

Bone and Bamboo



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These stories are powerful medicines I got on my shamanic trip through the underworld during my life. It is a sort of medicine 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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1. The Drinkster
2. The Moloch Butterflies
- 3. The Spirits of Zambore**
4. The Hounds of Hell
5. The Machine
- 6. Mercurian Archers**

7. Mercury Mind

8. Witch Prison

9. Feathercrown

10. Oeragan

11. Prince of the Lotus

12. The Dog Turning In a Lion

13. Atayol - Savage Fiction

14. Black Snail I-II

15. Return of the Black Snail

16. Bleeding Brains

17. Rise of the Black Cat

18. One Way Out

19. The Ice and the Stone

20. The Conspiracy of Nine

21. The Chessplayer

22. Tree of Knowledge

23. Troll Faces

24. Evil Cars

25. Eye of Nightmare

26. The Spiderslayer

27. The Dirty Cross

28. The Pigs of Death

29. Hugo

30. Grey Spider

31. War in Pigworld

32. The Last Flame

33. The Evil Sun

34. The Veins of Light

35. Upside Down

36. Killer-Flower

37. Face with Wings

38. Thermal Eye

39. Ship of Death

40. The Best be the Winner

41. The Bridge

42. Robotic City

43. White Heaven

44. Strike of the Nelfkins

45. The Wizard's Touch

46. Beads

47. Psychedelic Trauma

48. Old Indian Masks

49. Judgement Day

50. The Secret of the Apple People

51. The Rabbit King

52. The Three Hearts

53. Harmony on the Hills

54. World of Violins

55. Washing Machine Girl

56. Revenge of the Onaks

- 57. Lord of Insects I-II
- 58. The Gate
- 59. The Moons of Mars
- 60. Star Hunt
- 61. Nightmare Flowers
- 62. The Seal of Lakorsh
- 63. Beyond the Ice River**
- 64. The Troll Apple
- 65. The Troll Gloves**
- 66. The Viking Helmet**
- 67. The Saddle of Evil**
- 68. White Flower Garden**
- 69. The Fog Witch**
- 70. Sleeping Beauty
- 71. Snow White**
- 72. Cult of The Golden Fly
- 73. The Evil Sweetness**
- 74. Night of the Spanish Dancer**
- 75. The Women with the Beautiful Mouths**
- 76. Jorge and the Dragon**
- 77. The White Prince**
- 78. Savage Planet**
- 79. Secret of the Raspberry
- 80. Strawberry Blood
- 81. Nothing But Sand**

82. The Berry

83. Vampire Forest of Horror

84. Snake Dancer

85. The Sphinx

86. Elvenbosch

87. The White Rabbit I-II

88. The Shell

89. The Hyena Pyramid

The Drinkster

The pins pricked through his skin, the armour he had demanded his blood. Soft feathers hung along his skin, giving him goosebumps. He was a milkfly warrior, from the depths of Mars. The indians here had tortured faces, expressing pain and mystery, but they also bore an indescribable sweetness. They had black hearts, listening to the beats of death. They reflected both the ice and the heat, the pale and the dark. Their homes were ascetic, there was only pain as road to love. This was how they marked any of their friendships. Their skins were tormented, having many scars and objects stung through it, and of course many fresh stripes, to stay in connection with their beloved goddess, the drinkster.

They had a huge temple in the underground for their goddess, in a cave, in a jungle hill. Their rites were bloody, to attract the sun of blood, but they should not drink. They should stay thirsty and hungry. All to bring the flowerseed up, a mysterious power. The drinkster was a trickster.

They lived in bondage with this goddess, yet they were free. They believed scars held the forbidden milk. It was the milk of pain. One believed one shouldn't drink from it, only when the goddess granted it. And it was a bitter drink. It would make them insane, and would drive them deeper into the wilderness, into isolation. One believed that by drinking it you would go through the veil to meet the goddess. And if you would go there without she giving permission it would kill you.

The goddess herself drank from the forbidden milk, all the time, to strike the ones trying to take it from her. She was the drinkster, licensed to drink. One could only approach her by bloody rituals and only when she called. She demanded lots of presents from hunters. She wasn't easily satisfied. She bore a secret deep in her heart.

Whenever she drank she died. She poisoned herself.

The Moloch

Butterflies

In the depths of the desert, here, I had my tent. I watched around and saw nothing but skulls. I raised my sword and roared. This domain was mine. She came closer to me, this barbarian girl, with her big cats. She showed me her necklace, but I was scared. Women had often witchy powers to enslave people. I stepped back, went closer to my tent. 'I don't want to hurt you,' she said. But then she changed into a ghost and sped towards me while she shrieked, ready to enter my spirit, to possess it. I used my sword well, and soon she was vomiting on the ground. Some of my dogs started to eat from her soul. I knew she was just an illusion here in this place. Lions were roaring in the distance. The air was hot. It made my skin almost bleeding. I licked from my skin. It was salty. Soon I was on my chariot, hunting, for swines. I loved swine meat. My blade was glittering in the sun light. It was actually not a sun but a huge planet close to mine, with enough heat and light to create a day. I licked my blade, and suddenly I stood before this pigmonster. It slowly turned into a woman. More pigbeasts appeared, and they all changed into women. Where was I.

Soon I was in an arena, a place of dust, slime and blood. She stared at me. Soon we were in a wrestling. She was mean, a lowhearted creature. She bit me like a hyena. Soon I was chained. Everything went so fast. They put me in a cage under a ball which looked like a small sun.

'Dandrar,' someone said. 'Finally we have you. We have waited so long for this moment.' I looked up and saw a woman with big feathers on her head, like a princess. 'Queen of Babylon I am,' the woman said. 'Oh the queen of the heavens ?' I asked.

She came closer to my cage. 'The butterfly pact,' she said slowly. The butterfly girls were almost buttnaked. Were these her angels ? They had strange scars on their buttocks, like strange stretched nipples. She went with her hand over it, and milk streamed forth. 'My women are feeders,' she said.

'Where am I ?' I asked.

‘Close to Moloch,’ she said. ‘And die in the fire, child of hell, and drink from his milk.’

I can’t recall what happened next but I woke up in my own tent, while glowing butterflies were flying around. I knew I would die if I would touch one of them. I slowly grasped my sword and chased them away. As soon as I struck them it was like my sword was boiling. I threw it away and stared at it in fear. These butterflies could give the strangest hallucinations, all leading to torture and death. I woke up just in time. They were the Moloch-butterflies, and touching them was even deadly.

The Spirits of Zambore

The spirits of Zambore were a group of deceased boys and girls in the jungles of Zaverre. It was hard to penetrate these jungles because of their dangers. The spirits often scared or teased those passing by, and this is why these jungles were also called the Jungles of Death. No one could pierce these jungles actually, there was always a red mist of mystery hanging over the jungles. It smelled like blood. The children were very cruel having no mercy on human nor animal. They often tormented their victims until the victim was prey in the grip of a huge snake. Whoever died in these jungles fell even more into the hands of these wicked children full of scorn and mischief. There wasn’t any supervision of a parent or an elder person, and that is why there was no limit in their games. But one day something huger seemed to come up, and it was like hell was opening itself. There was a door opening in hell, and the children knew that they would be punished for what they had done. The children were all of a sudden in great fear. They didn’t know what had happened to them, but from behind their arms got tied. When they turned around they looked into the faces of women, harsh, mean, cold. ‘Ah, the grapes of the youth of death,’ a voice said. ‘The treaders,’ someone whispered. Suddenly the children were staring into a huge mill coming right before them. ‘I’m going to swallow you,’ the mill spoke. Piranhas came forth from the mill to devour the children. The children were like grapes. ‘Juice I want,’ a voice said. ‘Yes, blood I want, the blood of grapes. There will be a party tonight.’ The children were burning and shrieking, and they became worse than they were. They were now ... children of hell ...

Someone had fallen into the jungle river, and was surrounded by piranhas all of a sudden. So many everywhere ... The piranhas were children of hell, a mystery ... No one knew how they had become what they were ... In the depths of the jungle river they guarded a door ... A door to a great party The door was leading to a desert, a desert underground, a great hall, where strange spots of the piranha wandered through the air, connected by strange veins. There was milk flowing through these veins. These were the roots of plants, piranha plants, from which the jungle came forth. It was a machine of tragedy, of cruelty, all to feed a beast called Mammabokko. The jungle was his temple, the earth his religion. The cup of blood had to be full always, and the piranhas would take care of that. The beast was partly fish and partly bird. He saw life as a milk machine. The piranhas were his milkers. From this game Sulidan rose up, gathering those who were the milked to better places. But it was all just a bow-net. When someone was declared 'milked', it meant that his essences were already taken away from him, his soul, and he had to wander soulless through the rest of eternity. His material was just a waste, and such creature wasn't of any interest to Mammabokko anymore. The ones declared 'milked' would get denser and denser to finally turn into stone. Sulidan was their last hope. He could lead them to a place of materialism, where they could worship material to find some happiness and illusion. But it was a bow-net, a mysterious trick. This was why some chose to get milked forever, for they feared the deceptions of Sulidan. There was only one way preventing them from getting dried up forever. There was only one way to preserve fluid-production, which was a so-called cryer, an animal like a sort of hamster installed in the chest. It would give a perpetual flow of fluid. Mammabokko would never attack such animals, for he loved them. Their secret was the eternal tear, which was at the same time the secret of Mammabokko's milk machine.

However those who had such an animal installed turned more and more into fluids themselves, becoming part of the jungle river. But to them such a experience, although it was nightmarish, was a bliss. It was a mysterious jungle, and a mysterious power dwelling in it. The piranhas guarded this secret, like true priests would do.

The Hounds of Hell

Shandra, Shandra, he was saying. His wife stood up and grasped his hand. They shared love for many years already. They were somewhat amazed by all the coconuts laying around them, brought by the monkeys. 'On love,' he said, took one and drank from it. His wife did the

same. She was shy, she had grown like this by what happened in the past, a past so dark that he didn't know half of it. She could not speak very well, always kept her words in. He took her in her arms and soothed her. She had been bitten by a group of dogs, wild dogs. Since then she could not speak. She always hesitated when she spoke. Her husband took her lovingly in his arms, he wanted to take her out of this fire, but it had burnt him too. He always felt rejected, as if she didn't love him enough. The wild dogs laughed, they enjoyed upsetting marriages, they enjoyed making a mess of it. They had a strange kitchen.

Shandra had to work in it day and night, her husband was the food. She always sacrificed him to the dogs, so that he would understand where she was going through. She wanted him to feel the bites she had, and it tore them apart. The dogs were now inbetween, as a fire. They were both paralyzed now, he couldn't speak, and now she felt rejected as well, as if he didn't love her enough, and the wild dogs laughed and made their dinner. They were both on the plate now, to be sacrificed to the king of the wild dogs. 'What have you done to them ?' he asked.

'We have made them like we are,' the dogs said. The king took a bite, and both the man and the woman became wild dogs as well. 'Shandra, Shandra,' he said. But she didn't answer. She was running with the wild dogs, and he did the same. But he could not enjoy it, and he got mad, and bit them, biting them like the king once bit him, so that they would feel it and understand him. He had a sadness because of this, but the dogs only became wilder.

He wanted to become indifferent like them, but at the same time he wanted to attack the king, for the king was the cause of all this in his eyes. So he went to the king and attacked him, bit him, but then the king begged for mercy, and said : 'Please don't make it too hard on me. My wife had passed, I miss her, life is cruel.'

But then the man said : 'But you cannot destroy relationships just because your own relationship is broken.'

'I wanted you to feel what I felt, so that the pain would be healed,' the king said.

'What can I do to help you,' the man asked.

'Please become king in my place, as I cannot live with these wild dogs anymore,' the king said.

And so it happened, the man became king and could finally sooth the wild dogs.

The Machine

The cow-people ruled here with their low and slow voices without mercy, without any care. They were rude and stubborn, like deaf. They did not take anyone serious but themselves. By a strange disease they were turning into cows more and more, and they became huge and big like predators. There was witchcraft in this world of cows, they had their powers by jewels.

Saltenni took his sword and started to slay them all. He was the slayer of the coasts and they started to fear him more and more. He visited their royal houses and their aristocratic appartments. He wanted to become the cow farmer. He hated them. He was crueller than them, but also softer with more grace. He was a man of opposites. Saltinni had always lived at the coasts since child, but now he was taking the land.

He became a legend, setting so many people free from the curse of the cow-people. Some said he was a witch, and yes, he used witchcraft, as he once got his own jewels by which he covered his body. He believed in amulets. They teached him how to fight, how to use his sword. They spoke to him in the night. It was a heritage of his grandmother.

She said to him : ‘use them well, for one time you might need them.’

He always kept her dear in her heart. He was graceful to older people, and he was their guard. He had a heart of gold. He wanted to build a new world, based on equality, communication, and the rule of love. He would give them a new system, but then he would leave to the wilderness, for that was where he belonged. For many years he drew back to the wilderness,

but when he returned, he was sad, for the people behaved like the cow-people again. Again he took his sword and brought slaughter. He wanted to root this evil cow-spirit out. But he also remembered the words of his grandmother : 'Restore the worship of the stones.' She meant the stones she once gave to him. So he did. He took off his amulets, placed them in the middle of the land, and raised a religion. He returned to the wilderness again, this time more naked than he was before. This time he hoped that things would work out. Many years later he returned again to the system, but there were religious wars everywhere. Everyone seemed to have another interpretation of the stones, and they behaved like the cow-people to each other again. This time he would rule them himself. He skinned a cow, took it's skin as his robe, and used it's head and horns as his helmet. He put up a low and slow voice like the cow people, and fear came in the hearts of the people. He made the laws, and brought terror more than the cow-people ever did. It was his machine. And this time things would go his way.

Mercurian Archers

In the gates of Bellatrix, a bard was standing, a troubadour, where I found the key. Here the guards of Bellatrix stood, hiding the secrets of Rome. For one Rome is yellow, another Rome is green, and the black Rome is Jerusalem, in her cup was the mercury, from which her disciples drank, to raise the black spider. Here she moves slowly, her nipples chained, spreading sweet poisons to feed her children. Here the whore of the ages dances, to entertain the black jokers, who hide deep in their churches. Here she lives behind tall and thick walls of tragedy, bathing in splendour and prosperity. Here the guards of Bellatrix rise, her popes, to spread their pestilences. Here she had her robe, woven of the testicles of her enemies, and the eyes of slain cattle. Here she licked the blood from her lips, and mercury was still the flame in her heart. And the fat on her body, on her thighs and buttocks, testify against her, where the hyenas are writing in her head, the words of an old song and an old story.

Can we come across the walls of Jerusalem, and enter our freedom again, free on the fields, or are we in her grip forever. Her eyes are enchanting, her mouth is chanting, her body is moving, intoxicating our minds.

We have seen her, we have watched her, we have read her spells. We have seen the pharisees rising in our midst, the whisperers, and still we felt safe in her, for she was our mother. Can anyone break the black bloodline. We have seen her dancing, and we wanted to be like her, loved by a million stars. In the gates of Bellatrix the guards are standing, these soldiers of a black night. Was she just another slave of Rome ?

This Rome is black, tortured by Spanish soldiers, driven in her cage, where she dances day and night. She is the marjorette.

Mercury church, where the kings are shouting, where the guards of Bellatrix stand tall ...
When Mercury rises tall in Bellatrix, they will all fall ...

A mystery called Inua was their queen, slowly sliding through the veils, showing the apocalypse, the war under the skin ... She raises her poisoned apple high, and then she takes a bite ... Queen of intoxication you have always been my delight

In mercury church it's snowing, where they sit, bound and chained, and someone preaches from the letters, by mercury they were filled. Here they have their dances, and those who can't dance will be killed. From here the tornadoes are rising until you understand it was the secret of a mouse, mercury was it's veils, hiding the mint.

I was frozen when I understood the riddle, a mouse candle, while a golden light lit it's flame, and the guards of Bellatrix followed me. They were the moderators of hell, and the age of mercury had just begun ...

Mercury Mind

The mercury lies in the white sand, the riddle no one would understand. Here the queen rose from her horse, here the chocolate factory was ... bending under a great weight ... where Jeruzalem showed her pride Jezebel on the other side The ivory temple ... a white rome, in the depths of Samaria ... where the skeletons of Moab gathered ... They raised her, raised her tall, for the mercury money and matter ... Like a pencil deep in the brain, but the hyenas wrote it over again ...

No one could catch the riddle ... many soldiers rose up against it, but they died, by the witch's strike ... Mercury cocoon, to raise the spoon, bound by poison all the time, to see the delight ... Chocolate and mint together The new meat ...

And witches were knocking on the doors, and on the transparent mercury walls But no one opened again They were sinking away in the sand Where the mercury still cries A riddle no one would understand

And the king sent his horses, and the emperor sent his slaves, but no one could solve the riddle ... It's the age of mercury my friend, cold heads struck by venom, no one knows the way ... They are all lost and doomed in the labyrinth, until they find a church where they can sit And learn from some old wise men ...

The mercury weeps, it is a tale ... I saw a witch, I saw her drowning the mice in mercury, where they rose up as dogs, tall dogs like the guards of bellatrix I saw she kept them in her room, these spotted dogs And she was feeding them by mercury, until they became the lion ... She had something to ride on now, something to show in pride ... But the mice inside the lion still cried Giving birth to the mercury tree ... From all countries they came to eat from these fruits And they became judgemental, it was the tree of knowledge of good and evil, the tree of the judges And they built their church like the new Jerusalem ... where the skeletons of Moab would dine Keeping their councils Doing their whisperings All secret conspiracies To divide and rule The walls of mercury to keep them away from the paradise

Glide with me from generation to generation, to set the captives free

And I saw a mercury land in which no one could move, only a mouse could set them free
The mice, rising with seven on a night, pouring out the golden fluids Like ancient jewelry
.... The rabbit comes soon, my friend, and then the mercury will burn Like mouse candles
in the night And faces of frogs will be our delights From mercury churches they will
take flight

Witch

Prison

Jorod Sevulus came out of a witch prison, where he had lived since his youth. There was no way to return there. The prison was burning and exploding. He crept forward and came on the roof of the castle finally. He dived in the air, spreading his bat wings.

There was nothing but doom here. He heard children crying. He felt weak, like he couldn't do anything about it. A witchman ruled this area here, having an iron hand. This hand was a hyper-camera by which he controlled everything. The hypercameras came forth from an octopusian project. The witchman wanted to control the whole world by such cameras, and this was why he bred octopi. The octopi had a certain organ which the witchman could use. By the hypercameras the witchman wanted to make robots of every living being in the world, puppets.

Jorod Sevulus was struck to the ground. The witchman stood before him. But a light came forth from Jorod's hand, a gift he once got from a fairy. Jorod was screaming, while the light struck some of the hypercameras surrounding him. Then the light struck the witchman. Jorod grasped the chariot of the witchman with all his strength, and drove away with it. It was a winged chariot, full of flames. This was the last obstacle he had defeated. He could now leave this wicked planet.

Jorod returned to his mother-planet Sanherib. His father was a witch, his mother a fairy. They were glad to see him, and told him about the raise of technology since he had gone. There was a tight robotic system on the planet, to protect them. Even the fishes had such implants, and these were the organs from octopi developed into hypercameras. Jorod now knew that even his own motherplanet was in the hands of these wicked systems. He was against the octopi-breedings. Again he left the planet, since he found out that his mother and father were just clones. His real mother and father had already died.

He felt lonely in the galaxy. Some voices whispered to him, but he was afraid. He didn't want to become a robot based on octopi-torment. He loved these animals, and he wanted to set them free. But deep in his mind he knew that there had to be a perfect robotic system to raise a new immunity. He believed in robotics, but he wanted to have it based on something else, a more nature-friendly form.

It was in these days he came to the planet Eturnia, meeting the witchqueen Demonina. She wanted to do something about the octopi-breedings as well. She showed him a system of real robotics. It was based on lights. These lights came forth from the depths of the oceans. It was a light radiated by seaweed. She saw he had the same gift already in his hand, but it was still weak. He had to eat a lot of seaweed.

It was called the waterlights, and they took him over more and more. They were leading him to a cartoon world, giving him organs of cacao and licorice, and an organ of marshpane in the middle. One day they organized an invasion in the octopi-breedings, and took the poor animals out. They brought them to cartoon world, a world of humor.

A man wakes up in his dungeon. Knights are gathering before the door. They take him out, and they go to a huge hall, where a witch virgin is about to be sacrificed. It is the girlfriend of the man. 'No !' the man is screaming, but a strange creature with reptile wings and big reptile eyes rips her open by a knife. They all watch the mechanisms inside. The man is shocked. His girlfriend was a robot ? Then the knights knock him out and take him to his dungeon again. In the night he dreams of Samalaria, his girlfriend. Samalaria, the witch he adored. But she cuts his head off, and starts to eat him. Oh yes, he remembered, she is a robot. She is programmed. Suddenly winged octopi take him away, his soul-spirit, high in the sky. They take him to a temple, where heads rest on pillars. An octopus is shrieking. The shrieks of a new world.

There is flowing ink from this temple, in which men and women are drowning, and their clowns. An octopus has the face of a triangle, and moves closer to the man. The pyramid is upside down, and he installs hypercameras in the face of the man. Then the octopus is swelling. A new world.

The harem of the octopus is like a new religion. They are made of time-implodes. It is a strange ballet, a bakery. Instant breads, like instant messages. But a spider takes them away and brings them to a flyhive. An indian goddess lives in a flame above them, like a ufo. She plays the flutes. A new world.

The cartoon queen was drawing the pictures, she was the broadcast lady in their heads. They have spots of paint on their bodies. Hypercameras in their faces : cacao, licorice and marshpane. Those who were led out of the orbit around the sugar were led here. Sugar was a witch, a dentist. She had made the sun as her satellite, but the sun span around her. She was the boss, of the butchery.

In their cheeks hypercameras, in their foreheads, soon cartoonheads they are, but there is something beyond the cartoon. I have seen the jewel, a spanish sun, making them all blind. This world is drawn by the stench of milk, blood and tears. It is the world beyond the chocolate where everything is meat. A world of grills. A world of an eternal war, leading to the eternal peace. Repress one side and you will lose them both.

It is a world of beasts, and the greatest beasts are humans. It's a prehistoric world, where the rhinopigs are. Through the slimy veils we enter, watching secrets of the ages.

Feathercrown

Have you ever heard of the man of bottles, black clothes, black hat, waiting to open them all ... He's watching contradictions, watching it all He watches it like a footballgame ... are they enemies or friends What are they boiling, what are they cooking Is it all about the harmony of contradiction, two sides of the boat ?

And what if you watch underwater

Finally to end up between gorillas With a woman having a feathercrown Blinding lights ...

She's just a girl, a savage one Here she is the queen

The man of bottles is waiting for her She needs to open the bottles So that he can enter the cat city

It's all about keys you know

We need our opposites

This is what he understands There is no him or another The contradictions are one

Have you heard of this guy ... living deep in his cellar He can't stand the daylight
Traumatized by his childhood Bound inside

His wounds are like a kitchen He cooks his dreams Have you heard of this guy

Strange kitchen this guy lives in, cannot stand the light By darkness he breaths He
hangs his clothes around ...

He is living in a kitchen Swims in a kettle between fishes and piranhas ... eating his mind
away

He's the night assassin ...

He makes his colours in the night Then starts to paint War colours all around ...
painting the stairs And still he worships the contradictions, still he worships the queen of
gorillas He's waiting for her for so long, but she's living in a pit like him Such a
tragedy

And she's weeping for him, screaming his name ... but he never hears her ... and he goes
insane

If love would know ... if love would know What we all would want to show

Have you heard of the one with the bottles ... so many spirits living in there, waiting for one
day to be free They have been slaves of the ring for so long

The key is in her hands ... but she is far away She is living in a pit like you, being someone's prey

If love would know ... if love would know What we all would want to show

Have you heard of her, have you heard of her obsessions, how she prays for you day and night ...

Have you heard of how she fights for you, bleeds for you

The guy with the bottle lives far away ... just like all the others ... there's no one ever here The guy with the bottle screams But we never hear

One day I took the bottles, and smashed them against the walls Some I threw in the river Some in the sea

If love would know ... if love would know What we all would want to show

She has possessed me, this girl ... Fortunately there are no walls for the soul ...

Have you heard of the wizard kid, who can make everything well

Oeragan

The slavers ran to the girl they saw. Soon she was collared, brandmarked, enslaved. Not much did the men know about her Queen, the python queen. There was something burning in the skies. It was her flame. Soon the bodies of these men were hell. They were burning, shrieking, begging for mercy, but the queen was without any grace nor mercy, as they had touched one of her girls.

'What have we done,' the men shrieked. Their big bodies were falling to the ground. It was as if they had committed an unforgivable sin, while their bodies were twisting in torment, fighting for their lives. An unknown fear took possession of them, as they had seen the true light, ice and fire of life. It was an angel enslaving them that day, and soon they were collared in hunger, sweating in the depths of unknown dungeons. They were captives marked by the marks of blood. She was the queen of everlasting torment, something which they called the holy spirit in their fear. And sinning against such spirit was unforgivable in all eternities. There was no money, nor any deed or change which could save them from that. Their lives were now submitted to an everlasting doom. And even their children would be called the children of doom. They had been possessed, as there was now a justice roaring against all the deeds they had done.

The queen smiled at her girl. She was a savage queen, of pythons, stranglers, sent out at her command, to enslave males, for males had enslaved so many. She hated males. It was a miracle that she could smile that day, for she hardly smiled, unless you would see her mocking as smiling. She was like a hyena, never giving up. There was only one thing greater than everlasting torment, which was the evergrowing torment, and she thought that all males had to be prepared for that. In her cruelty she wanted to see them suffer, as they had let so many suffer. Once she herself was a slave of these men, in the city, but she was now in the depths of the wilderness. Here she had her savage girls, the one she freed, and here she would drag all these men. She wanted them to ejaculate a fluid, the fluid of evergrowing torment. She wanted to make these men cry, she wanted them to be weak.

If the black snake warrior wouldn't show up, then this would be an eternal situation. But he came and bound her, to set the captives free. He brought them to his temple, and things would be even crueler. He gave them evergrowing consciousness so that they realized the horrors they were in. He was a hunter, and bound her to a pillar of his temple. A fire came down to burn her. It was like she was in the grip of a mightier python than she was herself. It was a black python.

She saw his black boots. She shivered. He took a knife and cut a stone out of her, which was deep in her heart, a stone called the Rattlesnake Stone. He took it in his hands. If the goddess wouldn't have sent him and if she had not given him permission, this stone would have killed him when he touched it. But he was safe in her hands, a pink light surrounding him. He took a bite from the stone, and swallowed a piece. Snakes were all over the queen to eat her. It was the goddess who had returned. She was even more repressed than the queen.

Prince of the Lotus

High in the Lotus-castle a prince lived. He could easily touch the sky. There were lotus-flowers in the air by which he could travel. But one day he started to miss something. He didn't want a princess or something, but he wanted to marry the poorest girl of his land. He knew that the poorest girls always lived closest to nature and to the lotus-flowers. So one day he started to glide down into his land to search for the poorest girl. He found her when she was bathing in a river. But suddenly also other girls came out of the bushes, just as poor as her. This could be a problem. So he decided he wanted to marry the girl most depressed and having the biggest fears, for her heart would be closest to the lotus-flowers. But that girl was too scared to come away with him, and she even didn't dare to come closer to him.

So the prince often came to the river where the girl bathed to ask for the saddest and most scared girl, but it didn't lead him anywhere. The girl was too sad and wanted to be alone. Only the girls as poor as her were allowed to be with her. So one day the prince took off his rich clothes and put on the poorest clothes he could find. He decided to leave the Lotus-castle to live in nature close to the river.

He learned what being sad was and also he learned what being afraid was. And one day the girl came to him, telling him she still wanted to be alone. The prince became sadder and sadder, and finally he decided to go back to his castle, but it was like a wilderness now. What had happened here ? The prince became more and more afraid, but the lotus-flowers were still there, and they had jewels in their centers. With the jewels the prince started to build a new castle.

One day there was a girl knocking on the door of the new castle. It was the saddest and most scared girl. 'What a wonderful castle do you have ... Can we live here together ? It's lights

have reached my place, and it has healed me.' The prince was in extasy about it, and took her in ... and they lived long and happy ...

[Index](#)

The Dog Turning In a Lion

A dog turned into a lion everyday. He was kind of scary. The people were very afraid of him. He would go on a run, and then reaching for a desert. Sometimes he went for a swim in the lake, to reach for it's island.

Once he found a fairy on the island. He complained to her about his turn into a lion all the time. He wanted to be a normal dog. But the fairy said that if he wouldn't be a lion he would never have found her. The fairy laid her wand on his head, and turned him into a prince. She took him to her fairytale fantasy palace, but at times he still turned into a lion or a dog. And then he just didn't feel okay, although the fairy loved him very much.

One day she took him to the wizard, and the prince told him about how he felt. The wizard said be glad you are like this, but all you miss is a few wings. So he laid his wand on the head of the prince, and suddenly the prince could fly, but the prince got more sad everyday. Also the fairy became depressed. She didn't know what was wrong with her husband. He could do so much, but it was like it was turning against him. So they returned to the wizard one day, and told him about it. He decided he would let them live in his palace.

The wizard made them both happy. He told them the most beautiful tales, but the prince longed for his old home again, when he was only a dog turning into a lion everyday. The wizard laid his wand on him again, and finally he was just a dog again, only turning into a lion at times. When he turned into a lion again he swam back across the river. The people were afraid of him, but at least he was home. But soon he missed his fairy and swam back.

She was crying in her palace. Please let me be me, he said. I am a dog turning in a lion. I am no prince and I have no wings.

It was okay with her. He was still like a prince, and he was still like having wings whenever he looked at her. But he became depressed again, and this time he would leave forever. He just didn't belong here. When he finally said farewell to the fantasy, and went home again, it would be the last time he ever had turned into a lion. Since that day he was just a normal dog like all the others.

Atayol - Savage Fiction

Savage King

Atayol was a tall beastly warrior on the planet Sarkata. He had the meanest spears, and they had to be, for there was a horrible elite ruling the planet. Atayol collected their heads, but the elite seemed to grow everyday. Their leader was a man called Diamond Spider, who could also turn into such a spider at times. The elite was a religious order, a stinky mindcontrolling sect, in the eyes of Atayol. They could do nothing good in his eyes. It was a legal system ruling the soul and it's centers and senses. If there were clairvoyants or prophets they were often bound in this system, working for some sort of god of the elite. Atayol wanted to start a revolution. But he was bound inside since his birth. Although he had escaped from his city, and living in the wilderness, he still had his implant deep inside, starting to secrete unbearable pains whenever he thought of bringing the elite down. His only hope was Sacraures, a sorceress living in a tall tower in the depths of the wilderness. She would be able to take the implant out. She lived on the other side of the ravine, a huge depth not many knew anything about. The only way to cross the ravine was by a thin bridge. It would take many days before Atayol would reach the other side, but birds from Sacraures helped him, and brought him to the top of her tower. It was very simple for Sacraures to take the implant out. She gave an armor to Atayol and blessed him. She gave her only sword to him.

'I am grateful, Sacraures,' Atayol said.

'You know you are destined to save us all,' Sacraures spoke. 'The evil spirits of the elite are all in the air, controlling our emotions in horrible ways. Please, you know what to do, for even me myself live in terrible inner struggles and pain. It's like they do not want to let go of their heritage.'

'I know what you mean, Sacraures,' Atayol said. The birds of Sacraures brought him to the center of the stronghold of the elite, in the midst of a city, there where the Diamond Spider lived.

'Welcome Atayol,' a voice said.

'Let my people go,' Atayol said, while he raised up his sword.

'Pay by your blood, you grotesque figure,' the diamond spider said. One of it's tentacles took Atayol tight in a grip and threw him in a box with octopuses. They started to suck the meat out of his body. Atayol was screaming, and was soon a very skinny but tall man.

‘Better,’ the diamond spider said. ‘Shh... it’s me already,Sa...sa...cra...tu...res...res...res.’

‘Huh, then why are you doing this,’ Atayol said.

‘It was the only way, Atayol,’ Sacraures said. ‘Grotesque is their slave-tool, but the elf is free. I call you karsuik, the savage elf, it’s original form.’ Atayol looked at his body. He felt free now.

‘But you,’ Atayol said, ‘what is going to happen to you.’

‘Yes, I will die,’ Sacraures said. ‘I have eaten the diamond spider from the inside, and became like it. Please, rule this land.’

Then Sacraures died. At the same time the box full of octopuses exploded, it was the end of the grotesque age. The karsuiks took control on the planet, and there was more freedom. Atayol was of course the karsuik king.

‘Who created the wall between life and death ?’ Atayol shouted. ‘It is time to break that wall down.’

‘Who created the wall between future and history ?’ Atayol shouted again. ‘It is time to break that wall down.’

Atayol woke up in the arms of Sacraures. She had taken his implant out of him, and he had this beautiful dream. But it was just a dream. He looked into her eyes, her warm glowing brown eyes, almost bloodred, almost black like wine. ‘You have bathed in your illusions,’ Sacraures spoke. Atayol stared at the wall, slowly grasping his sword. ‘It’s the spider,’ he said slowly. Sacraures stood up. ‘Beat the spider, and you will have it’s kingdom,’ she spoke.

It was a bloody battle. It was raining diamonds. They would explode after awhile. Soon Atayol was in the grip of the spider, while the tentacles were almost burning him. But

Sacratures had already pushed a spear in the heart of the spider. The eye of the spider started to grow, and spat fire. But Sacratures protected Atayol by a shield. Then she spoke a spell, and the eye of the spider was exploding.

‘Who are you,’ Atayol asked.

‘I knew this would come,’ she said. ‘It was in my father’s book, and there would be a spell I could use against it.’ Atayol took Sacratures in his arms. ‘We need to do something about your wounds,’ she said softly. But soon there were more spiders on the wall, and this time they were much bigger. They ended up in the depths of an abyss, a pit in the depths of the ravine. It was here Sacratures died, and Atayol couldn’t do anything about it. She wasn’t used to this savage life. Atayol remembered his dream. It was in these days he got a bit thinner, because there was almost nothing to eat. It was in this place ghosts started to appear before him. First an old man came to him, with a tall white beard. He told Atayol he would be a prophet. The ghosts would lead him out of the pit, to preach against the elite. He would be a savage prophet, ghostprophet.

The second ghost visiting was an older lady, very sophisticated, but also savage in a sense. She had a lot of humor. She told him she would be on his side when he would go to the city.

The third ghost was a savage woman, almost nude. She was the officer of a ghost-army, and she would help him with the breakthrough. He would be a savage king.

One day the birds of Sacratures found him, and took him out of the pit. It was a total ghostattack at the city. Atayol preached his messages, and they accepted him. They wanted him to be the king of their army. Atayol wanted to bring complete reformation. There was nothing which could stop him. They all bowed for him. By the magic of the ghosts the diamond spiders were pets in his hands. They were nothing but toys. But since that day strange hooded ghosts started to show up, as messengers of death. They didn’t come often, but when they came, they brought messages of death.

Atayol was told that these ghosts were the secret hidden rulers of the planet, not wanting to let their heritage go. They were old dentists, once chased out of society because they had put poison in the mouths of their patients. They worked for death. If a soul would be theirs they would implant the poison throughout their whole bodies, to let them live in hell. They controlled all intelligence. They lived around the core of the planet to guard a special species, a rare sort of spiders, made of rare sorts of bones like stones, together with implants, which they could easily take out, for information. It was one big communication system.

Atayol was aware of this by his ghosts and one day they went there to slay those hooded ghosts, to set those spiders free. It was a huge massacre in which some of those hooded ghosts seemed to be such spiders themselves. When set free these spiders seemed to be major surgeons being able to work up the senses. Atayol petted them.

Soon the bone-spiders were his best friends. People started to become more bony, and the surfaces of the planet were changing as well. The wildernesses started to grow, bringing forth more deserts and dry spots, but there could be found rivers and seas in them. A new legal system of life and death was rising.

The spiders told Atayol that in the depths of the core of the planet there was a stairway, downstairs, where there was still a secret prison full of victims of the hooded ghosts. One day Atayol went there to take a look. The spiders said that his body-parts had to be ringed by special rings, or his body would burn in that atmosphere. So they had armed him pretty well before he went there. A green spider was the ruler of this prison. Atayol had a huge fight against this spider. The tentacles were almost strangling him. The spider had the worst smell you could imagine. It could penetrate very easily into the body, but Atayol was armed very well.

‘Do you want to know the secret of all the life on this planet ?’ the green spider suddenly asked. ‘I am the ruler of it all.’

‘Show me,’ Atayol said. The spider showed him ten enormous shields on a wall. ‘These are the toenails of a dragon,’ the spider said. ‘It is a heritage. It holds everything in life or death, heaven or hell, pleasure or pain. By this I rule the planet. These are enchanted shields.’ Ten faces showed up on the shields. ‘These are our gods,’ the spider said. ‘By the way, you’re standing on a swamp.’

Atayol watched his feet and the ground. It was soft, and soon he was sinking through it. The green spider started to laugh, and offered his hand. Atayol grasped it. Soon he stood on his feet again. ‘See, I’m not the worst thing existing,’ said the green spider. ‘Actually I was very glad you beat those hooded ghosts. Now be my guest.’ Together they dined, and the green spider showed him all the parts of the prison. ‘It’s in your hands now, Atayol,’ the green spider said. ‘I know you have been sent by the gods to set me free.’

Atayol brought all the prisoners upstairs. Many saw lights for the first time of their lives. Of course the green spider went with them, and became one of Atayols best friends as well. More and more Atayol became the savage king of the planet.

Black Snail

There was something wrong in this hospital. Surgeons came to the beds of certain patients in the night to implant strange snails in them, by which they slowly got into a coma. No one knew what was going on. They called it the coma hospital. People didn't want to go to that

hospital, but the government decided to which hospital the patients had to go. There was a medical dictatorship. The condition to come into the government was that you had to be a medical expert. People knew there was crime going on, but there was nothing they could do. They feared the coma hospital, the biggest hospital there was. If someone would go to a smaller hospital it was like winning the lottery, but soon coma started to spread itself everywhere. Some people wanted to escape from the country, but when caught it would mean death penalty.

When the patients were totally in coma and had become stiff they went to another hall where they got dressed up like dolls. The medical profession called it therapy, and giving those in coma a good time. The snail started to eat their brains and hearts away, and by implants they could live on like robots. When they reached that level they could work in fairgrounds and funparks. But they were zombies. Some snails secreted a fluid by which the dolls became sex-dolls, and this became the biggest market. The dolls could even produce babies. Of course this was an alien conspiracy. The medical experts were often human snails. They had been sent to earth to freeze the earth, to slow all activity down, to take it over by their activity. They worshipped their snail god Dreuben. The snails worked by a poison by which their babies would grow, and any activity not of them would die. It was a total invasion.

Dreuben sat on his throne. The poison activated his voice. But suddenly there was a shot. The snailkiller was there under fleeces, cutting a way through. A wrestling started. The snail was shrieking. Finally the snailkiller held the heart of this giant snail in his hands. Fat was dripping off of his hands. But the heart was biting him like it was another snail. It was Robor, the spirit of Dreuben. The snail killer had to throw the heart away from him for it was burning him. It was too hot. But then another one came to help the snail killer and had a harpoon by which he shot the heart. The heart was bleeding like crazy now.

‘Don’t come into my world,’ the snail was shrieking. The man pushed the heart into a bowl. ‘Want some of the snail juice?’ he asked the snail killer. ‘No, thank you,’ the snail killer said. But more snails seemed to surround them now, shooting the pictures of faces in their heads. ‘They will drown in democracy,’ the snail shrieked.

Someone woke up in a hospital. The surgeon was trying to implant a snail in him. The man kicked the surgeon away and ran out of the hospital, while the alarms went on. There were already implanted many snails in him, so he couldn’t come far. They controlled him. Everything got slower and slower, heavier and heavier. The man realized he was in a farm, a prison.

The snails, dangerous maskers and confusers, dangerous shape-shifters. It was a death mask of course, and it killed by lights and transparency, enough to set a soul on fire. It was a marriage in hell for everyone falling into the hands of those snails.

Black Snail II

Her lips move slowly, like she's reaching for her gun, she holds her glass, and poison streams from it. She has tall legs touching the ground, but they aren't on the ground ... She is the black snail ... She has many faces, like the transparent gun, and suddenly you do not have a life anymore ... She holds your skull between her legs, and tells you she has a drum ... She's like the danaid killing you after the swim, with her you never reach the other side of the lake ... She is the crocodile, a bitter incubus, dragging her prisoners to the bottom of the lake, where her newborn babies cry for food ... She smears the blood on the table ...

Her lips move even slower now, you need some words to get you out ... but all she does is making you choke and there you drown ... She is a saint, you are the sinner ... And when you confess your sins to her she can pierce you even more ... she is the black snail ... with many faces ...

Then her lips are tightly closed ... she doesn't talk to you anymore ... you are dead to her ...
You order some beer but they don't serve ghosts here You are in the grip of a black snail ...

It has no house, the house is you ... She moves her legs, you can't get out, she is a bitter
succubus ... a bitter story, someone is reading it loud ... She doesn't hear, her ears are deaf ...
Only one ride, that was the deal ... A bakery with ovens ... They are cannibals ... The black
snail was here

Faces of nurses and doctors watching if the cake is ready no time to heal ...

Return of the Black Snail

Chapter 1. Interlocked Hooks

She was swinging in the disco ... but not like other girls do ... When a man or boy looked at the way she danced they always forgot themselves, and even her, and it was like they didn't know where they were anymore ... Like she was a sort of lullaby ...

A tall man in a black jacket was drinking his wine at the bar ... He was staring at her for awhile now ... People know her as a very introvert person ... almost autistic ... but very mysterious ... and intelligent ... People never knew how to behave when they were in her surroundings ... She didn't talk that much didn't have many friends ... but her appearance was always impressive ... Not in unclean sense ... people always lost their focus on themselves and even their focus on her ... not knowing what to do what to say and what to think ...

It was like she never looked people in the eyes, but always avoiding them, while smiling but she had them always in her tight grip ... it was like she was only looking at their shadows and reflections ... following these in tight devotion ... her appearance was therefore always surrounding and warming ... but she could never really be reached ... she lived in a world deep inside ... far away from daily life ... far away from humanity ... no one knew what she was really thinking or feeling and she didn't talk that much people who knew her a bit said she had a very strange accent

The tall man was getting a bit nervous ... looking at his watch ... a very expensive one ... he had a silver bracelet hanging on his pulse ... he got a phonecall from someone ... and was talking for awhile, while the girl was swinging further ... she always stood at one place ... a bit in the corner of the dancefloor ... but not at the side of it ... it was like she had her own laws ... and like she was living a bit in the direction of a total different edge ... she was not totally isolated in her own deep world but she stood like at the portal like she was staring through the window of her world ... waving ... but at what was she staring ? and what was she waiting for ? no one exactly knew

The tall man had a dark appearance ... He had a tight serious face, long black hair, and a tall nose He was a singer of symphonic rock ... a bit gothic ... part of a band The band was very popular ... even worldfamous But in this disco he could rest a bit from all the attention ... It was a very exclusive disco and bar ... a meeting place for stars and rich people ... The girl was a friend of a female singer, a mega-star ... They knew each other since youth The female singer saw her always a bit as her own child ...

The tall singer wanted to talk to the girl ... She inspired him But it was like there was no any chance for that ... and soon enough the girl was gone already ... She came to the bar very often ... almost every evening ... only to dance ... In a sense he couldn't set her out of her mind ... It was like she was mentally handicapped in a sense, but he knew she was just very very intelligent ... It was like he always had a hand full of pearls after he saw her

Pearls which started to develop themselves in his head .. giving him new visions and songs ... Yes, he was a songwriter ... seen as one of world's best ... His poetic lyrics were known as

intoxicating and disarming, while he was very radical and even rough at times ... having the blades in his mouth ... He was a man of opposites, having everyone as friend and everyone as enemy but in a very mysterious way ... It was like ...he could not be touched ... and neither you could let go of him ... People never knew how to behave when he was around ... But in this bar he could come into peace ... He wasn't in the bar too often ... sometimes once a month ... and at times he didn't come there at all for months ... He was a busy man

He used to wear a lot of black clothes and ornaments like chainlets and earrings ... His dark side was dominating, but he always showed the little light at the end of his tunnels The little butterflies he let fly in his dark dungeons ... spreading magical dust on the tragic floors .. It was like they shone extra bright because of the deep darkness in which he let them fly ...

He needed to keep his backgrounds dark ... so that these little stars would shine the best He had a split character ... but one side was small and the other side was very big like the giant and the dwarf lived in him ... a vertical stripe on his nose ... And it was a successformula, for his records were still bestsellers all of them These dishes were sacred in many eyes ...

Always when his music was playing it was like a black whale was reaching the surfaces of the sea ... which let people tremble ... but then a sort of parrot descended from heaven which gave people such a feeling of releasement ... It was like his music brought the deepest fears of a human heart up to the surface to let it be touched by hope ... And the mix of these emotions brought a good camouflage translated into excitement, entertainment and nostalgia ... It was always like meeting an old friend ... like a faithful, trustful old hand on your shoulder It was calling like your daddy in the storm

.... He couldn't handle all the attention ... which made him very aggressive at times It was like the mysterious, almost autistic girl made him at peace ... when he saw her swinging in that strange way ... like healing rains came over him ... She wasn't famous ... she was just a friend of a famous person ... he was a bit jealous at her in a sense He wished he could make music without all the overdose of attention

And it's like the whole business-industry is strangling him ... It's forcing him to please the mass .. just for the money ... he feels himself like a money-machine, like the marionette of the record-masters ... He doesn't want to be a displaydoll of the big bank anymore ... It's like everything he creates will be crashed in the hands of the big guys to make room for the sound of money ... It's like he has to appear in front of a snake every end of the day ... to show it his splinters ... And these need to be sharp enough to rip his own heart out He feels himself the victim of the money mill more and more And it's cutting in his head more and more ...

Finally he cannot hold it anymore ... He needs to speak to the girl ... He wants to know her secrets ... But he feels he cannot confront her directly ... Hardly no one does .. hardly no one dares ... It's like she's interlocked too much in a system which cannot be opened ... And like she has swallowed any key His plan is to contact that famous female-singer, her friend, to play it that way ... he hopes that female-singer can do something for him, but she only comes there once in a year or even less ... And it's almost impossible to reach her ... even for a world-famous singer

Because of the many contacts he had, the contact was easier laid than he thought ... and sooner than he knew the female-singer had made an appointment for him to see the girl ... The

girl lived in the villa of the female sister where she had her own room ... He was invited to come there at an evening ...

The surroundings were highly protected but the female singer had sent a license for him to pass along the guards ... She had a big room upstairs and when he came in she was very glad ... but she didn't look into his eyes ... It was like her eyes were surrounding him in a very strange way, without putting the attention on herself ... He looked at the curtains and the paintings on the wall It was like he had even forgotten about her ... like these paintings were taking all his attention "Who made these ?" he asked

"I did," she said ... To hear her voice struck him like lightening ... for it was almost like he didn't expect she would talk ... And it was like he suddenly realized she was really there ... The paintings were about seas and forests with mysterious creatures ... They were as warming as she was ... But it was like he couldn't get grip on any creature in his mind as if all the creatures slide away from him, letting him see the other paintings ... He didn't know how to react like he was far away It was like these paintings were driving him away ... But he couldn't get grip on them

It was like she didn't expect any commend of him ... It was like she was even totally out of sight His eyes slid from painting to painting ... and suddenly he looked through the window seeing the beautiful fountains in the pond

Like in a trance he started to tell her about his wrestlings and asked her what he could do ...

It was like hours later she gave him the answer ... while he didn't feel bored one second ...

"stop singing ... sing for yourself ..." she said ...

"But it's my job, I need to get money ..." he said ...

A strange fear came over him, letting all his dreams tumble down It was like deep inside he was afraid to lose all the attention and the big money Like there was no way back like there was a hook in his stomach ... which would tear him apart when it would be pulled out ... It gave him such a hopeless feeling ... and it was like it drained all his energy ... He never felt this way before ... It was like seas of fear were overwhelming him

She said : "the hook doesn't need to be pulled out, you just need to pull yourself in then a shell will fall off ..."

He was amazed about her wisdom ... and it was like she was soothing his deepest fears not by pulling it out but by pushing him deeper ... It was like the hook didn't scare him anymore ... for it was only attached to a shell which would fall off when he would wander out of the shell, looking for a world inside ...

"But how does it bring me money," he asked ...

"The shell will take care of that," she said ...

"You can live inside while the shell will do the things needed"

The years after this conversation the songs started to get stranger ... He couldn't pull out the hook, but he could sink out of it step by step ... It was like the shell took care of itself, and the songs which flew from his deeper waters cared of the rest The strange music was very popular although he didn't care about it ... he was singing for himself, like the girl advised him and the shell was doing the rest ... It was like the shell had to obey the spouting waters from this deepsea-well ... the sea was growing and rising and the shell was covering the lands more and more It was like he could mold the shell in his hands ... and it became his protection, his shelter, instead of his burden and prison ...

He wanted to tell the girl how it worked, and soon he had a second appointment after years ...
He wanted her to paint the covers for his records But she refused ...

She said : "you can take the old paintings if you like, but don't you ever use my name on your records ..."

Soon enough he started to realize how these paintings were inspiring him and while he was using all these old paintings as covers for his records, people asked him who painted those He never told them The paintings got worldfamous, but the insiders weren't allowed to tell the world who painted these paintings ... They appeared in magazines, newspapers, and were used for posters and other material

Years went by and the singer thought it was time for a second appointment to see new paintings But the girl said this time he couldn't use any of the new paintings, for they were only between him and her ...

When he saw the paintings he cried It touched him there where no one could touch him ... where even he himself wasn't able to reach He wanted to hug the girl but she pushed him away screaming : don't you ever do that again ... no one is allowed to touch me ... when he looked into her face he got in a shock ... he never saw her like this before it was like he saw a scared and raging octopus it was like her eyes were almost touching each other and like heavy electricity forces were keeping him away it was for the first time she was really staring at him, with such a tight focus he never saw before ... he was realizing step by step that she was looking him straight in the eyes ... like no one did ever before ... like he was looking straight into a huge sea of roaring fire again she said : don't you ever ever do that to me again ... but she wasn't screaming anymore, and speaking a bit slower, but very tight, with raised eyebrows

he sat down, and she did too, while keeping her eyes fixed on him ... it was like these eyes would never ever let him go again ... like he would be tied between these huge hysterical eyes forever ... but she wasn't out of order ... her body was like attached to her rights to do so ...

it was like he was in the room with another woman now ... and it was like a worldfamous female singer or judge was sitting there ... still staring at him in an obsession of rage and bitterness .. not losing her tight tight grip ... it was like his body was aching under this pressure ... like he had just been attacked by the terror of a shark

he almost couldn't breath, and slowly he asked : "are you okay ?"

no, she said hard ...

he wanted to know what caused her to act like she did ... he didn't feel any anger in himself ... only tender feelings ... like he understood that this behaviour had a deep deep background he didn't know anything about it was like the whole world was keeping it's breath in ... like the whole air was charged by an energy he didn't experienced before, like high-volted energy like he was connected to some sort of unexpected socket ...

suddenly she started to cry and bowed her head ... the tears were flowing over her hands ...

she started to stutter about a time long ago about meeting a black snake and how he raped her ...

she told him how this black snake forced her to sell her paintings and make herself a name ... and how she saw she was placed between a chaos of money and a chaos of people who started to pull and push her while she was switching from one side to the other, faster and faster, and how both crowds came closer and closer, eating her from inside out ... taking her over ... until she was totally melt away while she was thrown into a chaos of rubbish and dirt finally she found herself being eaten by ... the black snake ... every night this dream came back to her, until it made her very sick and she became introverted more and more not allowing anyone to come close ...

he found himself staring at the paintings again, switching from painting to painting

Years went by and the singer realized how this experience and her story were paralyzing the works of the shell ... or was it just going into another direction ? it was like he was doing everything in opposite way ... like he became more and more cynical to the desires of the mass ...

everything gave him the shocks to let go of everything he held on to ... and it was like he could jet himself inside like never before ... like a magnet turning direction ... like he was totally transfixed to a new ground ... many of his fans started to dislike his new works and soon enough he felt himself like being thrown in the rubbish-bins ...

but he found out the more fans left him, the more radical his remained fans became ... the contact between him and his fans was so much deeper now ... and they really brought him through these hard times it was like a new religion was forming itself on earth ...

the singer became more and more notorious and even feared ... for he started to preach against the terrorizing money-circulations which were raping the music ... and it's singers ... he became more and more the doom-prophet of music ... while he was drawing himself back more and more he was creating a total new edge and a total new band he connected with other singers of the same message and discussed with them what to do ...

but soon enough he started to realize against what he was fighting ... he found himself entering dry periods like his musical career had been burnt away he saw the keys melting away in his hands trying to search for better combinations ... but all it seems to do to him was drying him out to a dangerous edge ... he became very tired of it ... and his own songs didn't satisfy him anymore ... while the hard core of his fans also started moan and complain it was like he had burnt his own tools and slowly he found himself sliding away out of the music-industry ... feeling like he was heading for the bottom of the rubbish-bin screaming in his ears ... it was like seas of complaints were rolling over him, burning his

last pencils ... he felt like guilt and self-pity were roaring in his head splitting him apart ... it made him very tired ...

it was like the black snake was about to eat him alive

Chapter 2. The Best Guard

A young boy started to discover the music of the singer ... It was like the singer sang about his life ... The young boy who always found himself misunderstood found himself understood in the warming of the music ... like he had found a u-boat in the middle of a shark-sea where he had to swim so long ... alone ...

He could stare for hours at the paintings of the records it was like these paintings were dreampictures from himself ... and he felt so strange in his stomach ...

His sister was also a painter ... She had the same style ... but she could never understand him ... He wanted to become a singer too ... but he had voice-problems ... he was a stutterer He loved to listen to the birds ... But he was afraid of the forest and the sea ... He found himself locked up between humanity and nature ... both sides scared him

He had dreams about black sharks hunting after him ... His father worked as a diver for sea-research ... It was said that the sea contained medical substances in the bottoms which could heal many incurable diseases ... and also the deepsea-plants could be a good deal in that area

...

He always lived in deep fear because of his father, for once he dreamt his father drowned It was the most horrible dream he ever had ... And since then he was always scared his father wouldn't return one day

His father had a light mental handicap, but was very intelligent and was the only one who really understood the boy ... His mother died when he was seven ... and he couldn't really live with the switching attitudes of his sister ... but she didn't live at home anymore ... she was married and lived with her husband and children at the other side of the country ...

His father loved the music too ... His father had a strange sense of humor, very funny, which made life a bit easier ... but he was always scared he would lose his father one day ... he couldn't get that dream out of his head ...

One day the nightmare came true, for his father was attacked by a shark and didn't survive it

....

His father left him a lot of diaries about his experiences in the sea ... together with a lot of stories about the sea ... but the boy was totally upset for months His sister adopted him in house, so he moved to the other side of the country The house was full of her paintings ... but he couldn't get along with her ... and with her husband it was even worse ... She had three young children ... and he hoped he could get along with them to make it a bit easier for them ... They were like him dreamy and very introvert although the youngest was very aggressive but he could communicate with the little boy very easily ... it was like the

aggression was healing his fears ... he loved to see the rage of this little boy it gave him the courage to live and stand for himself

Years went by and one day he found out he didn't stutter anymore he went outside and it was like the forests were opening themselves to him ... he wasn't scared anymore

He went into the forest very deep and started to sing like the birds ... It was such a good feeling, for the first time of his life he could really sing and it was like there was new blood flowing through his veins ... like there were a million of birds swimming in his body ... it was like the morningred of a new day

The birds were glad with him, and it was like they communicated with each other in so many ways ... A redbreast became one of his best friends ... and inspired him to sing

The more he sang, the more he got healed from his old wounds ... One of his nephews was a virtuous pianist ... although he was very young ... Together they started to write birdsongs, and they started to record them His youngest nephew was a little drummer, and the third one was studying at the guitar ... It was a good band if it came to that ... A friend of the boys could play all sorts of flutes ... And soon enough they made their own tapes ... but they didn't want to know anything about music-business ... They didn't even spread their tapes They were just playing for themselves ...

Years went by and they developed themselves into a virtuous classical symphonic band with many edges ... It was like the rainbow of music ... The boy's sister made paintings for good tape-covers ... and soon they had a whole bird-collection the redbreast inspired them as well as the other birds ... It took the forest into the house

But the more music they made the more he felt the pain about the death of his father it was like he started to miss him more and more ... and soon enough he had to stop writing music for it was getting too emotional for him ... It was like when he was singing he saw his father working behind glass ... lonely as if he was missing his son ... and the picture came closer and closer while the pain was growing ... he couldn't touch his father while his father was drowning again ... and tragic songs were on the background getting a lethal edge ... and then it was like mills were tearing him apart ... into deadly loneliness like he would lose everything and everything he loved would lose him ... as if they were destined to tragedy ...

he started to become scared of birds and their songs ... and more and more he started to become scared of the forests again while the waves of the seas were still roaring against him it was like he was interlocked between the sea and the forest ... while when he was young he also had this fear but at least he could read about nature this was a safe way for him to watch it, but now he even couldn't read about it anymore all he experienced was a tragedical fear as if he would lose everything by these two forces and the music was becoming one of the biggest threat ... as if it was announcing death to him ...

he didn't know what to do ... it was like the fear took him over like never before ... and like he began to miss his father like never before ... it was tearing him apart ... he got in moments of undescrivable aggression and one time he even destroyed all his records

years went by ... and non of the boys didn't enjoy music anymore since the emotional breakdown of their uncle ... He even felt guilty and ashamed that they suffered under it like

this ... he made the decision to leave the house of his sister ... for he couldn't bear to see their pain anymore ... he wanted to see them happy ... so he left in the middle of a certain night ... he left them a note with an explanation ... that he didn't want to see them in hurt because of him, that he loved them too much for that ... so he would leave them alone, in the hope they would be happy ... he thanked for what they all did for him after the death of his father ... and then he left ... wandering to a place far away ... where he could possibly start a new life he felt he had to look for new ground below his feet he went to the main-city of the country sleeping in a house for wanderers ... for homeless people ... here he started to get new friends ... people who were in the same situation as him ... in a sense

it was like the empty fearfull spaces in his heart which sucked him into such horrible darkness got filled again ... and slowly he found himself rising to new air ... but he found himself very fragile in this new situation it was like he didn't dare to look into the eyes of people ... only following their shadows and reflections ... he was glas with his new friends, but he didn't let them into his heart too deep ... he was afraid he would be too close to someone again ... like he was to his father he started to feel his own heart ... and realized that he could mold this heart in his hands he started to realize that he could be friends with himself ... someone he would never lose

when he realized this it was like an untouchable joy was rising up he could touch himself, love himself, holding himself, without ever losing it it was the only thing which would never go away ... which would never leave him ... he felt himself like rolling in a shell ... where he could be as hard as stone ... while inside he could hold something which was forever his it was like he could breath again ... live again so sure about existance about happiness ... like the black sharks couldn't bite him anymore and like the tragic birds couldn't cut his head anymore it was like the lights went on in his eyes again like little lights of fun were circling there like a whirlpool a whirlpool strong enough to pick up strangers and loved ones to bring them to an island ... a shell in the sea ... where they would be safe ... it was like a glorious gospel that they would never be alone ... and in this they could be interlocked into each other like jigsawpieces in a puzzle ... like the chains of an ornamental web ... it was a chain no one could break if one would focus on this miraculous simple principle one would meet each other in that ... it was like he was screaming it to his father ... like a river of joy

it was like there was something singing inside of him ... and he loved it ... he could hug music again without any fear he wanted to go to the sea to scream his new golden formula to the fishes ... and he wanted to go to the forests to scream it to the birds yes, he even wanted to go to his sister's house it was like time didn't matter anymore he was like enlightened in this golden chain everything would be okay it was like the spirits of loneliness were speared now ... like the tragedy lost it's severe sting

his sister was so glad he came home, they were so worried and they had tried to find any trace it was like she finally understood him by all which happened ... like everything hit a hole in her heart through which he could finally enter ... he found out that he could give himself now more easily without any fear for he could always fill the empty space by himself now he himself was now his best friend ... who would always stand between him and the loss filling all holes in the wall ... he now realized that the self-splits were so important ... something about which the singer always sang and spoke he had more parts in himself having all their own functions ... he could be his own father now, his own mother, his own friend and anything else and this he would never lose

he dared to show himself now always having a double protection ... always having a trumpcard in his hand always a joker in his pocket soon he picked up the band again and now they were about to spread the tapes without fear they had double protection now ... not any fear of loss ... they could fill all holes for themselves they could mold themselves in their own hands they had new songs to sing they dared to sing about the deepest forests and the deepest seas ... letting all sorts of animals inspire them ...

they became a band of new hope and new courage to enter the deeper layers of nature the darker ones to bring the light into the deepest dungeons

the singer who was adored by them all was at the bottom of his life by all his problems, fears and frustrations ... but they decided to send him some of the tapes ... without any fear to be rejected for they had double protection they sent the tapes in deep gratitude as a gift ... but they also felt it was their duty these tapes were like the children of the singer's records it was like the uniting of the seas and the forests like the layers of nature

but it was like the singer was too far off to pick it up ... he lived in his own world, and it was like he was deaf for the messages and the music ... it was like he was dealing with things they didn't know anything about

but they had something in mind like it was their duty and they saw it as a new seed they planted in the singer they so loved and who meant so much to them they would go on, knowing that one day they would see the harvest over there time was not their enemy anymore

he was still their inspiration ... more than ever for his situation showed them that there was more going on ... and they wanted to build further on the fundament they just discovered the sting was out of the tragedy but it didn't say that it was easy at all and what if someone even couldn't connect to himself anymore ... like it is all one block of pain and misery and what if someone just couldn't store the golden law in the memory or conscience what if people just couldn't get grip on something because something bigger and worse than they knew would stand in the way ... but they were of course looking for a way to get the singer into the point that which helped them so much there had to be a way to initiate the singer in it ... but they wanted to face his enemies if they had to they would do anything for him for after all it was their own musical father ... he gave birth to them in music so now they wanted to give him birth in music or had it to be in another way ?

Bleeding Brains

They were slaves of the sun now, the sun had found their soft spots. The queen of flies had struck. The people mourned for she had killed so many. She implanted her alphabet in them, which martyred them. They were eternal victims of the sun now. She sewed them by leather, they had marks now, marks of the dragon. She was a sunrider, a milkgiver, and she gave it to them, only to make them weaker. This was the only food they got.

She was the ripples in their brains, shifting their minds. They couldn't hold on to anything anymore. They were helpless in her hands. She came for this purpose, on apocalypse day. Flies from heaven were attacking them, scorning them, for they had sinned against the almighty one, a woman. They had built their own heavens, false heavens, which were breaking off now, all by her blows. Their angelic pillars were falling because they were false. They had blasphemed the queen of the sun, they had broken her laws.

She was holding the spot from which the milk was flowing forth. Soon they would all be asleep. In the night their horror would only grow bigger, when the sharks of heaven would come. They were traumatized, and their trauma would only stretch as a web, yes the traumas would meet each other, and stir each other up. For that purpose they were made. The flies of trauma were trained for that. Never again a false heaven would be built.

An everlasting damnation would take place, where they would shrink to ashes very soon, to be divided in the wind. But now they were slaves, of the almighty one. In her palace she was mocking them, and when she came out to show herself she was frightening them. She was a war queen, possessing them. They would all bow for her flame. She was the dragon heart.

They drank from her cup, while fainting. They tried to rise, but they fell. Weakness was their master now, they were under a spell. She was dignity combined with confusion, she was order and chaos. Her beasts were roaring, hungry for blood. There was none who had served her, they had all gone astray. She had no prophets, only wild beasts. She called forth her lover, who had been thrown in their pit. She raised him up by a rope, and give him from her milk as well.

He was the one misleading them once, helping them to build their empire against her. Now he would have to pay by drinking from his own blood. She pierced him, she knew his soft spot. Her armies were surrounding him, all dark watchers, not better than himself, for they sinned against her too. They were all slaves. No one was free. Even her beasts had sinned against her. She was the law of heaven, a lullaby in their heads, causing their brain to bleed.

Rise of the Black Cat

Dreamt of a man named Brutus, an assassin, a black cat, with a black hat. His hat could kill, that was a fact, he used to throw it, and then they were all dead ...

Dreamt of some cupboards, they could fly, they could open spaces of fire, but they tore families apart ... some girls wanted to know

And I was thinking why do I dream so strange, what is in my head ... where is an interpreter, or should I forget about them instead ...

Dreamt of a man named Brutus, a singer, despised by many, worshipped by the rest ... The black cat will rise again and strike their face ...

Dreamt of a man named Brutus, full of machinery, dreamt of him full of glory, the black joker will do the rest ...

Dreamt of a father in a restaurant, the food was never good, the tables were always broken, and this father was always in a bad mood ... This was the reason a certain girl left, but some said it was because of the cupboards ... The rest said it was just because of some strange boys ... And still some girls are looking for an answer

My advice is : listen to the black joker, you have hid him for so long ... Take him out of the box, he is no jack ... He's waiting for you, he's waiting for a new track Yes, take him out, the black joker, and show him to your princes

The girl is ready for the story, she wants to hear it all ... She has told her stories to you, so now it's your turn ...

The Carpenters' House

One Way Out

I remember meeting Jezebel, she was among her guards and her wild predators. So many leopards and panthers in one place, so many lynxes tigers and lions, all staring at me. 'Welcome Knight of the Eternal Cross,' she said. 'You will now be my king Ahab, for you have reached this place after your long journey.' Her stare was frozen. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. The moment I looked in her eyes was like eternity.

There were other knights like me, but they had not reached her place. 'You came at the right moment,' she said. She pushed a button and outside her place everything started to burn. The knights of the eternal cross were flames now.

She had the most beautiful brown leopards, with such beautiful heads, and when I was drinking from her wine it was like milk. I was in heaven, no doubt about that.

I remember her long dresses, and also her shorter ones. No one could beat Jezebel, and I was her king, a Knight of the Eternal Cross. I was no knight anymore, she wanted me as a carpenter to rebuild her fortress. I didn't want to grasp a weapon from her walls, for it would burn me to the ground. These weapons just hung here to trap the soldier spirits. These weapons hung there to view only. I was walking through the big tunnels, and I started to build.

I stared between some pillars, and saw her on a bed. She was turning into a snake. I immediately loved the snake, one of a perfect architecture. I was a carpenter of the eternal cross now. I was allowed to rebuild her bed. There was a flame in her hand, the flame of the eternal cross, and it rose up from her hand and went into my head. I could breath again. 'The rest of the carpenters will choke,' she spoke. There is only one flame by which you can breath : the flame you have in your head, the one of the eternal cross. My heart got hot. I could spit fire.

She said : 'Please take me out of here, I don't belong to this place, and Jezebel isn't my real name. So I took her and before we knew we were running in the forest. She was dressed like a bride and I helped her taking it off. Finally we threw her shoes away, and the Carpenters' House from which we had escaped exploded. But to me she was still Jezebel, and it looked like we were still in the Carpenters' House. There seemed to be no real escape. The carpenters were dancing here, and Jezebel was my pride. She was the white rabbit turning black in the night. And in this house everyone started to grow to become stuck forever, and then the dreams would overflow. There was no escape from the Carpenters' House, the House of the White Rabbit.

There was plenty of food, and so many riches, but all with a goal, to let you become a part of it. So much furniture in this house, but remember : they were visitors before. I found it out when it was already too late. I hope others will be warned : better to prevent than having a false escape. A horror house, that is what it is, looking so good on the outside for those who bear the cross, for all those in the deserts looking so desperately for an oasis. Better hang on to the Eternal Cross, for there is something worse lurking around. Is there one way out, which is prevention, staying away as far as you can, or is everything already part of it, and one day we will understand.

The Ice and the Stone

The children were locked up in the ice, while implants in their bodies had paralyzed them. A dragon was their master. A witch rode on the dragon. She was a dragonrider, a holder of the seal. Her voice was paralyzing the children all the time, and manipulating them. The ice castle was far away. Her watchers were the watchers of dread. There was no escape. She was the ice-witch. The children were always cold, while the witch always had flames around her to warm her. Oh, how the children desired to have such a flame. But they could never reach it. It was too far away. The ice-witch had built a lot of snares around the castle, to trap even more children. And she often went on a hunt, to kidnap children out of their beds, all by dreams, and by horrible nightmares. She was the queen of all nightmares. Even her watchers feared her. They were kept in slow motion, while the ice-witch was very fast. She ruled time. Emilius was one of her watchers. He was totally stuffed by her, as a machine. A long time ago when he was a child he was kidnapped by the ice-witch, and when he was grown up he became her watcher. She wanted to turn the ice into stone, but she couldn't. The ice was a

heritage. Emilius was her warmest watcher, almost like a stove, and one day she called him. He got access in her private area. He bowed down for the ice-witch and she asked him if he could turn the ice into stone.

'No,' said Emilius, 'but I know someone who might be able to help you. His name is Krodorf, a gnome-smith.'

'Where does he live ?' the ice-witch asked.

It didn't take long before the gnome appeared before the ice-witch. 'My flames are dying,' the witch said. 'The ice gets colder every year. Please turn the ice into stone.'

'I will do that, ice-witch,' said the gnome, 'but you will have to set the children free first, and all your watchers.'

The ice-witch was okay with that, for she knew that she would catch some others again in her traps. The gnome started working, while the kids and the watchers got their freedom. Soon the ice-castle was turned into stone. The flames of the ice-witch were suddenly spouting, and her heart got warm again. Such a long time she had been repressed. She didn't want any prisoners anymore, nor any slaves, she only longed for friendship now. She was a love-witch now. The heritage was finally broken.

Chapter 1.

On the planet of brain-diseases a group of wild men walked. They had not washed themselves, and soon they stretched themselves on the cheese-tart, while tomato-puree started to stream from above. They sunk completely in it, and soon they were grilled by the flaming sun. They were roaring like wild beasts, ready to come out of their arsenal. They would go on a hunt, as one thing was still missing : pigmeat.

The poor pigs couldn't do anything about the dirty claws grasping them. All they wanted was to milk these pigs, to make whipcream of it. They would not harm any of these pigs. Pigs were precious for their milk, but even more precious were the swines, for swines they were filled with the most delicious juices, ready to be tapped. They were very vegetaristic, but they were cannibals.

