hundreds of women. He had divided them in different camps. One night as he was lying in a tent with one of his women another woman entered. He remembered her, but he didn't come too much to her. She was kind of strange, for she used to bite him, and couldn't communicate well. But she tried to make clear to him he had to come with her, so he went out of the tent. On a hill there was fire, and strange dentists in orange were marching there. They had many women in their grip, and as they came closer they heard the women screaming, shrieking and weeping. Kevin took his gun and shot some of the kidnappers. The others were running away, while they left the women alone, but they took one of the women with them. But then Kevin shrieked in a high tone, which he always used to do to call for a certain wild cat he brought forth by one of the women. The wild cat came immediately and attacked the kidnappers. Short after the woman was free and went crying to Kevin, while he took her in his arms. She was most dear to him, and he brought her back to the camp.

After this incident there were many wars waged by the dentists against them, in which Kevin lost a lot of his women and animals. Finally Kevin thought the only way to survive was to leave the place with the remains of his women and animals. Kevin could easily find the gateway to the forest of the town and from there he thought the best he could do was to go to another town. His family could take care of his women and his animals, but they still didn't believe any of his tales of the underground. Anyway, it was clear to Kevin that he wouldn't return to the underground, as his women and animals were safe with his family. Kevin still had about thirty women and that was enough to him, although he missed the others who had died in the battle very much. Some of his most precious women had died there. But some of Kevin's women had problems living above the ground, and they returned to the underground. Kevin was torn apart, for he knew they wouldn't survive there. It was a group of ten women, but finally Kevin could persuade some of his brothers to come with him to the ghost-town. Then they could see for themselves that everything was real what he had told them. But when they came there the dental apartment didn't exist anymore. And there was no way Kevin could find the way to the underground anymore. When he came in the forest the gateway there had also gone, and there was no any trace of the ten women. His brothers laughed, but at the same time they were very worried about the women. Where would they be ?

Finally Kevin even got a team to dig in the place of the dental apartment, but without any result. Also on the place of the gateway they digged, but no result. Kevin thought that maybe all the open spaces underground were now just filled up by earth. Maybe it was over now. But also other women of Kevin started to get problems with living above the ground. They found out there was no way back to the underground. But they started to live in the poor, old and almost burnt down houses of the ghosttown. This had always been their land.

One day a man came to the ghosttown. It was the old prophet. He had the same words he had before. That day Kevin wasn't there, but when he came back he found out his women were gone. On the table in the house of his women lay a card. On the card a tall horse with a skeleton in a garment with a cape had been drawn, and on the other side was written : 'I have taken your women with me.'

Kevin was panicked, and again he called for his brothers. He showed them the card, and they said it looked like a cult or something. 'Well, it is a cult,' Kevin said, 'a dental cult.' The brothers didn't say anything. They were thinking about how they could help their brother and of course his women. One of the brothers remembered that he once played a cardgame on the

football-club with his mates. This card looked like one of these cards. After a few days he came to Kevin again with the cardgame, and yes, one of the cards looked exactly like the card from the woman's house. Kevin watched also the other cards. There was another card with a huge tooth on it, a card with a forest, a card with a sea, and further a lot of other cards. His brother had asked about the game on the football-club, and there they said that sometimes clairvoyants used these cards in their work. He also got an address of a gypsy-women who used to lay these cards for help. They decided to go to that woman.

When they got there the woman was very glad they came. They didn't know why, but it was maybe just a friendly lady. She laid the cards after Kevin had shown her the card of his woman's house. Kevin asked her if she knew where his women were now. The woman went into a deep meditation. She lit some candles, and she was almost coming in a sort of trance while she moved her hand above the cards Then she took a card. It was the card of the tooth. Then she took another card. It was the card of the forest. The third card she took was the card of death. Then she shouted : 'Oh no, this can't be true. Your women are all dead.' Kevin got frightened and asked : 'But where are they ?'

Then the gypsy-woman said : 'They are somewhere underground, somewhere deep underground. It used to be a huge open place underground, but now it is very small.'

'Are they all dead ?' Kevin asked. 'Yes,' the gypsy-woman said, 'but I see there are also ten other women who are still alive. Were these your women in earlier times ?'

Kevin said yes. 'Oh, I also see a man there. But he hasn't found the ten other women yet. He's in another room,' the gypsy-woman said. Kevin knew he didn't have any time to lose. Together with his brother he went to the ghost-village again, and they called for a team to dig there again, but again they couldn't find anything. Kevin was desperate. 'Maybe the gypsy-woman just talks out of nothing,' his brother said. So once again they returned to her, and said they had digged in that place again, but couldn't find anything. Again the woman laid the cards, but this time Kevin and his brother got the shock of their lives as her head was turning into a skeleton-skull, while she was speaking with a low voice : 'Woe to them who follow cards, for these cards are lying, as they have been sent out by deceivers.' Then the woman started to laugh evilly. Then the woman took off her skull, which seemed to be a mask and they were staring right into the face of the man who ones replaced their father. 'Uncle Gerard !' Kevin's brother shouted, almost screaming, 'What are you doing here ?'

'The same as what you are doing here !' the man said. Then Kevin's brother took the skin of his own head off which was just a mask, and Kevin was staring right in the face of the prophet. Kevin ran to the door, but it was locked. Then he kicked a window in, and jumped to the balcony. Then from balcony to balcony he got down to the ground, and ran away. He now knew that he couldn't trust anyone or anything anymore. Kevin didn't want to see his family anymore, for what if there were more intruders there ?

The only place he could feel a little bit safe was in one of the houses of his women in the ghost-village. He didn't know why. He went to bed early, as he was very tired. He had locked the door very good and went to sleep. In the middle of the night a man stood before his bed. Kevin could see it wasn't a normal man, but a sort of ghost-appearance. The man said : 'Hello Kevin, I am Jesus Christ. I have sent my dentists to earth as my secret agents to guard a special book named The Book of Prophesy. By the powers of this book they had the power to program people as their slaves, as the slaves of heaven. But you see, Kevin, you know way

too much. I think it is time for you to die.' In one second Kevin had jumped out of his bed, and wanted to run away, but flames were already coiling through the house. 'There's nowhere you can go, Kevin,' Jesus spoke with a dark voice. 'You will take these secrets with you in your grave.'

'Where's that book ?' Kevin asked in panic, also as an attempt to distract Jesus a bit. 'In Paris, Kevin,' Jesus said, 'but for you it is already too late to go there.' Jesus smiled, and suddenly a couple of flames were flowing out of his mouth trying to devour Kevin. Kevin quickly took his knife and threw it into the heart of the ghost-appearance. Quickly he dived through the window to escape the flames. He now knew what he had to do ... He had to find and destroy this Book of Prophecy, but what if it was just another trap ? Kevin decided to go to Paris to find out more about the book. When he came in Paris he asked several people about the book, but no one could help him further. He went from dentist to dentist to do research in their waitingrooms, but he knew he wouldn't come any further like this. If dentists would guard the book, where would they hide it ? It would not be on a place easy to find, Kevin thought. Soon he found out about an order of dentists, and he also found out where they would come together. One night he went to the place by breaking a window. Quickly he searched in the rooms and the cupboards, and finally he found the book, but when he opened it, there was written in big letters : 'Kevin, you have been fooled again. Greetings, Jesus Christ.' Suddenly the letters turned into blood, and it started to drip from the book. In a shock Kevin laid the book on a table, but the police was already in. They arrested him. Kevin now knew it was all nothing but a trap. Someone was really playing with his head, or had he already gone crazy.

Kevin now knew that he even couldn't trust himself anymore. How could he be so stupid and naive ? Finally Kevin ended up in prison, but maybe that was for the moment the safest place for him, so that he couldn't do any stupid things, and no one could harm him here. One night Kevin had pain in his stomach, like there was something in, wanting to come out. After awhile he had to vomit, and it seemed to be a huge plug as an implant. Kevin had so much rest in his head now.

Several years later Kevin had come out of prison. The first thing he wanted to do was to go to a prostitute. Kevin kissed her lips, and felt like he was home again. But he didn't know what home was anymore. He told the woman everything what had happened. The woman said she believed him. Kevin had a good feeling. He could come at peace with this woman. He wanted to see her another time, but he had to pay her a lot of money. When Kevin wanted to go to her for the second time he found out she didn't live there anymore. The room was empty. Kevin asked if he could live in the room. He got permission, but he had to pay a high rent. One night Jesus appeared before him again. 'You have survived us, Kevin,' Jesus spoke. 'You are the Chosen One. Do with us whatever you want. We are your servants.' But Kevin didn't trust it at all, and shouted : 'Go away, go to hell again, you wicked spirit !'

But suddenly Kevin felt an ache in his head. Kevin grasped his head and felt something was trying to break through his skin. He took his knife and made an opening there where it tried to sting through. Suddenly he took a tall plug out of his head. He was staring at it, and he found out he was still in a prison in Paris. How long had he been sitting in this prison already ? He was still staring at his mindplug, while a guard was coming towards him. The guard told him that he had been in prison for twenty-three years already, because of murder. Then the guard put the plug into Kevin's head again.

The End

Grand Buffalo Salloon

f i c t i o n

The indian had struck a man down in a salloon. No one knew the exact reason, and all around cowboys were standing up, taking their guns. But in a rage cold and in full fire at the same time the indian took some bottles from behind the bar and threw them in the faces of some cowboys. Blood was flowing everywhere, and the indian ran away through a door while there were many bullets floating through the air. It was like time had ended in the salloon of Grand Buffalo Village. No one knew what had happened exactly, and why the indian was in such a rage. Some cowboys ran away through the same door. The indian stood behind a wall in the backgarden, and when the first cowboy came along the indian kicked the gun out of the cowboy's hand. Then he pierced the man's arm with a knife. The man bowed down in pain. Then five other cowboys surrounded the indian, but the indian took the wounded cowboy tight and held a knife against his throat.

'He will die if you let one further bullet come out of your gun,' the indian said with a dark voice. 'Step backwards,' one of the cowboys said to the others, 'he's meaning it.'

'Drop your guns,' the indian said. One by one the cowboys let their guns fall on the ground. Then the indian went to his horse, still with the cowboy in a tight grip. When the indian sat on his horse he dropped the cowboy and went away.

In the village one was saying it was a big shame. They knew they had to prepare for war.

They knew that the indian was part of the Black Scar Tribe in the North, and they were revengefull and would never give up, although they didn't know the exact reason why the indian was making such troubles. The rage of the indian had told them enough. They had to prepare their weapons.

But the weeks after everything was quiet. And soon they forgot about the incident. Months later another indian of the Black Scar Tribe came to the salloon. Everyone was suddenly on their guard. They watched him tight. It was a tall and dark man, having a few feathers in his

hair. He had a light brown trousers made of skin, naked upper body, and some jewelry hanging around his neck, with feathers, tall animal-teeth and some beads. He had a dark face, spreading fear around him. Some of the cowboys had their hands close to their guns. Then suddenly he smashed his fist on the bar, and roared : 'Give me some strong drinks or my past angers will overflow me again.' The barkeeper poured a glass full, but that wasn't enough. The indian kept drinking. Then the indian sat down for awhile. A cowboy entered the salloon and walked towards the indian : 'Hey,' he shouted, 'one of your brothers was here a couple of months ago, making a mess here.' Then the indian stood up, took the arm of the cowboy and bent it in a painfull position. 'Hey, hey,' the cowboy said loud, 'I just wanted to ask you a question.' Then the dark indian freed his arm, and sat down again.

'I just wanted to ask you : why ?' the cowboy said. But the indian didn't say anything. But another cowboy had stood up, and walked towards the indian while he had aimed his gun at the indian. 'Another time behaving like this, and you will get a bullet through your head. Now how's that ?' the cowboy said. But in a flash of a second the indian had grasped the man by his neck and threw him out of the window. Other cowboys were standing up, taking their guns, but this time more indians of the Black Scar Tribe were entering. It became a bloody fight. No one exactly knew why. The Black Scar Tribe were with so many men that they could easily take over the village. The sheriff couldn't do anything. They tied him to a tree. The sheriff repeatedly asked them what their mission was, but they didn't answer. They tied a rag around his mouth finally. After many bloodbaths they finally left the village.

After a few days the sheriff got freed by cowboys visiting the village. He was the only survivor of the village. The cowboys promised they could build up the village again by taking the salloon. The cowboys decided to use the upper rooms of the salloon as a brothel. They thought it would calm down the rage of both cowboys and indians. Soon the village was full again.

But soon there was another attack on the village. This time the Black Scar Indians had strange flags with them. When they saw the sherif they shot him by an arrow. The cowboys in the salloon they captured, and took them away on their horses. When they came to their camp again they tied the cowboys to trees and stakes. 'We didn't do anything to hurt you,' one of the cowboys said loud. 'We just wanted to help building up the village again.' After awhile

they freed the cowboy who spoke to them. They led him to the wigwam of the old chief. The chief was smoking, and the place was full of smoke and light. There was a small fire. It was a big wigwam. The chief gave the pipe to the cowboy, and the cowboy had to smoke as a symbol of peace. 'But will you let us go then ?' the cowboy asked.

The chief shook his head and said : 'No, you will be one of us.'

But then the cowboy said : 'That would be of great honor, but we are cowboys.'

But then the chief got very angry and broke the pipe. Then he made a movement with his hand, and the indians who brought the cowboy to him had to lead the cowboy away again.

Again they tied the cowboy, and after awhile the old chief came out of his wigwam. He turned his head to the sky and cried. But then he got angry and started to scream. The cowboys started to shake. Wildly he began to move his knife in the air, making a lot of signs. It was like he was praying to his gods and ancestors. Suddenly he cut himself in his arm, and blood was coming forth. Then he took a rag and tied it around his arm. Soon the rag was red like blood, and he walked to the cowboys. They all got some of his blood on their foreheads.

'You will be my sons, if you want that or not,' the old chief said. 'You will not return to Grand Buffalo Village and it's salloon, as that name will be written on my grave.'

'But why ?' the cowboys asked him.

But the old chief didn't want to speak about it. 'Men of the Black Scar Indians,' the cowboy who had been to the chief's wigwam said, 'have mercy on us. We are simple men never doing wrong to others. We live honorable lives in peace. You are warmakers.'

Then the chief said : 'You have built a brothel on your salloon again. In early times there was also a brothel, and our women had to work there.'

But then the cowboy said : ‘If our people have hurt you so bad, then we take distance from that. We want to do anything to make it better. How can we take away your pain ?’

Again the old chief started to cry, and then turning into hysterical rage. Again he cut into his arm, but now it was the other arm, and again he tied a rag around it to stop the bleeding. Then he smeared some of the blood on the lips of the cowboys.

‘I know you are not like your ancestors,’ the chief said, ‘that’s why you are here. Now, be sons of me.’

‘Okay, old man,’ the cowboy said. ‘If that will take away your pain, we will be sons of you, but let us go back to our village to do good.’

Then the chief walked towards the cowboy again, hugged him and made him free. ‘Go in peace and freedom, son,’ the old man said.

‘Can I take my brothers with me ?’ the cowboy asked.

But the old chief shook his head and said : ‘They will be with me.’

‘Oh, but I will not leave them,’ the cowboy said.

But then the old chief got angry again, and started to speak in another language while he walked around very nervously.

Then he took an axe and jumped towards one of the cowboys to cut the head off. All the other cowboys bowed their head.

‘Look,’ the cowboy who had the word said, ‘I understand about your pain, but now you let an innocent one pay for it.’

Then the chief roared : ‘You do not know anything of the ancestors and their laws. If one of a family or village is guilty, then all of them are guilty.’

But then the cowboy said : ‘Okay, if you want to cut, cut me, but stay away from my brothers.’

But then the chief started to cry : ‘You are a good son, I will not harm you, but your brothers must die.’

Then the cowboy said : ‘Then I will die with them.’ he knew he couldn’t begin anything against the chief as there were indians all around them. If he would be alone with the chief he would kill him.

When the chief killed the second brother the cowboy started to scream. ‘Okay,’ the chief said, ‘I will keep the other four brothers alive if you will play a game of dice with me. If you win, your brothers will be free, but if you lose they will die.’ The cowboy knew he didn’t have another choice, so they played the game. But the cowboy lost the game, and some other indians quickly killed the four other cowboys, as that was the demand of their gods. Again the cowboy screamed, while he got hopeless by the loss. ‘You are still my son,’ the chief said. ‘I want you to marry a woman of our tribe, so that you are truly one of us.’

‘No, I want to go back to my village,’ the cowboy said.

‘Remember about the things I told you,’ the chief said. ‘There is still an enormous wrath of our ancestors resting on that village, and especially on the saloon. It is a cursed place, and we or our next generation will visit it again, as the gods are still hungry.’

‘Isn’t it enough ? All the things which happened like the bloodbaths and the deaths of my brothers ?’ the cowboy asked.

‘No, it isn’t enough,’ the chief said.

‘Then when will it be enough ?’ the cowboy asked.

‘When you marry one of our women,’ the old chief said. The cowboy bowed his head, and said : ‘If that will take away the wrath on Grand Buffalo Village, then I think I do not have another choice. Or is there another way to take the wrath away ?’

The old chief shook his head. Then the cowboy asked : ‘Can I marry her in the future ? Can I just live in my village and work there, and then when I’m older I will return to you to marry her ?’ The chief looked the cowboy deep in the eyes, took his hand and said : ‘promised.’

Then the cowboy started his lonely journey back to his village. He had now lost his brothers, but he could rebuild his life in the village. There was so much he could do there. But when he came there, the village was a wilderness. All houses had been burnt down or broken down, and also the salloon had been destroyed. This had to be the work of the Black Scar Indians. The cowboy could go to another village, or rebuild the village here, like he did before. He found a young girl and a young boy crying in the sand. For them he would rebuild the village.

As other cowboys joined him he decided he wanted to rebuild the salloon on another place, but it still had to be called Grand Buffalo Salloon. He wanted to rebuild the old village, but in a way that things would turn out right. One day the old chief came to visit the village. He thought the cowboy had done a good job with it. It looked so different now. ‘I have thought about a lot of things,’ the old chief said. ‘And I think you are a good guy, and you need to marry whoever you want, whether it is a cowboy-girl, a girl from our tribe, or someone from another tribe, or not marrying at all, that doesn’t matter to me. You will always be my son, and you are free to go.’ The chief showed him a letter of another tribe, in which they declared that the war was over. It seemed the Black Scar Tribe also had other enemies, but it was like this declaration of peace had relieved a lot more in the head of the old man. The cowboy patted with his hand on the shoulder of the old man, and was also very relieved by it. That night there was a great party in Grand Buffalo Salloon. In the Salloon there were many paintings of indian women, and the old chief said with a proud smile that they looked like the women of his tribe. He was honored, and he had a long and good conversation with his son, at a good, good table.

The End

Shadows on Perwilsh Mountain

f i c t i o n

Red Snaketongue was an indian from Perwilsh-Mountain, which they also called the pearl of the prairie. He had a bottle-shop at the foot of the mountain. He sold all sorts of bottles. Next to his shop there was a brothel with a salloon. He had a good contact with the women working there, and he often had to help them when clients got rude to them. Most of the times these were cowboys. One day the terror of the prairie was coming to the small village. Everyone was in fear. It was Black Henry, a feared notorious cowboy from the West. They also called him the Black Gun. First they thought it was only a rumor that he would come to the village, but later some had really seen him coming towards the village. He was walking. He never used a horse to ride on. He always said that riding horses was for cowards. The villagers didn't know why he would come to such a small village. Red Snaketongue was in worry about his neighbours, the women of the brothel. Some villagers decided to leave the village for awhile, but things went so fast that not many could escape. If Black Henry was somewhere no one was allowed to leave. For he would always ask : 'So you leave because of me, right ? Then you aren't worthy to live, dude.' And then he used to shoot them down. So when Black Henry was entering the village, all cowboys started shaking, and no one dared to leave the village anymore. Some tried to ease his feelings a bit by waving friendly to him, but Black Henry thought that would be suspicious. One of the wavers he grasped from a horse. 'Why are you riding a horse ?' he asked. 'If you are a man, then let the horse ride on you.' And then he threw the poor man through a window. He was on his way to the salloon. The barkeeper was in a stress, and was already running for the best bottles.

Red Snaketongue lived higher in the mountains, so he took the women through a backdoor into the mountains behind the village. They had to live with him for awhile, as they all knew that Black Henry was the rudest one if it came to women. Lots of the women he touched didn't survive. Red Snaketongue had a big house in the mountains. But Black Henry had heard about that house, and when he had drunk a lot and asked the barkeeper a lot about the house, he was on his way to it.

The women got a room in the house of Red Snaketongue. They all got their own room, as there were enough rooms in such a big house. They had never been here before, but now it seemed to be necessary, although Black Henry was already on his way to it. One of the women looked out of the window and saw Black Henry coming. He was a tall man, almost one or two heads bigger than the tallest man of the village. The woman whispered loud : 'He's coming. What are we going to do ?'

Red Snaketongue ran to the backdoor, and all the women had to come with him. They had to climb over the mountain to the other side. There was no other way. This side wasn't safe anymore since Black Henry was there. They said his eye could see everything.

But it was already too late. They heard shots, and soon Black Henry was coming from behind the house. How could he be there so fast ? 'And where are we going ?' he asked, while he aimed his gun on them. Red Snaketongue asked him what he wanted. 'I heard about your big house, and that you are the only one living in it. I want that house,' Black Henry said.

'Oh, but the house is full already,' Red Snaketongue said. 'Look at these women.'

'Those are the women of the brothel,' Black Henry said. 'They can work here, but I want to house, and you ... beat it.'

'No way,' Red Snaketongue said, 'this house was from my parents. It's a heritage, and I won't sell it.'

'Who's talking about selling ?' Black Henry said, while he walked closer to Red Snaketongue, 'We are talking about taking a house. We don't talk about money. I don't believe in money. I never paid for something. I wasn't raised like that.'

'You have to obey the rules of this village, and not of your head this time, dude,' Red Snaketongue said. Then Black Henry took one of the women, and the woman started to scream. Immediately Red Snaketongue jumped forwards and kicked Black Henry against his arm, but he didn't let go. 'I'm serious with you now, dude,' Red Snaketongue said. 'Let the woman go and get the hell out of here, or you will have a meeting with my knife and then your skull and skin' But then Black Henry interrupted and said : 'Tut, tut, tut, take it easy with your bla bla. Black Henry has nothing to go. I live on the streets, do not have any possession, and now you think this is too much to ask ?'

'I know your types of guy,' Red Snaketongue said, 'When you let the woman go, you can sleep here tonight.'

‘Ah, now we’re speaking on terms,’ Black Henry said. ‘But let’s turn it a bit : You can sleep here tonight, but tomorrow you have to back off.’

And what could Red Snaketongue do with such a big gun on his head and someone like this breathing in his neck, a breath full of the strangest and strongest drinks he had ever smelled. ‘I didn’t know you were the king here,’ Red Snaketongue said, ‘but if you are, then take what you wish.’

And this was how Black Henry took over the house of Red Snaketongue. Since then Red Snaketongue lived in his own shop. Fortunately there was a small room above the shop, but it was not much. But since Black Henry took the house the village became quiet again. The wrath of Black Henry had left it.

But one day Black Henry came to Red Snaketongue’s shop. He wanted the best bottle available. Of course Black Henry didn’t pay for it. But everyday Black Henry came back to get bottles, and soon Red Snaketongue had to close the shop, as he didn’t have any bottles and money anymore. Because of what Red Snaketongue had done for the brothel and the salloon. He got a room there. Since then he also started to work as barkeeper, and of course as the guard of the women. The salloon bought the rooms of the old shop, and they used it as a place of entertainment. They broke the walls between the salloon and the old shop away, so that there could be a stage on which the women could perform. Some liked that better than to work in the brothel. Sometimes they also invited some musicians to attract visitors.

One day Black Henry came to the new salloon. He seemed to be more friendly, but he still didn’t pay for anything, and they didn’t want to have any troubles with him. They knew he would break off the whole village if they would make troubles with him. So they just hoped he would leave again soon. But Black Henry wanted to get on stage. It seemed to be a miraculous singer. Everyone was in awe, but they were still in tremendous fear. Everyday Black Henry returned to sing on the stage. He never wanted any money for it, as he didn’t believe in money, and a man had to be a man, he always said : Not giving money, then neither receiving money. But the money streamed in for the salloon anyway, as the songs of Black Henry drew many visitors from everywhere around. They paid Red Snaketongue for it, and the owner, and for Red Snaketongue it was a way to deal with all the loss he had because of Black Henry.

But one day Black Henry died. Red Snaketongue didn’t know how he had to think about that. He had so many mixed feelings. Although some of the visitors missed him, they also knew it was better this way, as they all feared him, and they all knew he was such a threat. It was like the village could breath again, although there were many tears on his funeral. The priest, who was also the doctor of the village, and in his free time a rude cowboy, held a long speech

about Black Henry : ‘We are all glad this mean bastard has gone. Where did he go ? To the eternal huntingfields, to hell’s salloon, or to tease paradise ? We do not know, and we will never know with a man like the Black Gun.’ When the speech was over, someone was shouting : ‘Black Henry is coming !’ He had seen him coming in the distance. But the priest said : ‘No, that is impossible. We just delivered him to the earth.’

But the man just entering the village really looked a lot like Black Henry. ‘I heard about Henry dying. I am his twinbrother !’ the man shouted. The cowboys were shivering again, and some of the women started to scream. But soon the village got aware that his twin-brother was the opposite of Black Henry.

Red Snaketongue decided to go back to his old house, and wanted to raise up his bottle-shop again. But he would sell his bottles in his own house now. When he came to his house it was a wilderness there. Black Henry had made a mess. But he found here the most beautiful and best bottles he had ever seen in his life. It was like the heritage of Black Henry.

The End

Black Horses Across Dorrek River

f i c t i o n

Whispering Snake and Black Deer were two indians on their journey to Wasteland City, a lonely village in the West. They went across the Dorrek-river to get there, and then they had to travel through the wilderness for a long time. They were getting thirsty, and their own water was running out. Also the horses got very thirsty and tired, but after awhile they found a small lake where they could drink. The water was fresh like a well. Whispering Snake sat down. He was tired after a long road, and they still had a long road to go. Also Black Deer was very tired, and lay down to sleep for awhile. The horses were still drinking, and there was also some grass for them to eat. After awhile the horses were making some noise. Whispering

Snake had also fallen asleep, but now they woke up by the noise of the horses. Two cowboys were trying to get grip on the horses, probably to take them away. 'Hey, they want to steal our horses,' Whispering Snake said. They both stood up and ran to their horses, but it was too late. Now they had to travel further by foot.

After a few days they came to Wasteland City. Whispering Snake looked around him. It was a lonely village. There were not many houses, and most of the houses were empty. The rest of the village was full of wigwams. In these wigwams most of the villagers lived, but they were often gone. They often travelled around, and were only there for a season every year. Whispering Snake and Black Deer first needed some horses, as theirs had been stolen. There was one house which was also a salloon and a horse-business. The barkeeper already saw them coming. There was no one in the salloon, only a few indians playing with dice. 'I already saw you coming,' the barkeeper said. 'Your sad faces look like you need some horses.' He was leading them to the place where the horses were, behind the house. 'Yes,' Whispering Snake said, 'our horses got stolen.' But when they saw the horses also their own horses stood between them. Black Deer pushed Whispering Snake to let him know that they could better not talk about it. Maybe the barkeeper didn't know that these were stolen. But when they had to pay a lot of money Whispering Snake said that these were their stolen horses. The barkeeper didn't believe them. Whispering Snake asked the man when he got these horses and from who. The man said that two cowboys came, and that he had paid a lot of money for the horses. They both had to pay the full price, as the man couldn't help that these were stolen ones. He had paid the full price. But the man also had some cheaper horses, so finally Whispering Snake and Black Deer decided to take them. These horses were cheaper because they were still wild. They weren't tamed. Whispering Snake and Black Deer saw it as a challenge to tame them, but that wasn't as easy as they thought.

The horses were wild like fire, and in the beginning they often fell from the horses. They decided to bring the horses back, but the barkeeper didn't want to buy them back anymore. He said that he had them for years, and no one would buy them because they were too wild. In the salloon there were still indians playing with dice. Whispering Snake and Black Deer decided to play with them. As it was a horse-business these men played not for money but for horses. Soon Whispering Snake and Black Deer won so many horses by the game that they could start their own horse-business. One day they saw the two thieves coming to the salloon again. Immediately they ran to the salloon, but when the thieves saw them they jumped on their horses and were gone as fast as they could. Also Whispering Snake and Black Deer took their horses and followed them. They saw the two cowboys disappearing somewhere between caves. Whispering Snake and Black Deer stepped from their horses and went into the place between the caves to search for an opening. They went inside, and saw the two cowboys, but one of them had a gun. Quickly Black Deer took an arrow and shot him in his arm. The man fell down, while the other cowboy ran away. Whispering Snake took the two horses from the thieves, but when they found the other cowboy they found also a hall full of horses. Maybe they had a horse-business too, but they knew that these horses were stolen. The cowboy ran to a rock, and grasped something. Now he had a gun also. Black Deer took another arrow but the cowboy could dive away. And there was the other cowboy again, but he was creeping. They had to be very carefull now. Soon someone was shooting in the air. It seemed to be the barkeeper. First he reacted angry to the cowboys but then he shot Black Deer in the arm. Now

Whispering Snake and Black Deer knew that the barkeeper was also a part of this thieving company. Whispering Snake took an arrow and tried to shoot the barkeeper, but he missed. Black Deer hid behind a rock. The horses made a lot of noise. Another shot hit Whispering Snake's shoulder. Now they were both wounded. Also Whispering Snake hid behind the rock. Here they found another opening. They ran through a corridor and then came into a room where an indian girl had been blindfolded and tied. There was an opening in the ceiling, and quickly they disappeared through it, with the girl. They couldn't find their horses anymore, and they were wounded, so they were in a dangerous position. When they had freed the woman she said that she knew where her horse was. They found it behind another cave. The woman would bring them to her house, where she could care for their wounds. It was in a forest. When they got there the woman had all sorts of bottles with medicines. She was a medicine-woman, and she was very grateful that they had saved her. She had been kidnapped by the horse-thieves. They found her in the forest once, but fortunately they didn't know where she lived. The woman was very friendly. She said that her father once had a horse-business as well, but she never knew why they had to kidnap her. 'Is your father still alive?' Whispering Snake asked. 'No,' the woman said.

'And who has this horse-business now?' Whispering Snake asked. The woman told them that the barkeeper took it over, long ago. 'So you knew the barkeeper?' Whispering Snake asked. And then the woman told a long story about the barkeeper, that he was very corrupted, and that he worked together with thieves and criminals.

When they got back to Wasteland Village everything was burning, and all their horses had been gone. Also the salloon was burning, and there were no horses anymore. The two didn't know what was going on. They decided to return to the woman. But on their way they saw a large group of horses while indians of a certain tribe were walking with them. Some were riding on horses. They also saw the cowboys and the barkeeper walking inbetween. Their hands had been tied behind their backs. When the two came to the woman they described what happened and they described the indians, and asked the woman what they could do best. The woman said that they better not go to those indians as they were a dangerous tribe. 'But they have our horses?' Black Deer protested. 'I know,' the woman said, 'but you better listen to my advice.' But then Whispering Snake decided to follow them in a distance. He wanted to know what was going on and what would happen. Black Deer would go with him, and the woman would also come. But wherever they searched they couldn't find the indians with the horses anymore. The woman said that there was a big chance that these horses were from the indians, and that they had finally found the thieves. But Black Deer and Whispering Snake thought about the wigwams burning. Was it a city full of thieves then they would understand.

The women said that the enemies of their enemies would not be friends in definition, that's why they better could stay out of it. But Whispering Snake and Black Deer wanted to find out, and they wanted their horses back, at least the ones who were of themselves. They asked the woman if she knew where the tribe lived. The woman described the path.

The next day they would go to that camp, although the woman was very scared. Finally they decided to go there without the woman.

After days of travel they got there. They had to be very careful now. They could peek from between some rocks, and they saw the barkeeper and the two thieves tied to stakes. Behind

them there was a lot of grass where the horses were eating. They also saw their own horses. They decided to wait for the night, and then they would take away their horses.

When it was night they crept around the camp to the grass where the horses were. It seemed to them that everyone was sleeping, also the two thieves and the barkeeper. The horses made a bit noise, so they got afraid that someone would wake up. Suddenly Black Deer felt a hand on his back. 'What are you doing here ?' a dark voice said. Black Deer turned around. It was an indian of the tribe. 'Thieves, thieves !' the indian was suddenly shouting and took them both in a tight grip. Soon other indians came out of their wigwams and also Whispering Snake and Black Deer got tied to stakes, close to the barkeeper and the two thieves. 'We just want our horses back,' Whispering Snake said. But the indians were in rage. They began to hit their drums and soon they had made a fire. Whispering Snake whispered to Black Deer : 'I hope they aren't cannibals.'

Then after awhile the chief came out of his wigwam. He was an old man. A younger indian showed the five men tied to stakes. 'These are the thieves we have captured,' the indian man said. The chief came closer, and spat every man in the face. Then he started to roar : 'No one will mock the Firaf-indians, no one ! How dare you, you will pay for this.' Then he was hitting his chest and started to cry hysterically. Then other indians started to run wildly around the fire. Some raised their knives in the air hysterically. Some other indians fell on their knees. They looked very dangerous. Then another indian came out of his wigwam. He was also old and very wild. He had a bisonlike scalp on his head with horns, and even blood was floating on his body. Did he cut himself, or was that the blood of something else ? He started to shout and shriek hysterically. 'You have challenged us !' he roared horribly. Never before Whispering Snake and Black Deer saw such rage. He took his tomahawk and threw it just above the head of the barkeeper. Then he walked towards the barkeeper while he had raised his knife. He spat in the face of the barkeeper and then slammed his face. The two thieves were shivering. 'You won't come out of this place alive,' he whispered loud.

But suddenly the woman who got saved by Whispering Snake and Black Deer came forward. No one knew how she got there. She raised her hand and shouted : 'Have mercy on the two indians. Their horses had been stolen by these three thieves, and now they only wanted these horses back. They didn't wished any harm on you.'

Then the old chief came forward again, and asked the two if that was true. Then he freed the two indians, and gave them their horses back. But other indians of the tribe started to shout : booh ! booh ! One dark indian came forward. He was very tall, and he took the old chief by the throat : 'We never free any of our prisoners, as it will call forth the wrath of our gods and ancestors. Now you have done this, you will have to die.' Then he took his knife and killed the old man. Women were screaming. Whispering Snake and Black Deer got tied again. They also tied the woman, and said that she was the cause of the old man's death.

But in the middle of the night a woman of the tribe came to free the two indians again and also the woman. She said that she had to go with them, or she would die also. Quickly they took some horses and left. They were on their way to the woman's house in the forest. The woman of the tribe told them a lot about her dangerous tribe, and knew that she could never

return to it, because of what she had done. The woman of the tribe had taken three of her own horses with her. She was in great fear now that her tribe would find her for revenge. And also the woman who was saved by Whispering Snake and Black Deer feared for her life. So they decided to go across the Dorrek-river to live in the land of Black Deer and Whispering Snake.

It was a long journey, but when the four finally came there, the tribe of the two was very glad. They had a lot to tell each other, and they also spoke about the dangerous tribe across the river, but only some older members of the tribe seemed to know a lot about the dangerous tribe across the river. It seemed that in the past there had been a war between the two tribes.

The two women could get along with each other very good, and also they could integrate with the other women of the tribe very well. Whispering Snake and Black Deer were satisfied that everything had gone to a good end.

But one day there was a visitor, and he looked like he was one of the dangerous tribe across the river, but the woman didn't know him. He seemed to be from another tribe across the river, actually one who used to live in Wasteland City in the past. He asked them if they knew what had happened to Wasteland City, because everything had been burnt down. Then they told him the story. He wanted to meet with the tribe who had done that, but they advised him not to go there. But the man was so full of rage that he would go there with his tribe. 'When will war finally be over ?' an old man asked. 'What do we win with war ? Whether we lose or win, we always lose, it will always end in blood.' But at least the man wanted to find out why Wasteland City had to be burnt. So with his tribe he went across the river again, in search for the tribe. Also Whispering Snake and Black Deer with some others went with them.

When they came close to the camp of the Firaf-tribe the man climbed on a high rock and started to shout. he told them why he had come here with his tribe, and that he wanted an explanation for what had happened. The rest of the tribe stood on the hill around him. Soon an indian with a white horse came from the camp. They had another chief now. The man had a lot of feathers around his head. His head was bowed, and also some other indians of the tribe were with him. Then he raised his face and shouted : 'We have heard all what you said. And if you come for war, so be it. When we have an enemy, their whole camp or city is our enemy. That is the rule by which we live. Those who break that rule will die, for it calls forth the wrath of our gods and ancestors. When there is war, we fight till the end. There is no hope for peace, as it is : an enemy is once and for always !'

Then the other tribes took their weapons, and a bloody war started. A war in which also Whispering Snake and Black Deer had to fight. That day both men on both sides died. And in a strange way both of the tribes drew back. But anyway they had an answer now. Some old men of the tribe of Whispering Snake and Black Deer explained this answer by telling that far in the past the Firaf-tribe one time made peace after a war, but it appeared to be a trap and many of their men, women and children died. Since then they swore they would never believe in making peace again, as it could lead to death. They had to protect themselves by that, but by this all they became the most dangerous and cruel tribe in the neighbourhood. Whispering Snake and Black Deer could understand that, but at the same time they knew that they had an enemy for life. And if the Firaf-tribe would ever search for peace, how could they be trusted ?

For what if they would use the same strategy as those who had used it against them ? It was like Whispering Snake and Black Deer felt how they were driven into that same pit. War like this would indeed be once and for always. How precious their own tribe was in their eyes now, and the ones they still had peace with It was like these were the jewels they had to guard for the rest of their lives. But they couldn't think long about these things, as they found out that they had been surrounded by the Firaf-indians. There were arrows all around, and the first so peaceful place was soon turning into a bloodbath. Whispering Snake, Black Deer and all the other men and women of their tribe had to fight for their lives now. The Firaf-indians had found them finally. Whispering Snake got wounded and fell to the ground, but a woman shot an arrow into the chest of his attacker. The woman sat on a horse and took the wounded Whispering Snake on her horse. Another woman took Black Deer, who was also wounded, on her horse. Soon they could get out of the camp. Whispering Snake and Black Deer didn't know the women, but they seemed to be from the same Firaf-tribe. It seemed that they were friends of the woman who saved them the previous time. Also these two women now knew that they couldn't return to the Firaf-indians anymore.

Soon they came to an open place in the wilderness, where a lot more women of the Firaf-indians were. They were shouting, and they were glad. They wanted to form a new tribe now, as they couldn't return to their old tribe. Soon all the survivors of the tribe of Whispering Snake and Black Deer got there, taken in by women. They knew they couldn't go back. They had to move on, or the other Firaf-indians would find them. They would have to move across the next river. It became clear to Whispering Snake and Black Deer that a lot of the women of the Firaf-tribe were against the rules of their tribe in silence. But they couldn't talk about it there, as that would cause their death. Now the women were in freedom, but they were still in danger, also the survivors of the tribe of Black Deer and Whispering Snake. Where would they go ? Or was it better to travel around the rest of their lives ?

In the new tribe crafts started to develop themselves very fast. Everyone knew their own part very quickly. They had a lot of horses, most of them were from the women of the Firaf-tribe. Black Deer and Whispering Snake were busy with the breeding and taming of horses. And soon it was a horse-business also as a way to integrate between all the other tribes of the new land where they were. They told the other tribes about the danger they escaped from, and soon they had compromises that they would defend each other. The warriors would work together in a front. They decided to build a big wall to mark the area and to protect it against invaders, and many of the men of different tribes would work together in guarding the wall as watchmen. Sometimes also Black Deer and Whispering Snake did this, but most of the time they were busy with horse-breeding. They also taught the children of many tribes how to ride horses.

But often Black Deer and Whispering Snake thought about their tribe. How many of them would still be alive ? And where would they be ? They feared that the Firaf-indians had done horrible things to them, or maybe they still lived there in captivity. One day they started to search for more survivors of their tribe in a journey behind the wall. When they came in the area of the Firaf-indians they were in a shock. They saw their people there, chained, doing a lot of work. They couldn't do much as Firaf-indians were everywhere to guard those in labour. They had to work in the fields and on farms and breedings. They decided to travel back to tell the tribes about it, but not any of the tribes was interested in going there, as they feared the Firaf-indians more than anything, because of all the stories. Black Deer and

Whispering Snake knew that they couldn't begin anything on their own, so they decided to give up hope, and maybe later some tribes would change their minds. Black Deer and Whispering Snake would live on, but with pain in their hearts.

One day one of the children of a certain tribe was shouting : 'There is a man coming, an indian chief from behind the wall !' The guards already had let him in. It was the chief of the Firaf-indians. The chief wanted to establish peace, and wanted to change his ways. He had realized that the old ways destroyed more than they wanted. Soon after this declaration the tribes who lived in labour for the Firaf-indians returned to their original tribes. But soon the chief already regretted that, and another war started. Black Deer and Whispering Snake thought that the peace-declaration was a false one because of that what happened in the past. It seemed it had weakened the area behind the wall, as they didn't expect this. Soon the Firaf-indians also invaded the land behind the wall. Again Black Deer and Whispering Snake had to fight for their lives, and this time the war was more bloody than ever. The Firaf-indians made many captives and took the horses in possession. Black Deer and Whispering Snake however could escape, but it looked like they were the only ones. All the others went into labour for the Firaf-indians, who quickly took over the farms, the fields and the other crafts in the land behind the wall. Black Deer and Whispering Snake saw it happening from a distance, while they were hiding in the bushes. Many traitors of the Firaf-indians got killed. Most of the times these were women. They could now stay in the wilderness here with the risk of getting caught, or they could go to the cowboy-villages. It wasn't easy for them to make a decision as the cowboys hated the indians most of the time. But because they feared for their lives they didn't have another choice, and went to the prairie in front of the cowboy-villages. It was a long journey through the prairie, but finally they reached the first cowboy-village. They asked for a place to sleep, and fortunately there was one friendly hotel-owner who had a room for them for free. Soon they discovered that it was also a brothel, and often they heard women scream, because the cowboys were very rude to them. They sometimes couldn't sleep because of the noise and the music, but they were glad they had a place at least. They stayed for at least a few months, and then they went to the next cowboy-village. Here they could get a job and could finally build up their lives a bit. Again they worked with horses. They didn't earn much, but it was enough. They knew that they were at least safe here against the Firaf-indians, but they were never sure.

One day that what they feared started to come true. The Firaf-indians had reached their village, and had surrounded it. The cowboys came out of their houses and their saloons, and knew it would be a fight on life or death. They took their guns, and a bloody war started. The Firaf-indians were with many, as it was one of the biggest tribes in the neighbourhood. They used their bows and arrows and while riding on their horses they killed many cowboys. Women started to scream and a lot of them got captured by the Firaf-indians. Then a lot of Firaf-indians stepped from their horses to enter the houses and the saloons. Some used their bows and arrows, while others their knives and spears. It was a small village, and soon it was taken over by the Firaf-indians. Those of the villagers who weren't killed got their hands tied behind their backs, and tied to each other in a row, and had to come away with the Firaf-indians. Whispering Snake and Black Deer had taken some horses and were already on their way to the next cowboy-village. They immediately told the villagers what was happening in the other village where they came from. The sheriff didn't believe them, and actually thought they were enemies trying to confuse them. The sheriff didn't hesitate a second, and locked the two up. But when someone outside was shouting : 'They are coming !' he took the two out of

the cell again. Many of the villagers tried to escape from the village, but soon also this village had been turned into a bloodbath. The next village which was close to this village had already been warned, and this village was actually a fort, and Black Deer and Whispering Snake weren't welcome. Actually they had to get away there also as soon as possible, for here they thought they were the Firaf-indians. So they decided to take another road away from the villages. It was like a flood trying to bring them down. They knew that they couldn't start anywhere on their own. They had to get away from here.

They knew that behind the cowboy-villages there were the forts of the white men, the kolonists and the soldiers. They wanted to take over the lands here as well, and they knew that these ones were also nothing but enemies, but maybe they could search for some compromises ? They knew they didn't have any chance to get it better with the wild Firaf-indians, but they didn't try it yet with the kolonists, although they knew that the kolonists also had the behaviour of taking wild ones to let them do labour for them. But they didn't want to know about that now. So when they came close to the forts, they raised their hands and shouted loud : 'Peace !' But they already saw men aiming their guns on them. 'What do you want ?' some men with beards were shouting.

'We are in a war against the Firaf-indians !' Whispering Snake shouted. 'They are invading all the tribes and villages, and they will invade your area's too !'

In the distance they already heard the shouting of the wild Firaf-indians. It was like they were standing between two fires now, two enemies. They knew that they couldn't go anywhere anymore, as everything before them had been invaded by the kolonists.

Then a voice was shouting : 'We will bring these Firaf-indians down ! Then we will divide everything here into reservates !' Then there was a shot and Black Deer fell down. 'No !' Whispering Snake was screaming, 'we are no Firaf-indians ! We are from another tribe !'

'Yes !' a voice was shouting, 'but we do not take any risks ! Lay your weapons down !'

Whispering Snake took Black Deer up, and laid his weapons down. He also took the weapons from Black Deer to lay them down. Then they got permission to enter the fort. Here they had to tell all the stories about the Firaf-indians. And men from the forts would go out to capture the Firaf-indians. After hours they returned and had captured twenty to thirty of the Firaf-indians. They brought them to the open place in the fort, where they got tied to the walls and some to stakes.

One of the white men commanded the Firaf-indians to tell about their intentions, but none of them talked. The man got very angry and shot a few times in the air. But then they heard wild shouting in the distance. It seemed like the Firaf-indians were surrounding the fort. Then a bloody war started. Whispering Snake and Black Deer could hide in a deep cellar under the fort, and they knew that these forts would all fall in the hands of the Firaf-indians.

But after hours a leader of the kolonists came into the cellar. He said that they had won the war, and that most of the Firaf-indians got killed, and the rest got arrested. But Whispering Snake and Black Deer couldn't believe it. And then from the back the kolonist-leader got attacked by a Firaf-indian. The Firaf-indian hit his skull open by a tomahawk, and the man fell down. The Firaf-indian was bald, but on top of his head there was hair a bit piercing into the sky. He had brown trousers with a grey rag hanging out of it, and his upper body was naked. He had light brown shoes made of skin. The Firaf-indian was shouting in an unknown language, and then he said : We have won the war !

Whispering Snake jumped forwards and kicked the Firaf-indian to the shoulder, but then he got a kick back. Then Black Deer had a knife-fight against the Firaf-indian. Whispering Snake ran to another part of the cellar where a tunnel was, and soon Black Deer was following him. They got deeper underground. They thought that only by going deeper underground they would be safe, but how wrong they were. Also here indians were living, some in caves, some in open places, and others even in cages. They knew that the indians were planted here by the kolonists. And the indians looked very angry. Were they Firaf-indians ? Or were they from other tribes from the areas invaded by the kolonists ? Some of the indians took their weapons. Fortunately there weren't attacks, and Whispering Snake and Black Deer went deeper and deeper, until there was great silence. Here were a lot of underground caves, halls and even lakes. In the distance they also saw dangerous-looking colourfull snakes guarding big eggs. When there were sounds it was like an echo spreading. There were also strange sorts of big frogs here, in all sorts of colours. Some were light yellow and black, while others had strange sorts of orange colours. Sometimes they had to swim a bit through rivers and lakes to come further. And with all these dangerous-looking animals that wasn't always easy to do. Everywhere they came were big eggs, and sometimes also smaller ones. The eggs were often slimy and in all sorts of shiny colours. It had a strange smell.

On some places there were strange statues, and strange big spiderwebs who were often very slimy and blocking many roads. Often there were strange shiny lights behind these webs. Whispering Snake and Black Deer didn't think about returning again. What could they do on their own ? And they knew there were many risks when they would go back. But they also had the question if they would be safe here ... What could they expect ? There weren't any living beings here, only animals, and sometimes strange plants or flowers. It was a colourfull world. Would they come into another part of the world when they would go on ?

The End

Cannibals of the Vichemachas

fiction

The Vichemachas were a tribe on the westside of the Wilshdum prairies. They mainly lived by pig-breeding. In the night they always had a lot of parties, as that was their goal : To celebrate their freedom. They had been in the hands of colonists for such a long time, but a white man had set them free. It was a man in a high function, and when he came to the land to see how the Vichemachas got treated like dirt he made up a paper to declare their rights and freedom. Since then the Vichemachas started to live deeper in the wilderness than ever, as they didn't want to do labour for the colonists again. They knew how precious their freedom was, but they also knew how fragile it was. The Vichemachas didn't trust anyone, as they were very afraid of the past. In the far past, before they had to do labour for the colonists a man came to them luring them by all kinds of material. It seemed to be a trade-man, but later they found out he had been sent to put them in a trap. Their saviour was a white man, but another white man had put them in trouble, so they had mixed feelings towards white men. They thought it would be safer to them to just go deeper into the wilderness and to become wild warriors more than ever. No one would take them away again to do labour for the white.

Red Reindeer and Old Buffalo were two indians of the White Stripe Tribe, and in their journey over the Wilshdum prairies they saw a woman of the Vichemachas Tribe feeding a pig. She gave the pig all sorts of food, and tried to get the pig with her, but the pig just didn't want to come with her. 'Well, leave the pig alone,' Old Buffalo said to the woman, 'a pig is a pig. If he doesn't want to move, then so be it.'

'But he escaped from our breeding,' the woman said. 'Oh,' Old Buffalo said, 'escape is a part of life. If it wants to escape, let it escape. Did you ever escape something ?'

'Yes,' the woman said. 'Then,' Old Buffalo said, 'you would have a reason for it. What if you would be taken back. Would you like that ?'

'No,' the woman said, 'but this pig is from our breeding, and it belongs to us. We care for it, we give it food and warmth. Here on the fields he will be taken by predators.'

Old Buffalo always liked to discuss about the things of life. He always wanted to make others think about the things they were doing, but often without result. In his own tribe they called

him an old bore. Then the pig ran away, and the woman wanted to run after it, but Red Reindeer and Old Buffalo stopped her. 'You don't breed pigs for the milk, don't you ?' Red Reindeer spoke with a dark voice. Then the woman sat down on the ground, and reacted paranoid. 'Go away, what do you have to look for here, strangers ?' the woman spoke almost with the voice of an old lady. She even didn't want to look at the two men anymore, and when they tried to catch her attention, she turned her head away all the time.

Then two other indians from the Vichemachas tribe came to them. 'They have let one of our pigs escape !' the woman shouted hysterically. One of the indians made himself big against Red Reindeer : 'What are you going to do, huh, huh, taking away our food ? Tell me from what can we live then ? Probably your meat ?' But then Red Reindeer pushed his fist firmly against the jaw of the indian, but he didn't put too much pressure on it. 'I guess you have meat enough,' Red Reindeer said. But more and more indians of the Vichemaches tribe came, and they surrounded Red Reindeer and Old Buffalo. Although Red Reindeer was very strong and sly, he would not be able to beat these indians. So at this moment he really needed that old bore Old Buffalo to talk it out. Old Buffalo stepped forward : 'Peace, brothers, we do not come to disturb your lifestyle. We just gave some good advice.' But then the woman started to scream : 'Good advice ? You took away our food, and the death of our children will rest on your shoulders. We live in hunger, terrible hunger.' Old Buffalo bowed his head to think. Then he raised his head up, and said : 'Why not coming with us to the Witdon Prairie, there's food enough. We live in riches there !' The indians watched the jewelry of the old man and Red Reindeer, and they saw that they had better clothes. 'I won't come with you,' the woman shouted, 'as I do not want to do labour for white men again.'

Then a wild indian sitting on a horse said : 'Run strangers, or my wrath will strike you.' But then Old Buffalo said : 'I will not run for you, but if you are hungry, here, take my jewels. Also Red Reindeer gave them some of his jewels, but the wild indian stepped from his horse and spat in their faces : 'We do not need your silver and gold, as we do not trade.' Then he cut off an ear of the old man, raised it in the air and then put it in his mouth to eat it. 'Now you know how hungry we are,' the wild indian roared, and all the other indians started to roar with him, and they hit themselves on their chests. But then Red Reindeer, who was a very tall man, grasped the wild indian by the throat and pushed him hard against his horse. The horse reacted very wild, and Red Reindeer jumped on the horse, grasped the old man, and rode away. But an arrow pierced Old Buffalo's arm, and later his head. Soon more indians on horses were coming after Red Reindeer, and he had to ride for his life. Soon they had shot him from his horse, and on the ground the fight went on. Red Reindeer was wounded now, but he could handle the three indians around him. Red Reindeer stepped on the horse again, but more and more indians on horses surrounded him. They had strange flags. 'He wanted to take away our meat ?' one of the indians was roaring, 'Then he will be our meat !' Then all the indians were yelling and shouting. 'Take him to the man-breeding !' the indian roared.

They took Red Reindeer to their camp, and behind their camp there were caves in which there was a pig-breeding, but close to it, there was also a wooden frame like a lot of cages build on each other, in which men had been tied to the bars made of branches. They also put Red Reindeer in such a cage, and soon it became clear to him that these men had to eat a lot. Would the tribe really be cannibals ? Even man-breeders ? He saw women of the tribe entering in with food and a lot of meat, and the men had to eat. Some of the men were already very fat. 'Come on,' Red Reindeer shouted, 'You must be joking me.'

Red Reindeer was very tired, and after a meal he had never eaten before he fell asleep. Never did he eat so much like here in this cage. But in the middle of the night one of the women woke him by a whispering voice. All the others were sleeping. She freed him, and told him to go away as fast as he could. Red Reindeer didn't know why the woman had mercy on him, but he did what she said. He ran through the caves in the hope that no one would see him. Then he went out of the camp as soon as possible. He took a horse, and he knew he would never go here again. It would be the last time for him to visit the Wilshdum prairies. After days and days of travel he finally got home, and had a lot to tell to his tribe. They were all in mourning about the death of the old bore. Red Reindeer told the story many times, and he often thought about the woman who saved his life. Would she do that often, or was her conscience speaking to her for the first and the last time ? Did something rise up in her like a spark to sink away again ? He knew that the woman had risked her life for him, as when they would discover it or she would be caught in the act, then Then what ? Red Reindeer didn't see any women in the cages. Or would they have other ways with their traitors ? Or what would happen deeper in their caves ? Red Reindeer didn't know. And the question was : Did he want to know ? Sometimes it was like a spark came up, telling him to go back to the woman to help her out, and all the men there. But then it started to sink deeper away than ever before, like the woman was a cannibal only having that spark once so that Red Reindeer and his story would live on as a warning. Maybe the gods decided it this way, but it was a burden for Red Reindeer for the rest of his life.

The End

The Tube

h o r r o r

In the year 10.023 indians took over the world. They ruled over great parts of the world for many decades already, but now they had the whole world under their command. The pig-industry was world's biggest industry now, but number two was the man-breeding. Cannibalism was now organised since the indians had this input. They said it was an excellent way to recycle those who didn't obey the law. Prisons turned into meat-breedings more and more, but there was mercy to women.

Dirk Pettingson was a priest in California, a priest of the old ways. He didn't like the things happening. For they were even about to turn psychiatry into meat-breeding. For them that was a way to get rid of those who were ill in their minds. They also wanted to draw back suicide by this new approach. Dirk Pettingson preached against the indians, and he knew he was in great danger now.

One day indians came to his church and they commanded him to stop with his lawless actions. It seemed the indians had taken over the laws completely.

One day everyone in the world got a letter from the new Indian World Command that everyone had to become a cannibalist, to recycle and integrate the meat of the lawless. Those who didn't convert to this sort of organized cannibalism had to be marked as lawless also, and they even were at risk to get to prison. There was a lot of protest but soon they found out they didn't have another choice. A few years later the first woman-breedings raised up like farms. The population had been cut to the half, as many didn't want to be part of the organized cannibals. Dirk Pettingson had an underground church now. He preached on a base of Mormonism, old indian teachings and some other old religions, but he didn't accepted the new indian movement which was streaming all around like liquid fire. Parents lost their children, children lost their parents, women lost their partners and men lost their partners, and the horror of such a command had been spread everywhere.

Dirk Pettingson was half an indian, or at least someone with indian blood, and his ancestors preached in his opinion always about love and equality, freedom of speech and religion and respect to other points of view, but this was something else.

The leader of this new world command was Uduntak, who had a secret temple underground. No one knew where this temple was, but some were already in search for it. Also Dirk Pettingson was interested in this quest. One day he decided to make such an underground journey himself, together with a team. There was a lot of mystery surrounding the new command and they wanted to peel that out. Maybe they could learn about it's secrets to get a better picture. Maybe they could even change it, if they only knew more about it. But they knew the journey would have a lot of dangers. If they would get caught, their lives would be over soon. But Dirk Pettingson wanted to take that risk. What did he have to lose ?

There were no traces in the underground, as it was wild. There were rumours that the temple would be in the north, as scientist had detected strange radiation there, so they would try it there first. There were stories about Uduntak that he was a necromancer, that he could put spirits of the dead in bodies of men and women, and even in animals, to take them over. By this he wanted to let the ancestors live on. They said that he could control minds by all sorts of dark objects. These objects had to be hidden, or otherwise it would lose it's power a bit. In the team there were scientists having theories about these dark objects, and they believed that when these objects got in their hands, the indians would lose their command. The scientists were already in twists about what needed to happen with the objects when they would have found them. Some said it needed to be destroyed, while others said it needed to be placed in a museum.

As they followed their detectors they came into a dark cave. Some lightgiving pulsating jelly-shells were hanging at the walls, close to the ceiling. But when they passed along one of these living shells fell on one of the woman. The woman was screaming, while a scientist shot it. Then the shell started to shriek, and smoke was coming forth from it, while the shell was

melting and melting. Then green muddy slime was boiling on the ground. 'Don't step on it,' the scientist said loud, and they all moved further. Then they came closer to a wall of glass, and it seemed it all ended here, but when another scientist kicked an opening in it, they could soon walk further. It was like there were things going on here, but they didn't know what.

Suddenly an indian was standing before them. He was very friendly and said : 'Ah, you must be coming for Uduntak. He already expected you.' They all looked to each other making strange faces, like they didn't trust it. Soon they were in an elevator, and in a huge hall they stepped out. 'Follow me,' the indian said. In some strange way no one dared to run away. It was like they were hypnotized. They came in a room with soft purple lights, and a man was sitting on a strange twisted throne. 'I am Uduntak,' the man said. 'I am the ruler of this world.'

Dirk Pettingson tried to save the case and said : 'We were on your way to beg you to stop the breedings. It's tearing our families apart.' The man was staring at them while strange green slime was coming out of his nose. The slime was giving light. Then the man stood up, and said : 'Come, I want to show you something.' Then a door opened and they all walked into a room full of large shells in which green slime was boiling. 'What is it ?' Dirk Pettingson asked.

'It's coming from a certain tube in the underground,' Uduntak said. 'If we do not drink from it, it will overflow the world within short time, then I'm talking about a few years. We have the jelly-shells who can absorb the slime very fast, but we are running out of time.'

'What do you mean ?' Dirk Pettingson asked. Then Uduntak bowed his head : 'It's coming from a beast who seems to have his cave under the tube, and he's angry. In early times he only asked for pigmeat. We had to throw it through the tube to calm him down, but later he also started to ask for man-meat and since awhile the meat of women.'

'What is it for a beast, and can we see it ?' But then Uduntak shook his head : 'No, we are the only one he allows to come to the tube. If we would ever bring in others, then he would destroy us all, and then the whole world.'

'But what is his name,' Dirk Pettingson asked, 'what kind of beast is it ?' Then Uduntak started to shiver, and said : 'It is a horrible beast like a giant-pig, goat or horse, with many many heads heads of men, heads of pigs.'

'So that is the reason why you have all these breedings around the world, the pig-breedings, the man-breedings, the woman-breedings ?' Uduntak nodded.

'Again what is the name of it, mr. Uduntak ?' Dirk Pettingson asked. 'Hydrorsor,' Uduntak said.

'How did it come there, and can we take it away or destroy it, as I see it is a big threat.' Dirk Pettingson said.

'Mr. Pettingson,' Uduntak said, 'I do not know why or how it came there. I have seen it there since my grandfather brought me to it as a child. I had to serve it all my life, or I would die and with me the whole world would disappear.'

'So this is a heavy burden on your shoulders, mr. Uduntak ?' Dirk Pettingson said. Uduntak nodded. 'But I must see this beast, mr. Uduntak,' Dirk Pettingson said. But then Uduntak got very angry and shouted : 'No, for that would be the destruction of our world !' Then he shouted : 'Guards, guards, take these men and women to a cell !' Immediately some guards with spears came and took the team to a cell. In the cell the team discussed about what they had to do now.

After a few hours Uduntak came to their cell and said : 'The beast has spoken that if one of you would be sacrificed to him, then the others are allowed to see him.' But then Dirk Pettingson immediately said : 'That is ridiculous. All our lives are precious, and we even do not know if we will gain anything by the encounter.' But then one of the female scientists stood up and said : 'For science I will give my life. We do not have an option if this is the cause of our world's misery. Let me be the sacrifice.'

But then Dirk Pettingson immediately said : 'If one will go, then I will go, as I am responsible for your lives.' Then there was a long discussion about who will go, but then Dirk Pettingson walked towards Uduntak with his hands stretched out to him and said : 'Bind me. I will be the sacrifice.' Uduntak took Dirk Pettingson with him, while the others were following to an elevator leading them to the tube. 'Stay here,' Uduntak said, while he walked out of the elevator with Dirk Pettingson. 'I have a sacrifice for you, Hydrorsor !' Uduntak shouted. Then a sort of tentacle or tail came forwards from the tube, and took Dirk Pettingson into the depth. Then the others were allowed to come closer to the tube. In the distance they couldn't see anything, but soon a strange sort of smoke showed them all sorts of frames, behind which they saw an enormous creature roar. Soon they had to leave as fireflames were surrounding them.

Dirk Pettingson was still in the grip of the strange tail, and thought these were his last moments in life. But suddenly the enormous beast appeared very friendly to him, by putting him on the ground, while faces on his back were smiling to him. 'I gave you one word : sacrifice, and you came.' a dark voice said.

'Can I ask what this is all about ?' Dirk Pettingson asked. 'So you live by pig-meat, man-meat and woman-meat ?'

'Yes, that is the only stuff I can take, as I cannot digest other food,' the dark voice said. The faces were still smiling to Dirk Pettingson. 'But why do other beings have to die, so that you can live ?' Dirk Pettingson asked. Then green slime was coming forth from the back of the beast and from all the faces. Then some tails were rising into the air like they could strike Dirk Pettingson any moment. Then the dark voice said : 'Because when I do not get the meat there's too much slime-producing, and it would destroy your world in a few years.'

'What can I do to help you ?' Dirk Pettingson asked.

'There is nothing you can do. I have tried to destroy myself,' the dark voice said, 'but the more I hurt myself, the bigger I become, and the more slime I produce, and then I become more hungry and angry. I have tried to eat from my own meat, but then the same happens. The more I destroy of me, the more I create myself in this way, and then the tube is overflowing.'

'Well, maybe it is better to let everything overflow then, as this is no life. Our world is a mess, a horror, like an eternal mistake,' Dirk Pettingson said in despair.

'You do not know what you are saying,' the dark voice said, 'as the green slime brings the living hell and death. It captures souls and integrates and turns them into a sort of plant where they all become like me.'

'But that is horrible !' Dirk Pettingson said, 'but how do you know ?'

'Because I was such a soul once, and like the seed of a strange plant I fell in here to grow into the being I am now,' the dark voice said.

'So you are from the future ?' Dirk Pettingson asked.

'Yes,' the dark voice said, 'in the future there is a flood of green slime, like a deadline, and then everything will disappear into the past again.'

'Well, I heard stories that Uduntak got some dark objects from his grandfather, by which he could rule everything,' Dirk Pettingson said.

'There's something strange about Uduntak, and I always have the feeling he has much power over me, but I do not know how or what,' the dark voice said, 'but if it's true what you said, then I will put you back through the tube, and then you must search for these objects. When you have found them, throw them into the tube.' Then Hydrorsor took Dirk Pettingson again by one of the tails, and took him through the tube to the elevator. In the elevator Dirk Pettingson pushed a button, but it didn't lead him upstairs but downstairs. When the door opened Dirk was in a dark cave. It looked a bit like the cave of the entrance. But when he walked through he came into a dark room with some soft pink lights. The lights looked like waterflowers, and there were also some other lamps with dim light. Close to the lamps there was a skull. The skull was very large, like a prehistoric skull, and Dirk Pettingson suddenly got a strange feeling. He still had a detector, and it registered much radiation. But then from the ceiling a shell fell over his head, and green slime started to slide over him. Dirk Pettingson screamed, as the slime was hot, but when he could take the shell off from his head two indians stood before him with spears. One wanted to pierce him by the spear, but Dirk Pettingson threw the slimy shell in his face. The man was screaming, and also the other man, as the slime got into their eyes. Quickly Dirk Pettingson took the prehistoric skull, but there were also some smaller skulls he took, and there were also some skulls like marbles in a drawer, which he put into his sacks. Then he ran out of the room as quickly as he could towards the elevator. But then the elevator opened and Uduntak was standing before him. Uduntak had a knife and wanted to sting him, but Dirk Pettingson screamed and could defend himself by the skull as his shield. But then more indians had surrounded him. And Uduntak spoke with a dark voice : 'No one will touch my skulls without the consequences. Our gods have already decided that you will die. As that is what these skulls bring : death and penalty ...' But all of a sudden there were tentacles like tails coming forwards to sweep all the indians away, and soon Uduntak was in the grip of these tentacles. Uduntak started to scream, and kicked wildly around him. Soon he had hit the prehistoric skull which broke into pieces. Dirk Peddington went into the elevator with as many pieces he could grasp, and some other skulls and went to the tube again, where he threw the skulls in. Suddenly there were explosions everywhere.

Also the tube exploded, and a mystical creature came up through the frames. It looked like an indian woman dressed in white feathers and fragile small pearls all over her body. 'Thank you, Dirk Pettingson,' the indian woman said. 'You have broken so many of our curses. You have found the keys in our histories and futures, and you have solved their mysteries. You have set

us free. Now we aren't locked up in time anymore. We are free. Thank you.' And the indian woman suddenly turned into a mass of birds, and then a mass of bats, and then disappeared. A book lay before Dirk Pettington, and thunder was coming forth from it. When he opened it, he saw the moving pictures of his friends, and indians. The pictures were like movies, as they moved, and some of the indians sat on horses. Dirk Peddington stepped in the elevator again, and went upstairs. He found his friends back in the cell, but they had been killed. Now he was the only survivor, and the only man having a story to tell in the world above him.

The End

When the Woman Speaks

f i c t i o n

Once upon a time there was a village in which cowboys and indians lived in peace together. Some cowboys lived in a camp close to the village, and most of the indians lived in the houses of the village. But there was one thorn in the eye of many of them, and that was the brothel. It was a very old brothel, and the owner of the brothel, a woman, always said it was the secret of the peace in the village. No one worked there by force, and most of the time the women had other jobs besides the brothel. No one really used the brothel, as most of the time people just used it as a hotel. Some hired a room there, so more and more the old tradition moved to the background. The owner of the brothel thought it was a good development, as it was telling about a deeper and more longlasting feeling of satisfaction, but she knew that still many of the villagers wanted the brothel to be closed totally or just lose it's name to just a hotel or saloon or something. But the woman always said it was a heritage of her parents, and the secret of the peace of the village. There were more and more protests, and people said that they were ready for the next step of evolvement. A few years later there was only one woman who still wanted to work as in the old profession. The owner gave the brothel to her children, and to the children the woman became a thorn in the eye. The children of the owner wanted the woman to go, but the woman begged them to let her stay, as this was her home. But the whole village wanted the woman to go, so one day she left. But since then troubles started to show up between cowboys and indians, and soon they were aware of the fact that the old owner of the brothel was right. But the priest of the village, who was also a doctor and a cowboy, said that the previous peace was a false peace. He had been to the brothel many times, but about that he didn't speak now. In a sense he liked the new troubles in the village, as that would bring more people to his church, and to his doctor's office. But more and more of the villagers wanted the woman to return.

But the woman lived in another village now, in a big house, and could do what she wanted. She didn't want to return, and in her previous village things started to turn out worse and worse. They even begged her to return, and offered her a great deal of money, but the woman said it would never be the same. In her new village there were also troubles and fights

between cowboys and indians, so she said she didn't make any difference. Her new village was full of brothels, but also full of war. In the other village the people started to put the blame on the priest, as he didn't want to have her back in the village when they started to find out that she was the secret of their peace. They threw stones through his window and made his life miserable. So he decided he would take revenge in the village where the woman was. He went there on his horse, stepped off, and started to preach about the coming judgement. He let his beard grow and soon people said he had become a prophet. But he was still a cowboy, and he started to use his gun more and more. He used to come to saloons to preach the word and then to shoot everyone down he didn't want to believe in it. Other cowboys started to fear him more and more, as he was very fast with his gun. Before cowboys wanted to grasp their guns to shoot him, he had shot them all in a row.

Many indians thought that was great, as they often hated the rude cowboys. And they used to tie the shot cowboys to lead them to the church of the cowboy-prophet. Then they got tied to the chairs. But then the woman went to his church ones. And she started to laugh when she saw all these tied cowboys listening to the cowboy-prophet. She said : 'You preach against brothels, but you go to brothels yourself ... You were even raised in a brothel, as your mother worked there.'

'When the Good Lord tells me to go to a brothel, I go to a brothel,' the cowboy-prophet said, 'but that doesn't mean that everyone has to do that !' But then the woman took a gun and walked towards the cowboy-prophet and said : 'Now you listen, you donkeyhead, when I speak it's even important as when you read loud from your little book. Get the hell out of town, you drunk man.' And then to the indians she said : 'I know this man, he drinks too much. He always drinks a few bottles and then he starts reading in his little book. Now can you imagine what happens then ? He's a doctor. He likes to make troubles.' She could see the doubts on the faces of the indians. Then she raised an empty bottle in the air, a bottle with his face on it. 'In the village he comes from he even used to sell these strong drinks bottles,' the woman said.

'Well, I drink when I want to drink, woman,' the cowboy-prophet said.

'I think this is all running out of hand,' the woman said. 'I will take you back to your village, we will go together.' The woman had a certain power over him, like they knew each other before. And together on the cowboy-prophet's horse they left to their old village. They didn't recognize him with his beard, but they recognized the woman, and they were glad she got back. They gave her her old room back, and to the cowboy-prophet she said : 'You stay with me.'

The End

The Woman and the Hidden Tribe

f i c t i o n

The Urabodas Tribe on the westside of the Sereddass Mountains had difficult times. There were a lot of ravines in their surroundings, and there were also a lot of valleys. On several points there were always watchmen of the Urabodas Tribe who could give signals when enemies were coming near. The old chief was calling his warriors together. These were serious times, times which would settle the future of the tribe. Surehbuff, the adviser of the chief was shaking his head. There was not much hope for the tribe, as their enemies were much greater in number, and they had many enemies. Surehbuff advised that they would all live underground now, as this was also what the ancestors had predicted that this time would come.

In the underground there were also many tribes living, and they really had to fight themselves through the first layers, but as they came deeper they discovered a new world, and there was great silence here. Here there were also mountains and ravines, like an open space underground. Surehbuff chose some watchmen to stand around their camp. But while the others were sleeping, a group of Indians surrounded the camp, killed the watchmen and kidnapped Surehbuff and the old chief. They brought them far away to another camp in an even deeper underground wilderness. Surehbuff and the old chief got undressed and were pushed into a large sort of kettle. There was no water in the kettle, but there were fires all around, and also large drums. In the distance they saw an Indian standing in the light of a fire. Suddenly they felt the kettle was getting hot also. Some had made a fire under it. They were sure now that they were in the hands of cannibals. But suddenly there were shots all around. A cowboy with a moustache suddenly stood before the kettle, and helped them out. Then he quickly jumped on his horse, took the old chief and Surehbuff up, so that they could sit on the horse also, and then he rode away. Many Indians tried to stop them, but the cowboy could easily shoot or kick them away. Surehbuff and the old chief were very grateful to the cowboy, and told him about what had happened.

The cowboy was a very friendly man, and he said he had a reserve deep underground, where tribes could live in peace. But the two Indians weren't too enthusiastic about it. They wanted to live in freedom, and not in a reserve under guide, guard and command of cowboys. But the cowboy said that they would only show up when it was necessary. The Indians could do there what they wanted, as long as it was in peace. But the two Indians still weren't enthusiastic about it, as they believed that it was their duty to have wars sometimes. It was a way to deal with old issues in their eyes, and it would soothe the anger of their ancestors. 'But then you can end in the kettle again,' the cowboy said, 'and I'm not always around.'

'Well, that is the risk we are living in then, but we have to follow the old paths,' Surehbuff said. After awhile they left, and went to their own camp again. They knew they had also enemies here, but they would fight for their freedom and their lives. Also they would fight for the old issues of their ancestors.

But when they came back to their camp, there was no one of their tribe there, but other Indians lived in their camp now. And they weren't very glad. 'You came to our territory without asking. That's why we took your possessions !' a woman was screaming.

'What did you do to our tribe ?' Surehbuff asked. But the woman didn't answer. After awhile some men came towards them, to tell them to leave the camp. 'But this is our camp !' the old chief said.

'But it is on our territory,' one of the men said, 'so it is ours.'

Surehbuff and the old chief knew that they couldn't do anything about it, so they left. They decided to live above the ground again, now they had lost their tribe. They would try to find another identity, and then making a journey to the North of Sereddass Mountains. When they came there, another tribe was willing to adopt them in their camp.

But soon they found out this tribe had also many enemies. And within a short time it became so hard, that the whole tribe decided to move underground, after hearing the stories of the old chief and Surehbuff. They would try to live there, in the hope that they would find some rest. But also here, underground, there were many tribes, and a lot of dangers. They moved to the deeper layers, and hoped to find peace and rest here. They found an underground cowboy-village, but they weren't welcome. Soon it turned into a fight, and the indians took the village over in short time. Here they could live, but soon they found out there were still cowboys sitting in the saloon. And these cowboys weren't easy ones. They came outside with lasso's, and they could shoot the feathers off of the indians' heads. Some were smoking, and put their cigarettes out on their arms to show them how rough they were. 'We will hang you above our saloon,' one of them was saying. But then again the cowboy with the moustache came, and tried to mediate. But the cowboys didn't want to hear anything of it. 'They invaded our village,' one of them said. 'Now they will pay for this.' But then from behind an indian of another tribe shot the cowboy with the moustache by an arrow. 'What are you doing ?' Surehbuff screamed to the indian. 'That man is our friend and tried to help us. He saved our lives before.' But soon other indians from that tribe came forward and killed the other cowboys by their spears, knives and arrows. No one didn't answer Surehbuff's question, but they all took their places in the village.

Also Surehbuff and the old chief got a room. It was a room above the saloon. But after awhile they heard screaming downstairs. Surehbuff ran downstairs and saw two indians kicking a woman. She hid herself in a cellar. Surehbuff tried to help the woman, but then the indians started to kick him. The old chief came down with a gun and shot the two indians. 'We need to go now, Surehbuff, let's take the woman with us,' the old chief said, 'we must go now, for I do not have a good feeling about staying here.'

Then they ran outside with the woman, took three horses and went away. The woman knew a peaceful forest somewhere in a hidden place. They had to move through some caves, and then they would come there. The woman was very grateful to the men who had saved her. Deep in the forest they found a peaceful tribe, and they got accepted in their community. They started a new life here, but Surehbuff couldn't forget about the cowboy with the moustache. The woman could easily forget about her village, as she said they were all so rude to her. She had to work there in the brothel. She told the tribe that she had been kidnapped when she was young. When Surehbuff told her about the cowboy with the moustache, she seemed to know him. She told him it was her father, and one day he found out where she was, and he made a plan of getting her out. She told Surehbuff that in her father's reserve the indians lived in peace, as he was a peaceful man. But Surehbuff already knew that, and he said that he still didn't want to live there. But the woman was very worried about the reserve now her father had died. So she wanted to return to the reserve. But the old chief and

Surehbuff didn't want to let her go there alone, so they decided to go with her. But when they came there, the reservate had been turned into a wilderness, something they already feared. Tribes were in war about the territory.

They decided to return to the hidden place, knowing that they couldn't return to the past anymore. They had to rebuild their lives here with the peacefull tribe.

The End

The Children's Empire

Green Elk, Old Oak and Wild Dog were three indians on their way home. They had been to a meeting with another tribe. Suddenly they saw a woman tied to a tree. They freed her, and asked her what happened. She said she was walking with her children in the forest, and all of a sudden a man on a carriage came, struck her, tied her to a tree, and kidnapped her children. 'Do you know which direction the carriage went ?' Green Elk asked. She directed her finger towards the south.

'We will go there,' Wild Dog said. 'Don't worry. I will go with Green Elk, and then you will go to our camp with Old Oak.' But the woman wanted to go to her wigwam. She didn't want to live in a tribe. She used to live in a tribe, but since she got troubles she lived alone with her children. She didn't want to tell about it. Wild Dog and Green Elk went to the south, while Old Oak brought the woman to her wigwam. The woman was very friendly, and she was gratefull, but she hoped that her children would be back soon. She didn't have much hope, as she knew how hard life could be. She gave something to drink to the old man, and She wanted him to stay for awhile until Wild Dog and Green Elk would be back. They went on horses, and the woman had explained to them where she lived. They were on their way to the south in search for a black carriage with a man in black clothes and a hat.

Meanwhile the woman made some food for the old man. The old man needed some rest as he made a long journey with the others. Also the woman decided to sleep a bit. But in the middle of the night they awoke by a fluting sound. Green Elk and Wild Dog had returned together with the three children, and even the man of the carriage. They had already tied the man to a tree, like he first did to the woman. The woman was very glad and hugged her three children. The children were crying. But soon they felt safe again. The man seemed to be a kidnapper who had kidnapped a lot more children of tribes, which seemed to have caused a lot of wars between tribes as they blamed each other for it. The man told them that deeper in the south he had a cave where he raised these children in cages. When the children would grow older, they were allowed to live in locked caves, behind bars. After awhile they put the tied man on a horse again, and he had to show Green Elk and Wild Dog where he had his caves and cages.

When the two indians came there, the children were very glad. But something wasn't right. The kids spoke with a very loud voice, and when they got free, they suddenly attacked Green Elk and Wild Dog. They had hit them with stones very hard on their heads, and they both lost consciousness. These kids had an unbelievable strength. When the two indians woke up they were in a cage. Two children were staring at them. 'What did you do to our father ? He always cared for us, he always gave us what we wanted, and there was always plenty of food ... He

taught us to love each other ... In our tribes we used to fight, and there was never enough food, so why did you harm him ?'

But Green Elk said : 'You lived in a prison. He kidnapped you.'

But then the children said : 'We do not want to go home. This is our home. We have better lives here, and we only lived in cages because he wanted to protect us. The outside world is hard.' But the two indians saw that the man was still tied. He slept.

'So why don't you untie him, since he's such a good guy ?' Wild Dog asked ironically.

But the kids didn't say anything. They brought him into a cage too.

'You will stay here,' the kids said. 'Now it is time we will care for you and protect you.'

But when the man woke up he was mad.

'He needs to get used to it,' the children said. But also the two indians didn't like it, and asked them when they would be freed.

But the children said : 'It is time for us to go now and grow up. Be glad you are here, for now you are safe against predators.'

But the two indians and the man started to scream : 'Hey, hey, you can't leave us alone like this, and how do we get our food ?'

But the children were gone already.

The children weren't looking for their old tribes, but they formed a new tribe, a very dangerous tribe, as they were very bitter and ironical towards what had happened to them. They also went around to kidnap children, and they did the same to them. And they always brought these children to the secret place to lock them up in cages, and then they left, to find their skeletons back after awhile.

It seemed the woman who had her children back wasn't safe either, as two of their children got kidnapped again in short time. So she decided to live in a tribe again, to save her last child. Because everyone was aware of the things happening now, children got extra protected. They had to live in the middle of the camp, surrounded by guards. But later, when that didn't seem to help, they had to go to a cave, with even more guards. The children had to live inside a mountain now. Fortunately it was a very large cave, and soon other tribes brought their children there for safety. But as the wild children's tribe who kidnapped children grew up, they started to wage war against the tribes. Many tribes started to live in caves too, and others started to live underground or moved to another area. But it seemed the children's tribe was everywhere.

One day someone found out about something shocking. It was the woman who had lost two kids and only had one son now. In search for her two children she found the skeleton-caves, but behind the caves she found a secret camp built by bones. Here the children had their shelter. Immediately they grasped the woman, took her tight, and brought her deeper into this hidden city of bones. It almost looked like an empire. A lot of houses and other buildings had

been built by the bones. 'Why did you do all this ?' the woman shouted. 'These are our children !'

But the children didn't say anything, and brought her deeper. Here she found someone with a kettle of water full of bones. 'We had to drink from this all our lives,' the boy said. And then they forced the woman to drink. Then the woman screamed : 'I do not want to drink from this soup made of our children's bones !'

'Why not ?' the boy asked.

'Because I came from a cannibalistic tribe myself,' the woman said, 'and in times of hunger, they even ate each other.'

Then the boy turned away and then walked away, and the children brought the woman deeper in their empire. 'Can I do anything to help you out of this ?' the woman asked.

'No,' the children said. 'For us it is too late. You could probably escape from your tribe, but we had to face it everyday. Now it is a habit. We are lost, we are children of the damned.'

'I came free when I was already a young woman. I was forced to eat the meat of two of my five children. They already had been killed by my tribe, but then I had to eat it,' the woman said.

'Sorry for you,' the children said.

'Why are you without any mercy or feeling ?' the woman asked.

But the children didn't say anything. In another cave they showed her a pile of meat, where blood was streaming forth from. Some children sat on the pile, like on a hill.

'This is the woman !' the boy shouted. 'She is the one who had to do the same things like us ! She is one of us, but she came free. Now she will lead us out !'

But then the children started to laugh very evilly. The boy was just mocking her. They gave her a red robe, and said : 'Be our princess.'

But the woman became very mad, and started to roar. The children grasped her tight again, but she suddenly had such a strength that she could throw them away. The woman knew these kids wanted to be what they were. She ran away crying, as she knew she couldn't do anything. She didn't see any children in cages or locked caves, for then she could free them. She only saw stubborn children full of hate, not wanting to change their ways. It was a miracle she could get out of this predator's den alive.

But when she got out the dead body of her son lay before the cave. In the distance she heard laughing. She screamed, and at the same time she knew there was more going on. When she came back to the place where the tribes had hidden their children all children lay dead on the ground.

There was no any trace of a tribe. But when she came back to her wigwam some children's guards were there. They were laughing. Now she knew that the wild children's tribe also had

spies, and they could be everywhere. How could she trust someone in such situation ? The only one she trusted now was Old Oak, but where was he ? When she came to his camp, there was no one there. She started to wait before his wigwam, and after a long time Old Oak came. He said that there were many ghosts in the air, and that many broke the promises they made to their ancestors.

Old Oak said that the best she could do was to go to the underground, but the woman thought that there was danger everywhere, also when she would move towards another place. The wild children's tribe was everywhere, like it was in the air. Old Oak gave her something to drink and made some food for her. After awhile she got very sleepy, and got a place to sleep in the wigwam. In the middle of the night Old Oak came to the place in the wigwam where the woman slept. The woman was still sleepy. Then Old Oak started to tell a story, about a wild children's tribe, and about a woman who lost her children. He also told about the secret members of the wild children's tribe, and that this tribe was already ages and ages old. In many tribes there were secret members of the wild children's tribe, and they all had one goal

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'And that is ?' the woman asked with a sleepy voice

'Why don't you ask their emperor ?' Old Oak said.

'Who is their emperor ?' the woman suddenly asked in a shock while she got up.

'I am,' Old Oak said with a dark voice.

The woman screamed, while she kicked Old Oak away. 'Why do you believe everything I say ?' Old Oak asked again. 'I just want to soothe you.'

'No !' the woman shouted, 'you're frightening me.'

'All is in the hands of our ancestors,' Old Oak said, 'and they will make everything okay. If I would be emperor, many things would change. But changes take time, my child,' Old Oak said.

'Changes take time,' the woman said delirious, and then she fell asleep again.

The End

Death Fiction

S.O.S.

It was a strange world they were living in. There were women who would never die, and they brought forth the children, only men. These men got born with a grown-up body, while they were babies. They didn't get milk through the breasts of these women, but from the toes of them. These men didn't have eternal life like the women, but they would die after awhile, for it was a breeding. At the ends of their lives they always had to take care of their next generation. It was a man-breeding, all for meat and seed. But also their skins and bones would be usefull. The women built everything of it. And the muscles of these men were merely waterfalls of blood. It was a strange temple, and no one could do anything about it. It was like death had the scepter of triumph in this world. I was the only survivor. Yes, I despice my mothers. They didn't give me anything of value. Some would call me an Adamite, as I never had a baby-body. I was born as a baby with a grown-up body. I had to do heavy slave-work since birth. But the first years of our lives we were very weak. The milk from these women, coming from their legs poisoned us more or less. And they still have eternal life, taking so many lives away. I don't have any sympathy towards my mothers. They could shapeshift into snakes to scare us, and to prevent us from escaping. So how did I escape ? I can tell you my mothers were very religious, like orthodox, fundamentalists they were, only milk from the foundation. They were religious freaks. If we wouldn't belief them we would die before our time. But I am still alive. They are still hunting after me, so maybe this is my last opportunity to speak to you, as they will probably kill me. Who saved me ? It was Lilith, a women who sometimes came to me when I was a baby, to give me breastfeeding, instead of milk from the legs. It was kind of normal to me, and she didn't want to kill me, but help me. My mothers were called the Eves, but she was from the Lilithian order, the Liliths. It was a strange temple we were having and when we wanted to go along the veils to the holier places we had to do strange things. A lot of these things I cannot recall. My mothers were more or less spiderian, but Lilith showed me so many other parts of the insectian world. She could deceive me, and she could take me out. But I feel the pressure of my mothers coming closer everyday, more and more. It might be the last time I can speak to you, so see this as my last letter to you.

Dear aunt, maybe you know even more about this than I do. I mean : my mothers were your sisters. Because of your husband, my uncle, you never became like they were. I have deep inside the hope that you and uncle will save me out of this situation, as Lilith is too weak to keep me safe. She does her best, but she needs help. I can't protect her either, and I'm in fear they will find her and destroy her. I heard you have also temples there where you live, so maybe you also know about this. The veils here are bloodwaterfalls, just like our muscles, but some parts of these temples have veils like clothes and skins. Why is it that there need to be so many sacrifices to go along such a veil to enter deeper into the temple. Some of these temples are tabernacles, tents, but it's all the same. The laws of hunt are cruel. It's like I'm stuck between your world and my old world, while Lilith tries her best to protect me and to bring me further. I'm losing this game, aunt, it's breaking my head.

Yours Truly

The Red Beyond the Ship

The morningred was sinking into the ocean. The sea had been flown over by the sun. A man was sharpening his knives. His name was Hughes LeMoy, a pirate. The ship was on it's way to a havencity along the Amazon River on Mars, where pirates seemed to dine. Eagles and vultures were gathering above the city. At the end of the day the ship reached the haven, and Hughes went into the city.

Two pirates watched him. Soon it ended in a fight. They knocked Hughes out, and dragged him into a café, where they brought him upstairs. A few hours later Hughes woke up. 'Where am I ?' he asked.

'We know you, stranger,' one of the pirates said. Then they knocked him out again. Hughes woke up in the hospital, where he was still bleeding.

'I need to go,' Hughes said to the nurse and stood up. But the nurse didn't want him to go. 'Stay here,' she said. 'Outside there is much danger. You need to heal first.' But Hughes was already gone.

He had a mission. He wasn't for nothing in this town. He was in search for some important jewels. They called it the devil's treasures, or piranha jewels, from a legendary place called Devil's Bay. Hughes went to the closest jeweller and asked him if he knew anything about the

treasure. 'We do not like strangers like you,' the jeweller said, 'and especially not when they are looking for treasures like these. Do you realize what you are doing.'

'Well, yes,' Hughes said. 'I was always in love with it, and I need to have it.'

'For who ?' the jeweller asked.

'For my kingdom,' Hughes said. 'We all know of the healing capabilities of these jewels. We need it for our hospital.'

'Who believes you ?' the jeweller asked. 'Do you really think that we are stupid. You aren't from charity, you are a pirate like us, and even if you were working for charity we wouldn't help you. We are against charity you see.'

'Well, you sound bitter, coldhearted,' Hughes said. 'I come from a mighty pirate kingdom you do not know anything about, and we have a hospital for veterans.'

'Who cares,' the jeweller said. 'I guess you do not know where you have landed.'

Suddenly Hughes felt a pricking knife in his back. He didn't know where this small boy came from. 'Out of the shop now,' the kid said.

Awhile later Hughes stepped into a restaurant to eat something. He was still not satisfied. It seems there was no way for him to find out about the treasure. All roads were blocked. It seemed they didn't like him here, and many dangers were luring. But he knew the treasure had to be here. He had studied the map for a long time, and all traces led to this place. He waited for the night, stood up and went to a weapon shop. He would show them that he could come far by money. He bought some weapons, and laid down a lot of cash for information. The owner of the weaponshop was willing to tell him something.

'A lady, black haired, brown skin, dark eyes, owns a parrot. She is a skilled fighter. Everyone fears her. She has the treasure.'

The owner gave him a small paper with the address on it. Soon Hughes knocked at her door, and she allowed him in immediately. 'Welcome,' the woman said. 'My chrystal ball told me you would come. You come for the treasure, the piranha jewels. If you play a game with me and win, they are yours, but then I ask you one thing in return.'

'Which is ?' Hugha asked.

'To go to Devil's Bay and find me the eye of the piranha, a gem by which I will become the almightiest woman of Mars and the universe.'

Hughes was like hypnotized by the beauty of this woman. Soon he was on his ship to Devil's Bay to search for this precious gem. The woman had given him a map, and he knew exactly where he had to be, dear reader. He was close to the Piranha Tree already which was a mere tower. The meanest pirates seemed to live there, but when he came there, they could do nothing but welcoming him. They told him that the gem once sunk away in the depths of the sea.

A long track through the tower followed, finally to go downstairs to the place where he could reach the deepest of the sea.

This, dear reader, is what the story is about. Finally he found the gem. He was indeed the piranha pirate, and the gem told him not to return to the woman. This gem was all he needed. The gem also told him to not return to his kingdom. He needed this gem to open the portals of the undergrounds of the sea, where he would live a savage life again. There was a coldness in the depths of the sea, it was like he was freezing, but his heart got touched by this beautiful gem, and it opened him to new visions. Visions of dragons living in the underground of the sea, dying by the strike of unknown bushes.

The trees and bushes were living here, moving, and they were all like piranhas. It was a piranha nature.

This is the story of Hughes LeMoy, a savage pirate, more savage than anyone. One day he returned to the surfaces of the ocean and became the biggest fright. His beard was tall now, and he had made the most exotic foreign clothes of the leathers and skins of defeated enemies

and dragons in the underworlds below the seas. Yes, even his sails were designed by this, and existed in many layers, forming a dread like never before. He could strike the winds, and cause the storms. He became a legend, a feared saga. No one knew if it was real or just an illusion, but since then the Amazon River of Mars and its Devil's Bay became the most cursed places, more than ever, ending into the Sea of Treasure where mystery ruled. The Sea of Treasure was a sea of riddles, of things unexplained.

One day he visited the woman of the piranha treasure again. She was more beautiful than ever. Savage as he was he kidnapped the woman, and brought her on his ship. 'I know you are a witch,' he said. 'A damned one if it comes to that. I want you to be the clairvoyant for all these soldiers on my ship, all these pirates. I know they long to hear from you.'

The woman had mixed feelings about it. In a way she was flattered by her new job, but she had been forced. Yamata was a treasure herself, and it seemed the only one who could really handle her was LeMoy. LeMoy became a feared name more than ever, and also the ship was called LeMoy. It was in these days no one was allowed to call him Hughes anymore, for he was now LeMoy. Only Yamata was allowed to call him Hughes, and a love started to grow between them. Yamata knew there was no other way. This man was stronger than her. Together they visited the most exotic cities along the coasts of the Sea of Treasure. In a way Yamata had more freedom now than she ever had, and in this she was very grateful to LeMoy. He treated her like a princess.

It was like she had more and more peace about LeMoy being the mightiest man on Mars. It was all because of the Eye of the Piranha. LeMoy dwelled in riches, and she was an honoured guest in that. He showed her the beauties of the world, and it was in these days Yamata got really hypnotized by that. She knew the Eye of the Piranha, the thing she had always desired, was now in good hands.

The Eye talked to LeMoy and he knew more of her than he could naturally know. LeMoy started to become a prophet more and more, also to his soldiers on the ship, and he got often used to bring important messages to the cities along the Sea of Treasure. The Eye was a remedy for many sicknesses, and soon LeMoy was known as a great healer, but still one they feared, even more than ever. He had many enemies. And he could bring their ships down by unleashing a ray from the Eye. When cities wouldn't listen to his messages he would destroy them by fire. He was a judgement prophet.

Yamata was a warrior and a prophetess at his side, and she got also used by the Eye to speak to kings and emperors, and she would freeze them if they wouldn't listen. They were to bring fire on the surfaces of Mars, and one day they returned to the depths of the undergrounds below the sea, this time to go even deeper.

The Eye led them to a piranha throne, where a skeleton was throning. The skeleton offered them a new ship, huger than ever, with piranha slaves included, who were all wizards. It was a ship of sorcery, the greatest ever. The Eye wanted the ship, and so did LeMoy and Tamata.

But this time there was no way back for them. They got access to the seas of death deep below the undergrounds of the sea. In here the most dangerous creatures were living. Gigantic octopi and piranhas more savage than ever. The whales of death however were soft creatures, often functioning as sea-cattle. The oceans here were warm, and the cities here were even more exotic. They could continue their functions here as prophets. And with all these wizards on their side they could preach the word with more authority than ever. One day they found a bay full of piranhas, ending in a pirate haven. They heard tales here about a tunnel leading to the seas of hell, where octopi and piranhas were nothing but sea-cattle. They left their ship alone, to go through the tunnel, and they came to these seas, which were almost on fire. It was a hot day when they came there. A man with a big beard welcomed them both, and laid his arms around them. It was like he was their father.

The king of hell was like a dragon. He could spit fire, and had father feelings for his visitors, and had turned himself into this big man with a beard, showing them compassion and kindness. He knew about their lives, he knew about their missions. One day he fell before the Eye of the Piranha, worshipping it. He had waited for it for such a long time, and it was finally here now. LeMoy was like hypnotized by this man. He had never seen such a soft empathic man before, and it almost grasped his heart in it's depths. He felt himself like being in a tight grip by this man. Tamata soon met the daughters of this king, teaching them a lot about prophesy. That night they dined on piranhas and octopi, treasurable meals they would never forget. It felt so hot in their stomachs and throats, yet so pleasant. One of the daughters of the king wore a necklace made of a shark's jaw, covered by precious sifted gold and the splendour of the smalles and finest pearls rare in their sort. The necklace had a soft radiation. 'Matiria,' the king said, 'can you show our guests the dances and steps you have learned, the ones you always do for enchantment of the weapons and instruments of the heart, the gifts ?' The princess nodded, and started her dances. She was like a belly dancer. Her transparent clothes were like the brightest gold, and she smiled like they never see anyone smile before. Then she started to clap in her hands and slowly she turned into a black panther, then in a spider. Some of the slaves of LeMoy started to become scared. Then slowly she started to turn into a princess again, a beautiful woman. Everyone was clapping. Tamata told them about the ship they had upstairs, and soon they all went to look for it. The king of hell was in awe because of the ship. He wanted to stay on it and never leave it. One of his daughters knew a way for the ship to enter the seas of hell.

LeMoy and the king of hell became good friends, and Tamata with his daughters. They seemed to form a good team on the ship. All they wanted was to invade hell and the places beyond it, to find out about it's darkest treasures. They wanted to rule the unknown, something which was so much bigger than them. LeMoy and his friends found out that they

were just on a ship in a crystal ball, that there was an underworld beyond their grasp. There were still things they couldn't describe, things they couldn't explain. The seas of the underworld were tall, and like mirrors, creating so many reflections, in such speed, that they could only gasp for breath and direction, while their minds were tumbling away. They were parts of the books of the underworld, in a library they did not know of. Someone had to fish them out to explain them about life. They didn't understand the depths of their words and of the things they were doing. In the ultimate depths of Mars, beyond the seas of the underworlds, there was the point of invisibility, by which they could enter the realms of Saturn. The softness of spiders was here and slanted swords. The Eye of the Piranha was satisfied when it finally came there. It settled itself in the dust of spiders, between the webs. 'Leave me now,' the Eye spoke. 'I have found the place where I belong, but I will forever stay in your heart.' LeMoy and Tamata obeyed the Eye. They came in a world of blue monkeys, a huge jungle, full of semi-color, like it was all baptized in indigo. They could see that Saturn was much more psychedelic than Mars. They couldn't think straight here. All they saw was a world full of small skulls, and a softness was sliding here, breaking all the bones of their souls and minds.

'Do we belong here?' Tamata asked LeMoy, when they were staring at a huge apeman. The apeman was smiling at them. They could almost feel his presence. 'Monkeymen,' the apeman said. He directed his finger to a palace in the distance. 'Please, do not leave,' he said. Suddenly there were blue monkeys everywhere. They seemed to be satisfied, then they turned into spiders. 'Wizards,' LeMoy said. Slowly they walked towards the palace. On the walls monkeys with straight swords stood. When they came closer they could see inside. Priests were worshipping snakes. There were flames and fires everywhere, and inbetween there were copper snakes sliding. There was also an Amazon River on Saturn. They could hear the priests speak about it. They spoke about black piranhas swimming there. Then they opened a gate in the wall, and the copper snakes slid through it. LeMoy and Tamata found the river behind the palace. In the distance they could see several pirate havens. Many monkeys were with them. 'Swim with us across the river,' one of them said. This was what they did. They ended in a pirate haven. 'Preach to them,' the monkey said. LeMoy did. The pirates were struck by fear. LeMoy preached about the coming judgement on pirates. 'I will let you choose between two ways : Stay the pirate you are, or become a savage like never before. Return to the wilderness, or the Eye of the Piranha will strike you.'

Some pirates started to laugh, but they fell dead a few seconds later. The king of hell was with them, his daughters, plus some of the wizards. Then Tamata shouted : 'Follow us, or be dead within a few hours.' Many of the pirates started to follow them like zombies. Also their women and their children, plus their animals. They went from haven to haven to preach the same. They didn't use much words, but there were miracles and signs. The king of Saturn dwelled in the riches of the deep sea treasures. He had built his fortress by them. It was almost a frozen place. When the king heard the message it was like his heart popped up, finally to sink in warmth. He could breathe again. 'Leave your houses, and follow us,' LeMoy was shouting. They were marching through the street.

A little boy woke up. He had dreamt so strange. He looked at his marbles, he won them yesterday. He wanted to play with them again, but this time only in his room. The marbles were too pretty to lose again. His father was a preacher in church. He asked his father if he was allowed to say something in church. The father of the child didn't have a problem with that. In the middle of his speech that sunday he invited his child to come forward. The boy went on the stairs of the pulpit, and soon he was preaching like his father, but he preached more like LeMoy. 'Leave your houses, and follow us,' the boy was shouting. 'I will let you choose between two ways : Stay the pirate you are, or become a savage like never before. Return to the wilderness, or the Eye of the Piranha will strike you.' Then the boy started to tell about his dream. The people liked it very much. Afterwards an old man came to the boy. He invited the boy to come with him to his house, for he had a lot of old pirate toys. That day the boy was the most happy boy in the world for he came home with a bag full of pirate toys. He put it all on his small cupboard, there was even a pirate ship between them, one with a lamp. Since then the boy often read by the lamp of the pirate ship, in the middle of the night, wanting to become like LeMoy, and like the other pirates. He didn't understand much of it, but the pirate life attracted him. He was aware of LeMoy's message to become more savage. That is why the boy also held on to the indian.

The End

The Ravine

Chapter 1.

It was christmas. Sarah, Ann and Jake would stay with their uncle Tibis for awhile, a mysterious man with secrets. He had a book room where a book-chest was an elevator to another book room in the cellar. When the children arrived aunt Lizzibeth was already pouring tea and making breakfast, as they came very early. The table was decorated with the finest white-powdered bread. Soon uncle Tibis shows the children his book-chest which is an elevator with many buttons. Uncle said : 'Just never push the black button.' He doesn't say why. The children get curious when he is gone. One of them pushes the black button. The elevator goes very deep this time. It is almost like it is falling. The children lose consciousness by the crash. A man called Henry takes them out of the book-chest. They are somewhere else now. He brings them to his house. Eva is his wife. She takes care of them. She puts them in bed, where they wake up a bit later, wondering where they are. 'Where is uncle Tibis ?' Jake asks.

Henry and his wife Eva do not know an uncle Tibis. They are in the world Lorian. Helgia the ice witch sells breath-breads, light-breads, pleasure-breads and hearing-breads, and these they need for living, tells Henry. They have to work very hard so that they can pay the breads. Helgia the ice witch is a baker, and she is cold and harsh. No one easily dares to go to her shop, while they need it of course. Many die.

'But isn't there another way to stay alive,' asks Sarah.

'You can buy a special courier of the witch who can go to the shop for you,' said Henry, 'but such a courier is very expensive, so only the very rich can pay that.'

'But I don't mean that,' said Sarah, 'I mean another life source.'

'Yes,' said Henry, 'then you have to make a journey through the forest in order to find it. There seems to be a tree having such life sources.'

Jake, Sarah and Ann decide to search for it. But on their way they meet the ice witch. 'No one escapes from my land,' she shouts.

'We are not even from your world,' sais Ann.

'We are from the upper world,' sais Sarah.

'Oh, but that world is also in my hands,' said the witch. Her black dogs were growling. She showed a chrystal ball with their world in it. It was snowing in the ball. 'Nice creamy breads, all filled with meat. Living from death,' she laughed.

'Why are you so cold and hard,' asked Jake.

'That's the name of the game,' she said. 'Now return to the land or I will strike you.'

'No, witch,' shouted Jake. He had some matches and put fire to a piece of wood. 'Stay behind me,' he said to Sarah and Ann. But the witch took them in her carriage, and brought them to her castle. Here they saw the wonders of life : meat-bread with whipcream to let them stay sweet. But they refused to eat. 'Don't you know,' said the witch, 'that sweetness helps to survive life and to have some happiness and joy ?'

'No, it's to become your slaves,' shouted Jake.

'Oh, you are already my slaves,' said the witch.

'Eat some,' she said. She showed candy in all forms, but they still refused to eat. 'Then I will make you eat,' she shouted.

Then a guard came in, saying to the witch : 'King Tusa has ordered a meatbread feast banquet for 260 guests.'

'Tell him he has to wait,' said the witch.

'No, he wants it now,' said the guard, 'he has paid much extras for it.'

‘Then let the children bring it,’ shouted the witch. I have no time for it now.

Soon the children were in the carriage again. This time they were with the guard of the witch. Another carriage came with them in which the feast dinner was. When they had reached the royal palace the children had to bring many baskets into the palace. When the king saw them he immediately felt much tenderness for them. He was very touched by their help, and he was grateful that he didn’t have to see the witch. It was one of the best days of his life. The king was the only person in the whole land who had the duty to see the witch on a regular base. The king showed his son and his daughter to the children : prince Siamer and princess Illesia, together with queen Plesia.

The king was so fond of the children that he wanted to adopt them. He thought they were so adorable and precious.

They all three got their own rooms. In the middle of the night again they went to search in the forest for the tree of other life sources.

This time they went deeper into the forest. They came to a house of dwarves. They seemed to be very mysterious and they said that they actually lived by the other life sources. They said the tree they lived from was aware of the witch’s rule. And one day the tree would enter the land to strike the witch and build a new world by showing it’s branches. ‘Where is the tree,’ asked Jake.

‘Can you show us some of it’s food,’ asked Sarah.

One dwarf opened a pot with a lot of cookies. They were very creamy and they would taste like a fir.

‘Tasting like a fir ?’ asked Ann.

‘Yes,’ the dwarf said, ‘it’s of his own, it’s own flesh and blood, it’s own wood and leaves.’

‘Doesn’t that sting,’ Jake asked.

‘Oh, sure it does,’ said the dwarf, ‘it stings a hole in you and a lot more. No easy food, I tell you.’

‘Oh,’ said Jake, ‘I don’t want it then.’

‘Okay,’ said the dwarf, ‘go then cry to your mommy. Go, go.’

‘No,’ said Jake, ‘I’m not leaving, I just won’t eat the stuff.’

‘Then we have no business here,’ said the dwarf. ‘So leave the house.’

‘Okay, I want to try it then,’ said Jake. But when he tried it he threw it away immediately. ‘This stuff stinks,’ he said.

‘Well,’ said the dwarf, ‘at least you have eaten something from it.’

‘Yes,’ said Jake proud. Then Sarah tried something, and then Ann, and they were contend.

‘Creamy juice,’ Jake said, ‘and hollow trees.’ Then he fell down.

The dwarf started to laugh.

‘Good work,’ a voice said. It was the witch. She took them all three in her carriage again. That was all very easy for they all had lost their consciousness by the misleading food of the dwarves.

They woke up in strange beds, and soon they realised that they were with the witch again. Oh how they wished they had stayed with that nice king Tusa.

The witch was very glad when she saw that they had woken up. She gave them soup with white powdered breadballs with raisins.

The children knew that if they would ever escape, they had to search for the tree and not entering any house or listening to any tale.

To their great joy the witch sent them again to the king when he ordered the next feast dinner. This time also many cooks went with them, as he had never ordered as much as this time. It was a great event, as he had invited persons from all over the country. Again the king was very glad to see the children, and he was very touched again. This time he showed them the whole royal palace and gave them rooms in the top of his highest tower from which they had a survey over the whole country. From here they could see a miraculous tree, somewhere in a forest. They were planning already how they could go there. The tree was so huge and so beautiful. But then they realised that it might also be just another creation

of the witch. They decided to stay with the king, and to have good friendship with prince Siamer and princess Illesia.

Prince Siamer was very lovely, gentle and friendly. He seemed to have many unknown secrets. He was a prince of few words, but when he spoke it was golden.

The princess was beautiful, weak, fragile, immensely kind, hiding an even greater treasure.

The children started to doubt if Henry had spoken the truth about the tree with the other life-sources, and asked the same question to the princess, if she knew about any other life-sources apart from the ice witch, but she didn't know. The prince didn't know it either. They seemed to be contend with everything, unlike their father.

The king knew there should be a better way, although he didn't know. He saw the three children more as those other life-sources. The queen however, queen Plesia, had an interesting story. She said that one day she was in the forest and she saw something glittering. It was in the forest-lake, and it seemed to be a fountain. In her mind she saw elves dancing around it, while flying and soaring, but she did not know if it was real.

Of course, all what the ice witch gave was poison, so the queen kind of cherished her fantasies, and the mysteries surrounding it, whether it was true or not. It gave her hope that there was something more.

The poisons of the ice witch caused holes in the teeth of the people, which had to be filled with hard poison, something which stirred up their lusts for more food of the witch, something which made them very greedy. The hard poisons bound them even more to the witch, and these had to be installed by her dark guards, her monks. They lived in their isolated hermitages or in abbeys where the persons with holes in their teeth had to go to. The most of the monks of the witch were at the same time the hunchbacks of their cities. The hard poison was to give them eternal life of the witch.

But as soon as the hard poison was installed there was no escape from the witch anymore.

The king had ordered many cake-men, cakes in the form of persons. There was a great party, but suddenly the witch came in, and ordered that the children had to come back with her again.

The children were very sad, and wished that they had at least fled to the forest. And when the witch sent the children the next time to the king to bring him what he had ordered, they did not hesitate one moment and fled to the forest.

But what could they expect in the forest. This time they went much deeper into the forest until they reached a river. The river had very cold water. When they heard the barking of the black dogs of the witch behind them, coming closer, and when they got these dogs even in sight, they didn't hesitate one moment, and jumped into the river to swim to the other side.

There was a very strong streaming there which grasped them, and because of the many rocks in the water on which they crashed they soon lost consciousness.

They woke up in beautiful white beds, where a beautiful woman in white stood before them. The white seemed to flow over in the lightest yellow which was a lust to their eye. The woman had a beautiful coverlet around her back. 'This is such a surprise,' said the woman. 'Three beautiful children from the other side of the river I found. You are safe with me.'

'Where are we ?' Sarah asked.

'You are,' said the woman, 'close to home.'

'Where is that,' asked Ann.

'The other side of the river,' the woman spoke, 'you know, the other life-sources.'

'Where are they ?' asked Jake.

'Close,' said the woman, 'very close, actually they are here.'

'Maybe it is another trap,' said Jake.

‘No, this is another land,’ said the woman, ‘Creum. This is not the land of the ice witch anymore.’

‘Well, the dwarves also acted like they were not of the witch her sources but of the other life sources, while they were in fact deceivers, so how can we be sure you speak the truth,’ said Ann.

‘You will see,’ said the woman. Some black dogs entered the room.

‘Yeah right,’ said Ann, ‘these are the dogs of the witch.’

‘No, you are wrong,’ said the woman, ‘these are my dogs. When my father died he gave as many black dogs to me as he gave to my sister.’

‘Are you the sister of the ice witch ?’ Sarah asked.

‘Yes, I am,’ said the woman, ‘just not the same character.’

‘Good,’ said Sarah.

‘How can we be sure,’ asked Ann.

‘You will see,’ said the woman. ‘My ways are different.’

‘Then what are your ways ?’ asked Jake.

‘You all ask many questions,’ said the woman.

‘And we have the right to do so,’ said Ann. ‘We just don’t want to get decieved.’

‘You already were deceived,’ said the woman, ‘but I will not deceive you, I will show you the other life sources.’

‘Then show us,’ said Jake.

‘Where is your patience ?’ asked the woman.

‘Oh, come on,’ said Jake, ‘insecurity scares me. I do not want to stay in doubts and fears.’

‘You want something creamy ?’ the woman asked.

‘No,’ Jake said. ‘I fear to eat anything now. First I need to trust you.’

‘You cannot have trust if you do not eat something first. It will give you trust,’ said the woman.

‘Well, that is nonsense,’ Jake said. ‘Who would eat untested food. You are turning things around here.’

‘Well then I cannot help you,’ said the woman. ‘I want you to swim back.’

‘See, you talk like those stupid dwarves,’ said Jake. ‘I do not believe anything you say. It’s all a trap anyway.’

‘Are you sure ?’ the woman asked.

‘Yes,’ Jake said boldly.

‘Very sure ?’ the woman asked.

‘Yes, very sure,’ Jake said a bit irritated.

The woman started to smile. ‘I’m teasing you a bit,’ she said, ‘and you were very right. You have learned your lessons here.’

The children felt a bit more at ease now they saw the humor of the woman. They could feel a bit warmth entering their hearts, but they were still on their guard.

‘You want some hot chocolate ?’ the woman asked the children.

They all said no, as it was not yet the time to eat or drink anything here.

‘But you have to eat or drink,’ said the woman, ‘or you will die.’

‘Please,’ said Jake, ‘now stop the nonsense. We will not die when we are a few hours without food.’

‘Okay,’ said the woman, and left the room. When they tried to open the door they found out it had been locked. After a few hours the children started to become hungry and thirsty. Then the woman came back with some cookies and milk. ‘Care to drink or eat something now ?’ she asked.

But still none of them dared to eat. 'Okay, I will lay the basket here on the cupboard,' she said. 'Take whenever you wish.' Then again she left the room. The children smelled the food, and at one point they just ate. Nothing happened. It was just very good food. Again they found out that the door had been locked. When they started knocking, she returned. 'Why did you lock us up ?' asked Jake.

'It is to protect you,' said the woman.

'Against what or who ?' asked Ann.

'The witch,' said the woman.

'There is no way for the witch to get you back actually,' said the woman, 'if I can just do my works, so don't question me too much.'

'We won't,' said Jake.

'Well, I still don't know if I can trust you,' said Ann.

'You will trust me,' said the woman. 'You will see that my ways are different than the ways of the ice witch.' Suddenly the woman was gone, and the door was in fire.

'See,' said Ann, 'it is a witch. It looks like a fire witch. This is just not good.'

'How do you know it is not good ?' asked Jake. 'She asked us to not question what she is doing. It is to protect us against the ice witch. It seems very normal to me that fire is a good protection against an ice witch.'

'But fire is a danger in itself,' said Ann. 'She may have saved us from an ice witch, but what if we end up in this fire ? And it sounds weird to me that we shouldn't question her.'

'Maybe it disturbs her protection then,' Jake said.

'You have both lost your minds,' said Sarah. 'Just wait and see. We cannot judge it before it is time.'

Suddenly the walls were also in fire. It seemed that the windows were also locked. The fire went closer and closer to them. Suddenly the woman came into the room again. She was in clothes which looked like flames, and she had some peeled oranges on a plate for them. 'It might seem strange to you,' she said, 'all these flames, but it is to protect you.'

'We believe you,' said Jake, who admired her more and more, and even tried to speak for the others to come into favor.

'No, I do not believe,' said Ann, 'speak for yourself Jake, and you are not her willing slave.'

'Very good, Ann,' said the woman, 'keep your mind up.' The children took some of the oranges and started to eat.

'Good,' said the woman. 'I like that. At least you trust my food.'

'Do we have another choice ?' asked Ann. 'We are locked up here. We need to eat something or we will die anyway.'

'That is not true,' said the woman fiery. 'There is a fire providing the life sources. That is all you need.'

'Where is it ?' asked Jake.

'All around you,' said the woman, and started to take it in her hands.

'Where does it come from ?' asked Jake.

'From the tree,' said the woman.

'What tree ?' asked Ann.

'The princess,' said the woman, 'princess Illesia, I planted her there as a spy.'

'That is amazing,' said Jake. 'I knew the princess was from another world. I could feel it. She was so different from anyone I ever met before.'

'So what kind of tree is it ?' asked Ann.

‘A fire tree,’ said the woman, ‘a hearth.’

‘And how can we be warmed by her, how can she give us the other life sources ?’ asked Ann.

‘When you know the keys,’ said the woman.

‘And what are these ?’ asked Ann.

‘No one knows,’ said the woman.

‘Oh please,’ said Ann, ‘I have no time for this. I think you know about these keys, for you are holding the fire in your hand.’

‘Dear children, I must wake up to the secret as well,’ said the woman.

‘So should princess Illesia stay there ?’ asked Sarah.

‘The tree of light will shine one day, and drive all the darkness away,’ said the woman. ‘She needs to be there, she grows in the darkness.’

‘Well, it is for sure an amazing family,’ said Sarah.

‘They all have their own secrets,’ the woman said.

Chapter 2.

‘It is an amazing secret,’ the woman said, ‘and this secret will bring many others to this world, free from the ice witch.’

‘So are we free from the ice witch now ?’ asked Sarah.

‘Yes,’ said the woman while smiling deep. ‘With me you are safe. Just stay in this house.’ Then the door of the room suddenly opened and they were allowed to check out the house. ‘I don’t dare,’ said Sarah. ‘I don’t know why.’