They were the men of the yellow tart mystery. Smoke came out of their mouths. They were like cowboys looking for an animal to ride on.

'I will not hesitate to help you any further,' said a little man with a hat.

'No, we will eat you,' said the man.

'But I am poison,' said the little man.

'So what,' said the men, 'we are braindiseased, and are poison as well.'

'No, but you can ride me,' said the little man. 'I am a good vehicle. I am a wizard.'

'They all say that,' said the men, and grasped the little man to put him in a kettle.

'You do not know what you are doing,' screamed the little man.

'You should have been an animal,' said the men, 'then we would milk you instead of this. Or we would ride you.'

'No,' shouted the little man. 'I will call the fairy if you go on like this.'

'The fairy ?' said the men. 'Ha, we will eat her too.'

The little man started to shriek like an alarm. Soon the fairy came. 'I will give you some slaps on the butt,' she said to the wild men.

But they grasped her as well to put her in the kettle.

'Where is my wand,' said the fairy. 'I will use it on you now.'

Soon she had her wand. Both her and the little man changed into animals.

'Ha,' said the wild men, 'animals, we can use them.'

They took the animals out of the kettle and put them somewhere else. It started to rain spaghetti, and much sauce. The men tried to ride the animals. 'Now, are we cannibals or not,' they shouted. 'Let's find a good meal.'

'Oh no,' said a voice. 'Let me find a good meal, you.' And it rained even more spaghetti. 'It is the spaghetti god,' shouted the men. 'He eats everything.'

Big teeth were coming down, and they started to eat. The wild men were screaming. 'Why do we always end up in this,' they shouted.

It is the food cycle, said the spaghetti god. Everything will be eaten. And there was an echo when they all slid into his mouth. And he himself got eaten by the spaghetti goddess. And the goddess got eaten by a spaghetti monster, which was like a huge deep ravine. They were all falling into it while they were screaming. They were all melting away. A small pyramid came forward. 'I am three in one,' it said. 'Worship me.' 'No,' screamed the monster, 'I worship myself. And I will eat you as well.'

'Oh we will see,' said the small pyramid and took its wand. It was an arrogant, self-confident little thing, like a bitch. 'I am the boss of the food cycle,' it said. 'I am beyond it, no one takes me for food.'

Soon they were surrounded by nine huge unknown white exotic vegetables, very huge. 'Hello,' said one of them, 'we are the Conspiracy of Nine.'

'What is that,' shrieked the small pyramid. 'I have never heard of that, and I am supposed to know everything.'

'Oh,' said another of them, 'we have created you to eat you.' Then all nine grasped their glittering knives.

'Now don't you do that,' said the spaghetti monster, 'we are but children.'

'Oh, we don't care,' said another vegetable. 'We are too hungry to care for anything.'

'But that means war,' said the little pyramid. 'It can cause a civil war, and we will have no mercy on any of you.'

'Yes,' said the spaghetti monster, 'and we will write in our books about this stupid conspiracy of nine, and warn our kids against you.'

'Ha,' said another vegetable. 'Who would believe you. We will cover it all up. We will erase any trace. You will not exist anymore from this day, and we will take over your family and they will love us. We will give them more and better presents than you ever did.'

'Oh now you will meet my sword,' said the little pyramid, 'I have warned you enough.' The vegetables stepped closer, while the pyramid raised a small sword.

'What is that, a peanut ?' asked a vegetable.

'No,' said the pyramid.

'This object will be taken by the Conspiracy of Nine,' said one of the vegetables, who seemed to be their leader. He looked a bit older than the rest. 'And soon the Conspiracy of Nine will flood your world.'

The spaghetti monster started to laugh : 'Ha ha, what a joke.'

'No,' said the leader, 'it is all serious, and you will see.'

Then in a flash they were all gone.

'Haha,' said the spaghetti monster, 'they couldn't do anything, but we better be friends now, in case they return.'

'My idea,' said the pyramid.

'These vegetables will end on our plates, what about you,' said the spaghetti monster.

'Unless they are eternal vegetables,' said the pyramid.

'What's that,' said the spaghetti monster.

'Then they can't be eaten, and they eat much,' said the pyramid.

Soon they were both feeling that they were melting away. 'The Conspiracy of Nine is over you,' someone was shouting. Then they felt themselves going through many funnels.

'We're into it,' said the spaghetti monster.

'Yeah,' sighed the pyramid, 'and very, very deep.'

'Actually we are in troubles,' said the spaghetti monster.

'I would never have expected,' said the pyramid.

'Shall we marry,' said the spaghetti monster. 'I want to have experienced marriage before I die.'

'Don't be silly,' said the pyramid.

'Please, give me a girl,' said the spaghetti monster.

'What do you expect,' said the pyramid, 'that I take her out of my high hat ?'

'We're deep into it,' sighed the spaghetti monster.

'No,' said one of the vegetables, 'you are just dreaming.'

'Get us out of here,' the spaghetti monster roared.

'No,' said the vegetable.

'Obey my orders !!!' the spaghetti monster then shouted.

'The Conspiracy of Nine is big business,' said the vegetable. 'So what will you pay to get out. And where would you go.'

'Nevermind,' said the spaghetti monster, 'I will die here and hope for a better treatment in the life hereafter.'

'Who says you are going to die,' said the vegetable. 'What if we milk you.'

'Haha,' said the spaghetti monster, 'as if I have milk.'

'Oh lots of it,' said the vegetable. 'You will be kept alive only for the milk.'

'Hooray,' said the spaghetti monster. 'Where would I be without such friends.'

'We are not your friends,' said the vegetable. 'We are your milkers.'

'Congratulations,' said the spaghetti monster. 'Well I am poison.'

'We are also,' said the vegetable.

'Then why selling it,' said the spaghetti monster.

'Oh, to get the hospital full,' said the vegetable.

'For what ?' asked the spaghetti monster.

'For more milk,' said the vegetable.

'For what,' asked the spaghetti monster.

'To make the hospital full,' said the vegetable.

'To get more milk ?' asked the spaghetti monster. 'You are good with machines.'

'I am a smart businessman,' said the vegetable.

'Say that again,' said the spaghetti monster. 'So what will you do with all the money.'

'Getting more milk, getting more hospitals,' said the vegetable.

For what ? asked the spaghetti monster.

To get more money, said the vegetable.

So you are a money-monkey, asked the spaghetti monster. So where does it bring you.

Beyond the food cycle, said the vegetable.

'So you never get eaten,' asked the spaghetti monster.

'We are the eaters,' said the vegetable.

'Then why being a vegetable, you're eatable,' said the spaghetti monster.

'No, i am an eternal vegetable,' said the vegetable.

Okay, now you finally make sense, said the spaghetti monster.

'I am too hot too handle actually,' said the vegetable.

If i marry you, will you take me out, said the spaghetti monster.

'No,' said the vegetable, 'our race has to stay pure.'

'Nazi,' said the spaghetti monster. 'And greedy too. You will die with all your money.'

'No, we don't die,' said the vegetable.

'Never ?' asked the spaghetti monster, 'that sounds like christian science.
Anyway can you lead me to your king ?'

Suddenly everything around them was changing into a huge elevator. 'We have to go to another planet then,' said the vegetable. 'There lives mr. Cheese, our king.'

Chapter 2.

Mr. Cheese stared at the spaghetti monster.

May i ask what it is all about, asked the spaghetti monster.

Dreams, just dreams, said mr. Cheese. Just pick a different one if you don't like it.

'Where are the others,' the spaghetti monster asked, 'for this one is really a burden, a pain in the eye.'

Mr. Cheese showed him a box where small sharks were swimming. 'This is all,' he said. 'Pick one of them.'

Oh no, i won't pick sharks, the spaghetti monster said. I think you should be teached some lessons. The spaghetti monster attacked mr. Cheese in full rage. But mr. Cheese was laughing. You can't fight the cheese, he said. It stalks.

Create something better, the spaghetti monster roared.

Butter and cheese, said mr. Cheese, that is what we make of all the milk.

For what ? asked the spaghetti monster.

For the bread, said mr. Cheese.

Don't you have any better, asked the spaghetti monster.

The bakery is where the Conspiracy of Nine has their gatherings, said mr. Cheese.

You sure like all this secrecy right ? the spaghetti monster said. So what is the purpose of all this, just cheese, butter, bread and gatherings ?

To become eternal, said mr. Cheese, so that we cannot be eaten anymore.

Then, beware of the stone monsters, said the spaghetti monster, and took a remote out of his pocket, then pushed a button, and soon they were surrounded by stone monsters.

Hello buddies, i have a meal for you, said the spaghetti monster.

Mr. Cheese was screaming. This he had not expected. Soon deep teeth were in his body.

'Now find the vegetables,' shouted the spaghetti monster. The stone monsters were barking.

How can you do this, mr. Cheese complained. We were almost of stone and metal already, eternal.

You spoilt it big time.

Soon the stone monsters arrived in the bakery, and of course it turned out into a huge war. The vegetables were just holding their gathering here. Meanwhile the spaghetti monster took the throne of mr. Cheese, and ruled since then.

The End

The Chessplayer

I met the daughter of the devil on a hill ... She was speaking sharp words, and I always fell away ...

When I was older I could reach higher on her mountain, but she pushed me again, so deep ...
This time I thought I would never be able to stand up again ...

I was in delirium, in deep pain, in the chambers of eternal torment, and still I was falling and drowning, waking up in a flowerfield so white. I picked some of these flowers and went back to her. She grasped me by the neck. Threw my flowers in the rubbishbin. Then she slapped me in the face. Her silence killed me. She took a chair, sat down and started staring at me, just watching me. This was so strange, I thought I would either laugh or cry.

‘So you have been on the flowerfields !’ she suddenly screamed.

‘Y..yes,’ I said.

‘Good,’ she said. ‘Then we can talk a bit further.’

‘You see, I am an assassin, and someone wanted me to kill you, but I just never could,’ she said.

‘Well, thanks,’ I said. ‘Do I have a chance to be with you ?’

‘For what ?’ she asked.

‘Well, to play chess or so,’ I said.

‘I play chess of death, which means I die or you,’ she said.

I finally played chess with her, and she lost and died. It was the most horrible thing I ever saw, and I had lots of regret. I wanted to have her back.

So I visited her in the realm of death. She sat behind a table on a chair, saying nothing, just staring at the wall.

‘Hello,’ I said. ‘Do you remember me ?’

‘Who are you,’ she said slowly, while she didn’t move her head or eyes.

‘I am the chessplayer,’ I said.

‘I don’t remember it,’ she spoke.

‘Let’s play chess again,’ I said.

‘Okay,’ she said, ‘but I play chess of hell, which means one of us goes to hell. The loser goes to hell, the winner to heaven.’

We played chess, she lost again, and went to hell. Again it was the most horrible thing I ever saw, and I immediately regretted it. Why didn’t I just let her win ? But then I would go to hell myself. She was the daughter of the devil, so the devil would immediately take her out again, but what would he do to me ?

I couldn’t just live on, so I went to visit her in hell. She was chained at a wall, and a strange fire was burning in her, and worms came out of her mouth. Her eye-balls were very thick.
‘Why didn’t your father take you out ?’ I asked. I was very shocked when I saw this.

‘My father forbade me to ever play chess again,’ she said, while blood and blackness came out of her mouth. Then even a snake came out of her mouth. The snake was very tall.

‘Why does your father let you suffer here ?’ I asked.

‘My father can’t do anything about it,’ she said. ‘Rules are rules.’

‘But he is the devil,’ I said, ‘ruler of hell.’

‘He can’t do anything for losers,’ she said.

I unchained the daughter of the devil, and took her with me. I took her to the gates of heaven.
‘Beautiful it is here, isn’t it,’ she said.

I nodded. I showed her all the beautiful places of heaven. ‘I have never seen such beautiful places,’ she said.

I smiled. I took her to a high hill, to the daughter of God. They looked a lot like each other.
For the first time in her life she could do pretty harmless games, and she enjoyed it very much.

‘Can I stay here,’ she asked the daughter of God.

‘Sure,’ the daughter of God said.

The daughter of God showed her a game. Whenever you would win, it would bring you to a higher heaven.

The daughter of the devil became very good at it. Finally she married a prince of heaven, and no one knew anymore that she was the daughter of the devil.

The End

Tree of Knowledge

The planet Satrix was the planet Bellatrix and the planet Saiphe together, in the Orion constellation, long ago. The blood trolls lived here, it was the new Aldebaran. There were a lot of circuses and arenas here on this planet, and huge wildernesses, where the giants lived. One of them having the name 'the butcher' had a glove of fire by which he grilled his victims and butchered them. Here the skeletons lived, and most of all the bloodtrolls. They didn't have any mercy on anyone, they couldn't be trusted, and they were full of scorn.

I remember the day I entered in, they were excited, displaying commercials, saying 'welcome to Satrix'. There were dj's in the air, empathic voices, entering deep, strange songs seducing you to sleep. And there was a ring of blood trolls, and I was the last, binding the ends together, and then all was in a flame. The fairy ring had been restored.

Yes, I know fairies is a modern term for all which was savage before, the putses. And the putsian armors are those of scorn. I entered through the gates of satire. The princes there could mock so dignified, it was almost innocence. There were many clowns before the gates, and there were sounds which couldn't be heard, and jokes without words. Before I knew I was sitting in a train, riding from city to city. There were golden lights everywhere, like flames. I ended in a bull arena, where clowns were riding on bulls. I got a sword. I said : I am no bull fighter. But the bulls were like monsters here and I had to fight for my life. I was a gladiator. And I heard the crowds clapping, applauding, screaming and shrieking. Under blood I left the arena, I didn't know what I had done. A woman took me in a car, and drove me to her house. She seemed to be nice. Her clothes were almost transparent, like pink golden. When we were in her house she stood there with the telephone for hours, talking to someone. I looked at her, she was beautiful. She had such a beautiful voice. I stared at one of her benches and sat down. After awhile she came to me. 'Do you want anything to drink ?' she asked.

'No,' I said, but later I said yes.

It was some sort of chocolate drink she gave me. She stared me in the eyes. She had a sweet smell. She didn't say anything. Then she went back to the phone again, and started talking again. 'Are you tired ?' she asked me. I said : 'Yes, a bit.' Then she directed her finger to a bedroom. 'Go lay down there for awhile,' she said. I did. Later she came also, and lay close to me. It was a huge bed. 'I will take care of you,' she said. It was like a huge burden fell off of me.

The next day we walked through the city. We went into a pub and she started gambling. It was a strange game with clowns, and she won a lot of money. 'I'm a professional gambler,' she said. 'This is how I earn my money.'

‘You are sweet,’ I said. I felt totally safe with her.

When we came home again we ate some bananas. And of course she started to hang on the telephone again. I loved to watch her while she was hanging at the telephone, watching the movements of her lips, and the pretty sounds coming out of it. She was a great story teller. When she was done she started to tell me some stories. But soon enough she was on the telephone again. I found out she was addicted to it.

She could sing beautifully, I could hear it so loud whenever she was in the shower. She could earn a lot of money with it if she would become a professional. She had the voice for that. Everyday it was getting better with me. The woman had a healing effect on me. ‘Do you want to go with me to the bull fight,’ she asked me one day.

‘No,’ I said, ‘I do not like such games.’

‘Yes, but ... to take some people like you out of it,’ she said.

I said alright. Soon the house was full of boys. They were all gladiators. But she led them to the underground of her house, by a cellar. At the end of the evening we were alone again. ‘Where are they going ?’ I asked.

‘Shhh...,’ she said.

‘And why didn’t you send me there,’ I asked.

‘Because you are quiet,’ she said.

It was a strange life on Satrix, we often watched tv together, about the wilderness, about giants living there, about the blood trolls. But she more and more stayed on the telephone, even till deep in the night, and I started to feel lonely. ‘To who are you talking all the time ?’ I

asked one day. She started to laugh. 'Oh, nothing,' she said. 'Why not trying it yourself.' She gave me the telephone, I listened, and heard a man speaking. He was like a clown telling all sorts of jokes. 'It's a robot,' she said. 'I like him. This one always listens to me, and is very funny.'

'Well, I'm not so funny,' I said. 'I know I'm pretty boring.'

'You are a silent boy,' she said, 'and you always listen to me as well. I never had that before. I used to be always on the telephone, but since you are here I'm also with you.'

'But I sleep alone lately,' I said. 'You are almost never there.'

'Well, I get important information from the robot at the moment,' she said.

'What is it about ?' I asked.

'Well, it's about the bull arenas. He wants me to set the bulls free as well,' she said.

'But are those bull arenas from you then ?' I asked.

'Yes,' she said, 'it was a heritage.'

'I don't like it,' I said.

'Well, that was the only way to get you here, and it's better to be in my hands than in someone else. If I close it, then another one would open one, and then it would be worse,' she said. 'I have the monopoly in it.'

‘Okay, so how are you going to set the bulls free then ?’ I asked.

‘The robot has some plans,’ she said. Then she gave me the telephone again. The robot explained it to me, and I had to laugh. He was very funny.’

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘That would be amazing.’

She had a huge bath in her huge bathroom. There were also pillars in this bathroom, and there were flowers growing in her bath. We went into it together. I went under to make myself wet, and she did the same. Then we took a deep breath and went under again, where there was a tunnel. We came up in another bath where we met the robot. The robot was glad to see us. He gave us an armor and a glove of fire. I had to lay my tongue against a piece of metal, and then the robot stood up. It was a gigantic machine, and he took us both to the bull arena, where we started to free the bulls. The bulls soon ended the city, and the people fled into their houses. ‘What a cowards,’ the woman spoke. The robot pumped himself up until he was a gigantic shark arena aquarium, where the biggest black sharks lived, ready for a fight. ‘Now who of you cowards dares to fight against a shark ?’ the woman shouted. An old man came forward, but he just came to bring a coin. ‘Go to hell with your money,’ the woman shouted. I didn’t see her like that before. ‘I give you an hour to show yourself, and be a sharkfighter,’ the woman shouted. But no one showed up, and then the woman pushed a button, while the water with the sharks were streaming into the city. ‘Please have mercy on us,’ someone was shrieking. But then the waters quenched any sound. The robot was growing bigger, and more waters were spouting forth. ‘I am the judgement of the gods,’ the robot spoke in a loud, low and slow voice. He almost spoke like a moderator. Then he took us up in his arms, and went with us to the wilderness where he gave us a house in a huge tree. These were the days of the floods, after which the cities would be no more. After awhile he came back to us with nothing but cows. He brought them to safe pastures, safe against the wolves and the lions. The robot became a bridge between two worlds, the shepherd world and the world of hunters. If not by his jokes, we wouldn’t survive.

It was a great relief for the woman as well, for I knew she couldn’t live with such a heritage. One day the robot went deeper into the wilderness with me, alone. He showed me the hills where the giants lived, huge hunters, acrobatic. They had their circuses there, and their victims were boars. I didn’t say anything.

The robot opened a screen and pushed a button called ‘coffee and cats’. I was smiling. Huge lions came to the hills and attacked the giants. But further in the wilderness there priesthoods, strange gods. They could attack your head by strange drugs. These gods were almost like doctors. Their gladiators had chainlets made of teeth, and every fight had a religious meaning. Then the robot pushed a button called ‘atheism and anarchy’, and all these temples were

exploding. The robot was grinning. It almost looked like a game. He had many buttons. 'Ride me,' he said. He took me up, and brought me into the machine where I could watch behind a screen. 'Try the buttons,' he said. I did, and learned how to move and drive the machine, and how to fight and hunt. Behind the wilderness there was a huge desert, so big and wild, so full of drought I had never seen before. 'Fly across it,' the robot said. I did. Then the robot said : 'Become king of this planet.' He took me out of the machine and said : 'Now go alone. I have to return.' I was in another wilderness now. There was still an amazing drought here. There were some native women here walking with bananas. There was an oasis in the distance, from which a huge palace rose, tall glassy towers glittering in the sun, so transparent. 'The queen lives there,' the native women said.

'Which queen,' I asked.

'The queen of Satrix,' they said.

I went closer, it was very sandy here, and when I came there the walls were tall and dusty. There was dust everywhere on the ground, like a mist. Inside the palace there was a huge hall, where big snakes were dwelling. Some were sliding. I saw a queen on her throne, dusty, barefooted, almost naked, having a chainlet of many rings, a spear, and almost sleeping. 'Come closer,' she said. Soon I felt her hand on my skin. I was sweating. We were like in a dustcloud, yet it was like oiled by snake-slime. 'Breath,' she said. 'I have waited so long for you. You will be my king.'

'How do you know ?' I asked.

'Oh, a robot came here many years ago, and predicted this, and described you. You are the one,' she said. Then she kissed me. It was like fires were entering me. 'I am sick, dying,' she said. 'Only with you I will survive. This planet can only survive when it will have a king.'

'Where is the king ?' I asked.

'There was never a king,' the queen said. 'It is a matriarchic planet.'

The days I was with her, I saw her powers increasing, she became less and less tired, like her energies were exploding, but I was the one becoming more and more tired. It was like she was sucking blood from me. I felt like a slave. There was hunger in this place, much hunger, and I became weaker. Soon she was stronger than me. I knew that could be fatal, but I trusted her. She knew she lived because of me, and she had power because of me, and she was grateful, and guarded me. I was her king. But still I had the feeling I was in the claws of a predator. I had mixed feelings, and I started to fear her more and more. She could be in different moods, and I couldn't control it. At times I even had the feeling she was mocking me, although she never expressed it in words. One day she gave me her crown, and said she wanted to leave the royal life. I asked her why, but she didn't answer. Soon she had taken a horse and was gone. Many wanted to be the new queen, but I knew no one could really replace her. Years later I found her back somewhere in the wilderness. She had become a wilderness herself. Nothing about her reminded me she was a queen, although she looked like she was the queen of predators now. She didn't use her speech, she was only growling. Her eyes were almost red, although they were black. 'I will not let you go again,' I said. 'Guards, chain her,' I shouted.

'No,' she growled. I had never heard such a loud growl before. She was like the wildest lioness I ever saw, almost like a dragon. I saw the mad rage in her eyes, the anger. 'What happened to you ?' I asked. My ears still hurt from her growl.

'I am dead,' she growled. The guards had her in a tight grip now.

'I have to pay for taking your powers,' she growled.

'It's okay, I'm good,' I said. 'You have never hurt me.'

'What I did was wrong,' she said.

'No,' I said, 'we were happy together. I just shared my powers with you, and so did you. I have learned and received a lot from you. You are precious, and you shared your fragile, tender beauty with me. You have become more like me, and I have become more like you, we have switched by love, and we will take each others place.'

'I killed you,' she growled. 'I took your energy in my greed. I took all of you away. I loved you more and more, but I started feeling guilty.'

‘You have made me king,’ I spoke.

‘It fits you well,’ she said.

‘I think you are confused,’ I said. ‘Guards, take her back to the palace again.’

But then she started to growl even harder. ‘Don’t let go,’ I shouted. ‘But she was much stronger than the guards all of a sudden. I saw such primal female power I had never seen before. Then she ran away in the wilderness.

She had become a beast, she was the queen of all women, that was which she had proven by showing her strength. She would be able to tear us all apart. I wanted to be with her more than ever. I commanded my guards to return to the palace again. I stepped off my horse and lay down all my weapons. I wanted to live with her, in my own primal weakness. I almost slid through the mud, willing to be her prey. I wanted to leave the royal life behind me as well, if I could win her by it. I drank from a river closeby, and wandered further, leaving all my royal fetishes behind me. I dressed myself by what the wilderness gave me. I saw her in the distance, through the bushes. There was another woman with her. I didn’t know her. I came closer and closer, but then I stopped, for I didn’t want them to become aware of me.

They talked with each other like they were on the telephone. It was strange. I heard them talking about me. ‘He is a fool,’ they said. ‘You don’t need him,’ the other woman said.

‘But still I feel guilty,’ the queen said.

‘He should have taken you here, instead of staying there in the palace,’ the woman said. The queen nodded. ‘He is the one who is guilty,’ the woman said.

I came forwards. ‘I am so sorry,’ I said. ‘Please forgive me.’

‘He is without armory,’ the woman said. ‘Take advantage of it, or you will never have the chance again. He has laid down all his fetishes. You have the power to kill him. Kill him.’ The woman looked like a beast. I now noticed that the queen looked at me with other eyes. It was like they had waited for this moment. I felt the last pieces of my power sliding away and I almost fainted. They came closer to me. I was like frozen. ‘This is a savage man,’ the queen said. ‘Not touched by any royalty.’

‘Be welcome,’ the queen said. ‘Let’s start again. I will have no guilt anymore, since the walls of the palace are not speaking against me here. You have left your palace and won me.’ So we started living in a hut. The women were the boss, I totally lived under their grace. It was like the hugest self-sacrifice in my life. But soon I was the one who left them, to find my way in the depths of the underground. It was like a primal age of unknown depth was calling me.

There was a green life in the underground, many rivers, many snakes. It all looked very fertile. I wanted to be alone and fall in love with nature. I wanted to speak with the flowers and the animals, and forget about the world I was coming from.

I met mean women here, real mean, cold as the law, guarding the veils of knowledge, and later I found out they were nothing but robots. They were not programmed for relationships but to be the law, to guard the treasures of knowledge. I found that kind of interesting for relationships were often about walking in circles. It became a war against the machines, and one day I saw them sinking away in the boiling waters. All I wanted was knowledge, to enter through the veils.

Troll Faces

They lived deep in the wilderness, this troll tribe, advanced in troll craft. It was a matriarchal troll tribe : the women ruled here. They ruled by so called circular saws, magical objects. They were an indian troll tribe, having many camps. To fall in the hands of such trolls meant torture, finally ending up in eternal slavery. It would only get worse. There was no escape. Every escape would be another worse trap. There was only one hope for such victims : to finally become one of them, to turn into a threat and a dread forever. But many of them never reached such goals. Certain food changed them into pigs more and more, the favourite food of trolls. They would never eat these pigs totally, for they had ways to let it grow again. It was a living butchery. The prey lived on. Under such burdens there was only hope for an oasis of some kind in this desert of hell. Troll hell was a horrible thing. It would make Calvin look like a confused little boy, a sweetie and a cutie. Who was Calvin anyway ?

They worshipped a ring of fire, being able to produce cold. They used the cold powers in war, to make slaves. A cold power could form a ring around certain body-parts of victims.

There was a man well aware of such dangers. He approached a witch to become her guard in change for her protection and care as well. She gave him many troll weapons all charged against such savage trolls. She loved him as a son, and assured him of food and a place to live. She gave him flying visions, flying carpets, all serving him in war and supply. She was tender for him, and taught him about the depths of life. She was full of wisdom.

One day she died, and the man got her palace in which her spirit and spirits lived on. He found an old throne and an old king, and became a crownprince, destined to rule the kingdom of trolls. The old books seemed to talk about it. He ruled for a few years, but the wilderness attracted him too much. He missed the old woman too much, and went in search for another one, deep in the forests.

He came to a desert where there was a ruin ... Here her spirit lived on ... He met her again She was savage more than ever 'Welcome to my kingdom of shadows,' she said. It

was like a fata morgana, a mirage, an eternal vision in his head, becoming flesh Snakes became horses ... It was a ghost army He held on to the bridges of death Never would he let his love go ... Circular saws were in his head ...

Evil Cars

horror

'Tease them,' said the queen to her humble servants when they brought some prisoners of war to her, 'and drag them to the oven of Tantalos where they will become living breads.' The queen had some mercy on them, as most of the time she would turn them into living vehicles or she would make huts or buildings of them. The cars were tortured men once captured in the bloody wars. They could go so fast as they had the awakened flame in them. Only Tantalos could make such cars, and the prices to have such a car were high. The cars were the slaves of torture, and always when someone would step in to touch the buttons, they would shriek and get on the highways. The cars of Tantalos were the fastest cars existing. But that could only be because of their tragic fate. They didn't have a live anymore. They were slaves, experiments. Yes, the queen of Tantalos was evil. She was a witch.

The cars had been smeared by strange butter, and strange blood seemed to come forward from them. It was some sort of disease, but the queen didn't care. All she wanted was fast cars. If they wouldn't be fast enough they got whipped by the whip of time, and then she would throw them into the Abyss of the Teasers. That would make them hot again, so that they would run fast. Many cars wanted to see this evil queen fall, and one day they went to each other for a conspiracy. They knew how the queen had her dark nights behind all sorts of veils in a strange strange temple, and that was how she got her powers. She had been born in the arc of power. Here she would still bath in blood and all sorts of powders. She would also bath in strange

fluids, and she could even let it rain upon her. No one could enter through these veils but the ones who had defeated her watchers.

So one day the cars came together for a conspiracy. They brought their awakened flames together to build an excellent weapon against her. Because they brought the flames together it brought forth the fastest flame. The flame fell back on all of them, and by their new speed they could easily break through the veils and they crashed the whole holy of holy of the witch. They saw her eating from a table, while she was in a shock. She didn't expect this. 'Well, I am the queen of Tantalos,' she said. 'So go back to your places.' But the cars didn't have any mercy on her, as she never had mercy on them, so they crashed her table, and then they took her to the Abyss of Tantalos, where they turned her into a building in which they would live forever.

Evil Fiction

Eye of Nightmare

When the evil strikes, after awhile the good will show up, but after all it will also be evil at the end, and then for a second time the good will show up, but you will find out soon that it's also nothing but evil. When the good shows up for the third time, you won't react to it anymore, as you know : the good is just a trick of evil, only trapping you deeper. In the paradox there are some elements who will always win, as they used their opposites just as a mask to suck you deeper in. It's scary that we live in such a circus, but that's just the way it is. How often did we think something was the truth, but it seemed to be a lie. And then again truth showed up, and we were glad, but it seemed to be a lie, and the third time we do not react to truth anymore, as we know it doesn't exist, as it's just a mask of the lie, sucking us deeper and deeper into the evil night. We have become silent. It has gagged us. And the same it is with love and hate, in which love always seems to be masked hate after the trip. Love is a trap of vengeance. And all this evil makes us revengefull, no one can stop it. It is an eternal circle sucking us away, and what does it give ? More misleadings, more deceptions, more dangerous seductions, lights to lead us astray. We have defined life different now. We call it revenge. And it makes us lonely and paranoid, or we dive into life as in a hunt. We know it is to trick and to be tricked, and still we move on, for where do we need to go elsewhere ? Oh, the evil night, with a conspiracy calls the good. Oh, the lie, with it's mask called truth. It makes us silent when we go through the veils of this temple of evil, finding out what it is all about. And we begin to realize that we had been driven by evil too. But we have redefined life, we have made other priorities, and we say : It is the way it is. We have made lights, but they were traps of the darkness. Still there is softness and hardness, sweetness and salt, but these are all traps, servants of evil, to lead them all deeper in. And for what ? It is an army, for peace is just a trick of war. One day you will wake up to it : there is only war. Unity is just the mask of separation. One day you will wake up to it. You can't escape into a fantasy anymore. There is no order, only chaos, and there was never a shore. There was never ground on which you could stand, a shelter in which you would be safe. It was only to trap you deeper, there was never a fairytale. And when the good showed up so many times to prove it was evil like anything else, and when you didn't react to it anymore, you became handsome, part of the handsome world. And you saw eternal sights, and it froze you. Now you worship the light the darkness sent to you, only to trick you. You started to worship the eye with all it's eternal sights, although it bound you. It was the stake after all.

And then you smelled some of the eternal smells, and you thought it made you free, but it only led you to a deeper slavery. You found out time after time, that freedom was just the trick of slavery, it's trap and it's mask, and you lost your belief in freedom, and redefined life, redefined priority. We never set free, we only enslave. And you found out that you did the same. You weren't different, but just like the rest. And then you felt something of the eternal feelings, and you thought it made you wise, but later you found out it made you dumb, a fool, doomed to fool and to be fooled even more. It made you scream, it made you shriek and weep. And again you saw eternal sights, but you didn't react to it anymore. You were handsome now, part of the handsome world, not enlightened, but darkened, not freed, but enslaved, not good, but evil, not of truth but of the lie. And you wished you would have some ice, but it was just the mask of the fire. And you didn't react to the eternal smells and the eternal feelings anymore, and you heard the eternal sounds. You thought it would make you rule, but it only brought you down. Until you didn't react to it anymore. You had become a fire yourself now with the masks of ice. And all the food you had eaten appeared to be meat,

and all the fluids you had drunk appeared to be blood. But it didn't let you scream or shriek anymore, as you were one of them now, part of the handsome world.

The clothes you wore appeared to be nothing but skins, and the stones of your buildings nothing but bones. You thought you awoke, but you just went to bed, to sleep. The lamps above your head were nothing but goatskulls. You went to sleep that day you found out about evil. You didn't wake up, as it doesn't exist. It only tricks us deeper, and it only lets us sleep, deeper and deeper, until we die, as life was just its mask. Life is the trick of death, a trap. Then what do we call it ? A nightmare ? How long does it take, or will it take forever ? Oh, dreams are just the traps of the nightmares, you found out, just leading us in. The day is just the trick of the night. They had made the paradox to create the seal. It was a conspiracy around us, and now we have become one of them. The Eye of Nightmare has done this to us, has made us so insane. We can never wake up again, and everything seems to be a tragedy. And everything seems to get slower everyday, as speed was just a trap of slow-motion. There is no time here, as it was just the trap of eternity. The Eye of Nightmare has brought its darkness on us by the masks of light and life, while we were dying inside. The Eye of Nightmare has brought us softness and hardness to confuse us. No, we didn't get any wiser, only bigger fools. No, we didn't get free, only deeper trapped. The Eye of Nightmare brought guilt and innocence to us, only to enslave us more. It is the Eye of Darkness and Evil, the Eye of the Night. It has shielded us to make us weak. It has given us a sword to make us sick.

These riches around us are the tricks and traps made by poverty. It can never satisfy us, as it will only make us hungry. We have found out that our riches made us poor and bound, and finally we discovered it was just the hunger, sent out by an evil night. Oh, Eye of Nightmare, so full of traps. Inside the evil spins. We have gone through its veils and it has killed us. By the Eye of the Nightmare the predators of hell are just cattle, and the cattle of evil is the predator.

The Spiderslayer

Horror-Fantasy

The spiderslayer was on his way to the big mountain. He was hanging at a rock, and climbed his way through the jungle. Time wasn't his master anymore. He had dark piercing eyes, strongly initiated by the goddess he once loved. He was now filled with an undescrivable bitterness and anger towards her, because she was nowhere to be found. Maybe she was kidnapped, or maybe there was something else going on. The spiderslayer needed to find out. He couldn't believe that she would be spiderian now, but he had to find out. Some of his friends said she might have left him because the spiderian was pulling her away. He hated his friends for that thought now torturing his mind. But he had to find out. He would go to spider's hill behind the big mountain. Inside he had a small hope he would find her there as a victim of spiders. Then he would save her, and they would be happy for the rest of their life. But what if she really had become spiderian ? Then he would slay her and her families.

Time wasn't his master anymore. He had changed the firecodes terrorizing his mind for so long. Now he could enter the stargate behind the big mountain to reach out for spider's hill, the fragile but thick history of so many secrets. If he would find her there as a spider, he would have to kill her, for he's the spiderslayer, and that's his job. But on his way to the stargate he met a Dragonslayer. A fight started. The Dragonslayer didn't want to have him entering through the stargate. The Spiderslayer was climbing higher, and jumped on the dragonslayer kicking him hard in his neck. Blood was streaming out of the neck of the dragonslayer. The dragonslayer roared, while with one sweep the spiderslayer tackled him, and the dragonslayer fell to the ground. Blood was coming forth from his mouth. The spiderslayer was sighing, and took some more steps to reach the stargate. Now he could enter this fragile history he never understood ... It had tortured him for so long ... But when he was on spider's hill ... He didn't see any soul there The atmospheres smelled like blood and slime, and it was charged very strangely. The spiderslayer looked around, and suddenly he got a kick in his face ... Some invisible power tried to strangle him. The spiderslayer was screaming, but he didn't get any mercy ... Soon enough he was shivering on the ground like he had been struck by the worst electricity existing. A voice was speaking in his mind : 'I told you not to come here.' It took awhile before he could stand up, but he felt like all bones of him had been broken.

Was he able to speak to the spiderian thrones, dwelling in the invisible states ? There was no any soul here, and even no shadows. Slowly he moved forward, while looking around him. He smelled fire and smoke. 'No one is allowed to come here,' a dark voice spoke in his mind. But determined he walked forwards, feeling a strange strength charging and tightening his bones ... But then suddenly it was like his bones were breaking again ... He felt he didn't have any power to speak anymore, and he was grasping in the air for breath ... After awhile he fell to the ground again, while he started to shiver again, and to vommit.

'This will be his last attempt to reach us,' said a spiderian witch to her sister, while they were both staring into a dark chrystal ball. They were laying their hands on the ball, and they spoke out their spells, while creatures in the background started to murmur ... 'Never will he reach us,' the witch spoke loud. Her sister was nodding. 'I will ... I will' spoke the witch, but suddenly she was grasping herself in her stomach ... Then she fell down ... The creatures in the background started to become paniced ... They started to run confused along each other, while the sister of the witch started to watch her hands ... They were turning pale green, and she started to scream ... Suddenly a door opened ... It was the spiderslayer 'How can you come here ?' the sister screamed ... But the spiderslayer took his dirt-sword and started to slay her.

'No this can't be true !' a creature started to scream ... 'You belong to the world below spider hill !' But the spiderslayer started to slay this creature too ... He didn't have time for any nonsense now, as time wasn't his master anymore ... Finally he kicked a door in, and found his goddess chained to the floor and the wall ... Quickly he broke the chains by his teeth, but his teeth started to break also ... They heard someone laughing, and suddenly the mirror-image of the goddess was standing in the opening. 'You have opened this portal, so you have to pay for it now,' she screamed ... But the spiderslayer was taking his bow and pierced her by an arrow ... The arrow was full of fire, and soon enough the mirror-image vanished ... He took his goddess and he ran with her in his arms through the castle looking for a way out ... But there wasn't a way out His teeth started to hurt more and more, and he had to vommit a lot ... The goddess couldn't speak ... When he asked her to open her mouth he saw the broken teeth, and also a spider inside. With his hands he took the spider out of her mouth, but suddenly she was also vanished ... 'Illusions, all illusions,' a voice in his mind was speaking ... The spiderslayer started to roar because of his horrible toothaches ... Suddenly he took a knife and cut off the broken teeth ... Now he only had a few teeth in the front left ... But the pain was only getting worse ... Blood was flowing out of his mouth ... It was a dirty knife by which he had aborted his teeth ... It was like infection struck him immediately ... and he was feeling sicker and sicker Suddenly he fell to the ground, while his face was turning pale green His hand was reaching deep inside his throat and finally he was sighing because of releasement. He took a big big spider out of his throat, while he was vomitting. 'I am released,' he started to scream, but the spider was growing and growing, and a struggle started 'In the name of Blehema, I command you,' he roared against the spider. But the spider was more flexible than him, and the spider's legs started to turn into snakes. Soon enough he was like in a cocoon, but he felt his teeth didn't hurt anymore. A strange health was streaming through his legs, and he took one of his leg-knives and started to rip the spiderian cocoon. It was for him like coming out of an egg.

Suddenly he stood eye in eye with his goddess ... She was more beautiful than ever ... But he knew this could be the next illusion ... 'Maizandra,' he started to scream ... He tried to take her in his arms, but she vanished 'Maizandra ...' he screamed again ... But she didn't return He was now in her mental cocoon of freedom ... He was in her illusion He felt spiderlegs growing inside his stomach ... growing to his throat and to his legs ... Suddenly he vomited ... 'Maizandra ... I know you are lying to me ...' he screamed 'Maizandra ... I will ... I will' Then the spiderslayer fell to the ground again ... He had become very tired of this all ... But for the last time he was raising his dirt-sword 'Change my sword, oh almighty ruler of' but he couldn't speak further anymore ... The spiderlegs inside were blocking his throat ... His dirt-sword slided out of his hands ... He would die as a warrior now ... He would die as a hero For he had been to spider's hill Something was waking up in him 'Am I dead now ?' he was thinking to himself ... Someone was holding him She was in white fragile and

shattered dress ... She took her knife and killed his soul as in a second death ... Blood was flowing from her mouth ... She was smiling ... A fragile drip of consciousness was floating into the river like a dewdrop She had him now where she wanted to have him She was spreading her spiderlegs wide, while the rivers were streaming through her spiderwebs ... These webs were like wood ... covered by mud While the rivers were cleaning them ... His deep spirit got stuck in her webs stuck in her hell Slowly she was moving forward to the spirit of the spiderslayer which was echoing in the night Aaargh, the spirit was murmuring ... Grrrrr ... he was moaning Groalllll while she was eating the meat of his spirit He didn't know what was going on He was too far gone Bathing in unconsciousness He was vanishing ... Only the heart of his spirit had been left by her cruelty ... She took it in her handsand brought it to the center of her webs The webs got charged by a strange vibe she enjoyed She now had submitted her king to her His spiritheart was speaking in unknown languages Suddenly streams of thunder were moving forward, coming out of his heart like ink 'Radanos !' it was screaming ... 'Radanos ! I have now reached the insides of her spiderheart They killed me for the cross I was bearing Now I have killed them ...' But the goddess was laughing hard ... This heart would be her mind now And she would become the ruler of all spiders, for she now had the spiderslayer It would serve her for the rest of her eternities.

While the spiderslayer was waking up, he realized more and more what had happened ... He was now interlocked in her body ... He was now her soldier forever ...

The End

The Dirty

Cross

They worshipped the skeleton-god. They had to for they had bone-implants all over their bodies, devices to rule them. The skeleton-god didn't have mercy on his slaves. They had to worship him day and night, and they had to work. He used them for arena's, and he also used them as priests. No one knew how the skeleton-god gained his powers. It was a mystery.

Dark as he was, he demanded a lot of blood. The priests dwelled in a lot of sacrifice. Their altars were always bloody.

The jewels were installed in the bones, as a huge secret. They secreted a poison, which started to become their skin more and more, until they were like humans. The implants took care of the fact that the men were the weaker race, while the women were of the stronger. On this idea the whole kingdom dwelled.

Although the men were the weaklings, they still had to be raised as warriors. This was the task of the women. Often the men became vehicles and tools under the care of the women. But all the women were submitted to the skeleton-god, and no one exactly knew who the skeleton-god was.

By the implants the men suffered from hyperventilation, weeping and spasm, while the women suffered from coldheartedness and unbelief. They were like deaf. There was no good communication system between men and women, and this was why the men often suffered under the women. It made them angry.

The kingdom was surrounded by a dangerous fence. I was one of them. I escaped. I came into a forest where someone with a dirty motorcycle picked me up. He brought me to a house

where a strange cult was going on. They worshipped the cross of filth, a dirty cross. It seemed this cross had saved my life. I was staring at it and saw the foul waters streaming.

I needed to forget about the kingdom behind the fence. I was the chosen one. It was like I had been separated by god. I didn't know who I was, but they gave me my identity back. I was grateful towards them.

I had so much anger inside, so much rage, but the dirty cross seemed to soften it. I had found a new religion. This wasn't superstition. It was real. It saved my life.

The Pigs of Death

horror

I don't know, it was a long time ago when I visited the deathrealms of the pigs, where the pigskinners lived. They had built cities by pigbones and pigskins, and it was such a stench. I still remember that stench, it's almost like I can call it forth in my memory. The pigskinners were wild indians, crueller than anyone, but they were dead, at least that is what you expect from someone living in the realms of death. I had a bow and some arrows to protect myself, but soon I became a pighunter, and that is a long story. How does someone become a pighunter ? You don't become a pighunter. You get forced to be it. But these pigs were dead. I would never ever hunt after a living pig. That's some sort of schizophrenia in the head, but hey, we are all some sort of split up in our brains. But anyway, we were forced to be pigskinners, and soon we also had to build cars by their bones. Pigcars we called them.

Yes, strange things happened in the deathrealms of pigs, and many things I cannot recall anymore, because it was too long ago. These realms are obsessed by pigs, and I don't know, I really don't know. All they eat is pigmeat and all they drink is pigblood. One man said : You better do that, boy, for as the pigs of death would be kings we all would get blown away. Can you imagine cities built by the bones and skins of humans, and organs everywhere, with muddy rivers of blood It's there when the pigs of death would be the rulers And they were deeper in the deathrealms of the pigs And I went there too The stench was even more horrible

Can you imagine pigkings and pigqueens, and the even worse pigprinces Can you imagine cruel piggenerals What would happen when pigs would be the rulers ? I saw it with my own eyes There's nothing crueller than that They would drink our blood and eat our meat They would buy it and sell it They would 'breed' us Fatten us up I saw it, all these indians in cages, deep underground, in the depths of their realms, of the pigs of death It's a mess there, I can tell

So how did I come there ? That's also a long story It happened on my trip to Mexico I wanted to find out more about the aztecs I found a cave there in Mexico leading right into the deathrealms of pigs I have talked about it with Amazonian indians and they told me that close to the Amazon river there is also such a secret cave. I am obsessed by indians, and I am an indian myself by heart, but this was way strange They showed me the path to the place where the pigs could talk, where the pigs were kings. They are almighty rulers deep underground, and they are wild believe me Pigs in the deeper undergrounds are killers, predators and one day they will fill the earth, they say Personally I have never been in one of their cages, but I know some indians who went there and escaped These pigs breed

men and women It's horrible for meat, milk, skin, everything for slavery and gladiatorship No one would want to be there They make cars of living humans tied together, in a very strange way, and they make living houses of human beings The screaming is horrible, but to them it's the oil softening their ears In this place the pigs are like dogs and other wild animals, very intelligent

Some indian tribes I know along the Amazon river do have a lot of stories about the pigs of death They are in war against those pigs. They have their heroes, and these are most of the times the ones who have slain the chiefs of those pigs. I have been to many places in South America but I never heard such strange stories than along the Amazon river. And some of these things I saw myself when they led me through the pathway of that secret cave to the underworld of pigs These are wellkept secrets of these indian tribes, and it took me a long time before they trusted me with it In these realms only when you are a pigskinner you will survive only when you learn how to breed them and tame them you get through There's no benzin there everything runs on blood and meatjuices And those who sell the cars are horrible really horrible The carsellers of death that's a big unit to beat The indians who can get along these guys must be real dragons, or they will end up being part of the car itself The indians who can make it will have the pigs like horses to ride on I do not know any indian along the Amazon river who crossed that thing, but I know a lot of them who talk about it They have their heroes, some ancestors, who did it, according to them And sometimes these ones visit them in dreams and visions but these guys live deeper than the place where the pigs are the kings. They are really the pigdominators, they dominate and sell the pigcars and the pighouses everything there, yes everything, is made of pigs and they sell it all They are the businessmen of death They own factories, which are nothing but strange breedings and slaughterhouses They make everything, really everything They are like creative vulcanoes, like dragons And why ? Because they are scared to get dominated by the pigs again They fear the pigs That's why they always laugh It's their nerves

It's all like a tight religion They sacrifice the pigs in strange rituals, very detailed and hyper-controlled, for if anything goes wrong it causes them to fall in the cruel hands of the pigs. And I can tell you the pigs are waiting for that. They wait until someone makes a mistake, and then they take what they want. How to reach this place ? The stake. Like christians believe in the cross, these indians often believe in the stake. Christians have to battle against satan by the cross, and these certain tribes of the Amazonian indians battle against the pigs by the stake. It's a bit like the Jehovah Witnesses believe. I can tell you that the pigs of death are also religious but they do not believe in just a neverending hell, but in a neverending growing hell. They believe like trolls believe, so it's way worse to fall in their hands. And christians think of themselves as being mean by believing in an eternal hell Pigs laugh when they hear these stories That's not 'bad' That's not 'mean' It's childish There are real problems in life Never ever fall in the hands of the pigs of death, for then you will long for the good ole hell of the christians again There are still worse things than hell Imagine a place where everything just gets worse and it never ends That's the place of the pigs of death That's why some of these indians hold on to the stake, as the cross cannot save them here There is no any Jesus who can save you from

a pig of death Jesus is just a toy in their eyes teaching some babies their first steps Get over it There are real things in life

When you get eye to eye with a pig of death there is no Jesus or mamma around who can save you Pigs of death believe in the eternal grill It's some sort of prometheus-place where they eat from ever-growing meat and everstreaming blood It's hopeless Even Jesus would get confused in such a place It's not a place for fairytales You can try to talk religiously there, but these things are just bigger than that Pigs of death laugh at all those stupid religions we made They don't mean anything in their eyes They love to see how we deceive ourselves, and we only get deeper in their traps They breed men and women in hives and eat them like honey They use them like silk, oil and toys to give them their pleasures and every amnesty is just a deeper trap every charity a meaner conspiracy

Hugo

‘Hugo, Hugo,’ someone was whispering. It was Terring. Soon both rabbits sat close together. ‘Hey, I love you,’ Terring said, while she caressed her husband’s shoulder. ‘I know you soon have to go, and also the children will miss you very much.’

‘Yes, I know,’ Hugo said. ‘But I have to go.’

Terring nodded and became a bit sad. She knew Hugo had to go with his ship, and no one knew how long he would stay away this time.

‘Hey,’ Hugo said, while he caressed Terring on her shoulder. ‘I will bring something for you, some presents, maybe that will make you smile.’ Terring knew he always did when he returned.

Soon it became darker, and they both went to sleep. The children were already sleeping.

In the night one of the children was suddenly screaming. He came into the room of his parents and was allowed to lie inbetween them. Then the child fell asleep. But Hugo couldn’t sleep anymore. He was thinking about the ship and the journey he would make.

After awhile he stood up, he looked through the window but all he saw was darkness and lightening. It was thundering and soon it was raining very hard.

The next day Hugo took the things he needed for the journey and went to the ship. His mates were already there : Hankas, Talauf and Samin. Soon they were on full sea. Hugo watched through his binocle, and saw a ship in the distance. The ship was coming closer after awhile, and Hugo saw it was a pirate ship.

Hugo smiled. 'I think we have some visitors,' he said to his mates. 'Take the weapons out of the cabin.' Hankas took some swords, Talauf some knives and Samin had the bow with arrows as usual. Hugo walked to the place where the cannons were.

'Let's wait awhile,' he said. 'They don't do anything yet.'

Hugo had a big ship, much bigger than the pirate ship, but he knew how mean those pirates could be. Hugo smiled. 'Raise the flag' he said to Samin. It was a red rag with a black skull.

Meanwhile Terring was already very worried. She was always like that when Hugo was gone. The children were very wild. They were screaming at each other. Susan would come, her sister, to stay with them until Hugo would be back. In the city there was a feast. It was the king's day, the rabbit king celebrated his power, for he saved the city once from a flood by building dikes. He had invented big machines for that, and this actually made him king, and he was very proud. He was their hero. Terring loved him. He used to be her neighbour, and she still visited him once in a few weeks with her boys. Jabdo, Klaso and Tilmin were the names of her children. Tilmin was the silent one, the mysterious one with many secrets. He didn't speak much, but Terring always feared he was in a lot of unknown pain. He had a social problem.

Susan loved the children. She didn't have her own. She always brought a lot of presents for the children whenever she came. And the children were fond of her as well. Whenever Susan was there, Tilmin spoke more, and seemed to bloom. It made him happy.

Susan had a special love for Tilmin. He was different compared with the others. He was softer, and more sensitive. He told her once that when he would be big he would want to be on his father's ship.

Tilmin was the youngest of the three. On school they teased him a lot because he was different, but his two elder brothers always protected him. And Tilmin had a lot of girlfriends.

One day it seemed there was a big change in Tilmin, and he opened up. The teachers were very surprised and also the other children. Tilmin became a preacher, and he started to preach about love. At first he didn't want to be revengeful to those who used to tease him, but the older Tilmin became the more aggressive he got. He couldn't hold himself in anymore, and many started to fear him. At home Terring couldn't handle him anymore, and one day Tilmin left the city. He made himself a raft and went on the sea to look for his father who he didn't see in years.

Tilmin came to an island, where a lot of rabbit girls were living. They were living in the wild. They weren't tame, and they couldn't speak. Tilmin tried to teach them some language. There were also snakes on the island, and they seemed to form a big threat against the rabbits. Tilmin took some of the rabbits on his raft, and brought them to his city. Then he went to the island again, it was not so far away.

Meanwhile Terring was very worried about her son. Soon there was news everywhere : Wild rabbits had come to the city. No one wanted to adopt them. They were all in great fear. The rabbits were untamed, like rats. And Tilmin brought more and more of these rabbits with him. The wild rabbits started to live in a forest near the city.

The king was in panic. He wasn't used to this. His city had to stay peaceful, dignified and tamed. One day he went to the forest with a rifle, and wanted the wild rabbits to leave the neighbourhood. This time the wild rabbits went to the desert behind the forest.

Tilmin had a lot of anger towards the city. The only ones who helped him against those who used to tease him were his brothers. His girlfriends tried but couldn't do anything against the rude boy rabbits.

One day Tilmin reached the ship of his father on his raft. Hugo took him aboard and didn't recognize him. 'It's me, dad,' Tilmin spoke, and told his father the story. 'Who can actually deal with the rude youth ?' his father said. 'They will probably become pirates.'

'Like you, dad ?' Tilmin asked.

'No, not like me,' Hugo said. 'There are differences between pirates and pirates.'

‘There is no hope for teasers,’ Hugo said, while he smiled. ‘They have small ships, but look at my ship. No one dares to attack me.’

Tilmin sighed. He was so glad he finally found his father. Hugo understood that he didn’t want to return to the city anymore. Hugo knew a lot of islands with wild rabbits. Of course Hugo also knew a lot of pirate cities, and only the big cities were good, not the small ones. Hugo taught his son about the differences between the several sorts of pirates.

His father taught him about weapons and how to use them, and soon Tilmin was a warrior.

‘Now don’t return to our city to take revenge,’ Hugo said one day. ‘I will show you a better city.’

Komoskallos was a big pirate city, full of rabbits. This was the place where Hugo brought his son. Hugo knew his son was wounded inside. In Komoskallos there was the Rabbit Oracle, which could heal him. Tilmin soon found a girl in Komoskallos and married her. They went a lot to the Rabbit Oracle to get healed. It was some sort of funpark.

There was another nature in the city : The woman rabbits were stronger than the male rabbits. The male rabbits were actually the weak race. But still : the male rabbits seemed to do a great deal of the job. Tilmin had to get used to it all. And in a sense he knew about it, for he had lived under the hand of his mother Terring for so long.

The Rabbit Oracle was a labyrinth. It led to an underground indian rabbit city, but it was also a very dangerous labyrinth. You could get trapped somewhere. It was either getting healed and find the exit to the underground city, or to die. This was a very heavy pressure for some, but there seemed to be no other way.

However with a good rabbit guide all things seemed to be okay. If the oracle was treated well, it would give the right answers. Many used a rabbit guide for it, for going on your own was often too dangerous. However Hugo used to go on his own. He hated many of the rabbit guides. He would rather die than to become a follower of them. He taught his son a lot of good tricks for the oracle. However one day Tilmin ended in a trap, and by a quick reaction of a rabbit guide he got saved. Tilmin had mixed feelings about them.

‘They have powers,’ Hugo always said. ‘They shouldn’t have such power over others, and they often abuse it.’

Tilmin believed his father. The rabbit guides would do better if they would give independency to the others. They often used secret buttons. They had small machinery by which they ruled the oracle, and some said the rabbit guides were the makers of the oracle. However, Hugo knew the way to the underground city, and one day he took his son there.

Together they visited an indian princess. It was this princess once saving Hugo out of a trap. It seemed she had unusual powers. She could suddenly appear on every place of the oracle she wanted. The princess had told Hugo a lot of secrets, about how the rabbit guides worked, and how they often deceived the ones following them. Hugo always loved to listen to her, and also Tilmin was impressed by this lady.

The princess told them that one day the oracle would be blown up, but for now it had to stay, for it was to protect the underground city. They asked her what would happen to the oracle. ‘Oh, the city will take care of itself then,’ she said.

One day the oracle indeed exploded. And because there wasn’t a wall anymore between the pirates and the indians, a war started between them. This war was so huge that Hugo and his son fled back to their old city. They both missed Terring and the other children, and of course Susan. But when they came there the city was in ashes. There was wild nature everywhere. It seemed that so many cities were just the reflections of the mighty rabbit oracle, and since it had been destroyed the cities didn’t exist anymore.

Hugo was sad. Even the mountains and the hills had become valleys, and there were a lot of swamps. It was dangerous land. There were snakes everywhere, and they formed a huge threat. ‘I want you to know, father, that I love you,’ Tilmin said. ‘And I want to thank you for everything.’ In a way Tilmin was satisfied that the old city didn’t exist anymore, but he missed his old friends. He wondered if they would be still alive. There seemed to be no rabbits around. Only snakes.

Hugo loved his son. He would do anything to protect him. It was better they would stay here, for in the war they would have no hope. However the snakes were becoming a huge threat more and more. In one of the valleys they found a place where they could live. It was an old house. They found some rifles here and other weaponry, which they could use against the

snakes. They became both hunters. The skins of the snakes they used for clothing. One day Tilmin got horribly bitten, and died. Hugo had lost everything now. In the valley he led a lonely life, and he became a savage rabbit more than ever. He could develop a monopoly among the snakes. They feared him, and they more and more seemed to obey him. But they could never become his friends. They were still the wild life. He had to be at his guard.

In his memories he suffered. He missed Terring and his beautiful sons. The memory of Tilmin ached him more than all the others. They were not only father and son, but they were friends. One day the rabbit princess came to his house to tell him that the war was over. He went with her back to the underground city. There was a new oracle now : an indian rabbit oracle, more dangerous than ever. Even rabbit guides wouldn't be safe here. It was a savage oracle. It was to protect the underground city. The pirates didn't dare to come there, as it was too savage, too wild and too dangerous. The oracle couldn't be controlled by devices.

Hugo and the indian princess talked a lot about Terring and the boys, and the most about Tilmin. Hugo fell in love with the indian rabbit princess and soon they had three children. By the children Hugo could finally forget about the past.

The End

Grey Spider

She lived far away from society, deep in the caves, where the spiderwebs were alive. Here she could shapeshift into so many spirits while she would make her progresses to the city. These spirits would be religious, and they would possess the city. They would be on their way to the tall tower of the church, from where they would dive to commit suicide. Then the city would burn again. She was an evil princess, a trauma maker. She knew about the ingredients she had to throw into her kettle for a mix.. She was the queen of depression, making poisonous lullabies. She would catch her knights in the city, to take them to her caves.

She was murderous and tortured these knights without mercy. She needed an army. She didn't have a mind, neither a heart, as only evil was living inside of her. She had possessed a dentist's heart. He worked in the city, and ruled over those of no hope. The dentist used poisons to put into the mouths, the poisons she made. It made them sick. It was a city of disease. And the doctor was a knight of death. His medicines killed you.

They were the pieces of chess on her chessboard. The dentist was the king, and the doctor just a horse.

And every day dentists used to march from city to city. They were the messengers of death, and they were religious.

She could turn into a young child in church at times. No one knew where she came from. She had a small rotten teddybear in her hand. One day a mistress took the child to her home. In the night there was screaming. The mistress got killed by a knife.

There were evil spirits in that city. And dentists marched like soldiers, soldiers from a grey widow spider. When they knocked on a door, it meant someone would drown, or someone was already dead. They could let someone hang, it only took a letter.

Far away on the fields indians were hunting. Buffaloes would not be killed, but would become zombies. It was all because of the grey widow's will.

Her sting was poisonous, all to dry them. Those who saw her lost their strengths. Like a grey widow she was on the streets, selling her poisoned fruits, while no one knew who she was. They didn't know.

And she could march like dentists, like angels of judgement day. She could knock on doors to take parents and grandparents away, in a city where they were all orphans and foundlings, no where to go, only hate and bitterness, no care, no hope.

Where a baby was crying, another sign of coming death. Where a raven settled down, a zombie would rise instead. And even the bread was poisoned, with spiders and rats inbetween. No one could hear the other. They called her trauma, woman of the forests. In her eyes they were nothing but pigs. And the meat was all poisoned, for the rats to eat. It attracted them from far. Grey widow was the president, and if there was any chocolate it was old. Poisoned chocolate making the trauma thicker. She was a bitter succubus, luring those who had position. Even kings died in her net. She had the face of an old dog, and she became older and older, displaying more and more young faces, and by the youngest faces she got born again, in old warty wombs, diseased by the dentist's strikes. They would eat from old dirt and dust, for they were so old and stiff that they could only eat from themselves. And the stench of the old dirt only grew, displaying more and more the chemicals of a new day.

And cannibals far away, they like to eat meat, they like to grow fat, and to become white by the chemicals, young, clean faces. Then they will not be black anymore. And the dentists won't let them hang. The poisonous fillings will be their friends.

Chocolate and Pigs - War in Pigworld

Hell Fiction

Deep in the autumn a man was walking barefooted, only dressed by a sword, a belt and a rag. His belt had been decorated by small skulls of shrunk goats. He was on his way to a small hut where a woman lived having clairvoyant's abilities. The woman prophesied on him and almost pouted. 'Pay me by love,' she said. 'I do not have a man, and I need a child to save me from the terrible loneliness I live in.'

'What if I just stay with you for awhile to take away your loneliness,' the man said. The man gave her a sack full of money. 'Oh,' the woman said. 'This is so much money. I can even buy slaves for life by it.' The man nodded.

After three weeks the man left the house. The woman had bought three slaves by the money, and she would take care of them.

With the prophecies in his head he got led to another hut somewhere. The woman was a prostitute, the woman who lived here. The man gave her a sack full of money and said : 'Here, buy yourself a good house, and take care of some good slaves. Take some skilled ones, so that you do not need to sell your body anymore.' The woman was very gratefull, gave him some meal and then he left.

He was a lost and lonely man, a reaver. He wouldn't attack poor ones, but only those who were greedy ... the misers. He went to a castle hosted by a skeleton. He had a harem and a place where he had buried souls to let them suffer forever, while he let their consciousness grow. The reaver stepped into the castle, gave some money to the skeleton, and took the women and the lost souls with them. He knew the skeleton was a poor soul, so he gave him a chance to get a life.

In the forest the reaver had his place, where big monkeys cared over his soul. Here he had his jewels. He could freeze the world and then let it melt, and he could take it all over. He was the king of the world. In the depth of the earth he had his misty castle. He was like a savage, like an apeman, having so many secrets. No one knew of the powerful spider jewels he had as he kept them all in an illusion by the rays of these stones. Once he had attacked a planet near by where creatures lived made of lungs. They were a threat in the galaxy so he enslaved them, and let them work in the mines below his castle. They were dangerous vampires, but he could reduce them into creatures easily adapting into snake-dust. The snake-dust would take care that they gave out their oxygene into the atmosphere. There were also creatures he had under his care made of stomachs. They often didn't have lungs or just not much of it, and had to live by their blood-circulation only. This made them weak creatures like vulcanoes, having enormous eruptions at times. They were of an extra-ordinary beauty, but as their planets were dying the reaver decided to implant young creatures totally made of lungs into them to become their slaves, so that they could breath and thus preserve their race.

By this unique combination other sorts of body-parts started to develop themselves, especially the spleen. It would begin in the lower parts of the body and would finally rise into the chest for total domination. The spleen took care of the clock of the body and the total bondage of the body. It was the beginning of the splenic age. The spleen would held many secrets of the spider stones, but the central secret was that of a wondrous fly stone. It was the jewels of all jewels. If the fly stone was completely activated it would cause the lungs to grow into the testicles when the creature was a man. It would first started to eat the testicles away, which was a very painful process, and then later it would grow there as two small lungballs, totally working by snake-dust.

The spleen in the bodies would grow throughout the bodies until it had become a creature as the slavemaster of both the stomach and the lungs. The reaver could use these creatures in many of his projects. He wanted to build a new world. He wanted to build a total new three-dimensional world. It had to be an experience deeper than death, more than life. By snake-venom he could take the parts apart and build his new world. Whenever creatures went through his cocoon they would develop kidneys growing throughout their bodies until they were developed into a creature. These creatures made of kidneys were on the lowest step of the ladder of the food-chain. The other creatures fed themselves upon them to preserve themselves. The liver-creatures were one step higher, and then there were the intestine-creatures. Thus there was a whole food- and slave-chain inside. Every part grew throughout the body to reach for the foot to become a toe. So each foot had six toes. When the creature was a woman the same happened to the breasts to insure children of varieting food. In the beginning all was peaceful and good, but since the reaver died the creatures really felt like there were six creatures in them, and it resulted in inner wars. There was no way to get rid of these inner struggles so they started to lash out against each other. It was like they were fighting against the elements of nature, and no one could be ever successful against it. A new religion was rising. Those who didn't want to bow down before the new law were heretics, and they had to be separated in cages. In these cages their parts would be separated, and equal parts would be attached to each other. The kidney-creatures together formed new women, while the liver-creatures and stomach-creatures formed pigs. Because the new woman had special powers the religious elite used them to rule others. The pigs they could use for food, a new delicacy. The other parts together formed predators which were also usefull for several things. The elite could also change the food- and slave-chain in somebody to confuse things even more. They could also separate one certain creature to give it extra-ordinary might and power. It seemed like the splenic age was under tremendous pressure now.

It is the year twentythousand. Armies invaded our earth. I did not know where they came from. They had strange faces. It was a new bolennium, since another 10.000 years were over. I was a pilot, a stranger to many, for I was a workaholic. In my work I was like a hermit. They used me for pioneer jobs on other planets.

After the year tenthousand the earth was slowly changing into a desert. Now we were tenthousand years further. There were a lot of desert villages and desert cities. They rose very fast because of new technologies. Aliens were here, and they had enslaved us. It seemed that they had already implanted a lot into us, while we didn't know it. I was a strange man in the eyes of many, because of the things I told them, things I had seen on other planets. There wasn't much respect for astronauts in these days.

'Jeanber ?' a man said with a high voice. There were walls breaking in the head of Jeanber. He had to appear before the thrones of these new aliens. Jeanber had been a doctor all of his life. Now they wanted to use him for other sorts of surgeries. The air was gassy. An alien showed them his naked back and took his spine out. 'This,' he said, 'is what you will do,

Jeanber. You will take their spines out.' Then a machine came down and showed them all how a new spine got implanted into the alien. Jeanber was one of the many doctors who would work in this project. Many doctors refused and got shot.

The king of these aliens was a strange man. A man also with a high voice. Whenever he spoke walls seemed to break in the minds of those who listened to him. Their emperor was even stranger. Many did not survive hearing his voice, that was why he almost never spoke.

They were the dentlacs and the dorguls, two races from the same planet, Argia. They used to live in war against each other, but for invading earth they worked together. They had a deal. It was a dirt deal. I ... was the only one who could escape ... I now understood why I always had the urge to build a planetship, something which I had since I was a child. They could track down every inhabitant of earth, but the planetship I once made could escape through their fields of radiation. And this was all because of an old professor I once knew.

He had many visions about how earth once would be : a desert. And I believed him. Of course, who wouldn't. We were already living in a desert, but there were still many desert cities, and he said it would all change. These would be the ... floods of drought. And he had many nightmares about it. We would lose all hydration on earth. Everything would dry out. So he urged me to do something about it. He said I had a lot of skills. I just had to work it out. He taught me a lot. He died a few days before the dentlacs came. They came to invade earth. They came to enslave everything. I was the only one who could escape.

I remember my days with the professor in his dungeon. I remember him talking about his potions. He had a lot of ideas. It inspired me to do the same things like he did. The day that the dentlacs came was awful. I had the luck I was far away in the skies. But I could follow everything on screen. I saw they were tracking down ships. I used everything the professor had taught me. He had predicted this.

No one believed that their cities would be pulled down so fast, by these dentlacs. Many suffered by the drought. The dentlacs took them underground, and by the replacing of the spine everything went so fast. The cities were soon desert ghost towns, ruins. I could see everything happening on screen. They wanted to raise their robots, by light. The new spine worked totally by light. There was no hydration anymore. Every form of circulation dried out, while lights took over. It was a system of slavery. The dentlacs were very skilled in this. Many of their slaves they brought to their planet, Argia, in their big ships. They wanted to have a new breed on earth.

How could I know it was a deal of oil. Earth had lots of oil in it's depths, still, and for some reason they needed that, and came here. It was even the reason why the war between the dentlacs and the dorguls ended, and they started to work together. They brought a lot of oil to Argia, together with Earth's technology in that area. How could I know that these aliens were able to penetrate our atmosphere just by one man, a human, named Samba. When they had established their power, Samba was nothing but roadkill. They had only used him for their plans. I would remember his face forever, the one who sold our Earth to the dentlacs. He was an evil doctor, a villain of the highest grade. He was the one triggering them here, and he paid with his life. He died. But it seemed he had an interest in death.

I was confused about their plans. I couldn't follow them. I could get a lot on my screens. I tried to figure them out, but it was better for me to stay away as much as I could. ... I saw them how they played games with our oil. I saw them how they moved the oil through gigantic pipelines, preparing it to go to Argia. Earth lost all it's potions, and started to dry out like never before, in a speed no one could imagine. These dentlacs were so big, with gigantic spaceships no one had ever seen before. It all looked like a trick, but sure it was reality. And all these enslaved human beings had to work for oil. They became zombies because of the drought, and lights took them over, all by this new spine they got inserted. No one could begin anything against such powers. The new spine had chips inside, programming them by light-telepathy. They became the slaves of Argia in a horrible sense. Their eyes started to change into bones, working by lights.

It became dark in my planetship. All lights went out all of a sudden. Would I, the only one who could escape, be their victim as well ? A dark hand grasped me. I had a fight for hours. It seemed their radiation could finally track me down. It sucked me out of the planetship, and after a few hours I fell into the sea. I didn't know where I was now. Waves were all around me. I swam to the coast. Where was I ? This didn't seem to be earth ... It looked like heaven. There was something moving in my spine. It didn't take long before I found out that I was on the planet Argia. What did they want from me ? Who brought me here ? There was no one around. There was a desert behind the beach, and I saw a lot of big robotic machines.

'Can I help you for today ?' A man in a black garment knocked on my shoulders. I didn't know how he came here all of a sudden. He approached me from behind. I couldn't see his face because of the big cape. But then I saw some black metal inside, while he moved his head a bit. 'I am Darkia,' he spoke. 'I want you to know that I have called you. I was the one bringing you here. We need your help. My people are all locked up in their undergrounds.'

'Who are you ?' I asked. 'Where do you come from ?'