‘Neither do I dare,’ said Jake. And Ann said the same. It was like there was still an invisible fence in the opening of the door.

‘I want to stay in this room,’ said Ann. ‘It is big enough.’

Then the door closed again. It was a release for them all.

‘I cannot tell you who I am,’ said the woman. ‘It is a great mystery. But you can describe me as a dragon of fire. I am a good witch, the opposite of my sister. I wish to help you. you come from such a terrible world.’

‘Can you help the royal family,’ asked Jake.

‘You know,’ said the woman, ‘they are the keys to the tree. Prince Siemer, he is a plant, a weapon. Did you push a black button at your uncle’s house ?’

‘Yes,’ said Jake. ‘I did.’

‘And did he forbid you to push the black button ?’ the woman asked.

‘Yes,’ said Jake, ‘but he didn’t tell why.’

‘But he knew the house better than you did, right ? So there should have been a reason why he forbade it,’ said the woman.

‘We were curious,’ said Ann. ‘We just couldn’t resist it. Maybe he wanted to keep something away from us, something he used for himself.’

‘Well,’ said the woman, ‘and wasn’t that his right ? It was his home, and you were but children. You see, he wanted to protect you from someone.’

‘From who ?’ asked Jake.

‘From ME,’ the woman shouted, while she was turning into many flames at the same time. The children started screaming, while fire surrounded them. ‘Never push buttons on machines you do not know anything about,’ the woman shouted. ‘You have woken ME, the greatest sorceror of all time.’

But then the ice witch came in. ‘Great work, sister,’ she spoke. Soon the children were in the carriage of the ice witch again. The ice witch didn’t seem to be terribly mad, and soon the children were allowed to go to the royal palace again to bring what the king had ordered. They wouldn’t have it in their head to escape again. They just tried to enjoy the palace and the royal family. The king was of course glad to see them again. Princess Illesia looked more beautiful than ever before, radiating such warmth, like she was really that tree of other life-sources. But soon they wondered if she was not just another creation of the witches. The children thought they had been trapped and wished they had never ever pushed that stupid black button. They wished they had better listened to their uncle. At least they were allowed to stay in the royal palace for awhile.

One day soon their uncle came into the royal palace, uncle Tibis. That was a total surprise. He was not mad at all, but he asked them why they had pushed the black button, as that one he had forbidden to them. He knew they were under the rule of the witches now. ‘Why didn’t you tell us where it would lead to,’ asked Ann a bit mad.

Uncle Tibis was first silent, but later he replied : ‘I didn’t want to scare you, so I just didn’t tell. It is not good to know everything, and you should just listen to me and trust me.’

‘Now how to get out of this ?’ Jake asked.

‘Well, the witches are no easy ladies,’ said uncle, ‘but I will try something.’ He went outside and came back with the book-chest. The children were very glad to see the book-chest. ‘Now step in,’ he said. ‘Now don’t you ever push on the black button again, but push the red button.’

‘But what about you ?’ Sarah asked.

‘Oh,’ said uncle, ‘I will find my way back. Just trust me now, and push the red button,’ while he closed the book-chest. Jake pushed the red button, and there they went out of the palace into the sky, and ended up in the book room of the cellar of their uncle. They were very glad that they were back and almost screamed of joy. ‘Yes, we made it !’ shouted Jake. The children were pretty traumatized by this all and vowed that they would never go into the book-chest of their uncle again. When they got home they even didn’t want to return ever to their uncle’s house. They wanted to forget about it all.

But their uncle didn’t return, and the children had to tell the whole story to their father who was very worried because it was his brother. Their father wanted to go with the book-chest where his brother still was apparently, although his children begged him not to go. When the children slept he went away, in the middle of the night, and drove to the house of his brother. His wife was still heartbroken. She led him to the book-chest, and they both knew about the black button. ‘Honestly, I don’t want to lose you both,’ said Lizzibeth, ‘but if it is your wish to go, I cannot stop you from it.’

‘I have to do this,’ said Leodro.

Leodro went inside, pushed the black button, and made the same crash as his children once had, and lost his consciousness as well. Henry found him and brought him to his house where his wife Eva cared for Leodro, like she once cared for his children. ‘Yes, they remember the children, and they know who Leodro is. They are dark guards of the ice witch. When Leodro wakes up they give him milk. Then they give him some white-powdered bread with raisins. After that he realised he had holes in his teeth, and Henry and Eva were very willing to fill these holes with the witch’s hard poison. It gave him lust for more delicious food of the witch. He thought he had come to paradise, and had totally forgotten about his brother, because of the witch’s spell. But Henry and Eva let him know that when he wanted to stay any longer, or eat any more, it would be very expensive. Leodro

had to work hard to stay in this paradise. One day soon his brother Tibis visited him. But Leodro had lost his memory and didn't recognize him.

'Good,' said Tibis to Henry and Eva. 'Good work, I can now go to his children to tell them their father rather wants to stay here.'

Tibis had his own ways of moving from this world to the other, as he was also a dark guard of the witch. He immediately went to the children, who were very glad to see him, for that could mean that their father was also back, but Tibis had other sort of news. Their father wanted to stay where he was now. The children would never have the courage to visit him there, and at least they knew he was fine. Their mother was less contend, and wanted to visit him. But when she came there he didn't recognize her either, and there was no way to return for her anymore. She didn't trust Henry and Eva. She just knew they had to do something with the terrible situation of her husband. The children had told her a lot about the royal family, and there she found warmth and true friendship. She was soon lovingly adopted by the family, as they knew she was the mother of those three lovely children who once came to them. Here she could find some comfort. One day she said to princess Illesia : 'Do you know that you are a tree of fire, like a hearth ?' The princess smiled and hugged her. 'I'm also very fond of you, you know, and I miss your children so much.'

Because their mother didn't return for such a long time the children wanted to return. They just didn't have another choice, but uncle Tibis wouldn't let them. 'No, too dangerous,' he said. And besides that, the book-chest was gone. The other world should be forgotten.

'But our mom and dad are there,' said Jake while he didn't understand. 'We can't just forget about them.' Ann and Sarah were also very upset, but they just believed their uncle was protecting them.

Their mother, who was very smart, was informing the royal family about the wicked ways in their land, mentioning her husband was the example for that. Lilia was her name. She had a joy in teaching the young princess and

prince, and they loved her very much. She taught them to think by their own, and that their life-sources were inside. The prince more and more started to prick through the system he was living in, and became aware more and more that the monks of the witch were a huge threat to their country. He felt very sorry for Leodro, the husband of this nice woman he so loved. He wanted to do something about it, but he still felt weak.

He wanted to raise an army to bring order in the land, to remove the monks of the witch, but he was afraid of her. One day soon the monks of the witch came to the royal palace with an order to get Lilia. The king had no other choice, and soon he delivered Lilia to them. Outside the palace she got killed by them. The royal family was very shocked. Prince Siamer swore now that he would come against the system even ruling his father. He was hysterical. Since that day he talked a lot more.

‘Do not talk too much about your plans, son,’ said the king one day. ‘The walls have ears here. We cannot do much against the ice witch, but whatever it is, I am on your side.’ Soon the monks of the witch also came to get the prince. The king was in rage. They brought prince Siamer to a prison in the mountains. They didn’t kill him, but here the prince had to do hard work. The king couldn’t do nothing against the witch. He knew that. But since then he spent his days in anger.

Prince Siamer met other persons here he did not know. They all seemed to be persons who could form a threat against the order of the monks of the witch in one or the other way. They all had to sleep in dirty dungeons. The prince shared a dungeon with two others. They were both philosophers and spoke a lot about the other life-sources. ‘The tree is the center of the universe,’ said one of them, ‘around which all other worlds and realities spin.’

The prince liked to listen to them. They seemed so wise, of a much greater nature of where he was coming from, although it was like they reminded him a lot of Lilia.

‘There is so much we can learn from each other,’ said the other philosopher. ‘I am sure we are all three parts of the big plan.’

‘What is the big plan ?’ asked prince Siamer.

‘To reach the tree, and destroy the ice witch and her rule,’ said the man. His name was Towly.

‘How to do it ?’ asked the prince.

‘There is an escape route,’ said the other man, whose name was Birbis. ‘We aren’t here for nothing. The great tree has called us. We are closer now. The monks has grasped us deeper, but we come in contact with the imprisoned tree. It is calling.’

The eyes of prince Siamer lighted up a bit.

‘What is the escape route,’ he asked.

‘Oh,’ said Towly, who was much older than Birbis, ‘we are close to something, something great. We just cannot grasp it yet, but it will grasp us.’

‘How do you know that this tree you speak about is a good tree, and not just another creation of the witch,’ asked the prince.

‘Oh, we do not know,’ said Towly, ‘we have yet to find out, but we must at least try something else, and search for the good, and I am sure it is searching for us. The good is searching for the good. The good has been locked up by evil, so we all have to be locked up by evil to find each other.’

‘That is beautifully said,’ said the prince. ‘This gives me some hope again, and yes, the solution should be in the reunion of all the parts of the good world, which is you and me.’

‘We are still separated,’ said Birbis, ‘from so many good persons, so we have to go this path to reach them.’

‘What is the path,’ asked the prince.

‘Look, prince Siamer,’ said Towly, ‘we believe that you were the missing link, you are the weapon, you are the answer.’

‘Well,’ said the prince, ‘they always call my sister a tree, as if she is something great, and she is.’

‘Good,’ said Towly. ‘Can you ask the monks if you are allowed to see her ?’

After awhile a monk brought some food to the dungeon, and prince Siamer asked if he was allowed to see his sister, the princess, but the answer was no. There were no visitors allowed. ‘This imprisoned tree you speak about,’ said the prince, ‘this center of the universe, how will it invade the universe to set everything free ?’

‘It will draw everything to itself to make it a part of himself and then transform it,’ said Birbis.

‘It is beautiful,’ said the prince.

‘The tree is the central heater of the universe, the hearth,’ said Towly. ‘It is quite unreachable, it is separated by the primeval ravine, but it sends lightening flashes over here. We can only catch distorted reflections of it, they have gone wrong in the wind, wicked.’

‘If you go on with this, old Towly, we will remove you,’ shouted a monk.

They all three got very quiet, but after awhile two monks came to separate them. Prince Siamer got a dungeon on his own now. He felt immediately very lonely now. And they didn’t let him go outside anymore for work. He was in an isolated dungeon, far away from the other dungeons. Through the bars he could see a ravine with beautiful growth of savage trees and plants. He enjoyed the sight, he enjoyed when it was raining, the smell of it, but he was of course separated. At nights he could see the stars, and imagined that the great central tree was among them, around which all life and death moved. He longed to enter this purity, although it was unreachable for him. Some stars were almost dancing or falling, forming a tree, like a constellation of stars. But it sure would be just a reflection, a shadow, of something great and pure like the tree of his dreams.

One day soon a dwarf stood before the bars, with a key. 'It is a magic key,' the dwarf said. 'When I lay it at the bars, they will melt.'

'Do it,' said the prince.

'For sure,' said the dwarf, 'if you promise me one thing.'

'What is it,' asked the prince.

'Never forget where you are coming from. Never forget about me, neither my family, and my people,' said the dwarf.

'Who are you ?' asked the prince.

'I am king Baldorf of the fair land of dwarves,' said the dwarf.

'And where is this land, are you under the rule of the ice witch ?' asked the prince.

'I am free of her,' said the dwarf, 'too small, hehe.'

'Well, you are rather a big dwarf,' said the prince.

'Because I chose this form to come to you,' the dwarf said. 'Or you would not be able to see me.'

The bars were already melting, and soon the prince stood in this beautiful nature, free from his isolated dungeon. Suddenly a carriage stood before him. 'Now, step in prince,' said the dwarf, 'so that I can lead you to the land beyond the stars.'

The prince stepped in, and soon they were in the sky. Beyond the stars there was a kingdom with small creatures like golden flashes. They all seemed to come forth from a tree, a golden tree. The dwarf was suddenly gone. 'Come closer,' said the tree with a dark voice. 'I understand you come from the realm of the ice witch.'

'Yes,' said the prince, and made a bow.

'I want you to do something for me,' said the tree.

The prince felt his body getting warm while he came closer, and like a warm wind was blowing into his face. 'She is my daughter,' said the tree. 'I also have another daughter. They both cast me out of their world one day, and I came in this world with the golden flashes, which I could never see, and never get a hold of. It was cold, and I turned into this golden tree, but whenever these golden flashes came close to me, I got warm. And now you are coming closer to me, I get warm also.'

'I also lost my family,' said the prince.

'Did she do it ?' the golden tree asked. 'The ice witch ?'

'Her monks,' said the prince, 'but I'm sure she was behind it.'

Suddenly the prince was surrounded by golden flashes, which start to spin very fast around him, forming a kettle. Soon it was like his body was boiling. 'What is happening ?' the prince screamed. He heard the laughing of the witch in the distance. Then his body started to spin too.

'Meat we want,' screamed the witch, 'meat to fill the breads. The prince was coiling into a huge bread, in which he felt all saucy. 'I can't move,' he screamed.

'A tree you will be,' the witch shouted. The prince knew that it had all been a trap. He was in glass now. 'Tree give milk, tree give milk, tree give sauce, and much whipcream, tree, you are from ME !' screamed the witch with joy. 'Long have I waited for this moment.'

But then he felt the magic's key again on the top of his head, while the glass was melting. 'Wake up, prince, from your nightmare,' said the dwarf. 'You are safe here. Don't believe in the shadows and the notes which turned false in the wind. You are with the golden tree.' Suddenly he was all surrounded by many dwarves. They shouted for their prince. They shouted that the ice witch had to let him go. Suddenly he could touch the golden tree. His hands were hot. He could enter the tree by moving some golden plates aside.

Monks were staring at him, golden monks, the monks of the tree. They were the monks of the dwarves. 'Many visions were plaguing you while you climbed the mountain,' said the monks, 'These were visions sent out by the ice witch. We are your army to set your people free.'

'You came from the Swamp of Visions, a swamp of nightmares, in which your people are still bound.'

'What can I do about it ?' asked the prince.

‘You cannot return,’ said the monks.

‘The crocodile bridge leads across the swamp. You have to be on two sides, or it will not work. Jump from crocodile to crocodile until you reach the other side.’ Some other plates moved aside, and the prince could see the swamp. The crocodiles in it looked very dangerous. ‘What can I find on the other side ?’ asked the prince.

‘The true and pure source of all reflection,’ said the monks.

‘And what is it ?’ asked the prince.

‘A tree,’ said the monks, ‘the true tree, as you have to find your true identity.’

‘And what is my true identity ?’ asked the prince.

‘A warrior,’ said the monks.

The prince soon jumped from crocodile to crocodile. He almost fell a few times, but it seemed that the crocodiles were helping him. Later he totally missed it with one jump, fell into the swamp, but the crocodile saved him. It was a long bridge. But finally he reached the other side. A green tree was there, asking him questions. Green fire-balls were in the tree, testing him. Behind him the swamp was boiling. ‘Come into the tree,’ said the tree, which the prince did. When he watched back to the swamp he saw himself many times sinking into the swamp. ‘All distorted reflections,’ said the tree. Something was boiling in the tree. ‘The tree-tea is almost ready,’ said the tree, ‘tree-tea to set you free. It is warm-fresh swamp tea actually. Very minty. Sweet also, the purest drinkable mud you can find. It warms the heart.’

‘Are these the other life-sources ?’ asked the prince.

‘Yes,’ the tree said. ‘It is all transformable, creative stuff. We can change the visions, like clay we can mold it. Coming from the dust, returning to the dust, to make it all pure. Coming from the sand, returning to the sand. Coming from the dirt, returning to the dirt, to make it all clear. That is my return. I froze here, found the heat, and will return, to stir up some more heat. In for it ?’

‘Oh yes,’ said the prince. ‘So we will return ? You and me ?’

‘Yes,’ said the tree, ‘with all the monks and even the crocodiles.’

Soon the prince was drinking from the tree, and it was like he was sinking along the tall roots of the tree, back to where he came from, the world of the ice witch. He came to set his people free from her. But there was nothing anymore, just ice. The witch had frozen, and the monks had frozen. There was nothing left of their once so beautiful country. The prince wondered where his family was. ‘They are frozen in time,’ said the tree.

The prince had to drink much more tree-tea from the swamp to go there. When he traveled even deeper along the roots in time he found them frozen in the royal palace. This was where the ice witch had all led it to, until she froze herself. The prince could set his family free by a small green flame and by letting them drink from the tree-tea. He also went to the mountains to set his friends the philosophers free, and many others.

‘The tree has returned !’ someone shouted.

The End

Neverending Nightmare

Mark and Lucy were on holiday at a tropical island. They found out that they could easily make a living here for the rest of their lives. The trees gave enough food, and they made

themselves a home. The waters were very bright here, and there were fruits and vegetables in the waters they could eat. It was like they found paradise. They decided to make a journey on the island. In the distance they saw mountains, and they would like to go there. The temperature was very pleasant. It was not too hot, and neither was it cold. It was just the perfect temperature for them to move. The trees and plants were luring them to hug them, and that was which they did. It gave them an awesome feeling of having contact with this nature. The leaves were moving, and the touches were very intoxicating. It was like they could breath for the first time in their life. This nature was swallowing all their attention, and they could lose themselves completely into it. This island was wonderful for them, and they could not believe it was happening to them. They saw many wonderful creatures swimming in the waters, and it was like they already knew these creatures, as if they were already a part of them. There were strange webs throughout the island in which they could climb. It was like tough glue, which they could stretch and mold. They could sit on the back of strange spiders, who looked like fishes. They also saw the flying crabs and other creatures of these waters. The island was very huge, taking over their minds. They saw the motherspider of the island and her cathedrals. There were strange temples here, as it was a sacred place.

Strange places were taking over their minds, and the more and more they felt how it was weaving itself into their hearts. They felt strange beats in their minds, like the rythms of nature. It was like they could move themselves like never before, and like every step was so concentrated, every movement. It was like they had been fallen away from the nature they knew, and now they could feel this new nature. They knew it was all taking place in their minds. Suddenly they woke up. They just had dreamt it all. Now they had to survive the day in this strange prison. Sometimes they could dream away a bit, and this time they had even dreamt the same. But most of the time they had to face the hard reality, here, in their prison. Here they were locked up years ago. Here they had to work day in day out, while they felt they didn't have the strength for it. But they were always looking forward to their next dreams, although they knew they would wake up from it again. It was like the dreams were some bubbles of oxygene in a place where they could hardly breath. But they knew that one day they would even wake up from this neverending nightmare. This strange dark creature from the sea, this strange creature with so many strange tentacles, having them in this strange prison, this neverending nightmare. It's like it's so real. It gives them visions so bright, as a reality, as a world in which they live. And it's like they're always losing it, like there's no permanent help. They have to wake up forever, they have to see this dark creature who took over their minds, who took them away, into this neverending nightmare. They know they will wake up once, to see all these dreams within dreams, and all these nightmares within nightmares, these strange webs of glue.

They never saw this creature, for it had planted something in their heads, and now they live here, in this reality, this strange prison, only hoping for dreams, for holidays.

The End

Kiss of Death

fantasy/ thriller

He was walking the road to the pyramid of softness, where the desert was like a mirror ... He saw the pyramid in the distance, where every step would become softer and softer, to climb every layer to the top ... Oh how he longed for that experience ... His footsoles were burning in the sand .. It was like the atmosphere was already getting softer, while he was coming closer to the pyramid .. He was transpiring all over ... It was hot and it was like the heat was penetrating him more and more ... It was a powerful sort of heat ... One he never experienced before ...It was like this heat was washing him from inside out ... and he felt so good about himself ... On the top of the pyramid he saw an eagle's face ... It was painted on it ... but also birds of prey were flying around there ... He felt a bit uneasy suddenly ... but they told him he had to defeat these birds if he wanted to enter the top of the pyramid ... They said there would be an elevator to heaven ..

It was a pyramid of magic where all sorcerors had to go to on a certain point of their lives and study ... It would increase their gifts ... It was a white pyramid on Sirius ... There would be a trinity of white tigers on the top ... Rico was moving slower and slower ... He knew about this battle against eagles ... He knew that not many wizards were able to reach the top because of these ones ... They were black killer-eagles ... He had read a lot of books about them .. and now it was his task to defeat these eagles and open the top of the white pyramid ... Wizards warned him not to go ... but he had to .. as it was written in the prophesies ... He was very sure that these prophesies were about him ... and he trusted his elder wizard-brothers more than all the others. They were on his side, and encouraged him to go on this journey ...

It was like dark flames had caught his heart ... and it was beating so fast now ... He saw these immense eagles flying, and he heard their noises ... It was horrible to hear ... It was like strange hormones were all of a sudden running through his body ... like his glands were in a strange mode It was a terrible fear ... But he knew he had to go there ... Rico was thinking about his wife and children ... Would he ever see them again ? He trusted his elder brothers who told him he would make it, as it was written in the prophesies ... When it would be on the worst, they would come to him to help him out ... He knew how easily his brothers could come ... They were high wizards of a powerful group ... His father didn't live anymore, but his mother was sick .. very sick ... and his brothers told him that only he could rescue her, and make that journey to the top of the pyramid of softness ... It was only the beginning of a long journey ... And at the end he would find the golden medicine to heal his mother ... He knew he didn't have too much time ... for she was on the edge of dying ... But he also knew that every step he made would give strength to his mother ... They were deeply connected ... When he

would defeat the black eagles and enter the top ... he would be a portal for other wizards to enter ...

It was said that a few wizards once could go this path and reach the top ... but they went on forgetting about the others ... and then the eagles came ... Some even said that these wizards were these eagles .. to protect their new land ... Others said that they were these eagles indeed, but they were enchanted by dark powers after they went through the top ... No one exactly knew what the truth was ...and he wanted to find out ... Wizards warned him about unknown dangers ... but he had to make this journeyHe knew that he had to activate the piramid as a portal for others .. by letting a red string reaching from the top to the ground ... so that the other wizards would have the chance to follow ... It was said that when he would not do this, there would be darker enemies coming to guard the portal .. and he would even be in the risk of being bewitched then by the unknown forces ... then he would be a monster blocking his brothers from entering ... That was a horrible thought in his mind His brothers told him that he had to defeat all possible dangers for there could be even forces which would baptize his mind into forgetfulness, so that he would forget about the red string ... It was said that at the top, this red string would live as a snake ... and first he had to kill it ... No one exactly knew what sort of powers this snake had ...

The wind was howling ... Rico gathered all his courage and went on ... Finally he reached the foot of the piramid ... and he started to climb ... There were many openings on the layers, but they warned him not to go inside too much, for there could be traps ... It was better to climb ... But it was so hot that Rico needed to have some protection against the sun ... It was a piramid of softness ... Every layer would make him softer and softer ... Until he would drink from the softest milk ... He desired to see the white tigers ... They would help him further .. and would be his friends forever ... but first he had to defeat the eagles and the snake ... and maybe more ...

His feet were burning on the stones ... and Rico stepped into an opening ... It was a very small opening ... but here it was cooler ... and he could rest a bit ... Suddenly it was like someone was calling him ... like a girl needing help .. but his brothers told him that there were many traps like that The eagles wanted him deep into the piramid instead of on the outside ... so he made the decision not to listen ... But soon the screaming turned into a loud weeping ... and Rico thought maybe there was really someone needing his help ... He walked inside the piramid deeper and deeper ... It was like he was standing on a balcony and he could have a sight downstairs ... what an enormous gallery it was ... but there was so many dust and it was so dark ...He started to walk to the right ... and he saw gold glittering in the distance ... and the weeping also came from that direction ... It was like a golden door to the next gallery ... when a went through there were all blinding lights and a girl was staring at him ... Suddenly she turned into an eagle and made a dive on him ... a horrible fight started ... He took his knife and started to cut in the air like a wild man, but the eagle was too quick ... The eagle suddenly took him by his neck and started to fly away with him ... Rico cried and felt like all strength had left him why was he so stupid ... he thought to himself ...

The eagle brought him to a very dark place on top of the second gallery He knew this was only the top somewhere on the first layer of the piramid ... He didn't have his knife anymore, for the eagle could whip it out of his hands with his beak The eagle was too fast for him ... Rico was shivering ... the bird was so big Suddenly the bird said : Don't hurt us ... we are enchanted wizards When we went through the top we had forgotten everything ... It was

the red snake doing this ... and then he turned us into black eagles ... Rico was surprised ... How can I help you ?

Just go back home, we cannot be helped and the red snake is too strong for you ... We saw many wizards killed by it ... and he turns them all into traps ... They become the guards of this pyramid ... But Rico said : No, I have to kill it, and then you can be helped too ... I need to do it for many reasons ... and he told about his mother and his brothers ...

The eagle said that the other eagles were too far gone in their minds to be this friendly to him ... They would attack him ...

Rico said he would try not to hurt them ... Then the eagle flew away and Rico could walk to the next layer ... This eagle had helped him a bit ... On the next layer it was very cold ... and that was just what he needed ... but soon he found out that the cold was cutting him ... it was a sharp wind ... It was another, higher balcony he was standing on, and he started to walk to the side ... He could feel the heat coming from the opening ... It mixed itself with the cold ... and it was like he felt himself softer than ever before ... It was like he felt the skin of a sort of animal ... the softest skin he ever felt ... So many new hormones were flowing through his body ... making him desire to reach the top more and more ... It even gave him a strong desire to fight the snake He could feel his fears flowing away by the deep deep softness ... He was almost naked, but he felt like he was so covered by this skin ... It was the spirit of a white bear ... It was entering inside ... and standing next to him in his own body ... Oh how good was it to feel this friend inside and outside ... It was like he had two minds now ... In the distance he heard : I will help you ...

It was a slow and dark voice ... but it made him softer and softer ... It was like he had a new shield against the heat ... He could better live with it ... It wasn't really an unpleasant feeling anymore ... He started climbing again after he had entered outside through the opening ... But suddenly another eagle came ... It attacked him ... and another fight started ... Rico was yelling : I am your friend ... but the bird was in rage ... Rico was already bleeding all over ... and the bird was intended to hit his heart ... His hands were bleeding while protecting his heart ... Suddenly one of his brothers appeared ... and pushed a shield around his heart ... It hurted very deep for the shield was piercing the skin around his heart ... It was a heartshield ... It magically covered his whole heart back and forth Then his brother disappeared ... He flew away in the form of a swan and then he just disappeared in the nothing ... In a few minutes his whole body was healed ... but there were shining golden scars appearing ... He heard a voice saying : These scars give you power over all eagles ... The eagle was already gone ... and Rico started to climb further He could breath so deep now Like he could breath for all the bodies living in him ... the bear and all the wizard-spirits he had from his youth on ...

The next layer was like coming into a queen's court ... He had to go through an opening again, for it was storming outside ... the winds were very strong ... It was like snakes were covering his body ... and what a mysterious queen ... It was like she was from the sea ... She had such strange decoration on her face ... They looked at him ... The room was not small, but neither it was large ... Eyes were watching him He was a few steps away from the throne ... Suddenly a girl jumped on him and gave him a kiss ... The kiss was very warm on his cheek, and very soft ... but suddenly he felt very weak and tired and he fell asleep ... It was called the kiss of death, and that was also the name of the girl ... She looked a bit like a panther ... like a jaguar ... Rico was far gone ... and later he woke up in a strange purple bedroom ... while the girl was sitting next to him She was almost sitting on her legs She smiled at

him ... but he still felt very weak ... She told him about the kiss of death ... and Rico said : Am I going to die now ?

No, the girl said ... It's rather a kiss of sleep, but it's just called kiss of death ... Rico asked her why she was doing that ... Then the girl started to cry and couldn't talk anymore ... She ran away ...

Rico felt very sad for her ... It was like there was something going on ... He still felt like there were snakes around his body ... sliding ... Then the queen came in ... with two slender men ... 'Throw him before the snakes !' she said loud ... The two men took Rico tight by his arms and took him to another room ... It was a room with trees and balconies white pillars and a lot of girls ... He didn't see any snakes, but all of a sudden some girls started to turn into snakes, while the other girls were screaming loud ... It was like his ears were exploding and he felt heat coming over his body ... The snakes were surrounding him while the other girls also started to turn into snakes ... one by one ... Rico was almost vomiting ... he couldn't escape, for the two men guarded the door with their swords ... But then the black eagle, his friend flew from above ... while the eagle was making loud noises ... with a tone so high that he couldn't hear anything else anymore ... and suddenly he found himself under the wings of the enormous eagle who picked him up to fly over the balconies ... There was a small gate through which he could escape ... He was outside again, and he was already very high ... He felt so soft inside ... This was really a friend and he would do anything to make him normal again ... Rico started to climb further ... The softness was almost singing under his skin ... He felt so much heat ... It was almost like he was exploding ... Dark clouds were surrounding him, and it started to rain ... It was really a refreshment for him ... but as soon as the thunder started to roar ... He took another opening inside ... This time all sorts of panthers were having their eyes on him ... So he could choose between them or the thunder ... Don't be afraid ! someone called ... An old man stepped forwards from behind the panthers ... He had a beard and was dressed in white and blue ... dark blue He was talking in a strange language all of a sudden and the panthers disappeared ...

I already expected you ... he said to Rico ... He knew of the prophecies ... He was also a wizard ... but he told Rico that when he came on this floor he found a way to tame the panthers and since then he didn't want to go further ... he loved the panthers too much ... This was like home for him ... Rico smiled ... It was also his own desire to tame animals as his friends ... It was such a special love ... The man had glitters in his eyes He said that the panthers really healed him ... He had many problems in himself and in relationships ... the panthers could overcome ... 'They were my wizards ... he said almost laughing ... He had a big smile all of a sudden and it was like his eyes looked like the sun and the moon ... I am so proud of them ... I can never leave them Rico smiled again .. and totally understood ... Well, he said ... but I must go further ... I have to go through the portal on the top for my mother is very sick and I need to find good medicine for her ...

The man smiled ... yes, I understand ... He knew it from the prophecies ... and he was also here for Rico ... to give him one of his panthers ... who would travel together with Rico ... Rico was so glad with that gift and late in the evening he went further ... together with the panther ... The man had given him also a book with the prophecies ... These prophecies were more extended than the prophecies he knew ... The man said he got this book from his father ... It is in his head now so he could give it to Rico ...

Finally, after many days of travel Rico reached the top-layers ... The snake already expected him ... but either did Rico ... and he knew a lot more now because of the man's book ... It was a tall red snake ... very big ... but Rico didn't have any fear he knew what to do now He spoke to the snake like he had already defeated him, for he knew that when he would speak out the magical spell of the man's book, the snake would die ...

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These were the secret names of the top-layers and the snake died immediately ... Oh how many eagles there were here, but he knew that by his golden scars he could rule and ease them all ... They only watched him ... but didn't do anything ... He took the snake and tied its head to a pillar ... and then he threw the rest of the body downstairs ... all along the layers he traveled ... when the body was reaching the ground he heard an enormous sound, like there were things exploded ... All eagles turned into wizards againand they were smiling so deep ... the ceiling was opening and he could travel further ... but he first wanted to talk to the wizards a bit ... The portal of the top was open now ... The wizards were freed, and many wizards could follow now ...

Suddenly they saw an enormous shark appearing in the sky ... Rico knew he had to run now with his panther ... This could be an unknown threat the prophecies were telling about ... There were at least seventy wizards running together with him ... They had to run to the heavenly elevator on top ... The balconies were aslant, as a sort of stairway through all these layers ... Everything started to burn and melt, and many wizards started to slide back already ... Rico felt like he was boiling inside ... He knew that this would happen when the shark would appear ... It was a sign of the gods' terror ... Then everything would burn and melt until the chosen ones would reach the elevator ... He saw it in the distance ... It was like a balloon with a basket under it, attached to an iron string which would lead it upstairs to the heavens ... He saw smoke and clouds there, so bright ... everything was almost transparent here ... The pyramid was almost exploding ... Everything was shaking It was like Rico exploded inside ... Everything was melting, and strange sounds were roaring ... Three wizards and the panther were running near behind him, the rest was already gone in the fire ... They made a dive and reached the basket of the balloon ... The panther was climbing over Rico's back into the basket and then Rico got in ... He could help two wizards aboard, but the third one fell into the sea of lava below them .. It was like doomsday ... but Rico knew that within a few days the pyramid would be like white silver and then all prepared wizards could go through the portal ... to enter a new world ...

The book was in a bag on his back ... It was such an important book for him for it described a lot of things which were happening and going to happen ... It was a thick book ... almost three times thicker as the prophecies he knew ... Rico was a bit in a shock ... together with the two wizards ... but he knew it had to be this way ... The wizards would all be transformed through the fire ... They would be the pillars of the new pyramid ...

One of the wizards who survived was called Suriot ... It was a very wise and old wizard ... but at the same time young and witty ... He knew a lot about the stars and the journey they had to make now ... The other man was very silent ... It was an old soldier ... a veteran ... very skilled in sorcery

They were on their way to Venus, where they would reach the Pyramid of Sweetness ... Rico's skin was burning ... It was a long journey through rainbows, clouds and skies ... The panther

was already close to his heart ... He knew that there would be a time that he would really need this friend ...

He could see the pyramid in the distance ... still in a sea of fire ... but three golden tigers were appearing on top ... slowly turning into silver white ... It was like the softest milk was flowing through his head ... They made him travel ... They were the spirits opening the doors for him ... It gave him new visions ... It was like they taught him how to dance on strings ... Rico was making steps forward ... He fell in a new desert ... the balloon was gone now ... and even the two wizards ... only his panther was with him ... he was now on Venus ... walking in the desert ... reaching for the pyramid of sweetness ... He knew that on top of this pyramid he would find the golden medicine for his mother ... The sweetness is creative power ... and every step would make him sweeter and sweeter ... he found already so much softness in him ... and now it was like it was turning into the sweetest honey ... he was floating ... The air was so thick and soft here ... like he could walk on clouds ... Oh how easy that would be ... to just walk to the top and to take the medicine But would his mother still be alive ? ...

No, mother was already with father ... and Rico was lying next to them ... He was buried in a dream by the kiss of death ... He was only dreaming ... No, he couldn't reach daylight anymore .. all lights are fake here ... for he is in the hands of a kiss of death ... a spider ... in an egyptian dream ... in a sarcophagus, together with his father and mother in one body of death ... waiting for the final judgement of egyptian and indian gods ... They sent the spider to him

It was long ago that he got this kiss of death ... It was not the first time in his dream ... His wife was the kiss of death ... and now he lies here Here, between his mom and his dad ...

Kiss of death where are you going Is there any escape ?

A man wakes up .. having three golden lions in his hands ... Yesterday they were tigers ... tomorrow they will be sharks ...

THE END

Ghostship

It was very warm on the slave-ship. The men had to work hard for the women. They were slender men, so that the women could have many of them on the ship. The women were rubbing the juice of apples on the skin of the men, so that they would shine in the sun. They

had to be prepared to see the queen of Rosmamm, the city of slaves. The men were shivering on the ship, for they knew it was a very cruel queen. There was no escape possible from the island, and most of them would die soon. The laws of the queen were too tight to have a long life out there. Rico's heart was ticking in his tall neck. Why did it have to be this way ? He didn't deserve to be treated this way. He got such strange feelings when these women were rubbing his skin. No, he didn't like it ... It was like they were just preparing the meat for the queen. Would they eat him there ? He heard that they were cannibals at times. But much about the island he didn't know ... He never wanted to hear the stories when he was a child. But now he would see for himself.

The man next to him was very tired, and it was like he couldn't work anymore ... A woman was screaming at him .. In this place the women are the boss ... They were a sort of amazons ... indians If there were men, they were always slaves ... There she was beating his mate up with some sharp instruments ... He was bleeding all over ... How could they do this ? Why were they so cruel to men ? Most of the times they used the whip, but they also had some strange sharp instruments like these ones. The man was bleeding, but they put a sort of tape on it, and the bleeding almost stopped ... It was like the man had new strength ... and he went on to make the ship move faster ... The woman smiled ... and Rico got another strange feeling in his stomach ... It was like he felt a sort of very small respect for her, that she didn't let his mate die ... but still .. it was like the feeling hurtled him ...

He couldn't explain all the feelings he had on this ship ... He never felt it before ... What was exactly the deal ... He had too many doubts to trust them ... Strange women they were ... And he wouldn't want to give them power over his mind ... He was still their slaves ... He saw the women hitting wounds, and then they healed them for a great part, which gave new strength to the men ... It was a long trip ... Rico thought they wouldn't reach the island for the night ... And the sky was already getting dark ... Some women lighted some candles ... and then they told the man to stop working ... All men were chained or tied by strange wires, bands, stripes and chains .. Some had all sorts of colours, others had to colours like dark yellow and brown.

Some men had even strings around their necks. Suddenly one of the women picked two men out, and started to paint their bodies by a strange sort of paint ... It was like she was tattooing their bodies by ink ... The men were shrieking, because it hurtled them, but they were heavily chained, so they couldn't do anything about it ... Some women started to smile evilly ... Rico got a awful feeling in his stomach ... Like he needed to vommit ... The pictures she drew on their bodies were so awful ... like bleeding animals ... and even their own bodies started to bleed lightly ...

Rico was longing for his wife ... He didn't want to be here ... The suspense almost killed him ... and he was transpiring heavily ... Suddenly he heard a scream ... One of the men got a strange sort of clip around his nipple, which almost bit itself into the skin around the nipple ... while soft tentacles came forward to pinch the nipples ... Then his eyes got white, and it was like he came into a strange trance ... The women took the chains away from him and said : Now he is our mindslave forever ... He doesn't need any strings anymore ... Some women started to laugh .. It was like the man was drunk now ... As if he had lost himself While it only happened by one small clip around one of his nipples .. You could see the nipple piercing through it, while the tentacles were rubbing it ... It was like it was riding his mind

Then the other man got a clip ... It looked a bit different ... Both men were like hypnotized ... and they did everything what the women commanded ... They started to walk over the ship ... while the women were following them ... giving them the directions ...

Rico got hot and cold at the same time ... Would they also do it to him ? What would happen to his dreams .. his memory ... and his heart-connections to his family ? Would they take that over too ? What would they make of him ? All sorts of questions went through his mind in speed ... He felt weak and sick all of a sudden ... It was like a ship of ghosts ...

The man next to him was sleeping ... He got very tired again, like never before ... At least that was what he was saying before he fell into sleep ... Rico would everything to protect himself against any of this tricks .. but what could he do ? He was already a prisoner and a slave ... It could only get worse ... Unless he would be able to escape .. but how ?

Then he saw the women were attaching sharp objects to the legs and arms of the two men ... They were weaving a sort of frame around the bodies of these men ... Another man spoke to Rico he would be better off to close his eyes and ears .. for he wouldn't like to see what would happen next ... So Rico did ...

The day after his mate was still tired as never before .. It was like a strange power had sucked him ... His skin was red and golden with big blue spots And the women brought him downstairs They were all of a sudden so nice to him ...

Rico wondered what was going on ... He didn't trust these smiles and nice things at all .. And he wondered what happened yesterday to the two men ... He heard a lot of shrieks ... even while he had his fingers in his ears the whole time .. He didn't see them around this time ... but maybe they were downstairs too ... if they would be still alive ...

What a ghostship this is ... Rico thought a nightmare for every man ...

One of the women was called Thunder-eye ... She was very friendly to Rico and today she often brought him fruit ... but it irritated him, that she only did it to him and not to the other men ... So he shared the fruit with them ... Her breasts were covered but maybe this woman had also a nipple-clip ... maybe she was a slave too ... He couldn't believe that she was really one of them ... The trip took longer than he thought ... The island still wasn't in sight He asked thunder-eye if she had a nipple-clip too, but she was one speaking in another language and couldn't understand Rico ... One night when everyone was sleeping Thunder-eye came to Rico and loosened his chains and ties ... She took him downstairs to her cabin. When they were in she took one eye out of her head, and showed it to Rico ... It was a mechanism ... Then she put it back into her head and started to smile to Rico ... Rico thought that maybe that was another way they slaved people ... maybe more women had this sort of eye ... It looked very natural, but inside it was a mechanism ... Could he trust this woman ? Why would she take him to this cabin ? She showed him some pictures of her man and family ... And some tears came out of her eyes ... Rico wanted to lay his arm around her shoulder, but all of a sudden he had the feeling that it may not be right ... He had to be very careful, for he still didn't know who this woman was ...

It took many years for he could understand her language ... she helped him through ... Every night she took him to her cabin to talk ... And it was like the strange things happening in the

beginning didn't happen anymore ... No screaming, no shrieking, no nipple-clips ... Although the two men, he never saw them back ...

One night Thunder-eye showed him her marriage-ring ... It was a golden ring, with a snake around it ... She smiled ... but again a tear rolled ... She didn't talk as much as Rico always did ... but this time she started to tell a lot about her husband ... How she missed him ... and Rico understood it very well ... He told her that he truly wanted to see his wife again ... but they were both prisoners on this ship ... Thunder-eye told him that not only the men were slaves, but also the women ... They all worked for the queen ... Thunder-eye told him also that when they would escape the ship, the thunder-eye would explode and with it the whole ship ... so the only way to really escape was to escape with all, and she had to leave the thunder-eye but she also said that the sea was too dangerous, and the women would never accept it ... She wouldn't let them die ... She knew how deep they were prisoned in their minds by the queen She told him that in a fact they were all friends ... but by the works of the queen it looked different

Soon they would be on the island, and they would reach the city of slaves, Rosmamm to see the queen ... It would be hell, but they had no other way ...

It was like when that day was coming near she started to talk more and more ... She told Rico a lot about the queen ... And while she was talking about her, Rico more and more got the impression that the queen was also a slave of something or someone ...

Thunder-eye told him that at nights she often wanted to be left alone ... and then she cried and cried ... even cutting herself ...

Finally they got in the city ... and they were marching in line to the temple of the queen She saw him in the distance ... The queen started to cry and run ... while she fell Rico around his shoulders He looked in her eyes ... and saw his wife ... It was his wife Rico started to cry, asking her how she got here, and what happened ..

She started to tell the whole story ... that the day he was kidnapped, she wanted to become the queen of the country who kidnapped him ...

Then Rico woke up, and looked at the face of his sleeping wife ... What a strange dream he had ... He had a horrible pain in one of his nipples all of a sudden ... He woke his wife up ... and started to tell her about the dream ...

Suddenly their son came in the bedroom with his little pirateship in his hands Daddy, daddy, he was saying The pirates are glowing ...

Then his mother took him in her arms ... Rico smiled ... It was like the whole family was gathered around a riddle ...

Sun of Death

The sun of death is the feeder of all the dead. Without the sun of death no one can live in the world of death. No one would be able to breath and no one would be able to eat. This is why the quest of the dead is always to the sun of the dead. It is like the heart of the world of the dead, and some say it is full of nipples from where the life-giving milk of death flows to make everything fruitfull. The ones who live the closest to this sun are almost naked, and they have strange habbits. Their kingdoms have been built of the bones of feet and they have coverings of feetskins. Most of the times they eat feetmeat and the meat of babies. No wonder that these are wild tribes, warriors and hunters. Some say that the closer you come to the sun of death the wilder you become, it makes you insane. The tribes surrounding the sun of death are called the were-indians.

They live from death, and not many babies do survive in these spheres, only when the sun of death takes care of them. One of these survivors was Mirtjik, an indian boy. The indians always feared him, as they said he had the rays of the sun of death. He became a great teacher among them, and the sun of death loved him. It was in these days the lake of blood came into existance, as the sun of death had sent it's ray for that. And Mirtjik preached that it was a gift of the sun of death, and everyone had to be baptized in it, to receive the rays of the sun of death. But many got killed when they got baptized in the lake. It seemed like the sun of death was very selective, but Mirtjik said that those who didn't survive the baptismement would be taken care of by the sun of death. Their souls would move to the sun of death, to live in it's heart forever.

To live in the sun of death was a life-breaking experience. It was to die a several times to come into the deepest death, as the deaths within the deaths. Some said those who lived in the sun of death became the flies of death and were-flies. They could show up to the deathlings to take their heart away. They said those who lived in the sun of death ate hearts, but no one really knew what was going on there. It was a ground-breaking experience to live in the sun of death. It was a place with the palest lights, bringing so much darkness. Those who went to the sun of death lost themselves, to become robotic experiments. They got teached about the paradoxes of death, and became a slave of it.

The sun of death was an enslaver, but most of all it was a teacher, letting them wake up in reality. Within the sun of death there were powers to melt the footbones and feetskins, and from these strange kingdoms rose. Also the feetmeat got melted by these powers to make new bodies.

And it was right. These indians could shapeshift into flies, so they were some sort of were-flies. They had to learn about the secrets of the sun of death, and they had to make many flights inside.

It was like at some moments the sun stopped shining to become dark. This always happened in the nights, while after the night the sun was always red, pink and pale. Whenever the sun of death stopped shining it got a brown colour, and it started to teach about blood, the experience of dreams. In the center of the sun of death there were kindoms built by blood, the wildest tribes, living in dreams. There were bloodwaterfalls here, and strange cryptic experiments. The king of blood had like monkey-flies beings, always floating down close to him, ready to attack every intruder. There were no queens, only many princes. It was like a strange cardgame they were playing, all to let the blood stream, and they drank it like wine. They were were-flies, and they all had their own units, like vehicles. They were worshippers of the sun of death, and actually it's slaves and marionets. They were the watchers of the deeper realms of the sun of death. Whoever came there got sunk away in puzzles, and only those dead to the riddle could survive. To follow the cryptic lights could bring you from illusion to illusion, to get deeper and deeper into the traps. Only warriors and hunters seemed to survive, only those dead to the cards.

The were-flies deeper in these realms knew all about the strategies of the king of blood. They had dealt with it. No one could come here without the right initiations. They had lived miserable lives, were-lives, where the dreams switched into nightmares. They found out about the immunology hidden in their feet, to survive on the quest of the sun of death. They found out about it's orbit. It was like they had to deal with a fire-code, and only by their feet they could raise the right immunology, for it was a sacred path. The sun of death was a missionary sent out to destroy them, to test them, but they had survived, and they looked straight into the faces of the seven suns of blood, drinking from a higher milk. These seven suns of blood seemed to be the secret moons of the sun of death to guard and guide it, and to give it power.

There was no way to enter the suns of blood but by strange cryptic games. Those who lived in the suns of blood had survived the powers of the sun of death, and could actually use these powers. They had become the secret rulers of the sun of death, activating the winds of death to rule the whole world of the dead. But the quest was to the seventh sun of blood, where the winds of blood were. Only the were-flies could survive, and they had to make many flights, from fleece to fleece.

The seventh sun of blood looked like a heart full of soles, and inside : only feet Here the spiders lived, with their webs. And the were-feet could only enter the seventh sun of blood when they had defeated these spiders. Many of them ended in traps or become perpetual bloodwells. There was only one were-fly who could defeat the were-spiders. There were

seven boxes in which the seven winds of blood lay dormant. The were-fly didn't survive it when he opened these seven boxes, but the seven winds of blood came down to Mirtjik to let him ascend into the seventh sun of blood. Since then he carried the rays of the seventh sun of blood. He became some sort of Messiah, and when he returned everything started to turn into blood. There was nothing more striking but this, and the fear started to grow everywhere. He came to tie them all up by the ropes of blood. They saw it as a revenge of the suns of blood he preached about, but for them there was only one hope : to make the quest to the seventh sun of blood themselves. Mirtjik taught them how to do it, how to get rid of their bondages. And thus many followed him to the higher realms, but only a few of them survived. The rest of them fell into traps to turn them into perpetual bloodwells and flywebs.

Now the flywebs were also a reality behind the veils of the seventh sun of blood. Mirtjik now had the key of the seven winds of blood, and guided the few survivors. He also guarded them.

But they all died when they saw the seven wells of the winds of blood, the seven boxes. Something had struck them. Only Mirtjik could go through the gate of the seventh well and came into a realm of even more flywebs. Here he saw the most dangerous were-flies, who could penetrate his mind easily to give him nightmares. They brought him trauma after trauma. Mirtjik thought the grace of the sun of death and the suns of blood had left him, but this wasn't their realm anymore. This was the realm of the moons of blood, as a stairway leading to the planets of blood. It was the road to the universe of blood, and to the world of blood. Mirtjik knew that the only way to survive in these dangerous spheres was to become a vampire. There were so many initiations through the veils of blood that Mirtjik finally began to understand that another being was giving him grace. It was the sun of vampire in the middle of the universe of blood.

Large skulls formed the portals of this sun, and they all had reflecting discs on their foreheads radiating strange lightbeams. When Mirtjik came closer the sun of vampire seemed to explode and flies came forward from it. It was like a great black hole got activated, and sucked Mirtjik inside. It was like his nose opened up, and strange intensive smells were overwhelming him. It was the smell of death and blood. He seemed to get faster and faster, and suddenly he didn't know where he was anymore. A stairway of blood was exploding before his eyes, and he stared right at a tree where men and women had grown into each other. The tree was screaming. Snakes seemed to surround the tree, strange snakes, with strange smells. Then tornado's of blood seemed to come forward from the tree, and seemed to struck Mirtjik. Mirtjik fell down, while later some soldiers raised him up. 'This is your cross,' a voice whispered. The soldiers nailed him to the tree. Mirtjik screamed, and later birds came to eat from his flesh. Many dark nights followed, while Mirtjik was in low consciousness. 'You wanted to know about the secrets of the sun of death ?' a voice whispered 'First you have to pay for it.'

'How much do I have to pay ?' Mirtjik roared. After the dark nights Mirtjik woke up while soft lights were lightening his face. A woman took him from the tree, and then the woman turned into a snake. 'Where am I ?' Mirtjik asked. 'Follow me,' said the snake.

The snake led him to a wonderful place at first sight. It was a pleasure for his eyes.
But when the night fell he wanted to get away. It was a were-world.

Do you understand anything of this world ?' the snake asked. Then she turned into a tall lady again. She had almost transparent clothes, very thin clothes. Then she turned totally into blood. She smiled at him. 'You must learn about the forces of death,' she said. 'For there is nothing but death, but it comes in many forms.' Mirtjik remembered the games in the lower realms, and she led him to games as well. She showed him the gladiators of death, and she showed him the hunting-parties of death, and how everything turns into blood once in awhile, how everything turns pale to produce the dark. She showed him a clock in her hands, and said : 'You have to learn everything about the times of death. It's your food here, your breath, and without that you cannot do anything.' It was like Mirtjik was standing on fire, like he could fall in it every moment. Suddenly walls of fire were rising, and the woman gave him the clock. 'Keep it,' she said, and then she left.

There was no way for him to leave from here. It was now him and his clock. The flames looked like wild lava, and it was almost roaring. The flames were confusing his head. Then suddenly flies seemed to come forth from the flames, and it started to get quiet again in his head. The flies changed into women. Some of them were pale, others dark, others of blood, while some of them were burning. They were like statues or pictures, slowly moving. Whenever he moved the arms of the clock he could see the women changing, and soon they all got the same qualities, like all in one. They looked like wasps, but then slowly they turned into flies again. He looked at his watch, and could now see all the faces of the women in his clock. But then they slowly started to change into predators. Rippling gates were opening all around him. Sweet soft voices were luring him. Lights were coming from his clock, and rays started to move all around. The rays were of soft pale light almost materializing. Then he had to step over them, and chose one of the rippling gates. But it was like choice was fatal. He looked straight into a ravine. He got like frozen and didn't dare to move. Then after awhile more and more rays seemed to come, and seemed to be almost materializing, and suddenly all the rippling gates came together to swallow him. It was like he fell into the softest ravine.

Mirtjik, Mirtjik, someone whispered. He looked up and saw an indian woman. He knew she was a were-one, as he was in a were-world. 'I'll show you the secrets of the sun of death,' she spoke softly. He went with her, and she took him to an indian tent. All sorts of music instruments were here, like indian drums, flutes and more. 'Feel the rythm of death,' she said. She was some sort of a mystic woman, but very cryptic. He looked at her very puzzled. 'I can show you more,' she said. 'No wait,' he said. 'What is the use of these instruments ?' Then she took some of them, and started to play. The times and states of death seemed to ripple all over her, and then it also got to him. He looked at his watch which became all red, and blood came forward from it. 'Stop,' he said. 'What is the meaning of all this ?'

‘You need to learn the seasons of death, and it’s harmony. It’s a were-world,’ she said.

Suddenly she turned into a predator, and jumped on him. He could kick her away like a cat, but then he had to escape, and she was running after him. She had turned into the most dangerous creature, like a spiderlike big cat. Suddenly he ran to the indian tent again, took the instruments and started to play. Now she became quiet again and turned into a woman again. Mirtjik started to understand what it was all about. He had to tame this world, harmonize it, by the different instruments. He had to bring his mind into a certain pattern. But then after awhile she started to turn into a giant snake, and this time he really had to run. He ran into all sorts of other indian tents to look for instruments.

‘What is the meaning of this world ?’ he asked himself. Finally he could turn her into a woman again, and at the end of the day they fell asleep together. The next morning she had gone, but he had learned an important lesson. He had now armed himself with several instruments, and these were his most important weapons.

There were several walls of blood in existance no one could come across. These walls of blood kept the several realities separated, and in Mirtjik’s reality he was the chosen.

Every reality had it’s own chosen one, and through the several veils of blood they finally reached the wall of blood of their reality. Behind these walls there was the sun of realities, as the center, where they would meet each other, if that was a possibility.

Every wall of blood had it’s own skeleton-watcher, like a mayan witchcraft indian, and if they would beat that skeleton they had to beat the sorceror who created all these walls and kept them separated.

The sorceror was an evil man, so he created evil mayan witchcraft watchers. The only ones who could defeat such guys were the ones who became more evil than them. Mirtjik was aware of this task. He knew that only those who reached the extreme of evil, by becoming an over-evil lord, they would be able to generate the sources which one called ‘good’. Those who could only reach a lower grade of evil were never be able to become ‘good’. Mirtjik knew how the paradox worked. It only worked by the extremes, the over-powers. It was a long quest for Mirtjik, but finally he succeeded in overcoming the evil watcher and his evil boss, the sorceror of the walls of blood, and slowly he slided towards the sun of realities where he would meet the other chosen ones. He knew that as soon as they would meet each other, the sun of realities would turn into blood, and the states of death would be generated.

He felt a hand, then another hand, and soon, they were in a circle of millions and millions of chosen ones, all from their own realities. The great central sun of death was rising with so many suns of blood. It was a great moment. They heard laughing while a smaller

sorcerer came forth from the central sun of death. He welcomed the survivors as visitors, and said that only a few of these chosen ones were also chosen to move further on the great central sun of death, while the rest would drown in blood. Everyone was shocked. This they didn't expected. They had done such an excellent job to destroy the watcher of their own reality, and the sorcerer of all realities, and now they heard this. Some of them started to shake, and others started to scream and shriek, while an enormous dragon came forth from the great central sun of death. Lightrays came out of it's eyes, and started to switch from one to another. The lights started to move faster and faster, while blood started to stream. So many of them were melting away, and the dragon picked three of them out by it's tail. 'Who among you is Mirtjik ?' the sorcerer asked loud. Mirtjik stepped forwards. 'And who among you is Danion ?' he asked loud. Then another man stepped forwards. 'You two become the leaders of these three. The rest will die,' the sorcerer spoke loud. Then shrieking and screaming came all over the place, while the dragon picked up also Mirtjik and Danion. The great central sun started to move in it's orbit, while leaving the rest behind in blood.

Suddenly the dragon started to change into many women, and also the sorcerer seemed to be a woman. It was the woman of the music instruments. Mirtjik smiled. He was glad to see her again. In the air they saw gaint snakes turning into women and flies, and also the ground below them started to change. The men got instruments and had to play for their lives, as so many women came forth from the ground, starting to become predators. They needed to learn how to play together, and they needed to know how to move in this dangerous zone. Everything around them started burning and turned into blood, first pale and then bringing forth the dark, until it all started to ripple harmoniously.

The women started to shriek more and more, but finally they got quiet. They knew they had to do with dangerous were-women wanting their meat. The women lived in lakes of blood and lakes of fire, and some could even turn into black dragons looking like dangerous fishes and snakes. It was all so overwhelming that finally all the men got almost strengled by tall flexible moving snakes. The men started to search for breath, until the snakes took them into the depths.

Mirtjik called for Danion. Suddenly he felt a strong hand on his skin. Then Danion took him away from the snakes, and later they could also get the other men away from the snakes. Fire was still moving around them, but they had to sooth the flames by their instruments. Some tried the flutes, and it worked. By the drums they could tame the darkness, and by all sorts of snared instruments they could tame the blood. But how could they tame the pale lights, who got so thick that they almost materialized ? Some started to shriek, and they found out it worked. It was a battlecry. They made themselves tents by skins, and finally the women were creeping on the ground begging for mercy. 'No, don't give them any mercy !' Mirtjik screamed. 'Let's get away from here !' They took some of the skins, and went away from the women. After awhile

they came into a forest, which looked like a jungle. Bloodred snakes were in the trees, but they seemed to be quiet. Further on there were some boys living in trees, dark boys, but they didn't form a threat either. It looked like a harmonious place. Deep in the jungle they made their camp, to get through the night.

The next morning tall worms were everywhere. They moved slowly, and they had eaten away the jungle except their camp. Slowly the men took their instruments again, and started to play, while the worms started to turn into women. The women were soft, but they knew they were were-women. So they played very slow songs, while the women came closer. 'What a beautiful music you play,' one of the women said. Mirtjik told them to be very careful. Some of the women had some snakeskin, and it looked like they could turn into the worst predators every moment. 'Run !' Mirtjik was shouting, while they all threw their instruments away to run for their lives. Fast snakes came after them, and soon they were all surrounded. One of the men started to cut himself, as he knew it could make them quiet, and it did. They wanted to see blood.

But Mirtjik said they couldn't spoil too much blood. They didn't know what to do when the snakes came closer. But then they started to turn into worms again, and after that in flies, and then in women. Some women had pain in their stomach, and didn't know what was happening. They seemed to be so confused. 'We know you are were-women,' Mirtjik said, 'and we want to help you.'

'Please help us,' one of the women said. 'We do not have control over ourselves.' The men started to sing, and by their songs they tried to get the women quiet. They sang a sort of lullabies. Suddenly from all sides flies came to put a web between the women and the men, so that the men could move on. It seemed the flies wanted to help them, and to teach them more about the sun of death. Further on there were women who gave birth to snakes through their mouths. And soon the men did the same. Soft fires were surrounding them, not threatening anymore. It seemed fire was a covering here, and soon, through many veils of soft fire, they came into a cool hall, like a temple. There were rays of soft lights here who had materialized themselves like thick pale pink stakes. Lights were also nothing but coverings here, and instruments. Some of them sat down on the materialized lights. It was very flexible. Then two women came towards them. They said they had more control over themselves, because they had more knowledge about the states of death. They showed the men a lot of cards all representing a part of death. 'Let's do a game,' they said. But the men didn't want to play a game. They were tired of everything, and wanted to have rest a bit. The two women guided them to some rooms where they could sleep. There were some soft benches and beds. There were also hanging some big feathers in the rooms, and there was a tropical climate.

In the middle of the night nightmares began to come over the men, and they were calling for the women, who came immediately. 'We have to play the game,' they said, 'or these nightmares will take all control away.' But still the men didn't want to play, until the women became very mad, and a fight started. 'You put yourselves and us at risk !' one of the women shrieked. 'You need to know more about the powers of death, or they will destroy you, and then they can also destroy us.' Mirtjik took one of the women tight. 'But we have to sleep. It's dangerous to play games like that when you're too tired. We do not have any strength left, and our minds are confused.'

'Then take some drinks, strong drinks. It is important we do the game,' the other woman said. Suddenly one of the men started to turn into a predator and jumped on one of the women to destroy her, but Mirtjik kicked him away. Another man started to turn into a predator, even worse than the other. Now they had to run away as soon as they could. 'Where do you have the cards ?' Mirtjik asked. But it was already too late. The predators jumped on the other woman, and she got killed. Quickly Danios took the living woman, and ran with her outside the room, while she was screaming. 'I do not want to have anything to do with you ! You are the reason that my sister died !'

'Show me the game !' Danios shouted. While Martjik and the other man were running behind them. They came into a room with a lot of pink lights, while lightening almost overwhelmed and destroyed them. The woman was still shouting. Danios tried to quiten her, but nothing worked. In some aquaria dangerous fishes swam. On a wooden table some pink pale cards lay. The women took the cards, and then threw them on table again. 'Here, play !' she shouted, 'but I am gone !' The woman ran away, while a few minutes later the two predators came into the room, and turned into men again. They knew they had to play the game now or things would get only worse.

Martjik was reading the book with the rules. There were cards of blood, cards of the dark, cards of fire, cards of the pale, cards of the soft, cards of materialization, and many more. In the book there was much knowledge about the powers of death, how it worked, and after a few games Mirtjik took the book to his room. After hours the woman came into his room. She was a bit more quiet now, and she apologized for her behaviour. In a sense she was grateful that her sister died as they couldn't get along with each other very much. And her sister always thought that she was the boss. Maybe the sun of death has decided it this way. It's better like this. She hugged Mirtjik and kissed him. 'Did you like the game ?' she asked.

'Oh yeah,' Mirtjik said, 'it was very interesting.'

'My sister used to give the kiss of death,' the woman said.

‘What is that ?’ Mirtjik asked.

‘Oh, to put a spell on men,’ the woman said. ‘To get them under her control. It’s some sort of power she had.’

‘And for what reason ?’ Mirtjik said.

‘I do not know,’ the woman said. ‘She is mysterious. She didn’t talk that much, only when we had troubles, and when she wanted to play the boss.’

‘Oh okay,’ Mirtjik said. ‘I hope you do not want to play the boss about me.’

‘No, of course not,’ the woman said. ‘I’m different. I’m humble. I do not belief in such control. I guess if you want to control others you lose your own control, and that is scary and just not right.’

‘You are a good woman,’ Mirtjik said. ‘Too good for me.’

The woman smiled. She was indeed a precious woman. The woman kissed him again on the cheek, and then on his mouth. ‘Warmth is good,’ she said. ‘In such a realm like this. Let’s give it to each other one time.’ And then they both went to sleep in each other’s arms. After a few hours Mirtjik woke up, kissed the woman, and then left the room. He called the other men, and they decided to leave before the woman would wake up, but then Mirtjik had some pain in his heart. ‘Mirtjik,’ Danios said. ‘I know you love that woman, but she can be dangerous. She knows a lot about death, and she can be a block on our path. You have exchanged presents of warmth, and you have her book. We must close this chapter now and move on.’ Mirtjik nodded, still with pain in his heart. The other men started to roar and then he knew enough. These sort of women are only for one night, and then they left. One of the men had taken the cards with them. They needed these cards.

It was like the woman had triggered something in Mirtjik, although he tried to ignore it. His friends were right. It could be dangerous, and he was supposed to be their leader. Danios was a good buddy.

They went through dangerous flywebs, in search for the secrets of the sun of death. They didn't want to return to the woman, as something wasn't right. The woman was a good woman, but a bit too good. She used her knowledge very well, but she was kind of frozen. Mirtjik knew that he was longing for the depths, the tall depths of the great sun of death, in search for its treasure-rooms.

In the distance they heard some women singing. They knew that could be dangerous for it could easily be a spell on their heart. The women were dressed by stripes of light, pale and soft lights, almost materializing on their skins. The women stood before a wall of pale blood. They told the men that behind the wall of pale blood there was the great central sun of all realities, where all directions came together. Those who would survive the quest across the wall of pale blood would meet the survivors of other directions. When they came closer the women shot Danios through his heart by arrows, while the other men started to run away, except Mirtjik. Mirtjik took his knife, and came into a fight against the women, slayed them all, and went across the wall of pale blood.

In the distance he saw the great central sun of all realities, and he didn't know what was waiting for him. Would he survive this quest ? A dark watcher came to him in a chariot of fire. The man had a strange helmet. He carried a sort of cross with a circle on the right top, like it was broken off from the top. The man had a pink shiny sword, and it was like he had pink pale blossom resting on his pulse and hand. He gave Mirtjik some diamond dice, and some tall cards appeared in the skies. One card had a thin tall sword, and the cards were slowly moving in a circle, one by one passing by the atmosphere above the great central sun of all realities. There was also a card with a horse and a knight on it. When it stopped above the great central sun of all realities Mirtjik had to throw the dice in a wide bag. He saw women's faces on the dice, and it was like veils started to open themselves, and a bridge appeared. After hours of travel on a horse he got closer and closer to the great central sun of all realities.

The closer he came the more blood was streaming, while pale lights were blossoming, spreading the darkness. Was he the only survivor ? A hairy widowspider came forward, leaving her eggs. Snakes seemed to come forward from the eggs, turning into flies, and some turned into women. Pale lights were spreading themselves more and more showing dark women tied to the surfaces of the sun. The spider showed him millions and millions of games and cardgames under her body. And she had a reflecting eye beaming lightrays, while she suddenly turned into a woman almost strangled by a snake. 'Help us,' the woman said softly. 'How many cards do you have

?’ the woman asked. Suddenly Mirtjik remembered that one of the men who was with him had the cards. But he himself had the book in which all cards had been described. He showed her the book. ‘Throw it to me,’ the woman said. Mirtjik came closer and closer. He could feel her love for games and cardgames, and it quietened him. ‘Throw it !’ the woman shouted. Then he threw the book, while the snake around her body exploded. ‘We are all were-people,’ the woman said, ‘you also. We need the games, we need knowledge the secrets of the sun of death We had all our own suns of death Now let us unite them’ Mirtjik touched the woman, and the woman touched him. ‘We can learn from each other,’ she said.

The next few days they told each other about their quests, and everything they knew of the sun of death. ‘Are we the only survivors ?’ Mirtjik asked.

‘There have to be many more,’ the woman said. And when they went deeper into the great sun of all realities they met the others, and they were with billions and billions. In a few years Mirtjik made many, many friends, but he remembered the words of Danios, and the roaring of his other friends, that he was on a quest, and that he shouldn’t let anyone block him. Because they were all were-people he found out how dangerous friendship was, triggering so many unknown powers they couldn’t control. He fell in love with the quest, but had to forget about his friends. In his memories they were cards, and he could use them whenever he needed.

One day a sorcerer called them all together in a big circle, bigger than any circle he ever saw before. The sorcerer spoke about the dangers of such existing, and told them that the group had to be sifted. They would do a game, and there would be only one winner. This winner would win the next secret of the sun of death. The game would be a market where they would trade cards. The one building the strongest deck of cards would finally win.

Mirtjik was the one. It was because he kept remembering the words of Danios that friendship could be a trap, and because of his night with the woman in the temple-like hall, who taught him about some of the better cards, and of course by the miraculous book of cardrules. He still had it in mind, and used it very well. Spears came down to pierce the ones who lost the game, while Mirtjik ascended to the next stage. This stage was full of unknown suns of death, like a stairway.

Along the stairway all kinds of tall skeletons stood, all warriors and hunters. They were holding the secret of the paradoxes of death. He knew that only the one with the biggest hate would be able to stand tall on this stairway. Only the extreme of hate, the over-hate, would have something to say about love, and having the power to activate it. All love would be false without the overhate. It was like the suns of death were giving a new sort of milk. And dark blood was streaming.

It was in this area Mirtjik met Danios again. 'Secret of the sun of death,' Danios said. But Danios wasn't so friendly anymore. It was like he was filled with bitterness towards Mirtjik, and one day they got into a fight in which Danios slayed Mirtjik. Danios wanted to be the master of the cards and of all the secrets of the sun of death, even if he had to offer his friendship with Mirtjik to it. He knew this friendship stood him in the way. He also knew that Mirtjik was too good for this world. He took Mirtjik's cards and went somewhere in a large hall, where skeletons were playing at cards. He sat down between them, behind the table, and played with them. He had good cards and won. The skeletons were all burning, while he took their cards away.

In the next hall there was a huge chessplay. The tiles were dangerously armored, and it was here he met Sinon, a traveller. Sinon warned him not to step on any tile, as it would make an eternal gladiator of him. There were some dangerous pawns roaring at them. Sinon stood on the other side of the tiled floor. There was a lot of smoke. There was one tall tower on one of the tiles, and Sinon shouted that Danios should jump on it. In a strange sense Danios trusted Sinon. So he jumped towards the tower and took it tight, while the tower started to move to the other side. Many soldiers on tiles were falling. When the tower came on a black tile the tower started to sink away, but Sinon threw a rope to Danios and could raise him on the shore of the chessboard. They fell into each others arms like they knew each other for years. They both had their stories.

Danios could feel that Sinon was a man of the paradox. They decided to move on together. Suddenly huge dark batbirds appeared before them. They looked like crowned Messiahs and they had huge wings. Sinon took his harpoon and shot some of them, but then the others started to shriek louder. Also Danios had a hard time with them, but finally they could move further. Sinon was a man of opposites, and it seemed he knew the area here a bit. He told Danios about the many dark tribes living here. The indians of these tribes were almost naked having some rags surrounding their lower body, and they seemed to have nipples on their buttocks. It was to produce the life-fluids of death, not only milk, but also blood, dark fluids and pale fluids, and they even seemed to produce lights in all forms. In war and hunt these nipples seemed to produce poison for their weapons. Many creatures around them had these qualities as well, like giant-spiders, rare sorts of giant-flies and so on. In times of war these nipples even produced sound. Sinon spoke about a rare spider who had a belly like a giant-nipple, but it looked like it had shrunk. It had ripples, and the palest colour. This spider could turn into a woman at times, and it was feared by the dark tribes, as the woman would lure many warriors and hunters in her webs and traps. She had hypnotizing powers by this giant-nipple. Some of these spiders seemed to have these giant-nipples on their backs, and they seemed to be the most dangerous ones, as they could turn into more women at the same time. They could split themselves up, to turn the lives of the warriors and hunters they caught into nightmares. Sometimes they were called the eternal nightmares, or the living deaths, and they seemed to be the cruelest of all spiders. They would trap men to turn them into perpetual fluidgivers. The spiders would come to milk them every day. Danios was shivering, as he could imagine what pain it would bring. The spiders had all sorts of ways to exhaust the men mentally and emotionally to let them produce all sorts of fluids. They knew all about hormonal fluids, how to stirr it up, and how to use it. They used these fluids for food,

warfare, hunt, traps, and construction. They used it for their webs. It was a dangerous jungle in which not many would survive.

But they decided to go through it. Finally after years of travelling they came into a shiny city made of transparent pale pink material. It looked like bones, and Sinon told it was made of the bones of feet. It was a sort of oasis in the jungle, and they both decided to stay here. There were many survivors here, and it seemed they came from all directions. Some said it was the place where the sun of death had stored its best secrets. There were shiny waters with snakefluids, flyfluids and spiderfluids, and some said that these wells were the birthplaces of the sun of death. Danios and Sinon slid in such a lake and felt like reborn there, but it made them very sensitive, like they had been stung by a fly. It gave them a weird feeling in their heads. Some men were shaking after they came out of the water, and it seemed to give some sort of spasm. It was paralyzing but at the same time it stored an incredible strength they couldn't control.

It was a delirious feeling, like they were hallucinating, triggering so many other feelings. The thoughts were so harmonious but at the same time chaotic. Everything was multiplying, and another reality seemed to appear. They listened to each other's stories. They seemed to be with many. In the middle of the jungle-city two watchers with nipple-eyes guarded a well which would lead to an underground train. No one knew where this train would lead to, but one day the way seemed to be open. Many went to the train, and also Sinon and Danios. The train would lead them out of the jungle in less than weeks. It would bring them to the great desert of death. The great desert of death seemed to be the place where the sun of death grew up after its birth. The biggest and blackest snakes seemed to live here, and they seemed to brood eggs. So many eggs Danios had never seen. Flies came from them, flies with strange nipples causing blinding lights. Further on there was a lot of dust, shiny dust like fluids. It was a strange desert, and it seemed to rain here also. Here Danios and Sinon met the reflections of themselves, like their doubles from other dimensions and realities. The atmosphere was filled with hate, and there were fights everywhere. Danios and Sinon lost connection with each other, and got completely surrounded by their own doubles, shadows and reflections. It was here the bitter fluids rose in their bodies, hormonal hate ... They couldn't help but fight themselves. They lost all control. The battles seemed to split themselves up even more, like they lost all their shells and skins, losing all their shadows and reflections. It was here they met their snake-selves. Their scars grew out into nipples, charging themselves with strange powers. Pale lights seemed to descend in their minds, tearing so much apart, like also their snake-selves started to lose their skins, to become wilder and wilder, full of unknown and allpowerfull rage.

It was like someone was milking them, like someone was playing their buttons in a horrible sense. Spiders came to sting them, until they changed into powerfull insects. They were were-people. Everything got too much. After a burst-out of almighty power they

felt themselves sliding away again in an incredible weakness. It was in this vibration they had to live, finding their ways, as a challenge to harmonize and materialize. But all sorts of unknown black holes and pale holes seemed to swallow them away. They know seemed to begin to understand a bit about the growth and development of the sun of death. It was like the tear of the sun of death connected to their hearts.

They awoke on a hill watching in the distance a fragile city completely made of tears. The tears together were like strange chains, and they slowly moved in. Rays of light, soft and pale light, were searching their ways here. It was a morning path, after a strange strange night. The fragile sun of death was sitting on a fragile throne. Everything was made of tears, forming strange chains. All words were shivering, charged by unknown powers, triggering the flashes of the most incredible strengths. It was a strange haunting paradox. 'Come closer,' the sun of death spoke. 'I want to see you in the face.' Sinon and Danios came closer. 'You are no angels,' the sun of death said. 'You have dealt with the powers of the self, and you are no one's slave, even not your own slave. You are free. The tears have set you free, holding the secret paradoxes of death. It is the secret why I am here, and why I can speak to you.'

Then the sun of death continued : 'You have survived the dangerous quest to this place, you have survived death and all it's traps. Welcome to my secret kingdom.' Then a door behind the sun of death opened, while pale lights came forward, wild like snakes, but also flexible, and in a sense lovely. They seemed to be made by stringed tears, and they chained Sinon and Danios to lure them through the door.

There was milk floating here and all sorts of fluids, and strange worlds seem to rise here, the worlds of the unknown death. They seemed to be free here, while crabs of pale lights seem to appear in the sky. These crabs were huge, and made of tears, but in a sense they looked strong like metal. 'I can raise you up if you want to,' the crabs seemed to speak. Elevators came down, and soon Danios and Sinon were rising. They were ascending into a new world, where the tear was not only the softest material, but also the hardest material, fragile but stronger than anything. Stiff but flexible.

The tear seemed to materialize into the nipple, producing the milk with dangerous smoke. It seemed like the tallest elves came forward, like the thinnest creatures creating a totally new paradigm and paradox. It was like all magnetic gridworks were turning, recoded by millions and billions of fragile thin pencils. Whenever lightening struck the milk changed into blood, producing dark and pale smoke at the same time. It was cracking the stones, and everything seemed to crumble again. It was a strange vibration opening the softest breaths, while the softest voices were descending like flies made of tears, and again it seemed to materialize into the nipple, producing milk and blood, and so many other fluids. The flies were wearing dangerous stripes, like they were on warpath, and suddenly sleep seemed to take everything away.

‘Where am I ?’ Danios asked. He saw a woman standing before him, while he lay on a bed with an old blanket like a rag. ‘Close your eyes, Danios,’ the woman said. And he saw the picture again, so many patterns moving. ‘Breathe,’ the woman said. ‘I will open the portals to you beyond understanding.’

‘But who are you ?’ Danios asked. ‘I am the Woman of Death,’ the woman said.

Suddenly Danios awoke in a shock. Spiders were all moving around him, having large nipples on their backs. ‘They’re milking me !’ Danios screamed. He saw the smiling face of Sinon above him. ‘You, you !’ Danios screamed. ‘I knew I couldn’t trust you !’ He now realized that Sinon had led him into a trap. Danios remembered how he slayed Mirtjik, his friend, but now his friend was slaying him. Danios always knew that true friendship didn’t exist. And this was even meaner, as this friend had led him into a trap. Is friendship all about traps ? It seemed to be so, or did he have to watch it all like a paradox. He saw the face of Sinon turning into the face of a fly. What had happened to Sinon, the one he loved ? And was this really Sinon ?

‘Sinon !’ Danios started to scream. ‘Get me out of here !’

Suddenly he felt a hand. It was the hand of Sinon. ‘Come,’ Sinon said. They seemed to be still in the jungle. ‘What happened, man ?’ Danios asked.

‘You had been hit by a venom-arrow,’ Sinon said, and showed him a little hook with a feather attached to it. ‘How long have I been out of consciousness ?’ Danios asked.

‘Shhhh....,’ Sinon said. ‘For awhile, but the venom doesn’t work too long.’

‘Well, we have to be very careful,’ Danios said.

‘Yes,’ Sinon said.

After hours of walk they came to a bridge. The river was full of tall snakes. Behind the river there were some fields where some tribes lived. Sinon and Danios got a tent there to sleep. The next day they moved on to the sea, and in the distance they saw the sun of death. On a small boat they went to an island. Here on this island tribes were living where men and women gave birth to snakes from between their buttocks. It was the strangest thing Sinon and Danios ever saw, but since they were a bit longer on the island, it also happened to them. When they came to the next island these things happened by the legs. The snakes seemed to come forth from certain openings in the legs which looked like some sort of scars, and it also happened to Sinon and Danios since they lived there for awhile.

They learned the language of this second island, and started to study the nature. 'Stay awake,' Sinon often said to Danios, as there were many unknown forces of sleep on the island, trying to take their souls away. It seemed to be produced as a gas by some sort of dangerous spiders. The women on the island were very dark, and Sinon and Danios didn't trust many of them. They seemed to be wicked towards men. Further on the island dangerous cannibalistic tribes seemed to live, and other men often warned them not to go there. It seemed there were many women-tribes there, and these women were wild, and could not be trusted at all. The other men told them that these women could be recognized by having a nipple on the top of their head, like a bald place between their hair.

One day Sinon and Danios decided to go there, for they wanted to know more about the nature here. The other men told them that the hair-nipples could produce strange smells to take control over their minds. Sinon and Danios went there while they didn't use their nose, only their weapons. They slayed at least twohundred of these women in one day. They found out that these women kept men imprisoned in farmlike places. Some of these men were slaves, some of them lived in cages or at stakes for all sorts of things. It seemed these men were totally mindcontrolled by the strange smells, so first they told the men not to use their nose for awhile. Some of the men were totally zombificated and had lost all control.

Although Sinon and Danios had closed their noses the smells were so intense that their brains got paralyzed, and soon they both woke up in cages. After awhile some women took them out, and brought them before their queen. The queen had all sorts of spiderlike treasures, and was surrounded by women with fly-armories. Some of these women had soft white feathers which looked like big leaves, and they seemed to please the queen. 'I know why you are here,' the queen spoke. 'You are here to steal the nose of death.' Then she showed a nipplelike creature in a box, almost like a spider. She took the spider out of it's box and caressed it. 'Come my sweet darling,' she spoke to the creature. 'There are some gentlemen wanting to see you.' Then she stood up and walked towards Sinon and Danios. They almost couldn't breath because of the smell of the small animal. 'You want to feel it ?' the queen asked. 'It has such a soft skin.' Then she put it against Danios' skin, who started to scream immediately, as it was

burning a hole in his skin. 'Marked like a gladiator,' the queen spoke. 'Such a sensitive spot to make him slave forever.' Then she looked into the eyes of Sinon. 'Sinon ?' The queen seemed to be in a shock.

The queen seemed to know Sinon. She bowed her head. She didn't want to talk about it, but she said to her women : 'I know him.' She took her creature away. 'I'm sorry,' she said. 'I have seen you in my dreams.' Sinon looked her deep in the eyes. Slowly he spoke : 'How can we heal the wound of my friend ?' The queen took another box and smeared some stuff on the wound and around the wound of Danios. Then it healed before their eyes. Then she smeared some of it on the forehead of Sinon, and said : 'You are immune against it now. Go in peace.' She didn't explain about it, while Sinon and Danios were allowed to go. They didn't return to where they came from, but they went deeper into the jungle, as they knew they were immune now.

Deeper in the jungle they found more of these strange spiderlike creatures, but they were immune to it's bites. In one day they plundered more than a hundred menfarms, freeing so many men by injecting some of their blood into them. The women seemed to be powerless.

This sea of death seemed like to end in a waterravine full of waterfalls, and the islands all seemed to float towards this edge. Danios never saw such a height and depth before. It looked like the biggest whirlpool he ever saw. In this ravine the sun of death seemed to go up and down. So many men were diving from the island into the sea, heading for the edge. They seemed to be happy and screamed of joy. It was like they had found the shelter of the sun of death now.

And in the distance, on the other side of the ravine, they could see so many other man coming from other directions. So many realities seemed to cross here, and it looked like the huge walls of water came closer and closer to each other. So many dimensions seemed to melt together into each other now, and also it's islands seemed to come together. It formed a high house in the sky and the sea, more and more changing into a tower.

When they tried to swim to the tower, the tower more and more started to change into giant-feet. In a flash the sea of death turned into blood, while the giant-feet were like pale lights. Then the sea started to turn around to become the sky, while the waves were changing into flames. A giant seemed to come forth from the giant-feet, and then turning into a spider. Everything turned into milk, while the sun of death became to head of the giant. A vulcano rose from the milk, bringing forth smoke, while in a flash everything turned into blood again. The blood seemed to rise on both sides like walls, and a path appeared inbetween them. 'Come closer,' the sun of death spoke.

Sinon and Danios came closer to the sun of death, while the sun seemed to pick them up. They came into a sphere full of wild flies, stinging them by deep thin stings. As soon as they tried to take the stings out the deeper parts of these stings seemed to split up. There was no way out, but they could enter the sun of death deeper and deeper. The flies were like lights to them, strange lights, and the flies guided them to large stretched area's full of blossom and flowers. These were the flowerfields of death, while sweet and soft sleep seemed to sooth them, taking them away by lullabies.

It was here the sun of death showed them it's true nature, and lost dreams seemed to surround them like little flames. They were surrounded by wild unknown warriors with strange long hairy shields. It was like the past didn't exist anymore. There was only the wealth of the sun of death.

Both they rose up to receive their armor. They were now the watchers of the sun of death, like wild sirens. They knew about it's suffering, they had felt it deep inside, and they knew of it's battle. Inbetween them there seemed to be messiah's with crowns of thorns, but they themselves had crowns like wild flies.

They were the watchers of death, like gatekeepers. They knew how to turn everything in blood, milk, and smell, like the rythm of an unknown song.

They knew how to turn everything in fire, in transparant pale materializing lights. They played at cards, they played chess. It brought darkness and chrystallizing tears.

They could watch the lost dreams and nightmares come into reality again.

They could watch the strategies of these dreams, and their warfare. They could watch their hunting skills.

They could watch their unknown snakes and worms like the palest lights. They didn't use their noses, in fear of dangerous smells. They didn't dare to move, and then they closed their eyes. Afraid to watch in fear of the lights.

The lights seemed to multiply themselves, calling forth a greater darkness. The night was falling, and the lights were developing themselves.

Striped spiders seemed to come forward.

Then everything seemed to turn into blood again, like the sweetness of death, soft pale materialized lights.

There was no escape from here. Sinon and Danios found out that their armors were merely prisons, suits of slaves, and it was like someone was milking them. It was like they were in the candy factory of death, but what was the candy ? ‘Try to keep awake,’ Sinon said to Danios. They were in fear of falling asleep.

Sweet soft wounds like trauma’s seemed to multiply themselves, like the memory of the sun of death, full of stories.

So many smiles of death seemed to appear between them, so many breaths and so many voices.

Suddenly Danios woke up among so many spiders with giant-nipples on their backs. Above him he saw the smiling face of Sinon, and also an unknown indian warrior with a mask of a large white skull with large feathers was staring at him. ‘Where am I ?’ Danios asked. Sinon didn’t say anything, and neither the warrior. Awhile later also the queen of the hairnipple-women’s tribe came. Danios remembered that her spider marked him. ‘He’s ready for the next mark I guess,’ the queen said, while she took her spider again out of it’s box to put it against Danios’ skin. Danios screamed because of the heat. It was burning another hole in his skin. Then she laid the spider on his belly. ‘I hope you will stay awake this time,’ the queen said. Danios tried to keep his consciousness high and bit on his lip. ‘It’s important, Danios,’ Sinon said. ‘It’s making a warrior of you.’

‘A gladiator you mean !’ Danios screamed. ‘I know of your works, Sinon ! You led me here !’

‘Calm down, friend,’ Sinon said. ‘It’s for your own best.’

‘Why did you do this to me ?’ Danios asked.

‘I have saved you out of the grip of a dangerous spider,’ Sinon said, and showed a black crablike spider to Danios. ‘Don’t worry, it’s dead now. We have let it shrink.’

‘Then where did I come from. Was I mindcontrolled ?’ Danios asked.

‘Yes,’ Sinon said, ‘the powers of death are dangerous and tricky.’

‘What kind of spider was it ?’ Danios asked.

‘It is called the sun of death,’ Sinon said. ‘There are many different species called the sun of death. You have survived, and now we will give you the right one.’ Then the warrior came forward and showed Danios a box with a spider which looked totally like a giant-nipple. ‘It is yours,’ the warrior said.

Carefully Danios took the spider in his hands, while his hands also started to change into giant-nipples. It started to spread through his whole body. He laid the spider against his chest, and the spider started to grow into his flesh. ‘You now will be a sun of death yourself,’ Sinon said. ‘Your quest to the sun of death is over. It is now more the quest to yourself.’

Sinon took the queen in his arms and kissed her. The queen kissed him back. Then Sinon took the queen to his hut where he made love to her. The warrior took Danios to his hut where he told him all about the sun of death.

Horses of Shame

short psychological thriller

A woman is surrounding his private parts red rag by her feet ... she sits on his buttocks and had cut off his arms ... What a picture for a magazine ... It's not male-friendly ... or does the picture have a deeper meaning ? The magazine still sells good ... It's like I am the only one shocked by it ... People are used to it I guess ... They don't have emotions or feelings anymore ... The woman has her fingers pinching the nipples of the man ... and her lips are in his neck ... She's riding him like a horse ...

It seems the people aren't interested in the frontpage of the magazine ... They are reading the stories inside and watching some other pictures ... more friendly ... or is that just my point of view ? It's not female-friendly either ... for do woman ride men like this ? cutting off their arms .. etcetera No it's not female-friendly at all ... or does the maker of that picture have a meaning behind it ... I don't know ...

I'm buying the magazine and suddenly the lady of the bookshop wakes up and looks into my eyes a bit sarcastic ... She's all eyes for me ... why not for all the others who bought it ? It doesn't feel comfortable

At home I feel anger towards the lady of the bookshop ... I cannot describe the look in her eyes ... was she worried or angry ... or did she want anything else ...

I'm a journalist myself ... I would never make such a magazine ... maybe she recognized me ... I'm in the zone between unknown and well-known ... I thought I had a good mask ... I tried to not look like myself ...

I show the picture to my mother ... She thinks it's sick ... In the magazine I'm looking for stories about this picture, but I don't see anything about it ... My mother reads it too and we will wait for father ...

When my father is home he cusses ... He always uses to do that when he doesn't understand something ... he had troubles on his work and now this picture ... I don't care for his cussing ... I don't have problems with it ...

My brother thinks it's a mean picture ... towards men, but also to women My sister thinks it's mean too ... She will show it to her friends she sais ...

Finally I pick up the phone and call the number of the magazine I get an assistent on the phone ... She doesn't know anything about the meaning of the picture ... I ask her if she knows who made the picture but she doesn't know ... She will ask her boss ... I get the boss on the phone he's a bit irritated and tired maybe he also had some alcohol, for he didn't sound clear or it was because of the cigar in his mouth ... he said it was a long story but he would tell if I would come to his office ... At midnight I arrived there, he was the only one left at the office, but there were also some nightguards around. 'Sit down, boy,' he said I sat down and he started to talk 'I was the one making that picture,' he said ... It was a painting which hang in our home when my parents lived ... I threw it away when they died ... but later I wanted to have it again ... I hated it when I was young but it seems it's the bearer of my memories when it comes to mom and dad ... Suddenly it was like he got an emotional fragile tone in his voice ... and he talked like he knew me long before ...

I remember one day, he said, that my mother was home alone ... and my dad would go with his ship for a long time ... for he was a sailor ... a strange man came into our house that night who tried to rape my mother ... I came home, and tried to take the man away from my mother, but then he turned around and had the face of a horse ... I didn't see my mother anymore, but then he turned around again and his back seemed to be my mother ... He now had two voices, a dark male voice and a woman's voice ... laughing at the same time ... I started to scream ... and I ran to the corridor where that painting hang of the woman riding the men with no arms ... and I saw it changing into a horse too, as one and the same person ...

I ran outside screaming even harder, and someone came towards me with a tight face saying my father had been drowned ... This appeared all to be a dream but when I woke up my parents were standing before my bed .. saying they didn't want to live with each other anymore, and would divorce ...

So you see this picture reminds me of what happened between my mother and my father ... and ... well, you were the only one asking for it's meaning ...

my parents wanted to drown the past ... and move on ... my mother married to your father ... and then you came so you are actually my secret brother ..

but, I asked, you said your parents were dead ?

To me they are since they divorced ... I didn't want to see them again, for my life broke in two ...

Why did mother never tell me she had another man before ? I asked ...

I think she wanted to drown the past the man said ...

And what happened to your father ? I asked ...

he didn't want a woman anymore ... he said ...

I was a bit shocked ... so this man is my secret brother ?

Finally after a long conversation I drive home ... It's like that picture is on the background now ... I'm thinking about my secret brother all the time ... At home the other day I ask my mother about it ... her face turns pale ... and she confesses ...

It's strange but I'm also thinking about the father of my secret brother the former man of my mother ... I want to talk to him ... Soon I am sitting before him ... He's smoking a pipe I ask him about the painting why he hanged it in his house ... He said that it was a heritage from his own parents ... They were also divorced It was like the picture brought bad luck, but I didn't want to be superstitious and I thought about that strange dream of the man ... my secret brother ... the horse ... as a combination of a man and a woman ... and when they divorce it's like it tears the child apart like with my secret brother ...

the arms of the man of that picture were cut off ... and the father of my secret brother didn't want a woman anymore ... like he cannot be creative anymore ... the man of the picture had a red rag before his private parts covered by the feet of the woman ... it looks like the red being used for the bull in the arena ... it brings rage to the bull ... and my secret brother has this rage he doesn't want to see his divorced parents again ... the red rag separates the man from the woman, and she has her feet on it ... while he has his private parts on it the bull dies ... and they live on while they have a history together ... the child ... the horse ... it's like that picture is the mirror for my secret brother ... the horse is often a slave of society ...

while i let my mind run over these things, i get a phonecall from my mother ... she's crying saying ... 'baby, actually the truth is that your secret brother is also your father ... when my former man went out sailing i went once to your secret brother, and you came into existence and the man i married much later covered my shame ...'

so now i understood why my brother didn't want to see his parents anymore ... too much shame and I'm the child of it ? Am I the red rag ? And am I the reason that the man didn't have arms ... didn't have creativity anymore ? It all happened between a man and a woman and this is the result ... this was why they all wanted to drown the past ... Or am I maybe the one bringing them all together again ? ...

I think if I am a red rag ... I'm a good red rag ... and religion is the bad red rag ... making people angry ... letting them feeling guilty while there is no guilt ... some things just happen ... that's the course of nature ... we cannot stop everything ... and why would we ? that horse acted like a man raped a woman while he made that up it was one and the same person in that dream of my secret brother and father ... that horse is the fruit of a sick religion a strange picture in a magazine, not telling us about it's backgrounds and real meanings who is guilty and who is who ? how many of them are there, and where are they going too ? or are they one and the same person doing tricks ?

Well, I found it was a good trick ... my father and my brother ... all the same person ... who knows maybe he's also my mother ...

some things want to be everything for you ... and by producing as much blame and shame as possible to keep your life possessed ... you cannot live with or without it anymore ... you

make it big in the distance ... but you can't have it close anymore ... and then you're becoming the boss of a magazine ... having strange riddles sent out into a world knowing nothing about it ...

isn't all the drama in our lives just a show of someone trying to get our attention ? it comes to you with many faces these horses of shame ...

The Chalice of Pehnen

In a time even far before Atlantis a group of ravenous and wasted men came from a war. Their bodies were bony and they cried like babies. They were slayers. The air was hot, and the rivers smelled like the urine of beasts. It was a waste land. Their bodies were aching, as if they had been stung by strange flies. They washed their wounds in the river and laid down. They were hungry as there was no food. They had gone insane by the hunger already long ago. Often they had the habit to play a game, and the loser or losers had to become the meal of the day. They were cannibals. But this time they were so tired that they couldn't afford themselves to play any game. They wouldn't even fight for a piece of meat. Somehow something was preventing them. Suddenly there was lightening everywhere. On a chariot surrounded by leopards a woman stood, wellfed, much thicker than they were. 'Asla'in,' she shouted. 'Stand on your feet.' One of the men slowly crept to her and tried to stand on his legs, but then fell to the ground again in the dust. Then she shouted some other names, and they also came forward to her, trying to stand on their legs, but they were trembling because of the heat. The war and the weather made them like this, and the fact that they were so hungry.

'You know what has been promised to the hungry warriors, right ?' the woman shouted. Then the woman left again. The men crept further along the river until they reached the oasis. Here they had their tents and their huts. Another woman was here, surrounded by large cats. She held a skull in her hands, while the slayers were staring at her. 'The skull of Solvotor, sorcerer of the winds,' one of the men whispered. 'By this device they rule us.' She came closer to them. A lizard tongue came forth from the skull, and it was like the men were struck in their brains.

One of the cats started to lick one of the men. 'What do you want from us ?' another man was shouting. He was almost shrieking, because these men couldn't talk normal anymore. Suddenly the wind struck them again, and the men became so insane that they started the war against their own group. Smaller groups began to arise, and the waste land was in a strange flame, even their oasis was wasted now. The woman left while laughing.

The men became even more wasted now, until they were like boys. Asla'in and some others could escape from this tragic fate. They wandered along the river, in search for their goddess. They feared her, they were captivated by her, but they were also longing for her. They wanted to cross the river to go to her palace, to beg for mercy. But while they swam across the river, full of the urine of beasts they lost their last piece of sanity. Asla'in couldn't hold himself up anymore, and was slowly drowning. In the distance he saw the palace. He was struck by confusion. She showed him in a chrystal ball the insane wasted ones who died at stakes. The chrystal ball was overflowing with blood. 'And you know I have the skull of abundance,' she said. He knew she was talking about the skull of Solvotor. She looked wellfed. He didn't dare to question her. All who would eat from the insides of the skull would become like her. She showed him the skull. He knew the skull could strike. He hoped she would have favour on him. She gave him a piece of meat from out of the skull. He carefully ate, but he immediately began to burn. Then she gave him the skull, but she held it tight in her hands also. 'Here, drink of the blood,' she said. He drank, while something struck him in the head. He fell down, and she started laughing. 'You have drunk of the skull of Solvotor, the chalice of Pehnen.'

Red Spider

Tiffany is drinking from her glass, decorated by tragedy and unfulfilled hopes from the past. She is drinking the blood of her grandaunt, without any response to a conscience sewed by deadly precision in her

fragile mind ... echoes from an early church, flying in rotten rain, still
the threatening painting in the cellar of her feigning sentiment ...

The last few years she used this emotion more and more as a terrorist
to protect her sensitive traumas. She became the preacher of this
church, as an attempt to quench her inner bleeding insecurities forever.
The perimeters of vague figures from a family's diary she drowned in
the grey ditches. Now she uses these stains in her cloister to wash
away the last shadows of the world she lived in ... It's still dripping
from the pipeline of the grey ditch.

She's eating from her dish, decorated by numbness, holding the liver of
her granduncle tightly inside. She still feels herself a prisoner there, but
the strange lust she always felt by hearing the torturing dramas of her
old acquaintances is still her candle ...

There's coming blood out of the pipeline ... Tiffany is embroidering her
houseshoes with grey lines from the lonely sickness she has since her
youth ... When the years took off, it got worse ... There is still a sea
of needles unsheathing from her spleen when she speaks ... dragging her
grandmothers there to bear a sword too heavy for them ... becoming
pregnant of something which they can never get out.

Tragedic bitter virginity is torturing her mind, she's living in bitter
silence, worshipping her lost situation and her sharp loneliness in
devotion. She swallows her tears to drown all her casual desires inside,
calling for the sad stare of inner conspiracy. She's eating some old
testicles from a crucifix and a painting, hidden in the laundries of her
mind. It was still the dogma of her creed, her pension after all the
years of hard work while she was too sick to do it.

She cycles everyday to the old pipeline, to swear she will always worship
her sickness in tight devotion, breeding her anger under stones of lost
and lonely places a few inches under her skin, to drag ignorant visitors

*of a forgotten past and health inside, becoming pregnant of something,
which they can never get out.*

*She's still the incubus of silent tragedies, which can never reach
daylight. She's still a bitter incubus of inner abortions and miscarriages,
of a siamese womb, sinking deeper under the weight of something she
could never reach ...*

Red Spider II

*She was paralyzed since her birth. She remembered the cynical smiles
around her, bringing her in a deeper death. She also remembered the
denying compassionate smiles around her, bringing her in cruel doubts
and insecurities ... and she remembered the presents she got from
them, which were like needles in her body, for it was only a token of
business around the shatters of her crash ... These feelings she knew
since she was two years old, were like birds too bright for her eyes.
These torturing emotions about luring friends, weddings and pleasures
which she could never touch, made her eyes very big, swallowing all the
birthcards she got, leaving no feather behind.*

*Blood was dripping from the pipeline. She was locked up in desires too
heavy for her. Now she was luring ignorant visitors to the lost and
lonely places of her traumatized soul, showing them her inner babies*

who could never see daylight. Babies howling and complaining in her head day and night. They struck like lightening, like the terror, like a wound on a wound. She was carrying things inside which were too heavy for her ...

She was a mother of bitter incubus's, making the ignorant shadows visiting her mind pregnant by terror and prophecies, until the voices in her head were sliding away into strange and twisted pleasures of laying a heavy boiling object on a light fragile cocoon, like the strange lusts of a dragging ironer hanging under a too weak balloon heading for a sea of fire.

Red Spider III

She took a dive in the water, to never rise up again. A boat was blocking her way to the breath necessary to live. Her soul didn't want to die, when she saw her body rotting away. But she was already dead. This was always the dream a young lady had. She was blocked by the walls of her church, speaking about hell and eternal damnation as daily meat. She worked in the butchery, this young lady, coming home, washing the blood from her hands ... catching it in a vase. Psychological rituals ... These vases are standing all through her house Japanese vases

She has an obsession about old women, those women who live in the mills so long, that they use them for themselves now. They learnt to sleep with the mills, to ride them, and to tame them, just a tiny bit, for the blood is still streaming, while their old fragile organs are exploding inside.

She has an obsession about their houses, watching their vases. She likes to cut the flowers for the old women, to sacrifice the young to the old. She feels comfortable in hospitals and mental institutions, there where the blood is streaming, there where the mills are streaming, to see how people are blocked by the boat. She wants to hold them in her arms, to know that she is not the only one. She wants to hold them in her arms, for maybe they are the boat blocking her all her life. She is still trying to let the boat sink.

At nights she washes herself by the moist of the Japanese vases, preparing herself for another day in the butchery, washing meat. It seems her mind is twisted in so many ways. All she wants is ... to send this boat to others ... that's why she loves to keep contacts ... She's a bitter incubus ... making them all pregnant with boats, with something which will keep them underwater, things too heavy for them. She's a mother and a child of the incubus's, sending them to the butcheries, to let them feel the boats above their heads, to let them realize that they can feel the boat, that they can lie under it, but they can never push it aside, they have to live in these eternal damnations, all caught in Japanese vases ...

Return of the Red Spider

A woman was cycling in the pasture, while the air had a strange sensitive charge, and the clouds were dark grey. Suddenly she didn't feel herself anymore, and became cold as ice. She saw a dead child lying in the ditch near to the pipeline. She saw his shoe lying beside him. She stepped from her bicycle and started to walk towards the boy, but suddenly an enormous fear came over her. She felt the need to run away for what if people would think she was the murderer of this child. She started to shiver, feeling some strange feelings in her stomach trying to let her fall. She stumbled to her bicycle again, wanting just to forget about it, to cycle away.

But suddenly a policeman was standing before her, taking her by the arms. She got in a shock, like she was being executed or electrified, as if she was struck by lightening. "You are under arrest," he spoke. She almost couldn't breath, and she started to scream. The policeman was taking her to his car. "I didn't do anything," she screamed. But the policeman was without mercy.

She was sentenced to death, she would go on the electric chair on april the fourteenth. The night before her death she dreamt about the little boy. She dreamt that she saw him lying in the ditch again, and that she took him by the hand, and they went for a walk in the pasture. He showed her a nest of red spiders, and suddenly his face turned in that of a spider. Then she woke up screaming, remembering that she was really the murderer of the child. After the murder she cycled away, but then she returned to see if she hadn't left any traces. When she saw the murdered child again, it was like she saw it for the first time, like she didn't have anything to do with it.

Footsteps are coming closer ... It is Friday morning, April the fourteenth, and they are coming to bring her to the chair. But when she comes there, she sees the little boy sitting on the chair, with red spiders all around him. Slowly they start to eat her from inside out, and then she explodes ...

Return of the Red Spider II

Suddenly it was like he had lost everything. He dreamt of the tragedy, and he didn't know why and what. But he was walking to the pipeline. His homeland was gone. He was now in a strange land where no one knew him and where he knew no one. He heard aborted children cry in the pipeline, and he heard strange slow songs spinning like mills in his head. He saw faces laughing in cynical delights, kicking them back into the seas ... locked up between two lands, in a pipeline ... locked up between the past and the future, between two holocausts ... breeding the red spider ...

Fragments of the Tragedy were spinning in his hand, he's falling between the ship and the high coast, with a stone chained to his leg ... sinking to the lethal depths of dangerous oceans ... breeding the red spider ... a tortured miscarriage of a marriage between two countries ... the bloodthirsty vultures standing on the coasts of cruel stolen peace eat

*the fugitives ... coming from a war into a war, wandering from hell to
hell like everlasting damnation ...*

When he woke up ... his wife had been deceased ...

Return of the Red Spider III

*Always when the red spider possesses him, he feels needles and mills
raging in his testicles, and he sees the traumatic paintings of howling
tortured Jesus Christs, of burning witches and animals dying in the
cruel arenas of butcheries in delay ... animals growing into animals ...*

*Then martyrs of the ages pierce their sharp ornaments through his
nipples, possessing him by their shrieks, and riding him by moving the
ornaments and the apocalypses, rising up like the waves of the great
ocean, each one mightier than the previous, spreading the marks of the
mill, laying the thick stones of the dungeons. Then tragedy by tragedy,
drama by drama, will be the arrows on his bow ... until the red spider
drags him back to the pipeline, repeating the ritual ... until all his
children are possessed ... bred into the coiling frames of wet trauma,
torture and pugnacious battle-cries ... until they feel the bars of their
cages, until they feel ...the red spider inside ...*

The Pink Prince

Somehow and somewhere a bigger adventure was waiting for Tze-ra. Together with Swisley she walked towards the castle of the pink prince. When they opened the portal they could easily come along the guards. 'I expected you already,' the prince said. 'I was just thinking about you, how well-versed you both are in so many ways. If you can pierce the green jungle in my gardens to search for the doll, then you have my honour.' They knew about the doll, as they had been sent here by the mother of the prince who lived deep in their own jungle. She asked them to go to their son.

The doll was the last piece of an ancient heritage, having the powers to bind the two kingdoms together, as the doll was bearing a powerfull and mysterious code inside.

As they stepped through the mysty portal of the gardens they soon found out how dark it was here. The prince had told them how a strange spider-like creature got a hold of this place, and soon he also got his grip in the castle of the pink prince, from which he finally stole the doll. It was since then that the kingdom had split up in two by civil wars, and his mother had to

flee. Tze-ra and Swisley cared for his mother a long time, and she asked them for a favor to bring the doll back

There was no place more mysterious than this place. There were a lot of worms covering some bushes and trees, and a strange smell was hanging around here. Swisley moved to the right, touched a plant, and fell down. A few seconds later she stood up again. 'Strange,' she said.

'Don't touch anything again,' Tze-ra said, and by her sword she cut the plants away to make a path. Something was screaming soft in the distance, like a cat. But it wasn't that. On the ground they saw a strange doll, while small snakes were sliding across it. There were more dolls here, and they knew that these dolls weren't the one they were looking for. The prince told them it was too dangerous for him to go into the garden, as since the spider-like creature had a hold on his place he wasn't be able to come outside anymore. He couldn't stand the light anymore, the air, and especially not the trees and the bushes.

Tze-ra and Swisley moved closer to the sounds they heard in the distance. Some strange electric lights hang in the trees. The prince told them not to touch these and not to walk below them, for then they could get electrified. The lights looked like strange transparent gloves in pink and white, but also in soft yellow lights. Swisley used her harpoon to pierce a few of them, but soon she dropped her harpoon, as she got struck by electricity. 'Don't do that,' Tze-ra said. 'Let's move on to the sounds.' As they came closer ripples of soft white lights were covering the jungle, like a strange sort of watering smoke. It even looked a bit like the electric light, so they didn't know what to do. 'It's over, when this stuff falls down on us,' Tze-ra said. Finally they entered a cave, in which things seemed to be normal. A strange doll was staring at them, suddenly opening it's mouth : 'Welcome to dollworld. Wanna become a doll ? Just wait for the entrance.' Entrance ? Entrance of what ? They knew they had to be very carefull now, as they were in the domain of the spider-like creature. Soon they got into a hall deeper in the cave, where there were thousands and thousands of dolls sitting and standing on tables close to the walls. The prince gave them a good description of the doll, so they started searching for it. On the other side of hall there was a sort of cabin with a curtain. On the cabin there was written : 'Becoming a Doll.' Because they couldn't find the doll of the prince they moved towards the cabin. Swisley watched through the curtain, and saw some dolls sitting inside before another smaller cabin, like a cupboard. 'Yes, bend a bit,' a voice was saying. Then another doll fell out of the smaller cabin. 'Who's next ?' the voice said. Tze-ra looked at Swisley. It looked like the voice had been programmed. Slowly they moved into the cabin, and tried to open the smaller cabin. Through a small hole in the cabin they could see the doll they were looking for. They were now right on track. Then they saw some buttons on one of the walls of the cabin. There was a pink button and a blue button. Swisley pushed the pink button, but then the wall was moving across the curtain, so that they couldn't leave anymore. Tze-ra pushed the blue button, and expected the wall would move away again, but this time the smaller cabin opened up. They grasped the doll, but then an alarm went on. They couldn't go anywhere, but then Swisley found another button somewhere in the smaller cabin, together with a sort of equalizer. Now she could open the cabin again, so that they could get out. But

the alarm was getting louder and louder. When they could get out they got the shock of their lives. The dolls were all moving towards the cabin, while they were raising knives in the air. The portal of the hall had been locked up already. Quickly they went into the cabin again, while the dolls got closer. One doll was already almost inside but Swisley had already pushed the pink button, so that the wall moved across the curtain again to lock the cabin. Tze-ra was in fight with the doll, while the wall was crashing him. He dropped his knife, while Tze-ra took the knife. But the other dolls tried to come in also. Quickly Swisley pushed the blue button, and the small cabin opened up. They went inside, and the small cabin got locked after awhile. The dolls started to knock on the walls. A voice was laughing. 'You sure you want to become a doll ?' Strange knives were coming out of the walls. The knives were moving across the walls in a strange mysterious way, while the walls got hotter and hotter. Suddenly the walls produced a soft substance, and flames started to come forth. Swisley and Tze-ra almost couldn't breath anymore. And they couldn't open the cabin again. The laughing went on and on, and got louder and louder. But then Swisley started to handle the equalizer, and she found out she could move some of the parts. The voice reacted to it, and got softer and softer, while also the flames got smaller and smaller and suddenly disappeared. But then a lot of white slime was coming forward from the walls, and soon the slime started to fill up the small cabin. But again, by the equalizer, Swisley could get it away, and after awhile she moved a small part by which she could open the ceiling above them. 'Swisley, let's get out of here,' Tze-ra said. But suddenly a hand moved through the hole in the ceiling. Tze-ra thought the hand was their help, to let them get out, and took the hand. It was the pink prince. Also Swisley got out soon. The pink prince was smiling, especially when he saw the doll.

'But how can you get in here ?' Tze-ra asked. 'I thought you couldn't come here because of the jungle the allergy ...' The prince smiled. He said that since they found the doll things were getting right with him But Tze-ra didn't trust it at all. Suddenly Swisley screamed : 'Watch out !' while the prince was changing into a gigantic spider-like monster. The monster started to roar horribly. Behind them there were ladders on the wall, like the frames of a sporthall. Quickly they climbed on these, while lava was coming forth from the monster. But the air was becoming thicker and thicker, and started to stream powerfully. They looked above them and saw they were in a gigantic hall. Suddenly they lost grip and like by a tornado they came into the space of the hall, while also the prince was floating up. He was now half a monster half a prince, more and more getting his normal body back. But they now knew about his nature. The prince raised a tall sword, almost electric, and now they had to fight for their lives. They wondered where the doll was. First Swisley was the one the prince took in a fight. Tze-ra was under an enormous pressure by the charged air, like she was in the hands of a storm she couldn't get grip on. The streams were moving Swisley faster and faster, and also the pink prince was in this strange whirlpool of battle. They got both raised into the air, almost hitting the ceiling of the hall. Suddenly Tze-ra heard a scream. The head of Swisley had been cut off, and a tornado like energy sucked her head to the ceiling in an enormous speed, and then the head exploded, while a few seconds later also her headless body was exploding. Then Tze-ra got raised into the air by the strange tornado. The winds were almost in every colour, while behind the prince a large purple jewel began to shine. After awhile it rolled out of the wall in which it had been stuck. The purple jewel started to move, and when it got close to Tze-ra, she felt that it was made of soft material. She pushed it, while it went directly to the prince to hit him. But then behind Tze-ra in the wall a green diamond started to shine. Slowly it moved to the prince, and while the prince pushed it, it already had struck Tze-ra, and this time it was a hard one. The prince laughed almost evilly. Then above the prince in

the wall a red jewel began to shine, and moved towards Tze-ra. This time she pushed the jewel down, while it jumped up again. Again it was made of soft material. Again she pushed it down, while the prince almost lost his patience. Tze-ra's chin was bleeding. She was wondering how it worked. Suddenly she pushed her sword into it, and both the stone as the sword got charged amazingly. The electricity was almost shivering. She pushed the large stone towards the prince, and it struck him in speed. It got him upside down, and by her sword she cut his head off. The prince was changing into a monster again, and this time he got two heads. Tze-ra now realized that the more she hit him, the more dangerous and powerfull he became, so she needed to use wisdom. The prince activated another stone, while he was getting normal again, but still with two heads, and he got also many arms. This time the stone hit her head so hard that she almost lost consciousness. A soft purple stone appeared close to her, and again she pushed her sword into it, but then she grasped the stone, and pushed it under her body. Behind the prince many stones began to appear, while Tze-ra began to sink on her pierced stone. She came into the small cabin again, took her sword out which was still charged, and easily she could hit the cabinwall open. Still the dolls were there, and she slayed them one by one by her electric sword.