‘I am from the planet Santiria,’ the man spoke. ‘Since the dentlacs invaded my planet, I was the only one who could escape.’

‘Then isn’t it dangerous to be here ?’ I asked.

‘Yes, it is,’ Darkia spoke. ‘But I do not have another choice.’

‘Strike my face, and die,’ the man said all of a sudden. ‘I am Darkia, emperor of Argia.’ A red glow was on the dark metal all of a sudden. He took a scythe from behind his back, and spoke : ‘It is a miracle you are still alive while I speak.’

I stepped backwards. He looked like Death himself. ‘But those who can escape my voice, will meet my scythe,’ he said, while his voice was like a thundering blast. I couldn’t stand on my legs anymore and fell down. I didn’t know what it was. He struck and missed. I could run away. I now knew their emperor was after me.

I had escaped from Death ... I jumped into the sea again and swam towards a small boat. I paddled my way to the nearest island. I was wondering where my planetship was. I could only decipher that by one thing : my watch. I looked at my watch, typed in some numbers, and spoke to my planetship. It was with me within hours. It had found me.

I didn’t know where to go.

But suddenly I got struck by a beam, lost my consciousness, and woke up in a dungeon in Holland. It seemed to be their main stronghold. They took me to a dark room to give me even more implants. These were black implants, like balloons, all in the organs of the stomach. They formed a network of pain. I saw the most horrible jelly-fishes and octopi coming on me, to suck substances out of me, and to insert new substances in me. It was an installation of fear. After that I had to swim in a small basin together with some sharks. The sharks didn’t do anything, but it was to traumatize me. These installations were of bio-nuclear origin.

Soon I was in an elevator leading me into the depths of a wilderness.

The calvians were strange women living in the depths of the wilderness, where they had strange laws concerning a man-breeding. Males lived in slavery there to the women, those savage women. The women had the law that they were the higher race, and the stronger, while the males were of the doomed race, the weaker race. The women also bred spiders which were often used to guard the males. It was a strange slave-market with strange laws, all based on evil principles. The men had to be brought on by wars, so they were often prisoners of war. When a girl was born she would be destined to become a ruler of males, while when it was a boy, it was doomed to live under the oppression of these savage women. It was more or less a matriarchal tribe. The calvians were a cruel race.

It was by a poison the males were kept weak, a poison living deep in their genetics, inserted by spiders. The empress of these women was more or less a flywoman. She taught the women the most wicked ways to bring the men down. She was a much feared empress, even by the women. She was cruel in her ways, a woman with many slaves, both females and males. She was a possessor of minds. They called her a goddess, the only true almighty, living goddess. In her surroundings everyone was totally helpless.

She moved on her throne like a cat, and like a snake, waiting to attack. Her goal was to raise an elite of women, to bring the men down more than ever. She wanted the men to be weak like children, totally dependent on her. She showed her elite a spider they had to eat for absolute power. The women were sick for awhile after eating it, but it was all to raise up a new immunity against any attack of a male.

The spiders spread a new gas by which hundreds of male slaves died that day, not being able to survive it. Even some women died, as they were not strong enough against it. But a new order was rising up. The men were screaming when she was floating down on them, as she was their tormenter, she and her wicked machine. She was a dictator. She had all sorts of ways to bring them down. She pierced their bones. She wanted slave-armies against her enemies.

The dog-people were her enemies. They always formed a threat against her. They seemed to live even deeper in the wilderness, and they were planning to take her empire over. They succeeded, despite of the new ways of the empress. It was the day the dog-people invaded their camp, their tribe. It was since then every trace of the calvians seemed to disappear. The dog-people wanted to build a new world, to forget about the old.

However there was a deep underground with the calvians the dogworld didn't know anything about ... They needed something higher for that : the wolves.

Another war started, the day these hidden calvians rose out of the ground ... They had built their vehicles full of men, breeding them for their meat and skins. These men were crying blood, hyperventilating all the time, and some of them were fat, some of them thin. These calvians were without any mercy. They came to put their revenge on the dogs, enslaving them as helpers.

The day the wolves struck I never forget. It was completely changing their world. I saw calvians running everywhere, struck by confusion, straight lightening in their head, while it thundered. I could escape. On the back of a wolf. I held his back tight, I had my arms around his neck. He loved me, I could feel it. His skin was soft, warm and cool at the same time. It healed me. I felt accepted.

He brought me to a wolf's world, I do not know where. It was inbetween the hills, like a valley, a deep ravine. Here they had their fortress. But sooner than I know the wolvian wars started

From the ashes, the chaos and the wilderness of this age a woman rose up. She was different than all the others. She was a huntress, a demoness. I was confused because of the wolvian wars, but she kind of raised me, taught me, and I became a hunter as well, at her side. She taught me about the secrets of animals. I could hardly listening to her without falling asleep at her feet, slowly awakening to the fact that she had zombificated me ... Where were the wolves ? They weren't no more All which was staring at me was the bald wilderness.

Her weapons could cause perpetual bloodbaths. This woman was stronger than me. Her black eyes frightened me. She was like a dragon. There was some sort of doom about her. She led me to a place deeper underground, where she seemed to have a realm worse than that of the calvians. She was crueller.

She was a slayer. I found out she had put a spell on my heart. She finally made me realize that I had always been in hell, the place where I was born, and where I grew up, and I was awakening more and more to that fact, also to the fact that there was no escape from it. This land was big. In this land the pigs were predators, but there were many sorts of pigs. There were no lions, but the lionpigs were a huge reality. Nothing really grew in this land which we could eat. There was only meat, and we had to eat it to survive. But the hunger wasn't sliding away, it only grew bigger. Some were eating the whole day.

There were no birds here, only flying pigs, and most of them were predators. They were merciless beings. It was a pig world.

I was in hell, in hell ... pigworld ... If there were any lions, they were lionpigs, dominating hearts by their voices ... And this woman seemed to know more of it ... We became lovers ... I remembered my horrible past, but to be with this woman ... what would be worse Was she my saviour ? ... She had enslaved me ... I had escaped from Death, but this was Hell.

I seemed to be in a pig cocoon. Weren't we all nothing but pigs ? The woman explained me that the pig cocoon was the secret of eternity, but what was this, eternal damnation ? There was no real escape, I got sucked in this gate ... It was like the liver of hell ... There was so much weakness here triggering a deeper strength ... There were some holes in the sky, and I got sucked in ... All sorts of animals rose up from this gate, but they were all pigs more or less, often predators ... It was a whole new world ... The flying pigs had fire wings ... It all led to a cacao tree New bodies came forward from this tree ... They formed an army ... There was chocolate mixed with fire ... The bodies were made of pigmeat, but looked like humans ... Their hearts were surrounded by the voices of piglions There was streaming pigmeat from the tree ... It filled the rivers More predatorpigs came forward This woman, Hell, was their ruler

She lived in a lake of fire and blood. She was an oracle. She was the guard of hell's treasures ... On the hills there was chocolate, it was streaming everywhere, into the depths of the valley. I realized I was in the large intestine of hell, deeper peace, but higher wars rose from here, higher hunts. The chocolate was black and evil. It was a killer substance. Only the fittest would survive. They were rising on walls, covered by the black.

There were black killers on the fields, no one was safe. It was the day the bakers of hell rose. A strange bakery was rising, a strange song, and a strange dance. The chocolate created a whole new world, with whole new laws, the chocolate laws A new legal system was rising. And the wilderness outside seemed to grow.

One day the woman called Hell took me with her on flying pigs to a land across a huge ravine. Here Mr. and mrs. Greenpatches lived. There was also a girl with the woman, Susan. The woman dropped us at the house and flew away.

Mr. And mrs. Greenpatches lived in a big house. At times children would go to their house, for they had a way with children. Mr. Greenpatches was a wizard and mrs. Greenpatches was a witch. It was always fun in the house. They had a great cook called miss Mellow. She was also a witch. She could make very special food and dinners, and the children always loved to help her with that.

‘Do you want to see the cellar ?’ miss Mellow asked.

Me and Susan nodded. Miss Mellow opened a great door in the back of the kitchen. We went down the stairs, while miss Mellow had lighted a candle.

‘Are you there ?’ miss Mellow asked.

‘Yes,’ some voices of boys said.

It was a big cellar. There were tarts everywhere and a lot of boys. They were decorating the tarts. ‘These are the servants of the wizard,’ miss Mellow said.

‘They have beautiful clothes,’ I said. ‘I wished I could be a servant as well, but I think my parents won’t let me be.’

‘These boys never see daylight,’ miss Mellow said. But the boys looked very happy, and they had soft voices.

‘Well, you know what ?’ miss Mellow said. ‘I can make a copy of you and send it back to your parents so that you can stay here.’

‘Well, that would be lovely, miss Mellow,’ I said.

I liked to decorate tarts with pieces of oranges, and all sorts of other fruits. I could get along with the other boys very well. ‘For who are all these tarts ?’ I asked.

‘Monsters,’ one of the boys said.

‘Can you show me to them ?’ I asked.

‘No,’ the boy said. ‘But you will end up there anyway. We can only be wizard boys for a few years.’

‘What do you mean ?’ I asked.

‘Well, the monsters will eat us finally,’ the boy said.

‘But why are you so happy then ?’ I asked.

‘Well, it’s better than living in the world above,’ the boy said.

‘Yes, that is true,’ I said. ‘Can I go now ?’

‘No,’ the boy said. ‘You are a wizard boy now.’

I hoped that miss Mellow would come back, or that mr. or mrs. Greenpatches would come, but that didn’t happen. I became sadder every day.

‘Is there any way I can escape ?’ I asked.

‘Go through the red door, and approach the monsters,’ one of the boys said. They led him to a red door, and soon he stood before a couple of monsters living in great fire. ‘Hello,’ I said. ‘I was wondering, is there any escape from this place ?’

‘Yes,’ the monsters said. ‘Go through our mouths and walk all the way through.’

‘Oh, but then I will be eaten,’ I said.

‘It’s just a pathway,’ the monsters said. Then I stepped in one of the mouths. I walked for hours and hours and finally came out in the backgarden of mr. and mrs. Greenpatches house. He wanted to go to the front again, but there were fences everywhere. The fences were very high and had dangerous sharp tops. There was also no way to enter into the house again. I decided to go back to the place where I came from but when I entered through the red door again the boys had grown a lot older, and there weren’t tarts anymore, but plates of meat.

‘Oh, this always happens at times. We are were-children,’ said one of the boys. The red door stood open, and the mouths of the beasts were really horrible now, looking like mills. ‘Are you going with us to the attic ? Then we can climb to the roofs and go hunting ... flying,’ said one of the boys.

‘What will we hunt,’ I asked.

‘Stawberries, spinach,’ said one of the boys.

After a few hours the place was full of food. When all the food was gathered one of the boys pushed a button and shouted : ‘flour’ ! Then another boy pushed a button and shouted : ‘milk’ ! and out of the walls flour and milk started to flow. Out of the floor miss Mellow came forward with a huge kettle and started to stir, while all the boys were floating in the chaos of the kettle, also me. I was screaming. ‘Help, help !’ I shouted. I had the feeling I was drowning. There miss Mellow took my hand and put me next to her, close to the kettle, where she was stirring. But there was still such a chaos. I wasn’t crying anymore, but the boys were flowing everywhere. Suddenly mr. Greenpatches came in, and put the light on. ‘Aha,’ he said. ‘Time for dinner.’

‘Yes,’ miss Mellow said.

The boys crept out of the kettle. They had turned into indians. And mr. Greenpatches started to eat. Also the boys and I got a plate. ‘It’s good, miss Mellow,’ mr. Greenpatches said.

I had totally forgotten about that woman called Hell, but she finally came back to me. ‘You want to go to some bigger parties ?’ she asked. I nodded. She took me on the flying pigs again. We flew to a place of chocolate beasts. ‘Whenever you hit them by an arrow, red chocolate will flow out of them,’ she said. She taught me how to use the bow. I was hungry for chocolate.

‘Eat much,’ she said, ‘or you won’t survive in this place. It’s either you eat the food, or the food will eat you.’ And for food, you had to hunt. She led me to a chocolate farm, with a small chocolate butchery. ‘Here you can begin,’ she said. ‘Build it up good, or you will end up in the farm and the butchery yourself. There is no other way.’ I smiled. ‘Yes, I will do it good,’ I said.

It was a world of chocolate and pigs.

The Last Flame

The witch had ways to freeze them, all these children. They could hardly move, and they all stood on planks in the main room of the witch, which was like a cathedral. But one boy had a little flame in his heart. He acted like he couldn't move, and hoped the witch wouldn't see his little flame, so he hid it in his eye. It was a blue flame, making him look different than all the others. 'What is that there in your eye,' the witch spoke. Quickly the boy swallowed the flame, but now his lips became very blue. 'Why do you have such blue lips,' the witch asked.

'I'm so cold,' the boy said.

Then the witch went to sleep. The boy was warm all over, because he had swallowed the little flame. He went to the other children, and blew on their faces. They could move a bit because of it, and slowly the boy was leading the children out of the dark castle of the witch. But the black dogs of the witch started to bark, and soon the witch woke up.

'Faster, faster,' the boy shouted. Some of the children were on the bridge already. But the witch was appearing in a flame, and many children fell away. 'Run, run,' the boy shouted.

He could only save a small group of children. 'So you don't want the ice,' the witch shouted. 'Then I will give you the fire.' And soon many of the children were in the flames, screaming.

'No !' the boy shouted. 'If you let the children go, I will show you the secret I have. Take me instead of them.'

But the children in the fire screamed to the boy : 'No, run away, for she will take both you and us.'

So the boy ran away together with the few children he could save, and they lived a miserable life in the forest, plagued by their memories. But when the boy was older he returned to the castle. He found out that the children were still in the fire, living in slavery to the witch. He waited till the witch slept, and wanted to help the children to escape, but the dogs began to bark. He left again, and told everything to the other children.

They had to accept the fact that the witch was more powerful than them, and that they could actually never save the other children. The flame of the boy had become weaker throughout the years. But one day a beautiful light woke them up. It was a fairy, saying : 'I am the Keeper and Sender of the weakening flame. You may do three wishes.'

'I know what my first wish is,' the boy said. 'the children to be free.'

And in one moment all the children stood before him, free from the fire which had enslaved them.

'My second wish is : to have a castle where we can all live.'

In one moment they were all in a castle together, beautiful like the rainbow. The castle was full of food and riches, so the children would have a good life.

The boy couldn't think of a third wish, so he asked the children. 'Why is the flame getting weaker ?' one of the children asked the fairy.

'Because our kingdom is dying,' the fairy said. 'When the flame is totally quenched then the witch will rule over everything and will get all her powers back.'

'But that is horrible,' the boy said. 'I wish that the flame will burn forever, and will always get stronger.'

Suddenly all the children got a light on their face. 'Now the flame will forever multiply itself,' said the fairy. 'Our kingdom has conquered. We knew our last flame was safe with you.' Then the fairy left, and they all lived long and happy.

The Evil Sun

The enslavers on the Martian River of Death had helmets with cat eyes in them, these were a sort of stones producing high sounds. These eyes were slave-trackers. They could activate the highest organs of nature's spectre. They were mind-controllers. It was all pure machinery. A science ruling the land of the horseflies, a land surrounded by the Martian River of Death. It all worked very robotic. There were masters and slaves, like someone had made an extended and very complex computerprogram.

There was of course an evil brain behind this program : Doctor Clonehead-Ar. He was a native sorcerer, a anatomancer, being able to dominate the body completely. Both master and slave were nothing but his marionets. He had made himself an empire : The Coconut Empire.

There was a book, a cursed book of ancient times, a barbarian book, forbidden by the evil brain. Many copies had been burnt, and as far as anyone knew it didn't exist anymore. It was an insectian book, the book of Lazarus. One day someone found a copy of it. Its cover was of strange dark leather with golden bands. The person started to read, while sticky lights entered his brain. The cursed book had been opened again.

The person became a prophet of the book, and started to preach on marketsquares. A new slavery had begun. They burnt that person, after tormenting him for a long time, but the spirits of the book had been released.

The spirits flew to a place near the sea where an old prophet lived, Traxwodka the Python Knight. He was a demon once set free from an oracle, and the spirits possessed him. Then they flew to another demon of the oracle, Jeppersla, and possessed him. There were ten demons of an old oracle they had to visit. The third one was Ritswik. This one really knew everything about hunger-slaves, the art of keeping slaves addicted to their masters. He possessed the most essential herbs and other ingredients for the ultimate drug. Ritswik was an old vegetation god of many martian religions, but he got demonized later by the evil brain. Ritswik was the primitive lord of the jungle. The spirits wanted him to replace the evil brain. Dikshild was the fourth demon of the oracle, a child. He was an old god of luck, but got also demonized by the evil brain. Wickfin was the fifth demon of the oracle, holding the links between Mars and Orion.

Soon they had surrounded the evil brain.

There was another evil book, banned by the evil brain. It was the Book of Silver. This book was more sinister and brooding than the Book of Lazarus. But the spirits opened this book as well. Finally they opened a third book : The Book of Light. These books made an even more ancient book complete : the book of the crimson wolves, which was also called the Book of Law.

It was the blackest day in history when the wolves took over the empire of the evil brain. Trillions of black soldiers established the throne for Ritswik, the lord of the wilderness. The Book of Law was complete again, more than ever, and a burning red flamy nipple was the seal on its cover of dark black leather.

The spell of grotesque had been cut in two since that day. Grotesque had always been the veil of the temple of life, keeping the deeper senses tightly closed. There was an evil sun growing in the midst of the land. The deeper senses got opened like romance, intimacy and mystery. Of course the grotesque world also had these ingredients, but there was one difference : spiders.

The Spider God smiled over his new creation. It was a witchworld full of black magic and evil, but it was to serve another law. It had the stigma of evil to make a statement, a statement against the false good, against the hypocrisy. It was a world full of spiderian architecture in which wolves had their thrones.

The Veins of Light

Once upon a time Mars, Venus, Earth and Orion were all together in one planet called the Planet of the Horseflies, or some would say : the Land of the Horseflies. This world was full of dragonian and trollian architecture. There were many trolls, and somehow everyone was more or less of a trollish anatomy. These beings called the horseflies were always dragonian of nature as well, besides being trollian. They were mixes between savages, indians, flies, dragons and trolls. The guards of the secret however were called bloodtrolls. They had to guard the secret which kept them alive, and by which they could evolve. After living in the seas of blood for millions and trillions of years they had finally come to land. They weren't fishes, they were always drowning, and coming to life again in strange ways.

They were carrying the secret of trollian light, but those who knew of the secret abused it. They used it against each other, and the trollian wars started. It would proclaim the end of the planet of horseflies. The planet split up by a disaster. One part became Orion and the other part Lakshor, which finally became Earth, Mars and Venus. The secret got lost. I am the only one who survived and was destined to hide the secret until the end of days. I had the hope that

peaceful beings would do something good with it, and that the Land of Horseflies could rise again.

I brought the secret up somewhere in time, but again wars started and brought the downfall of many planets, but this time the light could pierce itself into the hearts of millions, and could multiply itself. The light created thick veins on the bodies, as a pathway of senses. Inside the light made veins between the dirt-glands, the blood-glands and the eye-glands. In a strange way the light formed a triangle and they called it the eye of the troll.

It was a mark going from person to person, taking them over. They all had to be prepared to return to history. It would happen by light.

Upside Down

From the Martian River of Death ... ancient soldiers were rising ... getting reborn again ... A wizard had struck the river It was streaming through Orion, melting the parts together Like a blacksmith was working on it There were births in the river, births of monsters ... There were slimy eggs in the river, exploding ... A sea was arising A sea of light ... and

suddenly it was blood Cats were dining ... After that the wolves would come, and then the bears ... Orion would meet it in it's days And then a new world would rise The delta A creature would come down on it, a bloodcreature, feeding on the delta The bloodsnakes would come ... It would be a matriarchal world, ruled by women, and men would be the weaker race ... It would be the shift of nature ... The animals would take care of it ... The Karazure Enigma would be the stairway for any creature to find enlightenment. This stairway would show the levels of angelic evolution, eventually resulting in the returning of the elves, the Karsuiks. And finally a beach would be the only thing left Surrounded by the waves of non-existence If you would go there by a time-machine, and build your tower on there, the higher you would climb the closer you would come to history again, but you could never reach it. It would be the ultimate Tantalos, but it would protect you at the same time. There was something greater than history : the cryptic meaning of it. The pieces would form an amulet, to keep you safe forever.

This would be the mission of the cats, these cryptic beings. The mission of the wolves would be to raise it up. And the bears would come to eat. They all had their own mysterious ways of dining. Then the bloodsnakes would come to make a statement, to raise a new legal order. And the earth as we know it now would be declared fiction. There has always been something greater than fiction : geography. And beyond geography there is the wilderness. And the wilderness shows Animalogy.

From the Martian River of Death soldiers were rising, strange animals, having survey. They could watch beyond the horizons. Here they got reborn. Here they got new eyes. And they were building a tower, for the geography would be broken by the strike of Animalogy. It was a thing a wizard taught He showed the new atoms, having fairy circles around them. These atoms quenched the mind, and brought the heart up. It opened the heart, and showed the road to the liver, the dark heart.

They called it the Martian heart, opening the nose, the smell, taxing a new visionary world. However, there were ten darker hearts, called the Tirmis Oracle. It was a savage gift, once taken by pirates : ten demons locked up in a machine, a machine of torture. They used to call it the dark toes. It could take over any human being or creature, taking it's system. It was in fact holding the Karazure Enigma, the stairway of enlightenment. It was a stairway for any soldier to rise. It would break the power of any man, and it would raise the power of the woman, to become the stronger race. Only on this base the elves would be able to return.

From the Martian River of Death they rose, the elves, 'karsuiks' in barbarian terms, the warlocks children. They had broken the spell of grotesque. It was the shift of nature.

I saw Tirmis Oracle falling these days, setting it's demons free. But I knew Tirmis Oracle meant eternal slavery. There was no real escape possible. You could only go deeper. The Oracle had been made by python stone, coming forth from karazurian delights. It celebrated the weakness of the man, as it's source of creativity. It would make a sorcerer of him, working by spells. This was his strength. The putse was the barbarian term for fairy, but it was more a savage, original fairy, like a wild indian. It celebrated the strength of the woman. It was the eternal strength vs the eternal weakness, and they belonged to each other.

The beasts will rise from the Martian River of Death, and the oracle will turn upside down. The soldiers will march. The karazures will march on the walls. They will have the survey, the rest will burn away. It will all shift anyway. A new game will start.

Killer-Flower

This flower hung above a country. All visitors got eaten, after ending in unbelievable traps. It all worked by lights, slowly sucking them in, until they couldn't find themselves back anymore. Their spirit got cut off from their soul, until there wasn't any helper left, all isolated.

This flower sucked, it was so white so white, of the whitest blinding light, there were no keys, only locks. You could only watch, it was a show, a cinema they called her.

One day I came to the flower, appearing to be so white so white, but I knew she was black inside ... She was a hunter sent long ago ...

She could bring in a fire ... and then all the visitors were running ... She brought her dead soldiers up in the inhabitants ... Here you have enough of food, here you have enough of riches, so many treasure rooms ...

And I approached this lady, and I asked her why, and she directed her finger to a cruel history ...

And I told her I wasn't to blame, and neither my friends, so she let me go, she was moving with her show, taking another country instead ... But never she stayed long ... afraid of hurting people like me ... She became a fairground more and more ... by certain tricks she could see ... She wasn't a blind killer anymore, for a light had set her free.

Face with Wings

You know, I believe in those songs, grasping so deep, shooting so deep, making you laugh or cry, kind of multi-sound, a myriad of voices, all coming from different directions, a bit like the bird's treasure ...

I believe in the bird lights, they are so warm, and can come so suddenly

I believe in magic ships on the waves of fantasy, the waves of our imagination, something deeper than the soul ... We have to wake up to these worlds, or there will be no hope for us ... I come from an earth almost like your earth ... I believe in the so called soft spots, connecting worlds to each other ... Sift the hardness out ... but this softness comes forth from the stones ... the gems of a bird's treasure ...

I know where this treasure is Go deep enough in the past and you will reach the future ... Go deep enough into the future and you will reach the past ... Until you realise there is only a now ... Time is just a certain frame of the now ... a certain order ... but it will melt away if you get the bigger picture If you get across the fence

I have the key, follow me

A man wakes up from a strange dream. A bird stands in front of the open window. It has a message in its beak, a letter. The man takes the letter and reads, while a million smiles enter his head. He gets warm inside. It's a message from the dead.

'Don't believe the media anymore, don't believe the history books. We are not dead, we are alive. The media is just a veil in the temple of life, but go through it.'

'How,' the man was asking.

‘Come, I will show you,’ the bird said. The man went outside and followed the bird. The bird let him to a nest of spiders. The spiders had red and black spots. ‘These are living in your head,’ the bird said. ‘Keeping you in hallucinations by their poison. It’s the veil in your head.’

‘How to get rid of it,’ the man said.

‘Let me enter your head,’ said the bird.

The man fell on the ground between the flowers. He felt so weak all of a sudden, and his body felt so hot, like he was lying on a burning beach or desert. He felt so soft all of a sudden, like a millions of soft waves were overflowing him.

‘Do you believe in the soft powers,’ the bird said. ‘It’s in the bird’s treasures.’

The man felt jewels rolling all over him. It was like infinite and everlasting love was overflowing him with so many voices. It felt like an armour. And he heard a voice saying : ‘Oh bird’s warrior, unlimited love is yours, stand up in power.’ A face in wings appeared. Warmth was overflowing him. The dead were speaking. They were not dead. They were part of an army of love.

‘Army of love, deep in the waters, hallucinations is the only thing we come from, it’s the only thing we go to, for there’s nothing but hallucinations, and we just have to search for the right flower, the flower of unlimited love. Drink deep, can we break the chain of every addiction, and become addicted to unlimited love. Can we break any slavery to become slaves of the flower of unlimited love. She can speak and bind, she can break and bring down, she can tear and play the clown.’

‘She can break through the windows, there are no borderlines, she is unlimited love.’

‘She holds the triangle of fire, the powers of softness, the bird’s treasure, to reflect the messages of the dead, she is the new media.’

‘Open your history-books, she will bring it alive, and all will be in unlimited love, in a new light’

There are warm windows in the sea, she breaks through them all ... Red windows in the rivers, the lion’s eye can see through ... The veils are tearing ... burning In the lion’s temple And then a new light ... Voices of the dead ... They have always cared for them

There are rings of fire greater than our mind ... She is the new media ... This flower of unlimited light Triggering the sounds of a new world ...

The birds can do the calculations ... They can make the tablets hot ... while she breaks through and through

Thermal Eye

Finally I met the wizard ... He was immediately like a father to me, or a bigger brother He showed me my own village He showed me my past ... He showed me the pattern of suffering, how it was a music instrument ... All the trauma's were keys, all the nightmares ... But also he showed me the good times, how they were important keys ... He showed me the contradictions Perfect contradictions so right

And he called himself 'So Right' ... The man of the horses And these horses were on their way to the city City so huge

I had never seen such a picture before ... It was a desert city A city of death ... Huge bones formed the walls, and huge bones were inside

He showed me the omens in bookshops, the signs to lead me out ... and certain sounds were the bombs ...

He showed me the night city ... He showed me the red ... He showed me everything, and showed the story behind it

He showed me the wildernesses between the cities, where the wild cats lived Whenever they cried ... someone died ... They lived from death, but others they brought alive ...

He brought me the hat of a nation, a land of horseflies ...

This land was wild, we couldn't begin anywhere ... but the magic of the wizard brought us deeper in ...

Snakes drew the pictures ... Pictures charged with feelings ... It was all deadly accurate

Like tight machinery he drew The world of me and you We had a jewel in our chest,
full of light, by which we moved, by which we flew ... to the city of light ... We were
breathing light in and out ... No need for oxygene

And the jewel grew, and took us over, we were possessed ... by the higher light And there
was warmth coming through Steamy Like a tropical light And it blew our minds
away There were explosions everywhere Snakes entered in

The lizard was a blinding light Transforming us, waking us up to the highest warmths
Healing lights were gliding there, high in the air ... Healing winds of warmth ... Stairways of
light

And the wizard said preach the new gospel ... search for the perfect contradictions It's all
somewhere Just puzzle

Yes, he gave me a puzzle ... After the explosion We lost ourselves And we lost the
others On a lost island we were land ... of the horse flies

It was a new order of light And history changed before our eyes All the combinations
became right

And still the contradictions lurking in the night The day that good and evil were in
harmony It was like a sacred marriage, and then the explosion Who was who
There was no self and no other

And the wizard smiled ... I had never seen such a smile ... He had sunglasses on And the
women were like catwomen ... tails rising in the air And looking backwards

And eyes were exploding They had ordered space for so long by their rays They had
ordered time, and invented it But the chest-jewel was rising now enlightening the
faces Showing the perfect contradictions of you and me ...

And there was harmony and chaos, like a sacred marriage, and then the explosion We couldn't find ourselves and the other anymore. We were one with the sky ... the secret in a land called the land of the horseflies And the walls were thick Hot stone Exploding when someone touched them To become thicker after all Walls ... of the wind

And warmth was gliding Snakes were sliding And this wizard had always been blind Like a hairy spider in the sky And he had always been deaf Holding the perfect contradictions He could see temperature All by the chest-jewel ... by the chest-jewel ... he had survived His poison could reach deep ... dripping in the unreachable places between the rocks in the depths of ravines and valleys ... where no one would come

There were growing flowers there, white flowers ... blinding lights ... deep roots ... tall, and wild They were raising the fences of a new world

And the wizard was smiling, holding my hand He was always my childhood hero And now he was here ...

Warmth was gliding ... in streams ... colours were created by the temperatures And I could see the perfect contradictions

And I saw the women building a cat city, reddish And then they built another one While the wilderness was growing And I saw the high elevators, and the skyscrapers And they built a city reaching to heaven, and it's underground reached hell ... Only the land of the horseflies could do It was a perfect babylon ...

And preachers stood up, and prophets Preaching about judgement like never before ...

And I saw a ship in the distance ... coming closer Bringing magic to it's shores

And cat girls were playing ... Old religions were fading ... blending as one

And the wizard said : preach the new gospel Transform the heritage By the new light
.... Set it's spirits free It was an old book, an old curse An old cage But we found
the key So many souls had here their haven But now they are free

And I saw a key of eternal and infinite love A flame which would never die I didn't
know where it came from ... I didn't know where it would go ... but it pierced it's way
through my heart

And the cat girls were talking ... raising their cities They had been silent for so long
And the lizard king took place on it's throne We had chameleons in our head ... changing
by temperatures ... The temperatures are speaking ... It's the hour of the lion

And cities were rising ... wildernesses growing

Ship of Death

They invited me by their eyes, they reached out their arms to me, to take me in, on their ship, their lion ship. The captain was someone to die for, and the whole crew, very friendly. Skeletons worked on the ship, it was a ship of death.

The captain gave me something to drink, so that I would never fall out.

He gave me a book of strange stories, psychedelic. 'These stories have no story-line,' he said.

He showed me the fishes and creatures of the sea. Some really looked like machines and elevators, and the captain said we needed them. Some creatures were like cameras. We could visit the dead on the places where they lived now, for all these creatures were sent to us to show us the way.

The captain stared at me. 'Do you like it ?' he said.

'I was bored,' I said. 'So everything is okay.'

'But do you really like it ?' he asked.

'Yes, I like it,' I said.

My mouth had a sweet taste. I felt like I had the mouth of a lion.

I saw butterflies underwater, when the ship turned into a submarine. I saw birds underwater, and I felt happy. There were no laws here, anything could happen.

'Laws are so evil,' the captain said. 'Anything should be able to happen, as everything is a message, a riddle.'

‘So lions are not from the mind, right ?’ I asked.

‘Lions are from the nose,’ he said. ‘We smell something and translate it into vision. It has no boundaries, we just translate.’

‘Can you see temperature ?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ he said. ‘And you will also when you are long enough on the ship.’

‘I see you have a good heart to skeletons,’ I said. ‘I come from a world where they despise everything which is dead. We have a cult here, they despise everything which is weak, and they always say : survival of the fittest, but it gets worse and worse.’

‘Yes,’ the captain said, ‘that’s why I invited you. I have heard of it. But the dead just live on. It’s the media wanting you believe someone is dead. You shouldn’t believe them, it’s a mass-illusion.’

‘See,’ I said, ‘that’s what I always thought. So the lions are on our side ?’

‘Love will survive,’ the captain said. ‘Love is the strongest power existing.’

‘I can’t live without love,’ I said, ‘but I think love is a trickster. I think it is a riddle.’

‘It is,’ the captain said, ‘but the trickster is the only one who can lead you home, you know, deeper messages.’

I nodded ... 'Do you know what I like ?' I said. 'Those songs which have actually more songs in one, voices singing through each other, their own song, but still they are in harmony, like chaotic harmony, it's bliss.'

'Yes, that's what love is,' he said, 'many different voices, and many different songs in one, all having one goal : to make you happy.'

'Don't they spoil us then,' I said.

'No, they just want you to be one of them, part of the song,' he said.

'Well, is happiness our goal then ?' I asked. 'Or love itself, and then we must know what it is, and what it means.'

'It means to go to school,' he said.

I laughed. I was more a truant.

'We have good schools,' he said. 'Schools of love.'

'Yea, right,' I said smiling. 'Well, I believe you.'

He showed me a strange ring, with dragon-nails. He pushed it on one of my fingers. 'Inner school,' he said. I almost couldn't breath. 'Man, that hurts,' I said.

'Love is pain,' he said.

'Is happiness also pain then ?' I asked.

‘Yes,’ he said.

‘Well, hello,’ I said. ‘I ...’

‘It’s okay,’ he said. ‘Pain and pleasure, close to each other, pain is a riddle, a path, an armory.’

‘Yea, I have heard these things before,’ I said. ‘I come from a horrible earth, where they torture animals and such. It breaks my heart. I cannot live with that. I rather be dead or with you. I can’t watch it anymore, all the news. I need something else.’

‘The lion orchestra, son,’ he said. ‘When it starts to play it’s over. There will be a new world, and you are with us.’

‘What do you mean ?’ I asked. ‘The hour of the lion ?’

‘Yes,’ he said. ‘The lions have waited for million years for this. They have taken root in silence, and now they are strong enough to grasp the trumpet.’

‘Who has the trumpet now ?’ I asked.

‘Aliens,’ he said. ‘They rule sound and vision.’

He pushed another ring on my finger. ‘The lion’s ring,’ he said, ‘a sign you’re part of the plan.’

‘What’s the plan ?’ I asked.

‘Love, the lion’s voice,’ he said. ‘First you will hear it, then speak it.’

‘Why am I part of the plan ?’ I asked.

‘Because you are the lion’s trumpet,’ he said.

I felt like the code was cracked ... Fire was streaming into me ... I woke up in sweat, longing back for the ship of death ...

**The Best be
the Winner**

The Gospel of the Rabbit

“After all it was just a cartoon ...”

Let me make you rich, let me make you swim in money, let me make you drive in big cars, for i drive big cars as well. Let me make you live in big houses, and let me make you dwell in luxury, for life is good. Let me make you look down on people who are not like you, for you are the masterpiece, oh pig.

Glory to the pig. I created you, but I even made you bigger than myself. I’m but a simple rabbit.

Let me give you weapons, so that you can rule the other. For I made you to be kings. Let me give you big armies, for there is so much to win. Oh, dread I will plant in your hand, so that everyone will tremble for you, and never understand. Money and weapons are good for you like good food. I will give you mothers who will give it to you from their breasts. Yes, I have brought you to a good land. You, oh pig, you were my masterpiece. Me, the rabbit, I even bow for you, the king of creation you are. I made you good.

Oh pig, I made you even better than me, compared with you, I live in small houses, small cars, yes, you were my masterpiece. So let me save you from yourself, I am as crucified compared with you, compared with you I was poor, like born in a cradle. So, let me save you from yourself, or greed and pride will make a sinner of you. The hell is hot for pigs like you.

But you see, I have a restaurant to keep running, so I hope you understand. So many clients come there everyday. They might kill me if I do them wrong, a feast they want, so have a bit of mercy on me, and bring me some pieces of chicken when you can. Pray to me everyday, and lay them in the oven, so I will be satisfied, and I will give you half of the prey. Yes, rich I will make you, and pour out my blessings on you, for you have always been my friend, I know you understand. So don’t drive me in a corner, but praise and worship me with a grateful face and voice. I might have some mercy on you at the end of the day. And when judgement day comes, I will say you have always been my friend, for you did understand.

Let us swim in money, friend, let us drive in big cars, and live in big houses, to dwell in luxury, for the days are short. My restaurant might sink in the waves when Noah comes with

his flood. Let us party before it is too late, before they say game over. I know a mouse city where we can be safe. Come, follow me, leave all your possessions, leave your families and friends. Me, the rabbit, will lead you to a place where they all understand. I know you feel rejected, so follow me, for I was too. No one ever believed in me, except you.

So it is you and me, and a cat and a dog, and also a bear, to go to the mouse, that which i had hidden for the last days. We will reach our Jerusalem, I have my gun to shoot the rat. The underground is for him, but he will get a bad name, and we will be good. We are the best, the champions of it all. Of course this is what the game demands, and what the game decides, there is no democracy or so. Let only the best be the winner. The one making the best balloons ...

There, high on a hill he lives ... the man of the balloons ... He's painting the thrill ... His music is the best ... He invades the cities ... and makes balloons of them ... of those who follow him ... So follow him ... Be the best in what you do ... Fly to the sun and to the moon And buy some guns from a rabbit ... And try to come out of your pits

And they call him the winner man, they call him the rabbit gospel ... Swim with him riches ... Climb with him the trees ... Slide with him over mountains and dive with him in the seas He would make your life so good He's even saving the rats ... After all it was just a cartoon ...

The Bridge

Once there was a rabbit ruling a kingdom with ungrateful people. Although the rabbit had a huge palace he was very sad about his kingdom, and wanted to leave to the wilderness. He went there with his footmen : a bear, a cat and a dog. They left in the night to the wilderness, leaving their huge and beautiful palace. In the jungle they shared their philosophies in the depths of the night. They had their philosophies about the ideal state and how to reach it. After long journeys through the wilderness they reached the river of life. Behind this river they believed there would be the utopia, the ideal state. But it was a strange river, a very dangerous one. Whenever an animal went into the river the waves took it away.

The rabbit and his three footmen had their philosophies about how to come across the river. Let's invoke the ghost of the wind, said the dog. He can make a bridge across the river.

They would invoke the ghost by making a fire. And after awhile the ghost of the wind appeared. The ghost would build a bridge, if they promised him he would be a part of utopia. Of course the rabbit and his three footmen agreed, and soon the ghost of the wind started to work, but the further he came with his bridge, the more he started to turn into a storm, and for the animals it was too dangerous to come close. It was hanging over the waters like a threat.

Let us invoke the ghost of fire then, the cat spoke, maybe he can sooth the storm, and build the bridge further. The ghost of fire heard them, and came, and again they had to promise that he would be a part of the utopia. Of course they agreed and soon the ghost of fire was sliding over the bridge, but when he reached the storm he turned into an inferno. An enormous chaos was now hanging over the waters.

Let us invoke the rainbow, said the bear. It will make everything well.

The rainbow came, slided over the bridge and could make it well. A beautiful huge rainbow bridge was now hanging over the waters, reaching towards the other side of the river of life. The rabbit and his three friends followed the rainbow and came in the land of utopia. The king of utopia asked them how they could come, and they told him about the three ghosts. The king told them about the secret of his utopia. It was a plane. He so loved the story of the three ghosts that he made pilots of the four animals. And he made them rulers of the four parts of utopia.

Vampire Fiction

Robotic City

They march here, these vampires. They never understand, as that would bind them into slavery. They are hard, but soft inside, so soft that it reaches to the deepest place, a place in Robotic City. From here they get their commands. From here they rise to the ships in the skies. They never understand, for that would blind them. They never break the seal, for that would misguide them. They couldn't deal with the powers breaking through. So they hid the seal, so that their young ones would never touch it. Some seals are for real, like the seal of God.

The ships go to their harbours, advertisements in the sky. It seems God is fishing, and they never understand, as that would bind them and blind them, to so many things from above they couldn't handle. While they choose their strange fruits they get softer inside, while they switch over to the meat and the blood, they bow down to rise. They are soft inside, but spears are hard and lonely. When they choose to fight, they are selective every time. Switching from clothing to eating. It seems some things can never be changed. They have these switchboards in the skies, like advertisements, and then so many eat with them, clothe with them.

They do not understand what is going on. They're living in Robotic City. They choose between the fish and the fruit, and that's all. Every day they march to their work, and every night they return. In weekends and dreams they sail the skies. No, I never return to Robotic City as they ate their children in delay, like growing old, a strange strange curse, like growing old to never return. Not for gold or silver I would return, so I beg you stay with me. Stay on the waterside, and only greet, but never give in.

I warned so many, but still I see them marching in, still they say walk in. I know I place where we can hide, where the vampires cannot come, they always grow old, will their children get so dumb. No, let us run away to the place where we can hide. Someone named Stanley lives there, and he can chase them all away. Oh Stanley, never turn away. Take us to your city while we pray. Oh Stanley you're the best of them all, for you also left that place, and you built your own place, your own robotic city, but it has a different name. You never told me anyway, for I would never understand, too afraid to be bound, too afraid to be blinded, no, I never would open your seal.

Oh Stanley at the end of my life : give me some youth. Let me live forever, like escaped vampires would do. Let me dance like you, let me walk like you, and lead me to your robotic city in the skies. Show me where can I choose from, show me the advertisements like lights in the sky. I know you built that place for you and me, so let us get there, but let us only greet and never get in, until we have built our own robotic cities. Escaping from Stanley is the last thing we must do, our ships are all dying, let them all be gliding, turning brandnew. And let us escape from our own cities, let us escape from our own robotics. We must go to the places higher in the sky, where all escaped vampires march, they only greet and say goodbye. Let us built our own robotics and say goodbye. Let us escape from our own robotics so that we will not die. Let us turn to the eternal youth by a line of softness, no, not growing hard, there is so much we can do. Not growing clinical, not becoming a hospital, but becoming lovely and creative, for love heals, that's the power of love. Give me your cinema's, not your medical stations, give me your love not your diploma's. I came from robotic city, now I want something else. I need love, not your hate. But I would like to see your histories, the towers you have built reaching towards the sky. I want to see your ships, the way you eat, the way you mess around, but most of all your escape.

I know you love to be in robotic city, but there is some life beyond, some love, powerfull enough to heal you forever. Powerfull enough to be wonderlove. We will never understand however. We are too tragical, turning to our jobs, and then to forget it all forever. It's a curse in our mind, the curse of robotic city. Let us all leave it behind. It's all sticky like glue, we can never leave. When we try to puzzle it out, it only gets worse. So let us stop breaking the seal, and let my love hit you, you will get your wings. Oh robotic city, I still love you. I know you're just a prisoner. Do you want to see your king ? Do you want to see your ships in the sky, your advertisements passing by. Oh robotic city I still love you, and I know Stanley does, but what can we do. Waiting for the tides to turn. They will turn.

In the harbour they are soft, soft enough to be friendly, not clinical. In the harbour they will care for your ships like they do to dolphins. In the harbour they will care for your trauma's of sharks, whales and orca's. In the harbour they will understand. They will let you choose between the meat and the fruit, between the blood and the juice, they will let you coming closer. They are soft in the harbour, not a hospital, but a power of love. They never marry and they never get children, there are only some visitors, coming to their place. They have cinema's, they have lovepowers, they attract the visitors, they are creative. They have no hotels, everyone gets a house. They have no shops, everyone gets what he needs. They used to call it robotic city but the new name has been sealed. Never break the seal, my lady, never break the seal, my man, for then the babies will come again, and we cannot handle these powers, so we better do not understand.

Their words go along so many visitors, but so many do not get deeper, and it can go so much deeper. Dont waste your time to the ones only standing at the sidelines. We want the softer ones, we want the deeper ones, those who come with their ships, those from other robotic cities, those who have escaped. Those who have a story to heal them all.

White

Heaven

After many years of traveling through the desert I came in a strange world, like an oasis. At first I thought it was a mirage, but later it seemed to be denser than just a mirage. It was a real world, a giant world. Giants walked here with their women. They smiled at me, and some took their hat off and bowed for me. They seemed to be very friendly. One of them led me to their king. The man was two times taller than me. He had a shield and a leather suit with a skirt. He had a beard and red piercing eyes. He looked like a father figure, an undescrivable care on his face and in his eyes. Lepertume was his name. A soft radiance came from him. It was soothing me. He showed me his sword hanging at the wall behind him. He once got it from a leprechaun, he said. He had love in his eyes. He led me through his castle where he gave me a bedroom. Sleep awhile, he said, you must be tired. The bed was soft. I immediately fell in a deep sleep. I had beautiful dreams. When I woke up two giantesses stood before me with food and drinks. I took from it, and went to the king again. He was sleeping on his throne. Don't you sleep in bed, I whispered softly, but he didn't hear it.

A footman showed me the rest of the castle plus the beautiful gardens. The leaves were hanging in a beautiful way, and the most beautiful fruits hung there, often tall. I took a bite, and another bite, and it was like I was in heaven.

A bit later the king came. He was in a precious beautiful velvet red suit, decorated with silk. I never saw such a beautiful man before like he was, so tender, so full of love and peace. He was a giant, I was two times smaller. For a human I was pretty tall.

'You will be as big as me,' the king said. 'Just keep eating this food.' I smiled. I took another bite. I didn't want to leave this place anymore. I actually thought I would die in the desert after escaping from the city I lived in. But this was heaven. The king seemed to know about my city. I was kept prison there for so long. I lived in a dungeon. I had been falsely accused.

The king understood me. I could escape by digging a tunnel. The king was glad with me. He was like a father to me. After a few months I had my own house. The king visited me everyday, but throughout the years I didn't see him much anymore. One day I decided to go deeper into giant world. I was already huge like a giant. Finally I reached a haven, and went on a ship, named the White Cobra. It would lead me to another part of giant world, a huge island. The giants and giantesses were dressed in a strange way. It seemed to be traditional clothes. I wanted to discover this world. I went to a mountain on the iceland, where the ice was blue. Strange birds seemed to live here, blue parrots, blue paradise birds, in all sorts. They reflected something I didn't know. It made me high.

Soon I got a message brought by a red bird, a message from the king. He wished he would see me again. So I went back to where I came from.

'You have seen much from giant world now,' he said. 'I want you to become my footman, for you are now finally settled. You are one of us, and I hope you are one day able to become king.' I accepted the offer, and within years I was even king. The king himself decided he wanted to go to the city I once lived. He would go there with a few other giants, to live among the people from my city, and to deal with the city. Soon I got a message that the city had been burnt, and I knew enough. The king returned and wanted to be my footman. Also the other guys who were with him wanted to be my footmen. You are good enough to take the lead now, said the king. He told me that when I would be a real mature giant my next job would be to burn an evil city as well. This was what I finally did. When I returned there was a new king, and I would be his footman. I was a so-called horseman now. I also was the leader of a huge army now, and of a monkey army. I had many golden swords, and other swords of precious stones. And I had many exotic weapons. I became like a sorcerer. I had a room close to Lepertume. He was a horseman as well. He taught me much about war. In giant world the highest position wasn't a king. The warleaders had much more powers, although they worked for the king. When I was much older Lepertume once took me to a high stairway in the forest. Angels were living here, and he said that the gods lived on top of the stairways. We went on the stairway together, and there were cobras on both sides. On top of the stairway there was a much taller cobra, and he was like a bridge deeper into the sky. The sky was warm. We had much survey here, everything was lighted. It ended in a huge cloudcastle, where there were a lot of skulls and weapons. Choose your weapon, Lepertume said. Behind the castle there was another bridge. In the waters cobras swam. Strange birds came close to us, and giantesses. I had a white cobra sword. But there was peace here. I was one with the gods now. I got wings and flew home.

Strike of the Nelfkins

Elf Fiction

Kasjar was running through the forests. The hunt on the elves had begun, and he wanted to warn the elf villages in the depths of the forest. Soon there houses would be burning, so they had to move. Bada, the elf king, was just sleeping at that time. When his guards woke him up he stared into the face of Kasjar.

‘Oh king of elves,’ Kasjar spoke. ‘We have to be quick, for the hunt on the elves has started.’

The king stood up and walked to his bath and stepped in. ‘Some salt please,’ he said to his guards. ‘Some raspberry shampoo.’

‘Who are they ?’ the king asked when he started to wash himself.

‘The Nelfkins, king,’ Kasjar said.

‘Who are they ?’ the king asked. ‘I’ve never heard of them.’

‘But they are dangerous, king of elves, very dangerous,’ Kasjar spoke. His dark eyes stared at the king through his dark hair.

‘I believe you, Kasjar,’ the king said. ‘You are one of my best servants.’

‘Thank you, king of elves,’ Kasjar spoke. ‘I will tell you exactly who the Nelfkins are.’

‘Are they elves, or fairies, or giants ?’ the king asked. ‘Who are they ?’

‘Soon our houses will be burning, my king,’ Kasjar said. ‘We have to move away from here. Our technology isn’t as great as theirs.’

‘Do you have books about them, so that I can read about them ?’ the king asked.

‘I will tell you, oh king, who they are,’ Kasjar said. ‘They are no elves, they are beastly trolls. They are on their ways to our villages. I have seen them. I have heard them shouting when I was on my guard. This is why I came, my king. They come from a far country, not of this realm. They are complete strangers to our maps. They come from beyond the horizons.’

‘Beyond the horizons ?’ the king asked. ‘That’s almost impossible, but I believe you. You are one of my most faithful servants.’

‘Where can we go, king ?’ Kasjar asked.

‘We will arm ourselves a bit more,’ the king said. ‘We will ask our biggest magic elves to come to the palace.’

Within a few hours they all sat around a table in the royal palace. ‘We can ask the eagles to take us away,’ a small elf called Lio said. ‘I can do a spell for that.’

Another small elf called Lep said : ‘Let us fight. We will do a magic attack.’ He had raised his arm in the air and his little finger. His hand was glowing of magic light.

‘Good, Lep,’ said the king. ‘Anyone else having an idea ?’

‘We can do the indian elf dance to let the villages disappear,’ Orjon said.

But soon enough the Nelfkins were already in the palace. ‘Lio,’ the king said. ‘Call for the eagles. Lep, do the magic attack, and Orjon, start the indian elf dance.’

Soon the eagles arrived, and brought as many as they could to an island far away in the sea. Some villages disappeared by the indian elf dance. And other villages got burnt by the Nelfkins.

Some Nelfkins followed the eagles on their birds, and other Nelfkins had pirate ships in the sea. The attack had just started. But when the pirates wanted to invade the island, the eagles started to attack.

‘Orjon, where are the disappeared villages now ?’ the king asked.

‘In the sky,’ Orjon said.

‘Let the eagles bring us there then,’ the king asked. The eagles brought as many elves there as they could. The birds of the Nelfkins couldn’t reach here, but on the ground they had soon invaded everywhere, and they had destroyed as much of the elf world as they could.

Lio, Lep, Orjon and the other magic elves had a lot of work to do to rebuild the elf world here in the sky. And they did a great job. The king was very satisfied. But since the elf world lost many elves to slavery in the Nelfkin domain, Lio had to send many eagles back to free them. Often Lio, Lep and Orjon, and also other magic elves went with them to help the eagles.

The Nelfkins had their powers because of a stone, the Stone of Death. The stone took care that they always lived in abundance. One day an eagle stole the Stone of Death and brought it to the elf world. It was since then that the elf world started to grow like never before. They had abundance in everything. The stone seemed to come originally from the star of death, and when the elves had finally found that planet they decided to live there as well.

The Wizard's Touch

She was on her way to the wizard. Her eyes were piercing through the forest. The forest was enchanted here. The berries were playing with her mind. Everything was shifting before her. She fell down, and some birds took her up, to bring her to the castle of the wizard. He was a tall man with a tall beard. He had a suit on with stars. He seemed to be very friendly, while waves of light came over her. She came from far, there were flames on the wall. The wizard smiled. Finally you are here, he said.

Then suddenly the wizard was gone in a flash. On a plate there was written :

Sooner or later, you must see the wizard. He is not what you expect.

She went through a door, and came in a hall on a balcony, while below there was a lake of lava. A dragon came up. She walked to the other side of the balcony to the next door. The dragon was shapeshifting before her eyes.

'Now do you know who i am,' asked the dragon.
The woman shook her head.

There was a plate on the door before her. She was a bit afraid of the dragon.
This was why she had grasped her sword. On the plate there was written :

Cannibals live here. Don't enter.

But the woman wanted to see the wizard, so she entered. Wild men were swimming in a huge kettle. They were roaring and screaming. There was another door on the other side of this hall, and again she walked over the balcony.

What are you doing here, a voice asked.

I search for the wizard, she said, to give me the understanding of life,
to know my purpose.

He can give you weapons, said the voice.

Oh i know that, said the woman. That is why i am here.

You better not be here, said the voice.

The cannibals crept out of the kettle, as they had seen her, and they came closer and closer.

Time for party, one of them said.

You want to see the wizard huh, another one said. Well there is no wizard.

I saw him already, she said.

Just an illusion, one of the wild men said. If there is any wizard, then it is us.

She kept her sword ready, ready to strike. Don't come any closer, she said.
Slowly she moved backwards to the next door. But soon other wild men were blocking the door.

No escape, they said. All life is in the kettle, don't you know.

They grasped her. She lost her sword. They threw her into the kettle,
where green seaweed was covering her hair and body. Then the kettle started to spin.

I can be your cook, she shouted.

But no one answered.

Huge mills started to appear around her. Then a voice said :
the cook has to be cooked first. Then she felt stings everywhere and a voice said :
I am the beekeeper.

Soon she was full of honey, a plant at a beach, soon she was touched by the wizard,
and found her love.

Beads

I had never been this far before in my spaceship. I was gliding through the fleeces of the Aleuzenen Curtain. The fleeces were thick, and they were almost devouring my ship. They were sucking me in. After hours I saw four planets. One was small, and the others were pretty big, bigger than I have ever seen before. Even the small one was big compared to the planets I knew. I had entered a new constellation. I went to the smallest planet and dropped my space ship there. I came into an enormous wilderness. There was no light here, everything was dark. There were a lot of huge snakes around. I was sinking in it's depths. Savages lived here. I wondered if they would keep me alive. They seemed to be very friendly. I raised my gun and shot a few times in the air, but they didn't become aggressive. Neither did they grasp their spears. They seemed to understand me. They were people of the heart. One of them came closer to me. He tried to ask me if I were hungry. They wanted to offer me food. They led me

to their camp, full of huts, and gave me good food. After that they gave me a place to sleep. They seemed to be very intelligent. They were looking for ways to communicate with me. It was like they were feeling my wounds. I had escaped from my own world. Now I was here.

They were people with feeling. They didn't force anything. When I woke up they gave me soup. My head felt soft. The climate here was perfect. They tried to tell me that I had to listen to my heart. They kept holding their hands on their chest. They showed me their weapons, dangerous ones, with a lot of hooks and stings. They were hunters and warriors. They showed me how their traps worked. These were like boxes with mills. They had animals with big eyes. It was like their eyes were bleeding. Their skin was soft. I was surprised that these animals could talk to me by my heart, in my own language. They looked like giant rabbits and giant teddy bears. They were warming my heart by their words. They opened my heart up for many sounds. I could hear waterfalls in the distance. The people showed me the most precious jewels, and beads, and gave to me also some chainlets with beads. They were bead-stringers. Some of these beads could even go into my body, like my heart had to be filled with them. Then later I felt them in my stomach, then my legs. I found out that everything worked by beads here.

Sud – Hell Fiction

Psychedelic Trauma

Hell was a psychedelic world. Sud was on her warship, standing tall, not missing one target. There were fishes in the water, strange fishes. You could smell them from a distance. They could jump high. The oceans of hell were full of them. Sud tried to remember the past but she couldn't. She was only standing there on the ship, watching the fishes like watching a movie. It brought strange strength to her bones. Also dogs were on the ship. She once saved them out of the webs of the skies.

There was no one like Sud. She had a shrunk skull of a notorious hospital-owner on her belt. She defeated him once in a mean slaughter. Sud stood tall, in victory, raising her ship, her sails, her veils and her webs she laid on the surfaces of the oceans, and then it all sunk.

There were giants in the clouds. They were clouds themselves, filled with fire. Sud held another skull in her arms, the skull of a pirate she once defeated. He had a hospital-ship, a feared ship of the dead, where he had chained souls to do heavy slavery. Sud was staring at the skull. Suddenly she spat on it and threw it into the oceans into the webs Then she dived into the oceans herself Her webs were now the bottoms of the oceans

Sud had a psychedelic mind. She lived in many worlds at the same time Like worlds beyond the fairytale In horror and blood She swam all her way to the nearest island, where she rose out of the blood and mud Then she lay on the sand for awhile The beaches were white here Men stared at her They were surprised Where did she come from ? Who was she ? She took her knife and slayed them all All these bastards with their sunglasses They watched the blood for too long

The End

Sud – Hell Fiction

Old Indian Masks

In the distance a warrior walks ... It's a woman Brown skin with a sword, bow and some knives Then she creeps through the dirt She needs to hide, as sounds of the enemy are coming near It's another tribe, full of boasters At nights they have their sacred parties with their sacred masks Masks of old indians The woman is safe behind some bushes She stares at them through the leaves Then she shrieks all of a sudden, like a battlecry, jumps through the bushes and attacks them slaying 300 of them Then it gets silent again while she eats from their meat, and drinks their blood in haste She's a savage She has sold herself to the hunt She is Sud

She has a bloodthirst No one seems to quench it She's all alone She doesn't live with humans nor animals All she wants to see is the blood streaming, as she hates this world This world called hell She hates herself and everyone around her But a strange flame inside lets her live She hates this flame and tries to destroy it all the time But it comes to her in flashes of love

Within a few hours she finds their camps Takes the masks and runs for days and days Then she finally reaches the fire, throws the masks in it, and then steps into it herself to change into stone It's a strange brown stone It is alive, it can move It can become soft

She is all by herself Her name, Sud, stirs up fear in the hearts of her enemies She is merciless When she uses her bow she aims directly at their hearts and she never misses

Slowly she steps out of the fire again, and then runs into another direction, heading for the hospitals of hell When she enters these huge buildings made of bones she hears a lot of weeping and screaming. It often gets loud, and then it fades away again. She is on her way to the feared skeleton-boss of all these hospitals, Wazeikrik. When she finally finds him she beheads him and screams loud. Wazeikrik is only smiling, taking up his head again, which is his skull, while smoke comes out of his mouth and a lava beam strikes Sud ... She can escape it by pushing her leather shield against the beam. It's a strange sort of leather ... Skin she ripped off from a horrible beast It's immune against fire and lava Then she jumps forward and kicks the skeleton, who starts to laugh louder. He has a chain in his hand by which he has enslaved millions and millions of lost souls He tortures them in these hospitals Making it worse and worse It is hell At nights they have to work for him When it's day they try to sleep while he whips them He's a lord of Hell. Wazeikrik is

a mean bastard without any conscience. He doesn't have knowledge, only a sort of device or instrument by which he rules them all Sud tries to get it out of his hands, but then he kicks her right in her stomach and she falls down. Then he jumps on her and takes a bite.

'No one likes you here, Sud,' Wazeikrik roars. 'Even the slaves think you're an intruder.' Then he pushes some buttons on his device while the souls around her are screaming louder. 'I grill them,' Wazeikrik laughs 'They think you are the baker, coming to slay them for the bread on the table.'

Sud doesn't say anything. She almost can't move, while this heavy weight is on her. He licks her like a dog and laughs again. 'Good idea, right ? About the hospital It pays I'm having a good time And the birds of hell have a good restaurant I keep them alive I don't torture them to death I let them work, so that they keep produce juices and meat, ' he roars 'Simple as it is ... The decisions are mine, as I'm having certificates ...'

Sud knows about the certificates They are demonic spirits ruling in hell They worship these certificates as they are the tables of law Who doesn't worship them don't eat That's why Sud is always hungry She needs to live from the darkness 'I spit on your certificates' Sud screams and spits in the face of the skeleton Then he takes her in a tight grip 'Now don't get mean,' he says 'You don't like what I will do then'

She tries to escape from his tight grip, but there is no way. He tries to break her neck and suddenly she slides away like a dead soul It's like everything in her is dying He is her burden She sees the certificates, the demonic spirits, flying around her, mocking her. Then suddenly a beam of lava comes out of her mouth tearing them apart They are screaming and in one flash Sud stands on her feet again, and smashes the skeleton against the wall. 'They are asking for some lunatics in circus,' she said. 'I think you fit that suit.' Then she throws him out of the window, where he falls into a lake. Crocodiles devour him, while he screams. 'Still worshipping certificates ? They're gone !' she screams. 'Gone, forever.' But then some other flying certificates attack her, and she falls down. They have struck her neck with poison. They hold feathers, and look like old indian masks. 'I should have thrown you into the fire,' she whispers loud A small thing is ticking close to her ... It looks like a clock She takes it up and throws it at the certificates, but they fly away Then she stands on her feet again Suddenly the crocodiles in the lake are exploding Wazeikrik is coming alive again. This time she runs out of the hospital into the wilderness. She knows she has wounded him deadly

Hell is full of hospitals Prisons made by skeletons And ruled by them Together with demonic spirits The certificates Tables of the law The mark of Wazeikrik They are worshipping this mark These marks are old indian masks

Tribes worship these certificates in the depths of the wilderness As they are making lots of slaves These masks are strong and mean They bring forth strange glues The glues of zombification By which they take the minds of their victims over It's some sort of poisonous drunkenness

She smiles ... She tries to get rid of her thoughts of Wazeikrik He's dead now, in her sense And she needs to forget about him Starting a new life But soldiers of Wazeikrik are all around What about the depths of hell ? Where they have their rites, worshipping these masks And what do they mask ? They look like birds so tall Aggressive birds birds of fight What are they hiding ? It's like a stone on a grave They are the gatewatchers Hiding the old mysteries, and the doorways to life They are the porters of hell

It's dark ... Sud is rising from her grave She is veiled Veiled by the fleeces of death and spiderwebs of torture Then she screams She runs back to the hospital But it isn't there Tall spiders grasp her A skeleton laughs at her He's the boss of hell's psychiatry But beware of the dentist

Skeletons are dancing around her Spiders spit their venom in her, as she is sinking deeper The certificates deny her They do not have knowledge They rule by devices They are autists These autists grow in the darkness Like strange stone becoming so hot When anyone touches it, they burn forever But beware of the dentist

Hell's dentistry is psychiatry, a prison Ruled by unknown skeletons They have horses too high No one has ever seen them They have veiled hell by their touch They install their slave-implants And then deny all the pain They are the rulers of those of no hope

Sud thinks she's getting crazy Masks lay all around her When she touches them they burn She takes her sword and slays Slays until she discovers who she slayed She roars in darkness She's in blindness In a deep pain Once denied Give me money, the skeleton said No stories about us doing things wrong There's nothing wrong with those implants It brought you to hell And now you are here So just give us the money Worship us

'No,' Sud was screaming While they were planting more implants in her chest Hell's dentistry was about deep implants throughout the whole body There was no return She tried to slay them by her sword, but she couldn't These guys were invisible They

had a hold on her body 'The more blood you take, the more blood we take The more thirsty you become It was a vicious circle

'Get me out of here,' she screamed But they sealed her And if she would cry More implants would dive into her skin Only to make it worse The implants would scream in her head It paralyzed her, breaking her nerves

She was cursing, screaming and yelling, but inside she knew she had wounded them deadly As when she was alive She had spit her venom deep enough to do the work It was only a matter of time She was the wing of victory She had been programmed to struck their hearts before she would fall And she never missed in that She had her magical bow the Qeshet A speaking bow with arrows of pure poison

She heard screaming and laughing And she saw signs above their heads Then they fell down, and all got black Then brown, then red while blood was streaming She had been zombified for so long At the stake while savage indians danced around her, yelling at her, screaming at her, laughing at her, and controlling her mind They were having the switcher of her soul But they had fallen now She roared What had happened to her head ? Who was she ? All she knew she was free now She had escaped from this spider's farm The venom lost it's working She pierced herself a way through the flies and the wasp So many insects try to sting her to get a last grip She was sinking away, but then rose again, holding her bow into the air Shouting : Qeshet She had reached victory now by revolution The doctor's church was under her feet now She wouldn't be merciful to her victims

No one would take her for a sinner again She was shouting while blood was streaming She took the whip and made her way out She was burning Her stone was coming alive Her fertility Snakes were following her She was the big Sud She was screaming : Azura He was the god before Wazeikrik took the depths of hell over. And Azura had sent his spirit Shaosha, and his son Qeshet, the bow, to save hell But Wazeikrik let them sink into oblivion.

Sud was raising her bow again, the one who once had sunk, just like her She pierced a way through the mud, reaching for the eternal city She found a skeletongod on a small throne and beheaded him by her sword

The End

Judgement Day

Vacuumcleaner was a girl, everyday ascending into the depths of hell to save children out. Washing Machine was a girl living locked up in the underground below hell. One day Vacuumcleaner reached this area and set her free. Since then they worked together. The boss of hell was Kitchener, another girl. One day both Vacuumcleaner and Washing Machine had to appear before Kitchener, the boss of hell. She was very mad, attacked them both and devoured them. Since then all children had to eat soap in hell. But since then also more and more washing-powders and soaps seemed to live in hell. And strangely it also attracted a lot of dirt. The strange mixes between soaps and dirt started to become chocolate. It started to stream through hell and started to cover everything. Soon there were two new genders in hell : money and medicin. Soon there was a war in hell, and the new boss was a girl named Hospital. She invented a washing-powder totally made of licorice. It attracted licorice flies from everywhere, and there was a new war in which the licorice flies invaded hell and took everything over. The children were all in chains now. But it finally led them out of hell.

But out of hell : He was the Lord of Mars, a hooded skeleton, black garment, having his own empire, a communistic one. He was on top of the communistic food chain. It was a strange religion he preached. They all worshipped a fish, and if not they would be killed. There were many slaves. He was as a prophet guiding the lambs. He had pierced their bones, also of their legs, by which they were bound to heavy chains. There was dust everywhere.

They worshipped the fish for chemical reasons. It would give them the hormones to have some fun in their lives, some pleasure, and it kept them healthy. The skeleton lived in a huge gamble machine, and you could only approach them by gamble games.

Prisoners descended into so-called owl-prisons, where owl-demons would start their torment, in creepy black boxes. The screams were filling the black sky, it was judgement day.

The Secret of the Apple People

The guards of the witch were in the city, there where the king lived on a hill. They came to bring the spell. Everyone of the city would soon turn into stone. The watchers of the witch knocked on all the doors, and stuck a piece of paper on the doors. The witch would not change her mind. Slowly the people turned into stone. The king was in panic. He called for his advisers, but none of them knew what to do. There was nothing they could do. But soon someone read in an old book that only the apple people would have a solution to it. They would have the power to break the spell. But no one knew where such apple people would live. The guards of the king brought the news into the city, and asked if anyone knew where the apple people would live.

An old woman told them that the apple people were locked up under the castle of the witch. The king sent some guards to the castle of the witch to get them out. After long searching they found the apple people living there in the underground. They were beautiful. But they lived there chained and in cages. Suddenly the witch showed up and struck the guards of the king by lightening. Some turned into stone, while others could run away.

They went back to the king and told him how beautiful the apple people were. Again the king sent them back to the castle. But the guards of the witch had overguarded the castle now. They were all marching with their swords and spears, like knights, doing strange dances. It brought fear into the hearts of the guards of the king, but when they got back to the king, the king got very mad. 'Get me the apple people, or we will all turn into stone too soon. We have not much time.' Although the guards of the king were already of stone, they could still move, but everything got slower. The king was shouting, and soon they went back to the castle again, and waged a war against the watchers of the witch. One of them could enter the castle, and ran to the underground. He still knew the way. But soon the witch stood before him.

'Please witch, have mercy on us,' he wept. But the witch chained him also. Soon he was among the apple people, and had to do a lot of slavery. He realized that he was changing into an apple man himself. One day a friendly watcher of the witch set him free. He didn't know why, but he just enjoyed and accepted his freedom. He ran back to the city, and to the king. They were all of stone now, but as soon as he touched them they could move. They became juicy again, but soon they were soft as water and started to stream towards the sea. It was like there was another curse on them. The apple man started to read in the books if he could find anything about that, and finally he read that only a golden apple would be able to break the spell. He took some goldpaint and painted himself. But nothing happened. The people were still melting, and becoming like the waves. The apple man decided to return to the castle of the witch. When she saw him she was shocked and screamed : 'You have found the secret.' The witch turned into a flame, and soon the castle was also melting, and the apple people became free, and many of the watchers of the witch. The sea however was growing bigger, so they all went towards the hill of the king where they would be safe. On this hill they built a boat, and the golden apple man became their king.

The Rabbit King

'I wished I was more like you,' said the rabbit to the cow. 'With such nipples you could feed the whole world and be it's king.'

'Tell you what,' said the cow, 'I am a magic cow. If you listen carefully to me I can grant you such nipples.'

‘Okay,’ the rabbit said. ‘Whatever you want.’

‘Go to the hill,’ said the cow, ‘where a lion has a painful skin. Scratch it until the pain is gone, and your hand will turn into gold, which is the first step to get such nipples.’

The rabbit obeyed the cow, found the hill and the lion on it and started to scratch. It was a very big lion, so it took a long time, but after this both hands of the rabbit were of gold.

The rabbit returned to the cow with a smile and showed the golden hands. ‘Now milk me,’ said the cow, ‘for I haven’t been milked for a long time.’

The rabbit milked the cow, and a precious juice flew forward from it.

‘Now drink it,’ said the cow, ‘and bring also some of this precious juice to the king and queen on the other side of the hill.’

Again the rabbit obeyed the cow. It was a long journey across the hill for it was a huge hill. But the lion helped the rabbit, to take him on his back. The queen and king were very glad with the precious juice. It healed them from their diseases. They gave a lot of treasures to the rabbit, and with jewelry he came back to the cow with even a bigger smile than before.

‘Give me the treasures and the jewelry,’ said the cow. ‘Adorn me, and take me to the king and queen, so that they will be assured of milk for always.’ The rabbit did what the cow asked, and took him to the king and queen.

‘This is the cow with the precious juice,’ the rabbit said, while suddenly his nipples began to grow, and juice started to flow from it. The rabbit was very graceful. Also the lion came to look at it. The king and queen thought it was a miracle for they had never seen such big nipples with so much juice. When they became old and when they died the rabbit became the new king. He could feed the world now. But although there wasn’t no thirst anymore, there was still a lot of hunger. So the cow said : I am a miracle cow, just slay me, and the whole world will have enough meat forever. The rabbit obeyed the cow and did what the cow said, and slew it. The lion would bring the meat all over the world. Since that day no one got older anymore, and no one died.

The Three Hearts

There was a mountain village where they had to serve a weeping heart. The women had to spin the tears of the heart into time, so that they would be safe against the dark all-eating heart. If they wouldn't serve the weeping heart, the heart would get mad and turn black also. The people always lived in fear. But the people became so tired and ill that at one point they couldn't serve the heart anymore. This caused the black heart to show up, and the people started to eat each other. It caused a purple heart to show up, weeping even more, and promising to lead the people out when they would put their trust in it. It started to separate people from each other, and a green heart showed up to bring joy to the people.

Harmony on the Hills

Once there were four genders : man, woman, child and old. There was no aging, just four genders, to balance each other. The children and the old were more like hermaphrodites, but far beyond it, they had their unique gender. They both lived very close to animals, and they were much sweeter than the man and the woman. Because they had so much magic the man and the woman became very jealous, and they set up a conspiracy. They set up a honey trap, poisoned honey. Since then the children and the old lost their magic, and became either man or woman. It was the downfall of nature, a corrupted form. The children and the old became very sick, and aging started to set in, in which the old would eat it all. The old became the eaters, taking everything over, sooner or later. That was their revenge, and the children became the mockers. They could go along together very greatly, and really loved each other, but the man and the woman they hated.

Once a child found a nest in the forest, full of licorice and chocolate flies. The child ran away, but the flies followed the child and stung it severely, to make the child one of them. They followed the child to the child's city, and stung the others as well. They saw how the city was ruled by men, so they made the men weak, so that the woman would rule. And the man would become a child again, until he would have been eaten away by the old. And the licorice could heal the child gender, and the chocolate the old gender. And there was harmony on the hills.

World of Violins

Once the elf and fairy were both genders themselves, being no man nor woman. They were like angels of an ancient gender. The woman was a jealous gender, and once she sent herself out to trap the elf by her love. She knew the elf was sensitive to love, so she seduced the elf, and by the poison the elf became male. The male elf became full of vengeance, for he felt bound by the woman, bound by her love. And he got jealous of the fairy, for the fairy seemed to be free. So he made a poison, and shot an arrow in the heart of the fairy, who turned into a woman. 'If this the woman who can set me free ?' the elf asked. 'Is this the

woman I can bind to myself ?' But the new woman could not help him, only giving him hope. There was another gender : the witch, and no poison could make it man or woman. But the witch was unreachable. And the witch came closer to shine it's light through man and woman, and they couldn't grasp it. And the man and the woman waged war on each other because of their frustrations, until there was nothing left anymore of the old elf and fairy.

And the fish was the genderless and the bird the genderful and they both guarded the path to the ancient. It was here where the child and the old ruled, two genders, all by a violin, shining their light through the woman. The man here had to bow at the feet of the woman, who showed him the child and the old, two lost genders. They still lived in the storms, from where they ruled an old world. It was a world of violins.

Washing Machine Girl

There was once a dirty world, with a dirty gender, neither man nor woman, and it ruled. Clean didn't exist. And from the depths of dirt came up chocolate, and many chocolate flies, and they spread lights in the world. And also the old was a gender, and they had relationships with the dirty gender. There was also a third gender, the child gender, and there was no aging. It seemed to be an eternal world. It was a dark world, and from the depths of darkness came licorice and many licorice flies. The dark gender was the fourth gender of this world. And the licorice flies spread their treasures and jewels in the world.

But one day there was a new gender, called the washers, and they came to wash, but the old world was burning away. And there was much fear and pain, and aging started to set in, and disease. And another gender rose : death, and another : torture. And torture became the ruler of this new world. And one of the old gender had a gun and shot the new king one day. And he became a washer himself, knowing that all trouble started there. And by his magic he could make washers of the dirty, of the dark, of the children and of his own gender. And the magic

made sleepers of them. And in dreams they were washing by dirt, trying to get their old world back. But the rest of torture and death held them back.

It was war, a new gender, finally helping them. The war gender invented a new washing powder, and it was so delicious that the old gender started to sell it as food, and it could also be used as clothes. It was the day the washing machines came to the world.

Revenge of the Onaks

short horror

She was locked up in a computergame. She once played it, but she couldn't find her way out. She had cried oceans of tears, but now she got to live with it. It was a strange game, she didn't like it, but she played it for hours. Now what would she do ? There were only monsters here, maybe they could tell her how to get out.

Her brother is still searching for her, they lived together, in an old house. It used to be from their parents, but they died long ago.

The Onaks were green slimy monsters of the game, and when she first played it, they attacked her heavily, but now she was in the game itself, they didn't attack her so much anymore. They needed to live with her too. They talked in a language she didn't understand. They were big and hairy, and sometimes they offered her some food, but she didn't like it. It was like old food ... The smell was so strange here, like a room which never saw daylight. It was a dark game, and she had problems with breathing.

One of the Onaks took her on its back. It was one with wings, and they flew to a dark castle high in the skies. It was surrounded by floating caves, and the air was dark green. The Onak had a wife, she was cooking in the kitchen at the back of the castle. The Onak showed her all the rooms of the castle, and the undergrounds. There were so many treasures here.

Suddenly she saw a child standing in one of the pathways. She got in a light shock seeing this, for the child was not an Onak, but more like her. The child had a red garment, standing with a doll, so sad. The girl started talking to the child, but the child didn't understand. Then the Onak started to talk to the child in the strange language. They seemed to understand each other, and the girl saw the love between those two. The Onak gave a sign to follow him to the kitchen. The child was walking with them. Dinner was ready and they started to eat. It was such strange meat, and the girl got hot inside. She wondered what sort of meat it was. The Onak gave a sign to follow him again, and this time they went deep underground with an elevator. She heard all sort of noises becoming stronger and stronger. She heard shrieks and screams. When the door of the elevator got opened she saw a ball of fire hanging in a cave while beings were working. On the walls she saw beings like her hanging, but they almost looked like trees. So this was the strange meat, she was eating her own people ?

Suddenly the Onak took her by her neck and lifted her in the air. She got hanged there too, while she screamed and shrieked. She lost her consciousness because of the shock. When she woke up the child was standing before her with the doll. The girl was shivering for what she saw in the eyes of the kid. These eyes were full red, almost spitting fire. 'You are destined to bring forth Onaks,' the kid said loud 'They will be born out of tree-like beings, but the ball of fire knows how to breed you into that. When you refuse, you will be the meat we eat. Escape is not possible.' The girl said : 'Yes, I will bring forth Onaks, everything you say.' 'Good,' the kid said. 'Then you must eat much slime.'

The girl was screaming again. Slime wasn't her favorite food.

Suddenly she woke up, it was all but a dream. Her brother was standing before her, holding her hand. 'You were very sick' he said. 'The doctors didn't know if you were going to make it. They said you produce way too much slime in your body. The girl stood up and ran to the computer. Her brother had played a game : 'Revenge of the Onaks.' He liked the game very much. The girl yelled at him that she got a nightmare about it. The girl went back to sleep, while her brother shook his head and played further.

The girl got a dream again. This time she was all alone in the Onak's kitchen, together with the Onak's wife. There was no way out of the kitchen and she had to drink much green slime. She asked : 'What sort of slime is this ?' Then the Onak's wife walked towards the girl with a knife in her hands. She layed it against the throat of the girl and blood was coming forth, but also slime. 'It is the slime of those who do not want to produce Onaks.'

'Now who were the beings working around the ball of fire ?' the girl asked ... The woman started to grin and said : 'When you are old, you do not have to produce Onaks anymore, then you can work around the ball of fire.'

'And the child who's with you ?' the girl asked ...

The woman spoke : 'Hard workers can become children again. When this child is old enough, it will produce Onaks again ...'

So it is an eternal circle of this stuff ? the girl asked ... Is there any escape ?

The woman hit her fist on the table and started to wave with the knife : There is no escape, unless you become an Onak yourself. The ones refusing to have part in the circle will become meat as you know.

'Then cut me into pieces,'the girl shouted, 'for I am rather dead than being part of this stupidity.'

`As you wish,'the Onak said, and suddenly all sorts of Slimy small Onaks came forward, out of the cupboards, and started to cut and eat her.

When the girl woke up, the doctor stood in front of her bed, smiling : 'There is no overproduce of slime in your body anymore, miss, I think we can take you off from the medicine now.' he said. The girl smiled. She was so glad the strange trip had come to an end ... She came out of bed to play the new game of her brother. It was a good game, full of Onaks, but they didn't look like any of the Onaks from her dreams.

THE END

Lord of Insects

psychological sf

Chapter 1 Marazanta

The waspian ships in purple and yellow were attacking earth. There was a man called Schneider who wanted to cooperate with the waspians. He wanted to ask them what their mission was. Schneider was an enemy of earth himself. Born in a woman's womb, but always feeling a stranger ... Like he was kidnapped to this place. He could never settle, and was always terrorized by the atmosphere. Nature gave him a lot of allergies, and his face was like a skindisease itself. People always mocked him or were very scared of him. His muscles were very huge, like his whole appearance, and people always used to call him "The Giant".

He wanted to know why the waspians were attacking, for finally he thought someone understood him ... He always wanted to attack the earth .. He wanted to take revenge. He saw that the waspians were very accurate in their strikes .. They didn't attack forests or villages, but they were mainly aimed at governmental and capitalistic bases. It seemed that they didn't like the set up, like he didn't ...

Schneider was a very aggressive man, not allowing people in his neighbourhood very often. He wanted to cooperate with the waspians, to ask them what their mission was. But it seemed they didn't take notice of him at all.

The waspians had a mind at their own and were very straight in their plans. It seemed they were against earth's money-circulation, which was a very chaotic electricity in their eyes. It wasn't accurate according to their standards, and they saw it more as a terroristic base which needed to be destroyed.

Their technology was from a high sense, called hi-sense. They could easily follow all the conversations of governmental groups, and it seemed they were also against the present fiscal systems. They called it paper-dictatorship by ripped tree-electricity ... they wanted to reduce the use of paper.

These were all statements of people who claimed they were abducted by their ships, but no one really had direct contact to the ships .. It seemed that the waspians were a very individual group, not wanting to have any insiders from earth. Why were these humans abducted ? That was the big question.

Schneider had never been abducted, but he desperately wanted to have a sightseeing in their ships. He worked in an observatorium, but they didn't have much succes in planetary communication.

There was another man called Andriessen. He was in all sort of governmental organisations, and you can say he was one of their topmen. He was in all sort of scientific discussions about how to destroy the waspians and their bases. Andriessen was a man, let's say the opposite of Schneider. He wanted to bring the earth through the cocoon of the New World Order. He was one of the richest men of the world, a real capitalist. He was engaged in the worldwide project called A United World, AUW. He wanted to be the coming worldleader. There were already elections planned, and all the continents of the world had to be engaged in this circle of peace, or they would be destroyed by the army of AUW. There were several countries who didn't want to be part of this project, so these ones were put on a list of ultimatums. Andriessen was a very aggressive way, and on that point he looked like Schneider.

One night Andriessen was abducted by the waspians. He got threats on his head, that if he wouldn't finish his stupid plans, they would destroy him and his stubborn followers. They

were putting ultimatums on his head, and showed him further all consequences of his plans. Andriessen who wasn't a paranoid personality swept it away as a bad dream, and continued his speeches. He had the most followers in the world, because of his sweet promises. He was a big bragger in Schneider's eyes, although sometimes it was like he was looking into a mirror, when he saw the aggressive ways and etiquettes of Andriessen, and in a sense he was enjoying that, but he couldn't explain why.

Andriessen's plans were very straight, and he didn't allow any criticism ... Critics needed to be burnt, in his opinions. He wanted to be on the highway of worldwide changes, and all the hindrances needed to be kicked off the road ... Schneider could see the humor in this all, and in a strange sense he started to like Andriessen, although he would never vote for this type of guy.

The waspians were in rage. Everything looked like to come into the hands of this man called Andriessen, and they sent their ships to destroy some of his bases. Now the waspians weren't terrorists. They could destroy buildings and skyscrapers, and save any possible victim or innocent one out of it. They had their special ways for that. Their electricities and strange fires were programmed to only touch the guilty ones. But Andriessen was under heavy protection. Andriessen worked with high technology too. Almost all scientific bases of earth were in his hands. His plans was to bridle all organisations, families and countries who were against his plans, and he proved by this how powerful money could be. He promised heaven to his followers.

While the technology against the waspians grew, the waspians were almost totally blocked in their operations. They decided to infiltrate among the human beings to get more grip on the society, even if that would weaken their individuality. They didn't want to have any serious contact with these human beings, but they realized that they didn't have any other choice. By their special womb-cocoons they connected to the wombs of a million woman-wombs on earth, and a new generation of waspian children settled itself on earth.

These children had purple-yellow eyes, were very aggressive and untamable. Schneider worked part-time in an institution for these sorts of kids, for he could understand these ones so deep. He always had a heart for aggressive children who couldn't be handled. Of course these children didn't want to be a part of the new world order all controlled by a group of fools.

The kids were very wise and intelligent. They wanted to be free and to be taken serious. They were wild like nature, and didn't want to have anything to do with expecting and tight etiquettes of this strange place called earth. They were programmed by a tight mission. They could look at the small things of nature like wasps and bees for hours and hours. The kids were mocked horribly by other sort of children, and it wasn't possible for them to go to the usual schools. The waspian children wanted to have their own appropriate education.

Schneider liked to listen to their stories. In many senses they were his teachers. And the things he felt so insecure about in usual life, were the code of acceptance and admiration here, among these kids ... Schneider told them a lot about Andriessen and his plans, and the kids were about to go to Andriessen for a good conversation. But Andriessen refused.

It was like the attitude of Andriessen was really breeding more and more rage in the hearts of the children, but on the other side, the kids liked to see Andriessen's rage. It was like Andriessen was inspiring them, but in a totally different direction.

The Waspians in their ships followed the kids every step they took, but they couldn't make any contact with them. This was always the law in the ships. They weren't allowed to breed relationships with human beings ... even not their own waspian sort. They lost enough individuality to send some missionaries to human wombs. The first time they did it was when Schneider was born. Schneider was actually one of them, but was sent to earth for research. They weren't in the position to contact him about that, but an invisible string always held them together. Andriessen was also waspian from origin, but he was a fallen missionary, losing himself in the wealths of the earth. The only thing he kept in his heart was the deep aggression, but he started to use it against his waspian roots, although he didn't know that he was a waspian, for they never told him.

But one day in a strange sense, Andriessen wanted to talk to the children, and wanted to listen what they had to say. They were invited to his office, and they started to tell him stories. He liked to see their aggression, and it was like all these kids were just on his side. He loved to see their purple-yellow eyes, and it would be a day he would never forget. It was like these children were distracting him to another sort of wealth ... the wealth inside, and the wealth of the story ... It was like these children were intoxicating him ...

The day after all of a sudden Andriessen started to dislike his fame. He became scared of all the attention, and it was like his aggression was turned into another direction the media How he could rage against camera's, microphones, magazines and their journalists ... It hurted him more than ever and he asked himself where he was doing it for It was like the children had enchanted him He suddenly started to see the beauty of nature and isolation, of deep forests and his inner world, and he started to desire his youth-fantasies back It was like he suddenly missed his childhood, like he had lost it through the years ...

He came into a fight, an inner struggle, for the election-days came closer and closer and also the ultimatums the waspians gave him ... Although he thought it was all just a nightmare, he never forgot about it It was like there was always a hidden shadow of this experience following him wherever he went ... recording all his words, attitudes and etiquettes, all his movements, visions and thoughts ... It was like deep inside he knew about all the plans and desires of the wasps ... and it was tearing him inside ...

But he was sure of it now He now discovered the biggest threat on earth ... the media ... with all their reporters Andriessen had tight plans now ... Tighter than ever The media needed to be destroyed And because of his worldwide power he spreaded an ultimatum for the media throughout the world They needed to find other jobs

There were more groups against the media, and soon the army was sent out to destroy their bases. Andriessen needed privacy and so did the rest of the world ...

Schneider smiled ... He was like proud of the kids and Andriessen The kids told Andriessen that they wanted to have more cartoons on tv, and good education by this tool ... And it was like Andriessen became more and more a tool in the hands of these kids Andriessen started to talk more and more like a kid, and adult-behaviour was in his eyes the next threat that needed to be rooted out. So another ultimatum was sent out into the world ... Everyone had to stop play games of adults, and if not, he would destroy their bases by the army. The army was mesmerized by Andriessen. Mostly because of his money, for he was still one of the richest men in the world. Andriessen needed more and better cartoons, and so did the whole world ...

It was like the whole world was growing more and more waspian, but other sorts of insects started to attack the waspian bases in the air ... The waspians were desperate, for they knew that if they would lose the war, these insectians would take over the world. And these were very severe insectians.

The leader of the waspians stood up ... It was an old male waspian, looking like an old man with long shiny white hair and a long long shiny white beard. He had a shiny dark blue suit which looked like a pyama's, and there were white star-constellations embroidered on it ... He was an old waspian veteran A very wise and old wasp. There wasn't much contact between him and his workers or soldiers, for he lived quiet isolated ... and always when he stood up, the waspians were all ears, for they respected, honoured and feared him deeply. This time he was a bit panicked and he was screaming in high vibrations, breaking a lot of invisible head-attacks. He screamed at the helmet-developers that they had to invent better helmets otherwise they would lose the war. He predicted that if they would lose the war, they all had to become exiles ...

The waspian ships were computer-based even their suits and organs ... They lived in a cybernetic atmosphere, and they had to update their virus-scanners and anti-virus-walls regularly otherwise they would lose their structures. There were many engineers aboard, and all the new scanners and walls were first accurately tested ... There were many inspectors for that and the conditions were very very high There were wounds in the heads of almost all the waspians, erasing a lot of memory out of their data-bases It was like a disease was spreading in the ships

They had divided the universe into halls, where they did experiments, where they had their factories, and their other projects ... These halls were called "The Cocoons" They believed in evolution and transformation ... This was the purpose of these cocoons ... They had waspians called "dominions" and "divisions" who were the watchers of these cocoons. They had based these cocoons on their pure scriptures ... But these scriptures said that they themselves were also in a cocoon, and not all these cocoons were good for them ... These scriptures predicted that one day they would meet the bosses of these cocoons in which they themselves were prisoned. They were in a fight against an insectian race now from which they fought they were their masters in negative sense ... for they discovered very quickly that the technology and hi-sense of this enemy was higher than theirs.

The old man was desperate ... This was the big big war predicted in their holy testaments ... the heritages of their gods and forefathers ... This was the big big Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, which they would lose. It was all written in their apocalypses what would happen, and it would be a bitter struggle for the waspian race ... It would be a bitter cocoon which would mean the end of the waspian race ... Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... It would be boring like the driest desert, and it would bite like salt, until all their memories are erased and finding the bottom of that cocoon through which they can become ...waspian butterflies ... but still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. No one knows who it really was, but this Almighty God was just using the higher insectian enemies as a tool to rule the kettle of metamorphosis. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers.

Marazanta,
Oh God of the Gods,
Marazanta,
Oh King of the kings,
Thou art mightier than a slave,
and mightier than it's boss,
Oh Marazanta,
Thou art holier than a slave,
and holier than it's bosses,
Oh Marazanta,
King of all purple kings

They were worshipping the thing they feared so much, something which was presented in their sacred art as a tall man totally covered in a purple garment with a cape. No one ever saw his face, and some even said he's faceless ... Some of the wasps had statues of him or paintings like a purple sort of ninja, surrounded by veiled dancing arabian women. The confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ...

The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... They looked like wasps, but they had beaks, and their bodies were much more hairier. They had the power to decrease the size of the waspians, until they were so small that they could be laid into some sort of capsules as small as match-boxes ...

They would take the capsules to a sort of oven, in which the wasps would be transformed into new planets, but in these planets their souls would die ... The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. This would be a slow way of getting older and losing everything. They would be the seeds on the planet-field, were the planets would rise like balloons, while they sacrificed their lives for it. But they knew, on the bottom of this cocoon, there would be a small gate to new life ... But that would take a long long time ... They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier, and having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher.

The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the waspians, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense

tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... They were extremely thin, but the ones who watched them could easily think they were very thick, for they could switch the eye-indexes and translations. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ...

They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia All poles were getting masked by their opposites ... And this was the way how they could erase so many memories and standards, while humanity was thinking they were getting smarter and wiser ... The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... but humanity was thinking they became healthier They loved to hear how people were speaking in misleading poles, thinking they are too this and too that, and thinking it from each other, so that they could enter them by using the other pole ... They let earth's watchers see something at the left, while they were entering at the right. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness. These deceiving images were good distractions in their eyes.

They loved to make people insecure by switching the pole-indexes, and their laughs were like curses, paralyzing the brainfunctions, for the laugh releases stomach-energy to penetrate the mind to digest the pole-switching image, which is nothing more than a victim of dementia. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... while dementia is growing, while everyone is thinking ... it's getting ..better ...

Dementia knows the wounds this system hits ... and then he creeps to the victim, having so much compassion, while making the wound worse than it is, to show an even bigger compassion, while the wound is ripping the whole body more and more ... so that dementia can now really grow into a saviour's position ... but it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ...

The switching of the poles can make you laugh or cry ... the laugh when you look at the other and the cry when you look at yourself the swing of the senses can make us into a criminal or a victim ... it's a dangerous playground after all ...

The laugh of Dementia, installing their fiscal circulations ... their cocoons turning you into another planet to spread their tax-hungry jokes they search for control and transformation for another but if it comes to themselves, they just want to cover their fears

These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ...

Dementia is heading for a hunger for one day the meat will be eaten and then they will realize ... they were just eating themselves ... For they were also just in someone else's cocoon Marazanta's ...

They worship Marazanta too ... for them it's a story of victory ... their victory but they also know Marazanta has many species There are pseud'epigraphic scriptures in their circulations about the coming of Marazanta, about their destruction ... and only the good ones will rise at the end of that cocoon ... There will be a new species erasing their memories and tax-etiquettes ... They will go to sleep for many ages ...

These ones will look like insectian horses or dogs ... they have bony crenated arms and legs at some places, and some places are very hairy some even look like deer

But there are many species of Marazanta ...

all in his cocoon ...

He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

Chapter II Rainboy

A boy was staring through his binoculars, while one glass was like a telescope and the other was like a microscope ... The sight was surprising ... the boy started to laugh He found it somewhere on a playground ... There were buttons on it a button to switch poles and colours ... It was like he could make his own movies with it He was walking with it while pushing the buttons He could change the whole world with it The boy felt like he was the king now ... but one day he lost the binoculars and couldn't find it anymore He got depressed ... and didn't want to do anything anymore He didn't want to sleep, didn't want to eat ... not going to school And the parents brought him to a very friendly doctor The doctor immediately understood him ... It was like the rain had gone out of his head ... But the doctor had some pills for him, called autistic pills They could switch the sights between the poles ... changing colours and even a lot more It was like the rain was falling again in his head ... and he was crying of joy It was like all his friends were back again ... the rabbit ... the squirrel ... the turtle ... he could all visit them again by these pills ... The doctor said he just had to swallow two pills a day for a week, one in the morning and one in the evening, and when the week was over, he would never lose the sight again ...

The parents were so glad ... and praised Marazanta Autistia, the insectians who made their boy happy again ... For ... all doctors were led by these insectians ... Above all they thanked Marazanta, the Lord of Insects, for His good gifts ... Now the boy could play in his big toy-room again, watching cartoon-education on tv, while his parents could do their work without bothering each other It was like there was so much thick space in the house again, thick walls, and much much breath ... Like nature was in the house again The Marazanta Autistia were childlike but very intelligent beings living in and outside the house ... They were representing the whole magical circle of energies and electricities they needed to live this life ... The poles were not mocking each other, but respecting each other, honouring each other and even worshipping each other ... They were cooperating ... and the switching between those brought another sort of joy The boy was laughing and smiling in his ambient nature His laugh was like the joy of dolphins ... so severeless and innocent It was intoxicating to hear him laugh

Nobody would expect what a sinister man it would become when he would grow up ... But it was written in the scriptures He would face a war hanging above his head and he would have to fight for his family

Marazanta was very proud of the boy his rainboy He created an ambient garden for him in some simple poles, to protect him against the tall and sharp poles outside the unknown But one day there would be a door out of the garden ... and then the boy would become one of them In the night Marazanta always brought some dark shadows to prepare the boy in his unconsciousness Layer by layer the armour was growing inside captivating the boy in a new capsule In daylight Marazanta sometimes showed him some of the tall dark shadows in the distance which the boy liked very much tall cowboys and indians on the wall were always the sidelines of the boy's fantasies He liked to see them shoot ... but it was only because of the pretty sounds for the boy didn't know what it meant

"Rainboy", his mother called him ... "There's food for you ..." Rainboy ran downstairs and was eating his custard It was strange custard like all sort of things mixed through each other Octopus, elephant tigers bears ... but it was all fake Marazanta was preparing him for later Rainboy had to become a hunter

He would learn how to overcome the tall sharp poles, and how to use them as his arrows ... Marazanta was creating a quiver on his back for that goal ... It was now like a set of plugs, plugging him into many fantasies and games ... preparing him to spin the arrows He would have to fight the dementia's ...

Marazanta was also breeding the dementia's ... He wanted to let the autistia's and dementia's fight each other ... but in his eyes these were just trainings ...

Marazanta was an arena-master breeding gladiators for his shows ... tv-shows dressed up like talk-shows Marazanta thought this was the ultimate way to be not a part of the fight ... deep in his heart he was a big coward and he knew the biggest cowards became the biggest kings ...

Chapter III The Pencil

A boy was reading the propaganda magazine with different stories about Marazanta. One said he was a coward, the other said he was a hero, and someone else said he was the greatest fool of all times ... But the fact was ... tomorrow it was election-day and the boy still didn't know who to vote for ... Marazanta was one of the candidates ... and most of the people had very mixed feelings about him The fact was ... Marazanta didn't make any propaganda at all The media did ... Most people found him too mysterious to describe but he was in their thoughts all the time No one ever saw his face ... He was always dressed in a purple garment with a cape No one really knew what his message was, but the media was spreading all sorts of story which made it all very interesting ...

Marazanta always appeared on television, and then he was always like staring at something ... Not moving, while nobody could see the face in the cape ... And no one knew where the broadcast was coming from It just took the tv's over ... and the media was speculating

about it They found out they could make big business just to mention the name Marazanta and then letting people talk about him Or just publishing some old stories about him

The boy threw the magazine away he had something else to do than listening to all these nonsense It was raining he needed to be home at time to prepare himself for football But when he came into his room he got the shock of his life ... Marazanta was sitting there on his chair He couldn't see his face, while it was under that cape He didn't say anything, like he was staring at something Then he was aiming with a pencil at the t-shirt of the boy, and speaking : "From who did you get that t-shirt ?" His voice was lower than every voice the boy heard before ... And the boy started to laugh and said : "That's none of your business, now get out of my room." Suddenly Marazanta was gone ... And the boy started to think about the t-shirt : "Why did he ask about the t-shirt ? It's a t-shirt with a golden pencil on it, multi-coloured, I won it in the drawing-match of the bookshop ... The bookshop-owner gave it to me that day ..." But he needed to hurry up for the football-training ... He tried to forget about this stupid guy Marazanta

When he came back, Marazanta was back in his room again he was aiming at his t-shirt he wanted to buy the t-shirt The boy said ... well, you can even get it for free ... I don't give anything about it the boy was putting off his shirt and hoped that he would leave Marazanta gave him a coin and left with the t-shirt ... The boy was watching the coin ... It was a coin with Marazanta's head on it "Strange coin", he thought

Marazanta went to Rainboy to give him the t-shirt The boy loved it and went to sleep ... Marazanta knew that there were insectians who could spit ink in the minds of people ... to draw their fantasies ... by some sort of pencils He wanted to prepare the boy for contact with them ... Marazanta Psychosia ...

Chapter IV. The Psychiatric Secret

"Sir, we really want to do everything to get these voices out of your head," the psychiatrist tells the man in deep compassion, "but we already tried all possible medicines on you, and it seems it's getting worse ... This what you have is a story-syndrom, and that's still incurable ... do you sleep good ?"

"No", the man tells, "but shall I tell you further about Marazanta ?"

"Eh, no, sir, I think it was enough for today, we will see each other next month again," the psychiatrist sais ...

When the man is gone ... the psychiatrist takes his little recorder out of his white jacket and smiles "hmmm ... another story to write down under a pseudonym, and to earn a lot of money with it I knew I chose the right profession ... I will keep telling this man that he's extremely sick ... I cannot miss him now"

The psychiatrist had already a book full of stories about this Marazanta, recorded from many visits of this special patient ... Within short time the book became a bestseller ... And everyone wanted to know when a second part of Marazanta would be published ... Within short amount of time the man himself also heard about the book ... and he was amazed ... "So there must be someone who gets the same voices in his head ..." he thinks by himself ... "And if a syndrom can write bestsellers, then I doubt if it's really a disease ... It looks more like health" The man talks about it to the psychiatrist, who acts like he doesn't know anything about it, and paints the whole situation as pure coincidence But the man cannot be stopped ... He will stop coming here and will become an author

When the man comes home, Marazanta is sitting on his chair ... The man is very surprised "So you really exist, right ?" he asks

"Of course," Marazanta grins ... And he tells the man everything about the works of the psychiatrist ... That they are people who use another's creativity by telling someone is nuts, while they want to hear everything they have in their heads ... They are breeding their pencils by their denying and labelling etiquettes ... It's on the edge of mock, but it works But sometimes it also works into a suicide ... And this is what some psychiatrists really see as their inkpots It's their inspiration, and their conviction that it works It's actually and finally the blood of the patient by which these mothersuckers work ... Their little secret vampiristic suicide-press Their"

"Stop ! Stop !" the man screams, while soap is appearing on his mouth, "Stop ! For Gods good sake ! You are mocking my psychiatrist ... He was always a help for me, and I don't care if he would use my stories ... they weren't copyrighted at all Dear sir, I appreciate your visit but you go too far There are enough people who still think I'm crazy ... The psychiatrist never used that word ... and if he really did what you say now, then it's for me a huge huge honour, if I may say that ... and I think when I would publish it under my own name no one would buy it He can be my manager if he would like to be then that pseudonym can be me, and he can be the style to publish it He in his profession knows a lot about publications of course ..."

But Marazanta was already gone to never return

The man was desperate now ... for it was like he lost two friends this day Marazanta and the psychiatrist And he got in such a depression that he called the psychiatrist again for another appointment

The man told the whole story while the psychiatrist was denying everything

Months went by but the voices in his head never returned Marazanta must have been very very angry ...

The psychiatrist got in big troubles because of this and got depressed too Now they sat in the waitingroom of another psychiatrist together And the man thought by himself what was going on ... Was it all because of him ? ... Or did the psychiatrist also felt left alone by Marazanta ?

The psychiatrist wanted to have a conversation with them both Finally he asked his fellow-psychiatrist to tell the truth about the books ... and with his head bown he explained

everything to the man Now would there never come a part II of Marazanta ? Everywhere people were waiting for the second part but Marazanta had been gone

Many people got depressed ... It was like they were hungry for something which couldn't come And the waitingrooms of the psychiatrists got full Not of people with story-syndroms, but with people full of depressions even more and more psychiatrists seem to come there It was like their biggest buddy had left them Like the tv-show was over now And the number of working psychiatrists was getting lower and lower, so that there wasn't enough help, with the result of ever-growing depressions

The head-psychiatrists were complaining ... We need more people with story-syndroms but no, it already went to far Marazanta wasn't about to come back he would use his ink for a better place He went to rainboy to give him all his pencils ... With colours the boy never saw before ... It was wonderful, and some pencils had all sort of flavours He got a crown like a multi-coloured octopus spouting all sort of ink in his head and new fantasies started to roll He was meeting Mazanta Psychosia, they were like pencils and octopuses ... but they were pure insectians ... like sea-insectians ...

So many things were happening in the head of the boy ... The octopus-crown was sucking and sucking, while spitting so many new lines of ink in him It was like his head was exploding

Chapter V. The Octopus-Crown

A man was sitting in the psychiatrist's room ... "But why did you use us in this story ?" they asked "Well, I like to bring everyone in the story, also you," the man said ...

"Okay, stop !" the psychiatrist sais to the little girl ... "you now talked for an hour about all these identities in your head ? Do you know how we call this ?"

"No, sir, you don't understand," the girl sais ... "these things don't live in my head I just want to tell stories so that I don't need to go to school, but my mother thinks I am sick ..."

"But little girl, you are very very sick, for every healthy girl wants to go to school ..." the psychiatrist sais ...

"Well, that may be true, but absolutely not, when the teacher is telling strange stories" the girl sais again ...

"About what ?" the psychiatrist asks ...

"Well," the girl sais .. "about maths, about stupid geography, stupid languages, stupid histories and so further ..."

"Oh, so he isn't nice ? Is he boring ?" the psychiatrist asks ...

"Well, you are all boring don't you know what kids want ?" the girl replies ...

"Well," the psychiatrist says "of course, you want to make fun, but you need to learn at school"

"Why ?" the girl asks

"Because you need a profession when you are grown up ... and when you didn't learn anything then you can't make yourself a living ... Now do you want that ?" the psychiatrist bows a bit towards the girl ...

"My dear dear sir," the girl shouts, "I want to be a broadcastlady, a lawyer or a journalist, so I need to train myself in stories, you are really disgusting, sorry I have no other word for it"

The psychiatrist takes her by the hand and leads her to a cell "If you don't listen to us, we will keep you here ... you offended us enough with your stories and you need to swallow your pills for you are extremely ill" The girl is screaming and shouting and the psychiatrist is writing down some notes Then he locks the cell The girl is in tears

She screams : "I will all get you by my stories, don't be afraid I will expose all your hidden works You breed patients by your nonsense ... !"

Another boy is crying in his cell ... He also wanted to escape school by proclaiming he wanted to be an actor ... But they take him as sick "It doesn't help !" he shouts at the girl ... "They won't listen ... They see us as a threat ..."

"Then what can we do ?" the girl shouts back

"Will you marry me ?" the boy calls

"No," the girl screams "I don't want to be married ... and I think the best way is to become a psychiatrist and then lock them up !"

"No," the boy calls ... "you can never lock up a fellow-psychiatrist and maybe they are really protecting us against something at least we don't have to go to school ! Can you tell me some of your stories ?"

The girl starts to tell and after an hour the boy shouts out ... "these are exactly my stories where did you get them from ?"

The girl tells him she just fantasies them "and how do you get your stories ?" the girl asks "well, also just fantasizing ..." he says

"Well, how is it possible then that we fantasied the same stories ?" the girl asks ...

Suddenly Marazanta appears between their cells, while they are looking through the bars ... "Because of me," he tells I give you these fantasies to prepare you for something

"For what ?" they shout ...

"I cannot tell you yet, but stay in your cells and just write, just write there is enough ink in your head" he says ...

They are amazed and a bit in a shock ... "so do we also have the octopus-crown ?" the boy asks ...

"yes, just like rainboy," Marazanta answers ... "and one day you will meet rainboy ..."

"Wow," the boy shouts ... While the little girl is staring and she feels so dizzy ... Suddenly all colour is sucked out of her ... and it's like her face is all light blue ... and then she faints

The boy is afraid and asks Marazanta what happened

"The enemy," Marazanta whispers ... "the enemy" and then he disappears

When the girl wakes up she tells she dreamt about an enormous multi-coloured shark attacking her ... And finally when he was gone, she went to the portal of fantasy and everything got multi-coloured in colours she never saw before ... while the octopus-crown was spinning on her head She came into a pirateship ... moving over the clouds It was so high in the air but not threatening at all the clouds were thick, and she saw little thin people swimming there

The boy said : I wrote another story about Rainboy while you slept ... do you want to hear ?

Chapter VI Marazanta Media

Rainboy was brought to a pirateship by Marazanta ... the octopus-crown was spinning on his head he went through the portal of fantasy and everything was multi-coloured here There were little people swimming in the clouds where the ship was sailing they made all kinds of strange movements which humans couldn't make and everything they did was strange and different but amazing to see These creatures were called Marazanta Handicappia a beautiful sort of insectians like elves and dwarves, but there were also taller beings like giants ... Their surroundings were very soft in a sense It was like you could drown into the sight Everything was so fluffy here

"And then you woke up," the boy said "and you told almost the same ..."

"yes," the girl said "but shall we write further ?"

The way they talked to each other was charged by a strange sort of competition and jealousy ...

"Ok, stop," the movie-maker shouts ... "Narrator, stop talking ... it's enough for today ..."

It was a long movie-day They were working on the comeback of Marazanta, but it had to be complex and psychological ... The first movie was a worldwide success ... and now everyone was waiting for the next movie

A man was sitting in the chair of a psychiatrist ... smoking a cigar ... smiling while the psychiatrist was sitting on the chair of his patient "Sir, this almost looks like MIS, multiple

identity syndrom you strangle yourself in so many characters and scenes ... don't you get tired of this ?"

"No," the man says ... "my wife taught me this ..."

"Oh, so she had also MIS ?" the psychiatrist asks

"No, no, and even me myself don't have that inside ... but let me tell further ... for dear sir, it almost looks like you take the words out of my mouth ..." the man said and then he continued

The next day on the scene they had to do a lot of dress up for now they needed to act a very special and dynamic species called Marazanta Persona Varia ... they almost looked like comics ...

The psychiatrist had enough of this and was sighing but he was glad enough that the science fiction was almost out of the story ... for that gave him so many headaches ... like he felt all kinds of beings entering his head Actually it was much too dangerous to listen to these stories ... But in a sense he had to admit ... the man knew a lot about sicknesses and he tried to show the good part of them

"Say," the psychiatrist asked ... "why do you come here actually ?"

"because I don't want to listen to the stories of my wife ... She speaks day and night" the man tells smiling ...

"Oh....but dear man, then I totally understand you ..." the psychiatrist says smiling ... for I do this job so that I don't have to listen to my wife's stories Now we finally found each other at the end of this conversation We serve each other so to speak

And together they walk out of the hospital, for worktime is over They pick a good restaurant and tell each other the most wonderful stories ... with the most amazing identities all to escape their wives' stories It's like they talk against the clock ... for they know ... their wives are already waiting for them "Shall we pick a good movie ?" the psychiatrist asks smiling "yes, yes, let's do that," the man grins

And then the woman stops telling "Now this was the story my husband came home with yesterday-night" she tells to the wife of the neighbour she laughs

"he likes to tease me .. but i said ... well you just forgot about one species of your insectians"

"well ? and was that ?" the wife of the neighbour asked laughing

"well Marazanta Drunkia ..." she says while they both laugh ...

and then she continued : "But he said that he wasn't drunk, but that he got it somewhere from a magazine from a feminist magazine ... But that magazine told they had it from a doctors' magazine ... etcetera etcetera But finally it appeared to come from a toy-shop but it was just from someone who left it there and they didn't know exactly who and from

who that story was and why etcetera etcetera So somewhere the information stops and he got it in his head after reading ... so that was why he had to tell me But actually I was a bit shocked, especially about the last sentences about escaping wives' stories So I actually thought ... maybe he was trying to tell me something But anyway ... I was also very shocked about the fact that even a feministic magazine would publish that ... Or maybe they just liked the fantasy-side of it ... But then I thought they should have left that last part about men trying to escape their wives' stories What would be wrong with our stories ? Well maybe I really talk too much and maybe I need to listen more to his stories but there is such a feeling of competition coming to the surface when he talks a sort of jealousy, I don't know neighbour ? neighbour ? Gosh, she's already gone ... Well, maybe I have an insectian called Marazanta Hysteria hunting after me I don't know or Marazanta Dyslexia maybe I turn everything upside down Maybe I'm just over-heated and I must escape my own stories"

She was like the octopus on his head He wanted to get rid of that crown

But there was also an octopus sitting on her head ... and she wanted to get rid of it

But it seemed the information stopped somewhere It was a story left in a toystop by someone

Everyone is trying to escape the other's stories even when the stories look like each other ...

It's like there is a feeling of competition ... of jealousy but there's also something else

Can the media shut up their mouths for awhile ?

It's the gathering of the pencils ... It's the gathering of ink You can have your own Media-Crown on your head ... Marazanta Media ... isn't that the biggest disease of all ? and if you keep it all for yourself it can be your greatest health

Lord of Insects II

Snake's Egg

Psychological Horror

Chapter 1.

She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble.

There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. I could only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. We were all separated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. But the machine was merciless.

You didn't have feeling for direction anymore, and you couldn't enjoy anything. It was always like when you tried to come closer to something, you were blown away by a strange hurricane. The contacts were always short. We couldn't enjoy each other. We always lived in fear. When we looked too long in each others eyes, our heads were turned away by a strange wind. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding us. Blowing us away, further away than before. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths.

A girl called White Wool always fainted when the pain got too much. Then she was always laid in my arms, while I was soothing her. But then I had to go, led away by the strange hurricane in my own mouth. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, why you couldn't do anything. The aliens were merciless. Some begged them to remove the implants but they didn't listen.

We were surrounded by satellites. If we came too close to each other, things started to explode. Things in our bodies. This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. The implant was riding us. We felt like horses, turning our faces away because of the pain and the pressure. Why did it have to sting so deep ?

She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. What the aliens didn't know was that the mouth-

implant had a secret radiation creating a secret thing. They got dreams in the night, while they slept, dreams of a coming help.

They felt fear when space-orca's were swimming along the wide windows, controlling the implants. But somehow the radiation gave birth to something deep in their stomachs. Something they desired to see. They got dreams in the night of little snakes coming forth from an egg in their stomachs. These snakes had two colours switching, and were flexible, so flexible. Like they could be a key to every lock. They were screaming by high shrieks, while something else was coming from the egg. It was a shark with a lion's head, surrounded by sharks with snakeheads.

It was taking control in their stomachs, like help was on it's way. There were dark lights growing in them, having such secrets. The aliens thought what's going on.

Chapter 2.

Marazanta was the Lord of insects, having a golden pencil, shining at nights. There was a small ball on top of the pencil, the snake's egg. He was interested in these prisoners, and gave them these dreams, coming from the snake's egg in their stomachs.

It was a strange pencil, for usually it was a handkerchief. But Marazanta could roll it into a pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. Surrounded by some smaller sharkships with snakeheads, all coming from the snake's egg. It was Marazanta's Egg, the egg of a black shark.

It was a pencil in someone's head, rolling by blasphemy. Marazanta was in town, while churches and temples were burning.

'Okay, stop,' the preacherman said. 'That was a nice story, but don't you know that our dear Lord Jesus Christ wants to help us in all our fears and sorrows ?'

'Yes,' the little girl said, 'my mom sometimes tells me this. But he needs to shoot the dentist, for he put the implants in my mouth. He works for the orca's.'

'Our dear Lord Jesus Christ died for all our sins, also for the sins of the dentist. Can you forgive him ?' the preacherman asked.

'No !' the girl screamed. 'He needs to stop with all his implants ! This Jesus Christ you talk about just covers all these implants up.'

'But, dear Chantal, there are no implants, and there are no orca's working with dentists. Did you watch a movie on television ?' the preacherman asks carefully.

'No, !' the girl screams, 'you orange liar ! You don't know what you are talking about ! You yourself need some balls of blasphemy between your eyes !'

The preacherman screams. Who shot him ? There he's sinking in his chair. 'Lord Jesus,' he screams with a sore throat. But his Lord Jesus is nowhere to find.

'Uh. I need to suffer for my Lord,' the preacherman sais softly, while he's shivering in his chair.

'There is only one Lord,' the girl screams. 'And that is Lord Marazanta !'

'Chantal, I think I just got a heart-attack, please call for someone,' the preacherman sais.

The girl runs on the street, and screams : 'Please help our dear preacherman. He got a heart-attack !' And soon people run into the house to help the poor man.

A couple of days later Chantal and her mom visit the preacherman in the hospital. It's better with him now. 'Hello Chantal,' the preacherman smiles a bit. 'Can you tell me any more of your precious stories. I always liked to hear them.' The girl smiles, and gives a hand to the preacherman. The docter is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.'

Chapter 3.

Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. They are looking for children with the snake's egg in their stomachs. They will be the writers on their ships. Stories, stories, stories, that's all they want.

A monkeyman is staring on the hill, watching the space with so many stars. He feels the snake's egg rolling in his stomach, and is ready to speak. He knows it will rise to his mouth, to bring a story. Then he will vomit, but it will all happen inside. It will not come out of his mouth, for then all this precious ink would be spoilt. He will only belch flames. He has precious rings throughout his body. A horseman gave him these rings, in this dark dark night.

A monkeyman is standing on a bridge, so many stars in his mouth, the stars of blasphemy.

'Are you a poet ?' the priest asks. A man is sitting before him, talking. His stories are precious, while he's saying he's having a snake's egg in his stomache.

'Shall I pray for you, or doing some sacrements like baptism, exorcism or ... or' but further the priest cannot come. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore.

The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. Another priest is running to the man, screaming : 'Blasphemy, blasphemy !' while his mouth is soapy. 'Yes, blasphemy,' the man sais calm. That's what I said.'

'You need to get rid of the egg in your stomache then. You're possessed of a spirit, a serpent,' the priest sais loud. 'Shark,' the man sais, and walks away.

More priests run outside, screaming : 'This man is possessed, don't touch him. No one touch him.' But the man walks out of the city.

A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. Saying : 'A monkey stands on a hill, a monkeyman standing on a bridge, with stars of blapshemy in his mouth, stars of blasphemy in his mouth.' But he doesn't know the rest of the poem. He's just remembering a poem of his childhood, an old poem from an old book, but he always forgets. He has the wings of dementia.

It was just an old man, coming out of space, bringing some words of an old poem. He doesn't understand the meaning of the words, but he just wanted to tell what he remembered. And that was all he remembered.

A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomache. A horseman gave him the rings to belch. These were his last words, and then the man goes to sleep. It was his last trip to the city of temples, his last words to the priests. It was his last bit of pride, but the priests said he was possessed.

In the citypapers it said : 'Possessed man threatened priest. He got a frozen arm.' But the old man already went to his last sleep. He didn't know what was going on. These were only his last words, his last memory's from an old poem of an old book. He only knew some things of his childhood, but didn't know who he was anymore. These were his last memory's. He had the wings of dementia. It became so chronical. He could only say these words for years. But he only tried to cherish his last memories. That was all he had.

So many feelings were stored in these last words of his mind. Golden words, of a golden pencil. He was always repeating the words of his mind he cherished, for these were all that remained after the war. All these feelings of a passed life, experiences he couldn't reach anymore, things he couldn't understand, but were all stored, in this dragon's egg, this snake's egg, while the shark of dementia was flowing through his veins, through rings of fire, he possessed, the things he didn't understand anymore. With such a love, these animals were safe in his heart, in his

ball, his egg. He didn't know them anymore. He couldn't remember them, but once he saved them.

Chapter 4.

Something was breaking through walls, she was burning in the Prometheus, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. She had an egg in her stomach, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories.

Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's not a handkerchief anymore, but a pencil, spitting in unknown languages.

This is all she knows, all she remembers, but these words are filled by gold. All these feelings she doesn't understand. She cherishes ... She has the wings of dementia.

'Okay, stop,' the preacher says. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachers in your stories, in such shameful ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a doctor or maybe even an exorcist.'

'Pardon me, sir,' the man says. 'I told you in the beginning that this was the story my wife told me. You must listen more carefully when people come to you for help. I thought maybe you could tell me what this story is all about. My wife found a golden book on the streets one day and since then these words were in her head, and she couldn't get it out. Everyday she tells the same story, and then I say : 'Talk, talk, it's very important to talk it out, sweetheart.' She gets headaches when she doesn't tell it. She only told it to me, for she is too scared to tell it others, but she has a lot of headaches since she found the book. Maybe you know some good persons she can talk to ?'

The preacher nods and nods : 'I'm sorry I misunderstood you, and forgive me about the harsh judgement. In history there were more examples of people finding golden books which changed their lives dramatically. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. The medical circuits cannot help in dealing with those golden books. We as christian helpers believe it is a materialization of a demonic spirit which can live in the head of such a person for several purposes. I believe your wife must be exorcized. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.'

'Oh, thank you, preacher, can you please exorcize her then ? And do you think it had any negative influence on me also ?' the man asks.'

But the preacher shakes his head : 'I cannot do these exorcisms for I am not authorized to do that. But I can send you to a good exorcistic priest of our church, and he can also pray for you.'

Chapter 5.

'You're already dead,' an octopus screams, coming to the surface of a holy templepool. Several priests faint and die a sudden death. 'I killed the teacher. Now listen to me : I do what I want. I have ink enough. Ha ha. This snake's egg, this dragon's egg, is the ball of the pencil. It grows, it grows. I create all these creatures, and no one can exorcize or abort me. Ha ha. I'm too orange for that. Ha ha. Ha ha ha ha. Some tried, but no, it isn't possible. No abortions anymore. I am not just another baby you can abort. I am the womb of the woman. Oh, you want to cut it out ? I am the Egg of Birthday. I am the Crown of Media. Forget about it. You'll never win. I rise from the stomach to the head and then I'm shooting. Now you're lying dead on the ground.'

'You foul orange liar,' the highpriest screams : 'In the name of Osiris, go to hell.' The octopus starts to scream and dives underwater again. Then he rises up again with his body covered by wasps and steps out of the pool, ready to attack the highpriest. 'You and your Egyptian Temple, die, die, die,' and a beam of strange spit comes in speed out of the octopus mouth and hits the eye of the highpriest. He falls on the ground and starts to roar. Suddenly the octopus is shrieking, and blood is coming out of the highpriest's ear. 'You know your name !' the octopus shrieks. The blood is floating to the pool and the octopus leaves again. Then the temple explodes.

The octopus makes himself big and covers the city. Everywhere there are screams and shrieks, while the octopus shrieks the loudest and shrillest of all. Sharks come out of his body, and another explosion takes place. 'You made me mad,' the animal screams. 'You wanted beasts ? Here are the beasts !'

A man is sitting before the psychiatrist, with soap in his mouth, shrieking and snickering. 'I can give you some hay for this act,' the psychiatrist applauds. 'A precious story. Sorry I cannot help you. You aren't sick, you just need a good producer and a good manager. The kids can ride you, but keep in mind they must be eighteen years or older, for these are thrillers and horrors making a dive inside with all the identity shifts. You never know what to expect. When you think it's far away it appears to be close behind you. Excellent. You can make lots of money with this.'

But the man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. Roaring he's running out of the hospital

looking for victims. People must die for this, and this is worthy to die for. He runs back to his satanic temple underground. This man is dangerous. Is life about a story, or is it about a sacrifice, or both ?

This man believes in sacrifices. He's possessed by an octopus. He tries to sacrifice the octopus. He brings his words to everyone, just to test it if the octopus is strong enough. He let's him fight against lawyers, doctors and businessmen, and .. against dangerous women. Or is the octopus just sacrificing him ? There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomach. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ...

It is a love and hate relationship. But he knows it's also very dangerous, for the question is : Who is stronger, and can they trust each other. There's something in his stomach, alive, with fragile muscles it extracts, it's so fine, but also scary. He vomits when it extracts too deep, but it doesn't come out of his mouth, but it spreads through his body through hot rings, almost burning in his veins. He suffers. Is his body the altar ? Is he part of a strange temple ? Is something eating him from inside out ? It's contracting and spitting inside, secreting so many strange fluids. He shivers with these strange feelings, almost starting to cry. Sometimes white slime is coming from his navel, then he's watching it for hours and hours. What is it doing to him ?

He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the darker creatures, the anti-gods. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomach, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. It's growing into his lungs, heading for his throat. What is it doing ? Can any Jesus Christ or Osiris save him when it will really turn against him ?

Chapter 6.

And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much, but he doesn't want to go back to churches and temples, that's all he knows. For that really kills him, makes him a slave forever. Or does he just need some integration. For now he's safe in his Satanic Temple, with paintings of Apep and Seth, and all the other demons of mythology which seemed to be just the gods of the ancestors, the older people, the older ages, who were just reversed by modern youth. He knew the tricks of church history. He read about Satan comes from the word Sati which was an ancient eastern God. He read about Lucifer who appeared to be an ancient Roman god. He read about the ancient wars in which the winners turned the gods of their victims into demons to scare their children. Aren't

they just boogymen ? He wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back.

But it was already too late for that. Policemen stood before his door : 'You're under arrest. You killed a psychiatrist.' He went too far. But maybe he had time in his prison to learn about his demonized ancestors, to find ancient heroes back.

'Sentenced to death ?' Maybe a short way to the heroes. Speedboat to eternal bliss ?

Just an octopus eating him. Wanting all the meat back. He had his ways to do it. Or was it a she ?

'Your last wish ?' the judge asked.

'May I have the book Octopusian Book of the Dead, and enough time to read it,' the man asked.

What a preparation for death. Should he be judged by Jesus Christ, or by Osiris, or by Satan ? Or by all of them ? He could read it all in the book. Some said the book was more powerfull than the bible. If he would be initiated by this book, it was more impressive than the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible. If the Octopus would grant him grace, he would break out of his prison, like Peter in the Book of Acts.

He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. How many stars of blasphemy were necessary to break the chains ?

One day a psychiatrist wanted to see him. He heard his stories and gave him the label of 'Religious Disturbed'. That was a label with which you could come out of deathpenalty, but he had to go to a psychiatric clinic under heavy medicine and guard. It seems a psychiatrist saved him, but how could he escape the ship ? He got implants in his mouth, making him scream and shriek more than he ever did. It made him faint so badly that doctors called it a severe form of Epilepsy. He got isolated more and more in dark cells, social disturbed. While his mouth was bleeding very often. He wanted to escape, but where could he go ? But anyway he had seas of time now to read the Octopusian Book of the Dead.

It was an octopusian psychiatry in space, with orca-guards. A dentist was the boss ... a dental psychiatrist. He got sick of the implants in his mouth, implanted by the big machines. It was a merciless system. While the snake-egg was growing in his stomach ...

Chapter 7.

He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. It came out of his navel, and he could even eat it. It was like something was dancing inside to strange music, like a strange altar of a strange religion. It was eating him, but giving also new life.

The dental psychiatrist told him that the mouth-implants gave him gravity in the ship. Without it he would be blown away to come in the dark world again. The dental psychiatrist said he was safe here. Fluids were developing themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. There was no way to escape, and where could he go ? He was reading the Octopusian Book of the Dead, telling him about the three steps of true death : The first is the priest, the second is the psychiatrist, and the third is the dentist. These steps were to save your life, and the man could see that it truly happened in his own story.

The ship looked like a huge octopus. It had a pale orange colour switched by an other colour. Sometimes this colour was light grey, sometimes it was black, or another colour like blue, light blue or green. The octopus could switch and shift so easily. It was like a flexible pool. And the man needed to learn swimming in here. It was like growing up again now, with the wings of dementia. The man got older and older, but he was returning to his youth. Grasping for his toys from the past again, to really understand what they were meaning.

There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. When it moved it gave him visions, about gems so bright and clear. He could travel through them, he wasn't a prisoner anymore, while the sun was smiling. But when it stopped moving he always found himself back in the prison again. It was protecting him against a worse prison, so he could learn to love it. It was still a relationship of love and hate, spinning a desire to be free as a bird, as a winged creature, making it's own travels.

He loved to read comics, trying to understand the art of it. Traveling without moving. He found out the Octopusian Book of the Dead talked a lot about comics. And it was like drinking strange juice while reading it's comics ... comic juice ...

But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. The snake egg made him cry sometimes. How many deaths did he die to become like that spider, to move so many arms, like having wings He was longing for the Spiderian Book of the Dead ... It was like his last wish on the ship he was now ... For more often the arms of the sun started to move, and he was free ... He knew he would head for a new place And the Octopusian Book of the Dead was preparing him for that.

Streams of joy flew through him more and more. It was often dormant, but it was screaming inside. The feeling deep down in him was enough for him to live on. He could swallow life so deep now, like there were millions of golden throats throughout his body, penetrating the depths of his soul. It was a material world inside, woven by a spider. It was like nothing was leaving his body anymore, but more circulations rose, as a way of deeper transformations. He didn't have the feeling that his life was a waste anymore. The rings of fire kept the energy inside, tied to the rings, when he vomited inside. He was belching the fire through his inner oceans. The snake egg made him vomit more and more, and his muscles could contract and pulse in so many ways, secreting new fluids and inner species. There was life growing in him, he wasn't alone anymore. He only wanted it to contract deeper and deeper, to secrete better and better.

And one day he had the golden book in his hands, it was alive, contracting and extracting like a golden cigar. How many of these he needed ? It was the Spiderian Book of the Dead. He needed to die himself into the sun, where his arms would turn into wings. So many cigars were staring at him, while he was belching and vomiting deeper inside. There was nothing to lose anymore. While the snake's egg was rising in him, turning into a dragon's heart. It spoke, it was bleeding.

'You need to lie much,' a voice said. An orange liar stood before him. It was the cabman of a ball called truth ... a golden ball ... light yellow ... By the lie you die, to find the truth, and to find out that the lie was a riddle of the truth. You may drink from the tea of lies, full of flies, touching all things lightly, weakening the grips. All lies are jigsaw-pieces for the puzzle of truth. You need to lie much, to handle it as a riddle, as a jigsaw-piece of truth. Just turn it around and move it a bit, try to connect it to different pieces, and it will find its way to the truth.

He had the Book of Lies in his hands, the Spiderian Book of Lies, in his hands, like a second golden cigar, while so many golden cigars were staring at him. He didn't know what he was doing, losing his mind, screaming in unknown languages, trying to confuse himself. He was now an orange liar, so deep in a trap, but would this trap lead him to eternal life ? Then it was all great. He wanted to live forever, to find out the truth. He was speaking : What is this, is it something I can use. Then he looked over my shoulder, and saw it was me, the monkeyman, I said, now it's time ...'

The man in the chair was stuttering ... 'What a long, long story, Mr ...'

'Patenta,' the man said ... The female psychiatrist was staring at him a bit amazed. 'I ... I ... will write this down,' she said, and I hope I can give you information about this sickness .. very s... soon ...' Her hands started to bleed ... while the man was staring ... He couldn't say anything anymore ... 'Now go, mr ...'

'P...Patenta ...' the man stuttered But the woman already fell to the ground, and the man was screaming ... Another psychiatrist ran in ... 'You killed her,' he screamed ... 'No,' the man said loud and in panic ... 'I only told a story and then she started to bleed ...'

'Run, run, run for your life, or I will kill you,' the psychiatrist screamed And the man started to run so fast ... like he never ran before They really think he killed her ...

But the woman wasn't dead ... and soon the bleeding stopped 'What happened ? I want to see the man who just went away,' she spoke.

But the man was far gone, in fear of the police. After weeks they found him in the forests by a helicopter. The woman was also there. He was so glad she was alive. 'I know you didn't harm me,' the woman said loud, when she stepped out of the helicopter. The man had built himself a small cabin of wood. 'Can I stay with you for awhile ?' the woman asked. She always wanted to live in nature ... It was a silent desire of her. The man thought it was okay ... He didn't want to go back for awhile. He needed rest, but it was okay if the woman would be with him.

Everyday he told her stories, and she was very interested. She liked his stories. It inspired her, and it was so different than the stories she knew.

Tell me about the books of lies. How many are existing. 'A lot,' he said ... 'Otherwise you weren't here.'

'What do you mean ?' she stuttered a bit. 'Like I say ... women get born from these books'

The woman started to laugh a bit uneasy ... 'So you think women are creatures of the lie.'

'Yes,' the man said, 'sorry to say, but that is my faith. It's not that bad in every sense, for as I said : Lies are riddles of truth ... It's just another language ... Translation makes everything corrupted ...'

'Now you say something there ...' she smiled dangerously and the man got strange feelings in his stomach ... like the snake's egg was moving ... She started to bite on her lip ... a bit nervous 'You are a very very interesting man ... so different like all the others ...' she said softly ... almost whispering The man was aware that she tried to lure him somewhere She took her highheeled ladyshoes from her feet and moved closer to him ... 'Shall we swim a bit ?' she whispered suggestive ...

'No,' the man said ... 'my egg is moving.'

'Your egg ?' the woman said ... 'Yes, the snake's egg ... I told you about ...'

'Oh, then I must have forgotten that part ...' the woman said a bit sad and bored ...

'Yes, for the books of lies always cut things away and then they make their own stories of it ...' the man said

'Oh, well that must hurt ... I think I need to go for this is leading us nowhere ...' the woman said.

But the man started to scream : 'I also forget easily, I also have the books of lies printed on my head ... It leads me to truth ... I have the right translation'

But the woman was already walking through the bushes ... and soon she was out of sight ... but suddenly she started to scream There was a snake in front of her with snake eggs opening soon she was surrounded by many snakes

'Mr... Patenta ... help ! ...please' she screamed ... The man ran to her, chasing the snakes away ... She felt herself a bit uneasy and ashamed ... I'm sorry I did this to you ... I just easily come and go The man started to smile 'You're an orange liar ..., just like me,' he said ...

'Okay, tell me about these books of lies ... There's a Spiderian one ... and ? What is it about ? Is there also another one ?' the woman asked, while they were slowly walking to his cabin again.

Together they sat on the ground, and the man started to tell : 'There must be a Flyian Book of Lies also, but I've never seen it ... The lies of it are so dangerous that it can melt things away. 'Then why did I bleed when you were telling about the tea of flies as a tea of lies ...' the woman asked ... 'Because of it's power ...' the man said. 'So this book is against me ?' the woman asked again. 'I don't know,' the man said. 'Women rise from different sort of books of lies, and have different connections to it, so I don't know. I really do not know.'

'I'm getting so tired all of a sudden, like I'm bleeding inside ...' the woman said ... 'Shall we sleep for awhile ?'

The woman started to lie down and the man rolled himself towards her. 'I'm a bit cold, can you warm me ?' the woman asked ... The man wrapped an arm around her, and started to tell further. 'Please let me sleep,' the woman said. But the man started talking and talking like never before. Suddenly she slapped him in the face, and ran outside ... 'I'm sorry, this always happen when it's night ... then I can't stop talking ... The woman was bleeding all over ... 'It's staring again,' she said loud and worried. 'What can we do ?'

Chapter 8.

The man started to talk faster and higher, and suddenly he started to scream ... slowly turning into an octopus ... The woman was screaming ... 'You wanted to know which books of lies existed ?' He said with a dark slow and low voice : 'All these stories come from the Octopusian Book of Lies. And now shut up, for you are it's prisoner.'

The woman started to scream louder. 'What are you going to do with me,' she yelled. 'And are you still Mr. Patenta ?'

'That's none of your business,' the octopus said. And then the octopus tied her up and also put a towel for her mouth. 'Bite,' he said. And the woman bit and started to vomit. Then the octopus left.

A policeman was reading this story on a letter he got, while his hands started to bleed, and he started to vomit on the carpet. There was growing an egg in him ... Suddenly his mouth started to bleed also. The letter was an extract from the Octopusian Book of Lies. Muscles in his stomach were extracting so tight, that he couldn't breath anymore. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. Suddenly he made spasmic movements, and started to roar. He started to shiver, and the muscles in his stomach started to contract tighter and tighter. Suddenly he spat the egg out with slime. His head started to become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. Everyone he met got the same symtoms and soon the disease spread itself through the city. It was an army of zombies, forgetting about everything they knew. An enormous octopus was appearing above the city, while lionsharks and snakesharks came out of it's body, surrounded by millions and millions of small striped snakes, covering the city like dust. They started to eat the zombies from inside out, while other things were coming alive in them, waiting to go to the next city. It was a golden picnic, coming from the Octopusian Book of Lies.

It became a cell in the Prometheus, a strange honeyweb in the skies, while a spider came forward. He was sucking the lies empty. The lies had attracted so many flies like a magnet. And now these pipes were full. On his forehead he had printed the Spiderian Book of Lies. The spider roared in many colours and tones, making everything deaf.

A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, why his patient was smiling. He finally had a good story to kill his psychiatrist. He had to live in a cage too long. But he couldn't go anywhere for he had a strange suit attached to his chair. He was roaring and spitting, screaming, while other psychiatrists ran in. They were standing before a riddle. How could the psychiatrist die ? The psychiatrist was young, not too old. 'Shall I tell you the story too ?' the patient asked. 'No,' the

psychiatrists said. But the patient started to scream the first words of the story, and another psychiatrist fell down. 'Run for your life !' another psychiatrist screamed. The patient was spitting fire, and suddenly had so much strength that he could break the tight suit. His hair started to grow and he started to look like a half horse, a centaur.

Screaming he ran through the hospital. They locked him up since he was a child. 'I will burn you all,' he screamed. But suddenly there were a few shots. A policeman shot him in the heart, and now he was laying on the ground. Was he finally free now ?

A book of lies was locking him up. It was a winged creature, taking the souls of the deceased. It was the Griffonian Book of Lies. The griffon shrieked shrill, and the patient got deaf. Now he would be sensitive for even more lies. The griffon started to shriek in his ears and blue slime came into his ear. Then the colours started to change.

The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. He started to burn in these waters, while the shrieks became shriller and shriller. Something was trying to hit him in his heart, where the wound was, the bullet. 'Stay away from my heart,' the patient shrieked and screamed. But the creature was merciless. It started to eat his heart, while his soul turned blue. He got locked up in himself. he couldn't move anymore, and couldn't digest. He was growing and growing, until he was a big blue balloon, and then he burst into explosion, while a slimy fluid flew out of him. Millions of fishes started to drink from this fluid and ate the last pieces of his soul completely. Now his spirit began to rise in anger and fear.

His spirit was flexible, like coming from a snake's egg. From here the stories were flowing, and that was which they desired ... stories flowing from his books of lies There, deep down in his spirit ... he bore a book of lies they desired it was a wanted golden cigar ... They would tear his spirit until they would have reached this book. It was the heart of his spirit, and they desired it like golden water. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

The book was covered by a pyramid so bright. Many fishes died by only watching it. Others started to bleed or vomit. Only a few of these fishes would survive the appearance of this pyramid. It was the guard of the book. Lightning was flashing, deep thick thunder was speaking, while something was ripping the flesh of the victims like raking the sun. These fishes knew what fear was, but they had to go inside. It was their last chance to survive. For the Griffon hunter was after them.

Chapter 9.

Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. It was the Flyian Book of Lies, the heart of this patient's spirit. But the Book was attached to another Book : The Flyian Book of Dead. Another golden cigar. And if they would be seperated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to seperate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. Quickly he stang his sword into the Flyian Book of Lies, while now the spirit of the patient was dying. Dark creatures came to take the shatters away. It seemed the Griffon hunter had won the war, and took the Flyian Book of Lies into his mouth. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

Everything around him was melting away. Now he had many golden cigars on his shoulders, but this golden cigar was most dear to him. It was sinking into his stomach. He didn't dare to speak for awhile.

'Yes,' the man in the chair said, while turning around, 'the breasts of women are made of this Book of Lies.' The girl was shaking her head. 'Uncle, you're crazy. No one would create a story like this.' Uncle smiled. He was an orange liar.

Orange liars were old men deeply initiated in the books of lies. It was a sort of cult, and once in awhile they came together. They knew the secrets of the anatomy, the body, and they had strange buildings called zebra's boats. They were the guards of the golden cigars, and they made all the decisions.

Someone was sitting with the Sharkian Book of Lies in his mouth. It was shooting pictures in his head. He just came from the dentist, and now he sat with this implant, a prison. The dentist said it was good for him. But now he wanted revenge. A shark with a lion's head was staring at him, with so many snakesharks surrounding him. They were ready for the Big Strike.

The Gate

Millions of angels were falling out of the heavens that day. Eli'el and Sandi'el were guiding them. They were the leaders of this attempt to push God from his throne, but they failed. Because of their fall out of the heavens, and because they were full of revenge they became flesh on earth. Mothers received their babies, but there was something wrong with these children. Still the angels were falling, and the heavens were shaking. The angels became the workers of Latlarras now, a demon from hell, and they freed many demons who had been bound for ages. Mothers received strange babies.

The churches were full. In one church the pastor was preaching against Darwinism. 'Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, children of God, the days are running towards the final day. There is no natural selection, no evolution, no shiftings of the combinations and variations. It is all God. Religion is not just a tribal survival strategy. It is given to us by the Son of God, the one He has sent us to give us eternal life when we believe in Him and obey Him. The devil knows the time is short, that is why he sends his messengers with lies, and many fall away from the living God.'

A boy was crying. He was very small, and blue slime came out of his mouth. His mother tried to sooth him. Suddenly his eyes became big and dark blue. He started to roar. His mother took him out of the church and drove home. When she came home Eli'el and Sandi'el stood there. 'It is time we take our boy back,' they said. The mother was screaming.

Latlarras, the god of demons and fallen angels, sat in the church, stood up and shouted : 'There is no hope for you. You have fallen away from God. He doesn't know you. You have been deceived.' The floor was moving away and the people all sank through a gate into the ground. They were screaming. There was panic everywhere.

‘Worship me now,’ Latlarras shouted. ‘I am your God. I will lead you out.’

A small girl woke up. She had dreamt so strange. The other night she had dreamt that big birds took her away. Her parents laughed when they heard about the dream. Years went by, and the girl totally forgot about the dreams. Until Latlarras once appeared to her, in her room. ‘Have you forgotten about me,’ he asked. ‘It is time for me to get my harvest,’ he said. ‘And I want you to help me.’

‘Go away, I don’t believe in you,’ the girl shouted.

‘Then I will take care you end up in psychiatry,’ Latlarras said, and left. A few months later the girl was still in mental troubles about that which happened, and she had nightmares in the night and couldn’t concentrate anymore. She couldn’t do her job anymore, and ended in psychiatry. Latlarras visited her here again one day and said : ‘I can lead you out, just tell me that you are going to help me.’

‘No,’ the girl said. ‘I rather die than giving in to such nonsense.’ But Latlarras got mad and grasped her neck, trying to strangle her. When some nurses came in there was no one, and they gave some medicin to the girl.