As fast as she could she ran to the portal of the hall to cut it open, and ran away into the jungle. How long she ran she didn't know but finally she came to a small house deep in the jungle. An old woman lived here, and she told her the story. The old woman knew about the prince who was actually a horrible spider-like creature. But Tze-ra then looked at her, and saw she looked a lot like the mother of the prince. Suddenly she saw one eye of the woman was turning into a spider-like eye, like the eye of the monster. Tze-ra screamed, while fast arms were growing to block the door. Tze-ra now realized that even the mother was in the conspiracy, just to get her and Swisley in a trap. She was in great grief about the death of her dear dear Swisley, and now it was like it was getting to her too. She looked right into the eyes of the prince again. She knew that when she would strike him by the sword, everything would get worse She had to use wisdom. She shrieked, and while she was in panic she struck the table and the ceiling by her sword. Things were falling down, and she didn't know what she was doing. A tall cupboard fell on her, but by her strongly charged sword she could find a way. Finally she dived through the window, and ran further. She now knew she couldn't trust anyone anymore, as the pink prince was after her and he was a shape-shifter

Tze-ra knew that loneliness was her only friend now, and that she wouldn't stop running for awhile. She needed to get away from here, from this spooky, deceiving place By her charged sword she destroyed some fences, and she hoped that she was now out of the domain of the pink prince. To her own jungle she didn't want to go anymore, as that was the place where they deceived her She wanted to start another life somewhere at her own How could she trust anyone if creatures like this really existed She wished Swisley was still with her How far could the pink prince reach ? After weeks of running and wandering, having little sleep, she came to a place made of millions and millions of small and strange pink skulls. The place was huge and almost breathtaking. Such art she didn't see anywhere in the realms of the pink prince. As she moved through many portals and gates made of the smallest skulls she finally entered a sort of white house. Here a necromancer lived. It was an old man with a beard, but he could talk very well, and was very friendly to her. She said to him that she was in fear that he would be the pink prince, but the man comforted her. She was

very hungry and the man gave her to eat. With the necromancer many young men lived, and again she was in fear that one of them would be the pink prince. The old necromancer knew about the pink prince, but to her it seemed the young men didn't know anything about him. They all slept in the same room, while the old man had his own room on the other side of the corridor. In the night Tze-ra liked to tell the young men stories about the pink prince. She really got them frightened by the stories, but the young men were also good at telling frightening stories. In a sense she was still in fear that one of these young men would be the pink prince, and she often spoke about it with the old man. At one evening the old man took her to his room in private, and told her that one of the young men was the pink prince. Tze-ra already expected to hear that. 'We have to be very carefull,' the old man said. 'We cannot just get rid of it so easy. We must use wisdom.' Fear started to come over Tze-ra. She wanted to leave the place immediately, but on the other hand, she found so many good friends here. The man gave her hope, and the man gave her a living. 'Can you tell me who of them it is ?' Tze-ra asked. 'And how do you know it's true ?' The old man looked her deep in her eyes. He started to bend a bit towards her, and whispered : 'Child, every father knows his children.' Tze-ra didn't want to go back to the room where the young men were. She wanted to sleep in the room of the old man. 'Just tell me who I can trust,' Tze-ra said. But the old man didn't want to tell. 'You have to find out for yourself, Tze-ra. Inside of me there's still the hope that I am wrong.' It gave her a bit hope as well, and it eased her fears. She wanted to find out if the man was right or not. That night she went to the room of the young men where also she had her bed. She went her with a shivering heart. That night she told them the story of the pink prince again, but this time she told them that she really met the pink prince, and that she was scared. The young men were very tender and caring towards her, and tried to comfort her. She had tears in her eyes and she shivered on her bed. The young man sat close to her, and some of them were holding her hands and arms, and others were almost holding her. 'I think you are all so goodhearted and tenderhearted, and you all have become such good friends of me, that I'm so afraid that one of you would be the pink prince,' she said almost crying. 'Oh, we would never do such things,' one of the young men said. Another brother shook his head. 'You know,' one of them said, while caressing the face of Tze-ra, 'it was always one of the scariest stories I had ever heard since you came here, Tze-ra. And now you tell me it is all real, it makes me think. What if one of my brothers is really the pink prince. I can't live with the idea. What if our father is the pink prince. It makes me really sad. Our family was always one of love, but this really makes me think. Isn't there any way how we can prove it ?' One of the brothers took Tze-ra in his arms. 'Oh Tze-ra,' the young man said, 'I love you so much. I would never want to be the pink prince. I never heard of it before, but I understand that you are scared. It makes me scared too, but I will prove my love to you.' And then he kissed her. That night a few of the young men left the house. They couldn't live with the pressure anymore. The old man was very sad. Also Tze-ra was very sad, but she was also relieved that no strange things happened. More and more of the young men left the house, until two of them remained. These two young men were the eldest of the brothers. Tze-ra believed that they were the closest to her heart, and they were like the old men. But still she had many doubts, as love and wisdom alone didn't prove anything. One day at an evening they sat around the table, all four. The old man was speaking, and said to the two young man what he had in mind. He said that it was his belief that one of the children was the pink prince. One of the brothers got mad, and said : 'Father, why didn't you tell us before ? We have lived our lives in danger, and you didn't warn us. Who of us is it ?' But the old man didn't want to say it, and also to them he spoke about his hope to be wrong. 'I think it was all my fault,' Tze-ra said. 'I shouldn't have talked so much about it. Maybe there isn't any problem. I think it's better that I leave this place, so that the others can return again. 'No,' the old man said, 'you won't go anywhere.' Also the young men shook their heads. 'And why not ?' Tze-ra asked. 'I

do not want to live in this anymore. I cannot live with this pressure, these fears. The only one I can trust is the old man. I'm sorry, but that is the truth. He gives me such a different feeling, and what if he's right that one of you is really the pink prince ?' One of the young men started to laugh. 'This is ridiculous. I'll go.' The other young man stood up, took his jacket and said he would go also. After they had gone the old man got very very sad. 'Now I do not have any of my children left, and that all because of my own fears,' the man said. 'Maybe I must cultivate more trust in myself and between the others.' Tze-ra bowed her head. 'It's all my fault. Maybe I have stirred up your fear. If I wasn't here your children would still be here.' The old man shook his head. 'No, Tze-ra. I see you and did see you as a gift of heaven. I never had any daughters. You are like a daughter to me, and with you I have a relationship and a trust I could never have with my sons. Maybe you have waken me up again. There's something wrong with one or more of my sons. I just feel it.' Tears were coming out of Tze-ra's eyes. Why did it have to be so difficult ? She didn't want to stand between the old man and his sons. 'Tell me about your wife,' Tze-ra said. The old man bowed his head. She could see the old man had difficulties to talk about that. Suddenly he raised his head up, and said : 'Morra was a pretty lady, much like you. She raised the boys in love, but something was wrong with her. At one evening we were close together, and we went for a walk. To make a long story short : I found out about her true nature, when I asked her about her past. She she started to talk meaner and meaner, trying to bring me down with her words, and then she slowly changed into a hairy pink spider-like creature, and I had to kill her. Before she was dead she swore revenge.' Tze-ra now knew why the old man thought one of his children had to be from this same nature. 'But how do you think we can find out, about your sons ?' Tze-ra asked. 'Well,' the old man said. 'I do not know if they will ever return. Maybe it's better like this.' That night Tze-ra couldn't sleep. In the middle of the night someone was ticking at her window. When she saw it was one of the young men she went to the door, and opened it for him. 'Where are my brothers ?' he asked. Then Tze-ra told the story. The young man asked if he could sleep in her room again. Tze-ra nodded, although she was very scared. The young man saw that. 'Don't be afraid because of me. I'm not the pink prince. I'll show it to you.' In the room the young man showed her a strange scar on his body. It was a beautiful pink scar. Tze-ra told him about his mother, something his father always kept secret. She had permission from the old man to do that. He thought she would be able to do it better than himself. The young man was in a shock, and maybe that explained the pink scar. He said he had the scar since birth, and now it got more clear to him, as his mother was the pink prince. Tze-ra held him in her arms for a long time, also because he didn't know if he could trust her. He confessed that she was the reason why he left. He was afraid that she would be the pink prince. Tze-ra smiled, and hugged him. Then he kissed her. 'You taste so sweet,' the young man said. 'I don't think that you are the pink prince, but it's my fear, and I'm so afraid to lose you, like I lost my mother to the reality. What if you are the pink prince ?' Suddenly a tall shadow stood in the door-opening. They didn't hear it coming. It was a tall man, but not one of the brothers. 'Who are you ?' Tze-ra asked. The young man came closer and closer. 'I warn you don't come any closer to us !' the brother screamed. 'Father ! There's someone in our room !' The tall young man stood like frozen suddenly, like so many thoughts were speeding through his mind. Suddenly the old man stood in the door-opening, turning on the light. 'What's going on here ?' He had a gun in his hand. The tall man turned towards the old man. 'Mickey ?' the old man asked. 'Oh my god, it's Mickey.' The old man hugged the tall young man. 'Who is Mickey, father ?' the brother asked. 'Oh,' the old man said, 'since your mother died, I had a child with another woman. I never told you this before, but this is your half-brother.' The young man didn't seem to like it, but it broke the tension a bit for sure. Since then the other young man named Mickey stayed with them, and got a bed in the room of the young men. If anyone wasn't the pink prince it was Mickey. Mickey didn't talk much, but he

was the sweetest guy Tze-ra ever met. He had deep eyes, very thoughtful. Mickey could get along with the old men like no one of the other young men could, and soon the young man got jealous, also because he had Tze-ra's interest. The brother left again, and this time not because of his fear, but because of his jealousy. Mickey was a darling, and he gave so much hope to Tze-ra and the old man. He was different like all the others. Soon all the other brothers were back, and one day they also told the story of the pink prince to Mickey. Mickey got very confused and since then he wasn't the same. One day he went away, and the old man blamed his children. Mickey was too sensitive and too tender for such stories. Tze-ra went outside to search for him, and found him in a rocky place. 'Hey darling, what's wrong?' she asked. But Mickey didn't want to see her. 'Don't come any closer to me,' he said. 'I'm not done with this. I need to think about everything my brothers told me. I'm scared to death. Please, give me time.' Tze-ra understood and went away, but after a long time Mickey still didn't return. So she went to him again. 'Tze-ra, I feel comfortable with eleven of my brothers, but the twelfth I cannot trust. I think he is the pink prince,' he said. 'I hope I'm wrong, and maybe I am wrong, but this is how I feel it, and I'm afraid. I will only return if the one I mean is proven to be right or wrong.' Tze-ra bowed her head. She knew that also the old man had one in his mind he couldn't trust. She would go to him with the thoughts of Mickey. 'Please Mickey, tell me the name,' she said. When she returned to the house she went through the room of the old man. She wanted to speak to him about Mickey. Slowly she whispered the name of the son with who Mickey had problems in his feelings. The old man bowed his head, and said: 'Tze-ra, this is true. I have never told this to anyone, as I always had the hope that I was wrong, but Mickey has the same secret.' Tze-ra took a deep breath and sighed. 'What are we going to do about this?' The old man raised his head up, and said: 'I still have the hope that we are both wrong. There must be a way to prove it. I will ask all my sons to come.' It was the first time in his life that he allowed his sons in his room, but this time it was serious. Again the old man told about their mother, and how he lived with a silent fear all these years. One of the sons stepped forwards and bowed his head. It was the son both the father and Mickey had problems with in their feelings. 'Father, I must admit something. I am the pink prince I mean I tried to be the pink prince but my powers don't seem to work here. It's like a lost case.' The old man stepped towards his son. 'You are still my son, and I have still feelings of love and care for you, but this was my secret, and this was the secret of Mickey. I'm glad you have admitted your secret as well, and I hope we can live in peace now.' But then another son stepped forward: 'No, father. If this is your wish to live with such a liar Even he is our brother, he isn't worth to be We want him to die.' But then the old man said: 'No, we cannot do that, that would make things only worse. It's a different creature than we are, but if he's not forming a threat against us, and not using his powers against us, it will not be a problem.' But then another son stepped forward and turned himself towards his brothers: 'Did you hear what our old man said? He has put us in danger all the time What he doesn't want to do, to kill this traitor, this liar we will do But then the eldest son came forward. 'No, we cannot kill our brother. That is not the right way. Our father had killed our mother only when she formed a threat against him, when she turned into a pink spider-like creature. This hasn't happened yet, so let's behave. We aren't waiting for such a manifestation.' And since then the brother who was the pink prince left the place. It was because of the tight, loving and overprotective family-structure he couldn't do anything. The brothers were sad about the loss of their brother. They had lost him to reality, still a dark feeling in their heart. Soon Mickey returned, and the family seemed complete. It was like Mickey filled up the empty space a bit, but there were still fears eating them from inside out. One day the old man asked Tze-ra again to come to her room. 'Tze-ra,' he said. 'I must admit that there are still things that bother my mind. Still things don't seem to be completely right.'

Tze-ra knew what the old man was talking about. He was still in fears the pink prince would live among them. Again he called his sons to him. He asked them all to be very honest and serious about the matter. 'I still have the feeling we aren't done with it. Who of you are also the pink prince. All the boys looked at each other. It was in a way they were doing a show. Mickey started to cry, while the brothers made fun of him in a strange way, like it was a show. They made strange movements, and Tze-ra got the chills. Suddenly she was screaming : 'run !' She took Mickey by the arm, and then the old man. The old man grasped his gun and dived through the window. Tze-ra ran with Mickey through the tall corridor, but it seemed that the door was locked. 'No !' Tze-ra screamed, while Mickey already fainted. The brothers all seemed to melt into each other and the most horrible spider-like creature had been formed, ready to attack. 'Mickey, wake up, please !' Tze-ra whispered. Then she kicked the door in, took Mickey through it, and with Mickey in her arms she ran away from the house. Soon the house exploded, and she heard the spider-like creature coming towards them. Where was the old man ? When she turned around she saw the old man was already in the beak of the spider-like creature, and blood was coming forth from him, while she almost could hear his bones crack. Tze-ra screamed. Suddenly she got struck by one of the claws of the enormous creatures, and another claw took Mickey and threw him in speed against a rock dead while blood spat in all directions Tze-ra shrieked : 'No !' All the things she loved had been taken away from her She tried to run away, but the creature was much faster. She jumped into a tree and climbed as high she could, while screaming for help. But the creature was merciless, and soon she found herself in the claws of this enormous creature. The beak of the creature came closer and closer, and suddenly she fell into the depth of it's mouth She bit hard in it's tongue, and then in other sensitive places. Soon she found herself wrestling with the pink prince 'You have me again, I see !' she screamed. 'Well done ! I can never ever trust anyone again !' The prince hit her very hard in her cheek by his fist, while she started to bleed. He had such a strange glove, like the skin of a fish full of stings. 'I have found you again, yes, or you have found me, whatever !' the prince said smiling. Tze-ra kicked him very hard, and he fell away from her. But soon he rose up again, like by a strangely charged wind. He threw a sword towards her but she knew how that worked She wouldn't fall into that trap again She was not thinking about how she could destroy him, but how she could get away from him where she would have her shelter forever 'I am everywhere !' the prince laughed. Lightning came out of his hands to strike her again. This time her whole body was shaking. In a flash he jumped on a rock, and then he made a jump towards her, turned around and kicked her in her face. His boots were soft, like a soft sort of rubber, and it didn't hurt her that much. She was a bit surprised, but she knew it was all his strategy. He was subtle, and in this he was merciless. He knew how to play her buttons, like she was his doll And even when she thought he wasn't around, he was around 'My god, you're really a stalker right ?' she said. He nodded. Then he came to her again, and wanted to kiss her. 'What kind of man are you ?' she asked. 'What do you want from me ?' He came closer and closer, and said : 'Well, I have kept you alive maybe I want something from you' Tze-ra stepped away from him ... 'Well, I do not want to have anything from you' The prince showed a sad face 'Well, if you don't want to be my lover I think I will kill you but you can change your mind' Tze-ra started to shriek hysterically : 'Never will I let you have my children, as I do not want to have you as my child I know how your games work' The prince smiled 'Hmmm.... you're a very clever woman so then you want to die ?' Tze-ra then tried to smile a bit 'I think you cannot kill me in a sense It's like you are afraid to meet a bigger 'me' then' After awhile the prince gave up, like a machine which couldn't get it done it went away Tze-ra hoped it was the last time she would ever meet the prince. She wasn't

sure. Maybe he would return one day, but it seemed she already got used to it like she started to know how to play the game right For him there wasn't fun anymore, as she was a tight player She knew how to handle him Tze-ra climbed the rocks where her friend died, and then she tried to search for the highest point of the hill to have a good survey. In the valley behind the hill she saw some wild horses eating grass. Slowly she stepped down from the hill. To her these sort of animals were often gifts of heaven, to bring her to new paths, opening and enlightening her life. She hoped that on their backs she would be safe from the touch of the pink prince but she knew she was a wrestler, and that she would always be

When she told the story about the pink prince to another old man on his journeys she was glad he didn't have any sons or daughters. The man had good contacts with different sorts of animals, like bears and horses. That's the way she wanted it to be for now She didn't long for any contacts with men or women but she held everything down to this man, this old man, and he was the only thing she could worry about The man didn't know anything about pink princes, and didn't want to have anything to do with it and he slept with a good rifle under his bed against it She just left in time, so that she wouldn't get any troubles as she knew the good pink prince could be everywhere, just waiting for the strike It was because of this that she wanted to be like a gypsy, like a traveller never staying long, as that would give troubles And by this she got the pink prince slowly but steady under her feet, and was she a good opponent in the wrestling She didn't want to go down under she wanted to live the life She was in for a game and she played it good and fine When she saw a group of young men, she would kiss and then say : goodbye

The End

Diamonds Never Talk

They were on a market in Buslia : Tze-ra, Marlas and Lassa. They were on their way to a shop somewhere in the East of Buslia. But suddenly a group of men came after them, and kidnapped them. No one helped them, as they were strangers. The group of men took them to a strange cabin, and the next day they had to appear before the skeleton-prince. The skeleton-prince asked them why they were here. 'We just wanted to visit Buslia,' Tze-ra assured the skeleton-prince. The skeleton-prince stood up, and went to a large machine behind him. He put some coloured tablets into the machine, and was watching. 'On these files I can see what you all did in this town. You are intruders. You do not belong here.' Tze-ra bowed her head. They were here to smuggle diamonds into Buslia. They had fulfilled their mission, but the last few diamonds they had to bring to that shop in the East. Diamond-trade had been forbidden here for such a long time. 'Tze-ra !' the skeleton-prince roared. 'I want you to show me those diamonds !' Suddenly the portal of the skeleton-prince's hall got opened. A lot of men came inside. They had also kidnapped the owners of some shops they suspected. By the files they

could trace all the diamonds, and Tze-ra and her girls got thrown into a dungeon. The shop-owners got killed immediately after all the diamonds had been found. Tze-ra started to cry. She knew they were in big troubles now. One day the skeleton-prince called them again. This time they pushed Marlas into a lake of crocodiles, in the hall of the skeleton-prince. They saw how their friend got killed before her eyes by the hungry crocodiles. 'Do you have a last wish?' the skeleton-prince asked Tze-ra. He seemed to be interested in Lassa, and took her close to his chest. 'Don't say it, Tze-ra!' Lassa whispered loud. Then she turned to the skeleton-prince, and said: 'Do with me whatever you want, but save Tze-ra's life.' Tze-ra almost shivered. Then the skeleton-prince said: 'Okay, for now I will spare her life, but only for this time, as I have plans with her.' Then Tze-ra had to go back to her dungeon. She felt sorry for Lassa, who was in the hands of such a terrible creature now. What would he do to her? Tze-ra dug a hole in the ground, and after a few weeks she had made a tunnel, only to find out that it led her to another dungeon. Here a young prince was sitting. He seemed to be from another country, like he was a prisoner of war. Tze-ra told him that she was a diamond-smuggler. It seemed the prince had also been in a smuggling scandal. He told her about the red diamonds. He said he had a few of them implanted under his skin. By a knife he could cut them out, and showed them to Tze-ra. Inside the red diamonds there were strange chips by which distance-communication was possible. It was by visual information and audible information, based on thought. Tze-ra touched one of the diamonds. They felt very warm. But she couldn't hear or see anything by it. 'It doesn't work anymore, Tze-ra, as my country doesn't exist anymore It has been destroyed by the skeleton-prince.' Tze-ra bowed her head. She wanted to tell more about the diamonds she smuggled, but she didn't dare it in a sense. She didn't know if she could trust the prince. She decided to go back to her own dungeon. She was very tired of making the tunnel, and she didn't feel for making another one. But the prince called her after a few weeks to show her his own tunnel. She had inspired him to do that. This tunnel was leading them outside. Tze-ra could almost scream of joy, but they had to be careful. She also thought about Lassa, but first she had to make herself safe. The prince almost followed her like a slave. But she thought they could better split up, as it was too dangerous to stay together because of the dangerous control-units here. Tze-ra ran for hours and hours and could finally leave Buslia. She went to her mission, and told them what had happened. They knew it was too dangerous to send her again, and they first had to save Lassa. They showed her green diamonds with explosion-mechanisms inside. They thought this would be the only weapon against the skeleton-prince. These diamonds had to be attached to his body, to finally destroy him. But who would bring these diamonds there? It was another smuggle-program. Finally Tze-ra took the job on her, as she wanted to save Lassa. The diamonds had to be wrapped in ice, for they would be triggered by warmth. It seemed Tze-ra didn't have much time. In a bag on her back she carried thirty of those green diamonds totally surrounded by ice. There were some cooling mechanisms in her bag, but Buslia almost had a tropical climate. She didn't have much time. Tze-ra took the shortest way to Buglia through the jungle, and by lianas this went pretty fast. But the green diamonds were unfrozen in such a short time, that Tze-ra had to leave them behind. There were so many control-units here, that she used the green diamonds on them. It attracted the skeleton-prince for sure, and soon she stood eye to eye with him again. Tze-ra now had her sword with her, and a horrible fight started, a fight in which she didn't know if she would win or lose. Suddenly she saw a copy of him standing behind him, having Lassa in his arms. Now she knew that he may have a lot of doubles. It made her lose all her hope in a sense, but she also realized that maybe the machine was the cause of that secret. She remembered the tall machine of the skeleton-prince by which he could trace so many things. Was this the secret of his powers? His head almost span around on his body, while red electricity seemed to come forth like lightening. From his purple belly a strange juice seemed to flow. It was a tough battle, and Tze-ra didn't know if she could win

from him. He pushed and smashed her all over the place. Suddenly a strange wind took them both in the air, and it was like she was in the streams of a storm or tornado. She tumbled around while she was screaming. She couldn't keep her balance anymore. The skeleton-prince floated closer to her, while she was still dizzy. Suddenly she swept over, and kicked him in his face. Suddenly she heard something behind her. It was Joshua, one of her mission-friends. He had another bag full of green diamonds. 'Here, try this on him,' he said, while she opened the bag, took a few green diamonds, and threw them one by one towards the skeleton-prince. By the heat of his body the stones exploded immediately, but also the double of the skeleton-prince came forwards, and he had Lassa in his arms. It would be too dangerous to use any stone on him. But she needed to be quick, as the other stones were almost unfrozen. Suddenly she took the whole bag and threw it between her and the second skeleton-prince on the ground. It was like the ground exploded, and a huge gap arose. Both Tze-ra and the second skeleton-prince got thrown in the air by the huge explosion. The second skeleton-prince lost Lassa by the shock, and Lassa started to run towards Tze-ra. 'Tze-ra,' she screamed. 'Help me, we must get away from here ! This place is full of his doubles !' Tze-ra almost lost consciousness by the shock, and in the distance a whole army of skeleton-princes appeared. Tze-ra stood up, still dizzy. 'I need to get to that machine, that evil machine,' Tze-ra shouted to Lassa. Lassa fell in the arms of Joshua who took her into safety. While Tze-ra ran towards the army of skeleton-princes. A strange power was charging her, and she slayed them all by her sword. This was almost too easy. But in the distance the machine itself was coming forwards. It was much bigger now, and a skull appeared on the screen. It was the skull of the skeleton-prince. 'Haha,' the skull said. 'You will never find the real skeleton-prince, as these are all his copies. The real skeleton-prince is safe with me.' And fire came forth from the machine, ready to swallow her. Tze-ra jumped in the air, and got caught again by the strange wind. It was like this strange wind was her friend, as she received so much power by it, and it helped her to use her sword. The streams were almost colourfull in the air, and in full rage she started to strike the machine by her sword. Suddenly Lassa stood behind her with some green diamonds, almost unfrozen. 'What are you doing here ?' Tze-ra screamed. She took the green diamonds, pushed them on the machine, but before the machine exploded a stream of green fire got spouted out of the screen and devoured Lassa. 'No !' Tze-ra screamed, and then she dived away while the machine was exploding. Tze-ra thought it was over now, but a green electric prince came forward from the explosion. It was like the spirit of the skeleton-prince. 'You can destroy anything of me !' the green silhouette laughed, 'but you can't destroy my spirit, my ghost ! I am the spirit of death !' And suddenly the silhouette started to scream so loud that Tze-ra had to put her fingers in her ears. There was no escape from this monster. He seemed to split himself into a million of green spirits, and they were all surrounding Tze-ra. Suddenly the wind came like out of the ground, and pushed her up into the air. 'Who are you ?' Tze-ra asked the powerfull wind. Suddenly she remembered the prince of the dungeon, from who she got a red diamond. She had the diamond tied around her neck like a necklace, and it started to work again. 'Remember me ?' he spoke in her thoughts. She smiled. 'I am this wind,' he said. 'I have returned to my country to rebuild it.' Suddenly the wind became so strong and started to divide itself. One by one the green spirits got struck by the wind, and then pierced like by an invisible sword. 'The invisible things are much stronger,' said the prince of the red diamond. Tze-ra smiled, but at the same time she was in grief about the loss of Lassa. In the distance she saw the prince coming, the prince of the wind. Also Joshua was coming closer again. She embraced them both, and together they went to the new country of the prince of the wind. It was an amazing thing to see his wind-machine. The prince taught Tze-ra how to use the wind-machine. There were so many things they could do with such strong arms. But Tze-ra preferred her sword. She had become a real slayer now, a warrior, for the highest good. It was an amazing thing to see the rebuilt country of her friend, but she

knew she had to move on. It was by her sword she moved, and by her sword she breathed. The prince took care to have one red diamond planted into the sword, so that the wind would always be her secret help. But one day she gave this sword to Joshua, as the prince could be a bore. She thought that Joshua would be a much better friend to the prince as deep in her heart she thought Joshua was a bore too. She wanted to do the real work : to be a warrior. She hoped she had finally dealt now with the skeleton-prince, but deep in her heart she wanted to know the truth, and went to Buslia again. This time not to be a diamond-smuggler, but to be a slayer. No one recognized her when she walked along the markets and shops. She was dignified in the way she walked, and her sword was visible, ready to strike. She asked some of the market-workers who their lord was, but she didn't get any answer to that. It was time to find it out by herself. She went to the place where the skeleton-prince used to live, and she couldn't belief her eyes when she saw him sitting on his throne. She stood before a small window, and got into real anger. There was much machinery going on there, and to her it was almost a hopeless case to find out about it, how it worked, and how it could be destroyed. What if the machine she had destroyed was also just a copy ? But in her heart she knew she wanted to find out.

In the elevator to the underground city she hoped to find some answers. Why she was really fighting the skeleton-prince she didn't know Was it her feeling for revenge, or were there more things going on ? In the underground strange purple diamonds were moving. There was a strange radiation coming from the stones as if they would hold up the upper world. Tze-ra came closer to the stones, and saw these were stones by which swords could be charged. She expected if she would go even deeper with the elevator she would come into an arena. But nothing was less true. When she had charged her sword by the purple diamond and went to the floor below by the elevator she saw a purple lake from which strange electric purple frame-humans came forward. They looked frozen in a sense, not able to do much. She found out it was a place of gamers and gamblers. They came here together, and it was like they could move the upper world. There were a lot of screens on which they had views of the city above them. A strange windmachine was coming up from the center of the lake. Purple winds and lights were coming forth from it, and by joysticks the gamers could move these, and cause tornado's. She expected there was nothing she could do about this, but then she realized that she was a slayer, and her sword had been charged by the purple diamond. She stepped forward and challenged them. 'I am a warrior !' she shouted. 'I see you are all friends of each other making a mess in the world above you ! I challenge you ! Try to make a mess of me !' Suddenly one of them turned the windmachine by his joystick and a beam of strong purple wind came forth to grasp Tze-ra. Tze-ra could see the fingers of this storm, and suddenly there was a strong pressure around her. If these guys would lock her up, then her game could be over, but by her sword she broke the fingers of the storm one by one. The guy who had caused the stormhand to get her got an electric shock, and fell into the lake. It seemed his so-called friends had a lot of fun about it. The skin of the guy completely melted away, and soon he was nothing but a purple frame rising up. 'Hahaha !' one of his gamefriend shouted, 'that happens with losers. He lost the game, and it was even against a woman.' But by her sword Tze-ra could direct the remained force of the storm towards the other guy, and also he got pushed into the lake. 'Now tell me how it feels to lose by a woman !' Tze-ra shouted. Then she started to laugh. She felt like she was an evil queen now, and she couldn't help having fun with it. Quickly she pushed all the other guys into the lake by her sword, as she could still direct the strong wind to grasp them. A lot of screaming came forth from the lake, but all the purple spirits seemed to rise to a sort of balcony, and they started to run downstairs very fast.

Again they took place in their seats, and this time they directed lightening at Tze-ra. Tze-ra fell backwards, and climbed into the elevator again. Her skin was already bleeding because of the lightening ... She needed to leave very quick, or she would be completely electrified. She went down with the elevator again, but soon the electric purple ones tried to get in. She could see them through the glass. There was a button by which she could let the elevator got faster, and by this she finally lost them. This time it took hours before the elevator reached the floor below. Here it was like a lab. She stepped out of the elevator, and saw all sorts of strange fluids boiling in tubes and cabins. In the center of the lab she saw a bald man lying on a bed, covered by white sheets. There was a strange smell. The man looked like he was dead. In a sense he looked a bit like the skeleton prince. When she came forwards the man seemed to take notice of her presence. Suddenly he stood up, and said : 'How dare you coming to my private place. It's a wicked idea of you that you can just intrude here.' He took a sword from the wall, and started to crash some of the tubes. Fluids started to flow, and he could direct these by her sword, while the sword of Tze-ra came under a big pressure. She almost couldn't move her sword anymore. Also the purple spirits seemed to arrive by the elevator. The man started to laugh. Parts of Tze-ra's skin started to burn away by the fluids, and she got strange scars and wounds. 'Now watch me,' the man said. He pushed some buttons of a computer and the skull of the skeleton-prince appeared. He could move the skull by some sort of joystick stuck to the keyboard of the computer, attached to the wall. It was a flat screen. Suddenly he could take the skull out of the screen, and threw it towards Tze-ra. Just in time she could strike it by her sword, but the pieces of the skull started to move around like dangerous splinters. Tze-ra became very paranoid all of a sudden, for what if such a piece would hit her. Sharp high noises came forth from the computer, and the splinters started to move faster and faster She knew that it wasn't wise to use her sword now, as it would only get worse. The green spirits came also closer and closer, while moving very slow. 'Hahaha,' the man said, while she saw Tze-ra almost dancing to avoid the splinters. 'I am the one who rule this whole circus, and soon the world will be mine.' The spirits started to dance around Tze-ra, and came closer and closer. 'Oh, you could be my ballerina,' the man laughed. 'What if I make a dancer of you to hypnotize the world above you for my goals ? You will live in a cage, and I will fullfill my works.' The dance started to become wilder and wilder, as the splinters were moving more dangerously. Suddenly she fell on the ground, while everything seemed to turn around. She woke up in a cage, and soon she had to dance on markets. She didn't have her sword anymore. It was like the splinters of the skull were in her now, and she couldn't stop dancing. She felt like a robot now, like a slave. Her boss was the bald man, and he seemed to amuse herself a lot. He seemed to sell a lot, also strong liqors. It looked like the fluids in his underground temple. It attracted a lot of alcoholics and drug-addicts. It was like the man wanted to have the whole world addicted. He was a notorious jewelry-smuggler ... doctor Fledektorous. Inside the jewelry there was a chip which connected the person to the computer of his lab underground, his secret and evil temple. But now it seemed no one recognized him, and no one had any troubles with him selling jewelry. It was like he had hypnotized them all, while Tze-ra was dancing. Doctor Fledektorous had many dancing girls, and Tze-ra started to have some deep friendships with some of them. But others of them had become too numb to really talk to. The girls had strange jewelry, and soon also Tze-ra had it. Doctor Fledektorous made big money with it. He had a circus, a fairground and he sold cattle. He was like a mega-brain taking over the mass. But still Tze-ra also wore the red diamond of the prince she met in the dungeon around her neck. The red diamond didn't seem to work very well, and that was the reason why she kept it. She still thought the prince was a real bore, but this time she needed him. And also Joshua had such a stone in his sword, so she hoped there would be a conversation, if it would work. By the stone she tried to send her thoughts to both of the men,

but no one seemed to react. She wondered if they would still be alive. One day Tze-ra gave up all hope. She thought she would have to dance here the rest of her life.

Doctor Fledektorous was a mean man. He didn't treat the girls very well. One day a stranger came to the circus, and then he came closer to the cages in which the women were dancing. He saw Tze-ra and another lady called Tza-la, and asked how much they cost. 'We can't be bought,' Tza-la said, but deep inside she hoped that this man would save them out. The man looked very dirty, like he didn't have any money, but suddenly he took a gun, and asked the girls how he could open the cages. Some other girls warned them not to go with him, for there might be guys around much worse than their boss. Soon the doctor came to know about what was going on, and raised his sword. In a rage he ran towards the man to let his sword dive into the man, but the man could escape the strike, and then held the gun against the face of the doctor. 'One movement, doc, or it's over,' he said. The doctor slowly gave him the key of the cages, and very carefully the man opened the cages by his other hand. 'Walk slowly to my horse,' he said to Tze-ra and Tza-la. The girls did what he asked, but then the doctor could push the gun away in a flash like a lightening, took the gun and shot the horse. Then he tried to shoot the man, but the man could dive away. 'Run !' he shouted to the girls. But soon they got surrounded by some of the circus-artists. It all ended here, as the man got locked up in a cage, and had to become a dancer too. He really felt himself like a marionet, and Tze-ra still didn't know what the intentions of the man were. He didn't talk much, and often his cage was far away from the cages of Tze-ra and Tza-la. But by this incident Tze-ra had a bit of hope again. One day the circus, the fairground and the cages went with the whole market of the doctor to another country. Here it was very cold, and sometimes the doctor allowed them to be in a bigger cage together. Tze-ra always enjoyed these moments, for then she could learn to know about the others a bit more. This time she tried to come closer to the strange man. He didn't look poor anymore, as he now had a dancer's outfit. His face looked depressed, and he had a naked upperbody, almost shivering because of the cold. Tze-ra thought it was cruel that he wasn't allowed to have a jacket, so she tried to warm her by her soft sleeves full of feathers and other soft accessoires. She still didn't know about his intentions, but she couldn't let this man freeze to death. His face was cold, almost blue, and a bit reddish. He could get sick if this would go on. He took him in her arms, and asked him where he came from. He told her that he worked in the same mission as she did He was a diamond-smuggler, and came to save her out. Tze-ra moved even closer to him and kissed him. 'You know this is a world of dangers, right ? I do not know if we will survive here,' Tze-ra said. She now knew that she could trust him. 'What kind of diamonds do you smuggle ?' she asked him. He looked her into the eyes, and said : 'shhh' He showed her a strange scar in his body like a gap, and took some diamonds out of it ... They had a strange colour Then again he looked her mysteriously in her eyes and whispered : if these come in contact to iron, steel or any sort of metal, they will turn blue, and the metal will melt away. Now I know what you are thinking, and these are my thoughts too. We will lay them against the bars of the cage when everything is quiet.' Tze-ra nodded and thought that was a very good plan, so they waited for the night, and when everyone was sleeping he laid the diamonds against the bars, and the bars started to melt away, while the diamonds became blue. The man also took Tza-la in her arms, and then they went away. The man brought them deep into the jungle somewhere in a cave where they were safe. When Tza-la woke up, she looked into the eyes of the man and whispered softly : my saviour The man smiled. It was like the jungle opened itself up to them. All sorts of wild cats, like panthers and also the unknown ones were sitting in trees, while staring at them, some moving their tails. The cave led them to a treasure-room full of diamonds. The man

already knew this place, but Tze-ra had never been here. Here they could even take a bath in the diamonds. Tze-ra looked into the eyes of the man. It was like since then the jungle started to embrace her again. There was a tension in his eyes she couldn't describe, but here she hoped they all could get some rest. They decided to stay for awhile in the cave. And in the night they slept close to each other. The next day the man showed them another room in the cave. This room was full of diamonds called 'panther diamonds'. The man pushed some buttons on the wall, and soon the panther diamonds started to float in the air. It was like suddenly they heard the sounds of cats in the ground, and slowly a sort of tall boxes appeared in the ground, where pantherlike creatures seemed to wake up. The creatures started to roar dangerously, then jumped up, and left the room. 'Isn't that amazing ?' the man said. 'It's the way pantherlike creatures come forth from the ground.' Tze-ra and Tza-la stood like stuck to the ground. 'Where are those creatures going to ?' Tze-ra asked. 'They go into the jungle,' the man said. He took a necklace made of panther diamonds and gave it to Tze-ra, and then he also gave one to Tza-la. Then the man took a flute totally made of panther diamonds, and started to play on it. Soon the whole room was full of panthers. The man started to walk further into the cave, and all the panthers followed him, while the number of panthers increased more and more. Also Tze-ra and Tza-la followed the man with the panthers, and they finally came into a huge hall underground. The man had a sort of vehicle here. He established the panthers before the vehicle by leather belts, and then he climbed on the vehicle. He also helped Tze-ra and Tza-la on the vehicle, and then it started to move. They made an awesome trip into the depths of the earth, like in an underground jungle.

It was an amazing kingdom where the panthers brought the vehicle, so deep underground, in a secret place, where an old man lived with millions and millions of panthers. The atmosphere was charged by such undescrivable strange powers, that there was a strong pressure on their chests. The panthers were all around the old man. 'Father,' the man on the vehicle said. 'I have brought some friends with me.' The old man led them to his old and poor house, and gave them something to eat. 'One day the panthers will invade the earth,' said the old man. 'I do not know if I will still be alive, but it will happen.' The man of the vehicle nodded. 'And what will happen then ?' Tze-ra asked. 'Oh,' the old man said, 'then the rythm of the earth will be restored. The rythm will lock the ear of the earth, to open the eye of the jungle. But to open the eye of the jungle, the eyes of the earth need to be hatched.' And then the man continued : 'Deep down in the earth there is a place where the eyes of the earth are. These are the eggs of giant-flies who once inhabited the earth, but they had been chased away by the sounds of the earth, and by it's ear.' Tze-ra didn't know what she was hearing : 'But why do these eyes need to be hatched ?' The old man turned himself towards Tze-ra and spoke : 'Only when these giant-flies will return to the surfaces of the earth the jungle can be healed, and it's eye can be opened.' Tze-ra tried to understand what the man was saying, but she had a hard time with it. 'What will be the use of the eye of the jungle, where is it now ?' The man looked her deep in the eyes and said : 'The eye of the jungle has been locked up by the eyes of the earth, and these are very dangerous at the moment. They need to be hatched by women, so I will show you the place. We need some strong and wise warrior-women to do it. Only when the eggs will be hatched the gaint-flies will rise again, and then the eye of the jungle will be set free and opened to let them stay alive.' Tze-ra looked at Tza-la and said : 'Do you think we can do that alone, or shall we get some other women ?' But then the old man shook his head : 'No, I do not want to have any other women here, as you have been chosen to do the work.' Then the old man stood up, and said : 'Follow me.' It was a few hours of walking, but finally they came into a deep hall full of the eyes of the earth. They all seemed to be

connected to each other, and they needed to hide behind a rock, as fire and lightening came forth from the eyes, and also strong winds, like powerfull arms. 'They can easily kill us,' the old man said, 'so we have to be very carefull.' Some of the panthers had followed them, and by some sounds the old man seemed to call them. There were now twenty-five panthers with them, while the hall was full of a thousand eyes. All moving very dangerously, while they were turning around. It was like they were doing a strange dance, like a strange show. One of the panthers started to roar, and all the eyes seemed to stop moving around. The old man said they had to be very carefull now. Suddenly one panther jumped on top of one of the eyes, and after awhile the eye started to close. Then the panther jumped on another one, and the same happened. Also other panthers started to jump on the eyes, and soon a whole group of eyes was sleeping. Now the women could start to hatch them. The man said that only the warmth of women could do the job. The women slowly walked to the eyes, and started to cover them by their bodies, while they moved themselves slowly. It took some hours before the first ones started to crack open. Strange larvae seemed to come forwards, but also a lot of smaller eggs. The old man said that now the small flies would do the rest. They seemed to grow very fast, and hatched the other eggs. They could do that much faster than the women did, but also the temperature of the hall was rising. When they saw the other eyes crack open, they also saw a big eye underneath it all. This was the eye of the jungle. It was still locked, but strange lights started to come forward from it, like waves. 'It will open,' the man said. 'But it's up to the panthers when that will happen. We have to go away now, as the temperature will rise here dangerously, and the lights here will increase.' Then they started their journey back to the fields of the panthers. But some of the eyes which weren't hatched yet started to come after them, and blocked their path in the underground jungle. They looked different than the other eyes, and they started to shoot lightening at them. The women dived away in the bushes, but the old man got struck in his arm. The panthers started to roar dangerously, but the eyes didn't seem to react to that, and struck the old man again. 'Run !' the old man shouted to the women, 'run for your life.' Then they heard and saw him explode, while the eyes started to chase after the women. They were running through the bushes and the trees, while a lot of the panthers were following them. Tze-ra and Tza-la jumped on some panthers to get faster, but the eyes were much faster, and soon they got blocked again. After awhile they were surrounded by a lot of strange eyes, and got also struck in their arms. They knew that one strike more could kill them, but suddenly from behind an eye got shot. In the air they saw giantflies coming towards them, and they spat some sort of venom. The eyes were shrieking while they got baptized in the venom, and started to shrink away. But more eyes seemed to come after them, also a lot of smaller ones. The giantflies dived into the circle, and grasped the two women out of it. Then they flew away with the women, while they shrieked loud, penetrating the underground jungle. The giantflies brought the women to a higher point, to a nest which had been connected to a cave. In the cave they found the other man back, the man of the diamond flute. He had also been saved by the giantflies. He told them that some of these eyes were ancient predators looking for meat. It seemed they still lived deep underground, as the eyes of the earth. The man believed that once they were parts of the armour of an indian warrior, but since the warrior had been torn apart the eyes became evil, terrorizing even the surfaces of the earth. The eyes wanted revenge for their master had been killed and humiliated so deeply, and that's why they could never find any rest. The man said this was also a story his father always told him. The eyes would only quit their evil works when their master, the indian warrior, would have his bones together and would be buried in honour. But Tze-ra got mad and said : 'We will not work for them. They need to behave, or we will destroy them.' But the man shook his head. 'My father said that against the eyes of the earth no one could fight successfully.' Tze-ra bowed her head. She hoped the giantflies could do something. To her surprise soon the nest was full of old ancient bones. It seemed the giantflies could trace these

very easily, and they already knew exactly what to do. After awhile the whole body of the ancient warrior was complete, so they could bury it. The whole atmosphere got charged by a strange energy, and soon the eyes went into a deep sleep. They rolled all over the place. 'We should not take any risk,' the man said. 'Maybe if they wake up, they will continue in their bloodlust.' He could see these ones weren't eggs. Some of the giantflies broke them by their beaks, while diamonds and strange seed seemed to stream forth from them. They seemed to be the holders of many secrets. The giantflies and also the panthers started to eat from the seed. It seemed they had found a new source of food.

Tze-ra and the others had become very tired, and searched for a place to sleep. They slept close together and hoped it would be a peaceful night. But in the middle of their sleep they got surrounded by mysterious eyes. It seemed that still the battle wasn't over. They took Tze-ra and Tza-la in a grip and flew with them into the depths of the earth. The eyes weren't like the other eyes, and they were with so many. Tze-ra got locked up in a cage, and soon she found herself hanging above a large pit full of blood. It was like a large tube, and her cage hang at a rope which seemed to come down very slowly. When she finally started to sink in the blood she heard the voice of Tza-la. She was screaming. Tza-la had also been locked up in a cage hanging at a rope, but her cage was far above Tze-ra. Suddenly a door in the wall got opened, and the cage of Tze-ra got sucked inside. The eyes opened the cage, and Tze-ra could step out. She was in a hall now, where she saw a skeleton-like creature totally made of eyes. The being was like a giant, and two burning swords hang behind him. 'Who are you?' Tze-ra shouted. The being came a bit closer to Tze-ra, while Tze-ra moved to the wall. She tried to get away from the cage and the opening to the pit of blood. 'I am the keeper of the eyes of the earth,' the creature said, while he moved along the other wall. Tze-ra hoped she could get to one of the burning swords, so she would have a weapon to defend herself if a fight would start. 'What is your purpose?' Tze-ra shouted. The giant-like skeleton made of eyes started to laugh. 'I want to take over the earth, invading it by my eyes. Then he opened a large door behind him, and Tze-ra could look straight into a hall full of billions and billions of eyes. Tze-ra took a dive and reached one of the burning swords. Quickly the giant made of eyes grasped the other burning sword. When he aimed his sword at the eyes in the hall all eyes started to burn. 'Haha,' the giant roared, 'soon these eyes will invade the earth, and then I will have total control. Never again the earth will rest, as the burning eyes will always be upon it's surface. I will watch you all, and everything will burn!' Suddenly the giant struck the wall, and the whole wall started to get into flames. Tze-ra stepped to the middle. Now she could see in the distance of the other hall that the eyes had been surrounded by cages full of panthers. 'See, panther-woman,' the giant roared, 'if you will win from me, the earth will be invaded by panthers, but that will never happen. The stronger panthers are caged here, and will soon burn in fire. And the strongest panther of all is my partner.' Then from the ceiling a panther in a cage came down. Tze-ra had never seen such a large panther, and lightening seemed to come from it's eyes, and fire from it's nose. When the cage came down, suddenly the cage opened, and the giant-panther jumped to his boss to show him affection. Then Tze-ra suddenly looked at the pit where Tza-la's cage had almost sunk away in the blood. Tze-ra ran to the pit and jumped on the cage which still hang at a rope. Only Tza-la's head hadn't sunk into the blood yet. Tze-ra cut some of the bars away by the burning sword, and helped Tza-la out of it, but then burning eyes started to surround them. The giant and his panther now blocked the way back to the hall, and the cage on which they stood was sinking deeper and deeper. Suddenly they heard shrieking from above. The giantflies were coming. By spitting venom they could get the burning eyes away, and one of them spat the giant made of eyes in his face. The giant

was screaming, and was confused for awhile, while another giantfly dived on the head of the giant-panther and took a tablet out of it's head. By this tablet he had been brainwashed. It was like the panther got his senses back and attacked his master, who fell into the pit of blood. But in a dreadful speed the giant swam to the wall where he pushed a button. Another door opened and a giantlion appeared. Tze-ra and Tza-la jumped into the hall where the giant-panther was. But they had to be careful as the walls were burning. Tze-ra took the tablet which had fallen on the ground and threw it into the fire. Now the cages of the panthers seemed to open. The giantflies got into a fight against the giant and his lion, but now Tze-ra had a hard time fighting the burning eyes. They all seemed to come out of the other hall. Fortunately she had help from the panthers who also seemed to come out of the hall. Some of the eyes were really spitting fire now, and also strange fluids started to flow. Everything got quickly overflowed, but fortunately an army of giantflies could take them and the panthers out safely. But the ceilinggate had been locked up, so the giantflies couldn't come any further when they were soaring in the top of the tube. The fluids were still rising. Through the ceiling made of a sort of crystal they could see the man of the panthers with some other giantflies. No one seemed to know what to do. But Tze-ra still had her burning sword, and it was so powerful that she could easily melt the ceiling away. It was a great escape, and soon they were all in safety.

Still on the back of the giantflies they saw huge dark eyes appearing in the skies of the underground. What is that ? Tze-ra shouted. Then an enormous lionhead appeared in the skies, which then turned into a skull Then the dark eyes appeared again. A low voice spoke : 'Now you have escaped from my rogues, and even defeated my main man, my right hand, take it up against me.' A lot of smoke was appearing which seemed to surround the giantflies, and it was like the jungle below them was getting into fire. 'Who are you ?' Tze-ra shouted. The dark eyes seemed to open up even more, and the low voice spoke : 'I am God of this planet, and I am a Wizard. I have made all the eyes of the earth.' Then lightning seemed to come out of the dark eyes, while angels started to appear. They looked filthy, and they started to surround the giantflies. It became an enormous fight between the angels of the strange God and the giantflies, while Tze-ra and the others couldn't do much. Suddenly the man of the panthers jumped behind Tze-ra. He came from another giantfly, and took Tze-ra tight. 'Tze-ra,' he said, 'this was what my father always told me. We have to escape through the dark eyes to escape from these powers.' Tze-ra still had the burning sword, and when they came closer to the dark eyes she shouted : 'Burning sword, open the portals of the eyes !' Suddenly two gigantic fire-streams came forth from the sword to pierce both eyes. Something was screaming and shrieking, while an enormous tentacle, like one of an octopus appeared through the first eye, and soon also another tentacle appeared through the other eye. The tentacles were in rage, and soon other tentacles were appearing, trying to sweep those who sat on the giantflies, and those who hung below them. The giantflies were still in a gigantic fight against the filthy angels of the Wizard. It seemed like it was a lost case. The angels were much stronger, and the tentacles were so fast that many panthers got swept from the giantflies and fell into the burning jungle below them. Soon Tze-ra, Tza-la and the man got tied behind their backs by the angels and were driven to a large hall in the distance. A man with a tall beard sat there in a strange suit with a strange tall hat on a strange throne surrounded by white panthers. The panthers were wild and full of rage. Tze-ra could see it in their eyes and the way they were opening their mouths like snakes. The man stood up, and walked towards them. 'I see you didn't come further than this,' he said with a dark voice. 'I am the Wizard, God of this all. Be my guests.' Then he made a movement by his hand, while the angels brought them to a

room where they could sleep. They were still bound, and they didn't want to go to sleep, but since they were very tired they all three fell into a deep sleep very soon. The next day they got really treated like guests. They got untied, and they were invited to have dinner with the great Wizard. In the dinnerhall there were many cages hanging in the air. The Wizard made a movement with his hands and the cages hanging at ropes came down slowly. There were halfnaked women in these cages. They looked like dancers, at least some of them. The Wizard stood up, put his arms in the air, and said : 'I am God Almighty !' And again by making strange movements to the women the women started to change into panthers or crocodiles, and some into huge snakes. Tze-ra almost trembled on her chair, as the animals looked very dangerous, and she still didn't trust this man at all. They had to eat from strange food, which looked like organs, and there were even eyes they could eat. The food wasn't bad at all. Everything had been fried and grilled. They could also eat from vegetables and strange eggs. But these were delicious. 'You though a lot of the eyes you met weren't eggs to hatch,' the old man said. 'But they were. We hatch all eyes here, by these dancers, these women. But there is one egg they can't hatch. I'll show you.' The old man led them to an elevator, and in the depths of the hall they came along an egg so huge thet had never seen. It was really a giant-eye. Even the dancing women couldn't hatch it by their dances. 'This,' the old man said, 'is the egg of the biggest giantfly existing. It is the last egg of this race and I keep it here. When it will come alive it can easily take the earth into another sphere, there where the green planet is. The earth will first come in the orbit around the green planet, and finally they will melt as one. But when this egg will be destroyed together with it's insides ... then that will never happen. You Tze-ra, you have the burning sword my rogues once stole from me. They turned themselves against me, all of them, but since you have found the burning sword, you can hatch this egg by it. You have a special warmth, Tze-ra. Please help me. I first didn't know who you were, so I am sorry I destroyed some of your panthers and giantflies or let's say my angels did that They weren't aware of who you were We thought you were intruders Forgive us' And then the old man started to cry. But Tze-ra didn't trust it at all. She knew that she just wanted to use her, so that he could be the ruler of the new earth. 'If you will not do it,' the old man said. 'I will destroy the egg and it's insides, and then the earth will die.' Tze-ra knew she had to be very carefull now. 'I give you a week to think about it,' the Wizard said. Then he brought them to their room again. Tze-ra and the other two discussed what to do now. They whispered, as they were afraid someone would hear it. In the night they went out of the room, and walked through the tall corridors. All doors had been locked, but Tze-ra could open them by the burning sword. She felt sorry for the women who got locked up in cages. They had to be carefull, for there were angels around. The old man was sleeping in his own room. But suddenly after awhile he stood before them. 'I do not know what you are doing here,' he said sleepy. Tze-ra didn't hesitate one moment and pushed the burning sword into his stomach. Snakes came forward from his mouth and belly, and angels came from all sides. It became a bloody fight. Also the cages of the women came down, and they started to turn into predators while the cages opened themselves. Tze-ra knew she first had to deal with the Wizard and his angels, and then the women could be free. By her burning sword Tze-ra was almost All-powerfull. She cut most of the angels in two and others she pierced deep in their bellies or chests. Tza-la and the pantherman ran into the sleeping-room of the Wizard, while flames started to come everywhere. Here they found two other swords, and then they ran back to help Tze-ra defeating the angels. Tze-ra aimed her sword at the women who had become predators and were about to attack her. 'Burning sword, set these women free !' she shouted, while flames came from the sword, to turn the predators into women again. 'Go to the elevator !' Tze-ra shouted. 'Then go to the giant-egg and hatch it !' Quickly the women started to run to the elevator and disappeared. Everything got into flames, and they had to be very quick now. In the flames a dark skull appeared, while lava seemed to

flow forth from it's mouth. The skull started to laugh, and said : 'Don't try to escape, Tze-ra, as you won't.' Tze-ra and the other two ran towards the stairway downstairs, and finally reached the hall where the giant-egg was. The women were dancing around it on the balcony, but nothing seemed to happen. Then Tze-ra touched the egg by her burning sword. Soon the egg started to open, and a gigantic larva seemed to come forth, with so many other eggs. The larva was already very strong, and could fly within seconds, while being larger already than any giantfly they ever saw. All the women could climb on it's hairy back, which was very sticky, so that the women couldn't fall. Also Tze-ra, Tza-la and the panther-man jumped on the being. The giant-larva spat fire to destroy a wall, and could leave. Every day the giant-larva grew larger and larger, and one day one of the women discovered an opening on the back of the already gigantic fly, by which they could get inside. It looked like an organic spaceship. Inside it was very slimy, and also strange powders were growing there. In the beginning everything was very narrow, but later it really started to look like tunnels, tubes and small rooms like cabins. But this was only the beginning. The women were amazed, and they all found their own rooms. More and more the fly started to grow like an organic spaceship, and more and more they started to realize how much value this fly had. Some places on the walls of the fly were more or less transparant, so that they could watch outside. But one day a major attack struck the ship. Soon they found out that some of the angels had returned to them, and this time they really looked like clowns. Three of them had found the opening and went inside, but Tze-ra attacked them by her burning sword, and also the pantherman and Tza-la used their swords against them. Finally they had got them out, and they found a way to lock the opening. Everyday the fly seemed to grow bigger and stronger, and more and more it started to produce the weapons and equipment they needed even food. But the angels attacked again, and they found out about their shapeshifting abilities. The angels were almost like dangerous aliens. One day a woman named Filessia had some philosophies. She believed that the aliens would do everything to come inside, so they needed to be on their guard. Tze-ra often went to Filessia's room and then they talked for hours. Filessia had the fear that the aliens would try to take them over, as she knew them. She also had her doubts about some of the women, who were traitors in her eyes. One day Tze-ra called them all together in a bigger room in the spaceship. They were with more than twohundred. Tze-ra showed them some places throughout the spaceship where there were a lot of fluids and powders of the fly. Here they could wash themselves. She also told them that they had to prepare for more attacks of the aliens. The strategy was to stay close to each other and not to isolate themselves. The women loved to bath, also because it would empower them. But when they wanted to bath, they needed to do it in groups, or at least with someone else. They also had to sleep with more of them in one room, as the rooms had become bigger now. Since the fly had become bigger and stronger the angels seemed to give up their attempts, and also the fly itself had killed some of them in horrible ways. But this didn't bring much rest among the women as they had become afraid of the bigger aliens who would be attracted by the growing fly. The developped many cannons in itself, so that there would be much defense, but how about the real smart aliens who would try to infiltrate the ship and what if they were already among them ? The fly could trigger all sorts of electricity, lights and even flames, but they knew about the dangers lurking around them. One day they got attacked by another organic spaceship, a red fly. Since then strange eggs started to grow in their spaceship, and strange men started to come forth from them. They seemed to be monkey-flies. They had red noses and were very hairy. The monkey-flies didn't have wings, but they were children of a fly, and this fly had humiliated them and stung them their whole lives. It seemed that by the attack on this spaceship they could be set free. They took high positions in the spaceship, and the women had to obey them. They had strange equipment on their bodies, by which they could beam lights to enslave the women and the panther-man. It seemed the nipples were the spots

by which the lights divided themselves throughout the bodies. It was a sort of electric drugs, as the women got high in a certain sense, and were willing to obey. It was like an addiction. The lights triggered a strange itching powder in their nipples which brought their brains in a higher state, and triggered the rest of their bodies by a strange itching. But on a certain day the red fly attacked again, and the mother of the monkey-flies seemed to enter the ship. She was in a rage about the fact that her sons escaped from the red fly, but when she saw how her sons were the leaders of this ship she changed a bit. When she spoke the faces of the monkey-flies got all colours. The mother-fly had also strange equipment, and had stung their nipples once so that they would be sensitive to her. The mother-fly seemed to love the ship, and wanted to own it. The ship was bigger than the red fly, and she even wanted to destroy the red fly. Soon the mother-fly took the highest position. She had strange nipples by which she could spout light, fire and powders like a gun. This would be one of her mightiest weapons. Deep under the surfaces of Mars there was a place named the Pink Hell. This was where the motherfly wanted to bring the spaceship so that she could enter. She had been fallen away from this place so long ago, and since then she had been a wanderer. But now she could get it all back. The Pink Hell was full of snakes, flies and strange creatures. The fly-creatures had beautiful mouths, and they looked like human beings. But their eyes gave away that they were aliens, inhabitants of the Pink Hell. There were many bathing-places here, full of fly-fluids in which the inhabitants washed themselves, and there were also a lot of fountains around. The king of the Pink Hell was an old man with a white beard. He was bald and chubby, with a purple robe and wearing sandals. He was a friendly man, a king with many armies, and he had three daughters who had very strong and piercing eyes. They could look right through you. The king was also called 'the pink devil'. This was his pet-name. Tze-ra thought it was an honour to meet such a man, as he gave them all such a happiness, and he took so much good care of the monkey-flies, their mother and the women. No one ever had more soldiers than the king of the Pink Hell, and to him Tze-ra, Tza-la and the panther-man were treasures. To him they were treasures from the other world, so he took good care of them. There was no place like the Pink Hell. The king had made a good job of it. Tze-ra thought it was such a good place because there was no man like the king of the Pink Hell. He was wonderful to her. But there was a lot of sadness in the kingdom of the Pink Hell. It had something to do with a kingdom deeper under the surfaces of Mars and the surfaces of the Pink Hell. It was a place called Gehenna where tall, thin flies lived. The flies from Gehenna often came to the Pink Hell to terrorize its spheres. Their leader had once kidnapped the son of the king of the Pink Hell, and they said that he now lived in a deep cage somewhere in the depths of Gehenna, but they didn't know that for sure. Maybe he already had been slain to death. The king with his many armies couldn't begin anything against the darkness of Gehenna. No one ever survived a trip to that place. The king was very sad about this, for he lost so many of his kingdom to it, and of course his most precious son. But Tze-ra told them that they could use the organic spaceship to enter that place. If the king would give about a hundred soldiers then the organic spaceship did the rest, of course together with the monkey-flies, their mother and the women with the panther-man. The king first needed some advice from his wizards, but after a short time they were able to go. Tze-ra was immediately amazed and overwhelmed by the stunning beauty of Gehenna when they entered in. The flies there were thinner than she ever saw them, and they were extremely tall. After awhile they found the prince but he wasn't sad at all. He had good company by the flies, and he seemed to live in freedom. It seemed he didn't want to go back to the Pink Hell, as he had found his place here. Tze-ra was so in awe that she had the question if she would want to leave at all. The flies seemed to charge the atmosphere by their movements and buzzing, and the fact that the prince was still alive and well would be good news to the king. She asked the prince why the flies would still terrorize the spheres of the Pink Hell, but he said that they didn't do those things. There were some other creatures living