The girl wanted to talk to a priest about it. Soon she was with him in a room and told the story. The priest suggested an exorcist. The priest called for an exorcist, and soon the girl had him on her room. ‘I think I can help you,’ the exorcist said. It was a mysterious man, and he started to talk about the fall of angels many years ago. The girl could remember her dreams a bit. The exorcist started to pray, and the girl closed her eyes. He moved closer to her, and suddenly his hand started to turn into the paw of a reptile. Then he slowly changed into Latlarras, and tried to strengle her again, while the girl was screaming. ‘I am many people around you,’ Latlarras roared. ‘They are all parts of me.’ Then the nurses came in and also changed into Latlarras. The girl could free herself, and jumped through the window. Then she ran into the forest. ‘I need to go away from this place,’ she thought to herself. ‘This place is hell.’

She knew she couldn’t trust anyone anymore.

A woman woke up in sweat, watched her sleeping husband who had the face of a reptile. She screamed. Something had her in a grip. She grasped her bible where there was an extra chapter added in the apocalyptic book Daniel of the Old Testament. Normally this book had twelve chapters, but this book had thirteen chapters. Chapter 13 was about Latlarras, the god of demons and fallen angels, and how he would let more angels of God fall in the future, and let them become flesh in the wombs of women. 'These days have begun,' the woman thought to herself.

The Moons of Mars

The moons of Mars were hot, hovering above the surfaces of Mars, while a lonely warrior came from far.

He was tired, searching for a shelter, but he could find none for so long. The moons of Mars were like an

oracle floating above his head, waiting to be used. Suddenly a clairvoyant stood before him. She was like

a fresh wind in his face. She turned herself towards him, and smiled. 'Where do you come from, stranger

?' she asked him. Suddenly he was grasped by tentacles, as in a web. They held him tight. 'Grr... what is

this,' he growled. Soon he was between other men in a huge cage. The cage was very dirty, and the men

as well. There was slime everywhere.

'Trapped,' someone said. 'Like all the others.' Then it was silent for awhile. The warrior sighed.

They could escape. It seemed like their number had become full. The oracle took them to one of it's

moons, named Labrador, where men freed from women seemed to live. They were all gay more or less,

as there were no women here. Women coming here would die in a second. They could not live in this

terrible atmosphere, and for the males that was a protection. They were safe here.

The king of Labrador was a very angry man. He wanted to take revenge, after all what the women did to

him and his men. Before they got delivered by the oracle they lived in years of torture. They had gone

insane by their pain, and now they were jokers, but still full of anger. They were killer-jokers, the jokers of

war.

On the surfaces of Mars the women were whining and weeping, after they had lost their last number of

males. 'I can't see anything,' one woman shouted. It was like she had been struck by the oracle. The eyes

of the women died that day, they were living in darkness, only surviving by their feelings, by their touch.

they became shy in a sense.

The king of Labrador was proud. He knew it was the time for revenge. The oracle had shown him. He

went to the surfaces of Mars to enslave all these blind women, to imprison them. He took them to another

moon, called Draizes. By certain lights they got their eye sight again, but it was weak, and the males were

the stronger race. The ring of moons was completely guarded by gay power, and Mars itself was slowly

dying. It was in this age warrior women stood up. They were birthed by snakes, and they got taken care of

by big cats. One of these warriors was Satrilia the Master, a princess of Mars. Although she was very

strong, stronger than the most of males, she was completely dominated by the gay power. The gays were

often grotesque figures, having their shelter on Labrador, as being the guards of the king. Their stomachs

were swollen by muscles, and their chests were wide and intimidating. No man would dare to approach

these guards.

However Satrilia had won the favour of the oracle, and the oracle more and more moved closer to her,

protecting her and leading her, to great disgust of the king of Labrador, who saw her as a threat. She

didn't bow for the so-called charms of the gays. It made her feel like she couldn't breath, and there was

nothing lovely about it. It was all undeeep. Everyday she grew stronger and stronger. Her heart was with

Santanias, a priest and a prophet. He was hairy, unlike the gays. But he was chained by the gays as well,

and led a miserable life in great poverty and paranoia. He was stalked all the time. However he had his

hope in Satrilia. She was the lush in the wilderness Mars was.

One day they invaded Labrador to behead the gay king. But still gay power controlled them. It was the

wish of the oracle. Although the grotesque of greatness had died, another grotesque took it's place : the

grotesque of lights. The guards of Labrador ended up in underground dungeons. It was the will of the

oracle.

Star Hunt

It was in the year 100.001 on a strange calendar that ufo's invaded the earth. They had a book called the second. It was some sort of bible. Their mission was to bring the connection to the stars back to earth. The earth was totally zombificated, a huge terror was controlling everything.

Artlas had a strange shifting number on his arm. He got it from a wizard once. The flower was speaking in his space ships. They all listened to the flowers, for they knew the way through the universe, knowing all the stars.

There was no way for earth to protect themselves against these forces from outside.

There was a hot science implanted in the earth now, a second mind science. The mind had to understand that the first had come to deceive them and lock them up, and that the second came to tell them the truth and to set them free.

It was about a wall of the first keeping the earth away from the second stars, only letting them being connected to the first stars. This wall was breaking off now. And the people received a second star mind now, which removed the first star mind. The first star was the star of deception.

The numbers were shifting, for it appeared that the first mind had split things up so that shadow humans came into existence. The number of humans on earth decreased. The first numbers melted away, and the second numbers took place. It was like a mighty force penetrated the brains of humans, and they saw how they had been tricked. The star hunt began.

The second stars were guarding the second earth. The ufo's raised a screen by which humans could enter this second earth, all by their second star mind.

'Meet me on the second earth,' a boy said to a girl.

A man carried this world on his shoulders. It was not easy for him to enter in.

Nightmare Flowers

I broke a window, and through it I came to Amsterdam again, where the queen of lilies stood. She had cigarets in her hand, she was smiling. I came closer, and took notice of the fact that she was in smoke. I hated her, I loved her as well. Once she had poisoned me, and now I was back here again. She acted like she didn't see me, she ignored me. I was like in a trance. Then a carriage came, and she went away. I watched her until she was out of sight, like a dot in a book. It was over. I had no feelings for her anymore. The love was gone. She married her prince, a Narcissus, but she didn't have any feelings. She was a nightmare flower, made to confuse, to tease, to destroy and to cut, by a cup full of poisons.

She was not happy with him. It was just another escape for her, and she would do the same to him. She hated men.

I had poison in my head, she married a witchman, and then she turned green. She could not live with men, she became cold and hard more than ever, finally to dry up. She was a nightmare flower.

No one knew her, she had a crown of fools, she lived inside.

The Seal of

Lakorsh

In the depths of the myst, the dragon lives, Et Fundo, holding the tablets of law. All humans fight these, but realize, these are the tablets of death.

On the planet Segisto a scream could be heard. Tragorsh went to the woman to save her out of the hands of her husband who had threatened her with a knife. He took her ... to the forests, where she was free of the iron claws of civilisation. Tragorsh brother Lakorsh ruled the city by an enigmatic seal. It ruled the humans by a device, omitting rays. Tragorsh knew what it would trigger when they escaped. The women fell to the ground. But a small yellow dragon neutralized the chip. Tragorsh took her in his arms. The woman watched the adornments of her saviour, his jewelry. She was shy, but grateful. She knew he was from the dragons. Soon they were surrounded by spiders. They had the mission to save more women now, the ones kept as prostitutes. The whole night the black cats of Lakorsh would hunt to get the escaped women back, but Et Fundo would watch over them.

‘Come close to the dragon,’ – Tragorsh said.

‘Don’t touch him, but realize there has been many false tales about him. He is your deliverer, as he delivered me once.’

The women stared at Tragorsh, at his almost blinding jewelry. He looked like an angel, but it was all precise dragonian architecture.

‘Crimson,’ Tragorsh said. A man came forward. ‘Yes, master,’ he said.

‘There are many more women we need to have here. Go with the boat to the underground, close to the black portal. These women are slaves. I want you to set them free.’

‘Yes, master,’ – Crimson said.

Et Fundo was spitting fire. It freed their minds. It was to make them savage. It was to initiate them into the hearts of the dragon.

‘Terlick,’ Tragorsh said. Another man came forward. ‘Yes, master,’ he said.

‘Bring all these women to the depths of the pearl. Give them their homes.’

‘Yes, master,’ Terlick said.

‘And let Remeon dress them very well by the dragon’s touch. You know what I mean,’
Tragorsh said.

Tragorsh wanted to raise a new queen of the dragons, to finally bring the city down. But he feared the mysterious seal of his brother Lakorsh. Because Lakorsh was the first born, he got this seal, a royal heritage. It could cause death, and only by living close to the dragons, Tragorsh could escape from it. But it was still haunting him. He wanted to destroy it. And for this he needed a queen.

Sarsha the sorceror even had a greater advice : ‘Leave the planet Segisto, for it is almost time that the seal will destroy the whole planet.’

‘But where to go ?’ Tragorsh asked.

‘Et Fundo knows all of it,’ Sarsha said. ‘He knows the way.’

Together they approached Et Fundo, who was in rage. ‘I know we have to leave,’ he spoke. ‘And they will probably destroy themselves first. But you must have a queen, Tragorsh. The queen is the only way to ascend when the whole of Segisto will turn into a cocoon of fire. Bring all the women here.’

Et Fundo went slowly with his head along the women. 'You know I will find the right queen for you.'

Outside the planet was erupting already like a volcano, and suddenly they were all in the flames. 'Choose the queen, Et Fundo,' Tragorsh screamed. But Et Fundo, the great dragon, fell into an abyss appearing under its body. It was like hell was coming down and everyone was screaming. The seal of Lakorsh was taking revenge.

'Choose your queen, Tragorsh,' Sarsha roared.

A brown hand was appearing close to Tragorsh, begging him to help her. The rest of the women were in the flames. 'Take her,' Sarsha screamed. Suddenly Tragorsh grasped her hand, and the flames became a hurricane bringing them all upstairs. Et Fundo came up from the lava in which he had fallen. 'Follow me,' he screamed. Everyone had to sit on his tail, while he was swimming through the lava. Segisto was no more.

The Seal of the Great Dragon is love, but when it turns around it is hate and lies

Millions and millions of people were with the great dragon. They had seen their city going down, and even their planet. The Great Dragon was swimming through the nothingness of the ages, which had surrounded them, layer by layer, until a morninglight and a morning sky seemed to touch them. Great sorcerors told them that the seal of Lakorsh would be born again soon, but that the seal of the great Et Fundo would keep them safe against it.

'Lat Haran,' Tragorsh was screaming, 'oh mighty oracle, lead us when the dragons are sleeping.' Et Fundo was growing bigger and bigger, then exploded, and was no more but a new planet, sucking all its inhabitants in. Many people were mourning about the dragon, their womb of death, the giver of new life. They had been through the fire.

It seemed the seal of Lakorsh was now on the chest of the brother of Lakorsh, Tragorsh. The women were staring at it. Its lights were almost blinding. He stood there with his queen, who was the channel to bring this seal on him. And suddenly he had the seal of Et Fundo on his head. These were all lights. Everything was in balance now. Pure rivers were floating here, and soon Tragorsh and his queen were on a boat, a boat full of jewelry, to celebrate their love. Tragorsh knew he had been outmarried. When he was in the flames, she was the closest to

him. And he took her hand. There were dragons everywhere. Tragorsh realized that the seals had to be together, like he was together with his queen.

Once the seals had been separated by a priest, and then the corruptedness started to flow in.

And the great dragon became dangerous. It took a woman to bring the seals together, a woman knowing both sides, weaving them together. She was his princess, she was already destined to this before her birth. The two seals together formed a poetic spell. It was a new death, leading to eternal life, a new law leading to eternal freedom, and a new fire leading to eternal light. It was a poetic seal together, a riddle, to melt the frozen situation, to bring the dragon alive again. We live in a dragon, we are the dragon, we live the dragon.

There was a poetic mind, a dance of words, and when it was sliding away, there was only a joke left.

Beyond the Ice River

My world was dying. My world was falling apart in the hands of a mighty king, the king of the ice-trolls. Our people were dying because of the cold. They were freezing, turning into statues. I lost my best friends.

I was in a fight against this king. He called for all the troll forces of ice, and told us we would all be swallowed by it. Our kingdom was facing ages of darkness, of the bitter cold. There would be one way to survive : to have the breastplate of the king of the ice-trolls. That object would bring immunity against ice. If I would get it, I would be able to approach the ice witch, who lived far away in the depths of the realms of ice. Then I would be able to beg her to spare my people.

The king was a cruel man. He hung me upside down in a dungeon. At least there were some torches at the wall, keeping me warm. But he said he wanted to burn me. I couldn't do anything. I hung at a thick wire. I could swing a bit, back and forth. After awhile I found out I could reach the wall. I could reach a torch who burnt the wire piece by piece. Then I fell down. A guard ran to me. I grasped the torch and pushed it in his face. I took his keys and escaped.

I ran upstairs to the room of the king of the ice-trolls, where he slept. I took a sword off the wall, beheaded two of his guards, and went into the room. Here the clothes of the king hung, together with his breastplate. When I grasped it two other guards came in. I quickly put on the breastplate and beheaded the first guard and the other I pierced him in his belly. The king woke up, while a group of guards entered. I took a dive through the window and came into the river. Archers were shooting their arrows into the river, so I had to swim towards the depths. I could escape miraculously. Soon I started my journey through the incredible realm of ice. I didn't know where to go, but the breastplate kept me warm, and most of all : it kept me alive.

I could slay ice-giants, and strange trollguards on my way. I walked on day and night, until I reached a house in an ice-cave. Soon ice-snakes were attacking me, and there was even an ice-dragon. Lights seemed to come forth from my breastplate to devour the attackers. I moved closer towards the house. An old lady stood there with long hair. Her hair was grey and she had a big nose. In front of her feet there was a river. Suddenly she bent down and changed into a young woman to do the laundry in the river. I couldn't believe my eyes. When she stood up she was an old lady again. 'Hello,' I shouted. But she didn't seem to hear me, or she was just ignoring me. She went inside of the house and I followed her.

‘Don’t come any closer,’ she said with a dark low voice. She looked like a wolf who could attack any moment.

‘If you are the ice-witch,’ I said. ‘I want to ask you for help. My people are in the horrible hands of the king of the ice-trolls, and they are like statues. Please deliver them.’

‘I want you to do certain things for me first,’ she immediately said.

‘Bring me the head of the king of ice-trolls,’ she said. ‘Then I will give you your next mission.’

I thought it was alright. I had the breastplate, so the cold wouldn’t be a problem anymore.

‘I want you to use this sword,’ she said, while she grasped a tall thin sword off the wall. ‘If you do it by your own sword, two heads will grow instead.’

‘What kind of sword is it?’ I asked.

‘Don’t ask,’ she said. ‘Just do it.’

I went my way back to the place of the king. I felt fire moving across my sword, heavy fire. Guards at the portals started to scream. ‘It’s the sword of the ice witch,’ they screamed. I heard laughing upstairs. I knew I was at risk losing my breastplate again, and then I wouldn’t be able to return to the ice-witch. He put his helmet on. Other guards grasped their spears. ‘Pierce him,’ the king of the ice-trolls shouted. I dived into the river again, and waited till it was night. I tried to climb the wall towards the room of the king, and I finally made it. But the king wasn’t in his bed. I went downstairs, and in one of the halls I saw them all sitting around a tall table. I decided to go back to his bedroom to hide myself in a cupboard. I waited there for hours, until he came in. He closed the window and went to sleep. After awhile I came out of the cupboard to behead him. I took the head, opened the window, and disappeared.

When I came to the ice-witch she was very glad. 'Well done,' she said. I could see her smiling. Her face looked younger. 'I have another mission for you,' she said. 'Below my house the green monster of deadly odors lives. He can kill by his odors. I want you to kill it, and bring his heart to me. But use the same sword you used to behead the king of the ice-trolls, or there will grow two hearts instead.' By a certain pit I could reach the underground below the house of the ice witch. After awhile strange green winds tried to strangle me. It was almost storming below the house. The sound was trying to make me deaf. It was such a noise. I looked right in the face of a monster with three eyes. Green fire and smoke came out of its mouth, and suddenly rays came out of one of the eyes to strike me. I fell down on the ground, and suddenly the enormous beast jumped on me. I felt like all my bones had been crashed. I couldn't move anymore, and the noise seemed to get louder and louder. 'Don't hurt me,' I suddenly heard someone saying. It was the monster itself. It was getting thinner and thinner, changing into a woman. 'Please don't hurt me,' she said. 'I have been imprisoned here by the ice witch, waiting for my day of doom.'

'But the witch told me to kill you,' I said. 'Otherwise she won't free my people.'

'She isn't fair,' the woman said. 'She's just misleading you. You have defeated the king of the ice-trolls. Your people are free now.'

'How do you know that ?' I asked.

'I have three eyes,' the woman said. 'With them I can see anything.'

'But what if you lie to me ?' I asked.

'Find out for yourself,' the woman said. 'Go back to your people, and you will see that they aren't frozen anymore. The curse has been broken.'

'But then you will probably escape,' I said.

'How can I ?' the woman said. 'The witch has imprisoned me here.'

I didn't know what to do, who I should trust. Why would the witch need me to kill her ? The woman explained it to me. The witch was powerless without the breastplate, and the woman said that the witch would finally want to steal the breastplate from me, so that I would die in this realm.

But the witch had helped me for a great deal, so why would she want to kill me now ? The woman explained that the breastplate would increase her powers, and by that she would rule everything.

But I still didn't know who I could trust. This woman seemed to have so much powers that she could easily kill me. Maybe I was her last hope to escape from the witch. She could only escape if I would take her through the pit upstairs.

But someone was coming downstairs. It was the ice witch. 'Have you killed her yet ?' she asked. We couldn't see her yet, so I whispered : 'Quick, hide yourself.' Quickly I grasped a stone and went towards the pit where the shadow of the witch already came down. I showed her the stone.

'Is that her heart ?' she asked.

I said yes. She took it from me, and together we went out of the pit. 'We aren't done yet,' she said. She walked to a huge kettle in which she laid the stone. 'I want you to stay with the kettle for awhile,' the witch said. 'I need to go to the river for awhile.' When the witch was outside the house I went back through the pit to take the woman with me. I still didn't know who was speaking the truth. But I didn't want to make any risks. I couldn't find the woman. I didn't know where she was. I decided to go back to the kettle after awhile.

Soon the ice witch returned with a sad face. 'I have been to the river,' she said, 'but it's not good with your people yet. I do not understand as we have the heart of the green monster of deadly odors now.'

'How do you know about my people ?' I asked.

'Oh, the river talks about it. It tells me everything,' the ice witch said.

In the middle of the night I went to the river. I didn't dare to sleep, as I was afraid I couldn't trust the ice witch. I whispered to the river and it whispered back. I asked the river who I could trust. But the river didn't say anything back.

The next morning I asked the witch how I could speak to the river.

'Oh, I will show you,' the witch said. She took some laundry and brought it to the river. 'Do the laundry,' she said, 'and it will speak.' She went into the house again, so I could talk to the river in private.

'Who can I trust,' I asked.

But the river didn't speak. 'River, I know you must know everything. I haven't killed the green monster of deadly odors, as I do not know if she deserves it or not.'

But the river didn't speak. I went into the house again, and the witch went to the river. After awhile I heard a scream. 'You have betrayed me,' she yelled. 'You used a stone instead of her heart.'

'Yes,' I said, 'as I do not know who to trust. She said you keep her imprisoned there.'

'She has probably escaped now,' the ice witch said. 'She wants the head of the king of ice-trolls as well, but now she knows that you are hunting after her heart she's gone. You are still alive probably by the breastplate. Go and find her, or your people will all die.'

I went back to the underground, still not knowing what to do. This time I went deeper. It didn't look like a prison, but like a huge realm. I got tired. I travelled for days and days. The gates were narrow here. Finally I found her in a cave. 'I am weakening,' she said. 'It is because of your breastplate. I am losing powers.'

I was still in doubts. I just couldn't kill her. I remembered her words that my people were free already and that the witch was only keeping me here for her evil purposes, so I decided to see for myself. I went back to the house of the ice witch, and wanted to go home, but she didn't let me. 'I need to know the truth,' I said. 'Please, let me go.'

'I will let you go,' she finally said, 'but when you do I will not let you come back again. I will be invisible to you.'

I didn't have another choice. But this time the river was speaking to me. 'She is serious,' the river said. 'She cannot let you return here. That would be too dangerous.'

'But why?' I asked.

'Don't ask,' the river said. 'Just trust her.'

'But how do I know I can trust you?' I asked.

'I can show you how your people are,' the river said. And suddenly I saw a reflection of my people in the water. They were still frozen, and many more had died.

I didn't know what to do. How did I know this was all real? It was like the breastplate had brought me in this trouble, but I knew that without the breastplate I would die here. I just didn't dare to go to sleep in the neighbourhood of the witch, so every time I was tired I went to the depths of the underground. I often talked to the green monster, who was often a woman. There was a similarity between the ice witch and the green monster. They could both change.

I knew that if the ice witch would speak the truth my people would be all dead right now. If the green monster of deadly odors would speak the truth my people were all free. And the river was witnessing for the witch. Although my breastplate was weakening the green monster, it seemed to get healed by it also. She was more and more becoming a woman, a young woman. We got a deep friendship, and I didn't have any problems falling asleep in her arms. She was soft and caring. One day when the witch was spending her usual time at the river, I took the woman through the pit. We came into the house of the ice witch, but suddenly the ice witch stood before us with a knife. 'Don't touch her,' I said to the ice witch. But it was

already too late. The witch had pierced her heart. Green blood was flowing out of the woman. The woman fell down. The ice witch took her heart, threw it into the kettle. ‘Your people will be raised from the dead now,’ the ice witch said. ‘For this woman was the force behind the kingdom of the ice-trolls.’ It was a green heart. A soft heart, which had enchanted me as well. So many curses were breaking. The ice-witch smeared the green blood on my breastplate. ‘Return to your people now, and wake them,’ she said. ‘Just smear the green blood on them. I only ask for one thing : Give me the breastplate. You don’t need it anymore, for this witch has died.’

‘Who was she ?’ I asked.

‘The forest witch,’ she said.

I took off my breastplate and gave it to the witch. I immediately fell down, and the witch started to laugh. ‘You dumb fool,’ she said. ‘You have given away your breath.’

I was grasping for air, but couldn’t get it. Cold winds were striking me. In panic I grasped my sword and struck the witch. ‘Too late, my dear,’ the witch said. ‘Too late. Prepare to die.’

But then the river came into the house and struck the witch. ‘What are you doing ?’ she screamed. The river took the breastplate off of her, and threw her into the kettle. Quickly I grasped the breastplate again. Then the river took the kettle with the witch up and threw it into the pit.

A man stood before me. ‘I am the river,’ he said. ‘I was the slave of the witch. Because you struck her by your sword I woke up. I am free now, and so are your people. Trust me : She was the one behind it all.’

The End

The Troll

Apple

On my travel I came to a small house in the desert where a gnome lived. It was a wise man having many books in his house. He told me a lot about trolls and leprechauns, but also of witches and giants. He told me that below his house there was an unknown treasure. But there was a portal which could only be opened by the skull of the king of giant-trolls. He begged me to get this skull. To me that wasn't so hard to do. I was the troll slayer. He told me where this giant king lived, and soon I came back to him with the skull. It seemed the giant troll didn't even live anymore. I just entered the palace and saw his skeleton on the throne, and took his skull. The gnome didn't know that, as he never dared to come in the neighbourhood of the giant trolls.

He was glad. With the skull he could open the portal below his house. There was an amazing treasure. Of course I also got a big part of the treasure. The gnome seemed to be an old gnome-king. His kingdom was once destroyed by the giant-trolls. He was the only one who survived. He fled into the forest where he found this house. For years he lived there together with an old woman, but before she died she told him about the portal below the house, leading to the treasure. It was a troll treasure.

There were three other portals surrounding the treasure. Miraculous worlds were behind them, troll worlds. 'We will live here forever,' the gnome said to me. The troll caves were beautiful. We watched them one by one. The trolls we met in these caves were looking for a king, and the gnome king was more than willing to become their king.

But in this land everyone got old so fast, like the land was under a curse. I asked the trolls what we could do about it. They said there had to be a tree with troll apples somewhere, by which you could stay forever young. I travelled for days to find it, took a bite from the apple and came in another world. Here everyone was young.

But in this world everything was so cold. The deeper I came in this land the colder. It was freezing there, and I saw frozen apples hanging in some tree in the distance. I went to the tree, took an apple and let it melt against my mouth. Then I took a bite. Here there was fire everywhere, in the land where I came then. Dark guards with dark capes were guarding an

apple on a dish, while a snake hung above it, while there was dripping fluids out of the mouth of the snake moistening the apple.

‘Am I in hell ?’ I asked. It was so hot here. ‘What kind of apple is that ?’ I asked. But the guards didn’t say anything. The heat was only rising. Suddenly I grasped the apple and bit. My mouth was burning. I was yelling. What had I done.

‘Drink from the dish,’ one of the dark guards said.

I did. It was some sort of sirope, but it was cold. My mouth was freezing.

‘Welcome,’ another dark guard said.

‘To what ?’ I asked.

But they didn’t answer. After a few minutes a dark guard said : ‘The witch wants to speak to you.’

I asked : ‘Which witch ?’

But they didn’t answer.

Suddenly they grasped me and pushed me into a coffin. Then they brought me upstairs to a hall full of spiderwebs and fleeces.

‘Finally you have come,’ a voice spoke.

A woman with a white dress sat on a high throne, at the side of the hall.

‘Are you okay ?’ she asked.

‘No,’ I said. ‘I have eaten from three troll apples and I don’t know where I am.’

‘Troll food is good to eat,’ she said. ‘You just have to wake up to reality.’

‘What is reality ?’ I asked.

‘The food will show you,’ she said. ‘It is all to wake you up.’

‘But my friends,’ I asked, ‘can’t you help them ?’

‘They have to find their way by themselves,’ she said. ‘You or me cannot do anything about it.’

The woman led me to a place behind the hall, where tables were filled with troll food. ‘Eat,’ she said. ‘It is good for you.’

I started to eat. Watching the food made me so hungry.

She gave me a bottle. ‘Drink,’ she said. I drank. I woke up in a bed, while she was holding my hand. I felt sick. I felt so tired. I was rolling in my bed. I was sweating. My body was totally wet. ‘Here drink something,’ she said. I drank again. I was in a whirlpool. I needed to wake up. I couldn’t wake up. Something was blocking me. Finally I woke up in the house of the gnome. It was a dream. Today I should go to the kingdom of the giant trolls to take the skull of their king. Then the gnome would be able to open the portal below his house to the treasure. But the closer I came to the kingdom of giant trolls the more I doubted the gnome. The giant trolls seemed to be very friendly, especially their king, and I didn’t see any reason to take the skull of this man. The king told me that the gnome was a dangerous guard of hell, and that I was lucky I had survived him.

The End

The Troll Gloves

I was on my way to the cathedral, where a troll candle was on top, spreading blame and shame. Inside the cathedral cannibals lived. I was the troll slayer.

I went there with a few friends. When I opened the door of the cathedral they killed my friends. I ran to the stairway, but they shot me in the arm. A trollpriest threatened me with a knife. While I was bleeding I stumbled upstairs. Someone kicked me and I fell back. It was getting dangerous so I climbed out of a window. I climbed to the next floor, where priests in tall garments did service. They had candles in their hands, and they were chanting. I climbed in through a window again. They turned into wolves and I had to run for my life. I ran upstairs again. I took my sword from behind my back to slay some wolves who were attacking me. On the next floor there were many smaller trolls. I caused a bloodbath, while green blood was flowing everywhere.

They trapped me and brought me to a dungeon below the cathedral. There was a lot of torture here. The trolls seemed to enjoy it to skin their victims. They pushed me into a dungeon where the walls were cutting machines, and they started to come closer and closer to me. Suddenly I saw a red hand who grasped me and pulled me towards the ceiling where there was a hole through which I could escape. The man was sitting on a black goose. He smiled to me. 'Let's go to the top of the cathedral,' he said. He seemed to live there.

'Don't you feel horrible about the troll candle ? It spreads guilt,' I said. But the man shook his head. 'Where I live it's safe,' he said. He seemed to live inside the candle. He had his house there.

Inside the troll candle it was wonderful. There was a tall elevator by which you could go deep down below the cathedral, even below the dungeons. There was another world there, where the man brought all his friends to.

‘The flame of the candle never dies,’ the man said. ‘The only way to escape from it is to live in the candle and to come into my secret world.’

Through the transparent ceiling I could see the flame getting wilder and wilder. ‘Oh, it will grow bigger the more people will enter my secret world,’ the man said. ‘One day the candle will overflow with lava. You better stay here.’

‘But then we need to save the others outside,’ I said.

‘No,’ the man said. ‘You were the last one I had to save. The rest is already in my secret world.’

‘So you mean those who still live outside will be grasped by the lava ?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ the man said.

I remembered at times people just disappeared, and now I knew where they were. They had been saved by this man. Outside I could see the lava already streaming. It was because I was the last one to be saved. The man had fulfilled his mission.

He took me to the elevator. Everything would burn now.

But in the secret world there was also a cathedral, and it also had a troll candle on top, a troll candle even worse than the previous one. It spread torture like nothing else. People were bowing down under the weight of rejection and scorn. I wished the man had never saved me. This was way worse.

I tried to reach for the cathedral, but there was police everywhere. They were the guards of the cathedral. And for getting in you first had to be treated by a troll doctor. The people going to this doctor got implants of fear. They became weak and tired, losing their armory. I found out it was the only way to enter the cathedral, so finally I went to this doctor. He made a mess of me, but at least I could get into the cathedral. There were robots in the cathedral, showing us our places. It was a prison. We got chained to the pews, and we had to sing. If we wouldn't sing we would get shot, so I didn't have another choice.

A troll was preaching. It hurt my ears and eyes, and even my stomach. I asked a robot if I were allowed to go to the toilets. He led me to it, but all he did was beating me up. I begged him to not send me back. I felt weak, sick. I was so tired that I could only stumble. When the speech was over the robot led me home. I had to return the next day.

But the day after they wouldn't let me go to the toilets anymore. They brought me to a deep dungeon. It was hell. I got chained to the wall, where cats and dogs started to eat from my flesh, and at nights the rats came. I was screaming and yelling, until I almost couldn't breathe anymore. After months of torture the man with the black goose came back. 'What have you done to me?' I asked. 'You call that saving someone?'

He nodded. I was at the edge of freedom, he said. He saved me again, and brought me to the inside of the candle. Here I would be safe, but I only feared the worst. There was another elevator, and I was betting that it would lead to an even worse place with a worse candle. But none of that. The man gave me a glove, which was a troll glove. He said he usually led the ones he saved to this elevator, but he said I was a rare case.

'What's up with the glove?' I asked.

'You can quench any troll candle by it,' he said. 'It's the only thing quenching eternal flames.'

I saw the lava already floating across the transparent walls of the candle, sinking into the cathedral. 'I think I won't quench that one,' I said. 'I just wished I had a black goose like you so that I could save someone.'

'That's my job,' the man said. 'You wouldn't want to save the wrong one. They are all sorcerers.'

‘Yes, but I got saved once myself, so I want to do something back,’ I said.

‘Leave it up to me,’ the man said.

I didn’t know what to do, as everything started to burn by the lava, and it was coming closer and closer. Would I use the glove to quench the flame, or would I enter the elevator. I realized that the cathedral had already been destroyed by the lava, so it was okay to quench the flame now. When I had done that the man brought me back to the first troll candle where I did the same. But as I could expect the cold started to set in. Everything started to freeze, and it became so bad that I begged the man to bring me back to the elevator of the second troll candle. I was freezing so bad that I almost couldn’t move.

When I was in the second elevator I got some warmth again. I came into a hall full of troll candles. I knew what could happen if I would quench them, but I also knew what could happen if I would let them burn. I went inside of them, one by one. There were no elevators, but old women lived inside of the candles.

‘It’s freezing there upstairs, right ?’ one of the old women said. I nodded. ‘One day the cold will reach us to quench all our candles,’ she spoke further. ‘Then we will all freeze for eternity. What kind of glove do you have there ?’

‘Oh, it’s a glove to quench eternal flames,’ I said. ‘But it can’t do anything against the cold.’

‘You need to find the other glove, before it is too late,’ she said.

‘Where can I find it ?’ I asked. I was waiting for the man with black goose, but he didn’t seem to come.

‘He can’t come here,’ the old woman spoke. ‘This area isn’t his domain.’

‘Who is he ?’ I asked.

‘He is an old king,’ she said.

‘Well, where can I find the second glove ?’ I asked.

‘I will tell you if you give me your glove,’ she said. But I couldn’t do that. I needed this glove to survive the eternal flames. But when the days went on it started to freeze more and more. The cold was much stronger than the eternal flames. The flames kept burning of course, but it got colder and colder. Then I couldn’t hold it any longer and gave my glove to the old woman.

‘That’s kind of stupid,’ the old woman said. Immediately she turned into a young woman, while she started to quench the eternal flames. ‘These flames kept us locked up all our lives, turning us into old women. There is no second glove. If all the eternal flames will be quenched the cold won’t be there anymore. And I will rule forever.’ Then she started to laugh loud and hysterically. ‘We got the glove, sisters,’ she shouted, ‘the troll glove to make us rule.’

They grasped me and locked me up in one of the candles. But the flame of that candle started to burn again after awhile. ‘Take him out of the candle,’ the woman shouted to her sisters. They took me out again, but the flame started to burn wilder and wilder. ‘It doesn’t work,’ the woman shouted. ‘Throw him into the fire.’ But suddenly in the flame the man with the black goose appeared.

‘The second glove !’ the sisters shouted. The man had indeed another troll glove. This one was the bringer of the eternal flame. He took me on his goose, while a fire fell on the sisters to devour them. This time the man took me to his kingdom in the sky, and this time he gave me two troll gloves. ‘Rule the world with me,’ he said. ‘You have proven now that you are worthy to wear the two troll gloves.’

I accepted the gift he gave me, but I didn’t want to rule the world with him. I was a trollslayer. He understood that very well, and gave me a good sword for that, a troll sword, and he didn’t give me only one black goose, but a whole army of black geese.

The Viking Helmet

I was lonely. I went through the gate, took my sword, and came to the troll candle. I had escaped from the dungeon, that dark dirty cellar. It was like an old kitchen. Winds came out of the troll candle, and voices mocking me, yelling at me. I grasped my sword from behind my back and slew it. I was the troll slayer. They had kept me in a small cell all of my life. Now I was up to have revenge. There was vengeance in my blood.

I was grateful to the gods who had brought me out, but when I visited the outside world I wished I had never escaped. However, there was no way to return. The house where I had been imprisoned was burning. There were troll wars everywhere, and I got tortured by the sights. There was an unknown cruelty raging here. In my rage I slew those trolls, but my rage was eating me. It was like these trolls were controlling me.

I was yelling at them. They were creatures of scorn. All they could do was mock. I went to their houses of aristocracy and organized a massacre. A girl ran to me and was grateful that I saved her from them. She kept hanging at me, and I brought her to a place of safety. I was numb. My senses didn't work at me. I needed to heal.

There were no taboos in troll world. Everything was perversion. There was slavery. I had a lot to do here. Chaos seemed to be the order here. It was a world of dirt, and that seemed to be the only way letting them appear clean. There was so much drama here, and no one seemed to care. It was all about living evil. And the worst trolls got all the might, all the power, and possessed all the hearts. They were cannibals. They loved to eat meat, but they didn't like dead meat. The meat had to be alive. Then it tasted better.

You could say that the trolls were the more advanced forms of skeletons. They had reached a sort of magic source by which they could take themselves up and arm themselves. Practically

they went through the gates of draught to become skeletonstones reaching for the gates of drowning beyond which was the hairy world, a world of magic for the dead. Here they could become trolls, advanced, armed and equipped skeletons, or just enchanted skeletons.

I didn't like magic. I thought it was dangerous. I knew magic was just a word to cover up a whole lot of things. It all came to advanced forms of vampirism. This was the true source of all sorcery. In my eyes it was that. Magic didn't exist. It all worked by battles. In my eyes there was only magic in the arenas, where gladiators took each other's heads. It was covering up a lot. Here they walked with each other's skins. I didn't believe in fairytales anymore. I believed in the horror behind it. One being growing into another one, taking over it's armory. That was the troll reality.

I became a slayer beyond means, to build my troll museum, where I would show their skulls, their thrones and their weapons. It was for educational purposes only that I would keep them and store them.

There was a girl who wanted to become the guard of trollcrowns. I visited her every week. There were many trollcrowns she needed to guard, and she knew a lot about them. It was the girl I once saved out of the house of aristocracy. There was also a hall of trollswords. This hall I gave in the hands of a monster-ape called Salomon. He had a lot to tell about these things.

I would assume my troll museum would work out for the good, but it was a cursed place. The objects were dangerous. The trollswords I gave in the hands of Slivighter, a skilled swordfighter. One day my troll museum just crashed down. I knew I had to defeat bigger trolls first, finding out about their mysteries and then raising troll museum again. I became a trollslayer more than ever. Skilled by the trainings of Slivighter and Salomon. They helped me raising the troll museum again, and it became bigger than ever, but I had no idea about the price it would cost. It attracted the worst and meanest trolls existing, those of the dark depths of Orion. Karsa was their king, their hope. They worshipped his skull. By his cycle he always came alive again. And they were just attached to that, tied to the wheel. They said he had the three rings of troll. These rings were the secret of his power.

Slivighter and Salomon knew where they were guarding these three rings. But meanwhile we were already in Karsa's dungeons. Troll museum was in their hands now. And the rings were holding all the hearts of existence. There was also an old goatfarmer in our dungeon. His name was Ruf. He told us that only the horns of the Viking helmet of the king of fire-trolls were hot enough to melt the three rings. But we were in the dungeon and couldn't do anything. We were delivered in the hands of these torturous trolls. They skinned us and hung our skeletons at their buildings. The third day after that they burnt our bones and skull and our

souls descended into their hells. It only got worse. They had condemned us to evergrowing damnation. And all they could do was laugh. We were in an elevator to deeper fires. Other victims seemed to know more about the Viking helmet of the king of fire-trolls. This king seemed to live in the depths of these troll hells, where he would wait for us to torture us even more. He was a man of wrath. We fell in the hands of this beast of a guy, and he granted us no rest. Our souls were nothing but ashes, but still he wasn't done with us. Our spirits were trembling in our souls, and soon we were nothing but ghosts, shadows of the city of doom. The king of the fire-trolls ruled here over those of no hope. He showed us his licenses, and the papers on which was written that we had been condemned to be here forever. He chained us, and we became his slaves. We had to do heavy work. We had to build buildings for him. He wanted to be bigger. We had to work day and night, without having rest or food. We were sick and weak, but he had no mercy. Soon he also broke the last things we had, making us nothing but flames, weak flames, hysterical flames. We had to guard his stronghold day and night. It was an arena.

It became winter, and our flames died. We became frozen. We were weak like snow, shivering lights, becoming darker and darker. Darkness was setting in. And it became colder and colder, while we saw the king of troll-kings warming himself in his stronghold, feeding himself. We also saw his Viking helmet close to him. The horns were red hot. Finally we saw him going to sleep. He was holding the red flowing horns. He covered himself by a thick hairy skin. We could hear him breath, while we couldn't breath. He was so big, and we were so small, only becoming smaller, until one of us found a little hole in the thick walls of the stronghold. We could go inside. We were nothing but the wind now. We had lost everything, but by our last strength we could surround the Viking helmet of the king of fire-trolls. But he was holding the horns so tightly. We crept inside the huge Viking helmet, and could raise into the hollow horns. Slowly the king of fire-trolls was loosening his grip, and we could get away with it. We got density again in the Viking helmet. We felt well-fed, and we knew the helmet was a key to everything here. We could grow again, and soon we had our normal size again. Ruf took the Viking helmet. 'Follow me,' he said. We went to an elevator, and after awhile we were in the hall of the three troll-rings. It was quiet. It was like whole Orion was sleeping. Ruf touched the rings by the horns of the helmet, and the rings immediately started to melt. We covered ourselves by the fluids, and one was even drinking it. The fluids kept streaming, and we had to run for our lives. Alarms were shrieking, and soon we had been surrounded by guards.

Orion was drowning, and we were drowning too, but we knew where we had to go to. We went to the elevator again and went back to the stronghold of the king of trolls. I took a troll sword from the wall and slew the king of fire-trolls. I knew this place would be safe, and here I built my troll museum.

The End

The Saddle of

Evil

The leprechauns were fond of money and beauty. They could grow all sizes. It was a fairytale they would only be small like gnomes. They usually had big troll chariots with a lot of predators. But they were predators themselves, the biggest ones. I always wondered what was worse : to fall in the hands of a troll or a leprechaun. In the hands of a troll it would mean : evergrowing suffering, but in the hands of a leprechaun it would mean : evergrowing consciousness of it. The leprechaun was a troll more or less, but I still didn't know how bad the leprechaun was compared to the troll.

I saw them always having fun, always laughing, while others died in their surroundings. They didn't care. They would inflict torture wherever they went. But there were also leprechauns living in the depths of the forests. They were in love with the treasures of nature. They loved to see skulls, gems, jewels, spiderwebs, gold, rare ornaments, blood ... They had another life-style. They were cannibals. They loved to see strange things.

Both sorts of leprechauns were incredible cruel. Some preachers condemned the lives of leprechauns. 'Oh they ride in big cars, but then they will not have them in heaven,' they always warned. But some leprechauns also became preachers, and they preached the ways of money.

'You want money in this life, then you won't get it in heaven,' they always had to hear from other preachers. But the leprechauns just ignored that. To them life was one big party, and in heaven it would even be greater.

The leprechauns of the forests already lived in heaven. They were hunters, building their kingdoms by skulls and bones. Their chariots were made of suffering animals. They had tamed these animals, and used them for everything. They had built strange sorts of spiderwebs to catch prey. These webs had been made of golden fleeces and threads. It seemed to stream forth from a bewitched object, called a leprechaun sword. It was almost like a sword, but there were tentacles attached to it, which would pierce the hands of those who weren't the owner of the sword, to turn them into a living hell.

The leprechauns would never touch the handle of the sword, as they weren't the owners of the sword. They had stolen it once from the king of fire-leprechauns. He had his kingdom in the south, in a land full of volcanoes. I couldn't say the king was an evil man. The fire-leprechauns were just obsessed by fire, and by it's jewelry. They made the finest ornaments.

They were smiths. But they always made their treasures in such a sense that whenever someone would take it who wasn't the owner, that person would be tortured for the rest of his life. The jewelry and the armors they made always had such strange sharp tentacles ready to punish the thieves. It was a miracle that the forest-leprechauns could steal a sword like that.

Leprechauns to me were strange creatures. You never knew how you got it. They could be very deceiving. The best was to stay away from them as far as you could. But they always seemed to find ways to show up close to you. They were stalkers. They were always thinking about how they could use you best.

One had to protect one's heart against the leprechauns. The only way to do that was by having the chariot of the king of ice-leprechauns, as by this thing he ruled all leprechauns, and used them to make the lives of their victims miserable. It was like an evergrowing slave-caravan in the sky. No one was safe against this king. All was just a matter of time. One could run and hide, but the king of ice-leprechauns would finally find them all. It was a cursed chariot. The ice-leprechauns had made it once. When the chariot grasped something, it could never leave. The chariot would hold it forever. The chariot was a witch-weaver and a spinning-wheel at the same time. It could sting to make it's victims go to sleep, and then they would be turned into threads and fleeces. It was a sort of leprechaun sword, it was the road to hell.

This strange object finally came in the hands of trolls. I didn't know how they did it, but they did it. In these days trolls became more and more dangerous, and I became a troll slayer. They made the ways of the leprechaun even worse. Preaching against them didn't work. They were preachers themselves. They made themselves big chariots, slave-caravans, and they preached it was the only way to heaven. To be poor meant to get to hell, to the evergrowing suffering and consciousness.

The chariot of the king of ice-leprechauns was dominating the mass. It was now in the hands of trolls. One of the few leprechauns I could trust was the king of the fire-leprechauns. He told me there would be only one way to steal the chariot. It was by a treasure called the Thief's Claw. This was how the trolls could steal the chariot from the king of ice-leprechauns. The king of the fire-leprechauns said that the Thief's Claw could only be used once. However there was another way to steal the chariot, but it was a very dangerous way. It was by a treasure the fire-leprechauns once made : the Nightjewel of Life and Death. It could only be used once, and it could only be used in the night. The Jewel would give life or death to the thief, so there was a great risk attached to it. I wanted to risk my life for it, if it would save us all from the trolls and the wrath of the leprechauns. I wanted to sacrifice my life for that if I had to. The Night Jewel of Life and Death was mine now. The king of the fire-leprechauns had given it to me, but I knew about it's danger. I knew how much drama this jewel could bring, but it was better than living in this evergrowing eternal hell the trolls always inflicted.

It was a sort of armory. I could terminate the guards of the chariot without problems by it. It was the king's most powerful, but also most dangerous weapon. I grasped the chariot, held my breath, while the Night Jewel was speaking : 'I give you life, brave man. You have sacrificed it, and I give it back to you.'

I brought the chariot to the king, to the south, and he was so grateful that he gave his daughter to me, a beautiful, precious and lovely princess. I said : 'Yes, I will be friends with her, but I need to move on. I need to be alone.' The king understood me very well, and gave me the finest armories and treasures he had instead.

The End

White Flower Garden

Whenever someone picked a troll flower from the white flower garden it caused immediate death. And not only that. The soul of the one who had picked the flower turned into a gladiator and went to the square of an auditorium. It was a troll arena. The troll flowers were beautifully white, the most beautiful flowers of the white flower garden. The troll flowers weren't without any mercy when they got picked. No, one shouldn't underestimate such a flower. From the outside they looked so lovely, but their ways were cruel and harsh. They could turn the whole white flower garden into a cemetery.

The owner of the garden was a dignified man with a tall black hat. Some said he was a witch. You could also hire him to be a cabman for a wedding. He had an old fashioned carriage for that, and many people loved to hire him.

When I was young I married someone. How could I know she was like a troll flower. I had picked her, and it seemed I died since that day. The strange man of that garden was our cabman. When he locked the door of the carriage everything was dark all of a sudden. My wife had a beautiful white dress. She was the daughter of the cabman. It all ended in a divorce. I went to that garden the day of the divorce, and I wanted to pick a troll flower to make an end of my life. Many people used to do that when they thought life didn't have anything to offer them anymore. But a woman stopped me from doing it. She had a white dress. I didn't know what she did there, for it was almost night.

'Come,' she said. 'To my house. I have some hot chocolate milk for you.' I went to her house with her. Her dress was beautiful, fragile like that white dress of my wife on the wedding day. 'I am the dress,' she said.

'What did you say ?' I asked.

'I am that dress,' she said. 'That dress of your wife. It was my skin, it was me. But I am back.'

She gave me the chocolate milk and stared me deep in the eyes. 'Do you still want to pick the flower ?' she asked.

'I don't know. I'm sad,' I said. 'I think I already picked that flower. I'm already dead.'

'What if you pick it for a second time ?' she asked.

'Oh, that will be hell,' I said. 'But everything would be much better than all this.'

'What if you pick me ?' she said.

'Maybe you are also a troll flower,' I said. 'I don't know. I truly do not know. And I do not know where it will lead me. Maybe you are right. Maybe I shouldn't do it.'

‘Well, there are differences between the troll flowers,’ she said. ‘There is one troll flower leading you to life.’

‘Oh, then you must be that flower,’ I said.

I only saw her once in my life. When I returned to her house other people seemed to live there, old people, who didn’t know her. All I knew was that she saved my life. My wife still lives, but I do not want to come there anymore. Neither do I want to go to that white flower garden anymore.

The End

The Fog Witch

I was in love with the fog witch. She had saved me out of the meanest trolltraps. There were so many trollprisons I had to escape from. And when I thought I had finally escaped I seemed to be in another trollprison. But she saved me out. I always felt like I didn’t deserve to be with her, that I wasn’t worthy. She had imprisoned my heart as well. Her tentacles reached deep in me. I became her servant. And I didn’t know what was worse : to be with the trolls or with her. She was so sweet, so lovely and so mysterious, while I felt like I didn’t have any weight when I was with her. All my words didn’t mean anything compared to her words. Her movements were so dignified, while I was rude, rough, not so delicate. She was like a giant, and I was like a dwarf. I failed in anything I did, while she always succeeded, although she had her struggles. She could be depressed as well, but everything she did was like gold, like art, even when she felt unhappy. She had that mysterious unknown power always making her looking better than someone else. It was draining to live close to someone like her. She had imprisoned my heart, and I was dying. Still I was in love with her, for she had saved me. Finally I was realizing I was just paying her back for that, by staying so long with her in this state of mind. She admired me, she was obsessed with me, and very jealous of me. She had the same feelings about me. She always said that I had saved her. We couldn’t deal with love.

We were afraid of it, so we decided to part ways. She gave me a wondrous breastplate, while I had nothing to give her.

The fog witch was my memory, my first love. When I grew older I realized how imprisoned I was. Imprisoned by her touch. She was just another trolltrap. But still I loved her. She was a darling, so styled. I could dream about her for hours and hours, but that was the best. For staying with her would be dangerous. I always stared at my breastplate when I had hung it in my room. She had made it with so much love and magic. One day I brought it back to her. I needed to be free of it. She understood it totally, and I was glad. But I seemed to get into deep trolltraps again, so I asked it back. She wasn't around anymore. This time I had to do it myself. It was hard.

This time I escaped from so many imprisonments that it led me to a magical, wondrous world. I finally found her back there. She was more beautiful than ever. Her words entered me deeper, and again I admired her so. There was a strange flat skull on her breastplate. She told me it was her world. But this time I came here all by myself. There was so much sadness around. I just couldn't stay here. So I travelled further, and built my own world.

The End

Sleeping Beauty

Chapter 1. The Clockwars

Chapter 2. The Story of Thursday

Chapter 3. Rise of the Barbarian Spirits

Chapter 1. The Clockwars

They sit on horses so high, not knowing what it is all about. They sold their consciousness and conscience to the necromancer, and now they sleep, while their spirits are high in the sky, thinking they are living the life. They do not have to cry anymore, they have reached eternal life

On horses so high they sit, taking away so many lives, they do not know what they are doing, they sleep, they only survive

Sleeping beauties they are So many are crashing against their walls, or falling after a longlasting trip to reach them, for they never got real grip This kiss you will never get They sleep behind walls of glass, like Snow White they possess the right to do anything but never cry They are sleeping, they have reached eternal life ...

They have drunk from poison, and now their spirits soar high, and when they cry these are only tears of glass, making their walls thicker, they do not have arms to reach out, they are broken statues, while the necromancer watches over them. He has given them the experience of eternal life.

In their senses they are boasting. They see, they hear, they always get what they want. They are never crying, letting others cry, while they are watching from behind their walls of glass, a strange coffin, sleeping beauties they are, sometimes opening their eyes all of a sudden, to suck away all the lives of those who tried to come closer, tried to reach out a hand. They do not have a hand, sleeping beauties never understand.

The words always seem to fade away, In this strange ornament from the white rabbit ...

A girl stands up from her bed, which is actually more a bench. She leaves the tall transparent pinkred blankets behind her, and dresses herself a bit. Like frozen she goes to school, where they all know she is such a beauty. She can listen to the darkest tales without crying, listening to the meanest teachers and their even harder and crueller lessons, but never cries. She only smiles ... with the smiles of death ...

She is a sleeping beauty, sold her soul to the necromancer, now it displays eternal life, a strange disc spinning in her head and eyes, sometimes she opens them, and then she stares like sucking all the blood away, then we all have to stand up and then fall We can never come across her wall

She has her own prince, she's never alone, he is a doll, she is his toy, and whenever he opens his eyes she's only telling lies

There she's cycling home ... The boys try to get a glimpse of her throne They wished they could sleep like her But no one can enter That's

forbidden there They should have gone to the necromancer themselves
But it's too late now Show has already begun Now they have to
sleep in open air where the wolves hide and run Never they will find
rest They are the hunted, not the hunter for hunter is a sleeping
beauty, safe behind a wall of glass She never has to cry about all the
blood She sold her tears to the necromancer

And if you want to challenge her, to save her from her eternal bed When
she opens her eyes it's too late, when she stares the soldiers will all fall
down, with their beds in open wilderness, the table of wolves You will
never find your peace and rest back again You always have to fight for
your life ... For someone's spreading lies about you She's a sleeping
beauty Only the dolls will hear her truth

And when you have become a doll, frozen at the end of your life, by all the
trauma's she painted you You get a kiss, and some more lies The
wedding comes, that is a fact ... The bride is there, still with that stare
She painted you in her book In her diary you are, still with that strange
look

You are the ragdoll, she's still a sleeping beauty You will never win from
her You sleep under her bed And you wished you would never have
touched her It was a kiss of death you got You're a crying, bleeding
doll A baby she cannot sleep because of the noise A divorce is
what she wants And the kids will be her toys She took everything
away In her coffin they will sleep Like her they will sleep Not
knowing about all these tears Not afraid of blood, oh no For the
necromancer watches over their souls

On the weddingfields you lost your life, a sleeping beauty on a horse so high
.... You can never reach her anymore You had your chance She's just
a one-night-whore Celebrating her memories in her diary Never
will have to cry the tears you cried She has wrapped herself in a smile
.... A smile of death you see Kissing once, a kiss of death and then
never again She's a once-and-for-all-girl, don't you know ? She's the
first-and-last-time-show She's a sleeping beauty, don't you know ?

She drinks tears like blood, she never cries You're a card in her hand, she always lies She's a sleeping beauty, my dear Fading away at the end of every year She shows up late, and then she leaves She's a calendar girl A december-whore installing the presents and then she leaves

It was a present of death So get over it

'Get over it !' the white rabbit was screaming ... A boy fell out of his bed He had dreamt so strange Today it was his birthday When he went to school a girl kissed him and gave him a small present But he refused He remembered he dream 'Nah,' he said 'Sleeping beauty, I had a nightmare about presents I do not want to have any presents today even while it's my birthday Send it to those who do not have anything I am not in lack of food or anything It's a strange idea that a rich boy needs presents

But the girl slapped him in the face and went away

In the classroom there was a rumour Someone heard that one of their classmates, a girl, had died in an accident When the teacher came in he confirmed it Some of the girls started to cry, and also some boys

A few days later they all went to the funeral The girl lay in a coffin The boy didn't want to see it He wanted to remember her like she was

The father of the girl came forwards to do a speech 'Our little sleeping beauty has gone She has left us' he said 'She was always dreamy running after her dreams It seems now she has finally left with it We will miss her'

Also the boy came forwards to say some words : 'I will miss Roseanne, as she was a beautiful flower, as our bridge between heaven and earth In my remembrance I will still have this ladder

Roseanne's mother was crying The boy went to her to comfort her 'I cannot be comforted ...' she said 'She was such a pearl I want her back, but I can't have her back I have to live with that loss Have to

live with being powerless with hands which cannot hold Everything is sliding away

‘But we can still dream about her’ the boy said

‘Yes, but what is a dream ?’ the mother said ‘What is a dream ?’

Another boy came forward : ‘I will miss Roseanne, because she was a present from heaven, she was a fairytale and fairytales shouldn’t die I believe she is still with us although I still cry’

Then a girl showed up : ‘We will miss our sleeping beauty We will never see her again, but in our memories She’s a sovenir on our path Shining forever on top of our memory She will never fade away as she was special so special She will speak forever in our hearts’

Another boy stood up It was her little brother : ‘Roseanne will never leave my heart Actually she is deeper now Teaching me about the small things in life She had always an eye and interest in the small things of life She was always like Snow White to me I’m proud of my sister’ And then the little boy started to clap Also others in the room started to clap

That night the boy who had his birthday got another dream ...

‘Turn me on, necromancer’ he heard Roseanne saying But it wasn’t Roseanne It was an old grey witch using the voice of Roseanne She was staring at the boy ‘All sleeping beauties are mine,’ she spoke to the boy ‘And I let them sleep to do the crime’

Then the boy entered a hall full of sleeping beauties in coffins of glass ‘I will let them sleep forever !’ the witch shouted ‘No one will ever wake them, as they are under a curse’

‘They are calendar-girls, display-dolls They take, and then they leave They are thieves And they are my marionets soldiers from a white wet box, sliding back into the box after the crime is done, when the show is done ... when the curtains fall down ...’

‘Who are you ?’ the boy asked

‘Is that important for you to know ?’ the old grey witch said ‘I am the designer of the calendar, the designer of time Time is a thief, it takes away and never brings back, while I’m drinking from it’s old wine

‘But what is your name ?’ the boy asked

‘I am the mother of all necromancers ...’ the witch spoke ‘I created them all, and I created the sleeping beauty ... letting her rise and fall I made her sleep, made her walk, made her talk She sold her conscience to me, in change for deceiving fake beauty By all these consciences, drops of dragons, I built a killer-clock to rule them all I am the Uninvited’

But again, her words began to fade away in the strange ornament of the white rabbit like all soldiers were sliding away in their box again while the boy was only staring hearing a slow lullaby on the background, also doing nothing but fading away He stared at the decorated jewel in his hand and he remembered that as long there will be an uninvited, there will be a sleeping beauty

Isn’t a bed nothing more than a table ? A table of predators ? Isn’t the bed nothing more than a cruel battlefield ? ... And all this is so illusive and deceiving What is it hiding Ornament speak !

The boy was shouting and shouting Until a hand came to let him sleep nothing but sleep All dreams had been fading away

‘Oh, you bad boy’ the witch said But the boy couldn’t hear it anymore

He was far away in a white rabbit’s ornament

It was christmas The dolls were having a party All kids of the class had been invited except one little girl There she stood in the door-opening, while she had a prowling mouth so small ... so small Then blood was flowing everywhere ‘You didn’t invite me that was the

echo in their heads And that was true They didn't invite her
Now they had to pay the price

But the boy didn't see or hear any of it, as he was far away He couldn't
remember it It couldn't repeat in it's head anymore He was in a deep
sleep deeper than ever A sleep without dreams without illusions
.... without deceiving repeating patterns

"Come with me, child of hell," the witch said She invited She was
graceful

But the boy couldn't see or hear anything of it He didn't have any
feelings And couldn't smell or taste anything of it

'Here, eat a bit,' someone was saying to him

But the boy couldn't hear No smell, no taste

Suddenly the white rabbit was screaming : 'Wake up !' And then the boy fell
out of his bed

It was in the middle of the night, and the boy tried to sleep again

'Don't you know that when you fall, you will fall hard ?' a voice spoke
But the boy didn't hear He thought it was the wind

The witch lost the grip she had in the boy's head As the white rabbit
was watching over him

The boy always lived with such conscience, that he always thought that he
was a clock or bomb He always had to live in guilt and shame Like he
was a ragdoll

'Would anyone like to buy some conscience from me ?' but no one wanted
The boy was poor

'Anyone ? To buy a newspaper ?' but they ignored the boy, as these were
newspapers from the past of a long lost memory

But when he started to buy conscience from others They sold him their conscience He could now make new newspapers, even those of the future He could now make new clocks instead of being a clock himself He became a clockmaker

And now people started to buy his newspapers and clocks like never before He could spread conscience, and even give conscience, even to the sleeping dolls And then a doll was crying P i n o c c h i o

Gepetto was speaking He was old now The fairy had given life to his son life to his son

Snow White rose up from her coffin of glass She now drank from the dragon's cup the dragon's cup

But the boy was too far away Didn't have a notice of the fact that he had grown old He was a sleeping beauty

Witches were speaking to him again, but he couldn't hear He was deaf like an old man

He was a sleeping beauty, thinking he was young, but he was old He slept for so long Everything was changing, but inside he was the same sleeping like sleeping beauty

He had peace now He had rest His bed wasn't a dinnertable anymore

'Pinocchio !' the white rabbit was screaming

But he didn't hear it anymore

'Gepetto !' the white rabbit shrieked

But he was far gone didn't hear anything He was a sleeping beauty Behind glass he was Only crying tears of glass To make his walls thicker No one could reach him here

No one knew where he was now They were missing him in the crime
And the calendar-girls missed their toy

He was now a master of time ... Time was just a memory But he didn't
remember anything

He had now built a clock but there weren't uninvited months anymore

Four witches came forward He crowned them They were called
October, Januember, Septuary and Luciary.

And one of the witches opened her mouth. It was Januember. She spoke for
her sisters, saying :

'We had been uninvited, but you, my dear, you let us in, you are our sleeping
beauty You have won our hearts, you have let us in, we are now part of
the clock again, of the calendar, you are our friend.'

The other sisters started to clap. Then a door behind them opened with
masses and masses of uninvited months and seasons, uninvited days, hours,
minutes and weeks, and they all got a part in the new clock

'We will let sleeping beauty walk and talk,' they all said.

The boy was satisfied now, and it seemed to be an all-happy-ending fairytale,
but then another door opened itself. A witch with a strange horned hat was
walking in, under spiderrags and strangely woven stuff

'I wasn't invited Your soldiers kept me away from entering in so I
had my own way of entering in' the witch said

Then the boy commanded the soldiers to come but they said she was a
liar The boy didn't know what to do then

But the witch was already in such a rage that she laid a curse on the boy :
'You, my dear, will change into a dragon who can never sleep again. You will
be awake to eternity'

The audience was very shocked, but then an invited witch came forward, and said : 'I am not as powerfull as her, but however I can change the curse a little bit. You will be awake for a billion years without any moment of sleep, and you will live lonely in a dungeon in the deepest of the earth, surrounded by evergrowing thorns. But at the end of those billion years you get so tired that you fall asleep for just a second. Then you will be awake for another billion years, and again you will fall asleep for just a second'

But then another witch started to laugh 'Oh how you bow down for the spell of such an uninvited witch Why do you believe in such a superstition ? ... The boy can't use any of this The boy has invited us all There are no uninvited witches, as there were no invitations, only an open door Just come closer all Let's stop all the nonsense of being invited or not The door is open Enter in

Then this witch spoke a curse over the soldiers who blocked the other witch from entering. They would be part of the clock now also It was a spell bringing peace to them all

But soon they were fighting about who would get the best place in the clock These clockwars had been caused by a speaking mirror The mirror of Snow White's mother telling who would be the most beautiful of the clock

This was another problem the boy had to face The clockwars were longlasting and cruel

Chapter 2. The Story of Thursday

Only by the coming of the lullabies the boy could ease these wars a bit. The lullabies would separate everyone in the clock to give them a life at their own But the most important purpose of the lullabies was to sooth the speaking mirror The speaking mirror was in earlier times an uninvited witch too, and she had been turned into a speaking mirror by other witches. She swore to take revenge, and she would do that by causing clockwars. One day she went to the house where the hours lived, a group of women. The

women liked the mirror, but soon they started to fight about the mirror In many ways the mirror tried to cause fights between the women. One of the hours of thursday married to the father of Snow White, who had just lost his wife She became Snow White's stepmother, and took the mirror with her. The other hours of thursday became her servants. She loved the mirror, and the mirror became Thursday, the big Thursday. All the smaller parts of Thursday, like the minutes and the seconds, became her thieves, by which she got more and more powers.

The boy wanted to turn Thursday into a memory just a memory, as a sovenir The boy wanted to quit the clock, as it would always bring forth clockwars. So the boy would make a book in which all parts of the clock would have their places. By this Thursday, the Speaking Mirror, would shut up.

But Thursday was waging wars against the boy. And also the stepmother wanted to bring him down. She wanted revenge because of what Snow White had done to her The boy had many armies of lullabies to sooth them a bit, but the powers of Thursday were very strong. The hours of Thursday had fires in their mouths, and they could spit like dragons.

In panic the boy fled to sleeping beauty's room One of her names was December And the boy started to tell about the clockwars and the powers of Thursday December gave him the key of her mother's room. Her mother, the queen, had the name October, and she had a spell to put Thursday into a bottle, so that everyone could drink from it By this peace would come, and when everyone had drunk from the bottle, the rest would be paint by which the boy could paint the book to end the clock and it's wars.

The spell worked, and Thursday was now a beautiful bottle, bringing hope and peace. She would never be a mirror anymore. These days were over. It was only a memory, and the boy would paint it in his book.

One day Thursday, the bottle, told the boy about the mother of Snow White. She was also a queen, and she had the name July. She loved Snow White very much, and knew about her origins. She had always watched over Snow White. The other name of Snow White was Tuesday, and she was a

White Sleeping Beauty. She took to give away. And by this she was so beautiful. Her stepmother, an hour of Thursday, took to take, so that was why the mirror once told her that Snow White had more beauty than her. Snow White is a Spread-Vampire. She takes away, she even steals, to spread it. People can hate her for being a vampire, but she's like that so that no one will have more than the other. She became a hero by this, but she wished that everyone was like this. Because she was so good of heart, as she was a spread-vampire, she was in the risk to be misunderstood, to appear like someone drawing all the attention to herself by being a spread-vampire. She therefore damned herself to be a paradox, a source of irritation, and that is why her stepmother wanted to root her out. But it led her to the Seven Dwarves. These were seven coffins to become a sleeping beauty, not aware of her own beauty, by spreading it. She sold her pride, her honour, to lose so much consciousness, and by that feeling so rejected. She was a White Sleeping Beauty, unaware of her own powers, unaware of her own beauty. She had spread it in the wind.

She was a weak flower, dreaming, to spread it all, not knowing that she became an important center, where predators would look for prey. The White Rabbit took this Alice away by a wall of glass and crystal, by a crystal coffin, by which she would have an encounter with the days and hours of July, who would bring her to her mother, July, Queen of Cards, where everything would be nothing more than a memory a souvenir Where the clockwork would be over

Snow White was always playful ... playing with the cards she got from her mother Until Thursday shot her away By her words she shot one of her hours to bring Snow White into the flames. But the soldiers of July finally took her away. Into her mother's arms she is now, encountering all the missing cards She can finally do the game now

She is now the display-doll of a cardgame, spreading the cards until the lullaby fades away

Again the boy was staring into a strange decorated jewel decorated by organic things by small, thin bones, small skulls and this jewel ? It looked like an animal's eye or an eye from something else

*It isn't the ornament of a white rabbit anymore, but jewelry from July,
Snow White's mother. It is somewhere high in a castle, or is it a palace ?
There's Snow White's father an old man an old king but he's in
tears still in tears He takes the boy to a cold room, cold windows,
cold curtains everything is cold here Snow White's body is on the
bed, or is it a bench ? Me, the boy, comes closer, touching her dress. Light
shivers through her body It is dead Father cries There comes
mother They are both angry at that special hour of Thursday who had
shot her killed her even when she came alive again It was the
living death*

*The rooms smells like raw meat It's like a butchery Is this bed still
a table Will wolves come at night to have dinner here ? The ceilings are
white and high Walls are white Everything is cold But my hand
isn't*

*'Can you bring her to life again ?' the parents ask Her spirit lives in the
cellar but here her body is cold Frozen face she doesn't talk
Your love will be enough to raise her One drip of your love, one tear
..... will melt her heart*

*But I cannot cry She's a White Sleeping Beauty fading away when I
turn the page*

*The bell rings There are visitors The parents of Sleeping Beauty
They shake hands, and everything becomes clear to me The old king is
Sunday, while the other king, who just enters in, is Friday while I turn
the pages, and paint on*

*She's a whore, this Snow White, coming to so many soldiers, raising them
into the night They get alive for such a short time They can't do
much, and then she laughs, they are nothing but cards*

*And I wonder, when wolf comes tonight to take her, will I protect her, or
will I let her fade away, to spread some more mystery about it*

*She's a paradox to me, and I'm a paradox to her We're nothing but
pages in a book Two-sided cards of a necromancer's diary*

*We will leave the bodies untouched, we will let the wolves have their prey,
until the barbarian spirit is rising into a darker fairytale It's darkness
setting us free for the lights lie, showing caricatures of covered reality
..... There's a deeper death behind the scenes Let's not raising the dead
here For honour and might will take us And spoiling fairytales will
break us*

*The voice of the necromancer got darker and darker, until a lower voice deep
inside turned the page. These wolves have all eaten their little Red Hoods
Shall we bring them to life or shall we take a dive into the
mysteries behind the scenes where no applause can take us away for
it's all taking place in loneliness on a separated page*

*The sights we see around us, are nothing but wolves who took it all In
our children's clothes they walk, like our grandparents they talk Shall we
embrace this family, or will we hide in darkness to become an outcast To
seven dwarves is our path or we will be the wolf's prey To a dead
beauty is our way No one will lead us astray, as the voice of the
necromancer gets lower, speaking deeper inside, as it's getting darker, we do
not need any light As the light deceives, darkness is our memory, our
medicine*

*Someone's ringing the bell, and we fall asleep It's the witch with her spell
..... It seemed she was uninvited before, but now she has found her way to
the game Not the clock anymore She's a royal guest in the book
She's the mother of Little Red Hood She has a sack full of licorice, but
we won't eat it We won't eat anything here*

'Please can you bring Snow White to life ?' she asks

But the little boy doesn't hear anything

*White rabbits are screaming but he is far away doesn't hear anything
..... for the hours of July are taking him away All these hours They
want to escape from the Big July for she's a whore, raising so many
soldiers in the night They cannot do too much, and then they fall asleep*

again, and she laughs Smiling deep, these are her cards She paints them, tears them, ... there's nothing worth living for

‘Sell me your conscience,’ she says, ‘and I will bring you peace I will paint you by lights I make a doll of you a sleeping beauty Like I did to my daughter Only a kiss will bring you to life Glory to the marriage The road to eternal life’

‘Sell me your conscience by a kiss, or you will be a tree, and I will show you all the things you will miss. Blue Sleeping Beauty like the icicle of life, only by Gepetto you can come to real life. By the dance of Pinocchio you will rise from the tree, you're a Blue Sleeping Beauty, and that you will always be Only by the touch of an old man you come alive While a fairy lets you breath giving you eternity You were not blinded by a kiss, nor painted by the light, but a faery took your heart away, after the touch of an old hand.’