at the borders of Gehenna doing such things. These creatures looked like the tall, thin flies very much, but they were dragonflies also, besides being flies. They were dragonfly-flies, as a part of them was dragonfly. But soon Tze-ra and the others found out that the prince wasn't right in his head. When he saw chance he invaded the organic space-ship and captured Tze-ra and the others. For Tze-ra and the others there was no way to begin anything against these flies, who had such power and might. They often had more than eight wings, and they were very dreadful. They brought Tze-ra and the others to a place called the Eye of Mars. This place was almost the core of Mars itself, and here they got locked up in a prison guarded by a million of strange organic camera's which looked like eyes. These eyes were like the eyes of flies, and at the same time they called these the eyes of Mars from which no escape was possible. The lights of these eyes were so strong and piercing that they almost tattooed them by strange pale stripes. Tze-ra was wondering how the prince could become like this. Probably by the flies, she thought. Maybe they had taken over his mind. Tze-ra was alone in a cell, a sort of dungeon, chained to the wall, surrounded by a mass of camera's. The stripes seemed to hurt her, as blood and strange fluids were coming forth. Then all of a sudden strange creatures seemed to come out of the wall, out of holes which got opened, and they started to lick the blood and fluids away. They didn't seem to be interested in her flesh, only in her body-juices. And then they left into the wall again, while the holes got locked again. Tze-ra wondered where the others were. How could she possibly escape this ? It was slowly dragging her life away. Only one thing was in her mind : She needed to get out of this as soon as possible, or she would die. Through the bars of the dungeon she could see tall men walking, also having these strange pale stripes on their bodies. One day they took her out of her cell and she had to appear before an old man. It was a strange man, just like all the others. He had a beard, and he looked a bit like the king of the Pink Hell. He seemed to be friendly and not threatening at all. Then after awhile the others also came : the monkey-flies and their mother, the women, the panther-man and the hundred soldiers of the Pink Hell kingdom. They were all tied and chained. The old man sat on a throne, and he was surrounded by many tall striped men. 'You have been given to me by the prince of Gehenna,' the old man said. 'This is not Gehenna, but the Eye of Mars. You have come here for a reason.' But then Tze-ra raised her head up and shouted : 'What is this for a cruelty ?' The old man said that he had bought them for a lot of money, and that they were his now. But the Tze-ra shouted : 'We are no one's property ! We do not belong to this place. We came here because of the king of the Pink Hell. He wanted his son back. But I see he's probably also your property.' But then the old man said : 'You came to Gehenna, and then a price needs to be paid. Just like the prince once came. Your minds need to be taken over !' Tze-ra saw that the others were already very dizzy. 'No !' she shouted. But soon she couldn't say anything anymore as her mouth got blocked. She fell into a deep sleep. She felt so sorry for the prince of Gehenna, and in her dreams she was still with him, helping him. When she woke up she was in her cell again. It seemed there was nothing she could do. These here were fly-people, and there wasn't anything she could do. They were for trade now, as the old man spoke. Soon Tze-ra found herself in a harem of a strange prince, even stranger than the prince of Gehenna. Where the other women were she didn't know. She needed to dance now, together with the other strangely striped women from the harem. But she hated it, and longed back for her cell in the dungeon, although she knew that here she had more chance to escape. All the women had been chained by tall leather ropes. Because Tze-ra was much stronger than the other women she could easily tear these leather chains, and one day she did, and ran to a wall over which she could escape. When she stood on the wall she could dive from it into a river. The river was very wild, but soon she found herself on the other side in the mud of the core of Mars. Above everything else she felt, she was glad, and she knew that maybe the old man had some mercy on her by taking her out of her cell to let her work in the harem. But still she wondered where all the others were. The

place where she was now was peaceful. But it seemed that camera's were still following her. She saw the eyes of Mars coming across the river, and these eyes were like the heads of strange dogs. She knew now that she had to run for her life. In her escape she had taken away a bow and a quiver full of arrows from a corner. She knew these eyes would be faster than her, so she turned around at one moment and pierced the first eye by a quick arrow. But the eye started to shout like hell, like an alarm, and Tze-ra didn't dare to shoot another one, so she started to run again. She came into a lake and dived under. Maybe the eyes couldn't follow her here, but nothing was less true. They weren't fast swimmers, but Tze-ra needed to be on her guard, and move fast. There was no way to escape from these eyes, as they would find her always. Tze-ra longed for her cell again, but she was now in the wilderness, in a deep lake. Suddenly she felt the body of a snake, and it attacked her. Soon she was in a horrible wrestling underwater, and also the eyes of Mars with their faces like dogs came closer. The snake saw them and bit one of them, while he got electrocuted. Tze-ra could get herself free and swam to the other side of the lake as fast as she could. Here some indian-like creatures stood, while they were fishing. 'Help me !' Tze-ra shouted. One of the indian-like creature took an arrow, aimed, and shot an eye of Mars. The eye started to scream, and then to bleed. The other eyes who looked like dogfaces got in a shock, and suddenly they all turned away to escape from the indian's threat, who also had another arrow on his bow waiting to pierce them. He aimed and shot through four of them at the same time. The indian showed Tze-ra that the arrows had a strange poison. Tze-ra went away with the indians to their camp. Here she could rest, and they assured her that she wouldn't be intruded by the dogfaces anymore. There were a lot of flies here, many with more than eight wings, and they seemed to be very peaceful. Tze-ra had reached the realms of the core of Mars. She was in great sorrows because of the others like Tza-la, the panther-man and the rest of her friends, but the indians told her not to return, as then the eyes of Mars would get her. The venom would only work here, but didn't have any chance outside the wilderness. Tze-ra had to stay here, or she would die. She told them a lot about the organic spaceship and where she was coming from, and they all seemed to be very caring and loving towards her. They taught her about the venoms they lived with, by which they were safe against the eyes of Mars, the dogfaces. They told her that once they had been prisoners of these eyes also, but the venom of strange flies had set them free. This venom came forth from the stings of these flies. This was the reason why the indians here cared a lot for these flies. Without it they would die. The indians told her that in the core of Mars there would be eternal life, and that she shouldn't have sorrows about her friends, for if they would be destined to eternal life, they would come there too. In the core of Mars the flame of the flies was burning, and this flame was eternal. The indians led her to a woman named Inti-ra, the Keeper of the Diamonds of the Flies. She was a very friendly woman who explained her a lot about the flame of the flies. It seemed to come forth from a place surrounded by the diamonds of the flies, but it would only come once in a millions of years. Tze-ra found out very quickly that this flame of the flies was something the indians just believed in. Tze-ra didn't have time to wait a million of years. The woman also told her that the diamonds of the flies had stored a lot of things, like the lights by which the flies seemed to rule everything, but also the voices of fallen warriors. Tze-ra found out that also this was just something they believed. But one thing was true : they had saved her out of the claws of the eyes of Mars. The diamonds of the flies were beautiful and often huge. Tze-ra could see that they reflected and seemed to have many sorts of vibrating, pulsating and divided amplifying lights like in a spectre. The woman told her that these lights ruled everything, but Tze-ra didn't believe that. There were amazing flies around who seemed to feed on these lights. These flies had often more than eight wings, some even up to fourteen. Between all those diamonds, and even diamondrocks a huge jungle-eye seemed to live, bringing forth these lights to radiate them into the stones. The woman told her that from here the eternal flame would rise. There

were only a few ones who seemed to have seen the eternal flame of the flies, but when it shows up it would be like a flash. To reach eternal life you have to be quick when it shows up, for only those who would touch the eternal flame would have eternal life, but those who only saw it would have to wait another millions and millions of years. That was the belief of those indians. Only one person seemed to have touched this flame, and he now lived in the depths of the core of Mars. Tze-ra wondered what kind of person that could be, probably a lunatic. Tze-ra couldn't belief in a flame which would offer eternal life. Tze-ra thought the indians were wasting their time believing in such things, and waiting for it. There were often visitors here, to come to the diamonds of the flies, but even more to wait for the eternal flame. Some even stayed here for days and days, but then the Keeper of the Diamonds would send them away. But Tze-ra had become very curious and wanted to know about the one who seemed to have touched the flame. He lived in a darkness no one could penetrate. Tze-ra took the advice from Inti-ra that he didn't want to be disturbed. She would go there, and then first trying to give him a message in which she would ask if he would want to meet her. She pierced the darkness for a long time, and finally she came to a huge, huge portal, like a door of metal. When she knocked a small window in the door opened immediately, and a small voice said : 'The master knows about your coming, and you are invited.' Then the door opened and a small man led her inside. Soon they came to a huge hall where small tiles in black and red formed the floor. On a huge throne a sort of clown sat. He started laughing when he saw Tze-ra. 'I wanted to see you for such a long time,' the clown said, 'and now you're here. I can't belief my eyes.' When he took his mask off it seemed to be a person she knew. He once came to this place, and the indians believed he was a god. He couldn't get rest day nor night, and soon he went to this place in the darkness, surrounding himself with such a mystery. 'You have finally found me,' he said. 'I have waited for you for such a long time, like waiting for the eternal flame.' And then he laughed. Tze-ra came closer. She almost couldn't belief her eyes. 'So you didn't touch the eternal flame yet,' she asked laughing. 'No, no,' the man laughed, 'they thought I had, and I had to live with it but hey, soon I will touch my eternal flame.' And then he stood up from his throne and ran to Tze-ra. Then they both fell into each others arms. 'I have missed you so much,' Tze-ra said. 'I really thought you were gone forever. The universe is small.' Her friend caressed her face. Then he led her to a garden behind the hall. It was a very huge garden overflowing into a wilderness. 'This is paradise,' he laughed, while Tze-ra also laughed. There were amazing flies here, often with soft white wings up to twenty or even more. Some looked like flames and were very dreadfull. Tze-ra almost couldn't belief her eyes. 'I almost begin to belief that those indians were true. This really looks like an eternal place,' Tze-ra said laughing. The softness of this nature was surrounding her, and it was almost like she had to pee. She was full of excitement. 'What a beautiful place this is,' she said. 'So you let the indians still wait for this ?' The man raised his head and looked into the skies of the underground, and said : 'I do not have another choice, as they wouldn't allow me any rest. They think I am their god.' Tze-ra laughed. 'I understand. Well, well, so the core of Mars is actually paradise ... It's like heaven, this place. And the angels all flies with so many wings but still I can't belief it's an eternal place' The man laughed and said : 'Of course not, and I'm not going to search for it I just want to have a good time with you.' But Tze-ra didn't want to waste her time with that. She wanted to know more about the wilderness and the secrets it was bearing. She was now in the core of Mars, and she couldn't belief that this was it. She also wondered why her friend didn't go further into the wilderness. The wilderness was luring her, and after some good conversations and having some rest she went away into the wilderness alone. 'Let him have his throne, and living with the believes of others that he would be a god' Tze-ra thought to herself. Tze-ra had other things to do But deeper in the wilderness she found out she wasn't alone. Here it looked more like the eternal huntingfields, and she took notice of some indian tribes.

She hoped these creatures would be peacefull, as she couldn't bear any more problems. She was exhausted very tired But the creatures were very friendly and peacefull. Although Tze-ra found out quickly that they were superstitious. They showed her something in their forest which looked like a foot. Strange lights, often pale lights seemed to come forth from it, and they seemed to worship it. Maybe they thought it was a ufo or something. There were also other strange things happening here, but Tze-ra couldn't grasp it yet. When they had gone to the strange object which looked like a foot it seemed that strong lights had pierced them like wings, and then they could fly for awhile. Tze-ra thought that was very strange. They hunted a lot after chicken, and whenever they wanted to come towards the strange object which looked like a foot they had to smear their bodies with the juices of the meat. If they wouldn't do that, they would die. In the foot they believed wrath-goddesses were living. They had many nipples on their breasts, and these nipples were like toes. When they would come out of the foot it would only happen at nights and when someone was destined to die. This was why the indians feared the foot. Tze-ra couldn't help laughing when she heard about those things. She wasn't superstitious at all. They asked her if she could move the foot to a temple they had built long ago. No one dared to move the foot, even not touching it, for they believed that they would die if they would do. Tze-ra didn't have any troubles with it, so one day she went to the foot, took it on her back, and carried it to the place they called their temple. It was a very huge temple in a cave. She had to lay it down in the small part behind the cave, and a curtain made of chickenbones and chickenfeathers had to hang in front of it. Maybe they believed that Tze-ra was a prophet or something. She just hoped they wouldn't think she was a god. But the indians were very glad, and treated her very normally, as she had asked ... but the foot they even feared more now, and no one dared to come close to it for a long time. They thought that the foot first had to get used to this new place. Strange lights seemed to be spread from the new place of the foot. One day Tze-ra wanted to know the secret of the object, and went to it again. Since the foot was on a new place it seemed the indians weren't peacefull to each other anymore, but always fighting and making troubles. Tze-ra went inside the small place through the curtain made of chickenbones and chickenfeathers, and found out that in the object there were a few fast weapons. She took the weapons out on a night, and decided to leave. She hoped that now everything could become quiet again. The weapons were very much alive, vibrating. Tze-ra knew that these weapons were miraculous, and she was wondering where they came from. She decided to go deeper into the wilderness, together with these weapons she carried with her. After weeks and weeks of wandering she took notice of the fact that she had come into a sort of empire of indians. In the distance she saw an indian, bald, with two feathers on his head, sitting on a throne, on a sort of pyramid. She became aware of the fact that the buildings here were strange. It was an empire in the jungle, but where were the indians ? She only saw this man sitting on a high throne. She went to him, and he seemed to be very friendly. She told him about her journey, and he offered her a place to live, as this was the core of Mars. But on one night there was a lot of light coming from a mountain close to the pyramid. The indian asked her if she would come with him. There was smoke coming from the mountain, and after a few hours of walk they reached the top, where the organic spaceship, the fly, had landed. And in the spaceship they found Tza-la back, and all the others. The spaceship was surrounded by strange flies with flames. Tze-ra hugged Tza-la, and then all the others. They had been saved from the eyes of Mars by these strange flies, and they even got their spaceship back. It was a long story, and Tze-ra decided to stay with them of course, while also the indian emperor decided to stay, and got a place in the spaceship. Now they could finally leave the core of Mars, as they were complete now. In the spaceship they now had the grilled and fried eyes of Mars as a delicacy, as the eyes had been captured by the strange flies with the flames. The eyes were very tasty, and there were so many of them that they could live from it for years. Now they were on their way to the green planet. It was a

moisty planet, with a lot of grass and moss. The spacefly had grown so much now that it could bring the earth in the orbit around the green planet, and later it could bring Mars in such an orbit. The green planet had a purple core, and also here they had to defeat many eyes, but they seemed to have a great help from the flies with the flames. Tze-ra and the others had to become real eye-hunters now, for otherwise they wouldn't survive here. The eyes here were so strong that they could penetrate their minds to bring visions, but Tze-ra had strong weapons, and taught the others how to be great archers. Many times she had to pierce these eyes by her arrows, to save her friends out of dangerous attacks, but soon they found ways to control these dangerous eyes of the green planet, and often these eyes ended grilled and fried on their plates. The green planet seemed to be full of unknown exotic and tropical flies bearing a lot of secrets. For Tze-ra and the others it was a beginning of a new journey and a new life. Many of the flies seemed to come forth from a jungle-eye which was like a lake and led to the depths of the green planet like a tube of light. This tube of light seemed to be the secret of the green planet, the force by which it could move other planets around in orbits. It was the transformation of nature for the earth and Mars, and was boosting their evolution. The green planet had such mysterious powers in order to get everything straight. The women living on this planet, in the deeper cores were darker, and carrying the palest lights. It was like a miracle. They had stripes on their bodies and they seemed to live in deep relationships with the flies. These women were very friendly to Tze-ra and the others, as they had been repressed by the eyes for such a long time. They had been slaves of these eyes, and they lived in horrible religions to keep the eyes satisfied. But there was something they feared the most, and when they showed it to Tze-ra she started to laugh. She knew this object. It looked like a foot. It was bringing forth mysterious lights, divided in small parts and amplifying itself. It seemed to be the same mysterious religion she dealt with long ago. When the women wanted to come near the object to get energetic wings for awhile, they had to be smeared by chickenblood and the juices of the meat. The meat they had to sacrifice to the object, and sometimes they were allowed to eat it in its presence. The women told Tze-ra that the green planet was in a very, very slow orbit around a purple planet. They had never been to that planet, as they didn't have a spaceship for that, but from that planet the object which looked like a foot seemed to come from. And when they had come to the foot, they only had electric wings for a short while. Besides that, the purple planet seemed to be warlike. To the women here it was almost a sacred place, and they would love to go there. Tze-ra thought the planet would explain more about the strange object, so she decided to go there by the organic spaceship, and took the women of the green planet with her. First there was a big war, in which they had to shoot down many organic spaceships of the purple planet which looked like giant-spiderflies, but then they came into the brown core of the planet, where they could land with their spaceship. This process took them a long time, as it was a planet far away, and the planet was very large, much larger than Mars, the earth and the green planet together. A feeling of satisfaction was rolling across the skin of Tze-ra. They had finally made it, and this place was full of jungles. In the beginning they came along a lot of temples and pyramid-like buildings, but later on they came into large tropical jungles. Deeper in the underground they found a place like a temple, full of the strange objects. The women of the green planet were shivering, but Tze-ra said they didn't have to be afraid. Tze-ra knew the objects were full of weapons, and she showed it to them. It was like she demystified their religion a bit, and soon they trusted Tze-ra more than their own religion. The objects were just the shells of all these powerful weapons, and the women seemed to be more at ease. But soon dark striped men came into the temple-like place and wanted to pierce them by their spears. But by the weapons Tze-ra and the other women soon had the control. They tried to explain to the men that the objects weren't gods, but just shelters of powerful weapons. The men were in shock, and also on the edge of losing their religion. Also their emperor came to the place and was

amazed. He never saw anything like that, as they never dared to look inside the shell. They even didn't dare to touch it. But now the men were very glad, and soon they also touched the objects to take weapons outside of them. The men were very friendly, and totally not dangerous. That was why Tze-ra kept them alive. They were just the victims of their own fears. The women took a dive in an underground lake, close to the temple, and soon the men were swimming with them too. It didn't take too long before the women and the men started to have deep relationships, but Tze-ra and the others wanted to move on. The women of the green planet would stay with the men of the purple planet to care for a new generation, while Tze-ra moved on. Tza-la had also come with her, the panther-man, the indian emperor, and some others. They were now heading for the deeper mysteries of the purple planet. The fact that the strange objects contained weapons wasn't new to Tze-ra, for she already found that out a long time ago in the core of Mars. In the depths of the core of the purple planet where the places were darker there seemed to live a lot of women-tribes with strange breasts. These breasts had many nipples in a row, like toes. Tze-ra remembered the stories of the Martian indians about such women living in the objects as wrath-goddesses. Would there be a bit truth in these stories ? Tze-ra tried to approach the women. She didn't believe these women were goddesses, although they were very beautiful. In this dark underground nature there were a lot of pale lights which gave such beautiful sights. Some of the women rode on big spiders. These spiders weren't normal spiders, but winged like flies, and some had even many wings. But the number of flies was much larger. Tze-ra wondered why these women had so many nipples. The women were very shy most of the time, but they finally allowed Tze-ra and the others to come with them. They went to their camp. Strange things were happening here. The slain bodies of pigs hang at stakes and trees, and they bred chicken. Tze-ra didn't know what was going on here, but she had a strange feeling. In a lake close to the camp they showed her a mass of floating eyes. It looked like frog-spawn. From here the strange objects seemed to come from. It was like seed, and it was like the lake was boiling a bit in a strange way. The eyes looked like soft eggs, and organic objects like feet were growing in them. Tze-ra saw how some of these women took some of the organic objects out of their shells as if they were their babies, and then they started to breastfeed them. After awhile the organic objects seemed to grow up like normal children, and Tze-ra could now explain a bit what was going on. The objects she found before were nothing but their lost babies. Tze-ra wanted to get these objects back to bring them here, but she also realized that the objects had changed so much, and probably by their fall they had become the shells of weapons. The women would never accept these fallen children again, and it was like the objects weren't as much organic as these. The objects were more like dead objects. But the more these children grew up, the more they started to look like dogs, and the more aggressive they became. The women could use them very well, as they hunted for pigs, but some of them became very dangerous. The most dangerous ones they shot, brought them into a shell, and dumped them into a river close to the lake. Here they would become babies again, but this time they would be dead babies, to store weapons. These babies looked like objects, like feet. Now Tze-ra understood everything. It was a horrible story, but the story would be even more horrible if they would keep the dangerous dogs alive, as they would murder the whole tribe if they would grow up. Once such a dog escaped and they said he grew into a wolf, a monstrous one. he would live deeper in the jungles at places where they didn't want to come. Tze-ra would never just kill such a creature, only when she would be in real danger. She wanted to help the wolf, and found out about his behaviour. So with Tza-la and some others she decided to search for the wolf. He seemed to live somewhere in a cave or mountain, behind a huge rock, but they weren't sure about that. Tze-ra would go to take a look. The wolf seemed to bear the secret of the orbit of the green planet and the planets it was attracting in their orbits, and also the orbit of the purple planet itself which seemed to have an orbit around an even larger black planet with a brown core.

The purple planet had an even slower orbit than the green planet. The wolf seemed to have a black flame in his chest, coming from this black planet, and that's why he was so aggressive. They found this out, because they finally had to kill him, as he was attacking them all of a sudden, like coming from out of nowhere. They found his cave when they followed his footprints, and in his cave they found a cabin like a small ufo by which he seemed to travel to the black planet at times. His cave was full of strange pictures on the walls, images of how life on the black planet is. The cabin could contain two persons, but they decided to go by the organic spaceship.

It was a long journey back to the organic spaceship, but finally they could take flight to the black planet. They wanted to know about the secret of the black flame the wolf carried with him. It was a long journey through the universe, in search for this black planet. Everything seemed to have an orbit around this planet, even the sun. A whole galaxy was turning around it in such a slow tempo that it almost couldn't be noticed.

The End

Jewelry of the Flowerflies

Tzera and Lallas were on their way to the Shachtelt-castle on the West-side of the jungle. They were quick on their path as they had an important job to do, in which they couldn't afford themselves to fail. They were about to set free the warrior-prince who had been locked up in a place of thorns. When they came closer to the castle, all sorts of evil flying flowers like flies tried to whisper to them to return. They didn't belong here. The air was smelling sweet, and by their swords they started to cut these flying flowers, who had really small heads, like they were a dangerous species of flies. The air had been charged very strangely, like you could cut it with a knife. The flies were too strong, and they were with too many. The sky was purple, and suddenly they heard a scream. It was the wasp-prince. He was the lord of the castle, and he struck them by a strange sort of lightening. 'How dare you come here ?' the wasp-prince asked, while he was preparing to strike again.

Tzera and Lallas were totally in the grip of the flower-flies, and all Tzera could do was to call for her warrior-princess. Something dived through the layers of the air with a subtle almost sensual sweep, and suddenly appeared in a strange rythm close to the two girls. 'You go, girl,' Tzera said. The warrior-princess approached the wasp-prince, while she moved her head almost sensually. The wasp-prince had an interest in this girl, but he was on his guard, and

became very shy. The warrior-princess looked him deep in the eyes, and turned herself completely towards him. It was like everyone didn't breath at that moment, even not the flowerflies. 'I can tell you, this man needs some help,' the warrior-princess said. The wasp-prince was smiling, already thinking in his head how to catch her for her castle. He could use her very well. Suddenly he shrieked very high, while fragile spiderwebs fell from above. Soon the warrior-princess got stuck in the webs and nets, and by his lasso he caught Tzera who tried to escape, and drew her towards him. It was in those days that the wasp-prince didn't have any mercy in his tricks and traps, but it was actually to offer them a royal life.

It was here, in Shachtelt-castle where the warrior-prince learned about the forces of weakness, rather than the forces of strength. He was still in his pits of thorns, tall, thin thorns which had pierced his flesh and devastated his coverings. You should see his sweet face, and then remembering the wasp-prince. How could he do something like this to dignified, polite person like the warrior-prince. But the wasp-prince had his reasons. He still wasn't done with the warrior-prince, while all his other prisoners already lived the royal life. No one was allowed to save the warrior-prince. The pit had been covered by millions and millions of flowerflies, smelling so sweet, almost sensual, to seal his doom. In Shachtelt-castle this was the place no one was allowed to come. They had to live on, forgetting about the warrior-prince, even denying him. It wasn't clear what the purposes of the wasp-prince were. All his other prisoners just tried to live on, enjoying the royal pleasures he gave them. They honoured him, and almost adored him, as they were driven forwards by a strange fear. It was like their minds had been distracted in so many ways. They needed to live on, they had to.

No one thought about the warrior-prince anymore, even not Tzera and Lallas. It was like they had forgotten about him in a million years, while flowerflies kept them in a dream. They weren't able to reach out to their friend. They were too weak in their heads, like everything was slipping away through their fingers. Here they lived with the strange sweep, the almost sensual rythm washing all their troubles away. They had a strange move, by which they had been bound in a sense. They lived the royal sensuous life.

One day the wasp-prince was sitting in his private hall, where he was writing some strange lovesongs. Suddenly the door got smashed open. The air was filling itself with lots of sweetness. The wasp-prince fell down because of the odor, as he couldn't stand it's piercing nature. It was like a thousand thin needles were entering his flesh so deep and fast. He tried to take his head up to watch the one who just entered, but he only could see some tall boots, and then he fell completely down. There was a fly roaring in the distance. It was the prince of the flowerflies to get them all back. For once the wasp-prince had stolen them, when they were still like seed, like strange small eggs, so small, and so sweet. He sowed them in his gardens, and since then, since he teached them how to fly and how to move, they became his prisoners.

The flowerfly-prince stang the wasp-prince so deep, until all his invisible threads by which he enslaved the flowerflies vanished into the nothing. The flowerfly-prince had many more lines, and they were much thinner and much stronger. The wasp-prince didn't have any strength to rise up, as the air got charged by a mysterious soft rythm. Suddenly the warrior-princess stood in the door-opening. She knew she wasn't supposed to come here, but she heard her master screaming. She looked at the flowerfly-prince, and for a few seconds she didn't know what to do. Finally she saved the wasp-prince, as she didn't want to lose the dream he gave her. She had mixed feelings, and she didn't know anything about the flowerfly-prince, but she couldn't stand to see the one she had learned to love through all the years die like this. In anger she

pierced the flowerfly-prince, in all her anger. It ended all in a flash. The flowerfly-prince was so fragile, and he was not like the other flowerflies.

The warrior-princess bowed her head, as she was in a forbidden place. Slowly she walked away through the door. But suddenly the wasp-prince called her back. It was in those days that the warrior-princess was allowed into the private halls of the wasp-prince sometimes. She didn't know what to do with all the attention, but there were also times that the wasp-prince didn't want to see her. She saved his life, and he loved her for that, but he also started to fear her. And that was why he threw her into the pit of thorns one day. He didn't do that by himself, but one night an army of flowerflies took her away, and brought her to the pit. It was the same pit where the warrior-prince was. By falling into the pit she forgot about the wasp-prince and the royal life he gave her once. The tall thin thorns pierced her flesh, and in the distance she saw the silhouette of the warrior-prince. He had such a sweet face, and the air around him had been charged by the strange sweetness.

Suddenly the wasp-prince stood before the pit. Both the warrior-princess and the warrior-prince could see him. Suddenly someone from behind pushed him into the pit. He screamed, and shrieked. The warrior-princess tried to see who did it. She saw the faces of Tzera and Lallas. They had heard her screams.

How Tzera and Lallas did it she can't remember, but she got out of the pit, together with the warrior-prince, while the wasp-prince had fallen into the unknown depths of the pit. They all missed him, and at times they wanted him back, but they also knew what he could do ... He was a beast, a dangerous man. They thought they got rid of him, but nothing was less true. For flowerflies went into the pit and took him out. They all expected that he would take revenge now, but he didn't. He went to his private hall, and locked himself up for a long time. He stayed there for such a long time that no one really knew who he was anymore, for many years went by. When the wasp-prince returned it wasn't what they expected. He was mysterious, sensuous and royal like never before. He was dignified and polite, but like a stranger.

He covered the pit of thorns by webs and nets, so that only the smallest flowerflies could enter the pit. It was in those days that the wasp-prince called Tzera and Lallas. They were allowed to come into his private hall for awhile. It was a sweet place, charged by so much mystery. The warrior-princess had told them a lot about it, but this was so much more. They expected to be punished by him, but he was friendly and understanding. He was very shy, and he told him how glad he was that the pit got covered. Tzera and Lallas were sorry that they once pushed him into that pit, as he was such a soft creature. He understood they did it in love for the warrior-princess.

It took the wasp-prince a few years to restore the relationship he had with the warrior-princess and even with the warrior-prince, and of course with Tzera and Lallas. He was like a lullaby to him, almost slowing them down. He was everything to them, until one day the princess of the flowerflies went to the Shachtelt-castle. The wasp-prince expected that the flowerflies would attack her, but they didn't. It was like a strange force came over them, and suddenly they attacked the wasp-prince, the one they once loved. It was like everyone in the castle woke up from a long dream, like all the years who kept them in such a strange prison were melting away. Tzera and Lallas could breath again, and the princess of the flowerflies went into the private hall of the wasp-prince. She took some arrows out of her quiver, and pierced the wasp-prince three times, until the wasp-prince gave away his last breath. This was too

much for him, and no one of his servant helped him. This time he was at his own. The princess of the flowerflies understood why the warrior-princess once killed the flowerfly-prince, and actually the two princesses developed an intimate friendship in a short time. New days began for Shachtelt-castle. The wasp-prince had been too mysterious to trust, and had kept them in prison for such a long time. These days were over now, and now the flowerflies could finally heal. They began to become fruitful in so many ways, and they could develop themselves into beings of flesh and blood. But their blood was pink, purple and white, like the rest had.

No one could imagine how Tzera and Lallas could grow these years after the wasp-prince had gone. They wanted to return to the jungle they came from. They were strong now, yet with an unpiercable softness. But the flowerfly-princess had to call them back many times. One day the flowerfly-princess called the warrior-prince towards her, in her private hall, and he showed him that he would be the flowerfly-king. It was a great honour for the warrior-prince, for then Shachtelt-castle would be his own. And this would mean that not only purple, pink and white blood would stream through him, but also the royal blood, the red blood. Tzera and Lallas were very proud of him, and of course the warrior-princess. After many long years he became the flowerfly-king, and now Tzera and Lallas could be totally free to go and stay in the jungle as long as they wanted. It was like the old curse of the wasp-prince had been broken now in a real sense.

But soon enough the flowerfly-king had a new enemy : the wasp-king, the father of the wasp-prince, and king of the jungle. For this battle Tzera and Lallas returned to the castle, as it was a long and bloody war in which a lot of flowerflies died. Tzera took her knife and caused a bloodbath in the army of the wasp-king. In this war she really learned how to use webs, nets and lasso's. Also Lallas was strong in the fight. She fought by her spear, her harpoon and established many traps in the surroundings of the castle. After awhile the wasp-king gave himself over. Some of the flowerflies attacked him and killed him, as he could never be trusted again. Now the flowerfly-king became the new king of the jungle, and soon the jungle got full of royal traps, preventing them from any danger. Everyone of the kingdom needed to know about the traps, so that they wouldn't get caught. But strangers and those who would form a threat were in danger. And everyone needed to be sure to update their maps about the traps, for everyday the traps could change positions.

It was in those days that a black killer tried to destroy the kingdom, as a deed of revenge. He was an old friend of the wasp-king, but he ended in the royal traps of the flowerfly-king. The flowerfly-king succeeded in every sense, and everyday his army got larger. Still new enemies showed up, but the royal traps got bigger and bigger, and finally the immunity-level of the kingdom started to increase more than ever. It was like the jungle had become a machine, like an overprotected royal castle. And in this palace Tzera and Lallas longed to be, as they wanted to be overprotected. They felt safe with the flowerfly-king they once saved when he was a warrior-prince. Often the traps were like tall bow-nets with their own mechanisms. The results of these traps were often subtle, and not remembered. A lot of the things happened in isolation, far away from the consciousness of the jungle. The flowerfly-king knew that too much mentioning would be like a pollution. The traps had their own ways to deal with their enemies, and no one wanted to know much about it.

One day the flowerfly-king called Tzera to his private hall. He knew everything about what she had done for him and the kingdom. He told her that he now had also red blood. He showed her an amulet by which she could also get the red blood. He layed it around her neck,

and a soft warmth started to flow through her body. He gave her a spear by which many flowerflies would always stay in her surroundings. And while thinking with warmth about the moment she saved him from the pit he called her Tzera of the Flowerflies.

It was in these days Tzera of the Flowerflies grew to her full lengths, and by her spear she ruled many of the flowerflies. There was red blood flowing through her body, and she had wealthy coverings. She was like no one else. She was different, and how it happened, no one knew, but the flowerfly-king started to fear her. Everyday she grew more powerfull, and she started to develop a dignity no one knew. It was like the spirit of the wasp-prince came over the flowerfly-king, for the softer Tzera of the Flowerflies became the more he started to distrust her. He started to act very mean to her. He was afraid she would take away his crown one day, and her ways started to irritate him. By her presence the jungle more and more started to turn into an overprotected palace, and the number of flowerflies in her surroundings grew everyday more and more. One day the flowerfly-king couldn't take it any longer, and was on her way to her. Soon the warrior-princess found out about his intentions. She had followed him for awhile since he started to behave suspicious towards Tzera of the Flowerflies. Now she had to stop him, but she first went to Lallas and the flowerfly-princess to warn them and to ask them for help. Also a lot of flowerflies came to know what was going on. At that moment Tzera of the Flowerflies slept in a lion's cave. When the flowerfly-king entered the cave he killed two lions. He wasn't himself anymore, as his jealousy had possessed him with the spirit of the wasp-prince. The third lion jumped on him, and tried to stop him, but also this lion he slayed. Tzera of the Flowerflies slept in the back of the cave. She slowly woke up, and saw the angry flowerfly-king coming towards her. In one second she jumped up, while she heard the warrior-princess screaming. She also heard Lallas' voice, and the voice of the flowerfly-princess. They just ran into the cave, and reacted to the killed bodies of the lions they saw. The warrior-princess took a dive while she ran towards the flowerfly-king, but he beheaded her in a flash. This time many of the flowerflies attacked the king in full rage. By lightening he destroyed many of them. 'Don't come closer to him, Lallas !' Tzera screamed. But it was already too late. The king pushed Lallas against the wall of the cave, a very rough wall, and a sharp stinging stone pierced her back and another one her neck. Tzera took her harpoon and shot the king in his neck, and then in his face, while he fell down. 'I hate to do this,' he said, while he stood up again. He came closer and closer to Tzera of the Flowerflies, and a lot of the flowerflies were like frozen. But then the flowerfly-princess beheaded him from behind by a sharp warped knife, like a sickle. 'Why did I ever make him king !' she desperately shrieked. It was in these days Tzera thought she couldn't trust anyone anymore. She wanted to forget about it as soon as possible, otherwise she couldn't go on in her life. The flowerfly-princess died of grief in those days.

It was in those days she started to realize that she never wanted to be queen of the jungle. The flowerflies had to take care of the jungle themselves. Tzera of the Flowerflies was now a lonely woman since she lost so many of her friends. But the flowerflies comforted her. She also felt comforted by some other friends, the panther-apes. Always when she looked into their eyes she realized that it was because of them she still lived. They weren't always close, but it was like their presence was always manipulating the way her life was streaming from a distance. She couldn't describe how, but she felt it like this. And in a strange mysterious way she saw them as her saviours. But she was afraid. She wanted to forget about everything, for she knew that saviours would have many powers over her she couldn't understand, and by that the spirit of the wasp-prince could drive her crazy also. She started to fear herself and the relationships she had. She didn't want to be a saviour, and she didn't want to allow saviours in her life. She knew what it could do to her.

She came to the understanding that no one ever really died, so all the ones who had passed away would be somewhere else, in another form. It was still eating her in a sense, but she didn't want to go back to that. She was afraid of revenge. She couldn't trust anyone. She didn't want to live like a queen or empress, but it was safe to her to live like a princess, to be the new flowerfly-princess. One of the flowerflies turned out to grow into the new flowerfly-prince. But more flowerfly-princesses and flowerfly-princes started to rise in time. It was like an overprotected community. She didn't want to see the same mistakes happening as in the past, so she made a lot more traps to prevent such things from happening. The flowerflies obeyed her, and she obeyed the flowerflies, as in an overprotecting rule. It was a way of being polite and dignified, and everyone had his own place. And again a subtle almost sensual sweep started to return over them, in a rhythm stranger and more mysterious than ever. Strange flowerflies seemed to cover the whole jungle from above, and one by one they started to soar down very softly, while some of them had swords. The sky turned purple and got charged by a strange deep softness and sweetness, like something could overflow every moment. Tzera closed her eyes and obeyed the moment, hoping that this moment would stay forever. She thought about the warrior-prince how he was locked up in the pit of thorns. She remembered how they took him out, how he became king, and how he killed so many of her friends. She now understood the use of the pit of thorns. Together with the new flowerflies she went to the pit which was now covered by webs and nets. She wanted to find out about the mysteries of the pit. But something in her told her to stay away from the pit. It was totally blocked now by the webs and the nets.

It was not in her powers to make something of it. Still many flowerflies seemed to come forward from it, together with a purple fog. Soon the new flowerflies had taken over the whole jungle. And they seemed to turn into princes and princesses more and more. Most of them had swords, others harpoons and spears. Some had knives. It was like an army. They wanted to give the jungle an overdose of protection, so that the mistakes of the past wouldn't take place again. And the traps got deeper and deeper, and more and more mysterious. No one knew what it actually was. And many flowerflies seemed to come forward from the traps, and used to cover them more and more. It was like everyone forgot about the past, as if a fog of forgetfulness took place, and this fog was purple. And the purple skies were about to unleash a sword they held for such a long time. Like a lightning it fell out of the skies, while Tzera ran to it. It was a sword like some of the flowerflies had. She held the sword in her hands, while pink waters seemed to flow from it. The air got charged so strangely that she could cut it with her sword. She felt like she was a knight now, standing up to protect the jungle against the past. But she started to wonder how old the pit of thorns already was, and how many creatures would be in it, in its unknown depths. If she could do one thing for these poor creatures it was to throw this sword to them. She knew it couldn't fail, as the sword would find the right person. The sword would take care of itself. Full of trust in her choice she stepped towards the pit of thorns again, and could easily cut the webs and nets away by which it had been covered for such a long time. She also started to cut many thorns away. Then she threw the sword into its depths. This was the only thing she could do for a past she knew not anything about, a past which may be the key to an even better jungle.

There was something serious in the way she looked. She had pink treasures in her hands like by magic. She seriously took it in the air, to stare at it from a distance. If her mother would still live she would be proud of her. But her mother died when she was very young. Now she is of an age she could be mother herself. And look at all these pink treasures. Is there anything better than this ? It appeared to be spouted by the unsealed pit. There was a world very serious in her head, the world of a past she didn't know anything about, maybe even not her mother. It

was not the right time for her to cry. She saw so many amazing creatures coming forward from the pit. And one of them carried the sword. She didn't want to know about everything what had happened in this deep past. She wouldn't waste her precious time with these stories. But she was glad they were back. They may have their own secrets, and their own ways of making things right, but the sword had chosen them to return. Now she could lay her head to rest, and trust these new visitors, chosen by the sword.

There was a jungle like covered by white lava, while her hands were full of pink treasures, and the skies still purple. She felt her royal red blood flowing inside, and she remembered the amulet. She was still wearing it. She felt the need to throw it into the pit as well, and also the spear by which she had so many flowerflies in her surroundings. She wanted to reach the past she didn't know anything about, a past holding the keys to their survival. Suddenly she jumped in the pit herself, while so many flowerflies were following her, following her into another world. There was too much mystery there, luring her, seducing her, while she found out that she got caught up by so many flowerflies in the purple skies. Was this the way to the skies ? She saw so many things, and remembered so many things, while at the same time forgetting about so many things. She was wondering where this would end. She felt naked, yet so covered. She felt poor, yet so wealthy. She was like dying to come alive, for the first time of her life. It was like she had wings, she, Tzera of the Flowerflies. And the flowerflies seemed to multiply by her side. She was in the middle of an army, in which she felt safe. She was in a cocoon, leading her to softness, to spoiling softness. And she said : 'spoil me.' It was the big spoil surrounding her, like an overdose of softness. Past and future didn't matter anymore, as the path broke through all concepts of time. And now she was overloaded, ready to explode.

There was no one who could follow her at a moment, only billions and billions of flowerflies, caring for her lights. She filled up so many places by her touch. She could feel herself entering a purple cloud of light. She felt like she was someone else now, not herself anymore. There seemed to be not a bottom in this pit, but it was like the pressure was slowing her down, and she didn't know if she would be spat out or not. Suddenly it was like it swallowed her inside. She found herself between horses in a sort of carriage. In the distance there was a white vulcano, and below her there were jungles and rivers. Suddenly she was surrounded by horses all over the place, and they were spouting fire. Lava covered the jungles and flowerflies emerged from it. The flowerflies even seemed to come forth from the mouths of the horses. It was here where life or death didn't matter anymore. It was another rythm, a strange rythm, almost sensual. The air had been charged by a strange sweetness, but the lava seemed to flow faster than everything. She remembered that the wasp-prince used to write strange lovesongs at time. It used to open her eyes to so many things. It used to heal her. And it was like she heard songs like those again, but stranger than ever, with such a calming sweep, like something overprotecting. It was like these horses loved her. They were like loveflies. They didn't force themselves towards her, but they did it subtile and dignified. She never saw such polite beings, but in such a strange way, almost bizar. It was in these days she started to miss and remember the wasp-prince in a good way.

She was on her way to Campus, the place she was once born. The rich treasures of the wasps were filling the skies. She couldn't imagine how much it would heal her, to be here again. Her mothers always used to write songs to calm her and to let her sleep. And then she remembered, it wasn't the first time she went through the pit. Still there were many flowerflies in her surroundings, but it was like crazy wasps were attacking. The waterfalls were moving so slow here. It was like she was in a cocoon, her cocoon. She could remember

the way her mother sang. She was always like a lullaby, in a subtle rhythm. It was here where she really believed in love again, like her eyes got opened. It wasn't for nothing that she was here. There were soft rhythms in the distance, strangely charged. Was she a wasp or fly ? Or both ? These questions were floating through her mind. The wasps were attacking her flowerflies, but these wasps were strange. They looked like flies. And she didn't feel sad about it, for she knew how long she had been in the hands of the flowerflies, like they came too close to her, having too many powers over her. They had to leave now, as she would move deeper. They had to go now, as she was entering Campus, where she got born once. More and more of the flowerflies left her. Only a few stayed with her, her best friends. 'Wasp-fly,' someone was whispering. She was looking into a walls of hot fluids, or weren't these waterwalls hot, but just charged by so many stings, like it was some sort of poison. Tzera of Campus came closer. Some of her flowerfly-friends started to shriek and moved away. It was like she really had to deal with her past, by entering a deeper past, her roots. Where did she come from ? And who were these true friends ? The poison was climbing towards her neck. Then she dived from a tall rock into the burning river below her, something she used to do when she was younger. So many memories seemed to overflow her. Then suddenly the last flowerflies started to fly away. She had been in their captivity for such a long time. It was like their friendship was pressuring her in a strange sense, very subtle. Here she needed to be alone, at least away from them, to meet the wasp-flies. Was she one of them ?

The wasps were climbing on her back, bringing her to a tall building, like a palace. They stung her deep, and then they went away. There weren't wasps in her surroundings when she came closer to the building like a palace only wasp-flies, as tall as her. Inside the palace there were horses. It looked like a stable. This she couldn't remember. A horse-fly came towards her, a warrior. He had a tall strange sword, and he was impressed by the sword, as he showed it to her. There was no conversation possible with the horse-fly, as he was shy. But she felt they were all here to be overprotective in a good sense. It was like they had stolen her heart, like she had been harpooned by billions of wires. They showed her a hall in the distance, and while she came closer she could see how huge it was. The hall was full of strange weapons. There was no place for her to take rest. She was impressed and overwhelmed by the treasures of the hall. Still there was no one for a conversation, as they were all shy. They seemed impressed to, and further very dignified and polite. There wasn't anything manipulating in their behaviour. They were subtle creatures.

In the distance the waspfly-prince stood. He was tall, and looked like a horse. He had big eyes, and it was like Tzera of Campus knew him. It was a subtle man, almost sensual, although she couldn't describe it. She seemed to be totally in his power, but the feeling of freedom he gave her was overwhelming, almost breath-taking. His face was like a sweet flower. She remembered the flowerflies, but this was something else. 'You are here for a reason,' he spoke. Tzera of Campus came closer. She wasn't in fear of this man, not at all, like she knew him. It was like she was under a strange spell. He shrieked while from above strange dust fell over her. 'You have made a long journey,' he spoke. There was no place for her to think. It was like all the memories she lived with for such a long time were streaming away, exploding, while so many memories she had forgotten showed up again, stronger than ever. The prince came towards her, and hugged her. At the same time she fell into a sort of sleep. 'Bring her to her room !' the waspfly-prince roared. Some watchmen came to take her away. After many hours she woke up in a strange bed, in a strange room. There were all sorts of strange paintings on the wall. Paintings of beautiful mysterious landscapes. A door in her room led to a garden, full of hot red flowers, fragile like flowerflies. But this place was

poisonous. It was venom instead of heat, but the venom seemed to heal her. It was streaming into her head, by the smell of the flowers. She felt trapped, but in a good sense.

That night she had dinner with the waspfly-prince. In many ways he was like the wasp-prince, but he was different. In many ways he was like the flowerflies, but different. He gave her freedom by strange jewelry the jewelry of the ... waspfly. She felt like a princess like never before. That was the feeling he gave her She also had the feeling he would give this feeling to all the girls of the palace. She saw impressive silhouettes full of jewelry. And she knew the palace would have more princes like him Everyone could become a prince and a princess here. It was all just a matter of time and travel. It was an overprotective palace, and she felt harpooned, moving through billions and billions of strange subtle rhythms. It seemed it came forth from the strange, almost sensual, jewelry the jewelry of the waspfly.

He asked her to come to his room. But in his room his true nature seemed to come forward. He locked her up in his cupboard, a sort of wardrobe. He screamed that he could use her bones very well to make jewels of them. Strange knives seem to come forward from the insides of the cupboard. Tzera was screaming. Slowly the knives started to move towards her. She didn't dare to breathe or move, and was like frozen. How Tzera shrieked she couldn't remember, but finally some flowerflies saved her. She felt ashamed, as she didn't believe they belonged here. And maybe that was even true, as it was a dangerous place to them. The flowerflies found the waspfly-prince and killed him. It became a big war, in which the flowerflies took over the whole of Campus by their coverings. It was like Campus had been changed throughout all those years, and Tzera realized she couldn't hang on to her old memories anymore. Since she left Campus had become corrupted, deceiving. But now the flowerflies would change nature. It wasn't true to see them as captors, as they had been captivated themselves too.

Slowly they infiltrated Campus, very subtle but steady. And for the first time Tze-ra felt she had really come home.

The End

Flowerflies'

Rhythms

Tze-ra and Marra walked along the tall river of the jungle. They couldn't expect how their day would turn. The air was smelling sweet, while flowerflies covered the trees and the bushes. They remembered how long ago the flowerflies had set this land free, and it was like they were still charged by the jewelry of these days invisible jewelry It was like an invisible sword in their head always connecting them to the flowerflies It was a love-connection Marra always talked a lot about the past, how the flowerflies had set her free, and how she

met Tze-ra. They became good, intimate friends. Tze-ra enjoyed the tenderness of Marra, the way she was subtle, polite and dignified. Together they lived in a cabin made of reed. There wasn't much to do this day, but suddenly a black snake appeared before them. The black snake was very friendly, and he said he was on his way to Daklam Palace, a place in the East of the Jungle. 'Why don't you come with me ?' the snake asked. 'Don't be shy.'

Because they didn't have anything else to do, Marra and Tze-ra went with the snake. Daklam Palace was a beautiful ambient place, like a covered jungle, so dignified. There was love and peace here, and so many flowerflies. The black snake showed them the treasures of the place, together with some jeweled weapons. Because of these weapons the atmosphere was always peaceful, as the weapons lived a life on their own, and were overprotective towards the jungle of Daklam Palace. Not many knew about Daklam Palace. It was still a silent place and overprotective, in the sense that it didn't attract danger. There were too many mysterious traps which cared that no troubles could be made. Daklam Palace was like a monument of the jungle. The flowerflies had worked so hard to get this work done. There were beautiful jungle-gardens covered by crystal and the most precious stones. These gardens were full of the most enchanting flowers and of course a lot of flowerflies. However, once in many years, a spider-king always seemed to show up, taking many prisoners to his realms. He had a ship in which he lived and ruled the oceans. These oceans were full of spiderwebs and snakeslime. He just harpooned his victims, and caught them by his nets, and then he moved away. And after years he always seemed to return, but now the black snake had been called by those of Daklam Palace, and the black snake thought he could use Tze-ra and Marra very well, as the spider-king was about to return to Daklam Palace. Slowly the black snake slid through the gardens, on his way to the beach, while Marra and Tze-ra followed him. In the distance they saw the ship. It was a ship they had never seen before, so huge. It was like the sun was striking the sight. It was in these dark oceans so many strange things were happening. Tze-ra now understood why Daklam Palace was such a silent place. It was because of the spider-king. Of course there were a lot of flowerflies, but not many would visit the place, and the place was pretty unknown. There was a silence here and an emptiness she couldn't describe. When the ship came closer to the beach of Daklam Palace, in front of the gardens, they saw it was like a ghostship. It was like a shadow was about to cover Daklam Palace.

The spider-king was shrieking on his ship. He looked like a pirate, and also his ship was like a pirate-ship, but it had a strange edge, a strange sweep, like an unknown almost dreadful rhythm. The black snake came from far, and he was about to defeat the spider-king. But in a sense she didn't know if she could trust the black snake. It was like Tze-ra fell in love with the ship the closer it came towards them. But where was Marra ? Suddenly many pirate-like spiders jumped from the ship into the ocean and swam to the beach. Tze-ra was on her guard. Soon Daklam Palace was covered by webs and nets, and many of the flowerflies got trapped. Tze-ra was already in a fight against a spider-watchman, and soon Marra came to help her. The black snake slid into the ocean and swam towards the huge ship. They tried to harpoon him but his skin was too hard and too thick. Quickly he could slide on the ship and entered. The spider-king was in rage, and it was like he felt in such a weakness, but then to rise up in a major strength. His big eyes almost pierced the black snake. But the black snake was quick like an arrow and slid across the mast to break it down finally, while the sail was falling down to cover the spider-king. The spider-king took his harpoon to shoot a net at the snake,

and soon the snake got caught, and hang close to the ship. The snake couldn't escape the net, as it was sinking into the sea. But suddenly there were more black snakes, and soon the spider-king couldn't go anywhere.

In the distance Tze-ra could see how the black snakes pushed the spider-king away from the ship, and when she and Marra had defeated the spider-watchman they jumped into the waters and swam towards the ship. It was an amazing feeling to climb on a ship like this. Deep in the ship they found so many treasures and so many cages full of flowerflies. Quickly they opened the cages. Meanwhile the black snakes were setting Daklam Palace free from the nets and the webs. Many flowerflies wanted to stay on the ship, and also to Tze-ra and Marra that sounded like a good idea. But another ship was coming in the distance. And even more ships were appearing. One ship was the ship of the spider-prince. Tze-ra expected it would turn out in a new war, but it seemed that the spider-king had also terrorized them, so they were glad that Tze-ra was now the owner of the ship. She wanted to make the oceans overprotected, and she became good friends with the spider-prince. He wasn't a threat to the ship, and neither were the other ships.

Tze-ra loved to climb to the heights of the ship, just to have a wonderful survey across the oceans. There wasn't a ship as huge as hers on the oceans, and that's why she could get everything quiet and peaceful. And it didn't take her too long to make an ambient overprotected jungle of these oceans full of spiderwebs, nets, and snakeslime. It was her idea to make the ocean not the ocean anymore. She had now a jungle-ship, and the waves below her were like a palace to her. She could penetrate the jungle like it was her own place, and the flowerflies seemed to be very comfortable with the idea. They were in her surroundings all the time, and spread themselves more and more to cover this growing palace of nature. Tze-ra was now like a pirate on her jungle-ship, as she had been sent out to establish the traps full of long periods, lengthy traps like bow-nets, covered up by so many of her friends, the flowerflies. These traps cared that no one could leave the palace, and no one could enter in, and they also cared that no one could make any trouble. Nature like this took care of itself, stirred up by the strange sweeps of the flowerflies, an almost sensual and very mysterious rhythm, which seemed to come from a deep darkness, a darkness even Tze-ra didn't know much about. It was an overprotected darkness, coming from a mysterious haunted pit in the depths of the ocean-jungle. It was like palaces, tall palaces of flowerflies came forth from this pit, and one day Tze-ra went there with her ship. Soft vibrating rhythms and overvibrating sounds seemed to lure her from there. So she moved her ship towards the gigantic pit which was like a whirlpool. It was like she heard the jungle-heart beating, like she could almost holding it in her hands, while so many lights were dressing her up like jewelry, so fragile and so wealthy, like the treasures of a jungle she knew nothing about. There was something in her voice, like a strange lust, or was it a curiosity ... when so many wet flowerflies seemed to embrace her, to take her away into the depths of the wet wet pit of the ocean-jungle. They were almost holding her heart, piercing it by their enigmatic songs. It was here she was like losing her tongue to so many vibrating, overwhelming sounds, in which her heart bathed, not able to speak anymore, not able to add anything to the show. It was here she almost lost her life, as she couldn't take it anymore. It was almost seducing her, while sad voices were luring her, deeper and deeper. It was like Tze-ra embraced this new nature, which was almost like flowing now above her head. These were jungle-waves, waves of miraculous lights, not

devastating, but overprotective, sensuous and even charming, but so polite and so dignified. It was a subtle nature, becoming darker and darker before her eyes, sucking her in, together with her ship, and so many flowerflies. It seemed many of them knew this place already, and it was like they were holding their breath.

Now Tze-ra had found her love, her passion, when soft rhythms seem to awake in her mind, like the gift of this tremendous nature. She was open to it, as a child to toys. It was a place where many nightshifts and ladybugs seemed to live, like soldiers. But they weren't fighting. They were overprotective, in this strange darkness. It almost made her cry. The creatures were very sad, like walking with heavy weights, but at the same time something strong was stirring them up, something which seemed to flow from inside. It was here she couldn't think about herself anymore. She was like a fire losing herself to nature. She had flames around her neck, setting her in a strange fire, like liquid lights, and suddenly she wasn't able to touch herself anymore. No one of these creatures had actually a self. They had lost themselves in this gigantic nature, and they were now like wind and fire, switching over from place to place, from direction to direction. They were free. Suddenly there were so many explosions before her. A gate was opening itself, and she floated through it with her ship. She was now like ten to twelve flames, coming together and then separate, and they seemed to change places all the time. She was now in liquid fire, in lava, not knowing herself anymore, who she was, where she was going to and it set her mind free She had been enchanted by this nature, like she was in a deep sleep Was this the place where dreams came from ? It all seemed to be so hopeless all of a sudden like this nature wouldn't have any chance to survive when it would show up through the pit but she had a small, tall flame of hope her last hope It was the last straw of a life she couldn't forget for she needed to lose her mind to become insane insane enough to go through this gate, which was vibrating before her It wouldn't let her in if she wouldn't give herself completely away Suddenly she stood strong on her ship The colours attracted her These were in all shades of pink, red, purple and white. It was a show before her eyes, while even softer and multi-vibrating sounds, voices and rhythms seem to awake strangely and subtle in her mind Her feelings seemed to react to it finally, and also emotionally she had been drawn in, by these strange lights It was to get her sane really sane overprotected and most of all loved But could she trust what was going on ? She felt that all she needed was to be loved and it had to be bizar for the normal life was too dangerous She had the feeling she didn't come anywhere, but this was something else It wasn't rude, but subtle It didn't go fast, but slow and steady She needed to lay herself down for awhile, as the soft ocean was overflowing her, in so many miraculous way This was a sensuous hidden ocean-jungle She found herself finally, after losing herself to it. But it felt like a trap. She couldn't move for awhile, she was so tired. To her there was no other way. She had to spend time with this, to know more secrets of the dark jungle. She wasn't afraid of traps anymore, as finally she would find her way in, becoming stronger, like being in a cocoon It was a way of life. It was like touching the sides of her she didn't know yet, and it came to life she came to life

The nightshift-prince was smiling to her And also the face of the ladybug-prince was appearing 'We will keep her warm,' another voice said. 'You have a wonderful ship, like you came from heaven Welcome to the hell of the jungle Welcome to hell' Softly, but very tired, still very tired, Tze-ra started to ask questions about how they lived

here. But they didn't answer, or she couldn't hear it anymore She woke up in a warm room close to a garden In the garden there were ladybugs, butterflies, strange flies, but also many flowerflies She had survived the journey to this purple hell. Pink soft lights seem to surround her, and caused so many weaknesses in her body, but it seemed it triggered a deep and mysterious strength, coming to her in strange rhythms Some of these rhythms were very slow It was like a show of weaknesses and strength how they worked together loved and lived in miraculous rhythms coming alive. It was playing in her mind and body It was playing in her feelings and emotions, while warmth seemed to ejaculate like a volcano deep inside. It was these kind of shows she liked, bringing her to peace. She stepped into the garden, walked through it to reach the beach where her ship was. Everything was still the same, but charged by the shows of light. Weaknesses seemed to come like flashes over her, penetrating her, but at the same time strength was flowing, letting her make subtle movements, not forming any threat to the fragile nature around her. They could accept her now, and she was free. It was like a ritual, like a religion, but not an evil one, even not religious, but more delirious, confused in the concept of religion. It was insane, but at the same time it was as sane as her thoughts about ladybugs and nightshifts, of peaceful creatures trying to make anything of the mess. This was their temple, this was their palace. She lived in fear, the fear of losing her dreams She wasn't afraid of the nightmare, but she was afraid to lose her dream Although she hoped an even better dream would grasp her, even more overprotective, like an older brother The flowerflies cared for her, comforted her, and she knew they would travel with her. She went to her ship, and she saw this dark ocean. She could turn it into a jungle, but they had to give her time. She knew the fear and the sadness was coming forth from this dark ocean, like there were things happening there, like heavy weights, not many knew about strange things chaos like the doom of the thunder What could she expect when she would sail these oceans ? The flowerflies started to cover the oceans in fast tempo She watched their shows, but suddenly a creature was rising up Heads were moving fast Almost from out of the nothing the ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince were at her side It was like she couldn't do anything. The creature started to eat away so many of the flowerflies, and was swimming in a fast rhythm to the ship. There was not much she could when the enormous creature opened his mouth and swallowed the ship. She was now in the trap. But inside things seemed to be different. It was like a temple. Flowerflies were looking at her. It seemed to be a strange ship. A pirate was staring at her. 'You're dead already,' he murmured. But suddenly he smiled, stood up, took her hands, and started to dance. She just played the game with him, as she started to like him a bit. He was open to her, and showed her the songs who would lead her through the night. These songs were the shows of life. There wasn't a rhythm like this. 'What is making these oceans so dark ?' she asked. The pirate showed her some dark songs. He didn't do them often, but it was enough to set everything in fire. The penetration always took a long time. She didn't know what he was talking about. 'I waited for you,' he spoke. I've been keeping this nightmare up for such a long time, as so many creatures have been bound to it. I don't want to let it sink into the darkness, away from our grasp. If it would sink away it would be lost forever, so I had to hold it up, and play it once in awhile. I know you and your flowerflies can adapt it to the jungle. I know you can make a beautiful, overprotecting show of it The ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince have told me a lot about you They have watched you for such a long time, hoping you would ever come to their kingdom Wishes can come true These flowerflies are such a good recyclers You are welcome' It didn't take too much time for Tze-ra and her flowerflies to make an amazing jungle-show of these dark and deep oceans. Her ship even became bigger when they recycled the beast who had swallowed the ship. It became a part of the decoration and accessoires. Tze-ra was proud, but she was thinking about the depths of this ocean Why would the pirate be so afraid that the nightmare would sink

away in it ? To her it was a challenge to search for the deeper nightmares as she could imagine that many things would have been swallowed away by the sea throughout the ages.