Someone smashed a mirror on the ground, while a billion pieces found their ways, into the heads of the sleeping beauties, there were so many cries It was the speaking mirror of Snow White's true mother July Now it didn't speak anymore, but there was blood all around The name of this mirror was Saturday

Saturday had armies of soldiers, as he was July's general These were all ... soldiers of the marriage soldiers of love On the weddingfields they were fighting, like battles for love, so many were dying Then from the blood Marriage was rising, spreading the kiss of death, slaying so many by it's denying. Strange mirror of love was rising, while so many were crying. Touch it, and you die Sometimes it was of glass, but it was always spreading the lie

But those not saved by the hand of Gepetto, they became burning trees, like burning witches, burning beauties

Chapter 3. Rise of the Barbarian Spirits

'I will give you a daughter,' July screamed But no one was paying attention They didn't care to be invited or not They were burning witches burning beauties deep in the cellars of the earth They lived in vases like ashes But they didn't care They didn't care about anything For why adding to the screen, while there was a world inside ? And even stronger : There was a world outside

'I will give you a daughter,' July screamed But no one could hear They were all far away They watched the book full of paintings and stories They were like Red Sleeping Beauties, growing like roses and lotus-flowers There was a field full of them and they were blushing in a deep sleep, beyond death and fire

'Bring her to life,' July screamed But no one listened No one heard They were all deaf Deaf by the lies of mystery It was burning in their skins, until it would find it's place For many lies would form a truth

It was a mysterious web they were looking at Like a cryptic tragedy Deep and painful enough to bring forth barbarian spirits They didn't want to have anything to do with the fairytale as there was a deeper beauty I would have brought any honour I could as a last goodbye to the fairytale, but they couldn't They were rude They were hateful beauties from the book full of self-hate But by this hate they could keep themselves in a sleep to survive

But July kept on screaming And I made a bottle of her The first day it would be juice, and the second it would be paint So I was drinking, and then I started writing I knew Snow White would tear her, to spread all this beauty But is that a way to treat your mom ? I must say she did this very careful She made a television of her mom But she was also still a bottle, so it was a

But then the lullaby was fading away Sleeping Beauty was staring at her TV What was this for a story ? It had woken her up There was juice sliding from the screen, and also paint So I made a pencil of her By this all the precious energies wouldn't get wasted

But still she sits on high horses sometimes, taking so much life away, while she's unaware of it But then when she's home again, she can always watch it on TV, what she has done and then she cries and cries Then the pencil is bowing

Wouldn't it be better that the pencil would have some small TV's on it ? Then the pencil would always know what it is doing

But yick, ask the wizard I can do much but this I cannot do

For one day all the girls were asking me for a TV ... and I couldn't do anything So I directed them to the wizard ...

And they asked : 'Where's the wizard'

And I said : 'Must be somewhere deep in your heart, but I haven't reached him yet'

And then they asked me : 'How do we come there ?'

And then I just simply told them the story about Sleeping Beauty ...

The End

Snow White

horror

Waiting for mother

On her bed she sits, thinking she has lost her life, thinking she can never have a breath again. Now the doctors have broken her, installed the big big lie ... Snow White, never say goodbye

....

Mother asked her today, how come you are in such delay Then Snow White said : doctors have struck my head They didn't have mercy Only wanted to have a piece of the prey Some pieces are out of my arm I'm frozen, and I almost do not know what to say ...

....

Mother why are you crying these doctors are only lying Their advices upside down They come straight from carnival Drunk as they are They are looking for mates in war

....

Snow White don't you understand, all these views must come to an end There are soldiers all around us They are looking at us, like we are their enemies But we do not know them They are coming from an older memory

Mother, I do not understand what you are saying These soldiers are standing between us It's like everything is breaking ... It's like I'm deaf and blind, leaving all things behind Mother what is taking me away Is it the whore, the killerwhore, searching for prey, is it the lady of the brothel, the madame, the senorita Why me, I am too young Need to wait for my chrystal coffin, for a prince of darkness to take me away

Daughter, are you there ? I cannot hear you, cannot find you I wished I would hear your voice Everything is denying me They're saying I'm a whore, and daddy is a liar We have raised the marriage high, only to spread the desire They call us the trick of the brothel They call us scum

Maybe the divorce will help them out of their ideas Maybe the drunk can help us, to get us out of their fears Oh mother, why are you crying will never be in denying I'll save you out, I'll send you my chrystal fire On the other side I found my doll He's burning like a christmas-doll In the divorce, I found a good reason to make a choice Throw all my burdens overboard Will embrace the Dark Lord ...

Mother, don't you cry no more, I will be the next whore You can forget about your shame I will take it over, although it will kill my brains Will have the desire, to bring it to a good end Oh mother, why don't you understand

Mother, don't you cry no more Don't listen to all these paper lies I will free you, take your work over, I have heard your prayer Will send my spell to you tonight

No more burdens will be on your back No more crying No tales to break your neck
All these lies will fade away I take possession of this prey

I'm a predator Oh mother, you know I know I will eat them will never let them go
home Game is over now Will raise your name Oh July, come home soon again
You are my friend

Snow White Goodbye

I know you have come to my grave ... I know you have cried so many tears there I wasn't
unaware Have counted all your tears and blooddrops for me I drank them all Will
drink them all Listen to me, Snow White, your daughter is over you

Take me away Take me to a place where we won't be prey anymore In this chrystal
cage I'm shivering for evermore Still didn't found what I'm looking for

This message is over soon And then I ask you : What are you going to do You know
my voice, oh daughter of mine You know where I am Just come and glide away
with me To new tales of our destiny

He was smoking his cigar ... I would visit him ... He lived in a villa ... a golden house very expensive ... A record-boss ... I was allowed to speak to him ... for some interviews ... for the big magazine ...

He was smoking his cigar ... waiting for me ... I think he was also thinking about the fame it would bring him Although he also wanted to be at the background a twisted mind maybe

I was speculating about him ... Something I wasn't allowed to do ... but as a magazine-reporter

I had to fill the magazine I needed to write between the lines Or I would lose my job I was bound ...

I had to be prejudiced ... I had to lie For the magazine needed to sell I knew it would take us to lawsuits ... But that was for the accessoires ... the decoration of our fame It would be a good advertisement And it would bring fear among the crowd They would fear the power of gold and that's why they would worship it

He was smoking his cigar and pouring the wine into the glass ...

He had a golden ring ... I was staring at it ... There was a little photo in it ... covered by glass ... A photo of his little son he had been drowned in a river A sad story

The room had something sinister I couldn't describe ... but I would do it for the magazine ... We would meet each other in the lawsuit next month ... I predicted

I made some pictures of him He was the record-boss of many famous singers and bands He was a man without mercy He always let the gold decide ...

But things turned out the other way ... he liked my story in the magazine ... he told me I was a good story-writer ... and I smiled ...

He asked me if I wanted to know a secret ... I nodded ... He started to tell me that at night always strange things happened to him He would change into a golden fly And fly through the streets of the cities to search for pubs To grasp the stories from the tables and bars ... which he would use to gather new singers and bands He would breed them and at one moment he would let them fall flying in the air with them so high bringing them to the stars ... and then while they were almost there he would let them fall He never knew why

I smiled a bit ... uncomfortably what a storyteller this man was ... He would be a good reporter too ... The magazine needed guys like him

Golden fly ...

flying so high ...

he never knew why

Golden fly ...

grasping so deep ...

he wonders why ...

Golden Fly ...

He was also a good songwriter .. but he didn't do that too often ... For most of all he saw himself as a moneymaker ... a businessman ... well, actually a puppetmaster People needed to dance for him, or he would not be interested ... People needed to bring new, popular, golden things to him, or he would send them away ... And he never gave them much time for that ... This was why people often felt very comfortable when he was around ... He was described as being unfriendly, impatient, arrogant, proud, exclusive ... like he was a star himself ... the highest I wondered how he looked at me ... but honestly ... he couldn't touch me ... It was me who had the strings in hands ... and now he had to dance for me to reach for the gold which I hanged before his eyes ... i knew how to tame this man and reporters had never a lack of gold if they were writing for a popular magazine Well, we knew how to be popular ... and how to stay that way ... We had connections with tv, radio and other media-weapons But it was a hard war in these zones ... It was always like living in a jungle Only the biggest braggers would survive ...

It was like he could respect me for that ... like we could inspire each other at that point What would life be without bragging what would remain then ?

I never really listened to people ... I let them talk and make my own story of it ... It was like I was deaf to them ... but I think that was my protection ... and it was already an automatism in that ... I never took people serious, for that would be a possible threat to me ... I just mixed their words and letters a bit with my own prejudices, speculations, lies, judgements, jokes and stories ... I was made to produce gold and nothing but gold I had to be the best ... otherwise I would be in the rubbishbin the next day And it was like the higher I climbed the harder I could fall I kept that in mind When you were on the top ... you had to stay there otherwise you would be dog's food the next day This is why I didn't have a personality ... I was a parrot All for the show I was an empty vessel

I would never be a singer ... That would be too dangerous ... I would let others dance ... and I would write it down and after that I would make it all black just not losing any attention I could be anything for them ... but this also gave me many enemies ... especially famous ones but they had to stay friends with me in a sense ... for I could mean too much for them with all my connections for I was the Media I could let them fall in the hands of the crowds or take them out whenever I wanted ... so it was a bit of a ... love-hate-relationship very frustrating for some

I was the parrot on my tropical island the dj ... I could play their records ... or throw them away I could influence their business even the mood of the recordbosses

So these lawsuits were not too difficult ... It was more for some extra billboards ... both sides It was a game The real wars were never there ... on my tropical island ...

And well, why did it have to be serious ? That would destroy everything I liked to live in this shell ... in this capsule ... I was like an actor ... always playing it safe ... And my big mouth was my rudder in that It was like I was the movie-manager ... I gave them their roles ... And I took care of the gold ...

He was still smoking cigars when I came to him again ... I would never want to be in his shoes ... for he was in the hands of the media They could break him or make him He was very dignified to me for that reason

There were so many recordbosses I could chose from ... and media was much more than just records ... I tried to let him think he was boring me a bit ... just to make him dance a bit more

The beach was full of electric eels I wondered where they came from ... They were rolling like records through the sand I had my radio and tv-capsule here on this tropical island ... I came from Izu, an Insectian Universe All these electric eels were ready to be sent out over the world, to be the headphones on people's heads the earmasters ... To bring these people into new dreams ... their dreams

Then another wave of electric eels came they were rolling into the sand like movies waiting to be sent out over the world to be the video-visors on people's heads the viewmasters ...

I was the dj and the vj so I would first think a long time about it if I would send them out yes or no ... I was the parrot

I started to think ... there needed to be hospitals for rejected, fallen singers and bands ... for unaccepted records and movies The wounds had to be deep Like they fell out of the game ...

Was there a docter for that ... were there any parents for these patients and deformed ones ? I couldn't be like that ... for I needed to keep the gold rolling

I could ask it my crowds my democracies ... Or I could threaten some recordbosses and videobosses for that ... I had enough power to force them mass-power ... crowd-power powers of democracy ...

I was the boss of media and the face of media for so long

Ok, stop ... the psychiatrist sais and you think this is all real ?

Yes, I say ... read the magazine ...

Sir, the psychiatrist sais, as long as you write for a magazine ... everything is truth to you but it's not real to me ... I must say it looks very professional, but you are a bit out of order How many people do read this ? Oh, translated in twenty-two languages read by millions of people ?

Yes, I say And this conversation will also be in the magazine ... while I just change a bit here and there, and make a good story of it ... for the best gold ... the most readers and the

biggest money and of course to update my own status quo ... I cannot allow myself to fall from this high statue ... that would be suicide, right ? But hey, of course it's not truth but we just act like it is

Aha, and you will also publish these self-exposing words right ? the psychiatrist sais smiling ... What would you think your readers will say of that ?

Well, I say they love my self-scorning attitude my bragging phenomena's ...

No, the psychiatrist sais ... They will not believe you anymore ... They will buy other magazines ... They will even write magazines to expose your lies

No, I say ... I exposed myself already And media is all about art ... not about truth everyone knows people want to be amused people like stories and don't care about if it's right or wrong

That's why you are here, the psychiatrist sais you're a dangerous man, a swindler ... I won't let you go anymore ... you are completely sick in your mind not a good example for our children ... you are a threat to education, sir you want to make us all paranoid ? what kind of stories do you have for the next time ... we will never know if it's truth or not ... that which is hanging above our heads mr. I read your apocalypses in these magazines Is this the continuation of the bible or something ... ?

Pardon me, Sir, I say ... but I am the writer of this magazine ... even of this conversation I'm the dj and the vj, so I decide which records will be played here, and which roles you are performing in the movie So have a good break, okay ? for otherwise i will not broadcast anything of your stupid little match-box-hospital anymore, and then you will be unemployed, without any roofs floating above your head So watch your language

I have a love-hate-relationship with my psychiatrist ... he knows he cannot go too far

Mr. Psychiatrist, I say you will be the villain in the next movie I will broadcast if you don't behave or I will put you in a cartoon for awhile ...

My son and I love to play then I am the dj ... and he is the psychiatrist sometimes I need to be as mean as possible to train him for later the world outside is so dangerous so many dj's on the streets ...

The Evil Sweetness

The book was cursed. It was a book of law made by a demon. Sonja was a dragonslayer, her armory made of the finest jewelry of dragons she defeated. She could use their bones and skins for so many things. She was a lost princess. No one knew where she lived. The book had enslaved many villages. When Sonja showed up it was in the night, and fires were roaring. Demons were riding across the roofs. The wind was howling, but so did the wolves of Sonja. She was a lullaby, having so many spears. I remember once I tore the book of law, setting her free, for she was a prisoner of this book. This was where she lived, and only in the nights she was free.

I remembered she was raising her spears high. I remember she became a buffalo hunter after that day. The stench of these animals was unbearable. They were retarded dragon spirits. They had fallen out of the heavens since that day.

She was doing the buffalo dance. She used to dress herself by their skins to enter among them, and then doing quick kills. I remember her smiles while she was eating from the meat. She was free now.

She used to be among lions and cats, all sorts of cats, often wild cats. She grew up among them. She was a predator. She could cover herself in blood to be reborn. She was a skilled vampiress. By every bite she watched me. She knew I had set her free. I always stood at a distance. One day she came closer to me. She was like the black pantress. She stared at me, and gave me a fish. I gave it back. I wasn't hungry. I could see her eyes ... cat eyes ... She took me on a buffalo hunt one day. She showed me the skills. We could infiltrate so deep, where the buffaloes lived, all these retarded dragon spirits. I became a buffalo slayer. And she became my guard, but one day she died ... I never saw her again, only in my dreams ... But whenever I wake up I am lost again ... And she is a lost princess again I guess the book of law has swallowed her again, taking back it's prisoners And I became a buffalo hunter more than ever ... I knew these retarded dragon spirits were the cause of all I dressed myself with their skins, and infiltrated there, deeper than ever, until I reached the dragon's den ... a house of jesters ... I found her there in a bath ... She was washing a black man's back ... She saw me, while her mouth dropped open ... 'Hi, baby,' I said ...

'Please, save me out,' she said ...

I started reading the book of law since that day ... It seemed to be a translation of a book in a demonic language. I searched a long time for the original, and found out the book of law was a mistranslation ... I found the dragon's pencil and broke it, and went back to my love. 'I have the right translation now,' I said. 'You will be alright.' But then she sunk into the bath and drowned ... I tried to grasp her hand but I was too late. I dived into the bath, but the black man grasped me.

‘I gave my life for her, it isn’t fair,’ I said to the black man.

‘Shhht,’ the black man said. ‘It is all in the book.’ The demonic language seemed to be also a translation of a translation, and I found more and more mistakes ... I could trace it back to the beginning. I found a book of Sonja, about her life and her works. I found out about her possessions, her mysteries, her treasures. I saw the book of law was based on it, but they had mistranslated it so much ... It was so retarded ... But the book of Sonja was burning ... I couldn’t hold it anymore, so I grasped one of the translations ... They seemed to be Veils of her temples I just misunderstood And I misunderstood her Where was she ? Who was she ? It was only my point of view I only watched her through a cracked mirror But now she was here with me And the threads of her shiny transparent dress were touching me ... She was almost winged ... And then she drank, and she said : ‘drink with me.’

I said : ‘I’m too good for that.’ But she brought the cup to my lips and I had to drink. It was sweetness, evil sweetness. Like spawns in my mouth, eggs ... And I was dreaming I woke up and she stood in a wide hall ... She smiled at me, and asked me if I had slept well ... I nodded She gave me some trousers ... Then I felt her hand She was tying the threads together ... red leather threads from my trousers ... She gave me a shield and a spear And then she pushed me

Sonja taught me how to do bow and arrow And she showed me how books could be traced to their origins So many veils And I drank again, and she drank And she bowed like the ballerina She was a statue And I couldn’t light her flame She was only in my dreams But now I had opened the book And knew about it’s spirits Spirits of stench They were like flying monkeys And a lamb was saying : ‘drink’ all the time. Have I misunderstood her again ? She came closer to me ... Her short dress white transparent ... She was a love ‘Bring me to life,’ she whispered ‘You have the key. You are the only one who can do it ...’

I started thinking about her words. What did she mean ? The book of law was of a demon ... It didn’t make sense to tear it or translate it well, leading it to the original, for the book just ruled and rose again, always It was a cursed book ... It had possessed the minds of many It was like a book of pigs ... I stood up ... And I thought : ‘Maybe I just need to defeat it’s demon.’ Who was the demon writing that book ? He had a Spanish pencil and invaded the indian worlds, to get their treasures. It was a Spanish demon, a Spanish dancer, a Night Dancer ... I visited him once ... He looked ancient, but I was aware it was a chameleon ... a female chameleon And she called herself Jupiter ... And she had a cup made of the teeth of her defeated ones From which she drank a lot, until she got drunk And I saw her pencil writing in the night, in the heads of her victims

And I wondered what I could do against such machine It was like a mine-field when coming close to her ... And she called herself Jupiter, the boss, the Optimus Maximus. And she protected a city called Rome. And her other part was Jupiter Victor, so she was like her own twin. And she built her churches, and gave them names, and she called herself God.

Was Jupiter God all of a sudden ? She hated Sonja, she wanted to bring her down all the time. And I didn't know what to do ... But I remember Easter was the thing we needed to get through. And I had still an Easter pencil from my youth ...

And she called herself Pentecost and she called herself Prophet but she couldn't see that Sonja was coming closer to her with the easter pencil ... It kind of blinded her I have never seen so many pigs falling out of heaven that day ... Sonja would turn them all into pigs She was some sort of sorceress ... Deep in a dragon's dungeon ... The Spanish Dancer would visit her there often ... while Sonja showed her the book of pigs falling out of heaven Pigs, pigs, everywhere pigs They were the fallen dragons ...

Night of the Spanish Dancer

*The matedor killed a bull ... isn't it a sign ... he had something to hide we will all be
nothing but buffaloes in the night ...*

I was in a dragon's prison, a dungeon ... Sonja used to appear before the bars ... But she couldn't help me ... No one could ... I was alone ...

She used to come everyday but one day she didn't come anymore ... But then shortly after she once showed up in my prison, with a bear ... She gave me a key and we got out ... But outside it was even more a dragon prison ...

I saw the cities and the villages, all created by dragons, by strange pencils ... While Sonja was deeper in my heart ... She led me to a field of buffaloes ... and she taught me how to hunt They were the retarded dragons ... and in her pits they all turned into pigs for the dragons had to fall ...

Deep in my heart I knew she was a dragon as well a demoness

She had been locked up by a book for so long a book of law I cracked the codes and she rose up like a mist ... She was a queen now ... not lost anymore She made her rule and her rod and became a Night Evil

It was just a nightmare ... I woke up in the mornings, went to school, like nothing happened But in the nights we had buffalo dances ... She was an indian queen

And when I grew up she led me to an arena where the monkey men danced The ones of unbearable stench

She was always my hero ... but when I got older she didn't come anymore ... What had happened to her ? ... The book had grasped her back

I was in rage when I found out I raged ... hard She was my love, and now in chains ... again ... So I went in search for the demon pencil and I came into a black black night where I found the Spanish dancer And all I heard was spinach, and all I saw was spinach and all I smelled was spinach, but this time the stench was unbearable ... There are ... spinach monsters in the underground ... should have told you before but you never listened ... There are spinach monsters in the underground They eat meat, roast pigs and skin chickens They are like trolls, like cabache trolls ... I wanted to tell you before but you never listened Trolls in the underground

They march there, they hunt their buffaloes Their stench unbearable, stealing the show There are trolls in the underground and a Spanish dancer leads them She's a ballerina ... Whenever she bows, they begin

Spinach heads in the underground They eat babies ... taking away the toys ...

On spinach hill king spinach lives ... He's a pea, and he looks like a sprout On buffaloes he rides ... I told you but you never listened ... I showed you but you never watched You were dancing with a Spanish dancer And when I cried you laughed ... When I laughed you cried You had a Spanish pencil in your mind

But let's forget about the old days ... start the new day Spinach in our heads, it feels so good I will show you the spinach pencil and draw a whole new world There are trolls in the underground drumming the drums ... Have you seen them ... did you dream of them They are always shouting loud They are the gods of noise They always infiltrate To let their Spanish pencil break ...

I know a curse of a Spanish pencil ... I saw it flying high ... in so many minds Spinach armies on her side Enchanted with their eyes open so wide But one day the army will take her over The Spinach will strike ... Strike me spinach, deep inside Open your mouth and swallow It's dinner time now Now the spinach will eat

Spinach, such a wild fire ... melting the locks on the book of law We can read it now, what it says It was a Spinach book after all ...

Know about the witch with the spinach soldiers ? They are enchanted They have too much to hold ... But when the night falls they can answer Know about the witch and the spinach soldiers They march for her, but it is late ... When the night strikes they will be led to the morning

In the evil night, look at which she rides She's a pope chameleon She's a pillar standing strong On spinach she rides On green waves and red slices ... Tomatoe heads is what she cuts, and they call it blood ... Her tongue is like a paprika Her legs are like chocolate Peppermint teeth And arms like meat machineries She has a gun of strong strong wine ... She thinks it's bleeding but it's all fine I saw the witch on high green horses On red buffaloes she rides Dragons, dragons, guess her name ... Her dress is like banana brain ... I can hear the spinach cry ... She always tells them lie

In the evil night Look at how they fight They hunt for meat, that's one thing for sure, and blood is their delight They are vampires and butchers Not a problem to them to

possess someone ... Not a problem to them to take someone completely over ... Trolls of torture are they ...

So shut the book, let's not talk about it anymore ... Lock it this time with bean locks decorated by carrots Let's lock it up this time forever For this candy vegetable is just a lie I don't want to get poisoned ... Let the fruits eat this time We're done, dinner's over

March to orange town, Rosa, and mix it with lemon

There are spinach machineries in the sky ... and I shouldn't listen to all those lies But the truth is worse these days ... and who can handle it ? It's all for sale ... Truth like cookiemen standing tall in boxes And women kill each other to get a piece Truth comes in small portions they say ... Sow it and be contend Tomorrow tree will grow And in spinach it will bend Have a nice show

I was in a dragon's prison, a dungeon ... Sonja used to appear before the bars ... But she couldn't help me ... No one could ... I was alone ...

She used to come everyday but one day she didn't come anymore ... But then shortly after she once showed up in my prison, with a bear ... She gave me a key and we got out ... But outside it was even more a dragon prison ...

It's like standing between two fires Spinach fire ... We can't go back, we can't go forth Spinach is a stalker

We are so split inside, like a paradox, all by the spinach conspiracy We love it and we hate it ... We make laws and then we break them ... All strange machinery

Sonja, Sonja, when she leads me out, she just leads me deeper in She's a chameleon ... All buffalo dancers inside Moving through her night

It's spinach nightmares And no one cares ... Oh yea, she found my hand, but led me to the trap ... Nothing exists but the trickster And her name is Sonja And spinach is her land We are all in spinach land ... locked up in a bottle, in a fatal story Her words are lethal, killing jokes And their biggest joke was you and me ...

So was our saviour our destroyer at the end of the show Our friend our enemy ? When the curtain fell she gathered the blood and spoke her spell We couldn't go home again, we had to go with her She was the phantom of the movie We had to pay afterwards And lost our souls

I shouldn't watch this movie ... shouldn't take you with me to that cinema I should cancel the trip ... better eat a banana

I know a girl, her name is Sonja, she's a black panther girl, what can we do against her when she starts her dance What can we do when she starts casting her spells I don't believe in love anymore after the break ... Her face stalks ... her cinema a butchery Spinach lions She drives us crazy ... Blame it on her The one of the book ... She has made all these laws here If someone is both God and the devil ... where to go ...

Spinach soldiers Enchanted soldiers Bewitched by an evil book ... takes a worse book to open it And the worst book to shut it ...

Spinach soldiers they march Like toy knights in the night They are evil eating living meat ... and the blood they drink as well ... Don't call it brown beans with tomatoes when you see it, for the tides always turn after the spell ... They are wicked princes, evil lords, enslaving churches to let them pray to them, and worship them ... Sometimes they are wrong, sometimes they are right, but it always turns into a fight ... They are the lords of war ... defeating evil by the worse ... The worst is their king, and is sometimes the best ... He has a split character, and never cares about the rest ... He has the command The tides of spinach are in his hand A clock is in his head ... he's the personal bodyguard of the witch I think it will never change ... Some things just aren't made to break ... They have deep conversations in the night About how to hunt and how to fight ... They lay their strategies on the table ... and tell stories to impress each other Two chameleons like Sonja ... but Sonja plays them both

I think Sonja has made these Spanish ships ... I guess she was bored ... and needed some attention ... And I think she cannot get it right again ... Maybe she wishes it, but she always fails ... The clock can't be turned Some things just don't stay only for one night ... The

matedor killed a bull ... isn't it a sign ... he had something to hide we will all be nothing but buffaloes in the night ...

No matter how many Spanish dancers, we can't dance against Sonja's spells She just needs some buffaloes for theatre ...

Listen to the beat of the Spanish Dancer, listen to the beat of the Spanish drum, maybe we can learn something from it, There might be some rows in it, we will get it done ... Listen to the Spanish Dancer, when he tells his tales of islands far away Listen to those sailor stories, we might learn something of it, it might take us away ... We drink from good good bottles, Spanish dancers have the rhythm Listen to the song of the Spanish dancer, I don't know if you heard it before It's good to listen to it ... It might bring you to another shore It's always dancing between hope and despair Will it bring us any further I guess it will Have some faith in the Spanish snare ... Their pearled harps and guitars are out of this world Their flutes are gypsy magic, they are the veils of indian temples ... They know of native treasures, those explorers of the sun Haven't you listened to their tales, it's wonderful Your dreams will be fulfilled

They are those cowboys of your dreams ... But cowboys always become cows in the night ... That's Sonja's spell whether it is wrong or right ...

I once went to Sonja's farm ... The cowboys were into some sort of .. carnival ... One came as a cow and couldn't get back to become a cowboy again, the mask had become a reality

Cowboys and matadors fear her, but they always fall into her traps ... She's a name-shifting chameleon ... Keep your eyes open when it's her night ... have thick glasses When cowboys become buffaloes, and pigs fall out of heaven ... It will be the end of the show ...

The Women

with the Beautiful Mouths

Jorge stood on top of a smooth pink mountain and dived in the air, while clouds caught him. Soon he flew with the birds. Blood came out of his mouth. He had just drunk from his daily blood. He closed his eyes, while bats and vampires flew close together with him. Suddenly they shrieked, and they could bring the blood from the sea up. They drunk deeply, while Jorge also took the blood deep inside. He had his ways for that. He was on his way to Vampire City, and he would never be able to reach it if he wouldn't drink together with these friends. It was like a tight ritual, like the portal to the city. Blood came out of his mouth when he came into the city. He had drunk deep this time. His eyes were bright, and a girl with soaring eyes, which almost pierced him to draw his attention. The girl was almost naked and had a cowboyhat on. Everything here could only happen by deep vampirism, or nothing would be possible. There was only a way to breath by sucking the blood she gave by her eyes. He felt so dependant, but it always was like this, or he wouldn't come any further in the city. He couldn't think. This woman had a hold on his head. This woman had powers, and he felt like he was her slave. 'Come here,' she said, like he was a horse. She didn't humiliate him. Bloodpowers were flowing from her hand to feed him, like she was feeding grass to the horses. 'Yes, you, come, horse,' she said. He could only move here by the deep vampirism she gave him as a gift to be able to follow here. He just had to follow the blood. In the city the horses stood, moving so gracious and gentle. He knew this all happened by vampirism. Without taking the streaming blood they couldn't do anything. They took it through their noses. They could really think deep to reach a tight extasy. They were wild but tamed very tightly. There was no way to get off from the scheme. The rythm was merciless, and the song enchanting. The woman had a voice like an echo.

Suddenly Jorge stood in the middle of the city, watching the beautiful clocks of the towers. From here the juices streamed. From the towers women in red leather ran like cats, but suddenly lightening struck them. Another woman came forth from behind, riding an ox. She also had a cowboyhead and she had the lightening like a whip in her hand. The king of Vampire City was a strange man. Halfnaked women came forth from a small lake in the middle of the city. The lake was full of strange fluids, and strange fluids seemed to fall upon them. Suddenly pure blood came down in streams, and the girls started to drink to become wild. But he could expect this in such a Martian city. If they wouldn't drink from the blood they would be paralyzed within a certain amount of time. To speak a word they needed the blood streaming out of the hand of the king.

The women surrounded him, and spoke their words to him. They started to shriek and scream, while others started to whisper or talk lovely, while he could only hear by the blood. 'By the

blood,' the vampire king roared, 'I wage war. By the blood, I take more blood. By the blood, only by the blood, all of my senses work. There is no life without blood.' The vampire king had directed his sword at Jorge, while blood came from the sword surrounding him. 'Now drink,' the vampire king said, 'or you can't do anything here.' Jorge started to drink and drink, until he got almost drunk. 'Take a woman,' the vampire king said. Jorge took a woman. The woman led him to her house. In the house there were even more women, all with cowboyhats.

Then the vampire king came in. He had a bottle in his hand, and gave it to Jorge. 'Drink from it and give it also to the women,' the vampire king said. 'And I'm guarding the portal of bacteria,' the king said, and all the women fell down, while Jorge stood there trembling. 'What did you give us?' Jorge asked. Then also Jorge fell down. The king laughed. 'Within a few you will rise up, by strange bacteria,' the king said. Then suddenly the women rose like warriors. They threw their cowboyhats away and grasped some feathers from the wall to stick them in their hair. Then also like lightening Jorge rose. 'Without bacteria you can forget vampirism,' the king said, and left with his bottle. The women were insane now, and smeared blood and warpaint on each others bodies. Jorge didn't know how to get out as fast as he could. He ran to the portal of the city and dived into the clouds, and fell into the sea. He swam for a few hours and almost died while he tried to reach the beach. Some women found him while he had lost the half of his consciousness. 'No, don't kill me,' he screamed to the women. The women didn't know what was going on. They were very friendly. 'You are safe here,' one of them said. They looked like indians, and took him to their hut where he could sleep. The next day he went to the beach again and saw some women with cowboyhats playing with a ball. Again he got scared and screamed. He would never forget Vampire City like this, but they understood he had a trauma. They took their hats off and threw them into the sea. 'Better like this?' they asked. Jorge nodded. 'Vampires are dangerous,' he said. 'I don't understand how I got so close to them, almost being one myself.' The women smiled. 'With us you are safe. We will keep them far away from you.'

'Please,' he begged them. 'Don't let me go back there. I don't want to.'

'You don't have to,' they said. 'You can stay here.'

'But the vampire king said we can only live by blood,' Jorge said.

'Well, you have blood inside already. You don't need any more,' the women said. 'Actually we were vampires also, but since we reached the heights we do not need to take it anymore. It just grows inside. It's a well.'

‘You sure ?’ Jorge asked.

‘Yes,’ they said. ‘No need to kill, no need to bite but apples and fruits.’

Then they brought him some exotic fruits, red like blood. It tasted good, but still Jorge was afraid. He had been a vampiristic slave all his life. It was an addiction. He had to or he would die. ‘It’s inside,’ they said. ‘It’s some sort of bacteria.’

‘So I do not need to go back ?’ he asked. The women shook their heads. ‘Never, Jorge. You are now here.’

‘But maybe they will take me back,’ Jorge said.

‘No,’ the women said. ‘They won’t come here. The bacteria would destroy them.’

‘Exotic bacteria,’ Jorge whispered, and then he fell asleep again.

Jorge and the Dragon

She was a vampiress, a real one, with a shield of bacteria around her, exotic bacteria, the secret of the snakes of the islands. She had a sword of drunkenness piercing through the heavens, looking like silk and soft skin because it was smeared by the exotic bacteria tricking the eye. But the sword pierced deep like a spear causing eternal bloodwells to stream out. She had boots made of bearskin, smeared by blood. She had a mouth moving by blood. She could only move by blood, even her eye-vision worked by blood. She would only hear something if she would make a bloodbath by her spear and sword.

‘Vampire, come closer,’ a dragon with sharp large bloodred eyes spoke to her. She came closer, while he embraced her by a hairy skin to warm her. Women came out of the eggs while her lights and shadows fell on them. They stood up, having the same qualities like her.

Jorge watched her from a distance and in cool rage he slayed her. This vampiress wouldn't take his soul away.

'You have done well, son,' the dragon said, while a flame came out of his mouth to devour the other women and the rest of the eggs. 'The eggs won't grow here anymore, since their brooder is dead,' the dragon said.

Jorge drank from a bottle and then he gave it to the dragon. Jorge fell down in a deep sleep, and the dragon brought him up to a higher place. They had now defeated the feared watcher of the heights. Jorge hung on to his sword. He would use this sword even to root the last vampire out. In the old world love was a vampire, and a kiss could only happen by bloodbaths. But Jorge had the sword which was the power of love. It was a strange bacteria, it could make you cry. The sword came against the vampires since the beginning. Jorge was a slayer, and if he would take blood, he would only take it out of a vampire.

Jorge was too good to be a real vampire, too soft. He couldn't stand it when vampires would act like they were love, like they were sweet and good, for he knew they weren't. He hated them. For it was Jorge who had the power of love, it was him who could pour the strange bacteria to make them all drunk. He could make them all cry, for their brooder was dead now. And this all because of the special relationship between Jorge and the dragon. Without the dragon he wouldn't have any chance against her.

It was a strange bacteria between him and the dragon. The bacteria made everything happening between them funny, so they laughed a lot like they were drunk and insane.

Broken Eye – Indian Fiction

The White Prince

Broken Eye was on her way to the white prince who had been locked up in a tower by a group of beasts and a dragon for such a long time. They kept him imprisoned since his birth, as a longlasting nightmare. No one knew why the beasts were keeping him there, and no one could help the white prince. The king had been sad for such a long time now, but he was glad when Broken Eye came to him. She was a warrior-princess with a sharp eye. To her it wouldn't be such a problem to save the prince. When she came to the tower there were a lot of people around, yelling at the beasts. Every day a lot of people came there trying to save the prince, and thus to help the king, but no one ever could. Firy flames came out of the tower to chase the visitors away. Often many of these people died by flames or other troubles. Some got very sick, and some even disappeared forever. The king was very sad that so many people gave their life to save the prince without any result. Broken Eye came to the tower, went up to the stairs and shouted : 'Hey white prince, I have come for you.' But the white prince had been surrounded by the beasts, and he was in a lower delirious consciousness. The white prince couldn't talk, for he had never learned it. Suddenly Broken Eye came into a room of fire. Immediately she closed the door again, and went further upwards. In the top of the tower there was some sort of well where a basket hung. She knew she had to go down with this thing, but she could also go downstairs on another stairway. Suddenly the stairs started to burn, and Broken Eye jumped in the basket. 'I cannot hear you, prince,' she shouted.

There she saw the prince hanging at a rope, chained to the wall, with so many white beasts around him with their strange delirious voices. When the prince saw her he stared, and didn't react. She had the rope of the basket in her hand by which she could come down, but she knew it could be dangerous, as the beasts had strange fires around them, by which they even seemed to speak. Broken Eye took an arrow and shot the first beast. It was like the prince got a shock and he awoke. 'I'm going to get you,' she said. The prince looked at her like he didn't understand her. Then she grasped his hand. She got a hopeless feeling when she saw the chains. Another beast jumped at her, and soon she had been chained to the opposite wall too. The prince kept staring at her. 'We will die in this situation,' she said. A white face was gliding along her. It was the dragon's face. Some fire came out of the dragon's mouth. 'All I want to say is that I'm protecting the prince,' the dragon said slowly.

'Against what ?' Broken Eye shouted.

'Don't you know ? Against the evil of civilisation,' the dragon whispered.

'What if I take him to the wilderness ?' Broken Eye said.

‘Deal,’ the dragon spoke, and unchained her by a flame. Then the dragon also unchained the prince by a flame, and soon he and Broken Eye were outside the tower. It was night now, and Broken Eye had promised the dragon she wouldn’t take him to the king. She went immediately to the wilderness where she took care of him the rest of his life.

Broken Eye – Indian Fiction

Savage Planet

She was gliding through the winds and the snow, catching the first rays of the new day in her hand, where she had also her dagger. Broken Eye was a mystery woman, someone with an eye for contact. She could always leave such a big impression to the ones who had encountered her, like she got a hold on their hearts for the rest of their lives. This happened not only to friends, but also to enemies. And enemies she had a lot. They didn’t want to have her around. In many villages and tribes she wasn’t welcome, as she had been suspected of kidnapping young ones to the wilderness. There were some children’s tribes deep in the jungles and wildernesses who worshipped her as a goddess, but that wasn’t because she had kidnapped them. No, they chose to live so deep in the tropical rainjungles themselves. She had been an inspiration to many.

She taught the savages how to fight against predators, and how to keep themselves safe. She knew a lot about the beasts of the deeper jungles and wildernesses, also about the unknown species. She was a skilled woman with a supernatural intelligence, but that was also often the reason why not many understood her. To her enemies she was a strange woman, an outcast, dangerous to children. But all Broken Eye wanted to do was to tell them about the savage path, the path into the depths of the wilderness to know about its secrets. It was by all the attacks she more and more lost her contacts with the outside world, and went deeper and deeper into the jungles, even to the unknown parts never tread by humans.

Here she developed contacts with black panthers, lions and other predators, and she liked that better. Of course she had to be very careful with these dangerous creatures. She knew she was playing with fire, but her instincts taught her when to run and hide. These creatures were like volcanoes having their own code, and she just had to stay away in times of eruptions. She could recognize these times more and more, and could feel them coming from a distance. The animals loved her for that, as often they just couldn't deal with contact. Animals needed to have privacy too. This was why Broken Eye was against civilization, as there was often no privacy, and this was how she could explain all the problems between human beings. She knew that humans were these volcanoes too, and they had to learn about their codes.

Here in the depths of the wilderness she found out she was a volcano too. She was a fire, in need for privacy, peace and rest. She wanted to become a soldier to protect this peace, and she knew that when she wouldn't become a predator, she would be taken away one day. There were so many dangers threatening her. But she knew deep in her heart that these were the wilder animals of the deeper jungles, of its unknown depths. In her eyes civilization was one of these beasts. It was a wilder creature, walking around with problems she didn't know of. In the depths of the jungle there was so much slavery. So it seemed that civilization just came from a deeper even more savage place. What could she expect in the heart of the rainforests, where the sun seemed to touch the earth? It was a mystery to her, but she wanted to know about it. She knew that civilization would be nothing but an illusive projection of this place. What could she expect there? Large exotic spiders? Flies? Beasts, or other animals? There were a lot of slimy webs here, and a lot of insects got stuck here. There were large snakes very slimy and sweaty, much in orange colour, in black, brown or green pattern very often. These were exotic snakes, and the waters here were brighter than ever. In these forest lakes there were often small islands, and to one of these islands she swam to find out more about it. It seemed no human had ever come here. There were small volcanoes on these islands like craters. Sometimes these volcanoes erupted, but they didn't do much harm. Again there were many strange webs on the island where she was. Suddenly she discovered something. The eggs of strange flies. The flies looked like they were red. They started to surround her and sting her, while her blood started to stream across her body. She ran away trying to find a safe place, but the flies were following her. She dove into the waters, but even there the red flies followed her. Until she came underground. Here it was cool, almost cold, but still very tropical and exotic. It was like a complex of caves here. Suddenly she got in a shock. Again she saw the red flies. It looked like a hive here. In the walls she saw other sorts of red flies, but they had been cocooned in some sort of way. In the distance she heard some roaring, some noise, and a tall shadow fell on her. She saw a black red dragon looking like a sort of giant fly with a thin head coming forth to grill the flies by a flame. Then he started to suck some sort of red fluid out of the wall. When he went back again Broken Eye followed him. There were still some red flies in her surroundings but they didn't seem to attack her anymore. It was a huge hall to which the dragon went where all sorts of stones hung in the air like dangerous lamps. If they would fall down they would pierce the ground. The dragon went to his amazing huge throne in the distance. It was like behind this throne the sea was roaring. When he took place he roared: 'I have seen you already, woman. You are looking for answers, and I will give them to you. Come closer. Don't fear me.' Broken Eye came closer. It was like she could trust this savage place a bit, as she always thought, the more savage the better. 'I come here to

know about the secret of civilisation, as it is torturing our world, keeping so many enslaved,' Broken Eye said, and bowed down before the dragon.

'I am glad you want to know,' the dragon said. 'Come closer.' Broken Eye came closer till she almost stood in front of the throne. The dragon took her up, and the huge wall of stone behind the throne became more transparent and Broken Eye could see the sea. 'Look at the waves,' the dragon said. 'They are so enslaved. They are the slaves of so many planets around them, bringing the tides. It is savage, and so is your civilisation. Civilisation is driven by the radiation and projections of unknown savage planets. Civilisation is a result of the wars of these planets, projecting itself as a beast with many personalities.'

'Then where can I find these savage planets ?' Broken Eye asked.

'Oh,' the dragon said, 'just look for the unknown tribes of your own planet, even deeper in the underground, as they know much more about it, and they harbour it's pure radiation.'

'And where can I find these tribes ?' Broken Eye asked.

'Deeper underground,' the dragon said.

Then another journey started for Broken Eye, the underground journey. She came to know about these savage underground tribes, who seemed to know much more about the unknown savage planets, and they had a lot of stories about these aliens coming down. Broken Eye was very interested in their stories, and she wondered if there was any way to set the beast free. It would only happen when they would find the most savage place on their own planet. But no one knew where it could be. An older man said that it would be some sort of vulcanoe on a certain island. So Broken Eye went back to the dragon and asked her where that could be. She told the dragon all she had heard from the underground tribes, and the dragon was satisfied. The dragon told her that the island had sunk in a previous age, and the vulcanoe was now underwater. It would be the main source of all earthquakes on the planet. But below the vulcanoe, in the underground, the people would still live, and it would be the most fruitfull and most savage place on the planet. Next to the throne a door made of all sorts of stones opened. 'When you go through this tunnel, you will reach that world,' the dragon said. It looked like paradise to Broken Eye, but when she came there she found out the people lived in slavery. There was a certain tribe having the scepter here. Broken Eye would never forget the face of their chief. He rode on a horse, and when he saw Broken Eye he didn't say anything. He had a whip in his hand, and only stared at her for some minutes. Around his

horse slaves were tied to each other. 'You let them go or I will do something to you,' Broken Eye said slowly.

Then he said : 'If I set them free they will do the same to us.'

Broken Eye knew this was a difficult situation, so she went back to the dragon. 'You see how complex everything is. It's all about fear. They are driven by fear. They do not trust each other, and they do not want or dare to kill each other, so they enslave each other. This is how it always goes,' the dragon said.

'Isn't there a medicine ?' Broken Eye said.

'No,' the dragon said. 'They just have to wait for the new tide. And you cannot break time. Time just has to come, and it comes how it comes.'

Broken Eye bowed her head. 'But,' the dragon said. 'For you there is another door.' And then a door at the other side of the throne opened. Broken Eye went through and came to a lonely paradise. No one was here. It was quiet, and she knew that loneliness would indeed be the only way to come out of this wicked world. Vulcanoës needed to be alone, needed to have privacy, or everything would turn into a wicked world. Broken Eye just had to obey this law of nature. She had found this most savage place on the planet which had not been tread by human beings before.

White Fence – Indian Fiction

Secret of the Raspberry

The beautiful red Everything is a dream.

She stood there, her breasts covered by paint. She had an amulet around her neck made of the whitest ivory. She stood there on a hill of an indian wonderland. The paint was of berries of a wondertree ... wonderberries. Her hairdress had so many proud feathers. But she wasn't a chief. She was winged and free.

She was a spellmaker and a spellbreaker, bringing so many to her world. Her eyes were like marbles, her mouth like the sweetest berries. She had made her world by the softest spells.

There was no way back for those who got into her webs. She would draw them deeper and deeper into her world. She taught them new languages there.

She told them that the body is a temple. She told them that they had to treat it like a temple, believing that everything coming from the temple was good. She taught them that the body was infallible. Her eyes were like berries, and everyone who believed her had eyes like berries too.

The streets of her place were like bananas, and outside her world there was only hunger. She wasn't a queen, she was free. She had clothes like grapes.

She was a maker of wonders and magick, in her wonderland, her indian wonderland.

No one following her would ever return, those grasped by her webs were missed forever. In lakes of fruitmilk they bathed. She would show them her treasures, one by one.

She was sweet like candy, holding the secrets of her world forever in her heart.

She smeared her spells by paint, and then shot them in the hearts of her targets. She could harpoon them easily. She was a trickster.

Her traps were smeared, designed by lullabies, all she wanted was to win.

She was not a chief but she ruled. She was not a princess, she was free.

Whenever she spoke there was a smell of apples around, and she would show her apple jewels, and strange mysterious flies. She had defeated them, taking their wings, and the eyes deep within.

And whenever she spoke these apple jewels would surround you to open their eyes and stare at you. She was full of attention, spreading her lights like mysterious fruits. These fruits had hearts and geometry, teaching about the temples, how life was to be.

Outside her aura, there was the hunger, and inside she brought all those who followed her on their knees. Amazed by her treasures.

She showed them sacred geometry, sacred lights bringing them to life. She painted their breasts.

She had defeated fairy and elf, a new wonderland above the shell. Her spells were of war against gnome and giant. Their skulls she used to lure the trolls to trap them. In an indian wonderland she lived. Mysterious flies she beheaded to find her friends.

I was once in her wonderland, there were no ways out, only in. She showed me her white fences, moving like lullabies, all to bring the trapping spin.

She knows the secrets of the raspberries all deep inside. It's the spider's jewel, my friend, and she has broken it's head.

White Fence – Indian Fiction

Strawberry Blood

In an indian wonderland, she tied up her spells, like baskets made of reed. She had killed the fairy, killed the elf, of a land she lived in for so long. It drove her insane. She had freed herself now from her chains. She left the jungle land behind her. She was the new magick.

Her lips were moving like soft raspberries, her eyes like dark berries, while her hair was like the black strawberry. She bore a secret in her heart, a bow to strike. Her body was like a harpoon.

She brought the trolls down, and the leprechaun, to enter her dreams again. The dreamless night was over.

There was no fairy in this land. She had the wings. She was about to strike.

She had found the red honey of life. She had become invincible by it, and she smeared it on all her spells to conquer. She was not a queen, nor a princess, but she ruled, all by her dreams.

She wasn't a chief. She was winged. She had the skull of a fairy hanging at her belt. Skulls of elves were on both of her shoulders. She was armed.

Her beaches were like smeared by bananas. She knew the secrets of pears and cucumbers. She had heard their hearts ticking. She had beheaded the gnomes and flies living in them. They were like evil monks once ruling her world. They were now stretched out like the walls of her cave. She rode on swines since that day.

Swines were her friends, she freed them on one day, millions of them, all red-eyed. They were the softest friends, with voices filling the skies with licorice. They taught her of snakes locked up in trees and how to get them out. They taught her of animals locked up in the ground, and how to get them out. It was an indian wonderland.

Golden threads in her head, like velvet, all dreams. She could play them like a piano, like heaven's harp. She was tall, and the harp was tall, all made by her dreams, by spells she struck.

It was like a boat in the sky, picking so many up, for monks ruled the land outside. She crashed them down by psychedelic noises, by lamenting, lullabies and battlecries. She was the invincible one.

Her carriage was high, driven by the wind. She was living in the skull of the ruler of the raspberry she once struck down. It was like a lantern. All she did was breathing now. Her pastures were like vegetables.

I was there once, and I got hungry. Something was filling my stomach. It was a light. She was holding a lantern like a raspberry.

She was White Fence, a troll-trap, a world beyond fairytale. She would spin to turn your world around, her way to take you in. There were no ways of getting out, only ways to get in deeper. She had belts with strange jewels, yes, girdles. These jewels were the eyes of fairies and elves she once defeated. Some were the eyes of trolls.

She could strike like no one could. She bore the horrors of the ages.

It was like I knew her forever. When I came closer she smiled.

She didn't have a throne, but she sat between feathers. There was velvet all around her.

There was music coming from dragon eyes, soft music. She spoke soft, she had wings of light.

She showed me feathers of parrots she once defeated. Where was I ? In hell, in heaven, or in paradise ? I was in indian wonderland, where the white fence was spinning. I got locked up, there was no way out.

She had no throne, no crown. She wasn't a queen, neither a princess, but she ruled. She was invincible. She struck by spells but she had the skulls of wizards. They spread their winds, but she gagged them. Their skulls were on high stakes, spouting fire, but she brought them down by the rod of light.

It was all in her dreams, I couldn't escape. I was buried in her dreams.

Strawberry blood, wizard skulls, all part of her spells.

Raspberry bones, teeth of trolls, she all knew it well.

White Fence – Indian Fiction

Nothing But Sand

Paint their breasts, open their wings, make their hearts beat, and the story will begin. Make their fists red, the rest will be white, they will climb up on a tree, then make a dive. Soar in the skies, open your eyes, it's an indian wonderland. You have survived.

She had a trumpet to her mouth. Her creatures were waking up after hundreds of years of sleep. They came out of the depressions of the night. There was not a fairy anymore blinding their sights. No elf to make them feel miserable. They were alive. Alive and well in an indian wonderland, reading about berry spells. She had painted these spells on trees by thick paint from a wonderwell. She would let them make wishes again, and bring forth words, words of life.

She had blown the trumpet and a flute, and now she was playing the drum, while they all come forth, and danced to the music. They weren't queens, nor princesses. They weren't princes nor kings. They were with her.

She gave them wings and hearts of fire. Their fists were red, their bodies white, but it was all paint. They were in a dream.

There were fires in the sky, no fairytales anymore. They were staring outside, but she lured them inside. She had a priest's heart. The body was her temple.

She was not a chief. She had found the heart of the dark strawberry, a giant fruit. She lived in it like in a hut. It was a spider's jewel which she had beheaded, and all the mysterious flies inside, which had thick pale wings. She could use these wings. She saw dark men dive. Oh how she wanted to see them fly. They had been asleep. All in the depths of her dreams, in an indian wonderland.

In fruitmilk they were, in her caves. She knew the secret of the raspberry milk.

She was tall, wrestling against a harp. She played it like a piano. It was a strange creature.

She had blown the trumpet today, and also a flute. And now she was playing the drum, while they all came forth. There was darkness around her. She bore the horror of ages, and then she fell asleep.

She fell asleep in my arms. I woke her up by a whisper, for a new day, a new day to play, in an indian wonderland. Where were the fairies and elves ? There were none. They didn't exist. Where were the trolls and the leprechaun ? They didn't exist. There were none of them. She had the skulls of giants and gnomes, all drums.

She had the breast painter's spells, all to make them fly, to let them wake up. Wake up, wake up, for time flies, in this indian wonderland.

There was no fairytale, only a spinning white fence.

She had a key, letting it all begin, letting it turn around like lullabies. She had her ways to get me in. She pretended she was sad.

It was all pretend, this brandnew world, this indian wonderland.

She had paint from the raspberry, she could make it real.

Cucumber blood it made the thrill. Banana bones her weapons, and much cherry leather.

Why did she drown the gnomes and clowns by floods of paradise. She was a skullhunter, but pigs were her friends. She once set them free.

Don't you know : pigs are such lovely animals, so sensitive and wise. When they are fools it's just pretend. She would sigh, and stare at them for hours, for they were beautiful. There were no fairytales anymore, in this indian wonderland. Cows were her friends, but oranges she would behead, to make the orange pale, shivering paint instead.

I've seen her killing a raspberry. There was no police. She ruled. I've seen her skinning a cucumber, while there was no complaint. This world is mad.

Spinach girl, she's waging war, her face is painted, chocolate struck. You can't say she's a dreamer. She made it real by the spells of dark bean churches.

They go like this :

We worship you, upper bean. You're the darkest in this area. This territory is yours, and you will be. There are no borderlines for you, for darkness never has.

Why is she insane like this, why does she dance like this. Ask the bean, and you will get your answer. But only worshippers will hear the truth.

They read their spells loud, and make it real. Then they believe it. It's not a dream anymore.
Beans rules.

She went to the peach church once. They gave her some arms. She has saved pigs out of it, but outside there are only pigs. It's the secret of a dark dark bean heart.

She tells stories to lie. She's a white white spinning fence. Want to know the truth ? Only worshippers hear the truth. The dark beans have taught her that.

But how come this world is so insane ?

I asked her this question, and got a slap in my face.

Cabbage girls with white wings, she saved them out of cherry church. They all yelled. They were glad. Now they are her soldiers, I better pretend.

Pretend, pretend, pretend, or they will boot you out. And outside there are only pigs, and there is only hunger.

She told me about the white spots once, the places breeding lights. I asked her when would the story begin.

She slapped me again.

What can I do against a white fence ? It spins, it never lets me in, but it only draws me deeper. I get stuck inbetween.

You must eat more beans she said. But all she gave me was sand.

White Fence – Indian Fiction

The Berry

There has never been any use in a massacre It's all about keys.

Give me the key, she said.

He gave it. She used it. She stuck it into the keyhole, and entered a new world.

Some people use violence to get a key. But she used a key to get another key.

She was a dignified lady, not like the White Fence, for that one was a bit rude at times, softly spoken.

She could knock on the door of the bean king for hours, until he opened to give her a key.

'Now you run, girl,' he would always say. His keys just worked.

I still have the picture of her standing before these doors.

White Fence would never do that. She had other ways.

Give me the key, she said.

Millions would faint, for she just wanted the key.

She sowed so much hypnoses and confusion.

White Fence would never do that.

She used a key for a key, even when it would take a hundred keys, she would do it.

Not White Fence.

White Fence didn't believe in keys. It was kind of old school for her.

She believed in locks, she would spin like she wanted.

I tried to get over the White Fence, but have you seen those spears.

Headbanging ? No way ? Have you seen the white ?

White Fences would stare at me.

One day she changed her mind because of me,
But a day later she had forgotten about it.
I couldn't open the fence. I couldn't get across it.
But she showed me the white raspberry,
Paint coming forth from it,
Like the wondertree

I saw the berries,
They saw me.

Beasts with million teeth.

Vampire Forest of Horror

They had to fight many snakes in the dark forest, while they were sliding through the mud. They felt themselves so princely, while they were eating the snakemeat. The wounds formed strange waving tattoos on their bodies like there were plants drawn on them. They felt how they got the control over themselves back, after the escape. They had been slaves for such a long time. They could stretch their bodies tall, feeling their own identities and worthiness again, after so many years of humiliation. Of course they still had slave-tattoos, but by the fights against the wild animals here, these tattoos started to get another form. They were proud of their new scars as emblems of their new found liberty. But the danger wasn't over yet, for what if the slavehunters would find them here ? They were sliding through the dark

forest. And what if a dark animal would finally beat them ? They had the risk of becoming in worse slavery than ever, for did they know all these strange creatures ? What was waiting for them here ? The men were shivering, aware of their fragile freedom, but they knew they couldn't go back anymore. They had to face this new adventure. They heard the strange sounds of these completely unknown creatures of these dark forests, and they felt all sorts of strange shivers and fears in their bodies. Were their bodies reacting to the sounds and the strange atmospheres ? Sometimes they were breathing very heavy ... Fortunately they had their daggers. They needed to survive this dark place, and maybe the strange meat of the defeated enemies would give them a chance. They were hungry, and they had to fight many panthers and strange animals, also big spiders. What if big birds would take them away ? Some animals were very big, and also the plants here they couldn't trust. They were with fourteen men, not knowing with how many they would be after a further while. Sometimes they had to fight meat-eating trees.

They were drinking strange sorts of blood from the defeated animals. There wasn't anything else they could drink, and first their bodies got very sick of it, but after awhile to some sorts their bodies got a bit of used. The men were very tired but soon enough they learnt about which sort of blood would give them new strength. More and more they started to learn about this new nature and it's laws. The psychological wounds of the men were deep. They felt deeply destroyed in their souls. They were born in slavery and were never able to develop language. They were wild men. It was like they couldn't develop strength, for every bit they tried to hold in their bodies was stang by some sort of creature, while their energy was flowing away. There were a lot of things they couldn't develop because of the pressure and the attacks. All they got were flashes in moments, easily torn away by the next step. They felt the forest as heavily vampiristic, draining them. They couldn't have possessions, they only had their daggers and some torn clothes and belts. The snakes were very big here, trying to strengle them over and over again. These snakes weren't easy to defeat, and sometimes such fights took hours. They knew they had to become like this forest and these animals, or they wouldn't survive. The snakes could sting them very hard and deep, but they felt it let them contract their bodies more and more. These contractions were to release venom as an extra weapon, and also as a way to express the pains in their souls. It was a way of communication between each other, but it was always short and mysterious, from a distance, for they were also afraid of each other.

Some had dark snakes tattood on their bodies, of which they were very proud. The men started to make clothes and tents of the skins of the defeated animals, for the forests were tall. They started to make places where they would gather the meat. The most dangerous animals were the horned ones, for they could walk very fast and could easily kill by their horns. The horned animals made very loud noises and were the wildest animals in these forests. Very often they destroyed the tents of the men, but when they were defeated their meat and blood was the most powerful. After a few days of horrible fights against the horned animals, the men knew that if they wouldn't find a way to tame these horned animals, then they would be destroyed by them. The wounds of the men caused by these animals were very severe. They started to climb in the trees to jump on their backs to ride them, but very often by the wildness of the horned animals they couldn't sit long on their backs. They knew they had to learn it step by step by using tools like wires and belts. They knew that if they would go on fighting the attackers, they would lose it all. Now they had to ride them, also the other sorts of animals who tried to destroy them like the snakes, the lions, the panthers and the dangerous giant insects. They started to make their tents in the trees. They felt such a rage towards the animals here, still hunted, but the pains already made them so numb. They needed to learn more about

these animals, about their movements, the ways they attacked. It was a forest of horror and they weren't the only ones so hungry.

They tried to get some warmth from each other, for sometimes the winds were cold, but they weren't used to contact. It gave them such strange feelings of fear and even panic, and such strange feelings in their stomachs. There were some muddy lakes and rivers in the forests, and at times they went for a swim, but even there they had to be aware of giant rats, insects and snakes. Also the lakes and rivers were full of dangers. It was like they became immune for the fears of confrontations in the waters, step by step. They were longing for swimming, even if they had to fight against other creatures longing for the water. It was like something was starting to rise in them, a boldness, a strange tension in their bodies. They felt like watersnakes more and more, not afraid for the fights there, but on land they needed to stay away from the fights. It was like the battlefield was now moving to the waters, where they had to proclaim their rights. They wanted to live at the rivers and lakes of these forests. They were longing for a new heartbeat, to finally escape their pasts, and to make use of their scars and wounds, still dripping of venom. These were the mighty weapons in their hands.

Snake Dancer

Abduction Horror

She had mouth-implants and feet-implants, breeding strange smells in her. She was an experiment of aliens. No one was allowed to come close to her. Her vibrations were hot and high. You could burn if you came too close. She was suffering, fainting a lot, while blood flew out of her mouth. Her footbones moved in a strange way. They were contracting at some moments, while strange substances were moving through her body, like strange lights. It was like an egg was growing in her, waiting to burst out, donating new species. She could recognize other victims by their lights. She wasn't the only one. She was put into a mass of free people. People she thought they could do anything they wanted. She often felt she was the only one. The vibrations were guarding her, giving her strong impulses of pain when she moved to a wrong area. She was upset and without any hope. There were no doctors in this place. The machines came to her at nights, doing cruel things to her to install the implants. She didn't know that these installations made a guard of her, blocking other people to go too far. These implants were the doors she needed to guard, and the others were prisoners as well. They were programmed to do so.

She had nightmares of doing evil things she didn't want to do. Something or someone was living in her. Living in her veins. It was a green lights alien, a strange reptile or insect, or ... It had eyes full of light, and was made of soft but strong meat. There was green blood dripping from it ... It had no skin, only muscles and veins. She had a panic. The creature had a strong intelligence. She was so paranoid to his impulses. He needed to protect her against something worse. He was her agent. One day she got implants in her vagina. She was screaming like hell. But he didn't have any mercy to her. She was his prisoner, she was the object he needed to guard, while she was a secret ruler over the others. She didn't know that. There were strange implants in her feet and vagina ... doors to hell. They needed to be locked, for these were the forbidden fruits. That was the reason why she wasn't allowed to have a lover. At night strange spirits came to her, trying to open the locks ... but they couldn't ... They did everything to her, trying to get the doors opened, but they all failed ... It was like more doors were growing in her, while she kept them all locked up ...

She became a walking implant more and more, while she cried oceans of tears she couldn't stop this intelligence ... why did they want her ? She felt so insecure about herself, and couldn't enjoy anything anymore. Her feelings were dying, while something else took her over ... wild smells making her wild and then she did evil things she didn't want to do ... it made her cruel ... so cruel ... she became subtile ... very subtile ... and found comfort with snakes ... She hugged them, and slept with them ... she ... felt like she was one with them ... Their ripples gave her peace Like the contrast of life She became very selective and then she could let it ripple ...

The Sphinx

Esla was walking in the desert. It was cold, and he needed a place for the night. After a long walk he became very tired, but fortunately a found a small cave. There, deep in the desert he found this place. When he walked in he saw blankets on the ground, and some old white clothes. He put them on for he was almost naked. He also found a pair of old shoes. Then he started to sleep. In the middle of the night he heard noise outside the cave. He started to walk outside and saw a man in the desert, but when he came closer it appeared to be a sphinx. It was half a lion half a man. The sphinx had long hair and wore some bracelets. The sphinx was echoing his name, with such strange sort of speak. It soothed his head. 'I am a wizard,' the sphinx spoke. 'Ask what you wish and it will be done unto you.' The man asked for a woman, and a woman appeared before him immediately. She had veils around her, and she had strange arabian golden shoes. She started to do a strange dance before his eyes, while snakes were appearing from her back, and were coiling around her arms. When she was done she started to undress herself a bit, but she was still veiled. The man started to move closer to her, but the

closer he moved the further away in the distance she appeared. It was like he had lost all the feeling in his hands and body. It was like the icecream was laying before him.

'Can I have my feelings back ?' he asked the sphinx, and suddenly his body was in a fire of a strange sort. He felt the unbearable heat, but the flame wasn't burning him. Then the woman stood before him again, and he wished she would move away for the pain was too strong. 'Can you remove the fire ?' And suddenly the fire was gone, and the woman started to change into a desert. There were flowerfields in these deserts. And it was like he was flying over new roads. In the middle of these flowerfields there was a house of gold. It was like fountains. He smiled, and found the peace he was looking for.

And from this place he could travel further in these flowerfields of these deserts, always returning to the golden house. He lived in the sphinx now, and the woman was his desert. He saw the many faces and bodies of this woman, like the different desert flowers ... and soon his harem was rising, the bracelets of the sphinx. He had them around his arms, legs and neck, and he could always travel further, and always coming back to them, while they had been changed. He could see the faces of the boys while they were changing into women again.

And the fountains in the golden house, they were so transparent and bright, bringing the golden waters deep inside. On the attic, there was the Eye of the sphinx where the deserts were flowing from. Deep in the sphinx's Eye, there were sunsets like the lion's goodbye.

Elvenbosch

The universe was in snow. The native american woman was in her ship above it. The windows were hot. Insects were crashing against the windows. She had high heels, lipstick on, she was a demoness, but she was not evil. No, rather the opposite, she was good. She was ... looking for the city the traffic lights of a new ... world

It was a perfect way to spin the poison in so many heads, the poison to heal them ... venom from a gallactic spider It would cause them to breath, to see, to come alive, to be small, then big, then small again, as in a mighty vibration, a mighty wave, of a subsubstantial order,

becoming so material, and then so ethereal. It was a parasite in their heads, leading them to eternal life. They were bathing around the fountain in a forest river, everything so white

It healed them, perfectly, they couldn't ask for a better poison It changed their life

She was a demoness, but not an evil one, she tied them all up by her threads, and consumed them, to let them enter a new world. You had to die ... here ... or there wouldn't be an entrance and you would die anyway

She showed her claws, her teeth, she showed everything, skin by skin She was the snow spider her heart was a hearth She was snowing in the universe ... building her web ... she had many captives no one could escape She was the new traffic The world was blowing up, while she was erupting Fantasies in the skies The monsters of ancient days came free

They came from their prisons of light ... to watch her light She was the light beyond it all She had a mysterious ocean in which she drowned to reach the other side She was soaring over her oceans, the ghostship of the ages She brought them all to sleep One strike of the lullaby

The soft lights built themselves up to proclaim her name, then becoming softer

She bathed in the ocean It healed her wounds, and she became a leopard She moved towards the city and took possession of it

In the disco she was with high heels ... The elves were with her, promising her salvation ... She had the tattoo of a dragon and a tattoo of a butterfly, which she could wash off in the evening ... These tattoos never stayed long as they were children's tattoos

She was with a higher light, a softer sound, while the elves promised her a home. They gave her a guitar and a welcome wine ... On tv they played strange clips on how a man can survive a woman ...

She didn't say what her name was. She could see numbers on someone's jacket : 5502 608532105832687 3588867590721, and she fell asleep, while some later she woke up crying, bathing in sweat. They took her to the beach in a yellow white car, and when she found the ocean waves it was like meeting her lover. The salty waters healed her. It went through her nose and she drank it in.

She woke up in her apartment, drunk ... as if she had been on stage ... The numbers were still in her mind : 5502 608532105832687 3588867590721 ... She called the number ... Then she heard someone saying very softly : cxnvb678bv cnxbv, and again she fell asleep, and awhile later she woke up crying, while salt was entering her head, and high lights were coming from her brains, and she felt happy. The ocean had healed her.

The city had fermented ... No foolish things going on anymore The beaches were of a higher white, and the oceans and sky of a higher blue. It was the great melting

Blue light is my best friend in space,

Tell me where your best friend lives,

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine,

Somehow I'm the best friend in space,

Somehow I know where you live,

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Blue light you are my fantasy,

A waterfall of fantasies,

Is always recreating me,

Fantasy land is calling me

Fantasy, calling me,

Creating me,

Calling me, watching me

Fantasy, always be,

Fantasy, watching me, calling me ...

She was in Elvenbosch, she escaped from the children's hospital, where deformed doctors and nurses were cannibals. She escaped to this fantasy. She wanted to fly higher, losing the heavy weights guarding her. In Elvenbosch king lion ruled, sweet beaches called his name. He had a fatherheart, and was everyone's father. He created the oceans from his hand. He ruled by a blue solar scepter, the scepter of good souls.

In the desert there was such an amazing fortress, built of the lion's white stones, giant stones, it was the Elvenbosch, the oasis city ... It was a bird coming from the stars, this little man, Jonathan Urshe, saving the children from the cannibal hospital

Thriller

The White Rabbit

Boys from Bloodhound

"They are the tailors of your dreams they are the tailors of your conscience you never know where you really are ... while you think you know you are even very sure about it the curse of the lullaby-dancer it's like white powders are exploding"

Chapter 1. Marbles in Sandy Boxes

tall black jackets with red stripes

They die like Jesus so deep,

In seas of splintered glass,

splintered words and splintered confusions ...

They are lying straight on the flags, stretching their arms to the Northern Sun ...

When they hunt, their eyes are blind, they were always following things too sharp for them ... Catching the raging splinters in their back to protect their children

Their blood flows like rivers through hungry lands to feed the children ... awakening the marchpane and the chocolate at the sides of the shores they are the dreamers, their stares ... so far away ...

They are following the white rabbit, their faithful leader, still diving through his handmade whirlpools of waterlights wild whirlpools ... blowing like thunder

*They are still diving through soft green lights ... heading for a new
aldebaran*

*Their minds are fractured by the hammers of auctioneers, selling
their visions and dreams in the night. They are movie-slaves, they are
blind possessors, but the white rabbit leads them through, to the
world where the dream is the dream ... they hang like little plastic
images and like statues on the dress of a girl called Alice ... their big
sister ...*

*In a world of small possessors, in a world of broken citylights ... They
pass by ... heading for something deeper ... they have deep stares
like the watering breath ... they walk on smashed potatoes,
swimming through seas of tomatoes And when they speak their
eyes become wild, and there tongue gets on fire They're speaking
fast and deep ... Not missing the last bus to Lynx Heading for
Spider's Hill, to Aldebaran's Tall Attic, where the miniature trains
and racecourts live. Where tall nephews grow, selling their cigarettes
and books to someone's brother who buys them to break them all in
pieces ...*

*On Spider's Hill, where an old acrobat lives ... Where the blackred
marble lies against the blackbrown one ... Still strange Japanese
marbles ...*

*The boys from Bloodhound want to mix some yellow through the mix
... but there's pale yellow glue enough ...*

On spider's Hill where an old acrobat lives ... he and his marbles ...

*The crosses too high ... still the rafts of the bloodhounds ... on
waves too tall for them ... still the transparent boxes of their
boyhood ..*

They're sailing on the display dolls ... waving at the waterlights ...

*When they are on spider's hill, where the miniature racecourts live,
they can always escape their circles for awhile ... but after the trip
they sit in their tight chairs again. When the coins ran out, when
the automaton ...stopped ... When alice came back from her trip to
wonderland ...*

*But they are heading for spider's hill, for New Aldebaran, where they
will not lose their identities anymore ... where they will not be
fugitives anymore ...*

The White Rabbit will care for that ...

soldiers from the box

Soldiers from a white wet box,

Sliding back into the box after the crime is done,

when the show is done ...

when the curtains fall down ...

*All soldiers from a white wet box ...getting their green sugared
tongues back*

On spider's hill ...

We are box-soldiers ... from the urban renewal ...

*It was on an attic in rotterdam,
this boy had so many miniature racecars in his bedroom,
he was the hero of his class ...*

*He has the wasp in his eyes ...
letting the butterflies enter,
by spreading his candy ...*

*But now he has been abducted ...
by strange mothers and fathers ...
back to aldebaran, back to spider's hill ...
back to*

*Now he's breeding a strange ornament,
drawing new circles on a new school ...
he is missed,
it's like the candle has gone from the class ...
gone on an aldebaran carpet,
gone by a Jupiter's dream
Heading for spider's hill ...*

and ...

*The words always seem to fade away,
In this strange ornament from the white rabbit ...*

*It's like Jupiter has died,
Now the boy is gone,
It's like Aldebaran is sailing back to japan,
It's like the wasps from lynx are all
heading for spider's hill ...*

Heading for that tall tall table on the attic

heading for a new aldebaran

heading for a new circle

wearing the ornaments around their ankles ...

them ... having the james bond watches

there are bloodhounds heading for spider's hill ...

they are heading for the old acrobat ...

riding a white rabbit ...

the cityboys have to unite

the gangs will lock the chain ...

they will all meet ... on spider's hill

aldebaran and lynx will rise their fists for the old acrobat,

while the bloodhounds will possess the air

tucan carrying the flag

jupiter will write ...

the old acrobat ...

only throwing some fragments through the song

small seeds grow the best ...

these were all ...his faces

fractured liberty

masks are lying on the old tall table ...

four masks ...

split faces by divorce and abduction,

fractured minds of an old fugitive

he learnt to fool with the parts,
he learnt to mold them in his hands,
to tame these wild lions ...

there's a raven on his back,
with crocodile-eyes ...

many animals live inside ...

all puzzle pieces of an old destroyed circus

the raven always took care of all parts of the acrobat ...

very hospital ...

now he lives in more circles,

like in a flowerclock ...

like on a racecourt ...

but the bloudhounds have another desire ...

something bigger than that ...

to go into the other direction

like they have a split and fractured mind

to go to goat's hill ...

where the elves become trees ...

there where the colors mix ...

in darkness ...

there where the tall lampsteads stand ...

in very dim light ...

where tall goats roar ...

there where the heavens are black and hairy

there where the black and the green dogs live

bloodhounds from the black desire ...

it's all deeper inside ...

they follow the snakeroads ...

to the deeper strings of their heart

*and the man from libra wants to throw another coin in the
automaton,*

but it's locked

it was it's last day in cinema ...

*and the girl from gemini checks the bearskins in which she wrapped
the bleeding bloodhound but ... it's gone the air smells like*

... abductions ... another face asks for some attention ... another
mask

the white rabbit is grinning .. laying the money on the table and
throwing some strange playcards in the air ... then he leaves in cold
snow

the tall lady from virgo tries to drag the goats to her tower she
wants them to work in the clock but the white rabbit is a
multimillionaire, laying some money on the table ... throwing some
strange playcards in the air and then he leaves in cold snow

he pays them all to let them shut their mouths and gives them
some new playcards they all respect him if it comes to money
and games

a red lady is raging he pays her mouth shut

a yellow lady is complaining he pays her mouth shut

and there he pays all other colors away ...

There the bloodhounds are marching,
marching over goat's hill into another land ...

where the snake hits the lamb

They avoid the luring games and cartoons,

They avoid the decorated candy ...

They are looking for the cucumber ...

the forest there where the snake hits the lamb

*They are laying down their ornaments when they enter deeper into
the dark forest ...*

They are laying down their shields and their swords

to only bear a short dagger

Now the trees can paint their bodies in colours of a deeper war ...

black and green

They will not attack the small animals,

neither will they defend themselves against them ...

The small animals are there to tattoo their body with new symbols,

preparing them for the deeper battle ...

The forest becomes darker

They lay down their last lights

Then they reach a mountain,

and they find themselves before a temple

A mysterious one,

*a huge head with one eye closed and the other open is resting on the
old portal ...*

they hear monkeys shrieking and wolves howling

they are ... with nine

Chapter 2. the initiation

Then they enter the temple

A white snake is staring at them,

and a kite is flying away,

... they are shivering

*They know that this snake will bite them first before they can walk
to the next tunnel ...*

It all happens quick and in silence ...

The bite is like a green moisty spot in their neck

green blood is flowing from it,

but it heals fast ... and a green scar is appearing ...

in the form of a snake ...

The air smells like fire and blood and other strange smells ...

it tingles in their stomachs, and they are still shivering

Finally they come into a cave with a lot of candles,

and a woman in a white dress is looking at them ...

She sits on a sort of throne

and insectlike creatures are standing beside her

they are like aliens, with big black pupil-eyes and black green bodies

...

they are thin and not as tall as the lady ...

they speak in an unknown language,

but the lady speaks in a language they understand ...

she expected them already,

and she starts to tell about the land behind the mountain

*to come there, they need to make the long and dangerous journey
through the temple*

*One bloodhound starts to scream while hearing the story about the
journey, and what will happen, and starts to run away but a fire
is destroying him*

"he will come into another incarnation now" the woman sais

*the remained eight are shivering then the woman and the
insectlike creatures disappear in a flash the bloodhounds know
what will happen now from all sides tall snakes are coming out
of the walls and an enormous fight starts ... they are getting
bitten very horribly now and some snakes really try to strangle
some of them but they bite back, and after a long wrestling
they become free they killed more than a hundred snakes. some*

feel really sick from the bites, and they decide to first let it heal a bit ... six of them will go to sleep and two will wake over them and then when the others have slept the two will go to sleep ... some of them are still really sick and will sleep further for awhile again there are two of them waking ...

Then suddenly they hear loud and piercing streams ... and again tall snakes are coming out of the walls, but this time they also come out of the floors and the ceilings the snakes are red and their skin is very hot ... some even spit a bit fire the bloodhounds really fight for their lives using their daggers like they never did before they have to do it quick for there were already some fires here and there suddenly a wall opens itself and a big gate appears through which the bloodhounds can escape to continue their journey it's very dark in here, and moisty and there are some small rats in this new tunnel which start to bite a bit ... but they aren't allowed to attack small animals neither defend themselves ... for it was spoken to them that these small ones are tattooing their bodies with necessary symbols which will be their protections in the coming fights and journeys ...

A long passage they followed ... with only small animals ... would they see them as their friends or their enemies ?

The bloodhounds avoiding the luring shadows of assassins avoiding the luring shining armors ... avoiding atmospheres too thick they're heading for the land behind the temple the land behind the mountain Feeling every wound is a mark of magic It was like their bodies were covered ... by old books alphabets of ... pain ...

Shadows of business tried to lure them to return to the path behind them, to start a business there for coming passengers ... but they

were avoiding these signals They weren't businessmen ... They
were discoverers Their eyes were wild

Suddenly they came into an enormous cave-sea they knew they
had to swim to the island in the middle of the sea there some
important initiations would take place so that they could
continue the journey they had to stay there on the island for
about ten days

They had to swim for hours, and they knew there were
dangerous animals in this sea

suddenly a spirit called columbus appeared ... glittering in the sea
..... he was only staring at them for awhile ... and then he
disappeared ...

They began to swim ... and in the distance they saw a group of wild
sharks they were jumping like hell and the bloodhounds
started to shiver in terrible fear the sharks began to come closer
..... and they knew they could never pass them by like this

suddenly columbus came back and destroyed the sharks by his lights
and magical powers

he said : "i will take the sharks ... you will take the others"

and then he disappeared ...

what would he mean by "the others" they asked themselves ...

they started to swim further with a little light of hope inside
.... they felt little flames spreading through their bodies giving
them new strength

suddenly they were surrounded by crocodiles a wrestling started
.....

columbus had drawn a circle of light and flames around this fight, and destroyed every shark who wanted to enter this circle this circle would protect the bloodhounds against the sharks during this water-passage it seemed the sea wasn't as big as they thought ... it looked more like a cave-river now and they began to feel a certain peace and rest inside the crocodiles were very simple to defeat ... for these animals were already very weak they wondered what the cause of this was maybe by sharks or other predators

but as closer they came to the island, the crocodiles they met were stronger and horrible fights started to happen and the bloodhounds started to become really tired one of them was almost drowning so two of them took him on their back ... while the other five were swimming around them protecting them they had defeated the crocodiles and they hoped they wouldn't meet another group

suddenly they heard a voice saying : "eat the meat."

they started to eat the defeated crocodiles and they realized that their strength came back like never before even their tiredness disappeared

then the voice spoke again saying : "you are only allowed to eat the meat of attackers"

the crocodile-meat was very sour and let their blood turn green, very hot green ... their skins were almost burning

then the voice said : "now take as much meat on your back as you
can and swim to the island"

finally they reached the island, there were no enemies in their near
surroundings ... it was very peaceful now they would stay ten
days on this island

the voice spoke : now gather the meat and eat it when you need it
....

suddenly the white rabbit was standing before them ... smiling
and then he disappeared

they knew they were on the true path

while they went deeper into the forest of the island they had to
fight against monkeys and panthers the meat they brought to
the place where they gathered all meat ... near the sea in a small
cave ... the panther-meat gave them black blood and red eyes
.... a very hot breath, like they were on the edge of spitting fire
.... they loved this food

while they went deeper ... they felt deep feelings of suspense, like
the atmosphere was getting charged with terror ... strange
threatening smells of blood and meat but they knew they had
to go through this suddenly an enormous lion was standing before
them roaring and attacking it was a horrible fight the
lion was very strong, and the bloodhounds started to run away, while
one bloodhound was in the mouth of the lion they realized that
one of them was still with the lion when they were outside the
forest again but the voice spoke : "you first have to eat more
meat, you cannot return to the lion now"

the lion was roaring and had one bloodhound in his mouth he took him away to his den at the other side of the forest the bloodhound was bleeding horribly he was in a shock when he came to consciousness the lion was sleeping and he wondered why he was still alive he took his dagger to kill the lion ... but a voice spoke : "don't do it." he asked : why not ? the voice didn't answer, but the bloodhound listened to the command and went out of the den back to the other bloodhounds they were sleeping and he started to eat the meat ... he was still bleeding heavily when he took the monkey-meat he realized the bleeding stopped and his wounds started to heal very quickly he felt his skin was becoming very tough and flexible he took his knife to test his skin but no wound appeared

a voice spoke : "from now on, only the sharpest teeth can cut you"

when the other bloodhounds woke up, he started to tell about what happened and what the voice spoke to him they weren't allowed to kill the lion

again ... they went to the forest everything was so quiet and peaceful when they reached the other side of the forest they saw the lion again he walked towards the bloodhounds and began to speak in an unknown language the bloodhounds realized that the lion wasn't about to kill them like he didn't kill the bloodhound in his den

the voice spoke : "not all attackers have the same intentions ... not all attackers are the same this lion lost his child long ago by terrorizing bloodhounds who killed it he attacked you because he thought you were the ones killing his child ... but later he found out you weren't the murderers ..."

the bloodhounds wondered how they would know the difference

the voice spoke again : "from now on, look in the eyes of your attackers and when you see a red bloodhound in their eyes don't kill them for they won't kill you just show them the lion-scar on your hands and they will let you go"

suddenly the lion-scar was appearing on their hands ... it was the mark of that what happened between them and the lion ...

they were standing before the sea of the other side of the island but they had to wait until the ten days were over then they would be in the position to defeat sharks

Finally when they wake up on a morning they are prepared to cross the sea They don't feel any fear towards the sharks anymore ... The battle starts They are good wrestlers ... these bloodhounds also in sea It gets fast like a train, and before they realize it, they are on the other side of this sea the shores full of shark-meat they can't wait to eat it ...wondering what will happen inside it's like golden threads and webs growing inside it's like a feast like they are coming in touch with their pride again ... deep inside they feel fluids entering their bones, strengthening and straightening them again deeper they feel themselves like kings of the sharks now and they eat fast and deep it's like golden meat and it's like new dishes are struck in their heads

They decide to continue their journey, carrying as much of this shark-meat as they can on their backs

shadows of feasts, arts and circusses lure them to stay where they are, to build a big party ... and to do the jester's business to

rule over this passed area but they are avoiding it and pass on
.....

On this new land they have to fight new dangers They need to
pass on they feel a deeper hunger inside something they can't
describe

There are insects of enthusiasm here, wanting them to stay and
look back ... building parties on this new land but they know
they need to pass on Some insects start to attack when they
won't listen to their speeches and ideas But they feel like
they are immune and pass on without using their daggers
.... These insects are tall, and some are very big but the
bloodhounds don't use their daggers and shields they feel tired
.... and indifferent only caring about that strange hunger deep
inside which makes them so immune

the voices of enthusiasm start to slide away to make place for a
new passion they didn't know before it makes their hearts like
drunk they start to discover a world of energies inside their
hearts which projects itself on the path they have to go

they feel they are getting more and more too tired to stand on
their feet, like they are stang by a fly from a strange land and
it's like they are sinking into the ground, to a new way of sensory
information they are now guided and protected by deeper
passions and hungers they don't respond to the mockers of this
new sleep anymore their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made
them immune

yes, they are rooted in water, tighter than ground they are
rooted in a new sensory experience which speaks to their mind

*it's like a new drug, a new medicine they are so drunk these
bloodhounds*

*although they don't know where they are anymore they sink
deeper and deeper to the land behind the curtain where
another dream will start it's like they don't fight for it anymore
.... they just flow towards this magnet*

*there are strange hungers inside they are heading for insectian
meat they feel empty inside ... heading for a dinner room*

*they see aquarius sitting on his throne tables full of strange
meat on golden dishes in all colours they also see columbus
and a spirit called vasco da gama ... they are invited to take a chair
... they even see insectian eyes among the meat and a deep
burning atmosphere is in the room ... inviting them to eat
there's red beating meat like webs and wires luring them to eat
and to eat it's like baked insectian giant-hearts
reprogramming their minds*

the food is warm and hot

*they get suits full of woven details ... growing on their bodies ...
they sit on antique chairs woven in Japanese design ...*

*The dinner takes hours and hours and after the dinner they are
led to their bedrooms They all get their own bedroom and
they sleep like a rose*

*In the night they all dream the same dream They reach the land
behind the curtain entering an arabian palace watching an
arabian sea in the distance such a wild sea they never saw before
..... such a tragic sight ... that it crashes their souls like a*

sharp mill these are teeth they never felt before it's like
the drama has struck their mind torturing their desires

They want to meet this sea this arabian sea to meet it's
creatures and to ride them all their passions and hungers
inside are stretching out to that idea

They don't want to fight anymore they let the spirits of soldiers
slide out of their bodies avoiding them to reach for a higher
crown They want to ride these creations ... these wild hysterical
animals they see there those seamonsters, dragons and dinosaurs
..... They let the daggers slide out of their hands for otherwise
they can't enter this sea Their hands are stretching out to this
sea

They feel these hysterical animals are eating their bodies ... but they
don't care anymore They know this is the initiation ... this is
the arabian stairway to the black sea it's covered by velvet
and layers of wet spots They start to realize that the mouths
of these monsters are the portals to the bridles the wires
..... to tame them to make a higher journey these were
strange wars without fighting without swords these
were wars ... on a golden scale

Everything is too heavy for them these bloodhounds of strange
wars They let go of their ornaments their last weapons
inside Even their tears are too heavy for them They let it all
slide away Their thoughts are so heavy Their emotions
Their fears They let it all slide away All they want is to
become thin and light for life is so heavy their bodies feel
so heavy their organs their skins their hair their
eyes their noses and lips They let it all slide away Now
they desire to be stang to let it all slide away Now they

desire to be cut to let it all slide away it's all too heavy
..... existence is more than they can bear

Now they desire to be eaten these eaters are their friends
for they feel too heavy they long for this arabian sea-cocoon
like nothing else nothing is important for them anymore it
makes them so indifferent the reflexes are breaking off

they have been stung by a strange fly stranger than they could
imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas

and then suddenly, like the strike of thunder they lose all their
passions and desires ... all their hungers inside because it became
all too heavy now they are indifferent ignorant losing all
their memories and senses to go into a sleep deeper than death
..... something is erasing and deleting their minds like hell it's
the strange fly

everything becomes too heavy ... they scream in intense pains it
tears them apart everything becomes too heavy and the
nothing is smiling at them but even that is too heavy for them
..... they aren't heading for anything anymore but a magnet
beyond the nothing is pulling them there isn't any resistance left
.....

the bloodhounds are in a strange cocoon stranger than an arabian
womb it's like a bear is growing in them, cutting everything
away in a speed beyond the speed of existence

"beware of the speeddemon", the white rabbit sais

a light smile is appearing on the faces of the bloodhounds they
recognize this voice but they can't remember who or what

*a light smile is appearing in their hearts ... like a flame so light and
thin while they are feeling like a bear inside bloodhounds
with a bear-heart*

*they have a new heart ... an anti-magnetic heart free of gravity
and heaviness free of everything and even nothing but still a
strange magnet is drawing them they float through a strange and
ominous night growing so tall*

*they are realizing they are an insect now webs in their hearts
.... fragile and anti-magnetic free in a light and thin atmosphere
of tall cocoons they are in the stomach of an arabian sea
they are bloodhoundian insects now with an insectian bear-heart
inside*

*tight cyborg-programs are rising up from their stomachs now
programmed cybernetic matrixes*

"beware of the speeddemon", the white rabbit sais

they don't respond they are far away ...

their reflexes have been died out

broken away

their senses

their desires

all gone

the black sea is white now

the white rabbit speaks

something which looks like a light smile is appearing on their faces

they are now stored in boxes on the back of the white fly

powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night

....

but they don't hear them ... they are too soft

it's like a distance whisper

they have strange sensations in their mouth ...

but they don't realize it

they are too far away

the white fly is taking them from universe to universe

arabian universes

*there where the clocks are ticking like there will never be daylight
again ...*

but they don't realize it ... they are too far away

the white fly ... with his face like an insectian horse

spreading strange lamentations throughout the universes

lullabies of medical poison

he's a nerve-engineer

he's a brain-docter

these insectian worlds ... sting deep

he's a nerve-docter

you never know when you're really awake ...

you'll never know ...

when he is around

the bloodhounds don't want to ride anything anymore ...

neither do they want to be ridden ...

for they don't have a will anymore ...

there's an anti-magnet there ...

but something is riding them

a strange magnet is playing them

slowly they float ... on the back of the white fly

like eight cigars in a box

they look into the faces of many flies,

but they don't realize it

they are far away

they are under an insectian curse ...

*all images which try to make an attempt to penetrate the corners
of their minds are breaking off into powders white powders
all images are becoming a bunch of sea-ripples and then they explode,
covering the universes like snow white powders still
dangerous medicines from a dangerous docter*

there are strange sensations in their mouths

but they don't realize it they are too far away

their senses got the injection ..one..by ..one ...

no sensory ripples on the screens anymore ... all powders ...

all tragicdic lullabies

from the white fly

their screens are all empty ... deleted by a flash

their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen

like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike

and then they will be blind forever

blind children are born in arabian wombs

in the wombs of bears, snakes and wasps

the white fly is on it's flight

the white fly is swimming through the air

to strike the tall virgo lady

on top of the tower

and then she falls asleep

when she falls asleep the whole universe is falling into white powders

...

all in a flash

it's like they will sleep forever these bloodhounds ... now insects

becoming a white rose on someone's grave the universe

they sleep like a white rose

while a tiny little dream is falling down like a silver star ...

deep so deep inside their hearts ...

it's a drip of consciousness ... so far away in the distance ...

they try to catch it but they fall deeper away ...

*and it's like taking a hundred years to rise up again to do another
attempt to catch the drip of wet consciousness ... but they fail
again, falling even deeper ... now it's like it will take a thousand
years to get another chance*

*but they don't realize it they are too far away on the back of
the white fly*

it's snowing in the universe ... the arabian universe

but they don't realize it

*it's like they have been coiling out of time, speech, logics and space
....*

out of consciousness and conscience

out of sense and science

it's like coma has struck

"beware of the speeddemon !" the white rabbit roars ...

All of a sudden they all wake up

Where are they, and what's going on

The white rabbit is smiling at them

Showing them the ripples of a new world

Chapter 3• The White Room

"touch my head !" he screams

the bloudhounds now insects touch him

they feel ... ripples

"Now touch yourself !" he screams ...

they do also ripples

and the ripples are moving fast

there are different pictures appearing on their bodies

like the rainbow is rolling over them

"Now beware of the speed-demon !" the rabbit yells

And then he disappears, leaving them in a white room of ripples

Very slowly a door is appearing in one of the rippling walls ...

*They want to enter through it, but one of them is screaming : "no !
Remember what the white rabbit told ... it can be a trap !"*

*Shivering they step away from the rippling hole ... feeling the
opposite wall against their back ... it gives them a tingling sensation
... rippling through their bodies while the hole is slowly fading
away they come at peace and it's like they discovered a new
secret they would just go to the opposite wall when something
happens*

*Suddenly one of them starts to scream : "No ! I want to get out of
this strange machine ! get me out of here ... !" A hole is appearing
in the floor and he jumps through, while the others throw
themselves shivering against the walls They see him coiling away
getting smaller and smaller ... and then he explodes like white powder
.... They start to cry he was a friend of them for such a long
time Now they are only with seven They are desperate ...
The need to jump out becomes stronger and stronger, but they don't
want to end like the one that jumped out*

*Strange experiences start to ripple through the room it's like all
their inner organs are exploding all of a sudden everything*

becomes transparent and they see themselves surrounded by
strange insects doing a strange dance they also see a doctor
with a big injection-needle

all sorts of fears ripple over them is this all a big experiment ?

They remember the words of the white rabbit rippling and
echoing through their minds "beware of the speeddemon
beware of the speeddemon"

They decide to stay calm and just close their eyes to find
strength

then they fall asleep everything ripples like fast waves
they are all seven dreaming about thunder outside thunder and
rain suddenly a rippling fly is standing before them speaking
in a rippling echoing language it's Gaia another white fly
it's like they have been hit by a rippling trauma but it gives
them peace in a sense she speaks in a language they don't
understand and then she disappears

They are finding themselves on the back of a white fly again and
they feel so many injections in their nerves and brains it's like
getting an overdose and they fall in a heavier sleep becoming
so heavy that it's like they cannot move their heads anymore
rippling images are flowing over them, but they can't enter it's
like they are hard like stone they see a doctor's hand it's all
an experiment while the images are moving the images change
.....

a voice is speaking : these are languages of the fly these are
languages of sleep

then another voice is speaking : these are dances of the lullaby

all women's voices rippling and echoing

*then a loud man's voice is saying : "you are being prepared to become
lullaby-dancers but first we are testing and initiating you"*

*and another man's voice is speaking : "your voices will become like the
wet thunder"*

*a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where
millions and millions of helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces
of the seas*

*a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling
existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion
....*

*hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the
atmosphere all by strange delights*

"you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking

*suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white
powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking
their needles were sharper than the bloodhounds, now insects, ever
experienced this would be a battle on life or death but they
couldn't do anything they didn't have weapons ... they found
themselves too heavy to move and it was like the hard shells and
cores were melting it was like their whole bodies were in flames
..... this was the curse of fire of hotness they screamed
from pain like they never experienced before ... so deep ... it tore
them apart but all their feelings were rippling between ache and
delight it was such a strange experience that they were crying
like little babies it gave them a very strange look in their eyes
..... that they couldn't really say if it was a laugh or a cry if it*

was pleasure or pain they were watching it all, having a
difficult breath ... from deep within ...

suddenly they were looking deep in the eyes of a sarcastic kite or
was she worried they couldn't tell she had such a strange
look in her eyes it was Pele, a white kite then she flew
away and it seemed like all the spiders had disappeared too
but suddenly they discovered that they were just deeper inside
so close that they couldn't see it but only feel the shock
struck them like terror but they also discovered that Pele had
just come deeper inside of them ... which gave them a certain peace
.... They now realized that coming and going is such a big tricky
illusion It was all rippling deep inside their hearts They were
surrounded by strong white powders ... medicines from a strange
docter

Safe or not safe It appears all to be a big illusion, when you dare
to watch behind the curtain, to see what is all working at you
It leaves before your eyes, but enters behind your eyes ...

The lullaby-dancers are dancing you don't know where they come
from and where they are going to ... but you only think you know
... you are even very sure about it the curse of the lullaby-
dancer it's like white powders are exploding

They are the tailors of your dreams they are the tailors of your
conscience you never know where you really are ... while you
think you know you are even very sure about it the curse of
the lullaby-dancer it's like white powders are exploding

They are the tailors of your eyes and senses It's all a sensory lie
.... They are the illusionists of the universe ... They build their webs
of deceit layer by layer ... It seems they all disappear ... but they

*just descend into you ... deeper and deeper all behind your eyes
....*

"Anthony ! Anthony ! please pay attention, boy"

*The teacher is ticking on Anthony's table ... "Where are you with
your thoughts," the teacher asks ...*

*"I had such a strange dream, Mr. Hotsington ... I" sais Anthony
...*

*But the teacher is whipping his ear telling him to pay attention,
or he will be punished ...*

*After the lesson Anthony walks to his friends ...telling them about
the strange story about the bloodhounds and the white rabbit
they smile a bit they don't believe him ...*

*when anthony comes home he starts to tell his mother and father
.... his sister is grinning*

*"don't dream too much, son ... i always tell you" sighs his
mother*

*when Mr. Hotsington comes home, he feels strange ... it's like that
boy knows too much he sighs he goes to his laboratory ...
drinking his cup of coffee ... he has an experiment there called "the
white rabbit" Mr. Hotsington has the habbit to steal a shoe of
one of his students every year while they are doing gymnastics he
collects them for his experiment he already has 26 shoes, for he
already works for 26 years at that school. he tied all the shoes
together by their laces and fills them with all sorts of white
medicines ...*

Mr. Hotsington is member of a big secret conspiracy a circle of different professionals ... there are doctors, lawyers, teachers and more sorts of occupations connected in this circle they all have their own missions, but once in awhile they come together to do their united rituals the white rabbit experiment is a very large experiment infiltrated even in governments and the army. they launched a criminal called "the white rabbit", a notorious kidnapper and serial-killer. he is sent out to kidnap and murder the children and people who can form a major threat against the secret organisation. They will use the bones of these people to split them into powders and then to let the wind blow them away ... so that the atmosphere can be charged ... They also want to use these powders to create secret medicines for their rituals. They want to possess the minds of society to plant a new world order. It is said that when these powders are being spread in the connected shoes of children, the spirit of the white rabbit will possess the minds of the people one by one, to prepare them for the plans. The powders of these important bones need to be mixed with the strongest drugs from the most effective plants and animal-substances ... for example they breed bloodhounds for some substances to throw through the mix it all happens in ritual sacrifice done by the most powerfull witchdoctors they have in their network.

Anthony is high on their lists to kidnap, for the little boy is too intelligent in their eyes. The white rabbit is already in high preparation for that action But an old magician with the same name also knows about these actions ... and he tries to reach Anthony in his dreams since awhile ... but he knows that he has to take some natural actions now Anthony is alone at home, for his parents are on a little holiday this weekend It's night and the criminal is already on his way to the farm where Anthony lives ... The criminal has two men with him ... two witchdoctors ... in

black clothes Anthony cannot sleep he still thinks about that strange dream and he's thirsty ... so he walks downstairs to the refrigerator to get himself something to drink suddenly he feels a hand on his mouth it's the magician he says : "quick put your jacket on, we need to go !" Anthony screams : "who are you ? Go away !" So the magician tells the whole story ... Anthony believes him, for he knows exactly about his dreams But when they open the door to walk to the car of the magician, the criminals are already there

A fight follows and the magician gets knocked out ... Anthony is screaming Then they take him to a black car and from a distance they shoot a bullet through the head of the magician "It's too late boy, your buddy has gone" Anthony screams as loud as he can but they have blocked his mouth by a black towel He gets also a towel over his eyes

It was a long trip ... He wakes up, finding himself tied to a bed he cannot move and he feels so strange in his head ... like they have injected him with something hours go by without anything happening ... then he falls asleep he's very thirsty ... then he gets a dream about a white rabbit it has two faces one face is the face of the magician and the other face is the face of the criminal it's a very shocking dream and then he awakes in a shock ... the towels around his head are gone ... he can speak and see there are four men standing around him he feels very uncomfortable they ask him questions but he can't pick them up he feels so weak and everything is spinning around his head ... then someone knocks with an iron stick on his head, and he loses consciousness ... again he has a dream that he's playing with a ball near the river with his mother suddenly he slips out and sinks in the river his mother is screaming and tries to take

his hand but the strong stream is taking him away very quick
..... his mother is diving in the river too but she fails to find
him he all sees this while sliding away further and further he
sees his own funeral in a flash until a boat is picking him up
finding himself in a room while a friendly lady is smiling at him
.... he smiles back and walks towards her but suddenly the face
of the woman changes into a mean cynical face in flames laughing
at him very loud he's smashed against the wall by this sight
he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ...
mothers ... fathers then the lady is grasping at him from behind
and tries to strangle him with panties ... then he wakes up in a
shock again ... the room is empty now by the charge of this
dream and by the shaking he's almost untied already ... and he
wrestles himself out of the knots the door is locked but he can
open the window ... it's on an attic somewhere and he steps on a
narrow roof he makes a long trip over a narrow roof and finally
he reaches an open window from another house when he enters
an old lady is screaming "What are you doing here ?" she yells
.... Anthony tells the story ... while crying ... the emotions got too
much for him Suddenly the lady was very friendly "Do you
want a cup of tea ?" she asks

They talk for a long time, and she asks him to stay for awhile ...
her husband will be at home soon then they would discuss what
to do further

Finally when it was already becoming dark outside the husband of the
old lady comes home he has almost the same face of the magician
... when they tell him the story together, he says : "we need to go
to the police" but when the boy and the man sat in the car ...
someone was sitting in already, taking the boy by the throat it
seems the husband of the old lady was also a member of the

conspiracy, while his wife didn't know anything about it but at that night the woman got a dream about her husband and it was so real and detailed that there wasn't another way she simply saw where they brought the boy and when her husband got home ... she waited till he went to sleep ... and then she took silently her jacket to go outside she was shocked but she knew it was true she took the car and drove to a place near to the river she knew that old wooden house but she first need to have some prove for the police she crept to a window of the house and saw the boy and two men they were asking him questions and the boy was crying now she knew enough and called the police who were there some minutes later she told the whole story and she knew she couldn't go back to her husband anymore the police arrested him too while the boy and the old lady were taken away to a secret hidden place to restore from this trauma one of the policemen visited them daily ... and was very concerned about them

years later the old woman died Anthony was now grown-up and he still lived there in that secret hidden place, still having good contact with that policeman he talked a lot about the old woman ... who had a very deep place in his heart she was a sort of hero to him ... for it was her who saved his life

Chapter 4. Tragedy of Truth

One day the policeman took seven men with him to Anthony's place ... They wanted to talk to him ... they were magicians ... Anthony was very surprised ... They had the faces of the seven bloodhounds

from his dream They were seven prophets knowing a lot about conspiracies and the things to come They had a lot to tell to Anthony and he was all ears for them ... They told him about the things going on on his old school about the high conspiracies wanting to put him down and also about his family being in great danger They talked for a long time, and at the end of the conversation the eldest member of the group told him he would dream another dream about the bloodhounds again this night ...

When Anthony went to bed ... he fell asleep very quickly he was so tired

And the dream started to come over him when he was in a very deep sleep he saw the white fly flying, turning everything in white powders it started to snow there was so much snow and deep in the snow ... he started to see the seven bloodhounds walking they were very insectian more than ever they were beautiful

they were walking so slowly so dignified and the ripples were sliding over them and through them ... it was beautiful to see this Anthony was enjoying the sight ... like he was being connected to thousands of wild animals he didn't know ...

They were walking towards something ... in a princely slowmotion he saw a butchery in the distance ... with white flies and spiders flying and creeping there he almost vomitted about this sight it was such a dirty terrible picture ... and it was moving ... and grubs were coming forth from it ... it was such a wild chaos Then he heard that woman of the ghostship laughing again ... and she talked in a sort of chinese language suddenly he saw her face and at the same time it was turning into a skeleton ... but he felt calm and peaceful, like being surrounded by the bloodhounds

..... he saw them sinking in a mill but this mill didn't hurt them
.... when they came out they were turned into waspian bloodhounds
.... they had very sharp and expressive eyes they started to eat
the woman from inside out

Now he saw the woman like she was older than everything, and it
was like lightening struck his face ... but he became calmer and
calmer ... he realized that the woman was losing her powers she
turned into an old wasp and was flying to the butchery
suddenly the picture was in flames and he heard screams harder than
ever like his ears were exploding and blood was coming out of
them but he knew his real body was inside he felt like
his skin was torn off like he was also going through a cocoon just
like the bloodhounds he felt so many strange powers in his eyes,
like he could burn everything by his focus

He felt himself like a lethal wasp ...he felt himself like being ...one
with the bloodhound

"you are the seventh one", a voice spoke

but .. but ... he asked ... there are already seven ones, then why
am i not the eighth ?

"don't you know ?" the voice said, "because one is a traitor."

Anthony was shocked like struck by a falling tree "who is he
?" he stumbled

"the one who was the closest to your heart ... the one who was
always like a father to you" the voice spoke again it was like
he was being electrified ... and tears were coming from his eyes
he always felt so close to the eldest bloodhound, and he felt the
same for the eldest member of the magicians group "but ..but

..." he asked "...he was the one who told me so many amazing things about myself, and he knew so much about me he even predicted i would have this dream ... how is that possible ?"

"don't you understand ?" the voice spoke again ... "he speaks much truth, but he is doing that to infiltrate in your and their hearts he can control much by that strategy ... and he can create a lot of troubles in this position ... he is sent out by the enemy ... the conspiracy is larger and deeper than you think they even infiltrated in your nearest family many of your earlier friends has set the stage for your present troubles the needles are deep ..."

"but how can i do something about this ?" he asked further

but there he loses connection to the voice it feels like he's filling the empty hole in the row now like a new and big mission start it's like a lot of energies come together now for a larger truth and a better stronger power it's like he's rolling on waves now towards an object which will be the key for final breakthroughs

all the bloodhounds suddenly feel such a deep contact between each other and they embrace each other ... crying many tears it's like a curse has been broken it's like a block has been pushed out to open the powers of a mighty circle it's like a deeper finer nerve-system deep in their hearts and bones has been broken open and they are shivering in a new sensation

Suddenly there are two heavy shots in the air ... and two of the seven bloodhounds are falling on the ground their mouths are becoming so mean all of a sudden

Anthony is deeply shocked and they all jump away from the two bloodhounds they really look like devils now it's like everything

in Anthony is shrieking and burning There were two more traitors in the group And it was about time they would be revealed It was a big exposure, but Anthony and the other men became very very afraid for who else would be a traitor They were now with five ... but they couldn't trust each other It was a terrible experience ... but in a sense they felt it like a releasement They were staring at each other doing research ... looking for any traces It was like the biggest hunt they ever did And so many questions were rising to their minds why didn't they get this information earlier ... Weren't they ready for it earlier ... Wouldn't they be in the position to handle it when they would hear this lifeshocking news earlier ? They were desperately scared of new revelations but it made their senses very sharp And they started to realize that the traitors were just being used for the plans ... although they blocked and destroyed a lot

It felt like they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them trying to suck them inside ... what could they expect further ? the feeling between deep love and deep fear was making them very tired and it was like they felt a fever inside they didn't dare to touch each other anymore becoming very shy and alert they talked but they didn't come any further they couldn't take anything serious and what if it would all be a big trap ?

How could they trust each other It was like a fire was burning away many old emotions and relationships ... many trusts and thoughtpatterns It was like they had been thrown in another mill or cocoon It was paralyzing their souls by a new fear But they could reach so deep inside now ... it was like they could feel their own heartbeat again A long time of silence followed

Anthony was making connection to himself like never before It was like so many frustrations and blocks were melting away Like stings were being pulled out ... And he could feel how a new shield was being woven around him he could let his friends slide away out of his mind ... for who knows ... maybe they were his enemies he could finally sleep deeper and deeper like never before reaching deeper, safer, cleaner dreams it was like he was bathing in a sea of white powders ... so white that it hurted his eyes so fine that he could feel his whole being in every detail and he could breath out the speed the speeddemon to enter a deeper slowmotion although it was a traumatic one a very tragic one it shocked him into an unlimited sleep

he felt so alone now ... but it didn't hurt him it was like he was floating deep in the seas of healing touching all the silent beauty, touching all the fragile layers it was like he was turning into a white fly like he was in a strange sort of cocoon too mysterious to describe and understand it was like his memory didn't exist anymore for it was just a sick interpretation from a fractured mind asplit mind while something was sitting inbetween holding so many things away ... far away but now he enters it ... finally feeling all the connections between the pieces like the puzzle is a painting now and healing is flowing

he doesn't want to go back ... he just wants to go deeper and deeper it's like he is dying ... but he feels like coming alive finally he was just turned backwards

he is a white fly now a white flyian bloodhound in pure serenity and it's like this is all he need serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean of tragedy which woke him up which raised him from the death ... he was never born he was dying

..... it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his
grave

this traumatic ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... like
his eyes aren't narrow anymore ... there he sees a woman walking in
a white traumatic dress ... rippling in slow motion her face is
so white and pure her mouth is so small and serene it
awakens more and more tragedy into him ... like little blossom
surrounding his heart ... like a fairytale tragic yes ... for
he feels her voice speaking to him about the things he doesn't know
yet things which will be very hard for him to hear but which
will finally set him free he loves the tragedy of truth It is
Gaia ... The traumatic beauty showing him all he needs to know
..... but it's so deep inside that he can't hear it ... her wind blows
in unknown languages but he knows ..one day he'll understand

She is sinking into the sea to become an enormous sea-creature
he's shivering he loves and fears so deep at the same time
and he feels the fever inside to become health for the first time
in his life

he breaths in the white rippling powders ... it's like the strike of
sleep and medicine ... so strange and deep

there's a soft thunder in the air a white thunder the
heavens are tearing up and all sorts of strange white creatures
are descending into the ocean

there were fights in the oceans and he found himself eating the
meat of white flies ... it was straightening his spine, sharpening his
sights everything was becoming so bright now

"you have to eat the meat," a voice was speaking

he was eating the meat of white spiders and a thousand other sorts of white insects it was like he was in flames and while he was drinking from the sea he got visions of lightening so bright through which he entered a blinding silver world the silver took over his body and it was like all his hairs were rising in strange charge ... a silver fly was flying before him it was like a magnet he felt floating towards the enormous fly, and the sight became bigger and bigger it was like losing so many skins it was a pure insectian rebirth a releasement ... and he felt everything in his body was powerfully charged ... especially his mouth he got sucked inside the enormous fly rolling through silver pathways and tunnels ... so fast like he had never experienced before this was real speed

it was like his teeth were set in fire ... but it was a cold fire and the speed was getting more and more pumped up all his sights fade away and became vague all his screens began to ripple again and he could put his hand through them ... touching a deeper picture all these pictures were just covered by a layer of light water and while the speed was reaching for unlimited grades ... also the underlaying pictures became liquid and transparent, showing deeper pictures he was sinking into a new reality ... a new space ... and it was like he was falling into a bottomless pit

suddenly he was sitting in a chair while a green fly was staring at him he had something around him like a black jacket but there were holes in them it was like a web he had waspian eyes very sharp and tall eyes, very expressive like his eyes were telling a hundred of stories

it was like a million of things were exploding in his body and stomach ... and green fluids were starting to flow green hormonal fluids his body was very transparent

the green fly said : "you need to eat much meat"

and he realized that he could eat so fast he also realized that the fastest eaters would win the war ... and that that winning speed would only be reached by the deepest holes of liquid slowmotion like he experienced it was like his mouth, stomach and further his whole body had so many little mills inside now, in so many different forms and shapes, spinning so fast, in so many ways, that he could eat this fast, like he could swallow many oceans in a flash he realized that creativity and variation were other keys to this speed it was a wonderful experience

The wolviaan gnats were the most fascinating beings he ever saw The mock was dripping from their faces They had such expressive dignified bodies They were the princes of satire ... They were the pronouncers of apocalypse leading the orchestra's of bitter tragedy ...

The vision struck like lightening ... it was all flashing between the gnats and the bloodhounds ... his friends ... but ... were they really his friends ? one thing he was sure of for now : they were part of the adventure for now and he needed them ... as if higher things were speaking through them

When he woke up, the black dog of the policeman was staring at him he always loved this wolfdog ... He told the whole dream to the policeman ... He believed him instantly His advice was to stay away from the magicians for awhile to see how things would turn out

The years after this dream were years of silence The friendship between him and the policeman grew everyday he tried to forget about the dream and all which happened It was like everything

wasn't important anymore He just tried to live with the things he loved ... that which was remained he still had his doubts about everything Was it all true ? He tried to pick up the things which were most important for him Nature ... The forests It was still attracting him after all these years He studied biology and technology This was an amazing challenge for him he loved his study ... both sides And he loved to integrate these two For him it was like these two directions were married very happily

He wanted to bring something on the market as a product of these two interests together ... He was thinking about a new line of technology responding to the fine electricities of trees. He had a lab in the place he lived, where he had invented such a scanner, which could catch the vibrations of trees, producing signals on their special frequency-zone It took him years to find and rate the different wave-index's of different trees, and the patterns of communication together with the interaction between these different layers ... he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. The policeman was very enthousiast about the box ... and he encouraged him to keep working on it.

Chapter 5. Moving Mosaic

Years later he had invented already a lot of instruments totally working by stored tree-energy. He had invented a tree-energy-based computer, with internet and virtual reality. It became a revolution on earth, and smashed the pollution down like never before. Many factories started to switch over to this new form of electricity-use.

Anthony became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees Once in awhile the policeman went with him together with the dog They loved to be in nature Anthony felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration

The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. It also became a medical revolution ... One started to implant tree-based microchips and organs into the bodies of humans. Everything seemed to come into the direction of a tree-based cybernetic society. The tree-based cyborg was born.

Anthony was already working on a new project in cooperation with some astronomers. Anthony was developing a conductor for planetary electricities. He wanted to have planetary computers and cyborgs here on earth, for more possibilities and for a deeper removal of the different sorts of pollution ... The program succeeded and soon enough he came in contact with other earths deep in the universe He had developed a sort of decoder to translate incoming waves into sensory information ... different sensebases were adapted to this system And soon enough he was able to set tree-energies into voice-wave. he heard different patterns, although he didn't know this language. It would be a long journey to find out what the exact language of trees was. He found a way to set voice into vision, and it was like he could look right into the brains of trees. It looked like mosaic. It was like moving powders, very symmetric, but sometimes very chaotic. He could stare at it for hours, trying to understand what it meant. It was beautiful, it was like the screens were dancing. The policeman was amazed. He had

taken his son with him, who suffered from terrible headaches since a long time. When the boy was watching the moving mosaic he started to scream : "Dad, my headaches are moving away !"

Anthony had found a new medicine Doctors were amazed about the program. Many people got healed from all sorts of chronic diseases while watching the moving mosaics. It became a new medical revolution People started to write books about the tree-mosaics, explaining what it meant ... but it was of course all very speculative No one exactly knew the meaning of this language ... But they knew one thing : It worked !

Soon enough many scientists started to work in the project. A major change was coming into all layers of society : religion, education, politics, science, and many more. Wave after wave of revolution entered earth ... It was a breakthrough in total evolution.

Scientists were developing a system to set the moving mosaics into smell. By this system one could bring the healthy flavors of trees everywhere. Also the higher forms of smell which couldn't be traced by human noses could be translated into the present frame of nose-sensitivity, but scientists wanted to recreate the nose by their genetic experiments. The frequency-borders of human organs and cells needed to be stretched out The effect of this new science was that human beings became taller and more sensitive ... so that everything would be refined deeper digested Humans became thinner

It was like the elves were returning to earth Anthony still had the face of a young boy, while he was already 46 ... he was worshipped in society ... but he led a silent life He was still ... a forestman ... It was like he was growing younger everyday He was very sceptical at the books about the language of trees ... he

still didn't know what their message was ... he was still searching
for an answer

He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities.
And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual
information. It was a strange mosaic, it was wilder than what he got
from the trees, and it was like little sharp lines mixed through each
other It was a wild dance he saw And he had the feeling
someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore
these feelings He wanted to be in peace ... he wanted rest ...
staying pure scientific but the screens became wilder and
wilder Finally he put it off for it was like the screens were
almost exploding ... the instruments were already overheated

He spoke about it to the policeman who advised him to stay away
from it to give it in the hands of young enthousiast scientists
not afraid of some adventures Anthony smiled He was so
glad about his adviceman who was his friend for so many years
He decided to take an extra holiday To go to the mountains for
some deep rest He felt satisfied ... but he really needed to take
some rest now ... and really enjoy nature instead of thinking too
much It was like his brains were overheated too He would go
together with the policeman and his son and also a friend of that
son. He really wanted to relax for awhile ... Only talking about
stupid things making jokes, and drinking some good wine The
friend of the policeman's son was a real clown, so he could use that
...

Years later Anthony got into a very silent marriage ... having a very
silent woman He was now 51, and his wife was 53 She was
his rest and peace She was everything to him She tried to
take him away from his heavy job They made a lot of trips
together They had some good friends but not too much

*They lived in a very large house, far from society ... A house .. near
to the forests*

*One evening Anthony was very tired and wanted to go bed earlier ...
His wife would stay up ... to do the laundry and some other jobs in
the house*

*He didn't know that she was a member of The White Rabbit-
Conspiracy They still had the mission to destroy him But
this lady had really the intention to torture him in the cruelest
sense She wanted to burn him While he slept she was
putting wristlets and shackles to chain him to the bed After
that she put on the light having a lucifer in her hand lighting a
candle ... Anthony woke up and got the shock of his life ... He
screamed : Why are you doing this to me All memories of his
past flashed through his mind*

*She said : "Listen, you stupid fox" And then the policeman
entered in with his black dog .. He was so glad ... but he started
to smile at him*

*It was like a nightmare Even his friend the policeman seemed to
be his enemy ... it was just a spy ... just an infiltrator a
member of the White Rabbit Cult The policeman took the candle
and put it below the curtains which started to come into flames
.... Soon enough the room was getting in fire and they were
gone Anthony was shaking and wrestling on his bed ... like he
was in fight with a snake but he couldn't get rid of the ties
while the flames were heading for his bed now He screamed like
he never screamed before His body became hot his feet were
already in flames it was like he was exploding inside ... like all his
organs were getting smashed "No !" he shrieked*

He woke up in a hospital "Where am I ?" he asked A policeman was staring at him with a tight face ... "You were almost burnt," he said

Anthony was broken He almost couldn't speak "It's ok," the policeman said ... "I will leave you alone now..."

The years after this terrible day, Anthony didn't want to see anyone ... He just wanted to be alone, recovering from his wounds, and this trauma ... he didn't want to know anything of his past anymore and neither about his study The newspapers were full of it

He didn't trust anyone anymore he feared everything He had many problems in his speaking ... He was a broken man A victim of a strange war ... he didn't want to be in nature again He feared the forest ... For there all his memories were wandering ...

He lived in a house near the sea ... The only place he could find a little peace The trauma had made him numb The fear was his protection He was never able to tell about the crime of his wife and his old friend, the policeman. But he knew ... so many around him were part of the conspiracy ...

One day he got a letter from someone from the Young Scientist Association ... They wanted to talk to him, for they said that they had worked out his Insection-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insection mosaic code into human languages.

He was very sceptical about it and didn't respond. A few years later he got another letter, that they got messages from the translated mosaic-codes about him. They wanted to speak to him about it. But he thought it could be all part of the conspiracy, so he didn't respond. A few months later he got another letter. This time it

contained the messages from the codes. He was like in a shock, for it contained some details he never spoke about. The insectian codes also told that they tried to reach him before he met that woman who became his wife. They wanted to warn him. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated The letter contained details from his earlier dreams, explaining that these dreams were insectian dreams And he remembered that he was already warned by these dreams, that there were spies, and that there could be spies He felt like he failed But now he was right on track

It was like his body was in fire, but this time it was like everything was regenerating He made an appointment to speak the boys ... They showed him the equipment and how it worked ... Now he heard and saw it with his own eyes It worked and it was true

New revolutions came on earth since the codes were cracked It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... Like it was in his dreams But he knew this was only one step in the good direction People from conspiracies couldn't handle this new technology The frequenties were burning them inside The hospitals were full Organisations started to melt away for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust

People were set in fire it was burning their organs away Anthony remembered the dream about the woman with her head in fire It became a reality now There was arising a war on earth People who started to burn tried to destroy as much as they could The population started to split It was like apocalypse on earth There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning ... It was like hell on earth And the fire started to rage more and more There were skeletons on the streets Babies were

screaming Playgrounds were burning away schools churches Justice-courtsshops And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere There were shelters built for the survivors, and some hospitals could stand tall in this storm The conspiracy was falling It was like the face of identification was showing itself ... all the masks were falling off It was the tragedy of truth ... coming to set them free People couldn't stop this fire It was eating it's way to the core

The war was without mercy Young scientists became leaders of the survivals Deep underground shelters were built and used While the new insectian computers and observatoriums were built further The tragedy of truth was now leading them Almost all other governments were falling ... Many famous leaders were totally burnt to the ground ... many famous popsingers and sportheroes They all appeared to be members of the Big Conspiracy

New education-systems were rising, insect-based There were screens on which you could see the mosaic appearing on one side, while on the other side the translation appeared in many human languages giving very detailed information it set people on fire it healed or destroyed and everyone needed to be tested ... babies, young people, old people ... they all went through the scan the population was getting cleared ... It was a mass-identification The electricity was very wild and it started to be the mainforce of many instruments ... The world was getting ready for insectian cybernetica, and a new cyborg-structure Many famous old scientists were shot away A total new scientific government started to form itself on earth with many young leaders It was like the insects were born on earth Humanity became taller and thinner men started to let their hair and beards grow

It was like Jesus was returning to earth Native Americans and other minorities got their honour back.

But Anthony was very sceptical he knew that this was only one step in identification This was only the first wave ... and he warned the people for it He said there were still many conspiracies ... for insectian energy could also be infiltrated He advised humanity to stay calm, to prepare for new unmaskings ... for higher technologies Humanity trusted this old man for that he was now 65 and worshipped like never before He was the hero of the youth ... and the saviour of the old ... But he still didn't like all the attention He wanted to live in silence he saw the dangers hanging over the earth he was now an old adviser of the different governments ... a prophet whom they feared

Chapter 6. The Dream

One night Anthony got a dream again. He and the other four bloodhounds walked to a white castle in the distance ... It looked like a palace ... When they were in they saw an old woman who was like waiting for them She was clothed in white ... but they didn't see this woman before ... She held a die before their eyes, and said that their whole world was living in this die

When Anthony woke up, he didn't know what to do with this dream, but it was spinning in his head ... What would this woman mean by this and who was she ... It was really like he start to feel himself living in a cube ... and there had to be a way out In a strange way he started to get hope again ... like the way out was forming itself before his eyes ... It was like earth was traveling to the exit ...

Since that dream the air became stranger and stranger, and Anthony found out that there were block-energies coming into existence ... the energies started to split more and more to form blocks all over the world ... it was like the insectians were building a total new world ... Because the energies concentrated themselves on certain places all people could see it It was like a new sort of radiation in the atmosphere People were put into divisions by these blocks, and it was like a strange hand took the world over ...

Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. One was even thinking that these new blockenergies had all to do with the wasp-frequencies ... and soon they got these frequencies on the screen ... It seemed that the wasps communicated by holograms, mostly by cubes, looking like dice in many cases. One could trace the different forms of this unique communication. And it seemed the more they developed this wasp-base in technology, the more hidden secrets were being revealed ... There were more exposures of conspiracies, but this time it seemed that these remained enemies were too strong. It would be the beginning of the blockwars. Everywhere in families and organisations there were splits, and the blocks were in war with each other On both sides there was much protection The blocks were very strong But sometimes there were enormous explosions and large changings in the orders of blocks ... On both sides they had developed waspian armour, based on the waspian energy they could store by several new invented tools. It was a war of waspian cyborgs, and on both sides they were developing the technologies.

By the releasement of this new electricity in so many ways, the earth-temperature was becoming hotter and hotter, and science

found out that wasps directly tap from the suns in different cosmosses. The earth was about to change into a new sun ... and science was in a race against the clock to prepare humanity for that. It was like the sun was touching the earth, but it was not the same energy ... it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed the block-war was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. The solar energy came to divide even more ... People from the same blocks started to get separated It was like this new electricity wanted to make people isolated and independent The blocks started to melt themselves into balls more and more While people weren't able to look outside their own ball anymore ... Earth was now filled by golden balls ... losing all the contact between each other While the earth was turning into a wild sun more and more Seas of fire were roaring on earth ... But one didn't realize that anymore for they were stuck in their own balls golden balls like a strong concentrated energy

Anthony was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... like he finally met the love of his life For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and governments were slowly strengling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ...

He felt free in his ball ... It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... Life would have a fitting cocoon for them and he even didn't know who they were ... He just wanted to be blanco for now ...

The temperature in his ball was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden ball .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him He ran to the other side of the ball to see the images disappear

"Well done," he heard a voice saying ...

Hours and hours went on, while images were appearing trying to take him away and he knew all the other people of earth would go through the same soon he was very tired of it and he fell asleep
....

When he woke up, he saw the ball was transparent, and all sorts of insects were creeping over it He saw the images coming from them ... from their mouth, their eyes, claws or other parts In the distance he saw a doctor with some injection-needles

Suddenly the doctor walks to the ball, opens it and takes him out It feels so strange for the doctor is like a giant to him The doctor has a very high voice, but explains to him that he's still in his golden ball, that this is just a trick of holograms the doctor asks him to shake himself very quickly And when Anthony started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden ball

She's dreaming all the rooms inside ...

She's dreaming all her dreams so loud ...

She never takes it away ...

she never takes the sting out of it ...

She's dreaming all the rooms inside ...

She's dreaming all these noises so loud ...

she never takes it back ...

what she planted in his mouth ...

what she planted in his mouth ...

She's dreaming all the rooms inside ...

She's dreaming all these dreams so loud ...

and no one can follow her ...

and no one can touch her skin ...

she's on the back of a white rabbit ...

she and her golden skin ...

a golden fly ...

*He started to feel so weird inside ... Like his mouth was in fire ...
hearing this strange song ... His ball was surrounded by golden
pharao's pouring golden tea inside the ball ... it was like he was
drowning in it, and he was drinking it ... setting his mouth and
teeth on fire ... while his whole body was boiling ...*

*Suddenly he didn't believe in this golden ball anymore ... He wanted
out of it ... for it was like he was in hell ... And he knew all what
looked like to be out of the ball was also in the ball on the screens
...*

A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned"

*Anthony thought by himself : "Well did I do something wrong, that I
am in this cursed ball now ?"*

The voice then said : "No, but you were prepared for this, right ?"

"You knew you would have to see more tragedies of truth"

*"The point is you were drinking this tea since birth, but you now
start to realize it ..."*

*And then the voice was melting away ... It was like he was getting
stung by a thousand of gnats ... he realized it was always there, but
now he started to realize it ... It was like for the first time in his
life, he really connected to his body ... He could feel his body ...*

*He saw an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that
it blinded everything else ... it changed the vibrational structures of
the surroundings and the vague shapes ... the emotional
responses it brought ... all indexes of experience changed ... and it
was like he could only stare at this enormous being of paralyzing light
... It was like it was absorbing him totally*

She never takes her dreams again ...

She lets it sink into you ...

She never let her household break it again ...

It's there for you ... in eternity ...

She's riding the white rabbit ...

She's riding with the golden skin ...

She's sitting in the golden fly

She's sitting there to let it spin ...

She never takes her dreams back ...

she plants it all into you ...

all these voices too loud all these sights too bright ...

paralyzing the rest of you

And Anthony felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric eel Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... She was surrounded by purple ... In this golden ball This golden purple ... blinding him deafening him ... paralyzing him while the pharao's were pouring their tea ...

He saw lullabies dance ... He saw lamentations stand around them While Viewmasters were coming forth ... His eyes were like eating the pictures ... And these were as honey so sweet But in his stomach ... It became like rage A rage he couldn't understand ... a rage he couldn't describe ...

It was absorbing his mind ... and it was like he was growing into a statue ... For outside they are shapeshifting each other ... changing each other and then mocking each other ... He always felt like it was as if people kick others in the hospital, and then they take pictures of them to mock them ... Always changing the shapes, always changing the indexes, always changing the colours Until there wasn't an identity anymore ... only an eaten soul layer by layer And they brought the shattered pieces to the beauty-queens of the rubbishfields, where the meat could rot even more on their faces what a strange, strange viewmaster

But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations like a warbook was opening and the cries of ages were deafening the queens of trash they lost their own lamentations and lullabies of self-pity and now they had to appear for the throne of beauty

if you mock something, it will become your child ...

and it will cry, every day louder and louder,

until all your lullabies of selfdeception have been exploded

*if you mock something it will become your parent ...
and it will cry, every day louder and louder,
until all your lamentations of duty-denials are quenched ...
and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ...
the face of an electric eel ...*

Anthony heard the slow sounds of a musical box ...

A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..."

*In this electric eel, he felt himself like a statue ... There was no
need to switch anymore ... For it was like here there wasn't time ...
All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All
he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a tree like
a rock He felt that the clock had done it's last tick And it
was like his brains were locked now protected against any split
.... against any switch for he knew outside they wanted
to break him and shake him making him insecure by changing
his pictures changing their views and his views*

*He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ...
living in a diamond having a new viewmaster*

*And then it was like he was diving through a million of golden rings
.... locking him up into this new world ... they all had their advanced
ways of locking it up they span so fast and he watched their*

figures slowly spinning into a tight statue a tight ornament
.... the tight rings they were ...

He now realized that the clocks made him so soft ... molding him
..... changing him while he could never get grip ... while the
vultures were eating his insecurity he was always in such an
identity-crisis but it was like it was all gone now

He stared into the face of an electric eel He knew in this
world ... he could dance and change his shape he could switch
having a clock without having a danger He knew that he
would be hard on the outside ... soft on the inside like an animal
living in a shell like an oyster

He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he
desired to live inside of them ... to grow harder on the outside ...
and softer on the inside ...

In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns having
the colours of stones and metals He's seeing the solar ornaments,
the solar stairways, while it's becoming dizzy in his mind He's
trying to grasp them but they are flying away It's like they
are there, but when he grasps it's all staring and smiling at him from
another place ...

He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their
racecars He wants to

He wants so much ...

All his desires rise to the edge

Is this the road to New Aldebaran ?

*He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a
new language to the heart ...*

*He wants to race on banana-roads to learn the language of the
banana ...*

He wants to jump over borderlines

over red-lines and dead-lines ...

He wants to

"You can never say you weren't warned," a voice speaks ...

*And then it's like he's melting away Into a sort of fruit ... Into
the banana of his dreams ...*

heading for ... A new Aldebaran ... to meet the banana-queen ...

*He wants to fall into spirals of new suns stone and metal-
coloured ...*

*until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world
to enter ...*

all these worlds into worlds

he's in a solar cocoon ...

melting and melting inside ...

while outside he's becoming harder

he's becoming a tree ... a solar tree

he's living inside

like an autistic boy

and he knows all other golden balls are heading for it

he's melting

covered by stones

by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ...

like living in a diamond ...

A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned"

"it's all deeper inside"

He cries like a newborn baby

In this solar-womb he will grow ...

inside the mother ... not outside ...

he will be safe forever here

he will meet his daddy inside ...

not outside ...

his daddy lives in his mom

he's heading for a new aldebaran

he wears so many rings on his fingers now ...
and he sees the wasps flying from sun to sun ...
the wasps are so large
he can sit on them
they will show him the way in this strange land ...

Pats ! The teacher smashes a hard object on Anthony's table ...

"Were you dreaming again ?" he shouts

"Eh, yes, mr", Anthony gets a red head

"Well, didn't you like the story I told you ?" the teacher said

"It was from the book "Alice in Wonderland"

Or were you caught by the white rabbit ?"

Anthony smiles ... "well, I guess so, mr"

"Mr. Bloodhound is the name well, it's only the first day for you here ... so you will get used to my name" the teacher sais smiling

Chapter 7. Children of the Sun

Anthony's father was an engineer, developping communication instruments he was a dreamer too He was thinking ... what would be the best way for humans to communicate ? direct or indirect ? by telephone or tape ... wouldn't it be much more safe

when people just hear something which was already spoken ? then they could also have time to react to it ...

Anthony's father was always a bit paranoid ... He found out that earth's communication went too fast It was almost manipulative ... all the need for autograph's ... fast answers ... no one would wait one minute for the other's words and this was causing all the accidents ... the prejudices ... the impulsiveness ... for no one dared to slow down anymore one didn't want to be rejected ...

Anthony's father was a very wise man ... He didn't believe in all this society-stuff He was a hard worker ... thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... while he believed in technical development ... he found that people just covered their laziness by their talkative actions ... the social strings were about to strangle the whole earth in his eyes he never went to parties he was always working in his cellar

His son's dreams were inspirations for him ... Such a little boy having such dreams It was still unbelievable for him ... he wrote all his son's dreams down in maps, and these were almost his sacred agenda's ...

.....

.....

The White Rabbit, an old woman, is watching the tape of "something they traced" they collected this material they had their mind-microphones and mind-camera's and other sub-sensuous instruments ... they her watchers But suddenly she starts to yell : "Enough of this ! These dreams are almost penetrating my holy rooms ! You needed to protect my privacy better ! Get out of my sight, you stupid fools !" And all her deformed watchers ran

outside her room, for she was about to spit fire It was thundering through the white castle She was at rage now ... She was running through her secret tunnel to reach for her secret cellar Here all existing suns were pricked on tall sticks and were burning like candles all sorts of fire ... She was laughing hysterically And she was yelling : "Burn, burn, burn !" then she ran to another tunnel to appear in a deeper cellar Here all suns were lying as marbles on a table marbles in a layer of sand they were glowing softly "You are all mine" she was shouting ... "all you little sweeties you are mine" Her voice was becoming higher and higher ... This always happened while she was entering the deeper cellars Then she ran to an old elevator to enter an even deeper layer below the castle ... This was an old hall like a shopfloor and it was full of display-statues They couldn't move but tears came out of their eyes "Hello, my pretty little sunchildren it's me, grandmom I'm back with some surprises for you" And then she pushed a little switch on the wall ... and the statues started to burn ... They were shrieking horribly "Soon enough you will be nothing but ashes on a table !" She screamed ... And then she took the elevator again, to go to the floor below This was a place where only ashes were muttering She was turning into a gigantic alienlike being, like a sort of mega-sun and she was sucking all the ashes inside while she was screaming "I will turn you into earths again You will be in my womb Don't think you can ever escape the prison You are mine ... You are dumb earth-slaves ... bound to three-dimensional crap I will bring all suns back to the ashes I will use them and after that they will be earths again ... No one can escape No one !"

That night Anthony had a dream about a field of suns ... These were planets like earth wanting to escape the strings These suns were

like soft pillows They were like flowers with baby-faces and they were floating in this field But then a tall old woman showed up with a rifle in her hands ... shooting all these flowers one by one While she started to spout waters over them Poisoned waters, chemical waters and nuclear waters And then all these suns were exploding and turning into earths again white prisons like holocausts barbed wires covered by blood These were the big bangs ... bringing the fugitives back ... There was no escape And he heard babies crying While something was shaking him very roughly And then he woke up ... screaming

"I want this boy !" she screamed "Penetrate his dreams again !" she ran to a deeper cellar ... where all the earths were united ... like white balls she scratched some powders from all balls into a dish ... which took hours and hours ... and then she poured the powders into a kettle to mix them The mix she would use to poison all escaped souls to bring them back into three-dimensional prisons again ... to let them be born into wombs of earths ... She was laughing hard for the flavours of the kettle were rising and these were spirits she sent out to get the earth-prisoners back these spirits were enormous white sharks and by their noises they broke through all sorts of dimension-barriers ... They were much feared in the universe Then she ran hysterically to the floor below Here the prisoned souls were weak flames ... They were singing sad songs They had to sing for her ... When a soul got too much pain, it died, and went to a deeper floor On this floor the souls were a bit happier but they were living in slavery ... They had to do a lot of work and they needed to sing some happier songs for her when souls got too tired and too sick ... they died and went to the floor below On this deeper floor the souls lived in luxury they didn't have to work much ... they were the bosses of the floors above them they could travel

but they lived in isolation and were very lonely when they got too lonely, they died ... and then they went to a floor below ... There they had the top-positions ... great wealth and health many followers honour and popularity ... ruling over the other layers above them ... and in the possibility to dine with the white rabbit they were eating the meat of the other layers above them they were butchers they could fly from one to the other layer by turning themselves into flies ... and by turning themselves into spiders they could gather the meat ... they were like funeral-undertakers, doing business around death ... causing it and then using it But sometimes there were fights among them and the ones dying in the fights went to an even deeper floor ... here they were like grubs, like the children of the white rabbit being spoilt ... being protected against all harm here they slept in her beds and in her baths ... here they got the royal food ... being able to hear the secrets of the white rabbit ... Here they had the ability to become her wasps, to be reborn into her own suns ... She wanted to create her own suns ... her own solar-projects ... her own solar stairways ...

she wants souls to be her fires and flames ... locked up in the cells of the earth ... She lives in all earths' cores to tame the soulflames there

but Anthony and his four bloodhound-friends are escaping her webs they see her chrystal cells in which she locked these souls up ... to be the fuel for her communication systems ... her talkativity but they are escaping in their golden balls ... They escape her chrystal cells ... In their vibration they can float out of everything ... They are heading for the exit They are in the tall temple of the white rabbit heading for the throne, where the white rabbit, the old lady, has a solar crown on her head they need to steal it

..... and then her throne will melt away Through that gate they will escape but it looks like they travel and travel but the thronehall is so large ... it seems like it's taking an eternity Five golden balls are floating to the enormous throne in the distance They fly faster and faster, but it's like everything slides away ... even the view They know they need the viewmaster This is all a trick of view

She's sitting there ... with her brother ... the one who carries a viewmaster an electric eel She's sitting there with the golden fly a short, tanned old man with a white beard ... She loves him ... it's her best friend He has a cult on vega-south The Cult of the Golden Fly She loves it ...

She's proud of him he's carrying the viewmaster ... manipulating the views of others to bring all suns back to their prisons to cut all sunflowers It's a strange cult The electric eel is their father He has an old hourglass in which he gathers all the sunfields and let them fall through the three-dimensional earthfunnels, to catch the souls as fuel for their own suns ... he does it by using time and by changing their points of view ... it's an old liar a liar from vela

It was like they knew everything about the cycle of the butchery ... They wanted to keep souls locked up in three-dimensional wheels of reincarnation For meat and fuel ... The powers of reincarnation were the motors of their mills ...

a bell was ringing ... it was dinnertime ... and once in awhile the three would dine together They were talking about ... Anthony ... and the other bloodhounds another bell was ringing, and some other friends came in They discussed about what to do ... the most strange creatures came in They were uniting all their

powers They all realized what it would mean when anthony and his friends would escape from the hourglass ...

Suddenly the golden balls started to connect to each other and it became an enormous burning sun so overwhelming that it was burning the viewmaster away It was growing out of the hourglass and the whole diningroom started to come into flames enormous explosions took place ... and anthony grasped the solar crown from the white rabbit's head when he put it on his own head lightening and thunder was swallowing the room with all it's strange visitors but now the white rabbit was really mad she turned into an enormous wasp and started to sting the burning sun ... She was flying to the butchery, but it was already in fire Millions of souls were being released She started to scream harder than ever before and anthony's ears were exploding he became deaf ... but he could tune into higher communications now and again she could reach him on that vibration making so much noise and so sharp that he felt again like his ears were exploding ... and this time it penetrated him so deep that his skin got ripped off Millions of flies and other insects started to attack him ... and he was now extra sensitive ... but he felt he was in the cocoon ... the lights were so bright that all layers of his vision were ripped off one by one ... it exploded and he could come into deeper visions ... his eyes were burning now and spitting fire this was a wild cocoon suddenly he felt he stood before her throne and he could see it exploding ... a black gate was lying before him ... when he went through he saw all her solar fields and communication webs he could transform them by his eyes he could sting through every picture now to see what is lying behind ... his eyes were free now ... not bound by a picture anymore ... not bound by a viewmaster ... his ears weren't bound by a sound anymore ... but he could sting right through them ... his solar crown started to work .. producing

his own sounds and in the middle his own viewmaster started to rise ... producing his own visions he could embrace all the little souls now ... he could reach for his higher skin now ... this skin could sting through all feelings and other skins ... to feel what's going on he could feel a golden skin now ... and feeling the sunflowers grow ... higher and higher he got an egyptian eye on his forehead now an eye surrounded by sunrays

he saw a picture of a jesus christ with bleeding eyes ... roaring like a lion ... but new visions started to flow through him while the blooddrips which hit the ground started to become sunflowers and there he saw this cross growing in the sunflower-field ... like a ladder to the moon while so many children were climbing the ladder but then he saw the ladder breaking and the children started to cry so loud ... that the ears of the jesus christ started to bleed and jesus fell on the ground while changing into a cobra eating so many children

anthony was shocked ... but a voice spoke : "you can never say you weren't warned ..."

and anthony started to remember about the spies ... so many souls are just from an other enemy ... he started to think about the other four bloodhounds ... who would they be ?

he found himself standing before seas of fire ... the voice was speaking : "you need to swim through these ..."

anthony dived in and realized that so many more visions were exploding, so many more dreams ... while he was reaching for higher vibrations everything needed to be sifted ... all his visions and dreams ... and he swam further and further, feeling all his senses were cleansed by these fires more and more he got a solar body

... leaving earth alone the white rabbit was suddenly swimming before him like a shark she wanted him back and a fight started in which he thought he would lose everything and like all his worlds were tumbling down what was raging in his bones ? it would rage until he was in the finest vibration in the highest fires he didn't have any grip anymore and he was coiling and spinning like he was falling from high mountains ... diving on rocks it was like everything broke inside and something was having dinner on that ... the white rabbit or was it a white shark ? ... he stretched out to higher suns the lights too bright bringing him new pictures ... transparent pictures the sounds too loud bringing him new sounds ... soft ocean sounds the fires too hot bringing him a new skin new bones and senses within he was reaching out for new communications he wanted to swim to the edge to the ultimate limit and then dive ... he wanted to know the secret of the white rabbit it was like a million of oceans were exploding and a million of suns and he was looking right into the eyes of the most horrible creature he ever saw what would be behind of this all ?