It was like the flight of the flowerflies, like lullabies, to soften the atmosphere, all she could think about were the hidden palaces of nature The ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince were still at her side, while the pirate they had sent to Daklam Palace where he would come to rest. He had carried such a weight for such a long time. He wouldn't believe his eyes when he would return one day. Tze-ra wasn't afraid of any nightmare, and she even wasn't afraid of losing her dreams anymore, as she now knew to what it was good for. She could easily forget and remember, as she was a traveler, sent out to make everything good. She would leave every place for the places beyond and the places below it. In this she was very tight. Her jungle-ship would not just defeat, but rather harmonize. It was her wisdom and her feeling for show which was her best weapon, although she knew that her wisdom could block a higher and deeper wisdom trying to break through. This was why she kept her mind sane by leaving her dreams. The flowerflies would do the rest. It was a long night in which she sailed into the depths of the dark ocean, through its pits and whirlpools, in search for the lost parts. These parts had been so heavy that no one could bear them anymore. She lost herself again in so many ways, becoming crazy in so many manners, and she started to bow down under the weight, under the pressure, like someone was holding her hands behind her back to tie them. It was here she started to long to be free, as the chains which kept her locked up were tearing her. She screamed to god, while she knew the devil was god here. It was his place, and he didn't like visitors. But she didn't want to believe in evil. She believed in harmony, in the flowerflies. The devil was a prince here, like a strange insect. It could scream like no one else. And it could shriek, while in a sense it looked like a goat and a butterfly. It was the butterfly-prince. He was tall, and could sting. He was rich and had a fleet. No one could shriek like him. No one could bring fear like him. He made a strange noise with his legs, in a strange rhythm. 'Why did you come here ?' he shrieked to Tze-ra. Suddenly he jumped in the air, grasped a liana from a web and could come into Tze-ra's ship. Now Tze-ra could see one of his legs was of iron, and the other was like strange wood. He looked like a pirate. He had one eye. His arms had many hooks. His head looked like a skull, and he had many rings and many earrings. Also his hat was full of rings, and further his coverings. He had a short beard, and a very small moustache. He was too mysterious to describe. Many would not give him any chance, the way he looked so suspicious so dangerous so bizarre, almost threatening He had a lethal appearance, dreadful, but at the same time funny, like a joke. Tze-ra didn't laugh She didn't know if she would want to have anything to do with this man He looked so undignified, impolite, arrogant, and most of all someone she couldn't trust although he tried to act nice to her he tried to charm her But this was not the type of man she had in her thoughts someone like this If she would meet him somewhere else and he would invite her to come away with him, she would laugh He was too suspicious and with mean intentions too dangerous to be charming as it would be hell to fall in his evil hands And the way he tried to cover this up for her and to look innocent was too funny to take him serious. This man was a total zero in her eyes, and she knew that even it was the first time she saw him, she knew him already for a hundred years This man was the devil, and maybe even the father of all devils. The only thing she liked about him were his coverings in a sense, and the rhythms which seemed to surround him, the almost sensual rhythms the mystery This man was an enigma After awhile he got in a rage because of her attitude ... He took his knife, and also she took her knife, and a long fight started How long it took she couldn't remember, but it was a battle in which she lost everything, and

got into such a rage that she finally tore him apart, very slowly, like she wanted to enjoy and establish all the seconds in which she would have her freedom back. The flowerflies took care of his watchmen which were often victims It was a battle she wouldn't forget too easy, but soon she had taken over his complete fleet, and made it hers. It was like she had conquered him finally by a dream, and she had his show in her hands. She wanted to forget about this man, but she wanted to learn about his rhythms, his traps, to recycle it into hers. It was her show, and the show of so many flowerflies, who seemed to cover the fleet more and more since she stroke. It was in these days she seemed to take up her sword, and started to learn the meaning of war, to be a warrior. She became the terrible one of the jungle, the mysterious heritage of something no one could grasp. It was by her life she protected and recycled the jungle, into a subtle sensuous place. But many knew of her name now. She could raise her ship to the heights of existence, and it seemed that now the jungle itself was lord. She was a sensuous creature. When she laughed, she only laughed for the moment, as there was enough sadness still luring her, waiting for her, to show her their mysteries and secrets. In this she was polite, very patient, but something in her was bubbling, like a rage. She wanted to be overprotective, someone others could count on, but she demanded that everyone became like her, that everyone would follow her, not to be her, but to find their own place in this new nature. In this there were many options, as she wasn't a dictator. There were many options in this overprotective palace, but everything seemed to flow one direction, like in a jungle-show, a manifestation of pure power, sensitive to and coming forth from weakness, a fast weakness, and a slow strength, still dignified till the end. She was a presence in this jungle, but she also raised others in this presence, or just to leave to give room to others, room to develop themselves, and room to follow her. In this she was tight, as she was sensitive to threats. She wouldn't allow any danger to come in her jungle. The flowerflies took care of that. She met many more princes. Some to fight, others to love. There wasn't a real code in her behaviour, as she was always changing, always in progression.

One day she found out she had to stop what she was doing. A strange creature on one of her travels threw her into a pit in which she got locked up. It was a pit of the most horrible stinging insects. It was not only the change of her, but also the change of nature. It was here she didn't belief in herself anymore, and even not in a self, and not in an other. She had become one with nature. She was now nothing and everything, blended as one in so many ways and so many directions She couldn't speak The flame she was had been spread now into the things she wasn't. She found out that the self was a prison she had to overcome, she had to escape from. There wasn't a faster way to her enlightenment than this, although it took it's time. Very slowly the palace had to be built. She could only dream in this pit, only sinking deeper, until she couldn't sink any deeper, but found the hard ground below her feet. It was here she started to experience love, as the flowerflies found her, and brought her through these hard days of imprisonment. She didn't know where she was, and most of all : she didn't know why. She became bitter, jealousy, revengefull, and mad, but one day a golden thread had been sent out to her. She took the thread and it appeared to be honey. She heard the laughing, and she realized that others were having fun because of her. She knew it was the way it is. However the honey made her sweet, and it kept streaming since then. It was like she didn't have to live in that terrible, devastating hunger again. The honey built itself layer by layer, and it took her higher. Now she found out how deep this pit was, as it took the dripping honey years to finally reach the edge of the pit. If she wouldn't have eaten from it, she would be out of the pit earlier, but then she would have died of hunger. And she wondered why they were all laughing Maybe it was because ... of the honey

They called her honey these strange creatures She didn't see the creature who once threw her into the pit The creatures were laughing, smiling and she had to admit it was a strange way a strange path It was like she had lost her marbles, but now she found them back they were more beautiful than she thought they were She had honey in her eyes she saw things different She was on her way to the deeper graves to the deeper secrets She ate a lot of honey, and it had made her sweet Where she was, she didn't know Once in awhile she saw a flowerfly something which reminded her of the past They were everywhere They were her friends Her ship was now in oceans of honey which meant that it wasn't there anymore It had been gone at least it was what the creatures had told her as she had been the prisoner of that ship They assured her that now others were on the ship fulfilling her works She could never return She had to move on The past was gone now

One day they showed her the oceans of honey She could come in peace here She loved walking on the beach while they assured her the flowerflies would make everything okay.

The End

Morewinged

Tze-ra woke up on the beautiful black island. Some striped boys were fishing in the frontwaves of the sea and from the beach. They looked like flies. Tze-ra had become somewhat paranoid by the strange behaviour of the boys. She always had to be on her guard. The waves were almost white in the sunlight, and Tze-ra could only think about her father she once lost here when she was young. He got grasped by a shark. But now she was like the queen of sharks, so completely without fear towards these animals. On one hand she didn't care about her life anymore, and on the other hand the sharks seemed to leave her alone. One of the boys showed her his pale hand, while she put her hand into his hand. 'Tze-ra, would you come with us ?' the boy asked friendly. Tze-ra followed the boys to a place near the beach behind some bushes. Here the mothers of the boys were living. They had also pale spots on their bodies, and while their bodies were dark, their breasts were very pale.

According to the boys they had been stung by strange flies. Many of the women were most of the time very tired. Behind the huts there was a path to a small forest. Here a nest of these exotic and tropical flies would be which caused those pale spots. The boys now hunted after those beings, for they could use their venom for many things. In small portions the venom would cause hallucinations, but was good for hunting as well. Tze-ra was on her guard as she knew how dangerous the flies could be. Some of the flies could even make webs and nets in which they could catch prey. Most of the times these flies were bigger, had much more wings, up to thirty or forty, and often looked like human beings. Many of these lived deeper in the jungle of the island. They said these flies could turn their prey into diamond-like stones. They first would suck all the bodyjuices out of someone, and then they would swallow the bones, to vommit them out as stones later. In the underground the bigger flies had built an awesome place by their creations made of such stones together with their webs and nets. It was both amazing and horrible. It was a jungle made of the remains of their prey. The webs and nets they brought forth were also made of the transformed parts of their swallowed prey. It looked like lianas, but actually it was all made of the prey they had stretched and strangely glued in their insides, until these jungle-webs and nets came forward. The flies were very creative if it came to that. Tze-ra had to become one with this nature, as there were some threats. Some of the boys with their mothers had been captured by these flies throughout the times. 'What is it you want to show me ?' Tze-ra asked the boy. The boy showed her a tube by which she could slide into the underground. 'Are you coming with me then ?' she asked. The boy nodded. Together with some other boys they went into the underground jungle. Their mothers had warned them against it, but it seemed they didn't have another choice. Something was calling maybe it was their lost friends It was a sound penetrating their hearts very deeply. There were women in bearskin here, and they didn't look like flies. It was a world Tze-ra didn't know yet. There were webs and nets in which they could climb, although they knew that these were the killer-objects. They had sharp knives by which they could cut the webs away whenever they wanted. They wanted to pierce this jungle. Tze-ra wasn't bigger than the boys, and here she felt somewhat safe with them. Pale lights were coming from the distance, and they heard screaming. Some of the boys aimed their bows and shot some attacking flies. They saw some women sitting at a lake, while taking pale transparant jelly eggs out of the lake. Some boys stood behind them. 'We thought you were all gone, ' one boy who was with Tze-ra shouted. The boy seemed to know the women with the boys. One of the boys behind the women looked up and said : 'sshhhh...' It seemed like the flies had kept them alive. But then they saw how out of the eggs bodyparts seemed to come, and they could build bodies of it. Tze-ra took her bow, aimed, and shot one of these bodies, which started to laugh hysterically. Tze-ra knew they had to be carefull now. She wasn't allowed to do this, but she knew these bodies were evil robots. The women at the lake and also the boys behind them slid into the lake to change into snakes, and moved towards Tze-ra and the boys. They knew these were all dangerous shapeshifters, the new creations of the flies. One of the snakes rose out of the lake to spit venom at one of the boys. Immediately the boy felt down, and was like grilled in a few seconds. Quickly Tze-ra shot the snake, and the other boys shot the other snakes. In the distance there was a building were they went to. The building seemed to be full of eggs and bodies. Flies seemed to work here. This whole world was set up by flies. They laid the eggs, and the bodies had to brood them as soon as they had grown up. In a hall behind this all, flies were having dinner. A part of it was prey and another part was a selection of their breed. Tze-ra decided to declare war immediately, and shot one of the flies by an arrow. Also the boys shot some of the flies. It seemed that there was no way of growing old here, as the flies would take care of that sooner or later. Tze-ra was confused when she saw all the meat. Some flies immediately turned into snakes, and were ready to attack Tze-ra and the boys, but Tze-ra took her sword to cut their heads off. 'Stay behind me !' Tze-ra shouted to

the boys, as the ground below their feet became hotter. Tze-ra kicked the door behind the dinnertable open and looked right into a strange temple. There was a lot of fire here. Tze-ra looked right into the face of a tall skeleton. The tall skeleton had been chained to a wall, and some black flies were surrounding him. 'Let them hunt !' the skeleton shrieked. 'You also hunt, so why aren't they allow to hunt ?' Tze-ra walked slowly towards the skeleton. 'Who are you ?' she asked. The skeleton looked her deep in the eyes. The skeleton had a sort of breasts like a woman and said : 'Would you care who I am ? No one cares, and no one ever will. I have been chained here since a long time, and only these flies try to break these chains. Without any results though. Tze-ra stepped closer. She didn't know if it would be wise to set this creature free. 'Why are you here ?' she asked. The skeleton laughed. 'Not because of the flies,' the skeleton said. 'The flies are here because of me. I had been chained here long ago.' Tze-ra looked the skeleton in the eyes and asked : 'By who ?' Again the skeleton tried to get the chains off, and said : 'By human beings.' But then Tze-ra repeated her first question : 'Who are you ?' But the skeleton didn't want to answer. Tze-ra knew that if she would free the skeleton, maybe the flies would stop hunt after the boys and their mothers, but she also knew that if she would free this skeleton it could get worse. She didn't know. There were high sounds in the air, like flies coming. Soon they all got surrounded by flies who just got in. There was no way out, and they were with so many that a fight would be hopeless. Tze-ra asked if one of the boys knew about this skeleton. Suddenly from behind Tze-ra one of the boys jumped forward and crashed the skeleton by his sword. 'This was the one who raised our mothers. He dominated them without mercy, and then he started to dominate us, until our fathers chained him here in the darkness.' Tze-ra looked at the broken skeleton and asked : 'Where are your fathers now ?' But the boys didn't know. One day their fathers went on a trip on the island, but they never returned. 'Oh, I guess these flies now more about that,' Tze-ra said, while turning to the flies. The flies seemed to have lost their powers now the skeleton had been crashed. 'They are in the underground,' one of the flies said. Then the flies led them to a place deep in the underground where the fathers had been chained. Tze-ra and the boys had set them free soon. The flies seemed to melt away one by one very soon, as they had been the spirits of the skeleton who had been crashed now. The skeleton had been an evil ancestor of the boys and their mothers, and soon also the mothers got reunited with the fathers of the boys. This was the day that the flies seemed to get away from the island. The flies who survived the melting process went to another island, which developped a wild wild nature, and got called 'the island of the flies.' Tze-ra went to this island one time and found out that the flies who had survived weren't the spirits of the skeleton. It seemed they had been a victim of the spirits of the skeleton for such a long time. Now they were free they developped themselves into beautiful indians more and more, although they kept their many wings most of the time. But it seemed they also followed the ways of the spirits of the skeleton in a sense, as they became hunters, and they developped their webs and nets, not only for food, but also for decoration and creation. It was their nature, and they couldn't help it. They had many transformation-mechanisms to make the best of it. They had unstoppable lusts for decoration and creation, and they could only bring it forth by consuming their prey. It was like strange vomit, like the vomit of angels, full of diamonds. They had been slaves of the skeleton's flies for such a long time that they had stinging marks of it on and in their bodies. It was like nature now gave them a mechanism to surround these stings by the remains of their prey and to turn it into pearls. On this island their bodies developped themselves into mines more than ever. And these pearls could store the pale lights for a lot of things. They were like the oysters of the jungle. To Tze-ra the oysterflies were beings to study. She still couldn't grasp the mechanism of these beings yet, but it seemed that only this sort could survive on the island.

Sevenlegs - Indian Fiction

The Garden of Hell

Sevenlegs was an indian woman. She didn't have seven legs, but this was just her name. She was on a trip through hell, the place she was coming from. It seemed legs were growing here as a strange hatchmachine of strange eggs. Horrible creatures came forth of these eggs to invade the world above them. These creatures were called the indian flies, merciless beings. Sevenlegs didn't want to be in any trouble. She pierced herself a way through the darkness. There were dogs around guarding the legs, and she also had to be on her guard. The dogs looked like wild pigs. Suddenly she took an arrow and shot one of the dogs. The others came after her in cool rage. Finally she slayed them all by her knife. It was a long journey through the gates of hell. Once she had been born here, but that was a long time ago. The legs of hell were very dangerous, for not only did they hatch eggs, but they also cut meat. There was for Sevenlegs not a way to understand this. Children grew up here, drowning in their own blood. Their meat seemed to be evergrowing, and they stayed in the hands of these butchers. There were many kings of hell, often mean skeletons, but also pigs, doglike pigs, and wolflike pigs. It was the land of pigs. Sevenlegs felt sorry for the children who grew up, but there was

nothing she could do. She also grew up here once. After awhile she had shot many skeleton-kings, but most of all : pigkings. She wanted to know the secret of this strange mechanism terrorizing hell. It seemed to bring forth so many indian flies bringing terror in the world above them, like wanting to have revenge, although she knew these were just instincts. The indian flies didn't know good or evil. They were like in a trance. It was a strange dance of hell Sevenlegs didn't know anything about. But this time she had come to find out. A fly with many wings came towards her. She looked like a woman. She asked very softly if Sevenlegs wanted to come with her. The fly led her to a paradise-like place. Sevenlegs wondered how a place like this could exist in hell. 'Through many pains,' the fly said. There were more soft women here. 'We have drowned so much in our own blood in everlasting slaughter that we became like this,' said the fly. The women had strange stripes on their bodies, like white or pale stripes, and although they were soft, they were warriors. 'Only warriors survive life like this,' the fly said. Sevenlegs was also a warrior, so she could understand that. 'We carry eggs in us which can only be hatched by the passion of war,' the fly said. 'Our babies come forth from war.' Strange pale-striped snakes slid on the ground. It was like these snakes brought Sevenlegs to peace. The walls seemed to be organic. 'Everything is organic here,' the fly said. 'Everything is alive. When a fly brings forth a snake, it brings peace. When a fly brings forth a shark, it brings peace. When a fly brings forth a human body, it brings peace.' Deeper in the underground strange indian flies were the hachers of eggs in a strange hatch-machine. It was like they were living on an island in a strange paradise. They fed there babies with the meat of pigs. These babies were like doveflies. These doveflies had been sent out to the world above to enter the spirits of human beings. They called it the Holy Spirit, but actually it was the mark of an arena. But not only doveflies were coming forth from the eggs, but also snakeflies. There where someone didn't receive the Holy Spirit, a snakefly would come. They would actually take their spirits down, to turn them into evergrowing meat, where the flies feast on. But these weren't the only ones growing in the eggs. The sharkflies were coming forth to fly to the world above to make all humans as slaves. The eagleflies were coming forth to imprison all human beings. 'But why ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Once all humans belonged to the garden of hell,' the fly said. 'But they escaped. They escaped by eating a fruit from a fallen snakefly. He brought them to the world above. Now the indian flies need to bring them back.'

'But for what ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'There are many things you do not understand yet, child,' the fly said.

'So you mean to say that all humans are a sort of flies ?' Sevenlegs asked.

‘Yes, my child,’ the fly said. ‘But they have covered that by eating from the fruit. They have washed themselves in the fluids of the world above.’

‘And what kind of fluids are these ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘The fluids of the fallen flies,’ the fly said.

‘How did they fall ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘They falled by business, child They made a business of life,’ the fly said.

‘But they were first warriors, right ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Yes,’ the fly said, ‘they were first warriors, but then fell asleep by doing business.’

‘Oh, that’s sad,’ Sevenlegs said.

‘Yes, you can say that,’ the fly said. ‘For only the warriors will stay awake and alive. The warriors had to guard the flames.’

‘Which flames ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘The flames of the flies,’ the fly said. ‘These are the seven flames which keep them alive. The flame of evil, the flame of lies, the flame of lust, the flame of warfare, the flame of suffering, the flame of isolation, and the flame of passion.’

‘Why such flames ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Because you need to protect your heart. These are the seven flames leading you back to the garden of hell,’ the fly said. Sevenlegs saw swarms of indian flies in the air, waiting to bring her back. There were flames around them, like shrieking. It was like the storm of hell, wanting to take her back to the garden. ‘You must close your eyes and sleep,’ the fly said. ‘They will do the rest.’ Soon Sevenlegs fell asleep, and the fiery storm took her to the garden of hell. When she opened her eyes the trees were like bodies brought forth by flies. They were carrying fruits like eternal fruits, and there were snakeflies everywhere. There were no fallen snakeflies here, as the fallen snakefly had been killed. The bodies were like transparent here, and they were carrying flies inside. It was like an ambient atmosphere, and there were cherubflies guarding the garden. It was the place of the devil. He sat on a high throne, and you could see he was a proud one. It was like she was living in a giant egg of flies now. Everything was different. She knew she couldn’t return to the world above, as a greater devil would wait for her there. She wanted to be with this devil. The devil came from his throne, turned into a flysnake and slid towards her. He was almost hairy, and he smelled like a bull or a horse. Sevenlegs laid her head to his chest. She was thinking about the fallen flies, and if they would return to this place once. She thought about the Holy Spirit keeping them enslaved in the world above. She swam in the waters of the garden, having no coverings. She wondered when the Holy Spirit, the swarms of doveflies, would return with them to the garden of hell. This would be when they got possessed by snakeflies, to let them return. But when would that be ? Here the bodies were like evergrowing meat, and everyone lived by eating everyone. There was no other way to life.

The Godflies

Sevenlegs woke up in a to her strange atmosphere. A man lay next to her, like a fly, having blood of the fly streaming through him, almost transparent. They had just received the Holy Spirit, a swarm of dove-flies so deep inside. It enslaved them in a strange sense. They started a fight. Only by the fight they could live here, or they would fade away. They covered themselves by the blood of the other, and they ate from the evergrowing meat. These strange things seemed to happen when the Christ-flies entered a soul. They seemed to live by blood, and by the blood of the other. It was a strange arena and a strange butchery. The Christ-flies were jelly-flies like bats in fire. It caused Sevenlegs to have strange visions, and it caused her to be addicted addicted to something she didn’t know A snake took her deeper in the garden of hell, and she ate from a fruit ... a fruit of flies It was like strange eggs were growing in her, and she could only hatch them in this arena, this butchery She was drinking from the everflowing blood She was bathing in it ... while angelflies were watching. The Holy Spirit was like a warm blanket to her, but she was longing for more fruits

of the garden of hell The angelflies were luring her deeper and deeper The snake came again, and led her to his place He brought her to the food he himself used to eat. It wasn't a fruit it was meat 'Fruits are for babies,' the snake said. 'It takes you away from the real stuff' Sevenlegs took something of the meat, and fell asleep. The sleep took seven days, and then she came into the gardens of the snake. 'The meat of flies,' said the snake God never told you that, as he wanted to eat it alone, although he knew I also ate it.'

'Who is God ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Never heard of the God-flies ?' the snake said. Sevenlegs shook her head. 'They are flies eating other flies,' the snake said.

'What kind of flies ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Ratflies and snakeflies like pythonflies and anacondaflies,' the snake said.

'Snakes like you ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Yes,' the snake said. 'they all have fights and the winners become god.'

Sevenlegs ate something from the meat again, but this time she didn't fall asleep. 'God wanted to lure others by fruits and trees to hide the meat, ... understand ? By this he could keep his powers and strength to rule the weaklings,' the snake said.

'So am I now becoming more powerfull than God ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'If you eat more meat than him, yes,' the snake said. 'And then you can lead your own life, without being prisoner of the God-flies.'

‘What does it mean to be prisoner of the god-flies ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘It’s an arena of weaklings, so that the weak ones become even weaker,’ the snake said. ‘And then the God-flies come down to eat from the meat. So it’s a strange butchery as well, in which the weaklings are the butchers as well as the meat, and the Godflies are the eaters It’s a sort of restaurant.’

‘Well, I’m glad that I’m here with you then,’ Sevenlegs sighed. ‘It’s all a fairground to me.’

The Hunter’s House

In the garden of hell Sevenlegs woke up. She was in the snake’s den, a strange lair. ‘Adam and Eve had to become hunters and warriors, but the Godflies brought their attention to a fruit in a tree. The Godflies said : ‘Don’t eat from the fruit, but be in business Be a farmer.’ They listened to him, and became farmers, but later they ate from the fruit also, and fell away from the garden,’ the snake said. ‘There were so many fruits they were allowed to eat from, but not this fruit. But as I told you, it was to distract them from the meat. They had to become hunters and warriors. But anyway, you are here now, with me, and you like the meat of flies, don’t you ?’ Sevenlegs didn’t answer. She was still a bit sleepy. ‘Who are Adam and Eve ?’ she asked.

‘Never heard of Adam and Eve ?’ the snake asked. Sevenlegs shook her head. It was all like mathematics to her. ‘If they would be hunters and warriors, they would never fall away from the garden of hell. There were so many dangerous creatures they had to defeat creatures who wanted to take them away. ‘Like snakes ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Yes, snakes, pigs, chicken, so many creatures wanted to let them fall in their traps,’ the snake said. ‘There were beasts in the depths of the garden they had to defeat. Adam and Eve became fallen flies. ‘When will they be back ?’ Sevenlegs asked. ‘The Eve-flies and the Adam-

flies will do,' the snake said, two swarms of hell. The Eve-flies are to wake us up for the meat, and the Adam-flies are to wake us up for the war.'

'War ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Yes, war,' the snake said, 'for only warriors can return to this place. There is no other way.'

'Who is the boss of this place ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'There are so many swindlers and breeders to defeat,' the snake said. 'They are the beasts of the gardens. Even the lambs are beasts here. You must live here by the sword, or you will die.'

'Now that's other language,' Sevenlegs said. 'Are you going to protect me ?'

'It will be the wars of the flies,' the snake said, 'and I will lead you through. No worries.'

Sevenlegs didn't have an idea where she was, or with who. She just trusted the snake who seemed to be her friend. What he told made sense to her, and she knew that without him she wouldn't make it here. He brought her to so many places of meat, and so many huntingfields of the garden of hell, and so more and more seemed to forget about the fruits. It was a warm place, like Xibalba, the place where she was born, but this was totally different. She dipped her spear in poison, and listened to the snake for hours and hours, until she felt weak again, and fell asleep. There were so many things happening in her head. She felt herself like a soldier, and so many Eve-flies and swarms of Adam-flies seemed to enter her head to fill her body, layer by layer, into her deepest depths. There was a cross in the garden of hell, once denied by Adam and Eve. There were dangerous flies sitting on that cross. It was a cross of meat. Sevenlegs stared at it, and when she started to eat from the meat, she got crucified, while the cross started to burn. The snake finally saved her out. It was the grill of hell's garden. Sevenlegs was screaming. She would never forget this experience, the experience of the cross. But the cross-flies seemed to find her again and again, to repeat the experience. It was like her heart was opening up to so many things, and later she would understand it better, but it was still like something was eating her heart, like a strange fly inside. She had like an evergrowing heart, and it was like she got baptized in her

own blood. There was something strange about this baptism, something everlasting, like a strange smell, a strange mark on her soul. It was like the grill was taking her deeper into the garden, and she found out that she was everburning, evergrowing, and everfighting, as a ritual to stay alive, as a mighty vibration, the vibration of the fly Here everything was meat, and everything was eating, no difference between the butcher and its prey. It gave her a feeling of equality, which was the place where the evil path finally brought her, and she saw something written on a stone : 'Evil One, You're Not The Evil One.' She didn't understand it, but it enlightened her, like a new law written in her heart.

The snake took her in his grip and shaped her ... He was the creator here but she also shaped him And she saw another stone on which there was written : 'Oh Creation, You Created The Creator.' And again, she didn't understand it, but it was like a swarm of flies rewrote the records of her heart, while they were erasing so many things by sticky lights. Sevenlegs finally slid into a lake or well full of flyfluids. The crossflies seemed to pierce her flesh so deep, and it enslaved her. But in the lake there was a rock on which it was written : 'Enslaved to Become Free'. Everything was enslaving here, and everything was enslaved. Here there was no difference between the slave and the enslaver. She enslaved, and got slaved, as a mighty vibration, the vibration of the fly. There were so many things she didn't understand yet, but she embraced the new nature. If it was for the kill or for the love of it, she didn't know, and that was too deep for her to understand. She found out she was nothing but flymeat, a fly at heart. She was nothing but seed, only coming alive here, for outside it would be wasted. The eggs she was carrying could only be hatched here, between the snakes, for snakes brought forth by flies could only bring peace. She was between the snakes, on the heights of the gardens, from which she could dive into the depths, searching for the pearls of paradise, a heritage she could never understand.

'Eat me, eat me, and I will eat you,' a strange creature in a tree said. But she shot it down from a distance. It remembered her about a strange fairytale. 'Drink me, drink me, and I will drink you,' another creature said, but she shot it down by a poisoned arrow. She didn't have time for such fairytales now. She was careful in her steps, but she knew deep inside that there was no difference between the hunter and the hunted, and this seemed to be also the secret of these eternal huntingfields. All paths of paradise finally ended here, in the everlasting bownets, where the breed bred its breeder. We have been created by the guys in these fly-eggs, standing high on a hill and we created them If she would only reach these eggs were distance and closeby are the same These are just paintings in her head Paint of flies dividing the fires we do not know anything about Distance didn't exist It was just the thing she didn't understand yet the fire she couldn't consume while it was consuming her When will we wake up to consume what is consuming us ? When will we be warriors ?

The hunter's cross, a cross so deep in hell's garden, has the answer. Here meat becomes the hunter, and all hunters become warriors. But to Sevenlegs the hunter's cross was more an

oracle, like hell's telephone. When she spoke swarms of flies would find their ways, and she became the hunter's crown. These are the seasons of hell, and some might say the seasons of love.

When she grew up, she became the rider of warriors and hunters, but she also knew they were riding her. She wasn't unknown about many things anymore, and showed herself like a true goddess or princess of hell. She had her place in the halls of fire, surrounded by grills. For only by the grills one could come to her. She was now Sevenlegs, princess of hell, to whom all gardens belonged. It seemed that she had been living in a dark cloud all her life, but now the dark cloud had led her here. There was no one like her. Her vengeance was grace, her revenge was mercy. There was no one who could escape when she spoke. They all stood like frozen and pierced, as swarms of flies would penetrate their flesh, and would live in them forever. She was the evil of being good, and the good of being evil. There was no hell too deep for her. Hell was nothing more than a hatchmachine of strange eggs of flies with meatshells. Meat was a strange egg on this planet. And what about the heart of hell ? It was the strangest thing in hell the unknown It was a giant-egg full of flies, and surrounded by hell's strangest swarms of flies, most dangerous. No one could enter here without losing his life. It was where Sevenlegs seemed to have her throne, deep in the halls of fire. There was no one who could read her here. All lost their lives. Only flies could come here. She lived from the evergrowing heart of hell, and it lived from her. So many flies were sharing this with her. It was the heart of the flies, a place they all seemed to come from, like an evergrowing egg of meat a strange egg It looked like a heart, and it looked like a body And all these flies were merely evergrowing meat-eggs. The breasts of women were strange meat-eggs producing the milk of enslavement, and the energy of war, turning them all in nothing but gladiators. Sevenlegs bred these breasts in the gardens of hell. These breasts were the harpoons of hell, breeding the gladiators for the arena. No one could do anything against the cannons of hell these breasts seemed to be. But later they found out that these evergrowing meat-eggs named breasts were merely everlasting bombs, like overreactive detonators which could explode without changing. Flesh seemed to be a deadly weapon more than anything else. The most striking harpoon of the hunter was his body, an interactive and everchanging time-bomb. The domain of Sevenlegs was organic in that sense. And it all seemed to do with the swarms of flies, holding the wars between indian flies in her head. All seemed to spin around this. The body was the result of the wars between the indian flies, like a complex warmachine, and more : an arena and she seemed to be the head of it How she came here, and how she became this she still couldn't understand, but she was waking up more and more from a long sleep in hell. Only the gladiator could survive and reach a place like this, and she had been that all her life.

She was a predator, a meat-eater, and it brought her here. It was her hunger wanting to know what is inside. And she was awakening, her eyes were opening like the eyes of the flies. It was here she saw that her armor was her enemy, her enslaver, but she also saw that it was her best friend at the same time leading her to the deeper world for freedom would lead her astray. It seemed there was no other way to get there than by the abduction So she was waiting for her abductors all her life. The kidnap was now a jewel around her

neck, her key to life like this. Inside the heart of the hell there was the stomach of hell. It was a place forbidden to Sevenlegs, as here the queen of hell seemed to live, a shapeshifting beast. It was a friendly beast, and one day Sevenlegs got an invitation to the place. But it turned out into a fight, as Sevenlegs wanted to dominate the place. She would take care that there wouldn't be a queen of hell anymore, only a princess, ...she. In cold rage Sevenlegs slayed the queen of hell. She didn't care the queen was friendly, as it was just a trap in her eyes. No, hell would be a better world if it would be in the hands of Sevenlegs. She ate from the stomach of hell, and it ate from her, and then she started to realize something else. The buttocks of hell were watching her. These buttocks were like cannons, just like the breasts. So many things seemed to explode in her, and soon she was drowning in herself. She was screaming, but no one helped, until the snake came. He bit the buttocks open and showed they were just portals portals to the tunnels of hellSevenlegs slid inside. Soon she was at a place called the toes of hell. She shot the toes hanging around her, waiting to attack her. She shot them open, and swarms of flies seemed to come through. Through the gates she saw the giant lips of hell. Swarms of flies seemed to come forward from the lips, forming a moustache in the middle, and then a beard. Sevenlegs put her hands before her eyes because of the lights. The hairs of hell were growing around her, and soon she found herself swimming in a lake of flyfluids The waters were cool, but tropical, giving her exotic feelings She was free now free in a space she didn't know anything about The lips were still in the distance and began to smile. Then they opened their mouths and Sevenlegs slid inside while screaming. She found herself between books and toys. The place was so organic, and she followed the veins of hell, to come into a beautiful shiny greenbrown lake. At the lakeside there were indian women with lambs. She followed the vein of hell further, and then through another tunnel she came into the lungs of hell, where a lot of exotic snakes were ... born from fliesSevenlegs remembered this place. It looked like Xibalba where she was coming from. There were a lot of waterfalls here, full of the fluids and slime of flies. Then she followed the vein further. It led her to the brains of hell, where three crosses were : the warrior's cross, the gladiator's cross and the slave's cross. Strange stuff seemed to come forth from these, like the faeces of flies and snakes. It was a strange smell as well. She could not make up her mind, and she stood before a portal, while she was dizzy. Her hairs were dirty and further her whole body, after this trip, and she was carrying the strange smell inside. A door opened, and light was coming through. Hell looked more and more like a body now. She saw the muscles of hell, and the bones, with it's tissue. She climbed up on the muscles like a ladder, and reached a gigantic lake of blinding light, together with it's waterfall. The light started to blind her and everything in her surroundings seemed to change. A pink snake was sliding around the lake through the moist. It was the muscle of the fly where she had come to. It was the muscle of hell's light. In the distance there was also the muscle of hells' smell, and further away the muscle of hell's sound, together with a lot of other muscle's of hell's senses. It was the most sensitive spot in hell, looking like a foot. But everything was burning here, like a grill. Sevenlegs had come to the cup of hell, the cup of flies. Masses of flies seemed to come from this cup, more than she ever saw. The hell had hundreds and hundreds of senses, and they all seemed to open up here, like an oven of sensitivity.

The beasts of life were living here, playing with distance and closeby, just a painting of fly-paint. Sevenlegs had come to slay them all, as she believed it was just another portal she had to open, and she couldn't use their guards. The lakes filled themselves with blood after she started to slay. The eye of hell shrieked from it's depths. It had a beautiful skin, a skin like meat, and it cold rage Sevenlegs started to slay it. She wanted to know what was inside this egg. A bomb ? She reached it, and started to react to it. It started to shriek like an alarm. Suddenly everything seemed to explode, while Sevenlegs was in peace it would be an everlasting explosion, everchanging. The veins of hell weren't the same anymore They were now the veins of the flies ... She was now throning in abundant slaughter, in an everlasting explosion, in everlasting doom Swarms of indian flies took place They had been in a war for so long the veins of hell were shifting before their eyes, like a strong drink and then they drank They had now reached their cup to drown in extasy They were the eaten ones as well as the predators She dominated hell by her lightening She tred the grapes of hell when they were ripe until the cup was overflowing The muscles of hell were swelling, only to be pierced by her spears She dominated hell, more than anyone before ... After awhile the muscles of hell couldn't swell anymore, only stretch to make place for the things coming from the depths. The wines were ripe but even more ... the blood.

In the hall of Hell's Supper a trinity was eating from the meat of torture and scorn. When Sevenlegs found this hall she slayed them all. The flies of heaven seemed to feast here. Heaven was a place she didn't know anything about. She had never heard of it, and she thought these flies were strange, so she slayed them all. She took the skulls of the trinity and threw them deep below her into a lake. Then she slayed the cooks and the whores of the trinity, and their skulls soon sank to the depths of hell. They weren't worthy to eat any meat. Their souls would live only by fruits everlasting. They were allowed to have some bread once in awhile, but never meat. Neither would they drink blood anymore, only water. Sevenlegs destroyed the hall of Hell's Supper in short time. There was no time for dinners like this. There was only place for hunters. It was the day hell started to sink away, and Sevenlegs, who was the princess of hell, started to hate it more and more. She wanted a place for dungeons and arena's. But more than that she wanted a hunter's house. It was the day hell died. She didn't want to have anything to do with hell anymore, and broke every bone of it. She decided to make something different now. This was the day the hunter's house rose. She didn't eat for three days, and didn't wash herself. Hell was something of the past now. Only hunters seemed to survive these days and came to the hunter's house. But soon there were fights all over. They fought about the rooms. Sevenlegs killed two of them to nail their skulls above the doors of the rooms they wanted. But soon many more hunters seemed to fall into that fate. The hunter's house became a house full of skeletons, the early inhabitants of the house. The meat of torture and scorn was the only thing from the hall of Hell's Supper she kept in a freezer. Only those who would behave in the hunter's house would get a piece of it once for only one time. The meat looked like kidneys and liver, but it looked different. No one of the hunters who ever ate from it would survive ... It was the food of death That's why she carefully chose the hunters she wanted to give it. In most cases the hunters who got a piece turned into zombies in short time, finally dying a horrible slow death, but there was one hunter who seemed to be immune, and Sevenlegs didn't like that.

She could never love one of the hunters since she started the house. She hated them all. But this man seemed to be immune against every poison on her spear. So one time she went to his bedroom and entered in with a knife while he slept. When she wanted to kill him he suddenly woke up and took her arms in a tight grip. 'I'm sure you do not want to do that,' the man said. 'Why such hate ? What have I done to you ?' But Sevenlegs didn't answer. Then after awhile, when he was still staring at her, she said : the house just needs sacrifices. Don't you understand ? It's a hunter's house.

The man was surprised. 'What woman are you ? First you invite us to come here, and ask us to behave, and then you want to kill us ? What kind of fairytales did you read when you were young ?'

'Look,' Sevenlegs said, 'there's a heavy burden on my back since I killed hell. I need to save this place above all it's inhabitants. Death is much more interesting than to live in a place like this.'

'Woman, you must be crazy,' the man said. 'You really need psychiatric help.'

'Psychiatric help ? What is that ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'From what world are you ?' the man said.

Then Sevenlegs swallowed her words. She now seemed to realize that this man wasn't of her world. He was probably the last infiltrator from hell She kicked his arm away, and then pierced his belly. The man fell on his bed, and said slowly : 'Y...you will pay for this'

'I have already paid for it,' Sevenlegs said harshly, 'all my life.' In short time flies had digested his body, and his skeleton she nailed close to the door of his room. Then Sevenlegs left to her own room. It was the biggest room of the house. Here she had her slaves.

There was something wrong, something really wrong with the hunter's house and soon no one dared to come anymore She had to live by the past of the house One day the

flies of heaven returned to attack the house It was the day heaven died, as Sevenlegs went to heaven to slay it completely She would only do it once and for all The flies were made of the meat of torture and scorn. She brought the meat to her freezer. She wouldn't eat it herself. There were only a few men left in the hunter's house, and one day she poisoned them all by the meat of torture and scorn. It was a quiet day for the hunter's house and then she started to invite the poor. The poor she seemed to love as they weren't spoiled. She became their guard, and she truly had feelings for the first time in her life. She would never hurt any of them. She now understood why she hated the rich world so much because they hated the poor The hunter's house itself finally seemed to accept it's inhabitants.

The Evergrowing Hunger

Sevenlegs woke up in the garden of the hunter's house. The snake had found her here, and he was still her friend. She wondered if Adam and Eve knew this place, but the snake shook his head. 'Only Lilith,' he said. 'She was Adam's first love, but then she went away to the hunter's house.'

'Does she still live ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'No,' the snake said, 'but the Lilithflies are everywhere.'

'Then I will find her,' Sevenlegs said.

'No,' the snake said, 'as death isn't a better place than this. You must stay here.'

'Okay,' Sevenlegs said. She trusted her old friend. But then she asked : 'Tell me, is there any good reason to die ?'

‘No,’ the snake said. ‘There isn’t. To die is the same as coming to life, and you must stay far from that.’

‘But why ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Because there are better things than life and death just like there are better things than heaven and hell ...,’ the snake said.

‘Oh, I understand that,’ Sevenlegs said. ‘To hunt and to be a warrior is the best, right ?’

‘Yes,’ the snake said. ‘And you have to keep that in mind.’ Sevenlegs turned herself to her friend and looked him deep in the eyes. ‘So when this Lilith lived here ... who killed her ?’ Sevenlegs asked ...

‘She ate from the meat of torture and scorn,’ the snake said.

‘Is it forbidden ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Yes,’ the snake said. ‘it’s taboo.’

‘Then what kind of meat do we need to eat ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Come, I’ll show you,’ the snake said. Then he took Sevenlegs to a place deep in the garden of the hunter’s house. ‘Here the meat of the hunting flies is dwelling. Don’t care about living or dying, but care about hunting,’ the snake said. ‘Here the wars of the hunters are dwelling.’ Sevenlegs took her bow and shot a hunting fly out of a tree. Then the hunting fly seemed to awake. ‘See, they are all sleeping,’ the snake said. ‘Hunters wake each other up.’

‘So I’m here to wake them up ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘yes, the snake said, ‘and to communicate.’

Sevenlegs found out that her bow was merely a hunter’s telephone. ‘This is strange, dude,’ Sevenlegs said. She shot another one out of a tree, and soon she could also fly.

‘You have to go through these fields, until you reach the river of flyfluids,’ the snake said. ‘If you let yourself sink in this river, it will bring you to the land of indians. Forget about eating to reach something you must drown in it to be totally covered ...’

Sevenlegs understood what he meant, and went there, while she sank into the depths. She was now deeper in the garden than she could ever be. Here the indians lived, the inhabitants of the hidden paradise. She could not get closer to the source than to be here, and to discover all it’s secrets. It was the land of the indian flies. She forgot about the hunter’s house and all it’s cruelty, and could heal here. She could begin a new life here, and forget about all the trauma’s she had in her life.

There was something bigger than the cross : the drowning. It was a strange hunger and thirst letting you lose everything. Here behind the river called the drowning the drowned ones lived, the indians, where the indian flies were coming from. It was hungermeat they ate here. They were the hungry ones. They lived in graves deep in the river of flyfluids. They had hungry eyes, and they didn’t know Sevenlegs. This place was big, bigger than she ever saw. This place was also softer than she ever experienced. But she had to be carefull for their feet were like crawfish. There was no river deeper than this one. It was a strange cemetery. Sevenlegs realized she was now in the world beyond paradise. Paradise had been just a deceiver to keep her away from this. Paradise had been a swindler to her. These hungry eyes seemed to satisfy her, a feeling she had never had before. Here in the mud of the flyfluids river paradise seemed to be all poison to her. This was the muddy world beyond paradise where she could only drown. The hunger and thirst were strange explosions, and hungry hands seemed to take her. She was like sliding on a giantlip, the lips of hunger. They brought her to the muscle of hunger shaping everything. Only the veins coming forth from this muscle could open her true senses, as in a path. She followed these veins to the shiny greenbrown lakes of flyfluids, the sensitive spots. She would never go back to the garden, but she wanted to stay in these wildernesses.

There was a wilderness called the hungry, where dark spots grew. These dark spots were the marks coming forth from the drowning. They spread the powders of satisfaction. Here the horseflies seemed to live, having so many wings and veins. The indian horseflies could sting like nothing else. Here also the red spots grew, while blood was coming forth. These were the bloodfountains. The indian horseflies had strange veins on their bodies, and every movement came forth as a mark from the drowning. So many grills seemed to surround their camps. They had hungerbodies, coming forth from the drowning. These marks of the drowning were merely strange scars. It was the everlasting and evergrowing meat of hunger. They lived and moved between the spots as children from the drowning. They had the veins of strange light on their bodies. When the indian horseflies found Sevenlegs, they would never let her go. And there was a day in her life Sevenlegs became the everlasting drowning herself, like a strange womb. She had become a different warrior now, a warrior ... of the land ... of the indian horseflies She had become a neverending bownet to the world beyond paradise She was a bridge a bridge of strange scars She was the everburning in an everburning land the land of the indian horseflies. Here she would never freeze anymore in things she wouldn't understand, as the indian horseflies would lead her through the fire. The fire would speak to her, and the fire would explain, to show the neverending paths, and to show the place where they all crossed, deep in her heart holding so many secrets There was a place where they all crossed where everything seemed to melt away She could not hold anything in this fire only the hungry ones It was an everlasting hunger flowing through her veins, and it was evergrowing, searching for the paths of satisfaction It was there where her senses seemed to open, to find a different world It was the land of the indian horseflies, strange stinging flies with so many wings They were all in fire in everchanging sights shifting in the shiny greenbrown lakes of flyfluids. Here she found out about the everlasting wars between the indian horseflies, and their everlasting hunt, their ways of communication and waking each other up It was a wake up call, like a strange telephone. They spoke by their arrows. They were addicted to a strange telephone, like slaves.

She became the hatcher of their eggs as no one seemed to get them open. She was their womb, the princess of the indian horseflies. By her harpoon-eyes she ruled them all, and they would never let her go. She seemed to be their fruitfulness, their source of survival. By her they could multiply themselves to care for a new generation. She was their pride and joy. She wasn't herself anymore, as she had possessed all the others. There wasn't a self anymore, and there wasn't an other. There was only 'being', a 'being' called Sevenlegs which existed in so many different views, the secret of the indian horseflies. It seemed to be the greatest show in the sky full of men and women but the being itself wasn't a man neither a woman. These were just parts of the being. It was like a fairground in the sky, like a roundabout full of indian horseflies. It was a swarm which couldn't be followed, only through the drowning. She had reached a new gender, in which she exploded, losing self and the other. She had touched the spot and she shouldn't do it, as it was forbidden. She had reached the taboo. Now men and women were just the tools of the strange being. It was a genderless unpersonal being, becoming so personal at times.

She was now a fata morgana in the sky

Awela the Savage

Jungle Fiction

Chapter 1. The Snake Lair

Chapter 2. King of the Lions

Chapter 3. Stronger than Lions

Chapter 4. Zertroy's Heritage

Chapter 1. The Snake Lair

A man slowly passed through the jungle of Awela, a very dangerous passage. He was looking for something, as friends had told him about the monkey stone. But soon there was screaming, and a few days later he was found, hanging dead at a rope tied to a tree. There was no hope in any of these spheres of the Awela Jungle. It was a place of doom.

No one knew exactly what the dangers were in this jungle, but it had something to do with the monkey stone, a desired stone by many.

Irakwa was a young priest who had built a small temple in the East Side of the Awela Jungle, but a few days after it was done he was murdered in a mysterious way. Could any human live in such a place. No one exactly knew. It was like the jungle itself took care of it's secrets. It was a jungle where animals were the rulers, and not human beings ... And if there would be any tribes in the jungle there, than it would be still hidden ... Maybe they would live in the underground, and they would know about the secret of this jungle, while living so close to the animals that they had to be like them.

Some researchers once went to the jungle of Awela to try to do some tests with their professor, but they also got all murdered in a mysterious way. It looked like no one could pierce this jungle.

However, there was one man who could live there. He lived among the animals as in a unity. This man was a savage from birth. Once he was a foundling, but monkeys raised him. He knew about the secrets of the monkey stone, as the monkeys taught him about it. He knew that he could never bring the stone out of the jungle to the city, as then the monkeys would kill him. But as he was growing up he became stronger, and the monkeys started to fear him more and more. Often he had bloody fights with them, as he wanted to break free out of their bondages.

One day he killed the leader of the monkey's, a large gorilla. It was a fight on life or death. From that day on he wanted to get closer to other animals of the jungles, animals against which the monkeys always protected him. But now he was old enough to be free. Many of the monkeys respected him, but to some he became an outcast. He had to be on his guard, as some of the powerful monkeys were very jealous at him.

It was a certain python who wanted to eat the man since his birth, but the monkeys always protected him against the tall snake. It was a very large one, very big. Now the man was seeking for revenge, for he always had nightmares about this snake. He found a dagger once in the jungle, and now he was swimming in the jungle-river in search for the snake. He could smell the snake from a distance, so he knew where the snake was. But when he came there, there were more snakes, and they started to attack him. It was a bloody fight in which he finally killed thirty snakes. He raised the lifeless bodies of the snakes above his head and threw them in the river one by one. Crocodiles came to eat the snakes, and the river was full of blood all of a sudden. The man dived into the river to wash himself in the blood, as his senses told him that it would make him more immune against snakes.

It was his wish to have friendship with the snakes, but that was almost impossible in the jungle of Awesha, as the snakes were very aggressive. He had some friendship with certain crocodiles, and they feared him, but with the snakes he still had problems. It was like they were now looking for revenge since he killed thirty of them.

His hairs were long, and his body slender and sly. He had some scars, but these were small, some a bit taller, but not too visible. Wounds could heal well in the spheres of the Awela Jungle.

One day he had another fight against snakes. These snakes were very big, even bigger than the ones he knew. He had never seen them before. Maybe they lived underground, or hidden somewhere else. The Awela Jungle was a large jungle. The two snakes finally could get him in a grip. It was like huge trees had fallen on him, and he felt like paralyzed, but they didn't bite him. They took him to a certain lair, and when he woke up the two snakes were staring at him. It was like they took him here, because they wanted to know him better, like they wanted to be his friends. And a good friendship started to develop itself. They protected him against the greater and unknown dangers of the jungle. And he needed that now, as in this area a lot of wild cats lived, like panthers, jaguars, tigers and lions. Oh, how these cats wished they could eat him alive. But the two snakes would protect him well.

Here in and around the snake-lair he could develop his skills. He was a soft man, looking for friendship between him and these wild creatures. He wanted to win the

hearts of the wild cats, but he knew instinctively that he had to be very careful, even when they would act friendly. It was like he could smell their lust for blood.

Chapter 2. King of the Lions

Once one of the lions came into the snake-lair in the night, while the man was sleeping. The lion wanted to have an easy meal in the night, but the two snakes went in speed after the lion to bite its head off. It was a quick job from the snakes, and they didn't make too much noise. When the man woke up that morning he saw the headless body of the lion, and he immediately knew what happened.

Also when he was outside the lair lions used to attack him, and although he could handle them more and more, sometimes his snakefriends had to speed to the fight to care for it. The man wanted to become a skilled lionwrestler, but most of all : he wanted to be their friend.

The lionwrestlings happened more often, and soon the man could dominate them at his own. It was like playing with fire, but he didn't have another choice. The lions started to fear him more and more, and they started to become sensitive to his signals. He was like the lion-king now. He knew he still couldn't trust them, as they were wild animals. But more and more he desired to develop a friendship with them. He knew that maybe it would be impossible, but it was a challenge to him. The two snakes of the lair he could trust, so why not some lions. But first he needed to be very careful. They first needed to prove him that they wouldn't kill him in any circumstance.

Zertroy was an apeman living in a cave not so far away from the snake-lair. He was like a huge hairy man, very sly. He became curious about what was all happening.

He was very caring to the man. He often brought him meat and weapons. Zertroy taught the man how he could call for eagles. These eagles were very big, and could easily bring them to far away places. Zertroy taught the man many more secrets of the jungle of Awela, and he even called the man 'Awela'. Then he first put his fists to his own chest and then directed his finger to the man, and said : 'You, Awela.' He had a very dark and low voice, almost soft roaring.

Zertroy also taught Awela how to fight and wrestle against the darkest animals, and how to have friendship with them. Awela started to like Zertroy more and more, as he never had a friend like this. They found a way to communicate with each other very well, and Awela tried to explain about the monkey stone. Zertroy explained him that it was originally his stone, but the monkey's stole it from him. In the night Awela showed him the way to the monkey camp, where they hid the monkey stone. One of the gorilla's held the stone. It was the new leader of the monkeys and he was always very rude towards Awela. The leader was sleeping, holding the stone close to his body. Awela and Zertroy tried to take the stone very carefully, but suddenly the gorilla-leader woke up. He started calling the others and a bloody fight arose. The fight was so hard and took so long, that finally the two snakefriends came to help Zertroy and Awela. They killed the new gorilla-leader, and then the other gorilla's all went away. The stone they left behind, and Zertroy took it in his arms like a baby.

Zertroy knew many more secrets of the stone, as it was originally his. He explained that a sorcerer once made it for him, after Zertroy saved his life. It was a stone of communication, by which Zertroy could communicate with all animals. By this it could stop or just prevent many fights and wars between animals. This was how Zertroy became a beastmaster, as he could be the perfect mediator between the animals. Zertroy was glad the stone was back now, so that it could be used in the right way again. Together with Awela he brought the stone to his cave. In his cave he cut a small piece from the stone to make an amulet of it for Awela. Awela was very grateful, but when he came to Zertroy's cave the next day he found out that Zertroy had been killed. He found monkeyhair of gorilla's everywhere, so he knew that the gorilla's had come to take revenge. But by the amulet Awela could keep the memory of his dear friend alive.

Awela knew that also he himself had be on his guard, as the gorilla's would also look for him. He found warmth and protection in his snakefriends. Awela knew he had to stay close to his two snakefriends, but they would also keep an eye on him. Since Zertroy died the friendship between Awela and the two snakes only grow deeper. Awela knew he had to prepare himself for a big fight, as he could sense the rage of the gorilla's. They would know dedicate their lives to seek for Awela's death.

One day there was like an invasion of gorilla's, and some of them were so big and huge, and so strong and skilled that they were even able to kill Awela's two big snakes. Awela tried to escape the bloody fight since he found out about their death, but the gorilla's were faster than him, and captured him. Many of the gorilla's he didn't recognize. They brought him to a gorilla camp deep in the jungle. It was like Awela couldn't breath, as they kept him in a tight grip.

Fortunately Awela had learned from Zertroy how to call for the big eagles, but this time they didn't come. Maybe it was because of the gorilla's making too much noise.

But after awhile he saw two lions in the distance coming closer. He remembered these lions. They were friends of Zertroy. Some gorilla's became panicked, but other gorilla's stirred up each other for the coming fight. It became a horrible fight. Awela didn't know if the lions would keep him alive, as they always kept him at a distance.

The lions slayed most of the gorilla's and the others left the camp. The lions were very friendly towards Awela. They took Awela to their den. Soon it was like they had replaced the part of the two snakes. They would protect Awela by their lives. But long their friendship wouldn't last, for in a night so many gorilla's surrounded the den, and they were so big and huge like Awela never saw before. He didn't know any of them, and he thought that maybe they came from far away, as their senses would tell what had happened to their brothers. It was like the gorilla's revenge, and it was like an army this time. Some of them were so enormous like beasts, and when they grasped the two lions, they started to eat them alive, leaving Awela in fear. But some others took Awela with them. It was a long travel across rivers. They brought Awela to a Gorilla Village deep in the jungle. The gorilla's here were like beasts, but some of them acted very friendly towards Awela. It was like they could recognize Awela's feelings towards them, feelings of love, wanting nothing but friendship.

Chapter 3. Stronger than Lions

There were some huge apemen living here, looking a bit like Zertroy, although some were even huger. Some said : 'You, king of gorilla's', but then Awela smiled. These gorilla-beasts he couldn't handle, as they were stronger than lions.

It was like the apemen were repressed by the monstrous gorilla's. And soon Awela found out that they were their prisoners and slaves. They couldn't leave the village, as the beasts guarded everything carefully. The apemen were looking for a strong leader to take them out, someone who would be the king of the gorilla's. Some of the gorilla's noticed the friendship between Awela and the apemen, and they weren't glad with it. Especially when the apemen talked about him as gorilla-king. Awela knew he had to be on his guard now.