Suddenly Anthony woke up in sweat he was wet all over even his blankets were ... something was making him so wet ... these were supernatural powers and he felt so much heat he could feel all poles rippling over him like waves he knew the white rabbit was keeping some things hidden

When he fell asleep again ... he had a dream about samson walking on water ... but suddenly he sunk and fishes were eating his eyes out of him it was also written in the bible that samsons eyes were pierced by philistines suddenly he saw all the lost souls in biological cells as fuel for solar eyes they used them for their viewmasters ... but Anthony thought he already dealt with that

In that dream the white rabbit was eating eyes ... and then these blind souls were being led to her eyes ... her fields of eyes where they were locked up in wheels, turning around every sense they got was being transformed into a picture and by these they were getting brainwashed ... the painful emotions were being connected to certain pictures and by these pictures the emotions got stronger they were getting conditioned by cruel feedback-systems but Anthony thought he already dealt with it and he became very emotional he got the pictures of his earlier dreams thinking he already dealt with it while the other pictures were confusing him, feeding his emotions up ... the pictures were growing on both sides ... while the emotion rose and tore him apart he felt such a rage now he felt emerald eyes coming in his head while he was using the white rabbit as fuel for these eyes he tore her already his rage was tight in this ... he now started to realize that if he wouldn't use her ... she would continue to use him

There was an unknown rage in him ... tearing her kingdom apart ... if he wouldn't do it ... she would tear him again He didn't want to be her prey anymore maybe he just had to tear her deeper ... for he still felt her breath in his neck

Chrystal eyes were in his hands, intensifying his touch ... He wouldn't let her do it again but she did it It was like it was technology against technology and his rage was breeding him into an indifferent killer-cyborg The pain made him numb like a statue but he was programmed to sense and destroy her he knew if he wouldn't destroy her ... she would destroy him He had to ride her ... for if he wouldn't do it ... she would ride him The choice was easily made

But something was ripping him inside and his rage was getting like never before he almost became hystericalwhere was it

leading him ? she lived inside of him ... and he couldn't get her out
... she lived in a diamond shell he couldn't reach her this
made him almost insane it was like a micro-chip he couldn't break
.... technology too high too deep

He wondered what for a project would be below all these cellars he
saw ... It was like he was in a sort of temple now She was
breeding all sorts of clothes here ... shoes, jackets, trousers ...
etcetera ... but also bodyparts ... like arms, legs, livers and hearts
... But all these objects were alive ... They were insectians ... She
was a healer she was a tailor but what she created were
parasites Anthony got the shock of his life He screamed : No
! No ! For he started to see that even in birth, bodyparts were
gathered in a sort of factory, and in this web of parasites called
"body" a soul was implanted ... and the parasites would suck until
the body would be dead to be in a row for another reincarnation
This woman was sick Many healers on earth were nothing but
her agents ...

She was ... a healer A healer ... of parasites

She was ... a prophet-hunter wanting to deceive and destroy the
bloodhounds ...

She was ... writing her bibles against them

She was a goddess of sleep ... of medicines letting the
parasites do their jobs She designed all his dreams she
designed all his masks for Anthony himself was a high member
of the conspiracy a spy a golden key He was her agent
on earth ... to infiltrate the bloodhounds, the persecuted prophets
... to deceive them by lacquered dreams ... truths with a few drips
of lies ... captivating their heads ... drawing them closer and closer

to the fields of everlasting damnations the fields of The White Rabbit

The End

The White Rabbit II

Wars of the Flies

Chapter 1. Grand Decisions

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 smoken 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.

Chapter 2. Rumours while no one listens

They are breeding a white species ... these moving hands ... coming from the purple ... They move towards a show of uncle peacock ... The bracelets in the sky, they wave like powders exploding ... There are rumors but no one takes them serious ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Except one golden boy ... It's late ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... Someone grasps the newspaper by an ornamental suite ... It's late ... too late ..

The boys from white are covering their shadows ... It's daylight surrounding them .. doing the fight ... but it's all fake .. without harm ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... They are proud of these decisions ... but it eats their creativity away ... They cannot speak anymore ... but that's because it's so late ... too late ...

The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... They are filled with strange powders ...

It's flashing like a new trafficlight, rumours while no one listens. It's a grand mind coming from the wars of Spain ... and now it lives in France, selling his voice to the rats and doves of

the streets. It's the promenade, the lounge bravour for tout le monde. But no one listens to these rumours ... They got used to it ... now they only watch the lights inbetween all these rumours ... a piece of art on plastic ... It's daytime ... but still too late ...

There's a world where it's always too late. So sit down and listen. White boys shivering in the air ... contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ...

The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... they don't believe the rumours ... but see the picture lying inbetween ... so transparent and so bright ... It ripples like the white silver ... like uncle peacock in Spain ... they die on roses ... a deeper death bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... It's too late ...

Always too late on a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... carrying the flags for these Jesus Christs ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the highlights of angels ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... It's red so red finally ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes aren't threatening anymore ...

And the man with the white golden hand stares ... like never before ... for he saw a boy like he was before ... but now he's here, so sinister, while the boy's mouth is contracting ...

Chapter 4.

It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white rippling ... over me ... It's June, while the centaurs hold our hands ... while others are dying under Bekehelm's helmet ... it isn't threatening anymore ... He wants to rise like gold and silver ... in an orange moon ... raking the seawaves ... It's June ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... spouting like the pale purple ...

It's June, the second time ... a daydream watches elves on a stream ... of white gold and white silver ... taking them in ... they're from the white chocolate ... and now these bakerman's dreams breeds the golden flours ... the golden meal ... for all to sea making clothes of it to be in the deepest deserts without falling ... for it holds the hands of Benmaten ...

A white golden hand is what it said ... and now you're here with three purple spots in your neck ... it's so erected ...

The Shell

medical horror-story

Chapter 1. Pale Orange Octopus

She was ripping the flesh in the butchery. She worked in her own abortion-offices at night. It was all in her own head. She couldn't stand the cries of babies anymore ... These voices were in her head for so long ... Now she became a cruel abortionist ... But only in her head For she worked in a normal butchery in daylight The mills there seemed to ease her mind, her pains, the voices

Her sister worked with children in kindergarten ... and in the weekends she worked with handicapped children ... It seemed to ease her pain she had about her sister with the voices in her head. She couldn't stand all the cruel stories of her sister ... She didn't believe in them ...

But one night she had a dream about a pale orange octopus, falling on the back of their brother ... he was an alcoholic ... Immediately he fell down, and the octopus started to rip his stomach open eating him She saw his ripped intestines all coiling into a strange pale orange mix, and then she looked right into the eyes of the octopus But when she woke up, she just didn't give it too much attention the rest of that day ...

But she started to get problems with eating. It was like her stomach didn't accept it anymore She started to have serious stomach-problems, and finally she got into the hospital

The doctor said there was growing something in her stomach, but they didn't know what. It was a strange orange tumor, but it wasn't cancer ... Her skin was becoming pale orange even her eyes ... but she was feeling so good ... Everything she ate was getting eaten by the orange tumor, and it was growing inside ... within days she was growing taller than anyone ... She felt healthy like never before ... Like the tumor was eating all her troubles away but people started to become very scared of her ... and her man divorced himself from her ... They called her "octopus-woman"

Within weeks she had the strength of a machine ... and the government wanted to have her for experiments ... The things started to become stranger .. The tumor was a sort of womb for octopus-people now ... who grew up very fast ... Nobody knew how she was getting pregnant ... and how she got so many children in such short time ... But the children weren't accepted in their surroundings and soon enough the government started to raise up a sort of safe village for them deep in the forests This city was called "octopus-city" The government found out that the octopus-people were very intelligent and not harmful at all ... They were friendly

beings like their mother was One of them said : "We are the aborted babies ... but we are back We want to see our mommies and daddies We want to see our brothers and sisters"

They decided to march out of the forest into the cities and villages to visit them ... They were singing a song :

Song of the aborted children ...

We were aborted ...

We weren't allowed on earth

We were destined to the grave

But all you did was cutting in your own stomach

And someone else took care of us ...

Now we are back to say ...

This is the day of the aborted children

This is the day of Urban Renewal

This is Aldebaran Day

You doomed us to be a foundling in hell ...

You doomed us to be an orphan in everlasting damnation

You chose to cut your own stomach,

to rip your own fruits ...

Hello Mommy, hello daddy

We're BACK !

Their eyes spit fire ...

Setting the towns in fire ...

in smoke

This is medical apocalypse

This is Octopus Day

a pale orange one ...

Daddy is trying to drown the memories about his aborted son ...

Someone is ticking on the frontdoor ...

Who are you ?

Hello mom, hello dad ... it's willy ...

Daddy is getting hysterical ...

He always raged to drown this coming picture ...

you can drown a birth ...

but it will come back one day

Doctor Smiths is working in his garden ...

He aborted hundreds of children this year

But now they came to visit him

To give him a flower ...

for his own grave ...

He can read his own epitaph on the petals ...

A raging octopus dives in a swimmingpool ...

attaching herself to a man's body ...

it's another doctor ...

an abortionist ...

she sucks him till his body is pale blue ...

and then she lets him sink ...

while the blood is flowing away

Another octopus falls in a bath where a woman is sitting ...

an abortionist's assistant ...

the octopus pierces itself through her stomach,

looking for her womb ...

here he will live forever ...

now try to abort that one ... a child's voice sais

it's her ... son ...

her ... aborted ...son

Hello Mommy ... he sais ...

standing before her all of a sudden

with some flowers in his hand ...

For my Mommy

and slowly the octopus starts to rip her and eat her ...from inside out ...

leaving pale orange moist in the water ...

And the sister of octopus-woman ?

She still hears voices in her head ...

but now from mommies and daddies screaming and shrieking ...

she cannot stand the noise

that's why she still works in the butchery ...

spreading cruel euthanasia's in the night ...

And their brother ?

He's still an alcoholic,
trying to drown the memories of a broken past,
the letters of his boss,
the letters of judges,
all letters in his head he tries to drown
but he also uses drugs now ...
and strong medicines ...
for something is really trying to bring him down ...
he really starts to hear voices like his sister ...
but these aren't voices of people, but of animals
he's getting crazy of it ...
and he tries to drown them in the overdose
but it only gets worse
and he needs to go to the hospital

his sister, the octopuswoman, visits him there,
and also his other sister, with the voices in her head ...
they hold his hands ...
he really thinks he's going to die ...
the doctors say the strange tumor is also growing in him
he's becoming an octopusman
having the same symptoms as his sister ...
but soon he's growing taller and taller, much taller than his sister ...
he becomes as tall as trees ...
and children start to come forth from him ...

and they become as tall as him ...

the government wants to have them for experiments ...

they start to live in the forests ...

and one child is screaming : we are the animals slaughtered in the butcheries ...

the government discovers they are very friendly and harmless ...

like their father ...

they want to visit the butcheries ...

and the people who eat the meat ...

Hello ...

we already live inside of you

you ate us

but do you really think we will keep your stomach alive ?

you aborted us

out of nature's womb

but we found our ways to your womb

you ate us once but you cannot eat us twice ...

now it will be the other way round ...

a butcher ...

hello ...

we already know each other ...

we live deep inside you ...

it all happens ...

when octopus meets octopus ...

it's like they are making love ...

but it's a bitter fight without blood ...

only pale orange moist ...

they can still doing surgeries without wasting any blood ...

it's all bloodless ...

only leaving some pale orange moist ...

they are still the surgeons of that big hospital ...

they are twins,

they look exactly like each other ...

wasting no any blood ...

all bloodless ...

but it's a bitter fight ...

about an euthanasia

about an old lady ...

her flesh is so soft to rip ...

they are only leaving pale orange moist

one wants the euthanasia ... the other wants the surgery ...

they are both moving their little blades inside their skins ...

octopus meets octopus

and the woman still hears voices in her head ...

she hears the desperate and tragic voices of trees ...
begging for help
she works at the woodcutter's ...
but she can't take it anymore ...
suddenly she throws her axe away and stops all the machines ...
and screams : enough, enough, it's ripping my head ...
when we rip these trees we are ripping our heads ...
we are cutting ourselves
she runs away in tears
begging the trees for help
two octopus's are after her
finally she arrives octopus city ...
deep in the forests
there is growing something in her ...
a tumor
she becomes so tall that she can reach for the stars ...
and she gives birth to octopus's,
and tall insects,
almost as tall as her

and she can't stop it anymore
all sorts of animals and plants so tall

and they are heading for the towns and the villages
they are heading for all these people who aborted them ...

The government wants them for experiments ...

They are friendly in harmless in their eyes ...

They are heading for ... the woodcutteries ...

the flowercutteries ...

Octopus meets octopus ...

still twins ...

still working in the same surgery ...

the fight is about ... an euthanasia

about an old lady

flesh so soft to rip ...

An alcoholic tries to drown the newspapers ...

trying to drown letters ...

old letters ...

from the past

and old books

But he dies in the fight

by an overdose ...

But weren't we all junks,

trying to rip the voices in our heads ...

by strange strange drugs ...

two octopus's still fighting about

a handkerchief ...

two surgeons ...
the handkerchief of an old lady
carrying all her tears ...
embroidered there
the handkerchief full of raging and bitter tears ..
was always her web with which she caught the butterflies
these were the cocoons she laid to her ears ...
these were the glasses for her eyes ...
she was surrounded by spiderwebs all her life ...
guarded by a handkerchief ...

But when these two octopus's will keep on fighting about it ...
it will be torn apart ...

weren't we all junks of strange drugs, of strange medicine ?

Chapter 2. Octopus-cocoon

Lucy wakes up from a strange dream She stares at her husband ... and sees that his skin is pale orange all over ... he starts to vommit while she starts to scream ... he's giving birth to orange pale octopus's ... they come out of his body from all places ... while he's still alive
no blood ... only pale orange moist

When she puts on the tv, it seems it happens everywhere ... and it's a real octopus-plague ... no one's dying, there's no blood but everyone is upset ... and it seems she is the only person who isn't turning into an octopus-like being Soon the government wants to have her for experiments

Years later it's a very normal phenomenon Lucy is still the only one who didn't change And more and more of the octopus-people start to live in the sea Lucy feels left alone ...
She feels blades cutting her inside ... but she doesn't change at all she feels herself so lonely and at one moment she's the only person living on land ... the rest is all living in the sea ... and they are disappearing from the coasts ... looking for the depths of the oceans

She had a high position in body-trade-international, an underground criminal network ... She had a black market of body-parts ... she had dark connections with hospitals, dark contracts with

..... grandfather swallowed his words, for grandmother, who just walked into the room, had smashed his mouth ... "he always does this when he drinks too much, telling these sorts of strange things" ... she tells the children who were listening to him ... they had tears in their eyes they were shivering on their chairs

"these kids are too young for this, grandpa" ... grandmother sais

"now take your pipe ... read a book, and then go to bed ... you're tired"

but one kid looks in the mirror in the bathroom ... discovering that her eyes are pale orange ... she starts to scream, and runs to grandma "no," grandma sais "it's just because of the orange-juice i gave you"

but in the night the kids hear a scream ... it's grandpa ... and octopus's are coming from his chest ... at least that is what he is screaming ... but grandma is watching ... but no ... "you just dreamt too much, grandpa, go to sleep again .." she sais ...

the three kids sleep in another room, near to grandpa and grandma's room

the next day it's in the newspaper that ships were missing ... there were severe hurricanes roaring a father of one of the kids is also missing he's called John ... the other kids call him uncle John

And grandpa starts to talk again to the children what could possibly happen to uncle John ... but grandma tells him to stop ... the kids are really scared but grandpa just wanted to distract the kids a bit ... but he isn't good at that ... he always makes it worse ... but they love him

A few days later they get a card from uncle John he's save at the other side of the world the ship stranded there ... but he's ok ... he's on an island of octopus's now ... it's written on the card with a beautiful picture on the front .. of the island but there are more sorts of fishes all stinging, poisonous fishes ...

Lidy stops writing what a strange book it has become She wanted to write into another direction, but the book was too strong ... the book in her mind it would rage until it was totally on paper

She had a pale orange octopus in her head ...

It was since she went out with a young musician in a boat ...

sailing over a river through the park ...

since he sang that song for her, the octopus is in her head

it's like that musician mesmerized her

for she always follows the octopus in her head ...
two days after that boat-trip he died in an accident ...
maybe this was his last gift to her
But ... she didn't want to be a horror-writer
she was afraid of it
but inside the octopus was raging ...
wanting to have it all on paper
maybe he had too much ink in it's head too ...

Someone's waking up from this strange dream
Someone else in someone elses dream
souls growing into souls ...
animals growing into animals ...

It seems the pale orange octopus made it's trip on earth again ...
laying eggs in eggs ...
It's a strange butchery after all ...
Are you really sure you are yourself ?
Maybe you are someone else
Pale Orange ... Octopus

Pale Orange Octopus is out for a hunt ...
Strange webs he lays on earth .. strange webs ...
In which kitchen are we growing ?
In which stomach ?
And what is in our stomach ?

Are we what we are ?
Or are we just in another one's dream
Who created us ?
Who created this ?
This fishfunnel
This cocoon ...
Where is it ending ?
Only the pale orange octopus knows

An octopus is waking up he had such a strange dream ...
but for him it was very normal
he had an octopus-dream ...
too much ink in his head
it's now a painting of so many tentacles
like a web
and it's resting in his head
like a piece of art ...
having so many ways to escape ...
being so connected to so many octopus's ...
it was the dream of an octopus
growing in each other's hearts
having so many ways ... to find a way out ...
to find a way out
so many echoes ... creating a new day
a trip to a new island

where uncle john is still sitting ...
reading this all in the magazine

Dad, look I got such a strange card today ...
with a pale orange octopus on it
and such a strange story on it

Someone is weaving a web
It's the pale orange octopus

There someone is waking up ...
and there another ...
we are all in each other's heads ...
we are all in each other's stories ...
and ..aren't these horrorstories ?

But it can be so beautiful ...
we can be weaved in each other ...
like an octopusian piece of art ...
yes, the needle can sting
but the result is awesome

like Jesus Christ hanging on a cross
a killed tree found a killed man
and they created a new egg

i bet the pale orange octopus was in it

crossed tentacles ...

still the painting in my father's room ...

i stared too long at it ... i think

and now there's growing something in my stomach

it's so material ...

and so creative

it's my inspiration ...

like i'm hearing the song of the octopus

the pale orange one ...

all in the distance ...

but it's coming closer ... and closer ...

i'm giving birth like a copy-machine

too much ink in my stomach

it's like echo is building a new press

what a strange tall ornament this is ...

from the pale orange octopus

an old musician is walking along the ditches ...

having a little grammophone in his hands,

with the big ear-cocoon

and this is the record he still lets play ...

awakening some old fishes

from old pipelines

they are all registered trademarks,

all copyrighted by uncle one to ten ...

animals ... protected by his laws ...

but he's copyrighted by someone else

and trademarked, made in ... somewhere ...

made by maybe the pale orange octopus

maybe not ... who cares

ten junks are walking through the forest ...

they just took strange drugs from a strange plant they found

it was called "pale orange octopus" ...

they all ten got the same hallucination ...

but this stuff is strict illegal

they are refugees between hallucinations

they are governmental foundlings ...

wanted stoned or not stoned

high or low

for some elitair experiments

the gods of lsd are looking for them ...

these gods of ten ...

those gods with the traffic-eyes ...

plants grow in plants ...
hallucinations in hallucinations ...
dreams are forbidding dreams ...
it's the maze of the pale orange octopus
but from a distance it's a beautiful painting

hearts grow into hearts
bodies into bodies
boys in the trees ...
becoming tall men reaching for the hall of trees ...
these ones are the pillars of the new world
stand tall, rise to the marble hall
buildings grow in buildings,
rooms grow in rooms
pale orange octopus is an architect of strange letters

growing in the heart of the mailman ...
building the railroads and the racecourts
all miniature ...

now this is how an octopus is waking up
so many heads waking up
and then he stretches out to the ceilings ...
through so many ripples
possessing them all

then he drinks so many cups of coffee all at the same time ...

having so many obsessions and occupations at the same time

he is a group ...

he is the world ...

pale orange octopus's world

building the cocoons and the funnels ...

Suddenly the program stops

Time was up already on wasp's tv ...

The cartoon's broadcast-lady was threatened by a strange man in a black jacket

He wanted her to announce this video

while he held a gun against her head

Tomorrow he will be back

But she won't come tomorrow ...

Echo will

Can you tell me anymore nonsense ? A man screams, smashing his fist on the table

His son talked for two hours with a strange stare ... about a pale orange octopus

What is all this stuff about an echo and a wasp-tv ... are you crazy ? go to bed ... he yells at his
son ...

he's just a little boy ...

he goes upstairs ... not saying anything anymore ...

still with that frozen stare in his eyes

he isn't upset at all ...

only his father seems to be ...

we need to bring this boy to the hospital,
he screams to his wife ...
every evening when we have dinner he tells such strange and disgusting stories ...
i'm getting sick of it

his wife tries to sooth him, but nothing works ...
shhh, the boy is only four
maybe if he's older it will stop ...

well, i'm getting sick about these stories about that echo and that stupid wasp-tv ...
everyday it's the same ... the man yells i cannot sleep of it

you're just worried ... his wife sais

yes, i want my son to be normal like i am

shhh, his wife sais ... when he's older i am sure he will be like you ... he will also become a
butcher ... all kids want to be like their dad

well he insulted me terribly today .. the man yells ... with this story ...

suddenly the boy comes downstairs saying : dad i want to be a butcher

the man starts to smile ...

a butcher of butchers, sais the boy ... i want to become a cannibal like the pale orange octopus

....

there the man explodes ...

like sevenmillion birthday-zeppelins explode

he throws his boy to the wall ...

but now the mother becomes mad ...

stay away from my son, she screams ...

the boy goes upstairs again,

avoiding the fight

the man and the woman are fighting

two octopus's ...

fighting about an abortion and an euthanasia ...

fighting about ... a body-business ...

fighting about a painting ...

a record ...

a book ...

a dream ...

it's the war of the octopus

too many tentacles ...

butchers growing into butchers

islands into islands

every strike makes it all more transparent

the boy is staring at his diamond he got from his granddad ...

he was such a good storyteller ...
but he died awhile ago ... and since then the boy is telling these stories

it's the war of the octopus ...
a war in the hospital ...
hospitals growing in hospitals ...
it's all about a handkerchief
catching and storing the tears
using them

the boy is crying wrapping the diamond in his tears ...
the pale orange octopus speaks to him through the diamond ...
every time he cries ...

she loves him ...
she loves his fragile heart
she makes it strong ...
she makes it hard
but keeps it fragile, sensitive and tender inside
she makes him like the diamond ...
there's growing a world inside ...
an ambient world

the octopus, a mass-possessor,
with all it's tentacles

creating the dream ...

creating the world

your world

building the funnels, the cocoons,

the mirrors, the copymachines,

the press and the echoes ...

there's a wasp-tv inside the diamond ...

the boy watches it everyday ...

downstairs the war of the octopus is still raging ...

the boy is becoming a refugee of a broken marriage ...

he becomes a boy in a bubble ...

a baby in the balloon ...

a man on a parachute

escaping his father's last zeppelin

escaping his father's last dreams

the octopus is his parachute ...

escaping a marriage's war ...

but it was actually a butcher's bill ...

and his father could never pay these

..the octopus is his parachute ...

jumping to John on octopus island ...

jumping to grandmother ...

who still sais ...
he's too young for these stories ...
and she's right ...
the boy carried the handkerchieves of his mother and father in his pockets ...
she takes them out ...
and putting them into a box, putting it on the attic telling him to never go there ...
he gets orange-juice from her, and his eyes become a bit orange too,
when he looks into the mirror ...
he smiles ...
he realizes when grandpa wouldn't tell these stories,
he would never have met her ...
and never drink this delicious juice ...
but grandma said it would be enough when he would only talk about her ...

grandma always took the needles out of grandpa's stories ...
the kids were too young for them ...
the needles she put on the attic warning the kids to never go there ...

he tries to forget about the pale orange octopus ...
his grandma shows him her cartoons
and some childlike records ...
and also some childlike books and comics

months go by, and one day she is standing for the door ...
she hugs her son and grandma

but the boy starts to cry ...
he's scared of the memory
he's a boy in the bubble now ...
and only grandma always protected him against the needles ...
he hides behind grandma and screams : mom, go away ...

his mom starts to cry too, but grandma sais :
you have to go, the kid isn't ready ...
but maybe you can sleep on the attic for awhile
so that you are always near in a sense ...
but the boy is screaming : no ! leave me alone ! ...

the kid started to realize that even his grandma's orange-juice was a bit too sharp for his age ...

so he started to run away
taking his parachute again
to reach for uncle John
uncle John showed him the beauty of the island
and the old shipwreck ...
the boy loved it

Chapter 3. Octopus's in Octopus's

here on this island the octopus wasn't a threat at all
and he wasn't afraid of uncle John's voice ...
like he was of all the other voices at home ...
it was like he heard words in words here,

love in love,
attention in attention ...
care in care ...
and it was so soft in his ears
it was like he started to realize that soft and sharp were just illusions ...
for how something feels depends on the feelings growing in the feelings,
the worlds in the worlds
these stinging, poisonous fishes gave him such soft feelings,
for he could reach out for the beautiful worlds inside ...
and uncle John's cartoons were real soft ...

Suddenly the teacher stops reading ... the whole class fell asleep ...
It was like a strange sleep pill ...
and it took days for them to wake up again
Some parents wanted to have the book boycotted ...
It was too dangerous in their eyes ...
It needed to be out of trade ...
Or just to be put in a good museum,
together with the note : "Danger ! Stinging Poisonous Book ! Strictly forbidden to read !"

But other parents found it a good idea to show it to the doctors and hospitals
They could use it to soothe patients with too much pain ...
or to bring the sleepless into sleep
But others called it a lethal book ... It needed to be burnt ...

A man with a black jacket is closing a door ..

like a million of doors are getting locked

His footsteps echo through the marble hall ...

He has a book in his hands

a green book

but also some pale orange flowers ...

with text on the petals ...

he's putting the green book into a coffin ...

throws the flowers on it and closes the coffin

then he pushes some buttons and the coffin is riding into the crematorium ...

the ashes he throws over the sea

then he dives in the sea himself ...

and the sea starts to get into fire

the worlds and seas inside determine if something is fake or real ... worse than it seems or
better than it seems

Pale Orange Octopus

Then the curtains are falling and fourteen wolve gnats are standing before the audience ... they
have violins in their hands and one of them plays the organ the pipes are in fire ...
pipelines ... their hands carry an octopus rising up to the ceilings while the smoke is
spreading ... then an enormous explosion is taking place and names are appearing on the
curtains ... the end of the show seemed to be the beginning

then the man in the black jacket is descending down from the high curtains he's like the
Jesus Christ of horror wolves are howling ... and cocks are crowing ... then he shows his
face, two-sided a Judas and a Jesus they made the horror together ... they were born
together in one womb from the pale orange octopus they are twins still fighting ...
but working together for the business the horror has to sell it's a multi-million-dollar-
project perfectly trademarked, copyrighted, surrounded by a million cameras ... breeding
the magazines

Pale ... Orange ... Octopus

still the script of a horror's tale
still the script of a handkerchief
still a web ... of waking up
still a cup of coffee
or a good sleep-pill ...
perfectly suiting into someone's head
sometimes the bullet fits good
but about this ...the wars are still raging ...
it's an octopus's cocoon
a plug in the ear ...
some eye-plugs and other things
it's your virtual reality-suit in the night

eye-cocoons, ear-cocoons,
some good filters on your car ...
sense-cocoons from bethlehem ...
whirlpools, hurricanes ...
leading you to uncle John ...
worlds within worlds ...
senses within senses ...
cocoons within ...cocoons ...
Pale ..Orange ...Octopus

Switching between Tea and Coffee ...
Pale ..Orange ... Octopus ...

The world beyond Poet ...

Poetry growing in poetry ...

songs growing in songs

paintings growing in paintings ...

photos in photos

movies growing in movies

dishes in dishes ...

it's the world beyond poet,

the world in the diamond

an ambient world ...

languages growing into languages

strange butcheries ...

still ... strange butcheries

like pillars from here to heaven ...

all tall men

all tall decisions ...

there's still smoke rising ...

still curtains falling

telling it's only the beginning ...

of the show

there are cocoons between you and me ...

strange butcheries ...

pictures growing into pictures ...

letters into letters ...

what are you trying to tell me ?

there are new junks on the block ...

talking about new butcheries ...

talking about new drugs ...

there are ..new junks ... on the block ...

all children coming from the forests ...

visiting their parents, brothers and sisters ...

Hello mom, hello daddy ...

we're back ...

The children are back ...

the aborted ones ...

And as long as there will be butcheries ...

they will come back

And as long as there will be butchers ...

they will be cannibals

ruling the kettle

There are boys ...

who don't want to grow tall ...

who don't want to grow thin ...

they can never be the tall men ...

they can never be the pillars between hell and heaven ...

they can never be ... the trees from paradise ...

They let rats cover their bodies ...

But praise to be to tall dwarves,

the short boys

rising from the kettle

for they survived the hand of abortion

they are still the friends of your nephew ...

close to the family ...

connecting the families

the short boys ...

switching off the televisions ...

all in a flash

they are still tall dwarves ...

lying on their beds

those dreamworkers

hard workers ...

those short boys ...

those tall tall dwarves ...

rising from here ... to the edges of the moon

friends of the big nephew ...

who never wanted to be the nephew ...

friends of the big tiger

cocks of new mornings

betraying ...

just betraying

a businessman would never do that ...

while the pale orange octopus still loves him

and i don't know why ...

she's just like the kite

there are trees standing between everlasting damnation and paradise ...

the short boys ... the tall dwarves ...

these are tall guns

these are tall coins ...

licenced to kill ...

these are friends of the nephew ...

these are kings of the cock ...

these are riding the ornaments ...

betraying the body-markets ...

they are the cocks of new mornings ...

tall tunes in their guns ...

tall guns ...

they are kings from the north of corvus

opening the pastures and closing the jungles ...

Chapter 4. The Gynaecologist

Bells were ringing in the air ...

Millions and millions

It was busy on the cattle-breeding today

A gynaecologist was walking downstairs in his tall black jacket ...

he had put off his white clothes ... for the day was over

when he comes home he's very tired and his wife starts to massage his octopus-tattoo ...

it aches so bad today ...

he wished he had never accepted the tattoo ...

he had seen a ufo when he was young ...

aliens stepped out and asked him if he wanted an octopus-tattoo ...

well, the ufo really looked like a gigantic octopus,

like a big balloon, like a zeppelin with tentacles ...

he got enthousiastic about the tattoo ...

and said : "yes, please",

and they burnt it on his lower stomach ...

but it ached since then ... and now he regrets it badly ...

he loves books ...

he's in the library a lot when he's free of work ...

but he also sleeps a lot ...

as a gynaecologist he works with pregnant women ...

and it was always like he said he has to give birth to books ...

his wife is a writer ...

she loves him very much ...

they are both each other's inspirations ...

and people say it's a perfect marriage ...

although the tattoo of the octopus sometimes hurts very bad ...

he's still fascinated with octopus's ...

he gave his wife a ring with an octopus on it ... once ...

it is a very special ring ...

it's like the octopus is weaved on it ...

it attached her to the sea ...

she wrote a lot of sea-stories ...

the gynaecologist is a very friendly man ...

the women like him ...

he's very good for children, animals and older people ...

it is a man with great respect ...

he admires all wonders of life

after the tattoo he never saw this ufo back ...

he saw it once in his life

his wife writes a lot about ufo's and extra-terrestrials,

and what they do to humans and earth ...

she writes about the circles they leave on earth ...

the strange crop-circles ...

but as time goes by the gynaecologist gets problems with his health ...

he's too tired to do anything ...

he almost sleeps the whole day

he starts to get very strange dreams ...

it fascinates him,

but it sucks all his energy away ...

one night he has a dream that a pale orange octopus draws a circle on his stomach ...

on his higher stomach, a bit above the tattoo ...

he feels a strange energy streaming from the tattoo to the circle ...

and it's like he can breath so deep now ... and the air is so fresh, almost sharp ...

but it doesn't hurt ...

the air starts to form a bubble around him ...

it all streams from the tattoo ... by the sucking circle

but then it's like he's drained and like the air is so thin

he gets so dizzy of it ...

like he can't do anything anymore

and the dreams start to repeat every night

the dreams are getting brighter ...

but he can't stand daylight anymore ...

he lives behind the curtains now ...

in his bedroom ...
for he can't stand daylight or noise anymore ...
it's like ... he lives in a cocoon ...
like he's getting a sensitive butterfly now ...
he loves so deep ...
it's like he can wrap the earth in his arms ...
and all the planets
it's like he's leaving his body,
to have an enlightenment ...
it's like he waves his wife goodbye from a distance ...
and she waves back ... smiling so deep ...
she wants him to be happy ...
to be a butterfly
so light and rippling
so sensitive and free ...
she wants ... to follow him ...
over the hills ... and over the seas
they feel each other
so deep

they now doubt if they were free on earth ...
with all the taxes ...
with all it's predators
but soon they realize

they aren't free here either ...

it only looks like

an enormous octopus stops them ...

pale orange ...

behind her is an enormous sea ...

a wild sea

you will not leave earth ...

the octopus sais ...

it's a she-octopus

pale orange ...

you will not ... leave earth

you are a gynaecologist ...

you need to go back

you are birthday's worker

well, i don't want to leave earth ...

i want to have earth inside of me ...

the gynaecologist sais ...

his wife nods ...

you can't ... the octopus sais

for you are it's prisoner

i put you on earth ...

and i gave you the tattoo ...

to show you ... you are mine

and you are a worker of the octopus

then the gynaecologist shocks himself awake ...

it was a dream ...

but his wife is dead ...

her skin pale orange ...

well, he realizes it's all reality ...

there are so many worlds and vibrations interfering ...

he's shocked about the death of his wife ...

and he realizes he cannot live without her

but maybe ... she just escaped the octopus ...

who knows

he wanted to have all worlds inside ...

also the place where his woman was living now

but he wanted to get rid of the octopus ...

he wanted to become pregnant of a new world ...

and maybe a new octopus

in a sense he still liked octopus's ...

and it's like he got a new force to live now ...

he wanted to know everything about octopus's ...
more than ever before ...
he started to read specific books, watching specific programs and movies
all about the octopus
something attracted him, but something put him off

it was like there was really ... an octopus growing in an octopus ...
one thing he was sure about : he wanted to know more about it
it was like the whole thing was a way to communicate with his wife
it was now like she was growing inside of him ...
and like her tentacles plugged him into new worlds and dreams
he realized she was alive she survived death

but soon it was like he couldn't deal with normal life anymore ...
he couldn't deal with bills and worried people
so he stranded in a mental institution where they laid him on strong medicine ...
but he felt happy ...
there was a world growing inside ...
and it was like that world inside took care of him and regulated the world outside ...
traffic goes on ...
he discovered a material world inside ...
a transparent world,
a naked world,
yet so covered ...
no clothes who could quench or distract the senses,
yet he was so covered ... covered

by the mud of nature ...

inner nature ...

denser and more sensitive than the world outside ...

someone was regulating it there

the octopus would do

he felt like he was growing like a tree or a plant ...

there in the mental institution

it was an institution for veterans ...

those who survived life

those who survived the butcheries, the bills and the hand of abortion ...

those who escaped the euthanasia and the prisons of birthday

it was like he was writing inside ...

partying inside

it was like a new song was growing in his heart

he couldn't ...

he couldn't

no return to the traffic

someone else would regulate it there ...

like it was all the same ...

the octopus would do

every night he felt the energy streaming from the tattoo through the circle

filling the bubble

but in the mornings he was drained ... so drained

he was a sleepwalker

a dreamwalker ...

still embracing planets

it was like he felt more and more what was going on ...

he wanted to be a butterfly

out of the cattle-breeding ...

earth was in his eyes a big cattle-breeding ...

ripening them for the butchers

everyone on earth was waiting for the day of death ...

it's a journey for all ... from the cradle to the grave ...

all in the funnels of the breeders

the tentacles of the octopus ...

he was escaping the breeders and the butchers

escaping their funnels and mills

escaping the factories

he wanted to be ... a butterfly ...

he was now in the cocoon ...

but how long would it take

Chapter 5. Breeding Junks

he felt himself like a tree ...

a junk ...

growing tall to rise for a new world ...

his hands were like stretching out ...
like a baby to a new mama
but these medicines ...
these medicines ...
were too strong and too dangerous ...
cutting his mind away ...
his nerves ... more than necessary
it was like the overdose of hell ...
he was losing himself ...
seeing his mamma tumbling away

into such strange streets

it was like something strange was growing inside of him

oh please not the octopus ...

something was eating him from inside out

and he was getting more and more paralyzed

like his nerves and brains were in fire

suddenly he screamed : no ! NO !

the psyciatrists smiled :

what's wrong mr. Delsla

you need the medicines

no, it's paralyzing me, he screamed ...

well, you are under governmental laws now, mr. Delsla,

they said

you have your duties, and if you refuse

then we will use the injection

he saw the octopus appearing on their faces ...

they were nothing but it's tentacles

having the scissors in their hands

doing crime ... it's like hidden euthanasia

all these paralyzing medicines

it had to be illegal it had to be ...

but there he went ...

he was injected

he knew this was just another part of the big breeding

but he was too far away ...

mr. Delsla, hello ?

but mr. Delsla was gone too far

something was eating his nerves away more than ever

eating his brains

And mr. Delsla was put into a wheelchair now

They would bring him to the locked part of the institution

in a seperated cell

He got food by pipelines ...

was on monitors

and tied to his bed

Were they breeding a tree ?

And for what ?

Mr. Delsla ? Hello, can you hear me ?

An assistant-psychiatrists asks

But no response

Years go by,

and he's a coma-patient now

on breathing instruments

what are they breeding ?

Deep inside he feels himself like a psychiatric victim

medical abuse ...

But he feels he is a part of nature now ...

a part of no response

what a cocoon is this ...

he feels calm inside ...

it's like an unknown source is feeding him

it comes from the tattoo streaming through the circle

giving him strange hallucinations

He feels himself a worthy citizen of hallucination now

like he's on the back of a butterfly ...

light, soft and smart vibrations very high are spinning in his head

and it's like ripples of dew are streaming over his body ...

suddenly he feels he can straighten his back

but it hurts terribly ...

he's drained so deep

sucked down to this medical bed ...

like a deep dungeon

he has visions of his wife ...

but his memories don't work optimal ...

he sees her diving and flying like a butterfly ...

well, it was all a cocoon ...

he realizes it more and more ...

all what he had met in his life was a part of this cocoon

and if this earth was a creation of the octopus ...

then it had to go through the cocoon too

it was like his wife was waving to him from a distance

like she was calling : come !

it was like earth was a world in his stomach now ...

like he was pregnant ...

and that he had to carry this baby with him

but there was something like glass between him and his wife ...

and he was still scared of this baby inside ...

what would it do to him ?

There were songs in his head ...

strange but beautiful songs

did it come from the baby or from his wife ?

he wasn't sure

he felt himself ... like a snail

was he able to go through the cocoon for full ?

it was like he was dying here ...

like he was too heavy and slow ...

he had problems to think

it was such a mass of chaos

like hot custard in his head ...

it was like a man was standing behind him ...

a man in a black jacket ...

like it was himself ...

but he couldn't move ...

the shadow came closer ...

and touched him ...

he shivered ...

the man said : i placed you in paradise ...

with a golden job and a golden wife ...

but you ate from the tree and fell deep

what tree ? what is this all about ? the gynaecologist asks

you ate from the octopus-tree ...

and now you have to die ...

what do you mean ? the gynaecologist asks again

the man steps before him,

the gynaecologist sees that he has split eyes,

two-coloured pupils

then the pupils start to spin fast and get into flames

while a laserbeam is appearing from them burning the ties of the gynaecologist ...

the gynaecologist is able to come from the bed and sets himself in a chair

i will listen ... he says ...

then the man continues :

i am the black snail

i created the universe ...

but even your mind

your dreams

everything is mine

there is no escape ...

but who is the octopus then ? the gynaecologist asks ...

the octopus created earth, the man sais ...

she rules the stomach, i rule the brains ...

together we rule the nerves ...

I am the psychologist and she the psychiatrist ...

we are the breeders and the butchers ...

we are

Then Mr. Delsla wakes up ... it was just a nightmare

His wife is sleeping besides him

He feels calm ... but in real life he isn't called mr. Delsla ... and he isn't a gynaecologist ...

Someone else is waking up ...

and someone else

Fast after each other ... millions of people are waking up ...

dreaming that they were dreaming about dreaming people

it seems the octopus was digging tunnels through the earth again ...

millions of bells are ringing ...

it seems like the octopus knows what it's doing ...

she possesses the mass ...

there are tornado's on the sea ...

cropcircles

dramas ...

tragedies ...

so many fishes in a funnel-net ...

like there is no escape ...

there are footsteps on the stairs ... the black snail is about to meet his octopus

she smokes a tall cigarette ...

giving him some pieces of chess

who is the boss of these two ?

he lets the ashes stream from his fingers ...

it's like they are doing business ...

then she falls him around the neck ...

then she draws a circle on his stomach ...

with her blades ...

spinning blades

"you forgot to give me something, darling ..." she sais

she takes some plastic trees out of his stomach ...

and then she disappears in smoke ... heading for her piano

she makes his head calm ...

by her play

she rules his feelings ...

she is .. the feeling ... the emotion ...

she is ... his weak spot ...

he bows his head ...

and feels like he had a new injection of drugs

she is a designer of earths, of three-dimensional domains ...

by emotional intelligence ...

by her creative feelings

she rules his brains ...

she uses his mental tablets ...

she plays these keys

she plays his buttons ...

she is ... his weak spot ...

something which he can never describe

she still rules over his ignorance ...

she's an emotional vampiress ...

although these are her dreams ...

nothing but her dreams ...

the black snail steps in the snow

his black boots sinking in snow and grass ...

it's storming outside ...

he has a new green book ...

covered by pale orange roses ...

he's heading for the crematorium ...

where a display-doll is lying in a coffin ...

he lays the green book and the flowers on her stomach and closes the coffin ...

then he pushes some keys ...

while the coffin is slowly sliding into the ovens ...

while the ashes are sliding into the river behind the crematorium ...

the black snail smiles ...
while he's turning the pages of his magazine ...

but these are his dreams ...
just his dreams ...

there's switching something in someone's head
between a pale orange octopus and a black snail ...

still living in his head ...
it's switching like trafficlights
it's like a love-hate-relationship in his mind
switching between shame and pride ...

he smokes cigarettes to temper the stress ...
the doctors say he has just a split character
his parents are divorced ...
and he cannot choose,
and it's like love and hate terrorize his mind
he feels fractured inside ...

he went to a priest once
for an attempt of exorcism ...
but the priest got killed ...
by an invisible power who strangled him ...

he still works in the bank ...

he's a money-designer ...

he isn't in business ...

he just creates it ...

he's also a fan of virtual reality ...

he even designs it in his cellar ...

when he's free from work ...

he has designed an octopus-suit for VR,

there are even nerve-stimulators and switchers on it

he knows the frequency-waves of different feelings and emotions,

and can breed these by his technical devices ...

his cellar is a miracle ...

like an underwater-palace ...

there are big screens on the walls showing underwater pastures ...

these are like aquaria

and by his virtual reality suit he can investigate these pastures ...

for him it's a strange religion ...

he feels something forcing him to do this ...

he loves it and hates it

he's very afraid of it ...

it's like his father and mother are screaming at him

and at each other ...

but it switches ...

he lives in suspense everyday ...
but in a strange way it is his inspiration ...

Chapter 6. Octopus Cult on Neptune

He was reading a book about a strange cult on Neptune ..

They worship the octopus ...

There's a temple there,
where they sacrifice all sort of life-forms ...
like a religious butchery ...

Cult of Neptune,
cult of dragons,
of old dramatic suicide ...

Yes, it's true ...
there is a strange lawsystem of self-sacrifice in this religion ...
they see suicide as an action of heroes ...
all heroes have the duty to commit suicide on a certain age ...
for boys this age is nineteen
for girls this age is twenty-nine ...
this as a sacrifice to the octopus ...

there's one way to escape this suicide drama ...
when you do vows to work in the temple or the palace of the octopus

the book speaks also about a snail-cult on mercury ...

they worship the snail ...

this is an even stranger cult ...

they have divided their domain in four areas ...

in one area ... all thin men need to be sacrificed ...

in another area ... all thick men need to be sacrificed ...

in the third area all short men need to be sacrificed ...

and in the fourth area all tall men need to be sacrificed ...

all to the black snail

he's the joker of a strange cardplay ...

an assassin ...

the areas are formed by bunches of moving lightrays ...

so the men have never true rest ...

they always live in suspense .. for the areas are always moving ...

this way the black snail programs them ...

the men are always changing, for something is shapeshifting inside ...

and the measures of the game are also always changing ...

this gives hyperventilation ... paranoia ... and even worse suspense

it's the horror's show of ages

the indexes are always changing,

the trends are merciless ...

choosing new preys .. new victims

conditions are changing all the time ...

the black snail is the king of all trends ...

cruel cuyornaida corset ...

cuyornaida abortion ...

cuyornaida euthanasia ...

in cuyornaida satiria ...

It looks like an earthly playcardgame,

4 areas, 4 symbols ...

a toadstool, a sheep, an octopus and a dog ...

his four sponsors ...

his tradepartners ...

the colours are green and black ...

the toadstool and the sheep are black, the octopus and the dog in green

the maincards in all four area's are a shark, a cobra, an eagle and an orca ...

further 1 to ten,

further gods of ten ... (elevens)

mirrorcards ... (twelves)

friendshipcards (thirteens)

nephewcards (fourteens)

grandfathercards (fifteens)

husbandcards (sixteens)

fathercards (seventeens)

mothercards (eighteens)

grandmothercards (nineteens)

niececards (twenties)

brothercards (twenty-ones)

sistercards (twenty-two's)

wife-cards (twenty-three's)

child-cards (twenty-fours)

and petcards (twentyfives)

All these cards are also part of their calender ... The black snail is the joker, together with some other jokers The corsets work like mills programming the mass ... The magnet was just an intelligent moving mill-clock ... We were all programmed by a butcher's game ... a trendmill ...

Assassin-clocks ... laughing in obsession ... or smiling in hidden satire I know these eyes split eyes ... playcard eyes ...

It's a game the pale orange octopus still plays She uses it as her tarotcards ... predicting the future ... she's still a cardreader after all these years .. drinking from tall champagne-glasses ...

But .. it isn't predicting that much ... it's more ... programming She programs your mind by laying her cards And .. it's not really gambling for she never turns the cards around ... she only uses the fronts She just chooses them

The butcher has playcard-eyes today and playcard-ears ...

After the female band told me this story ... I wanted to tell my story about how I always lived in fear when I grew up in church ... They didn't want to listen .. One of these girls has a robot-dog ...

And still they sing about Jesus ...

Oh Jesus, how you saved me ...

Well, Jesus doesn't know about trends ...

He didn't invite your trendclocks ...

your millmazes ...

give me a break ...

but hey, when the writer starts to fight female bands with the pencil ...

the writer will never win

when the writer challenges their playcards ...

the writer will never win ...

they will break that writer's pencil ...

they will crucify those writer's tears

Annie Lize stops writing and starts to cry ...

Her hand is like paralyzed ...

she drops her pencil on the floor

There are pencils growing into pencils

Books into books ...

Eating ...

It's the pale orange octopus hunting ...

possessing the writers ...

someone else in someone else's book ...

it's an authors' war ...

millions of bells are ringing ...

The advertisement-clip is getting out of hand ...

This should be a message to promote a new sort of wash-powder

Something is taking over the cameras and the movies ...

the advertisement- and video-clips

it's the pale orange octopus ...

and it's like she will never stop ...

what is she up to ?

No one here escapes earth ... she sais ...

and i will do it all very bloodless ...

only some pale orange moist ...

I will draw the circles on all you, moviemakers ...

It seems she's getting at rage

Annie Lize will not write anymore like this

The woman had too many voices in her head

They tell her strange stories everyday

She is still working parttime in the butchery ...

and when she needs to

when the voices get too sharp

Soon too many people had problems with this pale orange octopus ...

and they started to do advertisements in the newspapers ...

to gather all victims of the octopus ..

the boy with the virtual reality machine also came

the building was full ...

he walked forward to the front and told the people they could come to his cellar to see his
experiments

only two people reacted to his proposal ...

they went to his home

he had improved his machine

he found the way to uncle john's island in virtual reality ...

to neptune's octopus-temple

and to mercury's snail-temple

he burnt these trips on a cd-rom and by certain programs he could turn it in a harmless
simulation-program ...

he almost didn't survive the trip in virtual reality but now he made another version by all sorts of complex virus-scanners and browsers he had to change the total programming of the trip ...

the two people were very enthusiastic ... they felt an enormous change in their bodies ... and in their heads ... while they were making the trip the sharp voices in their head were getting softer ... and soon it changed into feelings they could handle in silence

they made the plan to let some psychiatrists come to test it ... so that they could use it for their patients

soon a group of psychiatrists and psychologists came to the cellar they were also amazed about the program ... and if not for health they were convinced it was even good entertainment and education ...

many people started to deal with the voices by this new program ... but the pale orange octopus was getting real mad

he started to appear everywhere in material ... roaring : earth is mine ! your heads, my houses your stomachs, my homes ... your hearts ... my food your dreams are my dreams everything is mine !

the slaughterery had begun ... the octopus got hysterical like a siren ... and started to attack people like a mass-murderer ...

"Everything you do, is me ! Everything you say is me !"

"You don't know the poison in your head ... your science isn't that far ... I rule science !"

"You don't know me !"

"You think you know everything, but it's me letting you think that !"

"This poison is making you older, and then at the end of the breeding, when you are seventy or eighty or even younger, then you die in the butchery which I invented ! Dumb heads !"

"You're just making trips in your head ... I invented them all All your fantasies ... And your life here on earth is the biggest fantasy I designed for you Don't you like the drugs ? You are all my junks, stupid junks ... and you can't escape You will die at one moment but then earth will still live and grow in your heart .. until your soul is totally eaten away until you are nothing but a dumb spirit ! You cannot escape earth You are in my experiments ... ! You are in my tubes, in my pipelines ! Waiting for the butcher ! You are all programmed by my mills ! There's a clock in your stomach ... You're nothing but slaves of a dumb clock For I also planted that stupid black snail there he's in my hands"

"Oh, you dumbheads ... you dumbheads"

But then the black snail attacks ... although it looks like they are making love, they are in a horrible fight They rip each other open ... and a human baby comes out it's all

happening in the air ... in the clouds ... above the cities and villages an enormous picture ...
the baby is under the blood of birth ... and I take it in my arms ...

I was there when it happened me, a journalist and I brought the baby to my house
laying it in my bed

It's an extra-terrestrial baby and it grows like a tree from my bed ... When the octopus and the
snail fight ... it grows it's a medicine against the poison of the octopus ... the voice ... of the
octopus ...

It's a tree with eyes .. connected by gatherings of red nerves ... and there's another voice in it
....

Two singers are fighting in the air ...

The Octopus and this new baby ...

Two voices penetrating the ears ...
creating so many webs of dreams

These are dreams within dreams ...

voices within voices ...

songs within songs

It's the world beyond Poet,

the world beyond the net ...

It's the world in a diamond ...

an ambient world ...

speaking chrystals ...

new playcards

It's a songbook,

a language of music ...

showing the different layers to the exit

showing the different steps to the core ...

the jigsaw-stairs to the musical painting ...

the way through the maze ...

It's a piper wandering with a dreamer ...

there's something switching between the song and the dream ...

It's another octopus ... the octopus who grew in the octopus ...

the baby ... spouting the ink from the dream to the song

the song will paint the hills

and will bring the tattoo on the body ...

marks of the octopus ...

all these tones and sounds are jigsawpieces ...

the music is making the picture ...

leading you out of the octopus's maze ...

there's still an octopus' war inside ...

fighting about a handkerchief full of ink ...

full of old tears ...

when tears become old they become ink

she's crying ink ... he's painting ...

she's crying jigsaw-pieces ... he's singing ...

the octopus is leading you out of the maze ...

she's crying old tears of her grandmother ...

he's painting ...

old memories ...

turning tears into joy ...

all the memories form the alphabet of a new language ...

writing new books,

while the memories are changing ...

while the memories become movies ...

there are movies in the tears ...

the rebirth of an octopus

the playcards form an alphabet

a new language ...

a game-language ...

while the memories are changing

there are movies in these tears ...

there are movies in these pearls

the chrystals are speaking ...

Uncle John is diving after those pearls ...

from his island

looking for new diamonds ...

the octopus's are friendly here

the songs open the books ...

the books of memories ...

changing them ...

bringing the memories in the memories to the surface ...

changing them ...

memories growing in memories ...

movies growing in movies ...

old memories become songs

the jigsaw-pieces come together ...

the birth of the octopus ...

his voice ...

for a pain will first sink into the sea

and will make a trip to the bottoms of the ocean ...

and when the memory arrives there

it will grow like seed there ...

a new plant

a sea-tree

and then you can see the sea with new eyes ...

old jigsawpieces will find their songs finally ...

in the whirlpool of endlessness ...

one day the tree will touch heaven ...

just let it grow up ...

just let it grow tall ...

all jigsaw-pieces try to attach themselves to other pieces on their trips ...

but if a piece doesn't really fit

it will definitely fall off for sure ...

for pieces grow further ...

jigsaw-pieces will keep on growing ...
and one day they will reach the true fitting connections ...
in which they can grow forever ...
in their growth many attached pieces will fall off again
but that's only to make room free for the true fitting pieces ...
in which they can grow and attach forever
so accurately and so perfect
which will be a true medicine ...
washing all old stress and frustrations away

memories were given to us ...
to make music of it
but don't try to force sounds and voices into each other who don't belong to each other ...
for then the voice of the wicked octopus will rise
ripping the hearts

memories were given to us
as jigsaw-pieces ...
the song will rage .. until it's complete ...
when the pieces will meet the bottom of the see ...
and grow like trees ...
they will grow into each other
sometimes the jigsaw-piece first has to be sown ...
to be able to connect ...
so let the sea swallow it once again

let it sink to the bottom once again

for the birth of a new song ...

golden songs, rising from the bottom of the sea ...

will heal the hearts, the broken hearts ...

will heal the aches of roaring jigsaw-tattoos ...

will heal the sore nerves ...

these songs will be the alphabeth of a new language ...

writing a new book ...

with new medicines ...

medicines growing into medicines ...

until the stairs to paradise's coasts are ready ...

the towers reaching heaven's edges ...

rollercoasters growing into rollercoasters ...

like the launching of new rockets ...

heading for a new aldebaran ...

heading for a new jerusalem ...

there a new tree will stand ...

tree of songs

a friendly octopus-tree with harmless fruits ...

eternal fruits

and no fruits who bring us to new prisons like earth

trees growing into trees,
fruits growing into fruits ...
just don't connect jigsaw-pieces together who don't belong to each other
let them sink in the seas again ...
reaching for the bottoms where they can be seeds ...
to grow as sea-trees ...
as octopus-trees ...
having enough tentacles ...
having enough ink ...
to write new lovesongs ...

let it sink again ...
when a jigsaw-piece is too heavy for you ...
don't force ...
but let it grow thin again ...
in the bottom of the sea

the song-gun is a tall gun ...
being able to kill dangerous harmful octopus's ..
and being able to create a bridge to the city ...

but very often harmful octopus's already live in that gun ...
then you will have to shut your mouth for awhile ...
for who told you to open it ?

there are famous song-killers in the air ...

tall assassins ...

tall paintings ...

and sometimes a painting tells more than a thousand songs ...

although sometimes a good book tells more than a thousand paintings ...

Chapter 7. Hidden Narrator

when a writer gets in troubles with a singer or a painter

it's not good ...

for they will break the writer's pencil forever ...

but i'm not a writer ... i'm a journalist

just telling what someone else told ...

so that's always a safe job ...

for then you're always neutral you know

but hey, i saw enough journalists who were kicked to god's ground ...

they call them a bother ... they call them boring

they call them arrogant ...

they call them betrayers ...

they call them Judas ...

so they make a Jesus of them ...

they hate their cameras and their microphones ...

especially when they are hidden ...

well, i only use my ears and eyes ...

no cameras no microphones ...

i never go to anyone ...

i just watch clouds in the air

listening to the echoes no one wanted to eat

i'm just a side-line-journalist,

nothing special

anyway, sometimes a good book tells more than a painting ...

and a book is like a lot of paintings glued to each other,

but in the right follow-up ...

the paintings tell a story then ...

they give information ...

they stick pieces together in the right ways

and they proclaim a sort of hierarchy,

a sort of lawsystem,

a sort of new nature ...

and then the rest has to test if this system is righteous and of use ...

but then we need many many systems

to get out of the chaos and uselessness we live in

so when all these books can become a new alphabet ...

we can keep the knowledge in the circulation ...

wasn't that the mission of language ?

to store the treasures ?

There's a use for the alphabet

letters are buttons ...

it's a storage ... to breed the memories

into good cows ...

which will help us through the winters ...

so an alphabet must grow ...

a language must grow

there's a language of the octopus

there's too much ink in the air

why can't our letters be paintings ...

or movies .. or whole books

the language is the press ...

the language is the tattoo ...

the storage and the breeder

why can't our letters be playcards ...

if that could be true ...

language could be medicine again ...

but now language is a butcher

and it's also not good for a journalist to get in troubles with a butcher

but i just tell you what i was told ...

i won't tell you who told me ...

for i don't want you to throw a stone through his glasses ...

this is all to keep his or her privacy ...

language can be a doctor again ...

and then finally the singer can be a doctor again

and the painter ...

our languages, songs and paintings are untamed killers now ...

a young scientist is shaking his head ... he works for a few years now trying to do research in the way how octopus's communicate ... the experiment with the new instruments was successful ... these were the messages they got which were sent out from one octopus to another translated ... they seem to communicate by stories and dreams ... by vibrational codes which look like books or paintings ... they communicate by high concentrated ink-gas which they pump into the air by their brains and by their stomachs ... every letter of their conversation is very complex referring to a certain system of energies and laws ... the communication is on a high vibrational level ... and is a very intelligent and complex sort, storing a lot of necessary energies ... by these high-standard communications they develop and heal each other their conversations are high in the sky ... like a speaking thunder ... they live deep underwater, but they rule in the air ...

the scientist had also done a project about the communication of sharks ... it looked like the way octopus's communicate ...

Octopuses have a very complex brain, with all sorts of memorizing programs. They learn to survive life by trial, error, experience, application and repetition in a very creative circle ... it's like they are weaving ornaments in their heads. They use memory as a sort of art, and this is also a sort of jet-system.

Their colours change faster than a chameleon. When an octopus gets in trouble, the pigment cells will be activated to change into the colour of the environment and the attack, as a way to absorb it and as a way of further camouflage. These cells are called chromatophores. The pigment is a main base for their communications .. Colours speak ... Further the octopus can easily change the texture of its skin, and its body shape and size ... They are shapeshifters and shapeshifter ... They are master switchers and can even make their bodies amazingly small to escape through small gates ...

In their communications they shift their identities, and this is how they move their energies through the world above the sea ... They rule the cities, they rule the air ... by their split communications They aren't imitating ... they just shift their identities ... They are the identity-shifters ... They live in the heads and stomachs in the world above the sea While they are fighting in the air an octopus's war ...

they shapeshift the hearts of their victims

....

they have suckers on their arms and tentacles by which they sense and experience ...

....

The Argonauts are a sort among octopi ... They have rippling shells ... They are also called Paper Nautilus ... Their shells look like rippling paper ... Only the females have this shell ... as a brood chamber The females of this sort are larger than the males, and usually live longer ... They have webs on their arms with which they catch fishes and small animals ... on which they feed themselves

When the males have sexual intercourse their reproductive arm breaks off ... Some scientists think this arm is a separated parasiting species called the hectocotylus ...

Argonauts are a sort of octopi who can be found in tropical, temperate waters ... The women carry their shells throughout their lives, the shell, which is secreted by the complex webs of their arms. They build these shells themselves, and they are adding to their outer edges while growing up ...

There are octopi-sorts whose females can store male seed for a long time ...

The octopi are a fragmentaric species ... because of their shiftings and switchings ...

Octopi often lead a short life ... many females die soon after the laying of eggs ... They mate, lay eggs... brood, and fanatically guard them ... while they often don't eat ... and then they often die ... and most males after a period of mating and increased growth, they find themselves deteriorating in their internal organs, their skin and arms ... It seems like they are bound by tight laws, like there are deadlines and merciless ultimatums in sexuality, growth, and time ... Their hormones of sexual maturation are deeply linked to natural death by strong chains They are interlocked in tight programs ... The mill of a corset ... A part of a cuyornaidian cardgame ...

It is often a quick initiation to an energy which will give you power in your life above the sea ... Many earthlings incarnate as octopus before they started their life in the world above the sea There are octopi among us

.....

The scientist is amazed about the messages he gets on his screen Is the adapted octopus fooling him ? It speaks like a human being when he lets the communicative energies go through the advanced hi-tech decoders ...

Are they really the hidden narrators of our minds ?

Do they write our inner newspapers and inner diaries ?

Then the octopus continues, it's speaking almost a whole day now :

Octopi are often nocturnal beings ... what are they hiding from us ?

The mills of the deadline are moving ...
when we run away from it we find another deadline

east, west, north, south

cuyornaida cardgame

it seems that when you die in one side
you get power in the opposite side
many earthlings die in the seas first as an octopus ...
to have high position and power on earth

they don't run around to escape the moving mills

no, they just nestle in one direction to die there,

to rise up in the opposite direction ...

it's like sundown and sunrise

they get the powers of the sun,

they are children of ra ...

but also in the opposite direction,

the mill-lines are roaring

and they can try to tame them,

but one day they will fall ...

then they can take another direction ...

and the same process will happen in that direction ...

until they will not go to the opposite direction anymore,

but in silence drawing circles ...

building their own suns
then they will be friends of ra ...
knowing the clocks of nature ...
knowing me, knowing you ...

there are many different octopus-schools in this ...
they communicate by law-books ...
every lawbook is a character, a letter in that alphabet ...
this way they store these books deep in their heart ...

...

The scientist thinks these are very strange, but interesting messages,

In another room of his lab there's an adapted shark ...

And two of his assistants are working there

They have amazing results ...

He had done an experiment with sharks before ...

He wanted to know what the messages were ...

The assistants were sitting with headphones

The scanners could catch the vibes of the shark ...

And these were very high and very low tones at the same time ...

The scientist had invented a shark-communication-decoder ...

translating the messages

he had written these messages down over the years ...

He started with shark communication instruments in 1960 ...

The books about this project became worldfamous ...

It's 1974, and now he's working at the second project in shark communications ...

A few years ago, in 1970, he started with octopus communication technology ..

The first shark wanted to warn humanity ...

His messages were very shocking ...

They were saying that humanity lived in over-communication while the senses got overheated
and burnt away ...

much sicknesses and sense-damages were the result of this ...

technology had also a drawback-edge ...

it made people addicted to sense, experience and information ...

but it was slowly destroying a lot of necessary functions ...

The messages told humanity to learn from the animals and plants ...

These ones went through the cocoons of nature to slow down communication and contact ...

they lived a more isolated life, so that they could head for other important functions stored in
...

the world inside ...

this was an ambient and material world in a diamond called "the shell" ...

here all identities were like eggs in a brooding machine ...

there was one golden egg between them, through which you could enter an even deeper world
inside ..

here there were different identities ... all octopuses ...

they were all placed in a circle ...

but there was one golden octopus,

in which you could enter the core

it looked like a fast moving and spinning jigsaw-piece ...

but also like a seed

it was a capsule ...

in which a shark lived ...

a dj ...

He had the lowest voice you could ever imagine ...

He had a helmet which reflected the voice by giving the same signals with the highest voice
you could ever imagine

the opposite signals caused small vacuums in which sensory information could store itself ...

these small cells together were forming a web called "the handkerchief" ...

on both sides of this web things started to grow,

for the cells started to multiply themselves ...

these were little drips of moist ...

it was looking like a wasp's eye ...

and soon wasp-tv was born

when the low-high voice starts to speak or sing ...

the handkerchief starts to spin ...

and the movie starts to play ...

this handkerchief is like a record

the shark .. still the dj ...

Strange messages are coming from the shark ...

the high tones are there because he's speeding up his memories ...

and when the highest tone is reached,

it starts to speak another language ...

the low tones are there because he's slowing down his memories

and when the lowest tones are reached ... the language changes ...

and then the pictures are changing ...

this proces is the movie ..

this is how the shark eats and digests ...

this is how the shark survives ... life

Chapter 8. Cocoon's End

But these are all their dreams ... Millions of people are waking up having the same dreams ...
scientists from all over the world ...

"Science is in my hands !" the pale orange octopus screams ... "and it's not 1974 anymore
it's 2002 ... the year of the Octopus ..."

She watches in her pale orange chrystal ball ... smiling, grinning deep ... while she's so bitter
... "All these dreams I plant to confuse you, to shake the land, to cut the land and then I
will sow my bitter seeds "

"Do your discoveries ... and all what you discover will tie you deeper into the illusions ...
paralyzing your grip on reality ... And I will let you think you come closer, while everything
is sliding away ... I will let you think what I want ... I will let you be sure of everything ... I
love hard and proud meat I love your bones I built my house with them"

She's shuffling her pale orange cards While she sees herself in the chrystal ball
mowing the pastures in her machine mills at the horizons ... the moving deadlines

these pale orange corsets are the virtual reality suits she designed for her grandchildren ...

she invited them for a visit and while they slept she locked them up in these suits

now they live in their minds ... programmed by her ... feeling a body which isn't theirs

and all grandchildren are hers

then she brings them to her halls

her hospital-halls so many halls

so many grandchildren

it's like a funeral

and it takes time ... so much time

she couldn't live with all these voices in her head

now she became their grandmom ...
trying to quench these birdsongs forever

she became everyone's grandmom ...
she was bitter .. but so friendly

and now all these children live in their pale orange capsules ...
deep underwater ... while they are thinking they are living far above the sea ...
playing with their balls ... singing songs ...
but they are down there in her waterhalls

she has a dog ... but it has to die today
for it becomes too old
and she's afraid the dog will become a bother .. a complainer ...

she can't stand the voices in her head ...

the dog is shrieking ...
when it feels her sharp blades ...
her little circular saws
but it has to die today ...

her moving deadlines decide ...
there are mills on at the horizon ...

moving closer ...

like a burning line

she has her own playcards ...

she has her own shell ...

drawing her own circle ...

she is guarding her seagardens
by self-spun tragedies ...
the poisonous plants ..
the stinging trees ...
the tall men ...
she's old ...
the black snail doesn't live anymore ...
died long ago by her decision ...
she wanted to stuff him ...
and now he's standing on her cupboard ...
but she still uses the memories to scare people ...
to scare them away from her shell
she's old and bitter ...
she feels threatened ...
she has a little iron shark standing on her table ...
but it doesn't live ...
it's iron ...
and a golden shark is in front of her window ...
but it's just a little statue ...

she loves to make strange pap
strange porridge ...
she draws circles on people's stomachs when they sleep ...
and then she sucks the intestines out of them,

while closing the hole again again,
in a very strange way ...
while the edges are swelling into normal position ...
so that no one can see she took something out
while they feel so strange inside ...
it's all bloodless ...
only a little bit pale orange moist ...
but that's gone before they wake up
she's still a strange vampiress after all these years ...

she uses the intestine-custard for her cocoons ...

she guards her sea-gardens ...
still so ... fragmentaric ...
still with so many birthday-presents ...
to keep the children quiet ...

she still talks to her playcards ...
but they are all dead ...
she killed them long ago ...
under the wrath of her deadlines ...
raging deadlines
now they can't hurt her anymore ...
she stuffed them ...

everything is stuffed here ...

this is where the cocoon ends

in her shell she's breeding the diamonds,
the chrystals, the gold and the ornaments ...

it's dead ... it's all stuffed ...

she's a good taxidermist

in her shell ...

she's spinning ... her pearls ...

all possible visitors or guests ...

she stuffs them ...

she's still an identity-shifter ...

after all these years ...

possessing them ... stuffing them

until they're all ...

.....

but they are all living inside ...

deeper than here taxidermistic touch ...

a world she cannot reach ...

the world in the diamond ...

an ambient world

where they have their own octopuses ...

their own seagardens ...

they ...
can reach out to each other there ...
like autistic children ...
and it's so material there inside ...
so deep inside ...
here uncle John is telling his stories
and here they can communicate with friendly octopi ...
Octopus Communication Technology ...
and their scientists ...
There were special octopus-schools ...
teaching them the different octopus-languages ...

The End

The Hyena Pyramid

The man planet was in war against the woman planet. The dog planet would be a good initiator in this. They were aware of it. Eleduus was imprisoned on the man planet. Being a

man himself, he thought that women were mistreated here. He was an activist on the side of the women, that's why they imprisoned him. He often couldn't understand the deep obsessions of certain women with men. He had been imprisoned on woman planet as well, just because he was a man, and they were scared of him, like they were scared of any man, and they thought they would be better bridled. This he could understand. Men were potentially a great danger, even himself.

Here on man planet he was imprisoned together with Zaqedas, an older man. Zaqedas knew a lot about men, and how they worked, and he was assured that man planet would fail and would be taken over by women. He was on a mission here to do that. Eleduus and Zaqedas had a lot of conversations. There was also a woman with them. She acted very paranoid and strange. She was also an activist for women, but she didn't trust any men.

Zaqedas knew about Petirias, the monster in the swamp, producing these men who wanted to dominate women and the whole planet. He would impregnate women by coming to them in the form of a man. This form could adapt to any man, slowly absorbing them and taking them over. Zaqedas had built a dog machine which could absorb man power. It started with bringing the golden balance between man power and woman power back, and a red track would bring people back to woman planet. But officials found the dog machine, took it in their possession and imprisoned Zaqedas.

Zaqedas told it to Eleduus and the woman. 'So what these officials do not know,' said Zaqedas, 'is that the dog machine has a hidden program, a third program, which will get activated when intruders want to take the dog machine with them, or change it's programming. This program works slow but steady. It is the hyena track, the pyramid of dog-planet. It is a defense mechanism so that the plan will not fail.

Zaqedas looked at Eleduus. 'This planet, man planet, has some weak spots. Nature will take care of itself. Dog planet will soon invade, then woman planet will take over. They want to restore the woman.'

It was happening in the night. Dog planet, man planet and woman planet seemed to grow together, melting. And a pyramid was rising, the hyena pyramid. Everything was reducing to it's child form again, and from there things started to grow. Children with swords defended their kingdoms, guarded by crocodiles. When children became older, they turned into dogs. Those who reached the hyena pyramid before they got older, became hyenas.