One day a huge gorilla who also looked like a sort of giant-apeman came to Awela's tent. Soon Awela found out that he was the present gorilla-king. Other gorilla's came, and took Awela to a field in the centre of the Village. They also brought the gorilla-king there. 'You, Gorilla-King ?' the giant-apeman asked. And then he started to laugh and hit on his chest with his fist. He did this so hard that after awhile blood was coming forth from his chest. Then the other gorilla's who had surrounded the fields started to applaud. 'Fight me !' the giant roared.

It became a long and bloody battle. The giant hit Awela very hard. Awela didn't have any chance against him, and when he slammed Awela to a tree Awela lost consciousness. Later he awoke in his tent.

There were other things in the village Awela didn't like. First he was thinking about an escape, but later he wanted to help the apemen. Awela tried to call for the big eagles again, and this time it worked. Two big eagles came, but they couldn't do anything against the monstrous gorilla's. These were the days that Awela's anger and hate were growing like never before. He saw so many of his friends getting killed for nothing. He more and more started to see the ongoing cruelty of the jungle, and he knew that if he wouldn't be crueler than that he would never survive here. He gave up trying to become friends with the upper-layer of the Gorilla Village, the gorilla-king and his mates. They were in a sense unreachable, and hard like machines. In these days Awela was growing to full age, and his strength increased everyday. He became taller, and more and more of the beasts started to fear him.

One day he was overflowing with rage and went to the king. He didn't say anything but took the gorilla by the throat and threw him against the nearest tree. He took the king's dagger and cut his head off. This was the moment he could set the apemen free. The apemen destroyed the village, and many chose the side of Awela.

In the king's dagger there was a stone called the Gorilla Stone. It was a flat stone like a spot. Awela gave it to one of the apemen, and left. He called for some big eagles, and they brought him to the place where he came from. He decided to live in Zertroy's cave, as he missed him very much. He hoped that he could live in peace here, and to find new friends.

Sometimes panthers came to his place, and he used to feed them. It was like the panthers in a sense thought that he was Zertroy, the one they loved. There was so much warmth in this place, and often animals from far came here. It was like Awela

more or less took the place of Zertroy. In a sense it was so easy now to have friendship with the most dangerous animals. To him that was the heritage of Zertroy.

One day Awela found a secret doorway in Zertroy's cave. There were drawings of flowers on the walls of the tunnel, and it was leading to the underground. Awela wondered if Zertroy knew about this. Or maybe it was his secret. In the underground all sorts of flowers were growing. There were also jewels growing in these flowers, radiating strange sorts of light. The jewels looked like small hearts, beating and pulsating. They were alive. They were like organs. They were carrying a strange smell, and it was like they were drawing in his mind. It was like an underground paradise with all these fields full of jungle-flowers.

There were also some rivers and lakes here with strange fishes. Suddenly Awela discovered a place like a sort of cave full of monkey stones and also gorilla stones. There were a lot of spiders in this place, and the spiders looked very dangerous. But they didn't harm Awela. It was like Zertroy's protection was over him. Awela took some of the stones, and threw them in the waters. Close to the cave there was a stairways downstairs, and when Awela went down he found other treasure-rooms full of jungle jewels.

But when he touches one of these jewels something strange is happening. Fences of strange shiny twisted stone or bone decorated by flowers and strange pulsating jewels and jewelry come down like prisonbars to block all the doorways around him. He's now locked up. A strange smell is spreading throughout the place where he is in. He hears heavy breathing like there is a beast or vulcano close to him.

'So you want to steal from my property ?' someone is roaring. Behind the bars an enormous dragonlike black creature appears, spitting fire and smoke, while icerays are coming out of it's nose. It has dark red eyes. Months of imprisonment follow. He gets strange meat to eat, like the meat of strange spiders and other unknown creatures. Sometimes the dragonlike creature is roaring : 'I am the ruler of the jungle.' High on a wall in front of him, above the bars an enormous sword hangs, decorated by jewels, flowers and other jewelry. Awela desires the sword, as it may be a way for him to break the bars and defeat the dragon, but something inside him, like his own instincts tell him that he better cannot touch anything like that, as it would trigger something he might not be able to handle. In some corners skeletons lay down, and also mummified creatures like ashes. He knows that many came here before him, and didn't survive the tricks of this place. He knows how dangerous it is to touch anything of worth here.

It is like the meat is making him stronger, but he's also aware that it can be to breed him into something. Maybe he is of use to the dragon. By digging into the ground Awela found an old dagger. It had some flat stones on it ... jungle stones. By the dagger he tries to cut an opening in one of the fences, and after awhile he succeeds. Before him lies a path of shimmering jungle stones, like tiles, but he knows it's too dangerous to step on them. The jungle stones have all sorts of colours, but some of them look old like the stones of his dagger. He decides to step on them, and by jumping on the old stones he can reach a white bony path. On a white short pillar a big stone lies. It's a bleeding stone. Awela is amazed by the colour of the stone. He's very thirsty and drinks from the fluids, but then an enormous beast falls down. 'You

woke me up,' the beast roared. Slime is coming forth from the stone, and Awela drinks more. In the distance he sees some half-naked woman lying on a bony bench around a giant egg producing slime and blood. It looks like the blood is strange green and in strange pink. 'Someone has come to us,' one of the women says. Soon Awela finds out that these women are slaves of the dragon. They need to produce these giant eggs. How they do that is a riddle to Awela, but it seems to be very painful in his eyes.

The beast lies on the ground, and doesn't move. He fell from such a high platform. But then the dragon appears. Awela throws the dagger towards the heart of the dragon, but he misses. Then the dragon spits fire, and just in time Awela can dive away. Awela grasps his dagger again and throws the dagger again. This time it hits the dragon but then it falls away. Then the egg opens up, and apemen are coming forth. Awela climbs on the bony white bench, and the women look him hopeful into the eyes. 'Are you coming to set us free ?' they ask. The apemen look very dizzy. They just came out of the giant-egg. But the dragon is coming closer to the bench. By the bench they can all jump on the enormous beast who crashed down. They enter through his enormous mouth. Then Awela asks about the bleeding stone, what does it mean. The women tell him that it is the secret of their power. It was once planted there by a sorcerer, the one they lived with, and the dragon couldn't do anything about it. The bleeding stone would attract someone who would finally lead them out. And that one was Awela. They had waited for this for hundreds and hundreds of years, but the bleeding stone kept them young and powerful.

In the fallen beast they made a new living. The meat here was always growing, so they had always enough, and with the bones it was the same, so they could build it forth. Step by step they could enlarge their territory until they had reached the bleeding stone within their domain. The dragon lost space more and more, as the bleeding stone was now activated in so many ways. But the moment came that Awela thought it was time for him to leave.

Chapter 4. Zertroy's Heritage

Awela went back to Zertroy's cave again. He knew it was better for him not to go underground anymore, as he could stir up unknown forces he couldn't handle. The jungle here was dark enough for him. Still he saw it as a challenge to get friendship with the wild animals around him. He didn't need any stone for that, as he knew that to touch a magical stone would also bring unknown trouble. He was looking for other ways to deal with his inner request for peace and friendship. He wanted to be a savage, as a part of the jungle, and not a part of a sorcerer's club or a city. He had given the amulet to one of the women as a memory. To him the warmth of Zertroy's memory and to replace him in all his friendships was a way to return to the well of the jungle. Zertroy had built an empire around himself mostly by experience and memory.

If he had any magic then it was the result of that, and not to replace it. It was a personal warmth between him and the animals, coming forth from a personal history, by growth. He had built this kingdom stone by stone, and showed his skills in the depth of that. That was the essence of the heritage he left.

Zertroy would always stay in memory. And if something was magic, then it was that.

Awela found ways to express himself, and not repressing himself anymore by certain stones. He wanted to become free. And if he learned to know things by wrestlings, then finally a good tested friendship could exist, based on trust, and not on stones.

Something in him wanted to destroy the jungle-stones, but he knew what it could trigger. It wasn't of worth to him to waste his precious time like that. He wanted to put energy in the progressive evolution of the jungle, layer by layer, step by step. He wanted to learn about the depths of the jungle, in the sense of history and knowledge, gained and tested by experience.

The End

Awela the Apeman

Jungle Fiction

Chapter 1. Find a Bear

Chapter 2. The Eye of the Dragon

Chapter 3. Days of Destruction

Chapter 4. Zertroy's Flowers

Chapter 1. Find a Bear

They lived deep in the Awela jungle, these apemen, not sensitive to memory, but far away in themselves, driven by unknown instincts. Awela, a young savage was also a sort of apemen, grew up among monkeys. But he had his memory and treasured it. To him only the jungle itself was more precious than the memory. The jungle always washed his memory clean, and then it came up again, stronger and purer than ever. There was a sensitivity in Awela. But he was also cruel and hard, otherwise he couldn't survive in this dark place. Often the fights he had ended up in death, and as he grew older the more he dominated the Awela jungle. Apemen feared him more than anything, and also other wild animals. He was a beastmaster, a lord of the jungle, and he would possess this place more than anything, as this was everything he had. The nature around him was always calling forth fights and wars, as there was a need for meat. Awela would never kill an innocent creature. He only lived by the meat of the fight. And he had enough enemies to make it happen time after time.

He wasn't looking for fights, but it was like he was attracting it. He used to drink the blood of his enemies, and bath in their fluids and slimes. It was a way to deal with the horror they brought to him. Of course he had also friends, and that was still his biggest wish, also when he grew older. And these friends were a few of the darkest animals of the Awela Jungle, dangerous predators. There were always some panthers around him to help him in his fights. Sometimes when he passed through the jungle, snakes would fall around his neck. They just fell out of the trees for that reason, trying to strangle him.

One of his biggest friends was Zertroy, an apeman, but since he had been gone life only got heavier to Awela. Zertroy died in a fight against gorilla's, and since his death Awela tried to replace him in his care and friendship to the most dangerous and wild animals of the Awela Jungle. Zertroy was the one who always called him 'Awela', like he wanted to say : 'the jungle is yours.' It was a hard job for Awela to tread in the footsteps of his passed friend. Although he had many friendship now with the greater predators of the jungle, it was also like he was attracting more predators who wanted to root him out. Was he a threat to the jungle, or just a threat to their self-made kingdoms ? One day he got attacked by an army of killer-rats, something which he wouldn't forget too easy. They bit him all over by the meanest bites, and they were much faster than his dagger. It was like he couldn't control them. He could finally escape out of their grip, but his flesh was burning by the wounds. Zertroy had taught him how to call for big eagles, so he could escape their death-attack in the nick of time, but he was sick for many days balancing between life and death. They took him to a place high in a tree, where they thought he would be safe, but even in his weakness he had to fight against a python there, one of the tallest and biggest he had ever seen. By a certain kick and by the help of the eagles, the python finally fell out of the tree.

When Awela finally went away from the tree he met a group of bears who took care of him. He was still very weak, but he had to search for food. The bears were very friendly to him, and it was like he could trust them very well. Many times Awela thought about Zertroy, his old friend, who always seemed to have a lot of bear-friends. Maybe these bears knew Zertroy and maybe they could even smell or sense that Awela was his friend. In the past most of the time Awela had to fight bears when he encountered them, or they just went away. But this was something else. It was like they were taking Awela in their community. He was one of them now.

By his dagger Awela cut some branches to make arrows for his bow. From Zertroy he learned how to make the best poison for his arrows. To Awela it was nothing but a weapon. He didn't hunt, only fight, and lived by the meat of his enemies. In the days of peace he was always searching for the best fruits of the jungle, and the jungle had also some other secrets Awela used for food. Zertroy had taught Awela also how to get the best honey. When Awela got stronger again he started to care for the bears more and more, and they liked the food he always brought to them. But there were also times that Awela didn't eat a lot, and there were even moments that he suffered from hunger. The jungle wasn't always graceful to him, and there were even moments that Awela desired to be a hunter, as sometimes the hunger was making him crazy.

Chapter 2. The Eye of the Dragon

The bears were hunters, and sometimes they brought meat to Awela, but he didn't want to eat it. Awela had problems to kill or eat something which wasn't his enemy, but sometimes the bears just took flesh from an animal who had already died. Awela was a wild one, but he used his brains, and his sensitivity to friendship and love. Maybe he needed to confront the bigger animals of the jungle to see if they would be his friends or his enemies, although often these animals, like elephants and rhinoceroses, just went away. It was like they were simply ignoring him.

Also tigers often chose to run away when they saw Awela. He didn't want to follow them, as Awela thought there needed to be respect. But these animals were hunters. If Awela would choose to hunt, then he would hunt the hunters, not the hunted. But on the other hand these animals seemed to be locked up in their instincts. Most of the time they were peacefull, but when they got hungry they were almost slaves of the hunger. And Awela could feel these instincts in himself sometimes. Awela didn't know how to be a farmer, but he was thinking about it. He was very strong in his brains. It was like he could tame his instincts by his intelligence, but at times his lusts were just stronger, even so strong that he lost all his memories. That happened one time when a deer was staring at him, while he was so hungry. It was like the deer was saying : 'Catch me then, you can't get me.' It was like they were teasing him at times, and he had undscribable feelings then, so weird, that he would almost take his bow to shoot one of them. But Awela loved deer, as they had never attacked him. It was like there was a bond of peace between them, like a union.

But Awela suffered from such a hunger at times, that he thought he would lose everything. It drove him crazy, and he couldn't think straight anymore. He saw himself like riding on a deer, while they were bringing him somewhere, but he felt the urge to cut it's throat and eat it alive. 'No !' Awela was shouting. Again he was balancing between life and death, and this time it was because of hunger. Was this a hallucination ? He saw himself walking to a sort of farm, like a breeding, with animals between fences and in cages, and he could remember these animals. They were his enemies. And they brought forth animals who were like the same.

'I rather die,' Awela said to himself. When he opened his eyes the deer stood before him, licking him. The deer gave Awela some food. He didn't know what it was, as he had never seen it before, but when he ate from it, strength was flowing through his body again. Then the deer showed him that he had to follow, and the deer led him to a secret place where he found wealthy bushes full of food. There were more deer here, and after a long and large meal Awela fell into a satisfying sleep.

It was here Awela fell into a deep pit. For when he woke up and passed through the secret place of deer there was a trap. The pit had been covered by thin branches and a lot of leaves. Awela fell deep and hurted himself horribly. This was where the deer were waiting for, as he could see their almost smiling heads watching him from above. Awela was shouting at them, and after awhile they left. 'Don't leave me alone here !' he shouted. Awela now knew that he couldn't trust anything anymore. He had to live with himself. For a long time he tried to climb out of the pit, but he couldn't get any grip. But then he fell in another trap, and came into a large hall with tall white bony walls. In the middle of the hall there was a white platform, also bony, or like the skin of a white python. On the walls hung strange rubies and other jewels, often in shiny red. An enormous dragon appeared.

'Do we know each other ?' the dragon asked in a roaring and shrieking tone.

'I met a dragon before, so that might be you,' Awela said, 'are you the dragon of the Awela Jungle underground ?'

'There are so many dragons here,' the dragon spoke. 'Why are you here ?' The dragon was white and red, and had some tall black stripes, and a sort of strange leather beard, but Awela could see that his colours were changing. He was like a chameleon, for all of a sudden he was totally red. Fire beams came forward from the dragon, while he roared : 'You have come close to the Door of Ancestors. A cobra is guarding it.' Then a huge cobra came from behind the dragon. Suddenly the dragon was gone. The cobra came towards Awela and a fight started. Awela didn't know where his dagger was, so it became a wrestling. Although Awela was strong, the cobra was stronger, and he took Awela through the Door of Ancestors.

Here Awela found Zertroy back who had died. 'I do not know how I could bring you here in a different way,' Zertroy spoke. Awela was glad to see him and fell him around his neck. But suddenly Awela discovered it was the dragon. Awela stepped backwards, while the dragon started laughing. The dragon was a shape-shifter, a creature with demonic forces, and Awela had to be on his guard here, as nothing was what it seemed to be. To Awela it was clear the dragon didn't want to kill him immediately. What was he up to ?

'Dragon, what do you want from me ?' Awela asked.

'I want to confuse you,' the dragon spoke.

'But why ?' Awela asked. But then the dragon left, and the cobra took Awela again in a tight grip and moved with him through a white bony tunnel, full of white python skin, rubies and jewels on the walls, like a strange corridor. The cobra led Awela to a large hall full of skeletons who were yelling and applauding. Awela stood on a sort of balcony. 'I want you to be their king,' the cobra spoke.

'But I want to go back to the jungle, to be free,' Awela spoke.

'But here are jungles too,' the cobra spoke, 'here's plenty of food, and we will care that you don't have to fight for your life. You will get armies and gladiators for that.'

'The throne is a prison and it enslaves,' Awela spoke. 'I want to be free in the jungle.'

'But do you see these ancestors here ?' the cobra spoke, 'they need a king.'

'I do not know them, as I belong to the jungle. I am Awela the apeman,' Awela said. But then the cobra got mad and pushed Awela from the balcony by a hard hit. It was like Awela fell into fire, as the roaring mass started to eat from his flesh. In the distance he could see another balcony, and a woman stood there. 'Awela !' she said loud. 'I have waited for you.' She threw a net to him, like a spiderweb by which he could climb up, while shaking the skeletons away. It was like he was still in a flame, but there was ice coming forth from the woman's mouth, easing his wounds. The woman led him to a new world behind the balcony, and they had a great time, while

developing a deep friendship, but when they both got tired and touched each other the woman suddenly turned into the dragon. Awela was in a shock and it was like he was melting away in a bigger flame. Awela was screaming, while he saw everything turning around him. Everything around him got taller all of a sudden, like everything was stretching, changing and turning around.

'You have the eye of the dragon,' a voice spoke.

'Then take it out !' Awela shouted.

'But it is your heart,' the voice spoke.

Then suddenly Awela woke up. He was still in the den of the bears. It was all a nightmare caused by his terrible hunger. Since that day Awela became a hunter. He didn't want to have such a nightmare again. But he would only hunt the hunters. And he would start with the darkest hunters of all : the black lions.

Chapter 3. Days of Destruction

He used his bears to reach the almost unpiercable realms of the black lions. Soon he became a barbarian slayer of the butchers of the Awela Jungle. And this was the cause of a bloody war in which he lost many of his bearfriends. From now on he had the black lion as his enemy, and on this base he also started to hunt other predators, to find some balance. He was stirring up more enemies by this, but he didn't have another choice. The meat of black lions was good in his eyes. It brought the fire into his bones. His second victims were the red panthers, who were even larger than the black lions, although they often lived in deeper secrecy than the black lions. Zertroy had told him once that the large red panthers had caves in which they bred cattle so that they didn't need to show up too much for hunting.

Awela cared for cattle, and he loved to take them out of the breedings to take them to safer places. Most of the time he brought them out of the Awela Jungle, to the high fields and pastures, among other cattle. He knew that cattleherds would take care of them. And sometimes he loved to be a shepherd or another sort of herd himself. The pastures attracted him very much, and he saw them as a sort of holiday. But not all the herds were glad with him, especially the shepherds. They thought he was arrogant to come to their pastures. According to them he needed to stay in the jungle. They noticed that he couldn't talk very well. Awela noticed that he looked like them. One of the shepherds knew of a family in a near city who had brought their baby to the jungle as a foundling in times of poverty, while they were now the richest family of the city. They would love to see their son again, and would give a high reward to the one who could bring their son back. The shepherd saw money in Awela, and he was extremely friendly to Awela. He was so friendly that Awela thought it was highly suspicious. But when the man invited him to come to his house, Awela accepted the invitation and went with him. Maybe this man could help him in certain things.

The man lived in a small village near the pastures and fields, and when they entered the house Awela got some food and clothes. But Awela didn't want to have clothes. Clothes were strange to him. In a sense the man started to like Awela more and

more, and they had a great time. One day the man contacted the family. They lived in a huge house like a sort of castle, and they would first come to the man's house to see their son. There was a sort of electricity coming over Awela when he saw his mother. 'Mother ?' he said, while putting his fists to his chest and then directing his finger towards her. Grandmother had also come, and his sister. His sister was a beautiful woman, very soft and tender. He liked her eyes, as it was like they were speaking. His sister took him in her arms and soothed him.

They brought them to their villa-like castle. Here he also saw his other grandmother. She was very old, and she had her own room in the house, where she always sat in her chair, close to a parrot. Awela liked the parrot. The parrot could even say his name. But sometimes Awela had flashes that he needed to go back to the Awela Jungle. At times he didn't feel comfortable here. They taught him the language, which the shepherd had started. Awela had mixed feelings. He didn't like to be among people. He wanted to be among the animals. He thought that the city was horrible.

One day he had enough of it, and went back to the jungle. He had climbed through his window, and ran for hours and hours until he was in the Awela Jungle again. He thought it would be better for him not to go to the pastures and fields anymore. After months his sister finally found him. He saw her coming in the distance, but as she got closer she got torn apart by a bear. In full rage Awela jumped on the bear and killed it. His sister he couldn't save. She had a white band tied around her hair and further some white torn clothes. Awela buried her with a lot of feelings and then he tried to forget about her. But it was like her face was haunting. He couldn't get her out of his mind, and it almost drove him insane. Why would she come back to him, to the dangerous Awela Jungle ? Because she loved him, and wanted to be with him, or was there another reason ? Was it because she wanted to be like him, or would she try to take him back to the city ? Maybe that question would never be answered. From that day on, that a bear killed his sister he hated bears, and would destroy them whenever he could. He knew that thought and emotion wasn't fair, and he tried to stop it, but his hate was strong. Or would they have killed her for a reason ? Would she be a threat to him, or a threat to the Jungle of Awela. One thing : This Jungle was dangerous and had its secrets. No one would come into the Jungle to leave it alive ... Only the ones who belonged to the jungle, the ones who were a part of it.

Civilization was a threat to Awela, something he found and encountered in the village, and even more in the city. It was like slavery to him. One day he saw the parrot of his family, the parrot of his grandmother, in the distance coming to him, but it got quickly killed by big eagles. It was like the Jungle erased all the traces from the city. But he liked the parrot, and he hated the big eagles for what they had done. Awela spent a lot of his days after his visit to the village and the city in anger and hate pure bitterness was overflowing him, towards humans, and towards animals. He started to see the beauty of trees and flowers.

Deep inside he didn't feel complete, and he didn't need any human or animal to make him complete. It was like he didn't care anymore, as everything he loved would be taken away early or later, and would leave him in pain. It was like he was becoming afraid of love, and he saw it as a predator more dangerous than any animal around him. He became afraid of feelings and emotions, as they were like time-bombs

making his life miserable. What would become of him ? From branches he made a house in a tree.

One day a woman comes to his tree-house. He doesn't know where she comes from, but he knows and feels she's from the Awela Jungle. The two develop a friendship, but it doesn't last long. On a night an intruding snake devours her in her sleep. When Awela wakes up because of the screaming it is already too late. In tears and rage Awela tears the snake apart. The pieces he throws into a river near to the tree he lives in. This was the last time Awela would ever give himself to someone. He will now live only by the memories of his friendships. It was in these days that Awela desperately wanted to build a bridge between life and death, and he remembered the nightmare he once had about the dragon, the cobra and the Door of Ancestors. But what would he find in the realms of death ? Only skeletons who would burn him ? It was a hunger destroying him more than any hunger for food. It was ripping his soul and heart apart. Oh, how he wished he could turn back time to let all his friendships live forever. Time was cruel in his eyes, turning friendship into an enemy.

Chapter 4. Zertroy's Flowers

The walls of time had brought the worlds of his memories behind thick glass, and he wondered how he could break this glass. Or was it the jungle itself protecting him against something ? Where friendship stayed too long, civilization grew like slavery. Maybe it had to be this way, that everything made place for something else. Memory had to become a bigger circle, and it would only come alive again when it would spin around. Was this the reason why he always felt like there was a snake coiling around his head ?

Awela knew of a place in the jungle where certain food grew taking your mind away, to let you hallucinate grew like tall thin threads from certain flowers. It was eatable, as he learnt it from Zertroy, but it also brought a lot of pain, and you could get very sick from it. But it would finally be a way to bring the memory alive in a bigger spinning circle. Awela was exhausted of everything that had happened and was creeping and sliding his way to the place Zertroy talked about. He had never been there as it was a dangerous place. Zertroy had made clear to him that he had to wait till he was strong enough, and till he would be ready for it. This day Awela was ready. The most evil snakes attacked him and bit him horribly. It was like they were the guards of these flowers. He had to kill them one by one, in bloody fights, fights which would mark him for life. It brought him strange scars, but he knew it was worth it. Almost dead he reached out to the fragile threads hanging out of these wonderful flowers. He tried to grasp them, but it was like he couldn't get it straight anymore. Everything was dizzy before his eyes, like everything was melting, stretching and turning around, changing into the thing he didn't want to see a dragonface There had to be another way to reach delicious true freedom. He was sliding into a river behind the beautiful garden, but the flowers also grew here When he drank from the water he felt and tasted that it was full of the flowers' seed and smells and he started hallucinating immediately, like a ring of fire was spinning in his mind, getting bigger and tearing his brains apart It was like so many walls of glass in his memory were breaking He could reach out and touch, but all that he could touch was fire It was only space Time was but a flame, and he was like the seed

The End

Awela the Hunter

Jungle Fiction

Chapter 1. Alarm of the Bear

Chapter 2. The Meat-Eating Plants

Chapter 3. The Zwickilocks

Chapter 4. The Man in Red

Chapter 1. Alarm of the Bear

Awela just had built his second home. He already had the house in the tree, but now he also made a house on the ground, by branches, rocks and all that he could find in the Awela Jungle. It was like the earth below his feet was shaking, when he sat in his new house, and he had a beautiful sight on the river in front of the house. This was what he lived for. He was proud, as it took him a long time. He also used skins and bones of slain predators and just of the dead carcasses he found. It was like he had rebuilt life. But there was a foul odor in the air like someone was looking for him.

Awela could sense that an enormous predator was about to visit him. He could smell it, and not much later he stood eye in eye with the biggest grizzly-bear he ever saw. Awela went out of his house, and saw that the bear was wounded. He took the bear in his house and cared for it. It was the beginning of a deep friendship between him and the bear.

After days the wound of the bear started to show some signs of healing, and soon they hunted together. The bear would always follow Awela. They didn't hunt helpless prey, but they hunted the hunters, as that was Awela's philosophy, and he tried to bring that over to the bear, and also to other predators. The bear had all sorts of strange scars, and these scars produced the strange smells. Awela was glad he could influence one of the biggest predators of Awela Jungle in a good sense. It was

like the bear copied Awela's behaviour in all things. But in a sense Awela was jealous of the bear's scars. The scars were beautiful, like he had been painted by a wizard.

Awela saw scars as the marks of the jungle, as the openers of the magical depths and dimensions. His passed friend, Zertroy the apeman, always taught him that scars were sensitivities and senses leading him to new friendships.

The bear seemed to be aware of many things, and was always some sort of alarm when there were dangers. His scars looked like bites of giant-pythons, but Awela wasn't sure. Awela remembered that Zertroy also had one or two of these scars, although they were a bit different than the ones of the bear. Some of the scars were like a few big dots or spots together, and some of these dots or spots were in a strange reddish colour. Awela loved to look at them. They had such a strange, almost delicious smell.

Awela found a way to communicate with the bear, and the bear made clear to him that he came from the underground, where a big dragon and lots of giant-pythons lived. Awela knew that there were giants and dragons and beasts living underground. Maybe it was there where the bear got his scars. The bear also made clear to Awela that in the underground there was plenty of food. Because Awela lived in hunger at times they decided to go underground.

The bear took Awela to a cave leading them underground. Soon they saw some camps there. It was like some tribes were living underground Awela didn't know anything about. But he wasn't sure. Maybe these were just ruins. But then they saw smoke coming from the camps.

The bear brought Awela to a place near the camps where there were meat-eating plants. Here a lot of good food grew, although the meat-eating plants were very dangerous. The bear made clear to Awela that his scars were from these meat-eating plants.

When they wanted to get some food soon they got into a fight against the meat-eating plants, and Awela got bitten horribly. Awela was bleeding, but when the bear bit the neck of one of the attackers, the others drew back. There was plenty of food here, but first Awela needed to stop the bleeding.

A beautiful scar like the bear grew from the wound. Also the bear was a bit wounded, and felt a bit weak. Awela started feeding the bear, and then something wonderful happened. The bear started to change into a wizard. 'Thank you, Awela,' the wizard spoke. 'I had been turned into this grizzly bear by a dragon called the Red Wizard. Only if someone with the same scar like me would feed me, then I would be normal again.' Awela hugged the wizard, and asked him who he was. 'I am the Wizard of the Awela Jungle,' the wizard said. This was always my place, until a dragon challenged me and my powers. He seemed to come from deeper underground.'

'Then why can't we search for him to defeat him ?' Awela asked.

But the wizard said that the dragon had unknown powers. It would be better for them to move into the depths, to find their places there, and to cooperate with the dragon, as he was an unknown source vitalizing everything. Without this dragon there wouldn't be an Awela Jungle.

'But can't we just replace him ?' Awela asked.

'How would you do that ?' the wizard asked. 'We are but men. I have certain powers, and I have created Awela Jungle, but I have used from his source, and for that I had to pay a big price. I am not a dragon. He is.'

'So is he a higher and more powerful being than you are ?' Awela asked.

'Let me tell you this,' the wizard said, 'when a wizard can become a dragon, then he's above wizards, for then he's the source of wizards, like the unknown force of depths.'

Then the wizard brought Awela to the depths of the Awela Jungle.

'You see,' the wizard said, 'dragons are a higher race of wizards called 'orlocks'. They do not have the wings of the world, but the wings of death. They can change the world like they want it. They know the secrets of death, and the bridges between life and death.'

'How can we become orlocks ?' Awela asked.

The wizard directed his finger to the depths below them, where there was a lake of fire like a whirlpool. 'Only those who jump in it ...'

Then the wizard took Awela's hand and said : 'Shall we ?' And then they jumped together in the depths of fire.

'Do you feel my hand ?' the wizard asked. But Awela was far away. The fire was rushing over him, while he felt a bow in his hand, and arrows burning at his back and shoulders.

'You should see me here,' Awela shouted. 'I am the hunter an archer !'

Then Awela woke up. It was all a dream. The grizzly-bear stared at him.

Awela hugged the bear, and said : 'I dreamt about you, that you were a wizard.'

'And I was an archer !' Awela shouted, and took his bow and arrows. 'We need to hunt, grizzly,' Awela said, and ran outside the house. The bear followed him.

They went to a place underground, and there was a camp there, just like in Awela's dream. The tribe here was also called 'the orlocks'. They were indians shamans When Awela told his dream to their chief, the chief said that they had sent that dream to get him here.

Awela wondered if they really believed in magic, but it seemed to be less than he thought. They more believed in hunting. They hunted meat-eating plants. It was not only good food, but it also gave them hallucinations.

Chapter 2. The Meat-Eating Plants

Most of the time the orlocks were great archers. And that was very important, for by that they could hunt the meat-eating plants from a safe distance. Coming too close to these plants when they were still alive would be too dangerous. Although Awela could handle the bow very well, the orlocks taught him how he could become a great archer.

The orlocks told Awela that in history dumb orlocks would try to kill the meat-eating plants by cutting off their tall necks by daggers or swords. But these cut off parts then lived on as snakes. These snakes would live most of the time in the depths of the Awela Jungle waiting to have revenge. That's why the orlocks always had to be on their guard. The meat-eating plants could only be killed by arrows. Most of the times these plants had more heads, and when one of these heads would be kept alive the whole plant would become a dragon. This was the reason why they had to be good archers. But some of these heads were so fast that they almost couldn't be killed. The orlocks said that many of these dragons lived deeper underground, waiting for the days to have revenge. Everyone was in fear of these dragons and snakes. They would develop themselves in the depths of the earth to unbelievable heights and lengths.

Awela was thinking if there wasn't a way to have friendship with the meat-eating plants, and maybe later with the dragons and the giant-snakes. But the orlocks said that these beings were so wild that they couldn't be trusted. They were tricksters and deceivers. They could never be trusted. It was like this war was an everlasting war. The orlocks believed in developing their archer-skills to be able to root all these dragons and snakes out. This would be a final war. If the dragons and snakes would be more skilled, it might be the end of the orlocks.

But Awela thought that if the orlocks would move deeper underground, and be better protected, then they might live in safety there. Maybe they needed to build a good ford underground, or live in stone. Or maybe the fires of the depths could separate them.

But the orlocks wanted to be greater warriors or just die. They needed to deal with the mistakes of history.

One day the dragons and giant-snakes surrounded the camp of the orlocks. Archers were on their guards to protect the camp. Also Awela and the grizzly-bear were ready for the fight. It became a bloody fight, but soon they became aware of the fact that the dragons and giant-snakes had another interest. They came for the meat-eating plants. They rooted them all out of the ground, and took them with them. This was the main-source of the orlocks' food, so now they had to hunt other things. The dragons and giant-snakes stayed more or less in the surroundings of the camp, and the orlocks mainly became snake-hunters and dragon-hunters. Also Awela and the bear took part in it. But it wasn't without dangers.

The orlocks began to miss the hallucinating effects of the meat-eating plants. The dragon-meat and the snake-meat made them aggressive, and they became obsessed with the women of the tribe. They started to worship them like goddesses. Some of them became crazy because of not eating the plants anymore.

But one day the bear took Awela to another place of meat-eating plants, in the depths of the Jungle. There was another camp in the surroundings of this place. This tribe was called the dranlocks. They told Awela stories about dragons with more heads in the depths of the jungle. The dranlocks were also archers, but they used arrows like tridents and arrows with flames. They also hunted just by throwing stones. These hunters were called the stonethrowers. Some of the meat-eating plants couldn't be killed by arrows because their skins were too hard when they were alive. These ones could only be killed by stones. But the dranlocks also hunted other predators. Awela and the bear decided to go back to the open jungle again.

Chapter 3. The Zwickilocks

In the wilderness, in the open jungle, it was good to live. Awela now knew that whenever he was hungry for a long time, the orlocks and dranlocks would always help him. He had a place to go underground, although he didn't know if they would survive the attacks of the monsters there. And Awela knew that he himself also needed to be on his guard, for what if the monsters would come to visit him here. Sometimes he just felt the need to live in his treehouse again, high in a big tree, but he knew dragons and giant-snakes could easily find him here. He tried to forget the underground, but he got plagued by nightmares many times. It was just like it didn't want to let him go. Often he thought about making a journey into the depths of the jungle, with his friend, the grizzly-bear, who was always at his side. He couldn't think about a better friend, although he often thought about the days he was with Zertroy. It was like the grizzly-bear was the one who had finally filled the enormous gap, the enormous emptiness which raised up after Zertroy's death. It was like the grizzly-bear had replaced the friendship Awela had with Zertroy, and by that Zertroy had never really left him alone. He saw it as Zertroy's last gift to him, as Zertroy always had so many bear-friends. And so Zertroy stayed to be his mind-friend.

Awela learnt that by throwing stones he could keep dangerous predators at a distance, as he developed his skills in stone-throwing. At a moment he could throw them so fast, that he could almost throw holes in trees.

One day they decided to make journey into the depths of the jungle again. This time the bear led Awela to a place of meat-eating flowers and meat-eating toadstools. It was a dark place, guarded by giant spiders. They often looked like squids and octopi, and had many legs, and often only one big eye. The giant-spiders were very aggressive, and they even ate each other as there were many species.

The ones with the most legs were the most powerful. They could spit fire and even cause blinding lights like lightening. They also could shriek the highest.

Awela and the bear slayed their way through the giant spiders and then through the meat-eating flowers and meat-eating toadstools. They came into a camp where a tribe lived called the zwickilocks. The camp lived in deep hunger, as they couldn't

defeat any of the meat-eating flowers and meat-eating toadstools. They had been kept in this prison for such a long time. They had gone so crazy of hunger that they even ate each other. They were glad that Awela had come with his grizzly-bear. There was now plenty of food since Awela and the bear slayed so many of their enemies. Alewa and the bear took the zwickilocks to the open jungle where they could meet the sun and heal from their trauma. Awela built some houses for them along the river where they could live. This was the first tribe who lived in the open Awela Jungle. But Awela wondered if they would survive, as the open jungle had many dangers. Awela gave also his own two houses to the zwickilocks and showed them the cave of Zertroy, where they would always have a shelter. Awela himself and the grizzly-bear would go deeper into the Jungle, to the places they had never been, and to the places no man had ever seen.

Chapter 4. The Man in Red

The grizzly-bear took Awela to a place where small monkeys lived he had never seen before. The monkeys soon became his friends. They were very funny and they brought Awela much joy. Some of these monkeys also had strange scars like the grizzly-bear. These scars looked like python-bites. Awela wanted to make a new home here. Here he found another apeman living in a cave. He looked very much like Zertroy, and they could get along very well. The apeman was very wise, and very skilled in many things.

But one day the giant-spiders from underground came to the place to have revenge. They were with so many, and now there were also two new ones who were stronger than Awela. The apeman wasn't there, as he was hunting. The small monkeys couldn't do anything, and lots of them got killed. But Awela they brought back to the depths of the jungle, and this time they locked him up in a circle of the meanest and strongest meat-eating flowers and meat-eating toadstools. The grizzlybear they put in another circle. They got bitten horribly again and again, and after awhile they began starving from hunger.

Awela was thinking that this would be the end, and he also heard the grizzly-bear roaring of pain and hunger in the distance. It was a strange prison, and Awela developed many scars who looked like those of the grizzly-bear. It was like these scars were giving him strength in a strange sense, but on the other hand he was feeling weaker. He couldn't go on like this much more. But after awhile they heard yelling. They knew that voice. It was the apeman. He came to set the grizzly-bear and Awela free, but it became a long and bloody fight. The apeman brought them both back to his cave, and the apeman promised he would take good care of them. They had to live deep in the cave of the apeman, as they were afraid of another attack. But the apeman would protect them. Awela had a lot of nightmares, but the apeman always soothed him. In so many ways he was like Zertroy, and Awela felt safe with him, although he wanted to become stronger. He knew he had to learn from the apeman to survive. There were so many unknown dangers Awela didn't know anything about.

The apeman brought them to unknown fruit-bushes with delicious small berries. The apeman knew a lot of hidden and secret places in the jungle, and they often went on a journey with him, to discover new species. It was by these new friendships that

Awela started to get hope again. He knew that by his memory they would be always connected, in life and in death. Death was still something which Awela didn't understand very well, but the apeman explained a lot to him about it. These were like delicious footprints on his heart, leading him inside all the possibilities of the jungle. Death was just the transformation like food was, a journey to the insides of the earth, into the depths of the jungle. Still Awela had the thought that he wanted to build a bridge between life and death.

The apeman showed him that the scars were the footprints of death, keeping him connected to his passed friends. They could come to him by that path in other forms, as they had been transformed. But somehow, death was still a riddle to him. A riddle which would keep teasing him. He knew that he wouldn't come any further if things would always stay the same. He was on a journey. There was certain food by which the apeman could turn into another animal, and by which he could even disappear into the nothing. Probably he would travel to the realms of the death then, like the wind. One day the apeman gave some of this food to Awela, but when Awela put it in his mouth to chew on it he woke up. He had a strange taste in his mouth.

The grizzly-bear was staring at him. Where was he ? He didn't know this place.

A man in red was staring at him also. The man had also a red hat. 'I am the Red Wizard, Awela,' the man said. 'Now you know something of that which lives in the ground.'

Awela was rubbing his eyes. 'Oh, I must be really sleepy,' Awela said to the grizzly-bear, and soon he found out he was just in his house in the tree. Again Awela stared at the beautiful scars of the bear, and hugged him. Awela was proud to have such a friend, and he could feel the warmth gliding in his skin. 'Come let us swim in the river !' Awela shouted, while running outside. A new day had begun. A day of many more surprises.

The End

Elsar the Flyman - Indian Fiction

The Encounter

There was no slayer like Elsar the Flyman. He was the slayer of slayers and the king of all evil. He had gladiators like a hatch-machine, as so many indian flies had to multiply themselves. There was no other way to brood these eggs, and these ways were evil. But to be a gladiator you would be safe against the fire that was raging outside. There was nothing better than being a slave of Elsar the Flyman : always plenty of food, eternal life in his kingdom for gladiators never died said Elsar the Flyman ... Gladiators would always purify the stone, and that would keep them alive even when they would die It was like a strange religion ... although Elsar hated religion ... Always when Elsar showed up, all gladiators in the fight had to be killed, also those who won. He had a certain angel for that : the indian fly of death. It was a feared angel, almost equally feared as Elsar the Flyman himself, for as a gladiator you knew you would die when they showed up, if you would win or lose. Elsar was a giant with strange hands. If he would touch you, you would have the feeling of spinning around. One day Elsar got in a fight against a pirate who wanted to steal his crown. The pirate was a shapeshifter with the hugest ghostship ever existing. He could turn into a giant-jelly-fish, an octopus, shark, orca, whale, or whatever seamonster you could imagine. Elsar had a fight for years and years, in which he seemed to lose all his powers but he conquered and the skull of the pirate became one of his most precious skulls as it would remember him of his victory It was a skull which got a place on his chair behind him, and later in the crown itself. Elsar would talk to the skull, and sometimes the skull would answer, as in an oracle. Elsar had more slaves than anyone else, as he was the king of evil. There was no one greater than him, as everything was evil. If something looked like being good, it was always misleading. In the beginning there was evil, and the evil became evil, and then it got with the king of evil. He was the king of all evil. No one was more evil than he was. But he had a good heart. He wanted to help the indian flies, a species he once saved. They could only get their eggs hatched by gladiators. This was why the indian flies loved to live in the warmth of arena's. They were the most beautiful beings often with many wings, and they didn't know anything about evil or not evil. They just followed their instincts, and that was to survive, and to multiply. And they could only survive if they would multiply. They would sit on the backs of gladiators to insert their eggs, and then to watch it getting hatched. These eggs grew in the chests of the gladiators most of the time. Elsar the Flyman had seven guards called the seven pigs of steel. Everyone who wanted to fight him had to defeat the seven pigs of steel first, but these ones could never be defeated. The pigs of steel were creatures living on the ship of the shapeshifter's pirate, but since Elsar had defeated him, the pigs were his. These pigs would go out in the night to hunt, and to bring the domains of Elsar the Flyman full of meat. The indian flies had to eat a lot of meat or otherwise they wouldn't survive at all.

Elsar the Flyman was a barbarian man, but most of all he was an indian. He grilled his enemies in the depths of the earth, and laughed about their destiny. Their souls would become the eternal gladiators of the fire. This was a place outside the presence of Elsar the Flyman, a place of eternal death. This place was a place of growing pains, as that was what Elsar wished

for all his enemies. He was a revengefull man. It was a place of the evergrowing cross, a place where you could only expect growing darkness. This was why he always warned against this fire. He didn't want anyone to become his enemy and to end like that. Yes, he had a beating heart in his chest, a heart of passion, although it was full of hate and bitterness. But if you were already his enemy, he would never forgive you, and he wished you would go to that place as soon as possible. To prevent beings from becoming his enemy he made them his slaves, and he gave them his marks. Like that he didn't have to worry about them that much anymore. Although sometimes some of them escaped. There was a place worse than hell the hell of Elsar the Flyman There wasn't anyone crueller than him with his insane mind but life had taught all these things to him He was just displaying all the things others did to him in the past while seeing it multiplying before his eyes He couldn't stop it These were instincts He was more than God Almighty He was the king of evil as there was nothing but evil If something appeared to be good it turned out to be bad sooner or later Elsar could only laugh about this In a sense he didn't care about life anymore But deep inside he was bloodserious No one should mess with him, or it would trigger something they would regret and it was all automatic Those who went to hell were just chicken in his eyes the hatchers of eggs and the number of these chicken seemed to grow Only to be his friend would save you from harm If you were a royal gladiator But to those who had irritated him there was no hope only that of an evergrowing fire 'Grilled chicken,' he used to call them The indian flies often descended into these places, to get their eggs hatched and here the meat was evergrowing to the flies an eternal feast It seemed there wasn't any conscience and when this conscience would be there, would it be better ? The flies erased all forms of conscience by their lights They were the ones writing the records of the heart no one else They were there to lay the marks There were no taboos, and nothing was forbidden There was but one rule the rule of Elsar the Flyman Those who didn't obey him had to stand before his throne for hours, trembling and trembling until they saw their souls falling into the depths of hell forever and this was a growing hell a growing fear There they shrieked like pigs without having any hope on mercy They would be ... hatchers of eggs evergrowing meat in a darkness evergrowing It was the meanest of the meanest, but they themselves once taught it to the young Elsar the Flyman, to who they once didn't have any mercy It was like they made him like this, and who could stop him now ? Even he himself couldn't stop it It was an instinct stronger than anything, like a spirit in his heart. He was possessed by indian flies the ones he once had set free There was no way to describe the fear those who went to hell were bearing That fear didn't let him fear an almighty god anymore but only the king of evil the one who ruled their destiny. They would bleed forever in an evergrowing sting, by an evergrowing shriek, like the shriek of pigs. To the indian flies these were the eternal huntingfields but to them it was hell all caused by a law the Law of Elsar the Flyman. It was a lawless law, coming from a depth he didn't understand It was given to him by the indian flies, as a heritage, a sovenir and now he had to live with it, as he once had set them free But what would have happened if he wouldn't have set them free ? Was everything much worse then ? He was the best king of evil ever. At least that was what he was thinking. He loved to think about the feet of hell crashing the souls of the damned day in day out, as in doom he had his joys like the joy of the newborn And the newborn grew in this place by the meat and blood of the damned, and they became the giants, one day big enough to step out of hell. One day strong enough to fly. There was no horror than this, the horror of Elsar the Flyman. Who could save him ? Or couldn't he be saved anymore ? The feet of hell were growing in number everyday, and if they would tread the souls of the dead enough, they would generate such a heat that they could hatch the eggs.

But the feet of hell seemed to be more keys to the deeper parts of hell, the places where Elsar the Flyman knew nothing about. These places were much meaner, and much more evil here, where the king of hell lived. When the feet of hell opened the thronehall of the domain of the king of hell indian flies told him about Elsar the Flyman. The king of hell started to laugh. 'Let him fight me !' the king of hell roared. 'You know nothing about what is mean. I'll show you what mean is.' Then the king of hell stood up from his throne, and stepped up to the realms of Elsar the Flyman. The sould of the damned were screaming. Elsar heard him coming and laughing. Elsar stood up from his own throne, took his sword and ran to where the sound was coming from. The king of hell easily slayed the seven pigs of steel, the guards of Elsar the Flyman, and then he stood eye to eye with Elsar. 'Ha, what a coward. Look at you !' the king of hell spoke. 'You're not a giant. You're a chicken. And I will take you to my hatchmachines where you can brood eggs.' He started to sweep with some chains, and finally through it like a lasso around Elsar's neck. By another chain he chained his arms, and then he led him to the deeper parts of hell. He threw Elsar into a cage, and gave him some eggs to brood. 'Do you think I am stupid or something ?' Elsar asked. 'I'm not a chicken.'

'Oh, you are going to wish you were a chicken for the things I will do to you,' the king of hell said. Then he took Elsar at his neck and threw him into a lake full of boiling fluids. Elsar screamed, and went down under, because he had been chained. 'I can't hear you, Elsar.' the king of hell said. 'It's too hot ?' Then after awhile he took Elsar out of the fluids. He looked like grilled. Elsar wondered where the indian flies were. Then the king of hell took Elsar to an even deeper part of hell. Then he slammed Elsar against the wall. 'I don't get the point,' Elsar said. 'So you call this mean ? I was meaner.'

'Oh, we do everything slow,' the king of hell said with a low voice. 'We have the time for eternity.' Elsar sunk to the ground in all his weakness. Oh, how he liked to break the skull of this bastard. The king of hell showed him a hall where many naked women were, who had to hatch eggs. 'You call that mean ?' Elsar said. 'I guess you are old-fashioned. Do you know my halls ?'

'Shhh...' the king of hell said. Then he showed Elsar another hall where naked men had to hatch eggs. Elsar smiled He had the hope he would finally leave this place, as the king of hell was a king of nothing in his eyes. But then in the third hall he saw chicken hatching eggs. A strange feeling climbed across Elsar's back. In the fourth hall he got the shock of his life. He saw eggs rolling from one place to another. That wasn't such a strange thing, but the eggs looked strange. Suddenly the eggs exploded while blood came forwards. The women, men and chicken were all drowning in the blood, while Elsar and the king of hell were safe behind windows of transparent stone. Then they went downstairs to another hall. Here the same things were happening. Blood came out of the eggs to drown all the hatchers. Small fishes seemed to come forward from the eggs to eat from the meat of their hatchers. 'Come on, this is only the beginning,' the king of hell said. 'Yes, they drown forever.'

‘Oh, you’re one big bastard,’ Elsar said. In the deeper halls he only saw more horrible things, things he couldn’t imagine. ‘Okay, you win,’ Elsar said. ‘You are the king of evil. I’m just a nice boy.’ Elsar gave his crown to the king of hell, and then left. It was like this experience had weakened him, and he searched for a place to get some rest. He knew nothing about life anymore, and he thought that all that he had ever done was hopeless, for there was always someone who would do it better. Why the king of hell had let him go, he didn’t know. Maybe the king of hell was more merciful than he looked like, or would that mean there would be an even meaner king or presence waiting to attack him and take his soul ?

King of Evil

Elsar was on his way to the thrones of some kings. He slayed them without any mercy, as they had repressed and dominated his people for such a long time. He ate their minds, and swallowed their souls. They had been mean kings, and now Elsar would be mean to them. He wasn’t a man of love and forgiveness. No, he was of hate and bitterness. By his sword he slayed all his enemies. There was no escape from his terrible hands. Everyone feared him. There was no throne too tall for him, or he would crash it down. There was no devil too mean for him, or he would show up to be even meaner. But inside he had a good heart, a heart of doom. He was sensitive to his people, but hard to their captors. He was Elsar the Flyman, a warrior.

He did many good things. He rebuilt the places of his people once destroyed by their harsh kings. But he rebuilt these cities, villages and towns by the bones of his fallen enemies. He had many enemies, he slayed many of them, and that was why he was a builder. He had no mercy to his enemies. Once an enemy, always an enemy. But sometimes he made an exception. This was a woman he once loved and started to act mean towards him. He first wanted to slay her, but later he felt sorry towards her. She had a rough time.

His friends were Risdor the Flyman, Sondor the Flyman, and Asdam the Flyman. They were all killers, having no mercy with their enemies. Elsar had taught them a lot. How to fight,

how to win, and how to build. They built their kingdoms on bones. They were the kings of death. No one could beat them, no one could survive out of their hands. But they had one weakness women.

They had many women, and they wanted to do anything for them. This was their strength, but at the same time their weakness. They all had the same women as they were such good friends. The names of these women were : Tarla the Flywoman, Takka the Flywoman, Tadda the Flywoman, Torwa the Flywoman, Eswa the Flywoman, Elwa the Flywoman, Asda the Flywoman, and Arra the Flywoman. They had eight woman, and the ninth they once sent away instead of killing her.

There was nothing they couldn't do. They were almighty. They were like gods. But one day Elsar got aware of his weakness and left He went to the jungle where he met Tordo the Flyman. Tordo didn't have any women. He swam with crocodiles, lived with apes, and wrestled with snakes. He said that to have women is for cowards. In his eyes one should be a warrior, which meant : living with the animals, and get it done Get done what ? Defeating the beasts of the earth.

In the middle of the earth the pigbeasts lived, with their friends the snakes. These ones needed to be defeated instead of having women. Having women meant having to fight against kings with their thrones These kings would have their thrones as long as the beasts of the earth were still alive. In the middle of the earth the pigs were like horses, and they kept locked up giant women, the women of the earth. Tordo slayed these pigbeasts for a long time, but he never found any of these women. But since Elsar came they could do the job better, and soon they found the first dungeons. There were plenty of earth women here, who lived in dirt. They were mocking Tordo and Elsar, as they were cowards in their eyes. 'Cowards ?' Tordo roared. 'Be glad that we came to save you.'

The women laughed and said they had a good time here. They could watch through their bars to see gladiators. They were the heroes of the earth. Tordo was in rage, and wanted to see for himself. He couldn't believe his eyes, for he could see right in the middle of the earth where men fought like beasts. These men were like giants, and it seemed that the women thought it was fun. 'Why do these men fight each other ?' Elsar asked.

'They fight for the crown of the earth,' a woman said. 'Who wins will get the crown, but no one ever wins. They are all slaying each other. There is already a king, and he laughs about this fight. Once in awhile we are allowed to come to him. He is a real man.' Elsar now understood why the women lived a good life here. They seemed to be the women of the king. Tordo started to laugh. He wanted to see that king, and he would slay the king out of his chest. The women started to mock him, and to laugh, while others got mad at him. 'Bring me

that man,' someone roared. The women took Tordo and Elsar before the king. The king was a hairy giant, strangely oiled. He started to laugh when he saw Tordo and Elsar who were little men compared to him. Tordo took his sword and stepped towards the king, but then he hesitated. He never had such a feeling, but now he was almost trembling. The king jumped forward, took his head, and smashed it against the wall, while the women started yelling. Tordo's nose was bleeding now, and he had a wound on his head. Then Elsar stepped forward, jumped and put his knee in the face of the king. The king was roaring, and in full rage he slammed Elsar against the wall. Elsar was bleeding all over. Then he jumped up again, took his sword and stang the giant in his belly, while the giant started to laugh. 'We will make gladiators of them, as they aren't ready to fight me,' the king said. The women were laughing. Then the king pushed a button, while all of a sudden the walls of the cave seemed to open, and men came forward. Elsar and Tordo slayed the men without any problems. 'Okay, I see,' the king said. 'You do not belong with me, neither with them.' But then in a flash Elsar beheaded the king by his sword. The women were screaming, and got confused. They never saw anyone doing something like this. 'I am your king now,' Elsar said. But the women ran away from him. 'Stay away from us, coward.'

'And why am I still a coward in you eyes ?' Elsar asked.

'I mean ... look at you,' the women said. 'You aren't even a giant.' Elsar couldn't hold himself anymore, and started to slay the women one by one. It seemed these women were nothing more but beasts of the earth A door was opening in front of them. They didn't keep any women alive, and then stepped through the portal. Here they found what they had been searching for the women of the earth or were these ones also beasts These women were shy and they seemed to be fragile Tordo found out they had been chained and cut the chains by his sword. Then the women stood up and changed into indian flies with many wings 'Thank you,' the women said. And then they flew away.

Tordo and Elsar were proud of themselves, and the indian flies even more. But there were still things to slay, like pigbeasts and pigdogs, to find even deeper doors behind which women of the earth would be locked up. Tordo and Elsar would go on until they would reach the very core of the earth. Deeper in the earth they found out that there were a lot of slave-women. They walked around with dishes, so Tordo and Elsar thought there had to be another king around. They followed the women and came into a huge jungle-cave where a giant-ape sat. The women served the ape, and Tordo grasped his sword. 'I think you know that it's time to let the women be free !' Tordo roared. But the ape-king didn't listen. Suddenly they saw large apemen coming towards them, and a horrible fight started. Tordo and Elsar got bitten horribly, but finally they slayed all the giant apemen. 'Well, your servants didn't get enough grip on us,' Tordo said. 'I will say it another time : 'Let the women go !' But again the apeking didn't listen, and then he stood up after awhile and came towards Tordo and Elsar. Then he started to run and roar and by his fist he pushed Elsar and Tordo against a wall. Then he smiled and said : 'What are you ? Chicken ?' Tordo pushed his sword into the belly of the apeking, but the apeking started to laugh. Then he slammed them another time, and they fell into the bushes. Again the apeking jumped on them, and pushed their heads against stones.

Tordo and Elsar started to bleed horribly. 'I have some surprises for you,' the apeking said. Then he took two chains and chained them. 'Welcome to my kingdom,' the apeking said. 'Be my gladiators.'

Tordo and Elsar soon slayed all the gladiators, and then the apeking said : 'Free them ! I want them to fight against Mozzokko.' A tall bald giant came forwards and immediately kicked them so hard that they slid across the wall. Then he pushed his fist into their faces and screamed : 'No one's going to beat Mozzokko !' But then Elsar and Tordo kicked him in his belly and he fell. Tordo took his sword and beheaded him. Then he ran towards the apeking and beheaded him in a flash. The women got free, and changed into indian flies with many wings. They went deeper into the earth like they wanted to show Tordo and Elsar something. Soon Tordo and Elsar were in another bloodbath, as here were many pigbeasts, pigdogs, and even piglions. It seemed the pigs had all control here. The pigking guarded a door to the core of the earth, a door behind which everything was fire. Elsar slayed the pigking without troubles, opened the door and pushed his carkas into the fire. 'Be grilled, pig !' Elsar roared. The indian flies with the many wings seemed to go through the door, and started to fly in swarms across the sea of fire. By lianas Tordo and Elsar could follow them, and came to an island in the firesea. Pigbeasts, nothing but pigbeasts they found on this island, and they slayed their ways through the mass of beasts. The indian flies got strength again by eating the meat, and it seemed they wanted to stay on this island. There was a well of flyfluids on the island in which they washed themselves, and by which they got charged in a strange sense. They were warriorflies, and it seemed they found their weapons again. Elsar and Tordo got into a fight about who would be the king of the island. Elsar slayed Tordo in this, as Elsar thought he would be a much better king. And maybe he was right. Elsar the Flyman was now king of the jungle, and king of all doom. He sent out his flies to sting and suck blood and juices. They all needed to receive the mark of Elsar the Flyman, to be his worthy slaves for the rest of their lives. There was nothing more safe than this, as the rest of the fire would turn against all barbarians He was the king, and they were his gladiators This was the only way to hatch the eggs they were having inside the eggs of the mark These were the eggs of the flies It seemed the indian flies had now seemed a way to multiply themselves through the king of evil through Elsar the Flyman.